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OCEOLA:
A ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—THE FLOWERED LAND.

LINDA FLORIDA! fair land of flowers!
Thus hailed thee the bold Spanish adventurer, as, standing upon the prow of his caravel, he first caught sight of thy shores.

It was upon the Sunday of Palms—the festival of the flowers—and the devout Castilian beheld in thee a fit emblem of the day. Under the influence of a pious thought, he gave thee its name, and well deservedst thou the proud appellation.

That was three hundred years ago. Three full cycles have rolled past, since the hour of thy baptismal ceremony; but the title becomes thee as ever. Thy floral bloom is as bright at this hour as when Leon landed upon thy shores—ay, bright as when the breath of God first called thee into being.

Thy forests are still virgin and inviolate; verdant thy savannas; thy groves as fragrant as ever—those perfumed groves of aniseed and orange, of myrtle and magnolia. Still sparkles upon thy plains the cerulean lissia; still gleam in thy waters the golden nymphs; above thy swamps yet tower the colossal cypress, the gigantic cedar, the gum, and the bay-tree; still over thy gentle slopes of silvery sand wave long-leaved pines, mingling their acetalous foliage with the frondage of the palm. Strange anomaly of vegetation; the tree of the north, and the tree of the south—the types of the frigid and torrid—in this thy mild mid-region, standing side by side, and blending their branches together!

Linda Florida! who can behold thee without peculiar emotion? without conviction that thou art a favoured land? Gazing upon thee, one ceases to wonder at the faith—the wild faith of the early adventurers—that from thy bosom gushed forth the fountain of youth, the waters of eternal life!

No wonder the sweet fancy found favour and credence; no wonder so delightful an idea had its crowds of devotees. Thousands came from afar, to find rejuvenescence by bathing in thy crystal streams—thousands sought it, with far more eagerness than the white metal of Mexico, or the yellow gold of Peru: in the search, thousands grew older instead of younger, or perished in pursuit of the vain illusion; but who could wonder?

Even at this hour, one can scarcely think it an illusion; and in that age of romance, it was still easier of belief. A new world had been discovered, why not a new theory of life? Men looked upon a land where the leaves never fell, and the flowers never faded. The bloom was eternal—eternal the music of the birds. There was no winter—no signs of death or decay. Natural, then, the fancy, and easy the faith, that in such fair land man too might be immortal.

The delusion has long since died away, but not the beauty that gave birth to it. Thou, Florida, art still the same—still art thou emphatically the land of flowers. Thy groves are as green, thy skies as bright, thy waters as diaphanous as ever. There is no change in the loneliness of thy aspect.

And yet I observe a change. The scene is the same, but not the characters! Where are they of that red race who were born of thee, and nurtured on thy bosom? I see them not. In thy fields, I behold white and black, but not red—European and African, but not Indian—not one of that ancient people who were once thine own. Where are they?

Gone! all gone! No longer tread they thy flowery paths—no longer are thy crystal streams left by the keels of their canoes—no more upon thy spicy gale is borne the sound of their voices—the twang of their bowstrings is heard no more amid the trees of thy forest; they have parted from thee far and for ever.

But not willing went they away—for who could leave thee with a willing heart? No, fair Florida; thy red children were true to thee, and parted only in sore unwillingness. Long did they cling to the loved scenes of their youth; long continued they the conflict of despair, that has made them famous for ever. Whole armies, and many a hard struggle, it cost the pale-face to dispossess them; and then they went not willingly—they were torn from thy bosom like wolf-cubs from their dam, and forced to a far western land. Sad their hearts, and slow their steps, as they faced toward the setting sun. Silent or weeping, they moved onward.

In all that band, there was not one voluntary exile.

No wonder they disliked to leave thee. I can well comprehend the poignancy of their grief. I too have enjoyed the sweets of thy flowery land, and parted from thee with like reluctance. I have walked under the shadows of thy majestic forests, and bathed in thy limpid streams—not with the hope of rejuvenescence, but the certainty of health and joy. Oft have I made my couch under the canopy of thy spreading palms and magnolias, or stretched myself along the green-award of thy savannas; and, with eyes bent upon the blue ether of thy heavens, have listened to my heart repeating the words of the eastern poet:

Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!
CHAPTER II.
THE INDIGO PLANTATION.

My father was an indigo planter; his name was Randolph. I bear his name in full—George Randolph. There is Indian blood in my veins. My father was of the Randolphs of Roanoke—hence descended from the Princess Pocahontas. He was proud of his Indian ancestry—almost vain of it.

It may sound paradoxical, especially to European ears; but it is true, that white men in America, who have Indian blood in them, are proud of the taint. Even to be a 'half-breed' is no badge of shame—particularly where the song mêlé has been gifted with fortune. Not all the volumes that have been written on the subject, have been much to the glorification of the Indian character as this one fact—we are not ashamed to acknowledge them as ancestry.

Hundreds of white families lay claim to descent from the Virginian princess. If their claims be just, then the fair Pocahontas have been a blessing to her lord.

I think my father was of the true lineage; at all events, he belonged to a proud family in the 'old dominion,' and during his early life had been surrounded by Indian slaves in hundreds. But his rich pastoral lands became at length worn out—profuse hospitality well-nigh ruined him; and not brooking an inferior station, he gathered up the fragments of his fortune in a 'moved' southward—there to begin the world anew.

I was born before this removal, and am therefore a native of Virginia; but my earliest impressions of a home were formed upon the banks of the beautiful Louisa, in Florida. That was the scene of my boyhood's life—the spot consecrated to me by the joys of youth and the charms of early love.

I would paint the picture of my boyhood's home. Well do I remember it: so fair a scene is not easily escaped from the memory.

A handsome 'frame' house, coloured white, with green Venetians over the windows, and a wide verandah extending all round. Carved wooden porticoes support the roof of this verandah, and a low balustrade extends its length from the adjoining grounds—from the flower parterre in front, the orangery on the right flank, and a large garden on the left. From the outer edge of the parterre, a smooth lawn slopes gently to the bank of the river—here are all the lines, with distant wooded shores, islets that seem suspended in the air, wild-fowl upon the wing, and wild-fowl in the water.

Upon the lawn, behold tall tapering palms, with pinnatifid leaves—a species of crinum—others with broad fan-shaped fronds—the palmettos of the south; behold magnolias, clumps of the fragrant lilicum, and radiating crowns of the yucca gloriosa—all indigenous to the soil. Another native presents itself to the eye—a massive live-oak extending its long horizontal branches, covered thickly with evergreen coriaceous leaves, and broadly shadowing the grass beneath. Under its shade, behold a beautiful girl, in light summer robes—her hair loosely coiled with a white kerchief, from the folds of which have escaped long tresses glittering with the hues of gold. That is my sister Virginia, my only sister, still younger than myself. Her golden hair bespeaks not her Indian descent, but in that she takes after our mother. She is playing with her pets, the dog of the fellow deer, and its little spotted fawn. She is feeding them with the pulp of the sweet orange, of which they are immoderately fond. Another favourite is by her side, led by its tiny chain. It is the black fox-squirrel, with glossy coat and quivering tail. Its eccentric gambols frighten the fawn, causing the timid creature to start over the ground, and press closer to its mother, and sometimes to my sister, for protection.

The scene has its accompaniment of music. The golden oriole, whose nest is among the orange-trees, gives out its liquid song; the mock-bird, caged in the verandah, repeats the song with variations. The mimetic echoes the red cardinal and the blue jay, both fluttering among the flowers of the magnolia; it mocks the chatter of the green paroqueta, that are busy with the berries of the tall cypress down by the water's edge; it produces a perfect imitation of the Spanish curlew, that waves their silver wings overhead, or the cry of the tautalis heard from the far islets of the lake. The bark of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the hinnny of mules, the neighing of horses, even the tones of the indigo-planted—were all imitated by this versatile and incomparable songster.

The rear of the dwelling presents a different aspect—perhaps not so bright, though not less cheerful. Here is exhibited a scene of active life—a picture of the industry of the indigo planter and his slaves.

A spacious enclosure, with its 'post-and-rail' fence, adjoins the house. Near the centre of this stands the pièce de résistance—a grand shed that covers half an acre of ground, supported upon strong pillars of wood. Underneath this shed, huge oblong-oval baskets, called 'sombreros,' lie in the great trunks of the cypress. They are ranged in three, one above the other, and communicate by means of spigots placed in their ends. In these the precious plant is macerated, and its peculiar colour extracted.

Beyond are rows of pretty little cottages, uniform in size and shape, each embowered in its grove of orange-trees, whose ripening fruit and white wax-like flowers fill the air with perfume. These are the negro cabins.

Here and there, towering above their roofs in upright attitude, or bending gently over, is the same noble palm-tree that ornaments the lawn in front. Other houses appear within the enclosure, rude structures of hewn logs, with 'clap-board' roofs: they are the stable, the corn-crib, the kitchen—this last communicating with the main dwelling by a long open gallery, with shingle roof, supported upon posts of the fragrant red cedar.

Beyond the enclosure stretch wide fields, backed by a dark belt of cypress trees, shewing out the line of the horizon. These fields exhibit the staple of cultivation, the precious dye-plant, though other vegetation appears upon them. There are maize-plants and sweet potatoes (Commelina batatae), some rice, and sugar-cane. These are cultivated for commerce, but not to provision the establishment.

The indigo is sown in straight rows, with intervals between. The plants are of different ages, some just bursting through the glebe with leaves like young pastafol; others full grown, about two feet in height, resemble ferns, and exhibit the light-green pinnate leaves which distinguish most of the leguminose—

for the indigo belongs to this tribe. Some show their papilionaceous flowers just on the eve of bursting; but rarely so, the indigo plasters to exhibit their full bloom another destiny awaits them; and the hand of the reaper rudely checks their purple inflorescence.

In the enclosure, and over the indigo-fields, a hundred human forms are moving; with one or two exceptions, they are all of the African race—all slaves. They are not all of black skin—scarcely the majority of them are negroes. There are mulattoes, samboes, and quadroons. Even some who are of pure African blood are not black, only bronze-coloured; but with the exception of the negroes all the Negroes in the plantation, all are slaves. Some are hideously ugly, with thick lips, low retracting foreheads, flat noses, and ill-formed bodies; others are well proportioned; and among them are some that might be accounted good-looking. There are women nearly white—
CHAPTER III.

THE TWO JAKES.

Every plantation has its 'bad fellow'—often more than one, but always one who holds pre-eminence in evil. The planters always call him the 'worst of all.'

He was a young mulatto, in person not ill-looking, but of sullen habit and morose disposition. On occasions, he had shown himself capable of fierce resentment and cruelty.

The mulattoes are more common among mulattoes than negroes. Pride of colour on the part of the yellow man—confidence in a higher organism, both intellectual and physical, and consequently a keener sense of the injustice of his degraded position, explains this psychology.

As for the pure negro, he rarely enacts the unfeeling savage. In the drama of human life, he is the victim, not the villain. No matter where lies the scene—in his own land, or elsewhere—he has been used to play the role of the sufferer; yet his soul is still free from resentment or servility. In all the world, there is no kinder heart than that which beats within the bosom of the African black.

Yellow Jake was wicked without provocation. Cruelty was innate in his disposition—no doubt inherited. He was a Spanish mulatto; that is, paternally of Spanish blood—materinally, negro. His father had sold him to mine!

A slave-another, a slave-eem. The father's freedom affects not the offspring. Among the black and red races of America, the child follows the fortunes of the mother. Only she of Caucasian race can be the mother of white men.

There was another 'Jacob' upon the plantation—hence the distinctive sobriquet of 'Yellow Jake.' This other was 'Black Jake,' and only in age and size was there any similarity between the two. In disposition they differed even more than in complexion. If Yellow Jake had the brighter skin, Black Jake had the lighter heart. Their countenances exhibited a complete contrast—the contrast between a sullen frown and a cheerful smile. The white teeth of the latter were ever set in smiles: the former smiled only when under the influence of some malicious prompting.

Black Jake was a Virginian. He was one of those belonging to the old plantation—had 'moved' along with his master; and if his vileness was more than usual, he may have had the result of the inbreeding in his blood. Some are within of the waist upwards, their black skins glistening under the sun like ebony. The women are more gaily arrayed in striped prints, and heads 'toque'd' with Madras kerchiefs of brilliant check. The dresses of some are tasteful and pretty. The turban-like coiffure renders them picturesque.

Both men and women are alike employed in the business of the plantation—the manufacture of the indigo. Some cut down the plants with reaping-hooks, and tie them in bundles; others carry them in bundles in from the fields to the great shed; a few are employed in throwing them into the upper trough, the 'steerer;' while another few are drawing off and 'beating.' Some shovel the sediment into the draining-bags, while others superintend the drying and cutting out. All have their respective tasks, and all seem alike cheerful in the performance of them. They laugh, and chatter, and sing; they give back jest for jest; and scarcely a moment passes that merry voices are not ringing upon the air.

And yet these are all slaves—the slaves of my father. He treats them well; seldom is the lash lifted: hence the happy mood and cheerful aspect.

Such pleasant pictures are graven on my memory, sweeter and deeper impressed. They formed the days and weeks of my early life.

Yellow Jake was our woodman; Black Jake, the curator of the horses, the driver of 'white massas's barouche.'

The story of the two Jakes—their loves and their jealousies—is but a common affair in the petites politiques of plantation-life. I have singled it out, not from any separate interest it may possess, but as leading to a series of events that exercised an important influence on my own subsequent history.

The first of these events was as follows: Yellow Jake, burning with jealousy at the success of his rival, had grown spiteful with Viola. Meeting her by some chance in the woods, and far from the house, he had offered her a dire insult. Resentment had rendered him reckless. The opportune arrival of my sister had prevented him from using violence, but the intent could not be overlooked; and chiefly through my sister's influence, the mulatto was brought to punishment.

It was the first time that Yellow Jake had received chastisement, though not the first time he had deserved it. My father had been indulgent with him; too indulgent, all said. He had often punished him when guilty of faults—of crimes. My father was of an easy temper, and had an exceeding dislike to proceed to the extremity of the lash; but in this case my sister had urged, with some spirit, the necessity of the punishment. Viola was her maid; and the wicked conduct of the mulatto could not be overlooked.

The castigation did not cure him of his propensity to evil. An event occurred shortly after, that proved he was vindictive. My sister's pretty fawn was found dead by the shore of the lake. It could not have died from any natural cause—for it was seen alive, and skipping over the lawn but the hour before. No alligator could have done it, nor yet a wolf. There was neither scratch nor tear upon it; no signs of blood! It must have been strangled.

It was strangled, as proved in the sequel. Yellow
Jake had done it, and Black Jake had seen him. From the orange grove, where the latter changed to be at work, he had been witness of the tragic scene; and his testimony procured a second flogging for the mulatto.

A third event followed close upon the heels of this—a quarrel between negro and mulatto, that came to blows. It had been arranged by the latter to revenge himself, at once upon his rival in love, and the witness of his late crime.

The conflict did not end in mere blows. Yellow Jake, with an instinct derived from his Spanish paternity, drew his knife, and inflicted a severe wound upon his unarmed antagonist.

This time his punishment was more severe. I was myself enraged, for Black Jake was my 'body-guard' and favourite. Though his skin was black, and his mien coarse, the grace in his demeanor, the cheerfulness of his disposition, rendered him a pleasant companion; he was, in fact, the chosen associate of my boyish days—my comrade upon the water and in the woods.

Justice required satisfaction, and Yellow Jake caught it in an eye.

The punishment proved of no avail. He was incorrigible. The demon spirit was too strong within him; it was part of his nature.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOMMOCK.

Just outside the orangery was one of those singular formations—peculiar, I believe, to Florida.

A circular basin, like a vast sugar-pan, opens into the earth, to the depth of many feet, and having a diameter of forty yards or more. In the bottom of this, several cavities are seen, about the size and shape of the appearance of dug wells, regularly cylindrical—except where their sides have fallen in, or the rocky partition between them has given way—in which case they resemble a vast honeycomb with broken cells.

The wells are sometimes found dry; but more commonly there is water in the bottom, and often filling the great tank itself.

Such natural reservoirs, although occurring in the midst of level plains, are always partially surrounded by eminences—knolls, and detached masses of festooning rocks. These are covered with thriving trees and shrubs, many of native trees, as magnolia grandiflora, red bay, sazanthony, live-oak, mulberry, and several species of fan-palms (palmettoes). Sometimes these shadowy coverings are found among the trees of the pine-forests, and sometimes they appear in the midst of green savannas, like lakes in the ocean.

They constitute the 'hommocks' of Florida—famed in the story of its Indian wars.

One of these, then, was situated just outside the orangery. The area was a half-circle around its edge; and draped with the dark foliage of evergreen trees, of the species already mentioned. The water contained in the basin was sweet and limpid; and far down in its crystal depths might be seen the alligators and red fish, with yellow breem, spotted bass, and many other beautiful varieties of the finny tribe, disporting themselves all day long. The tank was in reality a natural fishpond; and, moreover, it was used as the family bathing-place—for, under the hot sun of Florida, the bath is a necessity as well as luxury.

From the house, it was approached by a sand walk that led across the orangery, and some large stone-slabs enabled the bather to descend conveniently into the water. Of course, only the white members of the family were allowed the freedom of this charming sanctuary.

Outside the hommock extended the fields under cultivation, until bounded in the distance by tall forests of cypress and white cedar—a sort of impenetrable morass that covered the country for miles beyond.

On one side of the plantation-fields was a wide plain, covered with grassy turf, and without enclosure of any kind. This was the savanna, a natural meadow where the horses and cattle of the plantation were freely masted. Deer often appeared upon this plain, and flocks of the wild turkey.

I was just of that age to be enamoured of the chase. Like most youth of the southern states who have little else to do, hunting was my chief occupation; and I was passionately fond of it. My father had procured for me a brace of splendid greyhounds; and it was a favourite pastime with me to conceal myself in the hommock, wait for the deer and turkeys as they approached, and then course them across the savanna. In many instances I have a capture of both species of game; for the wild turkey can easily be run down with fleet dogs.

The hour at which I was accustomed to enjoy this amusement was early in the morning, before any of the family were astir. That was the best time to find the game upon the savanna.

One morning, as usual, I repaired to my stand in the covert. I climbed upon a rock, whose flat top afforded footing for my dogs. From this elevated position I had the whole plain in view, and could observe any object that might be moving upon it, while I was myself secure from observation. The broad leaves of the magnolia formed a bower around me, leaving a break in the foliage, through which I could make my reconnaissance.

On this particular morning I had arrived before sunrise. The horses were still in their stables, and the cattle in the enclosure. Even by the deer, the savanna was unmarked, as I could perceive at the first glance. Over all its wide extent not an antler was to be seen.

I was somewhat disappointed on observing this. My mother expected a party upon that day. She had expressed a wish to have venison for dinner: had promised she should have it; and on seeing the savanna empty, I felt disappointment.

I was a little surprised, too; the sight was unusual. Almost every morning, there were deer upon this wide pasture, at one point or another.

Had some early stalker been before me? Probably enough. Perhaps young Ringgold, from the next plantation; or maybe one of the Indian hunters, who seemed never to sleep? Certainly, some one had been over the country, and frightened the game.

The savanna was a free range, and all who chose might hunt or pasture upon it. It was a tract of common ground, belonging to no one of the plantations—government land not yet purchased.

Certainly Ringgold had not be there? or old Hickman, the alligator-hunter, who lived upon the skirt of our plantation? or it might be an Indian from the other side of the river?

With such conjectures did I account for the absence of the game.

I felt chagrined. I should not be able to keep my promise; there would be no venison for dinner. A turkey I might obtain; the hour for chasing them had not yet arrived. I could hear them calling from the tall tree-top—their loud 'gobbling' borne far and clear upon the still air of the morning. I did not care for these—the larder was already stocked with them; I had killed a brace on the preceding day. I did not want more—I wanted venison.

To procure this I must needs try some other mode than courting. I had my rifle with me; I could try a 'still-hunt' in the woods. Better still, I should go in the direction of old Hickman's cabin; he might help me in my dilemma. Perhaps I had been out
already? if so, he would be sure to bring home venison. I could procure a supply from him, and keep my promise.

The sun was just shewing his disc above the horizon; his rays were tinging the tops of the distant cyrpresses, whose light-green leaves alone with the trees of gold.

I gave one more glance over the savanna, before descending from my elevated position; in that glance I saw what caused me to change my resolution, and remain upon the rock.

A herd of deer was trooping out from the edge of the cypress woods—at that corner where the rail-fence separated the savanna from the cultivated fields.

'Ha!' thought I, 'they have been poaching upon the young maize-plants.'

I bent my eyes towards the point whence, as I supposed, they had issued from the fields. I knew there was a gap near the corner, with movable bars. I could see it from where I stood, but I now perceived that it was not the deer that I was watching.

The deer could not have been in the fields then? It was not likely they had leaped either the bars or the fence. It was a high rail-fence, with 'stakes and riders.' The bars were as high as the fence. The deer must have come out of the woods?

This observation was instantly followed by another. The animals were running rapidly, as if alarmed by the presence of some enemy.

A hunter is behind them? Old Hickman? Ringgold? Who?

I gazed eagerly, sweeping my eyes along the edge of the timber, but for a while saw no one.

'An lynx or a bear may have startled them? If so, they will not go far: I shall have a chance with my gun, perhaps—'

My reflections were brought to a sudden termination, on perceiving what had caused the stampede of the deer. It was neither bear nor lynx, but a human being.

A man was just emerging from out the dark shadow of the cypresses. The sun as yet only touched the tops of the trees; but there was light enough below to enable me, to make out the figure of a man—still more to recognise the individual. It was neither Ringgold nor Hickman, nor yet an Indian. The dress I knew well—the blue cottonade trousers, the striped shirt, and palmetto hat. The dress was that worn by our woodman. The man was Yellow Jake.

**CHAPTER V.**

**THE MULATTO AND HIS FOLLOWER.**

Not without some surprise did I make this discovery. What was the mulatto doing in the woods at such an hour? It was not his habit to be so thrify; on the contrary, it was difficult to rouse him to his daily work. He was not a hunter—had no taste for it. I never saw him go after game—though, from being always in the woods, he was well acquainted with the haunts and habits of every animal that dwelt there.

What was he doing abroad on this particular morning?

I remained on my perch to watch him, at the same time keeping an eye upon the deer.

It soon became evident that the mulatto was not after these; for, on coming out of the timber, he turned along its edge, in a direction opposite to that in which the deer had gone. He went straight towards the gap that led into the maize-field.

I noticed that he moved slowly and in a crouching attitude. I thought there was some object near his feet: it appeared to be a dog, but a very small one. Perhaps an opossum, thought I. It was of whitish colour, as these creatures are; but in the distance I could not distinguish between an opossum and a puppy. I fancied, however, that it was the pouch

animal; that he had caught it in the woods, and was leading it along in a string.

There was nothing remarkable or improbable in all this behaviour. The mulatto may have discovered an opossum-cave the day before, and set a trap for the animal. It may have been caught in the night; and he was now on his way home with it. The only point that surprised me was, that the fellow had turned hunter; but I explained this upon another hypothesis. I remembered how fond the negroes are of the flesh of the opossum, and Yellow Jake was no exception to the rule. Perhaps he had seen the day before, that this one could be easily obtained, and had resolved upon having a roast?

But why was he not carrying it in a proper manner? He appeared to be leading or dragging it rather—for I knew the creature would not be led—and every now and then I observed him stoop towards it, as if caressing it!

I was puzzled; it could not be an opossum.

I watched the man closely till he arrived opposite the gap in the fence. I expected to see him step over the bar—since through the maize-field was the nearest way to the house. Certainly he entered the field; but, to my astonishment, instead of climbing over in the usual manner, I saw him take a step down to the lowest. I observed, moreover, that he flung the bars to one side, leaving the gap quite open!

He then passed through, and entering among the corn, in the same crouching attitude, disappeared behind the broad blades of the young maize-plants.

For a while I saw no more of him, or the white object that he 'toasted' along with him in such a singular fashion.

I turned my attention to the deer: they had got over their alarm, and had halted near the middle of the savanna, where they were now quietly browsing.

But I could not help pondering upon the eccentric manoeuvres I had just been witness of; and once more I bent my eyes toward the place, where I had last seen the mulatto.

He was still among the maize-plants. I could see nothing of him; but at that moment my eyes rested upon an object that filled me with fresh surprise.

Just at the point where Yellow Jake had emerged from the woods, something else appeared in motion—also coming out into the open savanna. It was a dark object, and from its prostrate attitude, resembled a man crawling forward upon his hands, and dragging his limbs after him.

For a moment or two, I believed it to be a man—not a white man—but a negro or an Indian. The tactics were Indian, but we were at peace with these people, and why should one of them be thus trailing the mulatto? I say 'trailing,' for the attitude and motions, of whatever creature I saw, plainly indicated that it was following upon the track which Yellow Jake had just passed over.

Was it Black Jake who was after him?

This idea came suddenly into my mind: I remembered the vendetta that existed between them; I remembered the conflict in which Yellow Jake had used his knife. True, he had been punished, but not by Black Jake himself. Was the latter now seeking to revenge himself in person?

This might have appeared the easiest explanation of the scene that was mystifying me; had it not been for the improbability of the black acting in such a manner. I could not think that the noble fellow would seek any mean mode of retaliation, however revengeful he might feel against one who had so basely attacked him. It was not in keeping with his character. No. It could not be he who was crawling out of the bushes.

Nor he, nor any one.
At that moment, the golden sun flashed over the sad- days; nevertheless, great merino woolly sheep, and lighting the trees to their bases. The dark form emerged out of the shadow, and turned head towards the maize-field. The long prostrate body glittered under the sun with a sheen like scaled armour. It was easily recognizable. It was not contrary —not human; it was the hideous form of an alligator!

THE LABOURER AND HIS HIRE.

My friend, Beaudesert, has detected a vein of poesy in the depths of his soul, and undoubtedly possesses considerable talent for moaning and reverie. He opines that the votaries of song are inadequately remunerated by an ungrateful public. The case of mankind, accord to discuss, and; and how can they become regenerated in the face of the fact, that an epic of high merit does not pay its expenses of production? Although Mr Beaudesert usually expresses this sentiment in general terms, he is not unmindful of the particular; he seems to be aware that the fees of the Spenserian stanzas, by Aubrey B——, which has not reached a second edition. On the other hand, Robert Short, Esq., another friend of mine, conversant with cotton fabrics and boasting fabrics, observes that the fees of B—— are notObjec than one; such a thing is wanted, such and such a thing will be paid for according to its market-value; and that he sees no reason why people should make more fuss about a knack for rhyming, than about thorough acquaintance with the Spenserian stanzas, which hold the colours and wear well. I am happy to find that both gentlemen are agreed upon one point—namely, that musical talent is often exorbitantly overrated; and the whole circle of our acquaintance, with the exception of a gentleman whose name is in the Foreign Office, is of opinion that the salaries of some public servants cannot be reasonably complained of by those fortunate officials. Of course, the expression of these sentiments has given me joy; and it seems a pretty prevalent doctrine relative to the wages of head-work, that 'tis all luck.' For my own part, I do not shut my eyes to the importance of being born with a spoon made of one of the nobler metals in one's mouth; but I allow that the greater portion of the population, general laws are manifest; and it certainly appears that labour of different kinds is remunerated at very different rates, and not always in proportion to its absolute importance. The point of view from which this fact is contemplated, varies with the temperaments of the times. Some are apt to estimate the absolute value of a thing by its market-price; others seek to adjust the market-price to the absolute value. The one class sneers at the thinker; the other underrates the practical man. The greatest part of labour and capital is dispensable, directly or indirectly, in satisfying physical requirements; and the usual wages of labour and profits of capital are accordingly determined by the extent of those requirements, and the means which the community possesses to meet and prowl. Trade and productive industry, or labour having for its end the practically useful, is of all labour most widely and steadily appreciated. In fact, although 'what we are imports us more than what we eat,' the lower wants of niliged nature are prior to the higher. Amongst practical pursuits, therefore, and the professions which depend on them, every citizen has a certain power of selection; and 'choosing a career' is always an important topic of discussion in family circles. It may be remarked, however, generally, that ordinary occupations are adopted from the sheer necessity of earning bread and cheese, and not from irrepressible bent of mind urging men to activity in a given direction. Although a certain retired tailor-chandler, impelled by force of habit, and the strong necessity of occupying himself, asked leave to busy himself gratuitously on melange-
studies unremunerative in a pecuniary sense. In all original investigations, a great deal of labour is unavoidably lost, and the public will not pay for abortive labour if it can possibly avoid the outlay. In the next place, begging people permitted their essential value cannot become recognised and notorious until an extremely high point of popular cultivation is attained. The demand comes after the supply. The public cannot generally appreciate the inscription of a talent or discovery of an abstract truth. To most men, a bale of goods is an object of greater interest than a new theorem. It is, moreover, unfortunately too true that people do not set themselves rigorously to inquire whence a useful invention derived its origin. They pay for it just as much as they are compelled to by those who furnish its practical application; and the system of patents can only partially remedy this unavoidable injustice. The necessary stringency of patent and copyright laws, shows how little the public can be depended on for a just distribution of reward. We esteem it a very praiseworthy exhibition of charity, when an original discoverer, out of whose hands an invention has been taken, is recompensed by a purse, or his particular chickens and descended from utter destitution.

As human nature is constituted, it is in vain to expect the highest interests of humanity to take up their true relative position. We might as well expect a settlement of the question of four horses to the carriage; and as that mankind should labour in order to remunerate those who devote themselves to their instruction. The professors of religion may seem, on a superficial view, to be an exception to this rule. The annual revenues devoted to their support are indeed enormous in the aggregate, and a successful career in the church is not to be sneered at by a prosperous cotton-spinner, or counsel learned in the law; but a little reflection will show that, in truth, this is no exception. Wherever what is called the 'voluntary principle' is working, the salaries of ministers of religion are less than those of confidential clerks or expert salesmen. With respect to established churches, the greater part of their revenues were devoted to their service in times when superstition was at its height, and placed men in an abnormal position. Much is thus accounted for, and when we add to these considerations the fact, that of all instincts in man, religion is perhaps the strongest, the most acute, and the least susceptible of all the world's purposes.

Thinkers of the highest class will readily acknowledge, that even the strictest justice and most enlightened reverence for their vocation, do not require their remuneration in pounds, shillings, and pence to equal that of merchants, manufacturers, and professional men. They would readily admit that competency, not wealth, is all they have a claim to. To render the vocations of the poet, scholar, and philosopher so many modes of accumulating fortunes, would be to degrade them. After all, honour, respect, and affection are not mean rewards when they are added to suitable means of livelihood. Beyond a certain point—dependent, of course, on social position and habitual mode of life—wealth, to the low-minded, is more display, and to the high-minded, is full of responsibility. It is always rash to complain of the necessary nature of things. The adaptation of different modes of life to the exigencies of society, is better than the human intellect, guided by the best social virtues, could a priori invent. There is room for improvements, as there is in everything partially human; and for praise, as there is in everything partially divine.

Labour is the honourable lot of man, and by a beautiful adaptation of his nature, idleless is insurmountable to him. Each in his station, without the aid of brilliantly gifted or accidental advantages, may render his life useful and happy according to the measure of human happiness. And though the healthy desire to raise a family well and usefully, and provide for declining years, too often degenerates into a morbid anxiety, it is rich to rich when it is manifested in the industrial progress of mankind. Nor would it be becoming in those who are permitted to exercise their highest faculties, and devote their best energies to working out and unravelling the beautiful, the good, and true, to grudge to life's more homely ways, for such solace and satisfaction as wealth can afford. We all know that a pitance granted in love is better than a liberal allowance grudgingly bestowed. And it is equally certain that we individually benefit strangers in a pecuniary point of view more than those nearest to our hearts. Among eminent persons, those who are most dear to men are not of the class which the economist calls producers; they have nothing in their hands; they have not cultivated corn, nor made bread; they have not led out a colony, nor invented a loom. We should be wrong, too, if we permitted ourselves to estimate the happiness and wellbeing of the different classes of men by their affluence. After Sir Humphry Davy became famous, he contemplated resuming the medical profession; he lost his genius prevailed, he remained a philosopher in moderate circumstances, instead of becoming a wealthy physician. When urged by a friend to take out a patent for his safety-lamps, he declined to do so, saying: 'I could then only put my four horses to the carriage; and my fear would be, as I put that people should say: Sir Humphry drives a carriage-and-four.'

Whether or not we patiently acquiesce in the appointed order of things, is a matter for our own consideration. The great poets, scholars, or philosophers must still be content with its audience, though few, and reap a scanty harvest of material prosperity. And yet the world need not despair of great men that will do its work, develop its resources, and reform its life. If there is no demand for calliope, calliope will cease to be; the trackless mingles with the rail; and men in an abnormal position. Much is thus accounted for, and when we add to these considerations the fact, that of all instincts in man, religion is perhaps the strongest, the most acute, and the least susceptible of all the world's purposes.

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**BREAKING-UP À LA FRANÇAISE.**

* On 20 Aôut 1846.

**MADAME BIDAMON DE SR MAUR présente ses compliments à Monsieur et Madame Smith, et les joint pour vous dire bien leur faire l'honneur d'assister à la distribution des prix, qui aura lieu chez elle le Jeudi 21 Août, à sept heures du soir.**

8 bis, Avenue des Demesnies, Champs Elysées.

Such, as nearly as I can remember, were the contents of a slim little note, addressed 'Monsieur Smith, Esquire, Avocat, Hôtel des Boulevards Britanniques,' which Mrs Smith and I found on our breakfast-table at the above-mentioned comfortable establishment, the
morning after our arrival in Paris, on our way to Switzerland, where we proposed spending my long vacation. To do her the honour to assist at the distribution of prizes, which will take place at her house on Thursday, the 21st of August, at half-past seven in the evening."

Now, my knowledge of Madame Bidamont de St Maur, who was the mistress of the most fashionable establishments for young ladies in Paris, was very slight; but she knew enough of me to be aware of the fact, that I had a couple of nieces for whom she would be very glad to find room; and therefore, having a keen eye for business, she was most desirous of improving our acquaintance. Hearing, then, by chance, from a mutual friend, of our arrival in Paris, she hastened to send us an invitation to be present at her "distribution," or "breaking-up," trusting to pigmentation too inadmiration of what we should see there and hear, as to further very materially the object she had so much at heart.

"Oh, do go, Frank. I should so like to see how they manage these things in Paris. Emily Brown, you know, is one of the pupils at the leading schools in Calais, and she says that the distribution of prizes was very amusing even there. Besides, as your brother thinks of sending his girls to school here, we may be able to gain information which will be valuable to him. Do let us go!"

And so it was decided, partly from curiosity, and partly from the desire of picking up all the knowledge we could of French schools, that we should accept madame's invitation; though not without some grumbling on my part at the loss they will have the opportunity of venturing on the composition of a French letter. A happy thought, however, got us out of the difficulty. Hurrying to the Palais Royal, I invested three francs fifty centimes in the purchase of a polyglot. Livre de Poche pour Voyageurs, at the end of which we found, as I had anticipated, several forms of invitations and replies thereto, adapted to the requirements of polite society. Selecting the form which appeared to us the most appropriate, we filled in and dispatched the following note:"

"On 20 July 1844."

Monsieur et Madame Smit font leurs respectueux compliments à Madame Bidamont de St Maur, et ils auront l'honneur de se rendre avec autant d'empressement que de plaisir à son aimable invitation.

HÔTEL DES BOUTEILLERIES BRITANNIQUES.

Angel: 'Mr and Mrs — make their respectful compliments to Madame Bidamont de St Maur, and are about to receive the young ladies in the most agreeable manner.'

The number of vehicles of all sorts, public and private, which we found setting down company at Numéro 8 bis, Avenue des Demoiselles, when we arrived there on the following evening, showed us that the gathering together of papas and mammas and sympathising friends would be a large one at any rate; and that if dull, as I feared, it would not be so on account of the paucity of spectators. The anteroom was crowded with parents and relatives of every degree of consanguinity, from third-cousin up to grand-

papas and grandmammas; some of the latter, by the by, not answering at all to the popular conception of grandmamma, being grandmammas, and much more youthful in appearance than grandmothers of children nine or ten years of age usually are, at least we with. When our mothers and grandmothers marry as soon as they leave school, perhaps at sixteen, it is not impossible that we should remember our 'grannans,' not only as the dispensers of plum-cake, lollipops, and half-crowns, but as very fine women.

Usheréd into the presence of Madame Bidamont de St Maur by the name, style, and title of 'Monsieur et Madame Smit,' that lady received us with one of her most winning smiles, and, declaring that she was 'charmée' to see us—as, remembering that I had two nieces, no doubt was—and that we were 'bien bons' to come, conducted us to seats from which we could both see and hear everything that passed. It was essential to the success of her plan that 'Monsieur et Madame Smit' should be well placed.

The apartment—a long and wide gallery leading to the various and most fashionable apartments of the house, on the last day of every 'half—festoons of artificial flowers hung gracefully from column to column, and along the line of tall windows, contrasting prettily with the white drapery. A profusion of waxlights, artistically disposed, displayed the appropriateadvantage; and in short, guided by madame's correct taste and eye for effect, the gallery had been converted, by the willing hands of the pensionnaires, into an elegant reception-room. The placing, too, of the performers and spectators was conducted with the greatest discretion. At one end of the room, several rows of benches, covered with scarlet cloth, and raised one above another, were reserved for the 'young ladies'; while three rows of seats, placed on either side of the gallery, were already crowded with the company invited. At the other end of the apartment stood a table, on which were displayed a large number of gaily-bound books and other prizes, together with the ivy wreaths with which every successful pupil was to be crowned in the sight of the admiring and applauding spectating audience of the solemnity. On a cushion by itself, lay a wreath of pure white roses, destined, as we afterwards found, to be the reward of the best-behaved and best-looked girl in the school.

But I ought to say a few words on the appearance and bearing of Madame Bidamont de St Maur herself. She looked and acted her part to perfection. A buxom widow of forty, she had by no means laid aside her pretensions to good looks, for she was still handsome,—skilful millinery, contending successfully with the first approaches of the destroyer, Time. She was dressed richly, and in perfect taste, but soberly, as became the mistress of a place of education; and as she gracefully and spectacles was conducted with the greatest discretion. At one end of the room, several rows of benches, covered with scarlet cloth, and raised one above another, were reserved for the 'young ladies'; while three rows of seats, placed on either side of the gallery, were already crowded with the company invited. At the other end of the apartment stood a table, on which were displayed a large number of gaily-bound books and other prizes, together with the ivy wreaths with which every successful pupil was to be crowned in the sight of the admiring and applauding spectating audience of the solemnity. On a cushion by itself, lay a wreath of pure white roses, destined, as we afterwards found, to be the reward of the best-behaved and best-looked girl in the school.

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ample care had been taken for the instruction of her son on the other branches of polite female education. The professorial power of the establishment in the Rue des Demoiselles was immense; and the little army of gentlemen in white cravats and spectacles—all the literary gentlemen wore gold spectacles—was enough to make one feel learned and accomplished to look at them. There was ‘Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française,’ a bald-headed little man, evidently duly impressed with a sense of his own importance, and bursting with the keen discourse which it would be his duty and delight to promote. There was ‘Monsieur le Professeur de Géographie et Cosmographie,’ whose duty it was that evening to look wise, which he did—as an owl in spectacles. There were ‘Messeurs les Professeurs’ of History, of Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, all of whom were well-stuffed breast the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Nor must I forget to mention the gentleman—although his name did not appear amongst the list of professors—whose business it was to conduct the religious instruction of the pupils. This gentleman was not only the best of the examiners of ‘Monsieur le Curé’ himself. He appeared to be a kind of ‘Professeur de Religion,’ I suppose of the orthodox faith of the country; but I cannot help believing that Madame Bidamont de St Maur, rather than he, would have undertaken that he should have catechised in any religious required, even if it were that of a Turk or a Hindoo. La religion, at Number 8, was regarded, I fancy, pretty much in the same light as in Mines, at gymnastics, to any other child. The keeper and director of all the consciousness of the establishment, the cure of the parish, was also present, and appeared to enjoy himself as much as anybody. No doubt, the distributions des prix at the ladies’ school which it was invited to looked forward to by him almost as joyfully as by the girls themselves. On all other occasions, his profession forbade him to be present at a soirée where he might enjoy the society of the fair sex.

But now, rue St Bier, now takes her seat on one side of the table on which are displayed the various prizes, supported by Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française on the other. The smiling cure places himself on her right hand, the professors and masters who presided then, to any other child. The keeper and director of all the consciousness of the establishment, the cure of the parish, was also present, and appeared to enjoy himself as much as anybody. No doubt, the distributions des prix at the ladies’ school which it was invited to looked forward to by him almost as joyfully as by the girls themselves. On all other occasions, his profession forbade him to be present at a soirée where he might enjoy the society of the fair sex.

But now, rue St Bier, now takes her seat on one side of the table on which are displayed the various prizes, supported by Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française on the other. The smiling cure places himself on her right hand, the professors and masters who presided then, to any other child. The keeper and director of all the consciousness of the establishment, the cure of the parish, was also present, and appeared to enjoy himself as much as anybody. No doubt, the distributions des prix at the ladies’ school which it was invited to looked forward to by him almost as joyfully as by the girls themselves. On all other occasions, his profession forbade him to be present at a soirée where he might enjoy the society of the fair sex.
wasted; and that the chorus were made to sing of the delights of study in general, and of the merits of "Numéro 8 bis" in particular. The chorus was followed by a solo on the harp, a nervous affair for the poor soloist; for when performing on this instrument, there is no possibility of hiding one's self behind the music. The harpist is exposed from head to foot to the criticism of the company, and inelegance in playing is almost as fatal as want of skill. Madame Bidamont de St. Maur, however, put herself above all pretensions on impertinent elegance of manner to her pupils, and the pose of such of them as learned to play on the harp was especially attended to. On this occasion, both grace and talent were conspicuous in the harpist, who was no other than the pretty couronne blanche. She fully merited the hearty round of applause which she received when she came forward and made way for a stately, dark-eyed girl, with a tragic cast of countenance, the prima donna of the pension, and the pet pupil of Monsieur le Professeur de Chant. Great things were expected of this damsel, and expectation was not disappointed. Her style of singing was certainly not to my taste, but I was in a woful minority on that question; for when this prima donna of sixteen by the side of a violent jolt of the head, a frightful contortion of the mouth, and a sudden straightening of the arms, got up as high as do—my wife said it was do—the whole room burst into a storm of acclamations, and the face of Monsieur le Professeur de Chant shone with delight. The prima donna was the trump card in the vocal department of the concert; but a charming little blonde who sang next, pleased me infinitely more. She sang a simple ballad with taste and feeling, and, to my mind, was not half so much applauded as she deserved to be.

But the great hit in the concert, not even excepting the roulades, the scaaums, and the contortions of the prima donna, was the morceaux with which it concluded. This was a "grande fantaisie pour six pianos et douze exeécutantes"—a grand fantasia for six pianos and twelve performers, arranged expressly for this solemnity by Monsieur le Professeur de Piano. Half-a-dozen cottage pianos—we may thank Heaven they were not of one make—were placed on the stage, and ranged back to back in the centre of the gallery, like line-of-battle ships prepared for action. Twelve music-stools are placed before them; a dozen pianists take their seats thereon, and twelve pairs of white-gloved hands seize the air, up, down, and across, after the manner of musical commanders. 'Un—deux—trois—quatre;' up goes the white glove, and—but what a disappointment to the ear! Instead of a terrible unison played by the whole body of performers with their two dozen hands, and their ten dozen fingers and thumbs, a single hand begins piano, pianissimo, somewhere far down in the bass. Instead of the thundering broadside from every ship which we all expected with trembling curiosity, a feeble rumbling only is heard on the extreme left. Presently, however, another hand comes into play, and then another and another; one vessel after another gets into action, and soon a tremendous cannonade is kept up along both lines. Sometimes the big guns of the six basses are worked so vigorously that they completely drown the pattering musicket of the six trebles; and sometimes the rattling of the small-arms is so sharp and quick, that it fairly dominates the heavy artillery; and thus from pianissimo to piano, from forte to fortissimo, and fississimo, and far beyond what it is in the power of ordinary language musical to express, the energy of the morceaux went on to its conclusion in a crash which nearly deafened the hearers. Need I say that the success was commensurate with the concluding noise? It always is so. The caterer of popular music who can contrive to make a piece end with the explosion of a powerful explosion, the bursting of a boiler, will probably make a fortune.

The noise and fury of the finish, the do of the prima donna, and the pretty scene of the election of the couronne blanche, had put everybody in a good humour for the real business of the evening—the distribution of the prizes. At last, then, the time had arrived for Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française to disburden himself of the beau discours which had long weighed so heavily upon him. Adjusting his gold spectacles, he spoke, or rather recit—a Frenchman seldom speaks—to the following effect.

After telling us with what pleasure he performed his duty on that occasion, because of the very favourable report he had had to give of the progress made during the past year, he entered into a detailed account of what had been done by each class in each branch of study. Then, in well-rounded and sonorous phrases, he expatiated on the delights of knowledge, and reminded his young charges of the immense advantages they enjoyed at 'Numéro 8 bis, Avenue des Demoiselles,' where professors of grand talent, and a lady watching over them with soins tous maternels, were unceasingly endeavouring to accomplish the most ardent hopes of their dear parents. In short, he delivered himself of a discourse which, as he meant that it should, pleased everybody. When he alluded to the motherly care of Madame Bidamont de St Maur, and spoke of the sacrifices and exertions before which she would not shrink in order to assure herself of the happiness and wellbeing of her pupils, what a capital puff it was in the ears of the anxious parents present! When he ran through the whole list of studies, from cosmographie to la gymnastique, and one big word after another found his way to the ears of the pupils; how gratifying to all parties the announce- ment that 'this year' the conduct of all had been most satisfactory; how pleasing to find that, from the department of elementary theology—the catechism—to that of la danse—that elegant accomplishment more than ever necessary to those destined to mix in the brilliant society of our time—the young ladies had surpassed the expectations of their professors. No wonder that, capping his last statement of all these agreeable facts with a magnificent peroration, the learned professor concluded a speech more than half an hour long amidst the acclamations of all present.

Then came madame's turn to make a speech, and very well she did it too—saying, not reading, what she had to say in a ladylike, conversational style, which was really very pleasing to listen to. Of course, she addressed her pupils as mes chères enfants, and assured them how much she had their temporal and eternal welfare at heart. She had a kind word for all of them; for those who were going to leave her not to return, and for those whom she hoped to see again after the eoncours. She flattered herself that she had earned, as she had striven to merit, their confidence and affection. She assured them of the deep interest she should always feel for them, whatever Dieu should
have in store for her; and wishing them all an affectionate adieu, in a voice nicely modulated to express just the fitting degree of emotion, sat down, having convinced her guests that she was not only charming and amiable, but très spirituelle as well. The vigour and evident truthfulness with which her pupils applauded her little speech throughout, proved at any rate that she was popular with them, and that if circumstances made her worldly, her nature was not unkindly.

A flutter of expectation now ran through the ranks of the pensionnaires, for the prizes were about to be given. Madame took up a roll of paper, and saying: 'It is now my pleasing duty to announce the names of those young ladies who have been thought worthy of a reward for diligence in their various studies,' or rather the French equivalent for that phrase, the distribution of the prizes at once commenced. Each recipient, on her name being called, walked up to the table, and having been crowned with an ivy wreath, received her prize, and returned to her place. The first prize was awarded in the class for 'Lettres de l'Époque Françoise et Style'; the second, for history; and so on to singing, dancing, and the polka. In those days, polkaing was just coming into fashion, and the giving of a prettily dressed doll to a pretty child of seven, a great pet of the whole school, as a prize for proficiency in this much-talked-of dance, created quite a sensation, as doubtless it was intended it should. Though, of course, not to be taken on sérieux, the prix de polka was one of the most successful strokes of the evening. The remarks which Mr. Pickard, a professor of 'Lettres de l'Époque Françoises' had made as to the progress of the young ladies in their various studies, were fully borne out by the number of prizes which it had been thought advisable to award, in that every pupil had at least one, and some had as many as half a dozen, so that they all went home rejoicing, and every mamma was more or less content.

The prizes having all been distributed, the affair, after a few more well-chosen words from madame, was over. The girls came down from their seats, and mingled with their friends and relatives. Books were eagerly held up for the inspection of admiring parents, and the little prix de polka became the subject of universal attention. Masset was gratified to receive on all sides well-merited congratulations on the result of her exertions; and Monsieur and Madame Smit, amused rather than captivated, departed in their caisses for the Hôtel des Boulelogues Britanniques.

**Improvement in Bread-Baking.**

A new process of bread-baking, the invention of Dr. Daungish of Malvern, is at present undergoing a course of successful experiment at the works of the Messrs. Carr in Carlisle, and promises to effect at once an improvement in quality and the saving of about a tenth of labour. The idea proceeded upon is new—that has been long known, and frequently made the subject of experiment; but the process by which the theory can be successfully reduced to practice is now for the first time brought forward.

When the dough, mixed with yeast, under the old system, is placed in a warm atmosphere, in an hour or two it begins to rise or swell, in consequence of a portion of its starch being converted into sugar, and this changed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The gas permeates the dough, forming, in its passage to escape, little cells, where it is imprisoned by the tenacity of the gluten, which forms about 10 per cent. of the flour. It is this mechanical peculiarity of wheaten flour which has made it the chief food of mankind.

Rye, although of nearly the same composition, has less tenacity in the gluten, and the bread made from it has therefore less lightness; while oatmeal, although much richer in gluten than fine wheaten flour, has so little tenacity as to be quite incapable of being baked into a spongy loaf at all.

When the dough is placed in the oven, the fermentation goes on more rapidly; the little cells grow into large bubbles; the alcohol escapes and is dissipated; still at length, when the heat is about the boiling-point, it kills the yeast, and the fermentation is suddenly at an end. The use of the yeast is to evolve gas in order to give lightness to the bread; but this, we see, it can do only at the expense of the dough, by first converting a portion of its starch into sugar.

To save this waste, it was necessary to charge the dough with ready-made (carbonic acid) gas, instead of making the gas of its own substance; and this was repeatedly tried by mixing the flour with aerated water, but with no good result, since, in the very act of mixing, the gas was expired. In the course of these experiments, Dr. Daungish conceived the idea of employing, in the operation of mixing, sufficient pressure to prevent the escape of the gas. This, in point of fact, is his invention; but a vast deal of patient ingenuity was required to make it work practically. In a well-written article on the subject in a local paper, the _Carlisle Examiner_, the following account is given of the apparatus and its action: 'The apparatus constructed at the works in Carlisle consists of the ordinary gas generator and holder used by soda-water makers, and of a set of powerful pumps, for forcing the gas into the water contained in a condenser; also, for pumping a pressure—that is, a volume of gas—into a kneading or mixing vessel, which is a strong iron globe, capable of containing more than two sacks of flour, and furnished with arms revolving by steam-power. To work the apparatus, flour is put into the mixing, and water into the condenser, the pumps set to work, and, when sufficient gas has been pumped into these vessels, the water is let into the mixer, and the arms set going. In eight minutes, the dough is mixed. The pressure is then let off, and the dough rises instantaneously. Thus, in about half an hour, the usually tedious and uncertain process of bread-making has been accomplished, and there has also been effected the saving of that precious tenth of nutritious matter which would have been wasted in exhalation, or by conversion into alcohol. The baker is delivered from the hard necessity of setting his hand at night, and watching for its rising in the morning. Alterations of cold and heat are rendered powerless over the heaviness or lightness of our breakfast-loaves. Time, labour, and material are saved, and thus bread rendered both purer and cheaper.'

But there is something of importance in bread-making besides raising the dough. The oven must be constructed on a good principle, or every other advantage will, to a certain extent, be lost. Our present oven has come down to us as an heirloom from our ancestors, and we have never thought of examining it by the lights of science. In the Carlisle experiments, however, it was found that the bread, however artifically made by the new process, was not invariably what might have been expected, and this led to an inquiry into the principle of the oven. It was discovered that the heated vaults we use for the purpose, in which the heat radiates down upon the bread, are unfavourable to lightness; whereas in Paris and Vienna, where the heat rises from the bottom, and
passes through the loaf, the top-crust is soft, and the bread as spongy as is desirable. On this latter principle, therefore—new, we believe, in England—the ovens were constructed for the unfermented bread. Dr. Dauglish, in something that will appear curious to many of our readers, that "the bulk of light bread—or rather, the space it fills—is but one-sixth solid matter, and five-sixths aéreform, and that, consequently, very high pressures are needed to make such light bread." These pressures, however, are so effectual by the new process, that even when the dough is rolled out into biscuit, it retains the gas in minute cells, and thus a novel and superior kind of bread is produced under a familiar name. This has struck Messrs Carr & Co. so much, that we believe it is their intention to confine the use of the apparatus to their original occupation—the manufacture of biscuit; although their doing so will not exclude the public from the advantage of the invention in their daily bread, since it is Dr. Dauglish's intention to treat liberally with all who desire to avail themselves of his patent.

THE BLUE CAVE.

Whatever has travelled much in the south, must have necessarily made the observation, that in certain states of the atmosphere everything around you appears startlingly unreal. Here, in the north, the world has a substantial aspect about it. You look upon it, you touch it, and you are fully persuaded of its permanence and solidity. But as you approach the extremity of the temperate zones, you often appear to be floating through a delusive creation, which expands, and gleams, and blazes about you; now enshrouded in light, now enveloped in shadow; now contracting, now dilating, until your imagination becomes a prey to a sort of dim scepticism independent altogether of reason.

At all events, this is what I myself have often experienced, when hovering in dreamy abstraction about the shores north and south of the Mediterranean. Our existence is divided everywhere into two very distinct parts—the life of the day, and the life of the night—which, to the least poetical and fanciful of our species, must necessarily be distinguished by striking contrasts from each other.

I had a friend at Naples, somewhat old even when we first met, who seemed in his experience to have reversed the great principles of life. Having been solid, logical, and somewhat material in his youth, he had become romantic and imaginative as he advanced in years. To him, nothing was so delightful as to contemplate the universe as a sort of diversified mirage, moulded by the plastic power of the soul into infinite variety, and stretched out like a fantastic picture beneath the moon. Lazy people are everywhere the best adapted to keep alive this sort of dreamy propensity; and the Neapolitans being pre-eminently lazy, my worthy friend found the paradise of his fancy in the Bay of Naples, where, with a couple of boatmen at his command, he used frequently to put forth soon after nightfall, and move about in silence over the glistening waters, and between those lofty and fantastic islands which, studding the whole distance from Misene to Sorrento, cut off the Bay from the Mediterranean. During my stay, I accompanied him more than once on these moonlight excursions.

The doctor—for my friend had studied divinity, and risen to a high position in the church—was, in spite of his profession and the duties involved with it, considerably more than half a pagan; not as scholars often are, through a mere learned deference to the freaks of the imagination, but from genuine, unsophisticated superstition. I would not maintain upon oath that he believed absolutely in Orcus and the Sybil; but there were ideas in his mind, connected with ancient creeds, which dominated all his thoughts, and imparted a secret enjoyment through his daily life, and perhaps a little further down into their minds, where it underlay all their notions and imaginings, and impressed upon their characters an extremely peculiar stamp. They were afraid of the night, afraid of the moon, afraid of the shadow, afraid when the wind was over the sea, afraid to touch clay, afraid to think of the wars of the ancients, as if in their hearts they had familiarised their apprehensions much more distinctly than they chose to acknowledge. Nemesis bears a wide sway over the earth, but more especially enfolds the Mediterranean with her broad wings. There she resumes every night her ancient empire, and makes the hearts of all who go abroad beneath the sky pant and thrill with a consciousness of her presence.

We had just rowed by Castel-s-mare, when the doctor—a sudden thought apparently striking him—turned round to me and said: "You mentioned to me yesterday that you had never visited the Blue Cave. Let us do so now. The play of colours is more marvellous by day; but the sense of solitude, the silence, the mingling of light and shade, the low and constant murmur of the half-fabulous water, will be more exciting, more charming by far at this delicious hour.

I assented readily, and we moved on. It is no doubt very common to imagine at such times that the boat in which we are floating forms the point of contact between two universes—the universe above, and the counterpart of the same universe below—and that we are upheld and borne along by we know not what power between these two systems of existence; touching neither, mingling with neither, yet powerfully acted upon by the influences of both. The water was still and smooth as glass, and seemingly far more transparent. We looked down into it, and far away in its unfathomable depths beheld moon and planets, and constellations burning towards each other in a world of light, until the concave was one blaze of splendour. Above, the eye was encountered by the same phenomena. For a while, no one uttered a word. The sailors moved backwards and forwards; the oars dipped, bright drops, like showers of molten pearl, rained over them as they ascended into the air; the boat moved forward, and shores, woods, islands flew past as in the panorama of a dream. Here and there, a long way off, lights twinkled between the trees; and as we moved among the islets, vast piles of masonry like prisons rose high among the rocks. I was not ignorant that thousands of brave hearts, in anguish and bitterness, were at that very moment throbbing freely within. Their owners had dared to dream of improving the social condition of their countrymen, and this, in most parts of the world, being a crime, they were expiating their proud fancies upon an insufficient supply of bread and water in those dungeons. But under the inspiration of the picturesque, we sometimes became hard-hearted, or discovered the knowledge of the painful topics to enjoy the beauty that is before us. At any rate, we were not so sad as might have been expected, and approached the precipices of Capri quite in the humour to enjoy all their grandeur. We had shot out a little into the Mediterranean to the north-west of Capri, and there paused a while to gaze at that mimic Alp thrusting up its rugged bulk out of
the waves. All travellers have seen it; but it appears to me that very few, if any, have infused into their descriptions anything like the grandeur of the rock itself. Perhaps, with all their experience, they have found it impossible. To guard against similar failure, I shall not attempt a description, but merely state two or three facts which may strike the fancy in representing the scene to itself. When the moon shines over Naples, over its white buildings, its vast bay, its woods, its promontories, the eye wanders along delighted from Vesuvius outwards until it is arrested by the dark fronting mass of the rock. It is a skimming about their bases, and eagles rising with difficulty to their summits. Behind them stretch boundless expanses of ether, of the tint of amethyst tinged with smoke. Streaks of liquid brilliance hang over the smooth front of the rock, like a fringe. But, while the moon here and there paints with white light the smooth parts of the rock, which appear to hang like polished tablets against a vast dusky wall. If we had gazed for some time on this prospect, the boatsmen began themselves to row towards the Blue Cave. Has any one ever rounded the northwestern point of Capri without encountering a breeze more or less active? I have never known anybody who has. Let the Mediterranean be ever so calm, the Parthenopean Bay ever so lustrous and lovely, you no sooner approach the rocks of Capri, than the winds begin to blow, the surges to moan, and the caves to reverberate their murmur. At every pull of the oar, our hearts beat as we beheld the rocks shot up into stupendous masses above our heads. We approached the cave; we saw the tiny billows roll and break with silvery foam against the black slippery rocks which defend it on the sea-side. Presently the oars were rowed into the boat, which, by the impulse already communicated to it, glided in between the rocks, where we found ourselves plunged for a moment in more than Egyptian darkness. By degrees, however, the eye recovered its power, and then we could perceive the eye towards an opalescent point of light. My surprise and pleasure were great and unforgotten, and I expressed my astonishment that so little should have been said by strangers of so wonderful a place. Instead of replying directly to my observation, my companion said:

"On the very spot on which you and I are now standing, a terrible catastrophe took place many years ago. A young nobleman of dissipated habits and fierce character entertained a passion for one of the king's daughters. For, as it was said, he was so much in love with her, he thought it scarcely an act of condescension on the part of the monarch to give him the girl in marriage; and accordingly, without the least ceremony, went to the palace and demanded her hand. Had his character been more respectable, the king might perhaps have consented to overlook the disparity of position. But Girolamo had rendered himself remarkable by the wildness of his life, and was even suspected of piracy. At any rate, he made voyages to the African coast, and came back from time to time laden with wealth. Some said he plundered the Moors; others, that he made no distinction between Moslems and Christians, but filled his coffers indiscriminately at the expense of all whom he encountered at sea. Influenced by these rumours, the king refused him his daughter; upon which Girolamo spoke thus: "Your majesty's decision is perhaps the best. I have led a wild and wayward life; and though my fortune is great, and daily on the increase, I ought not, perhaps, to desire a connection with your family. Still, as I and my forefathers have always been faithful subjects to the king of Naples, I feel convinced, refuse to grant me a smaller favour."

"The king, glad to perceive that the Count Girolamo had not taken his refusal to heart, was willing to conciliate him by any concession he considered reasonable. "Well," replied Girolamo, "in a week from this time I intend giving a party in the Blue Cave, and shall have it boarded over and lighted up brilliantly, so that we may dance over the waves and banquet amid the rocks."

"The idea appeared at once new and striking to the king, and he promised to attend the party with his whole family. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the preparations made by Count Girolamo: they were on a scale of great magnificence; and on the appointed night, the royal barge, accompanied by numerous boats, filled with ladies and gentlemen, arrived at the entrance to the cavern. There, to their surprise, they found a series of steps, covered with costly carpets, leading up to what might be called the great saloon, then filled with a blaze of lights, adorned here and there with hangings, and in recesses of the rock, abounding with refreshments, wine sparkled in crystal goblets, and delicacies of various kinds tempted the appetite. After a while, the hall was cleared for a dance, and, as a special favour, Count Girolamo was permitted to lead out the queen. He was all gaiety, all smiles, and the whole company of dancers appeared intoxicated with the intoxicating influence of the night. On, on, on, the count enjoyed the pleasure of leading out the princess upon whom his heart had been fixed. It is not known whether the lady herself felt any attachment for Girolamo, though it is believed she did. Whatever may have been the case when on the floor, the count took her in his arms, and stamping violently, a trap-door opened beneath his feet, and down he went with his companion into the dark waters below. The terror and confusion that followed may be easily imagined—the whole party rushed towards the opening in the floor, and lights being brought, they sought to discover the bodies, but without effect. The waves had sucked them out; and it was not until the next morning that they were discovered, locked in each other's arms, beyond the entrance of the cavern."

As the doctor spoke, the light on both sides of the cave became more powerful, and showed the surface of the water in the most distinct and vivid manner. The rocks seemed to have been transformed into pillars, with niches and hangings of gorgeous tapestry. Presently a hissing sound ran along the sides of the cave, and we were left in total darkness. The boat then approached, and groping our way into it, we pushed out silently into the moonlight.

"What we have just heard," the doctor observed, "is a mere contrivance of my own. I often visit this cave, and have invented an apparatus for lighting it up; but be persuaded that it is often converted into a blaze of splendour by other than human hands, and that Count Girolamo and the princess are believably sitting
side by side at its extremity. Before them, the waves grow still, and appear to be compelled into a marble floor, upon which, hundreds of spirits whirl round in the mazes of the dance, while music breathes in through every crevice of the rock, and inspirits them with unceasing activity.'

I thanked the doctor for the interesting account he had given me, and returned to Naples, fully persuaded that he would soon need to be taken care of by his friends.

POLYGASTRIC ANIMACULUS.

This wis of London, better able to discuss the merits of a fable by Dryden or a comedy by Congreve, long continued to amuse themselves with the wonderful discoveries of a body of philosophers that, under the title of the Royal Society, held frequent meetings at Gresham College. The enthusiasm for research that prompted men endowed with ordinary judgment to dissect mal-formed calves—to study critically the motions of spiders, snails, toads—or to feel interested in learning whether there were in certain foreign countries blue bees that made black wax and white honey, and similar subjects of investigation, appeared to the man of fashion in those days a deplorable delusion—pardonable as, perhaps, the gods of the Old Nile, whom the playhouses were closed, and all sorts of amusement forbidden, but certainly unbecoming such as had the good-fortune to live in the reign of the Merrick Monarch. Nor needs such an estimate of the infancy of the distinguishing Society surprise us now when we bear in mind the apparent uselessness of many of its experiments and researches, and the indifference of its most exalted patrons to the true advancement of science. The chief delight of its royal founder was to put such puzzling questions as the mystery of the stars, and satisfactorily solve, or to gratify his curiosity by witnessing an 'anatomical administration,' as the rather rare spectacle of a dissection was called in those days. Surely some apology was afforded to the idle for scepticism regarding the utility of Prince Rupert's glass manufactory, or such a contribution in natural history from the Duke of Buckingham as 'the horned of a unicorn.' Moreover, its Transactions, which, under the ponderous title of 'An account of the present unites and accidents,' and indeed as when we bear in mind many considerable parts of the world, the Society began regularly to publish, contained not a little that must have appeared extremely ludicrous to such—at the time the majority of the public—as could not sympathise with the many errors through which experimental philosophy had to struggle in its progress towards maturity. Among the papers that appeared in the Transactions during the year 1675, was one that caused almost as much amusement to the Society as to the loungers of the Mall. It was from a Dutch contributor, Anthony Leuvenhock of Delft, whose ingenuity in improving microscopes—instruments to which the Society very wisely gave much attention—had procured him a honourable distinction among his English associates. The curious observations which the superiority of his glasses enabled him to make, had not hitherto overstepped the limits of belief, but when, in the year mentioned, he declared himself as having discovered certain animals of such extreme minuteness that many thousands of them did not equal a grain of sand, his statement was received with derision. It is not impossible, from the proneness universally shown by mankind to treat as profane such observations as reveal an elevated physical organisation in other beings, that the daring microscopist might in an earlier age have met the reward of Galileo.

The splendour of Leuvenhock's discovery might well compensate him for an indifferent reception. He had the highest fortune to have been the first to observe that beyond the power of the keenest vision there lay an unsuspected world of life, the existence of which the united occupants of air, earth, and water. Examined through his lenses, the smallest speck of the green mantle of the standing pond resolved itself into myriads of individual existences. It has been reserved to his successors to discover the waters of the seas, lakes, and rivers, equally prolific—a view of the boundlessness of animated nature which it is almost impossible to comprehend.

From the facility afforded by vegetable infusions for procuring to these little animals, they came to be known as Infusoria. This generic name is still retained; but, by the more scientific arrangement of the great Prussian naturalist, Ehrenberg, the class is divided into Polygastria, or many-stomached, and Rotifiers, or wheel-shaped animals. It is to the former class that we ask the reader's attention, as the rotifers, from their more advanced organisation, are objects of inferior interest. The polygastrians are so low in the scale of being as to have no fixed type of form. Many important shapes they want altogether, and such as they possess are very defective. They have neither brain nor spinal cord; nor eyes, blood, nor proper organs of locomotion. Many species have neither mouth nor digestive canal; and yet with all these defects, they yet subsist, and have a very fond of their case. They have managed, in the successive era of geological change over the globe, to avoid destruction. They are thus at once the tiniest and oldest inhabitants of the earth; now, notwithstanding the subordinate position, they claims, through that wonderful chain of analogy that connects all nature, kindred with the representatives of the most exalted. Their vitality is so strong, that they are easily revived after several years' apparent death. Absence of a proper organ for the support of their preservation; in fact, paradoxical as it sounds, internment is the surest way of keeping them alive.

From their abundance and antiquity, we are not surprised to find that these animals have an important function to discharge in the economy of nature. The preservation of life in other beings depends directly upon them. The ceaseless appetite of the polygastrian is employed in reducing the vast mass of effete vegetable and animal matter in the globe that is always hastening to the grave. If allowed an unopposed development, would speedily make its noxious properties known. This view of their utility enables us to appreciate the fitness of the homely name given to them by Professor Owen—the scavengers of the atmosphere. Nay, further, the effete substances so intercepted become, from assimilation in the system of the polygastrians, adapted to the support of more highly organised animals. It may not be out of place to observe here that the objections made against such water as is seen through the microscope to abound in animalculae, has been frequently urged in forgetfulness of the dependence of pure water upon the presence of a certain number of such beings.

Let us now consider a little in detail the organisation of a polygastrian. The animal essentially consists of a cell. A cell we know to represent the lowest order of vegetable or animal life. The polygastric cell is only a stage removed from the Gregaria, which stands upon the very border of the two divisions, and is only known not to be a vegetable from its power of independent existence, and never advancing to a further stage of development. Some polygastric species are bare; that is, the cell has no investment, but the majority are provided with a shell-covering either allicious or calcareous. This shell, fashioned after a variety of quaint patterns, is ingeniously adapted to the peculiar form of its wearer. Across some, it is placed horizontally; in others, it shoots out as a conical prominence over the tiny occupant; while in a third variety, this
defensive armour expands in the shape of a shield. Insects of the same species are found throughout different parts of the world. Straws of great depth occur in Bohemia and the United States, entirely made up of insusorial shells. Sometimes their abundance occasions their being applied to unexpected purposes. Thus the head-mill, or machine-mill, a white powder gathered by the people bordering upon Lake Litt-naggezor, near Urnea, in Sweden, and much esteemed as an article of diet when mixed with flour, consists entirely of these. In animals that live in water, having neither fine, tail, nor any fixed form of limb, it becomes a curious subject to inquire into their means of locomotion. In such polygasatrias as are attached to foreign bodies, no mechanism of the kind is required; but, in the greater number, progression is generally maintained by cilia or hair-like processes. Some, indeed, have such a mobility of substance as enables them to furnish an extempore limb upon an emergency, but this agreeable power of improving a hand or foot is not frequently met with. Thanks, however, to its larger apparatus, the polygasatrian can row nimbly through the water, seize firmly upon his prey, or, if none be at hand, make a slight agitation of the water that will soon accumulate sufficient materials for a meal. The manner of connection of these structures is not well understood. According to Ehrenberg, they are fixed by distinct muscular processes; but to grant that, were to claim for the order a higher degree of development in the animal kingdom than other observers are disposed to admit. The cilia are also, of course, to the peculiar repulsion of the animal, by causing successive currents of water to strike against it. Although destitute both of brain and spinal cord, the polygasatrian is not without an analogue of these organs. A little red dot, once considered an eye, is now known to compose its limited nervous system. The functions of this part of the organisation are obscure, and to this may be ascribed the difference of opinion among naturalists respecting the movements of the animal. The nature of the movement is not clearly understood, and not the result of volition—a view apparently based upon the fact of the animal never having been observed in a state of quiescence. But even if there were not many ways of accounting for such restlessess, the evidence in favour of a contrary belief appears pretty conclusive. The most diminutive monad shrinks into a less form from the effect of fear, and carefully avoids, in his merry dance through the water, all contact with his plague by.

Though the polygasatrians have no blood or proper circulating apparatus, there is a fluid, intermediate between blood and chyme, which circulates in a little central organ or heart, several pair of which lie along the stomachs. But most extraordinary parts of the organisation of these animals are those by which their digestion and reproduction are maintained. Although the view once held that the polygasarian consisted, as the name indicates, of a single stomach, has not been confirmed by further observations, it is not without a certain amount of correctness, so far as the existence of a series of movable sacs or stomachs is concerned. Of these, which are dependent upon that mobility of texture noticed in connection with the means of locomotion, there may be from three or four to as many hundreds. Occasionally, when the animal wishes to gorge upon a victim as large as himself, these stomachs are all displaced—an opening is made at the most convenient position, and the prey enclosed, the little gluton removing every trace of his temporary mouth. In a few of the species—and we should always remember that the differences between the larger and smaller polygasatrias is as great as between an elephant and a mouse—there is a regular form of mouth, and even a complicated dental apparatus.

The most common means of reproduction is by spontaneous fissure. A longitudinal or transverse division shows itself in some part of the animal, rapidly advances, and, when complete, two individuals result, both equal in size. Not unfrequently, the young, if we may so call it, begin to drive each other away. In the next most frequent process, that of commissure, we are reminded of the vegetable kinship of the polygasatria. Here separate animals are thrown off in the form of buds, which differ from those produced by the former method in not attaining maturity for some time after leaving the parent cell. Omitting any notice of a third, or the oviparous process of reproduction, since its existence is disputed, we may mention the curious phenomenon observed in the velox globator. In this little animal, the young may be seen throughout the transparent texture of the mother. Like her, they are provided with cilia, that enable them to swim almost as actively as at birth. In no long time, these, in their turn, become the recipients of indigestible food, and may multiply in such numbers that 'Malthusian principles, or what are vulgarly so called, have no place in the economy of this department of organised nature.'

We shall, in conclusion, state shortly the connection existing between the polygasatrians and more superior beings, as observed in the great law of unity of organisation. The insusorial monad is the sole unchanging organic form in the animal world. Every member of the four great sub-kingdoms—Radiata, Mollusca, Arachnida, Vertebrata—has its analogy in the little nervous dot of the polygasarian, its rude circulating apparatus and fluid, its disposable stomachs, are but permanent representations of the temporary forms of the complicated nervous system, the highly organised blood, and the powerful digestion found in the most advanced class of animals. Even the similarity that exists between the human embryo and the polygasarian is retained in certain respects throughout life, for the cilia that line the nasal passages, the larynx, and bronchus of the adult man, are identical with those of the invisible monad.

**CONVENTIONAL REPUTATIONS.**

Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that there is anything more noticeable than what we may call conventional reputations. There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity. There are various reasons for this forbearance: one is old; one is rich; one is good-natured; one is such a favourite with the public that it would not be safe to hies him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned; but the fates are in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entrating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. A poor wretch he must be who would wantonly sit down on one of these handbox reputations. A Prince Rupert's drop, which is a tear of unannealed glass, lasts indefinitely, if you keep it from meddling hands; but break its tail off, and it explodes, and receives itself into powder. This, too, I speak of are the Prince Rupert's drops of the learned and polite world. See how the papers treat them! What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, that can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service! How kind the 'Critical Notices'—where small
Chamber's Journal

authorship comes to pick up chips of praise, fragrant, sugary, and sappy—always to them! Well, life would be nothing without paper-credit and other fictions; so let them pass current. Don't steal their chips; don't puncture their swimming-bladders; don't come down on their pasteboard boxes; don't break the ends of their brittle and unstable reputations, you fellows who all feel sure that your names will be household words a thousand years from now.—Atlantic Monthly.

Toad-worship.

The practice, which seems so unaccountable, if it be once seriously thought upon, of worshipping some of the lower animals, was not unknown on the coast of Cunna, and their treatment of toads may be mentioned as a ludicrous instance of that kind of superstition. They held the toad to be, as they said, 'the lord of the waters,' and therefore they were very compassionate with it, and dreaded by any accident to kill a toad; though, as has been found the case with other idolaters, they were ready, in times of difficulty, to compel a favourable hearing from their pretended deities, for they were known to keep these toads with care under an earthen vessel, and to whip them with little switches when there was a scarcity of provisions and a want of rain. Another superstition worthy of note was, that when they hunted down any game, before killing it, they were wont to open its mouth and introduce some drops of maize-wine, in order that its soul, which they judged to be the same as that of men, might give notice to the rest of its species of the good entertainment which it had met with, and thus lead them to think that if they came too, they would participate in this kindly treatment.—Helps's Spanish Compend in America.


'Twas the red sundown of Christmas Day,
And off Cape Otway Head,
That the Marshall stood for Melbourne port
With canvas sparsely spread.

For all day long it blew a gale,
And they looked for land a-lee;
Yet under short and steady sail
The ship went bowlingly.

And all day long through send and wave,
And long swell flecked with foam,
Right on and on the Marshall held,
Like a courser heading home.

With sundown passed the driving wind—
It passed off gaily;
And slowly down to its deep, deep rest
Sunk the saltry asant sea.

Then the thoughts of all were full in port;
All hopes stood high and dry;
As specks in the good ship's gleaming wake
Shewed the seventy days gone by.

How strange the sound of 'Land, ho! land!'
(How full the round words fall)
They seemed to have wedded hand to hand,
As all wished joy to all.

In the speech of home, heart spoke to heart;
And friendly eye met eye;
Week on week they had walked apart
Whom this parting hour drew nigh.

Higher yet, and a scanting group
Broke from the master's door;
Sweeping the ship from stern to poop
For a sight of the golden shore.

And late on the bulwark's side a-lee
Tarried a little band
Of those who could not sleep at sea
In a ship so near to land.

Looking, you saw a white low line—
A long low line of foam,
While they talked of the cheerful frost and snow,
And the Christmas fires at home.

Slowly the headstrong ship wore in
With the steadfast undertow;
While the mistress moon smiled up above,
And the master laughed below.

Over the Marshall's shining deck,
And her low shores traced so fair,
There fell such calm, that spoken words
Seemed to linger in the air.

Steal'd yet her topsails drew,
Stood ' Pilot !' from the truck,
And the helm to a steady hand was true,
When the good ship Marshall—struck.

The Marshall struck on her larboard bow,
And a hollow sound came, then
She heavily reeled till she shewed her keel,
And heavily grounded again.

Then did the startled master's shout,
And the mate, with word and blow,
Hurry the men to work aloft,
And the women to weep below:

Nearer the plunging vessel's keel,
Nearer the depths beneath;
To try the hold of their hearts on hopes?
And to keep the watch of death?

The short night passed in the settling ship;
It passed—what more to say?
Terrors full as a dreadful dream
Pass as a dream away.

Crossing an early angry sun,
Rose something faintly dark;
And answering back to the Marshall's gun
Came the gun of an outbound bark.

Close in her cabin's scanty space,
Swarming her slippery deck,
Through a stormy air and a seething sea,
All sailed from the lonely wreck.

Then the young hand with the old was crossed,
And the brown head helped the gray;
For their all but life was lost, was lost
Sad salt-sea miles away.*

Good ships, your ribs are staunch and tried;
Your spars are tough and tall;
But a heart of oak in the master's side
Were the bulwark best of all.

* One needs to know but little of the ways and means of the poorer emigrants to be aware that few venture to bear anything of value on their persons. Taught by the reported experiences of others that their class of pass-engers is almost certain to be robbed, gold, silver, even bills, as well as other valuable in their little stock, are stowed away in the strong box, safe in the hold while the voyage is safe; and when the ship goes down, all goes with it.

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QUOTATION.

The faculty of quotation is one of the most terrible weapons of social life; an engine of colloquial oppression only less tremendous, perhaps, than the asking of riddles and the narration of anecdotes, and sometimes partaking of the worst qualities of both; for often a quoter, who must needs have his lion's share in the conversation at all hazards, whether he be certain or not of getting safe out at the other end of his selected passage, will stop in the middle of it (especially if it be poetry), and appeal to the general company to assist him in that strait to which his own imprudence has reduced him. This has all the ill effect of a conundrum in creating a dead silence, and is even destitute of that meagre hope which exists in the latter case of arriving at something amusing at last. Old gentlemen may be permitted to quote the classics to boys—'Armis virumque, what? You young dog! In my time, sir, I should have been flogged if I had not supplied the word by this time!'—because boys have no real relish for conversation but learned persons and others should be very chary of indulging in this practice in real life, and among ordinary society. It is a pitiable spectacle to see an entire company, half of whom, perhaps, are ladies, put in abeyance, as it were, while a gentleman who has forgotten his Greek is depending upon people who never knew any to fill up the vacuum in some sonorous sentence which, after all, may be, is by no means illustrative of the matter in hand. Instead of being sorry for what he has done, too, this sort of character is commonly enraged with the audience, protesting not only that he shall forget his own name next, but that they are foolish and ignorant to an extreme degree. 'Every school-boy knows it,' cries he, without remembering that if that really be the case, there was no need for him to be so superfluous as to repeat it. We do not mean to state that a very first-rate conversationalist may not make himself appear to understand and appreciate a Greek quotation, but such a one must be near the top of his profession; nor can even he pay tribute to one only half delivered. Moreover, we are speaking of general society; amongst which are females who cannot divine themselves of an uneasy but not unnatural feeling, that what needs concealment in a dead language, must certainly be something they ought not to hear.

Difficulties in finishing occur by no means unusually in English. A revered friend of our own is perpetually entangling himself in verbose selections from the works of Lord Byron; and as that poet is by no means so universally read now as his admirer imagines, release is often hopeless. 'Good Heavens, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, on one occasion, after failing in the fifteenth line of an extract which none of us had ever so much as set eyes upon before, 'and you have absolutely never read his Age of Bronze!' Is not this at least as abominable as the conduct of the asker of rebuses, whom Sydney Smith recommends should be delivered over to immediate execution, without being suffered to explain the connection between his seventh and his eighth?

Nor, again, is that noxious person, 'a man of anecdote,' to be looked upon with less disgust when he attacks society under the thin disguise of a quoter: for where is the difference whether conversation be interrupted by his avowal that 'that reminds him of an anecdote,' and he at once blackades us by means of such regular approaches; or if he silence the company from some masked but not less fatal battery, such as: 'Ah, you know, that's what Sheridan said to Brummell when they were going down Pall Mall.'—'I'll bet you,' says he; '... and so on for perhaps a quarter of an hour.' This description of person, in case of his dramatis personas being celebrated and popular, will often introduce them with an air of easy patronage—as, 'that queer old Barham,' or 'that dear Leigh Hunt'—very hard to listen to; and when he begins in this fashion, he is particularly difficult to stop. If he do chance to set before us a good thing tolerably new, he spoils the effect of it by following it up with a course of ancient jokes, the entire contents of his jest-box—putting them back, alas, very carefully afterwards, for another time, but perhaps for the same people.

Apropos of, it may be, pepper, he will remark: 'Poor Tom Hood, during his last illness, was much attenuated; and upon the doctors applying mustard-plasters to his feet, observed: 'Ah, airs, there is very little meat for your mustard.' Now, not above one-third of a company may have heard this before; and the kind of quoter of whom we speak is so elated by that unusual circumstance, that he goes on to tell of the bottle of ink being taken instead of the medicine, and the piece of blotting-paper the patient volunteered to swallow in order to neutralise it, and things even older yet. Still, quotation of some kind we must have. The apt use of it, with judgment and in moderation, is pleasant both to the talker and the hearer. If the latter recognises the 'selection,' his self-love is gratified almost equally with that of the former; but he must be careful not to display his rival knowledge by encumbering the first speaker with aid, and running along, as it were, by the side of the other's hobbyhorse with an unnecessary leading rein: one man is, in ordinary cases, sufficient for one quotation. In general conversation, a single line of poetry, or a couplet at
most, is as much as should be ventured upon. In public speaking, upon the contrary, eight or ten lines may be hazarded, and it is a chance if anything else in the speech be so well received; the reason of which difference is obvious, inasmuch as in the one case many persons lay a claim to the time of the audience besides him who is holding forth; and in the other, a number of folks who have no taste at all for poetry, are flattered by being presumed to have an exquisite appreciation of it.

Most of us, without being such ‘comparative sweet young’ persons as Prince Hal was, have more or less of his ‘damnable trick of iteration’; and the humbleness of us is ready to repeat somebody else’s words, if it be only to strengthen a position, or to avoid the responsibility of having any opinion of our own.

An ignorant young friend of ours going in for examination, almost without a chance, for one of the open civil service appointments, remarked to us: ‘I hope for the best, but expect the worst, as the old woman said when she was charged to pose the pound of oat.’ Who was the old woman in question, or what the particular ten, is immaterial; the quotation was as apt as though it came from Machiavelli or Montaigne; and in the same manner, upon the very vague authority, we often get the most perfect illustrations. ‘You force me to proceed to extremities, as the nobleman said when he cracked the periwinkle in the door,’ is an admirable instance of this; and similarly, ‘the Man,’ ‘the Irishman’ (who is habitually employed in this capacity), ‘the Scotchman,’ ‘the Frenchman’ (also a great favourite), and ‘the Poet,’ are made use of when memory fails as sponsors for fatherless sayings. All we sometimes get, after the delivery of an apolithem, by way of acknowledgment to its proprietor, is ‘as they say,’ or ‘as the saying goes,’ which is unsatisfactory, indeed; but in such a case the plagiarism is not generally of great value. The Prince Regent and Mr. Theodore Hook are so continually invoked upon these occasions, that a true conversationalist would no more dream of referring to them than to Mr. Joseph Miller himself; the very mention of their names before a quotation has become a signal for inattention and contempt; and is almost as much an assistance to it as the autograph of a bankrupt to the back of a bill. Mr. Charles Lamb has fallen very low, indeed, in the quotation market, and Sydney Smith and Rochefoucauld are drugs. The most artful thing exhibited by some quoters is the reverse of this—namely, the ingenious concealment of an authority who is perfectly well known. For instance, in making use of that philosophical paradox, ‘the child is father to the man,’ they would think it untrue, and, indeed, extravagant, to add, ‘as Wordsworth says,’ displaying all that learning in an instant, like the flash of a cracker: they prefer to herald it with, ‘as the bard of the lake-country has well expressed it;’ or, ‘as the greatest metaphysical poet of the century has remarked;’ or, ‘as the restorer of natural poetry truly sings;’ or even with a combination of these three expressions, if they be of rank and weight enough to venture so far. A good deal of verbosity is permitted to lords and capitalists in this respect.

In writing, we need not point out to those who contribute to reviews, &c., how much more space can be profitably taken up by, ‘as the graceful author of the Pleasures of Memory has told us,’ than by, ‘as Rogers says;’ besides the advantage of setting the general reader thinking of who the deuce did write the Pleasures of Memory, and perhaps of even delighting him with the discovery.

We come now to the two highest branches of our subject—the one, that of introducing a quotation as something of our own; the other, that of introducing something of our own as a quotation. The first requires the very greatest delicacy of conduct. There are a number of sagacious people, it must be remembered, in society, too lazy to say anything themselves, who have their ears wide open, nevertheless, to all that is said by others. These are jealous and malicious men—not women, who, indeed, are industrious enough in this respect—who will let you display all your stolen gems to the last jewel, and then turn police-constable in the brutal overhauling of your whole pack. Your box notes, they will swear, were Jerrold’s; the epigrams, Tom Moore’s; and the repartees those in the Punch newspaper of 1852—which it is very likely they were. Now, as the true genius—as we remember to have read in every essay upon the writings of the greatest dramatists—is to touch his own, he too is to touch his own, whether it previously belonged to anybody else or not, so the first-rate conversationalist may reproduce with effect the efforts of bygone wits, in such a way that the parents themselves should not be able to recognize their offspring. In ordinary cases, however, extreme precaution is by no means necessary, and the most wholesome plagiarisms may be made by the self-possessed and dexterous, who have only to confess, upon detection, that ‘of course the thing was Jerrold’s; they should have supposed everybody knew that; there was no more necessity for inverted commas, than for saying ‘Macbeth’ after quoting the dagger-scene.’

Finally, the reverse of this has to be considered. It is sometimes expedient to borrow a great name to ‘edit,’ as it were, the production of one’s own native talent; and there are some people so conventional that they will listen to nothing unless it be spoken by the lips of authority, having less regard to the merit of a remark than to the fame of him who is supposed to utter it; and then there are others so mean and base to deride or treat with contemptuous indifference all the efforts of a contemporary to amuse or instruct them. A judicious interposition of a supposititious des ex machina is, in these cases, not only expedient but excusable. ‘We may be (we are) yet need sponsors now and then to answer for us before an unbelieving world. Our bills may be good enough (they are), and yet require a good name at their backs to insure acceptance.’ Dickens was telling this story the other night; ‘as Thackera said to a friend of mine,’ ‘as Macaulay replied to his publisher,’ are very good letters of introduction indeed. These experiments are interesting, not only as illustrative of the weakness of human nature in our fellow-creatures, but also of its strength in ourselves. We have to behold without a gross or outward sign of agony, one of our very best jeux d’esprit perhaps swept up into the great treasure-house of an acknowledged genius, who has no need of an addition to his wealth, and made absolutely dangerous for us to claim as our own for evermore. We hear peals of laughter or murmurs of applause paid to persons who have neither desire for nor right to them, while we sit poor and unappreciated—mere spoons for lading out that honey which we have in our own reality ourselves collected and hived from the very first. How we long to cast off our disguise, and proclaim ourselves to be indeed the exceedingly clever fellows we are! But should we do so, we are well aware that joke of ours would be the very last that would be listened to. Moreover, in this secret knowledge of our actual merit,
in this patient surrender of our laurels to other brows, is there not something generous, Spartan-like, besides a very exquisite flattery of our self-love?

**CATTLE EPIDEMICS.**

During the past spring and summer, the chief subject of interest to the ‘agricultural mind,’ both at home and abroad, has been the fact or the apprehension of some infectious diseases, popularly called ‘murrain,’ among the horned cattle. On many parts of the continent, the prevalence of a very destructive epizootic was no matter of doubt. Throughout Denmark and Prussia, in the districts skirting the south shore of the Baltic, and in the Rhenish states of Germany, the cattle-breeders have suffered very severely from the ravages of a disease among their herds, whose cause and cure alike seem to have baffled research, but which was generally supposed to be disseminated by infection. The British farmers have been more frightened than hurt by this calamity; but as the countries where the murrain was most prevalent were precisely those from which the English market was chiefly supplied, an Order in Council was issued some months ago prohibiting the import of live-stock, carcasses, or raw hides, from the Gulf of Finland, the Russian, Prussian, Mecklenburg, and Lubeck ports on the Baltic, and sundry other quarters whence infection might be apprehended. This method of dealing with such epidemics is indeed altogether at variance on the whole question of epidemics, either as regards man or beast. It is even contended that there is no such thing as infection—that cholera, yellow fever, or even the plague itself have nothing contagious in their character, but spread merely through the medium of atmospheric misanthropes, impure water, unwholesome conditions of heat, damp, dirt, and other ‘predisposing causes,’ wholly distinct from the influences by which, according to the ancient doctrine, epidemic diseases were diffused among a whole population.

When doctors differ so essentially, we shall not presume to settle the controversy. Certain it is, that the so much dreaded murrain has not visibly extended to Ireland, and the island is, was kept at arm’s length by the Order in Council, or was safely defied by the better feeding, the more careful breeding, and the greater skill in management practised by English farmers, is still problematical. In many cases of the epizootic, a recovery occurs after several years past—ever since agriculture became a science—the most experienced practitioners have been altogether at fault. The loss of many thousand sheep by the ‘rot,’ or of cattle by some mysterious ‘complaints,’ can sometimes be traced to the influences of weather or food, but just as often proves wholly inexplicable. Science, on these occasions, is totally bewildered; while the most careful tending of the husbandman proves vain.

One result, however, dominates over all morphologi-cal theories—namely, that in modern times as the access of murrain among cattle has become as rare as secure and mitigated in severity, as that of ‘plague, pestilence, and famine’ among the human race. It is impossible to discern that the calamity that from the improvement in food and nurture which the advance of agricultural science has enabled us to command.

Three centuries ago, for example, the very idea of keeping cattle in a state fit for the butcher through the winter months, had never dawned on the human mind. Where was the food to come from, while the pastures were covered with snow, or iron-bound with frost? At that era, the fatted kine were all killed in November at latest; and the whole world, from the lord in his castle to the servant at his lodge-gates, lived upon salted meat until the ensuing May. Of the glutinous feasts occasioned and justified by the superabundance of fresh meat, and especially of those portions of the animal not fit for preservation, at these annual slaughterings, a gross but most graphic description may be found in Rabelais. Another and more clearly recognition of the annual murrain was given in the old festival of Candelmas, when the accumulated stack of tallow, from the summer pastureage of the herds, was formally blest by the priest before its conversion into candles for the long nights of winter. The world in those days was a long way removed, even from the possibility of a ‘fat-cattle show’ at Christmas, in the Baker Street Bazaar, or elsewhere.

The cattle-murrains, in olden times, were attributed to moral and supernatural causes. Homer describes the venerable Apollo visiting the Greeks before Troy with a pestilence, which began with the dogs, and passed on through the horses and horned beasts to the human race. It shewed some knowledge of the real source of malady, that the calamity was assigned to the divinity who governed the sun, the atmosphere, and other climatic conditions. Among the Jews, an epidemic in cattle was attributed to some national sin—the presence of an Achan in the camp, or the rebellious idolatry of a king. In later times, many singular accounts are met with, which are handed down to us by historians; and if their narrative must sometimes be considered more legendary than authentic, they present at all events a vivid picture of the vicissitudes to which society was exposed in times when the products of rural life were distributed by the censuses commissioners of Ireland, touching pestilences and famines, plagues, inclement seasons, atmospheric phenomena, epizootic disease, and other visitations, published in the fifth volume of their elaborate Report to parliament.

Not to linger too long in the legendary periods of British, or rather Celtic history, we shall give but a single specimen of cattle-murrain as recorded to have occurred in these isles before the Christian era. This epidemic visited the British and Ireland, so far as the vague annals of the event can be interpreted, at a period about contemporary with the last Punic War—that is, 160 years B.C. The contemporary king of Ireland—for the histories of the period are but unchronicled—was named Boudicca, and she called herself ‘Bow-die-Bledor,’ or ‘Cow-destroyer,’ in commemoration of the event. In his time, so the record runs in the Annales of Clonmacnoise, ‘there was such a morren of cows in the land as there were no more than left alive but one bull and one heifer in the whole kingdom, which bull and heifer lived in a place called Gleann-Samaig.’ It is mentioned, by way of testimony to the truth of this legend, that the locality named is to this day known to the dwellers in the neighbourhood as the Heifer, or the Glen of the Heifer, and is situated in county Tyrone. The description of some devastating catastrophe as leaving only a single survivor, belongs to the hyperbolical language employed by all oriental races and their descendants. The image recurs more than once in the book of Job. In the Celtic annals, from whence the above record is taken, it is subsequently stated as the consequence of an inclement season, that ‘only one’ shock of corn was left in the fields, or ‘only one’ fruit on the tree. Thus, in the time of Cæsar, the ‘Cat-headed,’ it is chronicled that the ‘earth did not yield its produce, insomuch that there used to be but one grain upon the stalk, one sown upon the oak, and one nut upon the hazel. As a contrast to the calamitous visitation in the reign of Bressail, it is related that about fifty years afterwards, in the time of his successor, King Consim, ‘the cattle were without...
keepers in Ireland, on account of the greatness of the peace and concord." The weather seems also to have sympathised in this general harmony, since we find it added that 'the wind did not take a hair off the cattle from one end of the kingdom to the other.' During the reign of this plenty-giving monarch, 'nothing but the trees, from the greatness of their fruit in his time.'

During several centuries of what may be termed the twilight period of the historic era, it is curious to notice the rarity of any account of epidemic mortality among the cattle, as compared with the records of famine or pestilence among mankind. The apparent exemption of other and lower animals from these visitations does not arise from any idea, on the part of the chronicler, that the subject was beneath his notice; on the contrary, we find particular mention made, when occasion occurs, of mortality among the cattle. The pestiferous air to which is assigned the plague of 547 A.D. is said to have 'raged not only against men, but against beasts and reptiles.' Not very long afterwards, it is recorded that a 'poisoned pool made its appearance through a chain of the earth,' from which a vapour proceeded that extinguished the lives of many birds and mice. During the terrible famine which scourged Britain in 446, Gildas relates that no animals remained on which men could feed, 'save such as could be procured in the chase.' This destruction of the flocks and herds, however, does not seem attributable to disease, but to the fact that they were all eaten up by the famished population. Altogether, it is evident that in the times of which we have hitherto treated—and, indeed, for long after—sheep and kine escaped many of the evils that befell the human race in this and in other lands. As animals, they were considered more valuable, and therefore were better cared for, and enjoyed, besides, exemption from the political convulsions which so repeatedly swept over whole kingdoms, destroying thousands of the human race in their passage, and leaving famine and pestilence behind them to complete the work of devastation.

The numerous records of epizootic disease which have occurred in later eras in different parts of Europe, are seldom devoid of mention, and, if it were, accidentally, that give some insight into the real cause by which the epidemic was produced. For example, in the collection of Irish chronicles, entitled the Annals of The Four Masters, it is stated that in 1584, the people of Ulster were visited by the plague, and it spread throughout the world, so that there escaped not one out of the thousand of any kind of animals.' Afterwards, however, it is recorded in the same year, that a great frost occurred, 'even so that the lakes and rivers were frozen, and the sea between Scotland and Ireland was frozen, so that there was a communication between them on the ice.' These intense frosts seem to have been very frequent at that era. Mention is also made of a recent period, terminated by the great famine and plague, under which Ireland was assailed by the Danes. Elsewhere we find it related that the inland waters were frozen up, that the river Boyne was passable on the ice; that 'horses and hunters went on Lough Neagh to chase the wild deer;' and that 'the foreigners—those that is, the Danes—plundered Inis-Moichta on the ice.' This was an island containing a church which formerly existed at a place still called Inishmet, in Meath. Seldom also do we find the record of these severe frosts, or of heavy floods, long-continued wet or drought, or other tokens of inclement seasons, without meeting an account very shortly afterwards of some murrain among cattle. These accounts shew various forms of disease, extending sometimes to the lower animals. Thus, one year we are told of 'a great destruction among the birds.' In 916, after a 'great snow and unusual frost, destruction was brought upon cattle, birds, and salmon.' Of that year it is related that 'many evil signs' were manifested: The heavens seemed to glow with comets: a flame of fire arose from beyond the west of Ireland until it passed over the sea at the middle of spring. During the reign of this plenty-giving monarch, 'nothing but the trees, from the greatness of their fruit in his time.'

Long subsequently, the Italian writer Ramazzzini describes a murrain which extended even to bees and silkworms. On that occasion, also, the distemper among animals was contemporaneous with blight in the vegetable creation. Early in June, this author relates that 'all the springing corn was spoiled with mildew; grapes and other fruits were spoiled or destroyed; and the leaves of herbs and shrubs eaten to the stem by various insects.' Wholly unable to appreciate the true influence of natural phenomena, the chroniclers of that age are just as apt to exaggerate some consequences as to ignore others. Lightning is made to play a frequent part in the destruction of living beings, and even of whole towns. In 1184, the Annals record how the castle of Lough Keg, the stronghold of the Mac Dermott, was destroyed by fire from heaven, wherein six or seven score of distinguished persons perished, together with fifteen towns of kingly or humble renown. During the siege of Enniskillen, it is said to have passed through Leinster and killed 1000, or, as another account gives it, 100,000 persons, and flocks, besides burning the houses of Dublin. Narrations of tempests frequently occur, in which the wind blew down hundreds of the houses; though this, perhaps, does not imply that the blasts were stronger, but that the buildings were weaker than at present. Making every allowance for the ignorance or the credulity of the reporters, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that, in those periods, frosts, rains, and tempests, and other meteorological phenomena, evidenced an intensity of which we have had no recent experience.

One phenomenon frequently recorded, and always as a sign of special wonder, is that of a shower of blood. The portent was naturally considered very terrible. Once, indeed, the prodigy seems to have occasioned no alarm. Red snow falling in the reign of King Elim, the people fancied that it had both the taste and colour of wine. This was, accordingly regarded in a jovial aspect, and the king was styled Elimm Oilliifhneachta, or Elim of the Great Wine-snow. At other times, the occurrence is related in terms that prove the utmost dismay. Lough Neagh was turned into blood. On the potato-famine, of a century or two, the event being recorded in the same style of alarm as that used when the moon also turns into blood; and occasionally the phenomena seem to have been supposed related to one another. On one occasion, Loch Lapham—now Lean—in Westmeath, 'was turned into blood, so that it appeared to all as if it were dumps of blood all round the edge.' This appearance has lately been thoroughly investigated and explained. Red snow was found by Captain Parry and Sir John Franklin, and the colour traced to the presence of microscopic plants of the cryptogamic order. As this occurred in high latitude, and no red snow is mentioned as having fallen in Ireland in modern periods, we find another cause to infer that the climate of the British Isles has become mitigated. Respecting the blood-coloured water, some curious facts were told in a paper read a few months since before the Royal Society by Mr Macdonald, a gentle- man who was attached to Her Majesty's surveying-ship Herald. The colouring matter is a minute plant popularly called the Sea Sawdust, and accounts were given of its appearance in various parts of the ocean besides the Red Sea, to which it has actually given its name.

Quitting these earlier chronicles, we pass to the records of the two great cattle-murrains which took
place in the last century. Of them, the first began in 1711. In that year, as Short relates, a pestilential plague broke out among the cattle in Hungary, Italy, and Spain, generally with such a degree of so intense a character, that it spread from their saliva wherever they licked the grass, laid down their mouths, or came near other animals. In Holland this epidemic lasted for three years, and killed 300,000 cows, oxen, and bulls. Passing into England, the disease reached its acme during the years 1713–14–15, contemporaneously with the accession of the House of Hanover. Great multitudes of cattle were lost in the metropolitan districts, and large sums were paid to various farmers and graziers by the state as compensation-money, in consideration of their submitting to various precautions intended to prevent the epidemic extending to other parts of the kingdom. Nevertheless, in 1716, it appears that the pestilence had spread over various counties previously unaffected. The second epizootic of the eighteenth century began in the celebrated year when the young Pretender invaded Scotland, 1745. Bascombe relates that the plague began in Turkey, thence passed over Europe, and afterwards came to England. There, as elsewhere, we find many local circumstances to account for the calamity. The spring and summer of that year were most inclement—storms and floods are stated to have taken place all over the British Islands. In many districts in the south a brook or rivulet which was not swelled to an extraordinary height. In natural sequence, we hear that corn, potatoes, and oats were very dear; then that there was a famine among the black-cattle; and lastly, that the horses and cattle were supplied with small and, as the infection declined. In Faulkner's Journal it is told how, in 1747, from fear of contagion, the removal of horned cattle from one town to another was prohibited. Berkeley, the famous Bishop of Cloyne, wished to make this cattle-distemper a means of introducing his favourite remedy, tar-water. He writes: 'If I can but introduce the general use of tar-water for this murrain, which is in truth a fever, I flatter myself this may pave the way for its general use in all fever whatsoever.' Continuing, in 1751, of which the spring was stormy and cold, the summer wet, the murrain proved unusually destructive. Webster reports of this year that there were 'great inundations in England and France,' and continued: 'The want of a milder season has not only prevailed upon the Prince and Horses and cattle in England; $60,000 cows are said to have died of it in Cheshire alone. During the following year, when the summer was again exceedingly wet, a great occurrence among the sheep, as we are informed by a journal of the period, that the distemper rages about the skirts (of London), insomuch that last Saturday several cows were buried in the fields at the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane.' The scourge ceased about a hundred years ago. In 1768, it is recorded that 'the mortality among the horned cattle, which hath raged more or less for these ten years past, seems to have departed.' This announcement appears in the Dublin Metico-Philosophical Memoirs; and the writer proceeds to explain the cause of the distemper according to the vague theories current at that day, by attributing the disappearance of the epizootic to certain heavy rains and overflows of the meadows, 'they think has washed off any remaining infection in the ground.'

The last record of epizootic for which we can afford space, relates to an epidemic among a different species of animal to any before mentioned. Towards the close of the last century, the cats were visited with a strange pestilence. The feline race, in Ireland, are reported to have died in numbers during the year 1797, 'of a mere murrain similar to that which sometimes seizes and spreads among the black-cattle.' Some of their skins being dried, and the hair taken off by lime, 'appeared full of small holes, caused by worms or insects. When seized with the distemper, the poor animals were in a state of so intense a character, that is spread from their saliva wherever they licked the grass, laid down their mouths, or came near other animals. Contemporaneously with this cat-murrain, mention is made of a comet in the heavens, and a 'dreadful gale in the Channel.' Evidently the year was an ill-starr'd one for the witches. The cat-disease of this year was epidemic in England, France, and even America. Webster relates that 'in England a pestilence among cats swept away those animals in thousands. The same cat-plague was soon after epidemic in France; it appeared in Philadelphia in June, and was very fatal throughout the States. Fish died in some of the rivers, and hydrophobia was again epidemic.'

Modern improvements in agricultural science, if they have not rendered murrain among cattle impossible, have at any rate limited the range and largely diminished the frequency of these visitations. There is no doubt still plenty to do in the way of sanitary reforms, both for man himself and the inferior animals whom he has subjugated to his use. Still, a great deal has been already done in that direction—more, perhaps, in proportion for the brutes than for their human keepers and owners. By skilful crossing of breeds, we obtain a far harder and healthier stock; and wholesome fodder is now procurable even in the most inclement seasons. The epizootics which heretofore ravaged the flocks and herds for years together, have almost disappeared at any rate from the more civilised countries of Europe. As constituting so valuable a possession to a large class of the community, and of nutritious food to all, this comparatively harmless kite, always innocent of human life, which once so often nearly destroyed them, must prove no small addition to the 'sum of human happiness.'

THE LAKE ON THE MOORS.

We were a cozy little party of six—three on horseback, and three in a pony-carriage. We started courageously, in the teeth of sordid prophecies of rain, and of the moors being full of swamps from the rain that had already fallen. Cornish people have a natural talent for prophesying bad weather, so we declined to place too much stress on these forebodings; and though the sun was shining, and the clouds towards the south were in cloud, and the blue sky only showed itself in rifts, we declared that a cloudy day was better than one all sunshine; that even if it rained, we wouldn't mind; and, in short, we spoke so bravely, and looked so determined, that the see succumbed, with a parting fire of 'Well, don't blame me if you get drenched,' which we received with fortitude.

So, about two o'clock on this doubtful September afternoon, we set off to see the lake on the moors. Much had we heard of it, out of the most curious phenomena of this western land, which is so rich in marvels. We had heard that not only was it a large pool of water on the very highest ground upon the moors, completely isolated, and with no visible spring or source of supply, but—popular taste being always inclining to paint the lily, and add impossibility to the wonderful—that its waters were salt; that it ebbed and flowed with the tides of the sea; and that on its shores sea-weeds and shells, and other marine wails and strays, were to be found. Happily, the latter had been set to rights by the perusal of a very interesting record of the parish in which the lake is situated, and when we went on our way to see it, we were perfectly 'up' in what we were to expect. We knew that the lake was about a mile in circumference, surrounded with barren heaths and desolate moors; that the road to it lay across the wildest and dreariest scene in Cornwall. Also we knew that there were
two traditions attached to the spot, both connected with a certain Tregeagle, who is to be heard of in many parts of the land, and great and wonderful in connection with the most disrupting character known in modern or ancient history, and whose occupations are numerous enough, though always partaking of the same character. These appear chiefly to be of some such light nature as making trouble of sand, binding them with ropes of the same, conveying them from one place to another; or, as in the case of this moorland pool, dipping an unfathomable depth of waters dry, by means of a limpet-shell with a hole in it. As to the cause of his being appointed to task on numerous commissions, we have said there are two legends of him connected with this one place. The first, which we indignantly scouted as being a great deal too legal for romance, and more like a law report than a tradition, affirms that he was a steward who defrauded his master by not entering a certain sum of money in his books. After his death, therefore, ensued a lawsuit; but when the cause was brought on at the assizes, the supposed depositor raised the spirit of Tregeagle, and brought him as witness into court. (Is any one credulous enough to believe in such a ghost as this? The idea is preposterous.) Being questioned concerning the affair in debate, proceeds this remarkable legend. Tregeagle admitted the payment, and then, pursuant to a writ, was nonsuit. On returning from the bar, this singular witness was left behind in the court; for the defendant on being requested by some of the gentlemen of the long robe to take him away, replied sternly, that as he had been at the pains of bringing this witness, those who complained might take the trouble to remove him.

Hence, since they could not banish this perturbed spirit, there arose the necessity of finding some employment for it; and to empty the moor-pool, on the terms previously set forth, was the first task appointed. During this work, whenever the wind was easterly, the wicked one was thought to pursue him three times round the pool, from which place he was always obliged to escape to Roach Rock, where, on putting his head into one of the chapel windows, he was safe.

So much for tradition number one. The second is the real and genuine one, which enlist our sympathies, commands our attention, and takes our credulity by storm. It is set forth in a ballad of some seventy verses, well formed, good rhymes, we purpose not to quote it entire), which, whether or not it is veritable as ancient as its language would indicate, possesses much of those quaint and picturesque elements which generally distinguish old ballad poetry, and in which consists its most special and peculiar charm. So we will take it with us, and dip into it as we ride along these pleasant Cornish lanes, with their high banks, and whereon the various ferns flourish with tropical luxuriance, and where the honeysuckles are perpetual temptations to linger and gather, and so become possessed of their glories more than by the eye.

To commence at the commencement, we learn that 'in Cornwall's famed land, by the poole on Tregeagle was his abode; also, that he was a shepherd, that he grew ambitious, wished for wealth; and finally, one moonlit night, on the wide, lonely heath, made a compact with the Individual before alluded to in this chronicle, who appeared before him like a gigantic knight in armour, riding on a black steed, and with black lance, bugle, fo, and two hideous dogs, complete. The bargain concluded, Tregeagle became a grand knight, with a splendid castle, which stood exactly where the moor lake now appears—retainers, horses, hunters, minstrels, and every requisite for nobleman's family, in those days. Not content with these possessions, however, he seems to have indulged a disposition the reverse of amiable; for we are told that

He marked each day with some horrible deed; Some manyon must burn, or some traveller bleed, Or hatefull that day to his sight.

But now comes the 'central interest' of the story, which is thus ominously heralded:

It chanced one eeventyng as homeworke he wendes, Doope muttered the Hogg of the Storme; Earth trembles as boundynge the skyes she ascends— The welkyn acrose her blanke winges she extends, And nature with darkness deforms.

And nowe the bold hunters thes yeoode stole alle aghaste, Their stoute hearts with feare overawe: The rede lyghtninges glared, the rayne poured faste, And londe bowled the demons that rode on the blaste, And Terrour the tempeste bestrode:

Whene swifta frome the woode, and all wylde with afryght, A damaske advancings they spayd; All whyte were her garments, her pallete was whyte, Wyth syver and golde, and wyth jwelies bedyghte, And a lyttle payge rode bye her syde.

Tregeagle proffers the shelter and hospitality of his castle to the storm-surprised wayfaring man he proves to be, Goonhylde the fayre, the daughter of Earl Cornwall, who, with her trustye page, had lost the rest of the hunting-party with whom she had set forth in the morning. Of course, the wicked knight loves Goonhylde straightway, and while she is innocently full of gratitude to him for the kind hospitality he extends to her, he villainously causes her father to suppose that his child has been torn to pieces by the 'ravenous beasts of the nyghte.' This done, he proffers himself and his possessions to the 'fayre mayden than flowres the fayrest more fayre,' who, however, modestly informs him that she is already betrothed to a knight, and that since 'fayre is the dayes and refugente the morn,' she fain would hasten to depart home, and relieve her father's heart of fears for the safety of his Goonhylde. Upon which the treacherous knight shews himself in his true colours, 'smyles ineydis, and bendes hys darke browe,' and boldly announces that she cannot be permitted to depart, and that he has prevented all the possibility of relief by the powerful Earl Cornwall to suppose her death. Affairs thus seem desperate enough for the unfortunate lady; but all is not over, for the little payge,

Though few were his yeares, Yet cunnyng and shrewde was the boye; Where he satte in a corner, thys speech overheares, And faythfulles as swift to the stable repayres, And sesyes his courrer wyth joyes.

How this gallant little Roberto steals from the castle, spurs on his fleet horse to Duneoyde's high gate, and tells the earl—'the real state of the case; how the old earl buckles on his armour, and summons his horsemen so valiant and bold; and how the troop set forward, and reach Tregeagle's gate before the 'greye morne peeped the eastern hills ovet; all this can be readily imagined, as detailed by the next half-dozen verses. But while they wait reply to the blast on the horn with which they summon Tregeagle, the horrified company hear instead that 'shyrrle blast from the farre dystante heathes, which the eares of alle mortales confoundes.' It is the Black Hunter come to claim Tregeagle, the time stated in the terms of the bargain between them having expired.

Then forth came Tregeagle all palyed wyth feare, And fayne woulde more favoure have founde, But louds roared the thunderes, and swyfte through the syre

The rede bolte of vengeanee shot forth wy th glare, And strokke him a corpse to the grounde!
Then from the backe corpse a payle spectre appeared,  
Whose face was houreng and a spawgy white,  
Whenequikely the yelps of the hell-boundes are hearde,  
And to the pursuite by the bugle are cheereed,  
Wyle bydende thunderes after the spryte.  

And nowe roddie mornyngs agayne gilds the skyes,  
The hellish enchantment is o're:  
The forrestes no more meets their eyes,  
But where from green woodes its bryghte turrets did tyse,  
Nowe spreads the darke poole on the moore.  
And neere its dreere maruyne a mayden was scene  
Sweeping eden some oute of the mine-stacks by the fayre:  
For styyle guardian angels dyd keep her, I wene  
And neere her gay piafrye in trappynge so sheene,  
Wylche late torne by wolves dyd appeare.

So the villian is discoumes, and virtue is triumphant,  
after the orthodox manner; and a drede interest is thrown about the poole by the final verse of the ballad, which affirms that—

Styyle as the trev'/ere pursues hys lone waye,  
In horror, at nyghte o'wer the waste,  
He hears Syr Tregonge with shrikes rushe awaye,  
He heares the Blacke Hunter pursyng his prey,  
And through the bugles dreedes—O! howl.

Well—we are not pursuing a lone way now, nor are we likely to be bennight on the moor; but in good sooth, the scene is desolate and eerie on which we now cast our eyes. We are on the St N— moors. Round us, on far as we can see, stretch the great barren wastes, dwelling here into hills, crowned with some fantastically shaped group of tors—sinking there into hollows terribly suggestive of swamps and bogs. A few rough cattle are scattered about among the gorse bushes and heather near, and very far away to the left, close under some conics, their little chimneys diminished to toy-like dimensions by the space between. This is everything suggestive of life that is to be seen in that wide prospect. Savage desolation usurps the rest, and reigns supreme.

And yet wilder and stranger was the scene, when presently the turbulent clouds overhead burst into that peculiar soft, fast rain that we never know to perfection except on mountain or on heath. Like a shroud it wrapped us round, isolating us from all surrounding objects, and gave us the time lapse on through it. Then we found a turf-pile, under the lee of which we sheltered ourselves and our horses, and watched the storm clearing off. Very soon those restless clouds, more passionate than inexorable, began to part and sweep off in cloud masses to the north-east; while through the rifts and breaks little rills of intense gleaming light began to trickle down upon the moorland, making oases of emerald brightness upon its darkness and desolation. Once more the wind came in our faces, vigorous, vital, yet withal protecting rather than assaulting, as though indeed it had a giant's strength,' but disdained to use it like a giant. Once more the veil is drawn aside from distant hill, and tor, and flat, and the vast plain is before us again, in its clear, great beauty of the autumn afternoon. And now the pony-chaise is seen wearily toiling along the wretched road, one wheel about a foot above the other, proceeding along the ridge of a wagon-rut. They are all very wet, and the suggestion that 'pony-chase' is a name of judging from the pile of turf against which we are standing,' is received with eagerness. In short, another turn of the road brings us to the outbuildings of a little farm, and at the yard gate stands a man with a child in his arms. Looking up as we approach, the man reveals a face equally comely and kindly—dark intelligent eyes, well-formed features, and curly brown hair. There is freedom, and therefore a certain picturesque grace in his movements, as he stoops to set the child on its feet, and as he stands, leaning against the gate answering our questions: 'How far is it to the poole? What's the best way? Could our horses and chaise be put up for a while in any shed or outbuilding?' And these inquiries being satisfactorily answered, pending the arrival of the pony-chaise, we enter freely into conversation, and our desire for information being frankly gratified, we soon know all about our new friend and his circumstances. Yes, it is his house; but he has not lived there long—only five months. There is a small farm attached to it—a cattle-farm, which he manages to attend to in the interval of mining work; for he is a miner, and works at Wheal Katharine over there. That is his little boy, his only one (Kiss your hand to the ladies, Johnnie. Do you love the ladies, my son?) He thinks it will be more rain. It has been a stormy day, and is not over yet, he reckons. Yes, it's coming to rain now—there are the first drops. Would the ladies come inside and rest, and dry their things, and perhaps take a cup of tea? His wife will make a cup of tea in a minute. Though we decline this, we readily accept the offer, and his brown face lights up, and beams a thousand welcomes upon us, as we alight and enter under his roof-tree. There, in the next kitchen, we find his wife, a fair, well-grown young woman, busily engaged in mending dolly clothes for the pinafore for her husband's welcome, stirs together the smouldering turf upon the hearth, piles on more, and soon has a glorious fire burning, before which our wet garments speedily become more comfortable. Then the miner's hospitality again—took the robes that we have some tea? Couldn't we take a cup of tea and some bread and butter? We are not to say no, he entreats, because we are in a poor man's house. We are as purely welcome as our imagination fails him for a parallel; but, indeed, there is a warmed of a welcome, when we look into his kind, eager face: the generous soul of a king—that is, an ideal king—shines out from those dark eyes of his. Then a new thought strikes him. Perhaps the ladies could eat some bread and cream? Fresh cream scalced an hour since! Could we? Great but quietly expressed delight ensues when one lady 'thinks she really should like a little piece.' With a sort of glid dignity he says: 'Mary, my dear, spread some slices of bread and cream—and some sugar.' We find the tea-pot on the top of it!' and he subsides into contentment and quiet talk with the gentleman of our party, while we eat the bread and cream, which is delicious. Meanwhile, the rain ceases, and the time passes. The evenings are short, now, and we have to see the pool yet, and ride back afterwards. So our miner now proffers us the best adjunct to our comfort he can give, and says he will be our guide to the pool. So we leave the nest cottage and the busy wife. Johnnie is sajtok in the cradle now, and we may place within his tiny flat that which we could no more offer to our host than to the Duke of Devonshire were he entertaining us at Chatsworth; and we mount our horses again, and follow our guide. We trod on to a very high point behind the little farm, and was doubtful part of it; a portion of the moorland had here been planted with some sort of corn. Harvest was well over, and a tolerably good crop gathered in, we were glad to hear, and we cautiously mounted our way. The wind's still, up, and up, and still we up we went, till at length we gained the heath, and our horses' feet sunk down into the soaked turf; for now we were fairly on the moor, with its little patches of yellow gorse and purple heather, that seemed striving hard to keep grey and cheerful in the midst of the very barrenest and forlornest external circumstances that ever oppressed the soul of a vegetable. Darkly, hopelessly frowned the brown waste, with its deceitful bogs and swamps, many and near between, and increasing in frequency...
and extent the further we went on. Still there was a slight rise in the ground, and, as we ascended, the bleak prospect widened, till suddenly, like a great ghost glaring on us, there was the pool. It certainly was the very eeriest and most uncanny-looking sheet of water that could be imagined. Brightly it flashed in the sunlight, that just then burst forth benignantly; the wind rippled its surface into sea-like waves, and it plashed against the mimic shore of sand and pebble that surrounded it, with the low music that was as an echo caught from the greater harmonies of the grand waters afar off. And yet, for all this brightness of aspect and soothiness of sound, it was a ghostly, unreal, phantom-like, deceitful-looking lake—such as one might dream of in a feverish sleep, and shiver to remember when awake. A very devil's pool, of which the beauty itself was chilling, and inspired neither love nor trust. It might have vanished like a wraith, melted like a mist from before our eyes, and it would scarcely have seemed unnatural. A little boat was offered to us to row across; were we so minded; but I think we should instinctively have recoiled from launching forth on those treacherous-looking waters, even had our time been longer, and the clouds not gathering so blackly in the distance.

And we turned our faces from the pool, and retraced our way, and on our left was this hill, whose cheery trees ever and anon turned back towards us, it was a wholesome pleasure to see.

Now fell the rain again—and once more washed over us the vision the vast scope of rugged barrenness. But this was our reward, for we were led by a clear water and in clear atmosphere, with the wind blowing lustily about us, while afar off the clouds seemed wildly and tumultuously leaping from very sky to earth. It was a wonderful scene; as slowly coming down the hill again we watched the path of rain and distance spend itself, and subside; while, coming into life with the death of its violent passion, was born a rainbow; at first pale, then gradually increasing into perfection of arch, and radiance, and colour, till the bleak moorland was transfigured, and the world once more looked as though it knew God.

It was good so to depart on our way back, with that last vision in our eyes; it was good to remember, when we were at home again, not only the weird lake, but that sky too; it is one of the very best laid, the real flesh-and-blood miner, our friend for ever, with his honest face and genial, generous warmth of heart—not only the great moor, looking like incarnate desolation and despair, but the glorious rainbow, the visible type of divine love and human faith.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.
A WORD ON THEATRICALS.

It is matter of common remark, that the theatres in general are now ministering to a lower taste than was formerly the case. The managers say they find the galleries more resorted to than the boxes, and they have to legislate for the amusement of their supporters. It might be asked, why do the more affluent classes not go to the theatre? and there might be some difficulties to settle before a satisfactory answer could be given; but we set all such questions aside, and content ourselves with the acceptance of the facts placed before our eyes, that vast multitudes of nearly all classes—both those who would be found in boxes, and those who would be found in galleries, if they frequented theatres—now prefer the lecture-room to the playhouse. It shows there are evenings to spend away from home, and money to pay for entertainment, now as heretofore, but that the theatre is no longer the exclusively favourite place for the spending of evenings from home. And it seems to us that if measures should lay this fact well to heart. They should see in it that, in getting up frivolous vaudevilles for the sixpenny galleries, they are letting vast numbers of potential auditors of a better class escape them. The questions for them are: Could any of these people be brought back to the theatre, or induced to give it a share of their patronage? and, Would the theatre, in recovering them, necessarily lose any other class? It strikes us that the management of the Princess's Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean is a fact greatly favourable to the affirmative in one case, and to the negative in the other. By legislating for a cultivated taste, by introducing a thoroughly respectable element into their system, they have carried all classes, and been highly successful. We regard it as the first theatre to discern the tendencies and actual attainments of the age—to see that men and women now require that even with their amusements there must go some mental improvement, some gratification to a refined taste, and a conformation of their nature to form an excuse to themselves for the time they are spending in amusement. Its productions of esteemed plays with correct historic illustrations in dresses and scenery, at once pleasing in general effect and highly instructive, have been, we believe, amongst the most meritorious doings in the whole history of the English theatre. We speak as provincials who only see London occasionally and superficially—neither bound over by private apt to be snobbish, nor by the necessity to be panegyrist. We report our own simple impressions from what we have witnessed. Well, may not other managers profit by taking the same or analogous means to throw a respectable element into their performances? We really can see no reason why they should not.

THE SCOTTISH SYSTEM OF BANKING.

The Scotch system of banking, of which one need to bear panegyrically a few years ago, was simply this—a joint-stock bank, prudently conducted. There have of late been several banks both in England and Scotland, professedly on the Scotch system; and they were so—bearing the prudence. That made a great difference—and so, that it is a questionable if they could justly be said to be upon the Scotch system.

Scottish banks will probably become for some years more coolly referred to than they used to be. Yet this is only as it was to be expected, for the reason that the banks had one or two major advantages. The steadiness, solidity, and durability of the good old Scotch banks are precisely what they have ever been. The three of Edinburgh, whose notes were put into the Castle at the approach of Prince Charles's army in 1745—namely, the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank of Scotland, and the British Linen Company's Bank—are all flourishing in the highest credit to this day. The first of these has its doors open every day, and no one has ever seen the like of it since the time which Lord Macaulay describes in his History of England. It is not easy to imagine that such a door can ever be shut. And as this bank has always a reserve of two millions in government stocks, it may be said to have a given a tolerably good assurance that the door will continue to be kept open. Of like character and credit-worthiness are several of more modern establishment; but as a rule, the solidity is in proportion to the antiquity.

And the reason is plain. The newer banks, in their eagerness to obtain business and connection, have in general been less disposed than the older ones to hold by the old prudential maxims. The old, having fewer temptations to go wrong, have more generally kept right. The safety of the joint-stock banks lay
in the caution they exercised in trusting men of business with funds for their mercantile speculations. The old system was—to look well to the character of the parties, and to be satisfied that it represented a genuine transaction, and that the names on it were trustworthy—to give moderate cash-credits on sound security, and only where there appeared a likelihood of the favour proving serviceable to a sound business. Money was then taken in at a moderate interest, to be employed in these ways at a profit; but the bank took care to keep good reserves in case of a pressure arising. The modern system was the reverse of all this, and the consequences are what we have lately seen.

The personage in Marryat's novel of Peter Simple who believed that everything now happening had happened before, would have had a support to his notion in the history of Scotch banking. The Western Bank, after a few years, was taken over by the bank of Douglas, Heron, & Company, of which the head-office was placed at Ayr. It had been set up in 1769 with L.96,000, subscribed by about a hundred and forty individuals, mostly unacquainted with banking business, and in a country little accustomed to the habits of the mercantile world. Of these, some were taken into circulation, was usually liberal in discounting bills. No poor struggling tradesman or farmer was refused credit to help him on. It was thought to be at once a good business for the bank and a useful family; in some instances, it did not take much effort to suspend payments in specie, and for a time all seemed going on well. But in June 1772, the great banking failure of Mr Fordyce created a general panic. A run on Douglas, Heron, & Company commenced a few days before, and was quickly transformed into a general panic. Of the stock, and large sums of money were obtained for them from Scotland. But it was soon found that the directors took accommodation for themselves out of the coffers of the bank, a thing never heard of in Scotch banks; and the management was in general unable to exercise that careful discrimination in a large bustling mercantile community like Manchester or Liverpool, which it could do in a little community such as that of Edinburgh, where the character and circumstances of everybody are more or less known. Owing to these causes, there have been many disastrous failures of banks on the so-called Scotch plan in England. But were these banks truly like the Scotch banks?

We would warn our readers to understand that the Scotch banks which used to be referred to as such models of banks, are all still much as they used to be. Or if they have given in, as we believe they have, to the vice of over-facility—forced thereby by the competition of the West of England and of the artificers, is not to any serious extent, and will probably be hereafter to one still less so, for the history of the two suspended banks is a serious lesson. The venerable establishments we have enumerated, and several of the more modern, are all of them prudently conducted and of fair prosperity. They are the depositories of some forty millions, the floating uninvested capital of Scotland; and their three millions of notes, backed by the legal proportion of gold, are the circulating medium of the country (sovereigns being barely known in Scotland). We believe we can prognosticate with tolerable safety that this system of things will long go on unchanged, and to the perfect satisfaction of Scotland itself, if the state-doctors will permit.

'AFA IN THE DESERT!

When the gentle and genial Thomas Pringle sang his Desert ode, which lingered in the ear of Coleridge like a spell, the desert in question was comparatively little known. The silent Bush-boy alone by his side had only begun to tell, or to click, his tale in the ear of Europe; and the 'valleys remote' of the oureihi, the gun, the gazelle, the hartebeest, and the gemakob, were still covered by the blue veil of distance, behind which they played their fantastic tricks, more like shadows than realities. Since then, many an adventurous knight has threaded the maze of these primeval forests, and sounded the horn at the gates of their enchanted castles of living rock, and started with a thrill of gallant fear as the challenge was answered by the roar of the lion, and the trumpet of the elephant, the vulture and giant of the Desert Expedition. It is said that a large proportion of the land of the county of Ayr changed hands in consequence. For the remainder of their lives, its shareholders were never done with paying; and we have been told that the bank could not get their accounts satisfactorily closed till some time after the passing of the Reform Bill, at the distance of upwards of sixty years from the calamity!

The recent failure, then, of the Western is a second splendid example of the error of an over-facility in granting accommodation. It ought now to be seen, through the medium of experience, if the principle be still obscure, that it does not do to deal out large

fore nature; that in the far Interior, the whole face of country with prey sometimes be seen, as the Boers report, covered for miles with a densely-packed body of blesbok, bontebock, springbok, and wildebeest. In the trek-broken, or migration of the spring-bok, the inconceivable numbers destroy all the grass, leaving the plain like a vast cattle-fold; hundreds die from being in the rear, and not getting anything to eat, while those in the front are fat, but from this very cause become at last lazy, and gradually fall in the rear, to become thin in their turn, and move again to the front.' Captain Drayson, even in the civilised part of the country, encountered a herd of two hundred elands coming on at full speed, led by their bulls, and at the sound of the hunter's fire, although large and apparently unwieldy animals, making prodigious leaps in air.

Scenes like this occur in the 'open'; but the bush has other denizens, and awakens other sensations. Our adventurer's first excursion into the forest introduced him to the presence of a herd of forty elephants.

A strange sensation came over me in being thus brought for the first time on the fresh traces of evidently a numerous herd of these gigantic animals. I began to ask if it were not great impertinence for two such pigmies as we now seemed, to attempt an attack, at least of a part of them; giants, who, by the swing of their trunks, or a stamp of their foot on us, could have terminated our earthly career with as much ease as we could that of an impertinent fly? There is also an utter feeling of loneliness and self-dependence in the marvellous space of these forests. The one mile of bush always appeared to remove me further from man and his haunts than twenty miles of open country. One is inspired with a kind of awe by the gloom and silence that pervade those regions; the only sounds being the warning-note of some form of forest-hawk, or the crack of a distant branch. The limited view around also tends to keep every other sense on the alert, and the total absence of every sign of man, or man's work, appears to draw one nearer to the spirit-world, and to impress us with a greater sense of the Divine presence.

It would be easy to fill our space with very exciting combats between the knight and the giants; but the absence of a staple of various books of the kind, we prefer turning to details of a personal character. Captain Drayson has a very observant eye, and does not content himself with adventures and pictures. His volume, in fact, may be described as the story of a month of South African forest, it is so full of remarks useful or necessary to the sportsmen of these regions. His pupils, however, cannot well be numerous, if we judge by the qualifications considered as absolutely essential, even to mediocrity in the chase. 'It is absolutely necessary not only to be a good shot, but to be so after a sharp four-mile gallop, and from either shoulder; to load as well at full speed as when on foot; to be able to ride boldly across country, and allow your horse to go downhill at speed over every sort of fence, hedge, or rise; to pull up, dismount, fire, and get up again with a rapidity a monkey might envy; and when an animal has been wounded and is out of sight, to lean over your horse's shoulder, and follow the spoor at a canter on the hard ground with the accuracy of a hound; and last and not least, to take care to fly clear of your horse when he turns over in a jackal's or porcupine's hole, instead of letting him come on you, and smash a few ribs. These and many other qualifications, I have no doubt, most of my readers possess; but there may be some who do not, and who in consequence would not stand A1 in the far south.'

To follow the spoor, or, as the Americans call it, trail, is not the gift of instinct. The tracks of the animals pursued are as obvious to the experienced European as to the native, although in his novitiate he is no doubt frequently confounded by what may seem to him the supernatural intelligence of his black guide, who not only points the path the unseen object has taken, but describes the sex, size, and pace of the animal. The footprint of a male elephant is round; that of a female, elliptical; and six times the diameter of these impressions gives the height of the animal. An engraving in the volume puts us in possession of numerous secrets of the kind; and after studying it by the fireside, Mr John Smith may comfort himself with the idea, that if fate should ever lead him into the South African bush, he will be able to tell at a glance the spoor of a rhinoceros from that of a hippopotamus, of a buffalo from an eland or a hyena, a leopard, an ostrich, or a wild pig. He will be able to distinguish whether the animal has galloped, or trotted, or walked. 'When judging of elephants, it may be concluded that, if they browsed, they must have moved slowly; if they are found to have passed through the forest in Indian file, they travelled at a quick walk; and if they disregarded old paths, and smashed the branches of trees in their course, that they moved very rapidly.'

Our sportsman mentions, that when his attention was drawn to an object about four miles distant, before he could determine with the naked eye, whether the object was a huge elephant, he said to his guide--who had found and follewed the spoor, and with his naked eye would have decided correctly that it was a hartebeest--Elands,' said they in explanation, 'always look light fawn-coloured when they turn, whereas hartebeest look red; buffaloes, black—these are the usual answers. These simple explanations, which are well known to the inhabitants of these plains. The wild boar—the 'tickle vark' of the Dutch—is told by its dark colour, and because it is not so large about the head and shoulders as a buffalo; besides, four or five are generally found together. When the sportsman speaks of the habits of the animals, the positions which they occupy, as also their way of moving, he generally shew to what class the game belongs.

An animal whose spoor is not thought worth describing, will perhaps be found as interesting by the reader as any other. Captain Drayson had gone out one morning to see the sun rise in a very beautiful part of the desert. 'Suddenly I heard a hoarse cough, and, on turning, saw indistinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near me, and looking at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across my mind. The old man instantly dropped on his hands, giving another hoarse cough, and, putting his gun to his consomptive lungs; he snatched up something beside him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then he scamped off up the ravine on all-fours. Before half his performance was completed, I had discovered my mistake; the little old man turned into an urbane baboon, with an infant dittyo, which had come down the kloof to drink. The "old man's" cough was answered by a dozen others, at present hidden in the fogs; soon however, the sun rose, the mists were curled Back from the solitary world

Which lay arround; and I obtained a view of the range of mountains gilded by the morning sun.

A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up on the ravine, and were evidently holding a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches. I saw no leaves, and appeared to be "doing their hair;" while a patriarch-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a rusty sort of look: he was evidently on srength, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally
acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings; sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, imitating his colour. Indeed, he marked away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, shewing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang round, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness: this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mammas, as she took her little culprit, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment.

We are told likewise of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening the Kaffir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to snap her in two, and, as she fled, would follow her, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and seizing her by one leg, stared in her face, mewing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an inconstant fawn. When her screams at length brought down a branch, he would seize it, gazes upwards and around, with a quiet and contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of investigating the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kaffir cur's.

The baboon, when tame, however, is sometimes of more use than harm. A baboon knows when to throw down the hoe instead of breaking his head with it. He is made use of to discover water in the desert when his master would perhaps perish without it. A little salt is rubbed on his tongue to irritate his throat, and then by jumping along a bit, scratches himself, shews his teeth at me, takes a smell up-wind, looks all-round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is, there he is sure to go." This anecdote was corroborated by others present.

Besides the author's adventures, there are several very exciting narratives in the volume, more especially one of a Boer who was severely bitten in a conflict with a wounded leopard. After continuing to despach the animal with his knife, he lay down helpless, expecting death before the morning, and thinking it hardly worth his while to notice a sensation he had as if something were crawling upon his shoulder. When daylight came, he looked at his broken arm, lying useless beside him, and saw a great brown-looking thing lying over it—the fat bloated body of a hideous puff-adder. The sound of voices was now heard—his friends had come to look for him; but he dared not let them see him. When we came near the puff-adder raised his broad head, and looked towards the new-comers, and then, removing from the warm lodging he had tenanted perhaps for hours, gilded away through the bushwood.

But the most novel narrative in the book bears no relation to wild animals; it is a genuine Kaffir love-history, wearing to us the air of romance, owing to the manners being new and strange. The heroine is a certain Peshuana, a young lady whose reputation for beauty does not seem to have been affected, in the gallant captain's estimation, by the circumstance of her being 'another Johnny-Come-Lately.' One very soon gets over that prejudice—that after having looked for some time on the rich black of a Kaffir belle, a white lady appears bloodless, consumptive, and sickly! Peshuana, when our traveller saw her, was the head-wife of a Kaffir called Inkau, and manifested her dignity and her husband's love, by doing little work, and being fashionably dressed in beads and brass. The beads, which were red, blue, and white, hung in strings round her head, neck, and wrists; her waist was adorned with a little apron of fringe, ornamented with beads, and her ankles were encircled with a fringe made from monkey's hair. This was the full dress of Peshuana, for whom twenty cows had been paid, and five men speared, before she became the bride of Inkau. Their marriage is described in the following narrative, taken down from the lips of the fortunate husband:

"I had long heard people talk of Peshuana being a beauty, but did not think much about it until I went into the country with a buffalo-shooting party, and met her father, and there one night and saw her. Ma me! she was mahtla kalku! [the superlative of beautiful]. I talked to her a great deal, and I thought that she would soon like me. I went out next day, and shot a young buffalo. I managed to get her up and I gave her the buffalo, and I gave it all to Peshuana. Her father had asked many cows for her, but somehow no one had yet offered enough. When I heard this, I felt very frightened lest some one should carry her off before I could manage to get her. I went back to Inkau, and I thought would have been enough for me, and I had given so many cows for them, that I really had not twenty left. I considered, how I could manage, and hoped that fourteen cows paid, and seven more in ten moons, would be as good as twenty now. But Ama Sheman, her father, would not have this, and told me that a young chief named Boy would give the twenty cows at once. I was very angry at this, and asked Ama Sheman to give a little, which he agreed to do for four months, as he said he would sooner see his umfazi [wife] than Boy's. I went home, and was always after elephants. I got very rash, and was nearly killed by them once or twice, for my gun was not big enough. At last I got fourteen cows, and I got eight cows as my share. I started off at once to tell Ama Sheman that my cows were ready. He did not seem pleased to see me, but told me he should like to see my cows. He was an old chigungu [rogue], and wanted to see which had the finest lot of cattle. Boy or I, as Boy had now offered twenty cows as well as myself. Mine were the finest, so it was agreed that I was to take Peshuana as my umfazi. When this was settled, I went out to try and shoot a buffalo for our marriage-feast. I did kill a large one before the sun was up high, and I returned with it to the kraal. As I came near, I heard the women and children screaming. I ran up, and found that Boy had watched all the men out of the kraal, had then waited quietly in the bush with three of his men, and, before she had suspected anything, carried her off. Ama Sheman went out to try and stop them, but he was knocked on the head with a knock-kerry, and lay as if dead. They got off well from the kraal, and were out of danger. When we came near, the puff-adder raised his broad head, and looked towards the new-comers, and then, removing from the warm lodging he had tenanted perhaps for hours, gilded away through the bushwood. As we came near them, they seemed surprised, and did not know what to do. They soon let Peshuana loose, and ran for their lives. We gained on them, and I threw away my gun, that I
might run quicker. They had a river to cross, which was deep; there were wrong to try and get across; they ought to have fought on this side. Before they had gone over half the water, we had assagied two of them. They soon sank, and were eaten up by the alligators. The other two got over. We all jumped into our home, and swam after them. One of our young men, a very fast runner, went past me, and neared Boy; as he did, he shouted to him not to run like a dog, but to stop and fight. Boy took no notice until the man was close to him, when he suddenly stopped, turned round, and threw an assagy, which went through our fast runner, and killed him. It was Boy’s last achievement, for I was on him like a leopard, and my assagy going into his heart was pleasant music to me. The other Kaffir was killed by Aun Signare—but we the Ilese Boffie—we hid their bodies, as we did not wish a war with their kraal. We all kept the story quiet, and they did not for some time discover what had become of Boy and his party. The hyenas and vultures soon picked their bones.

We had a large volume, recommending it to two classes of readers: those who have themselves the prospect of hunting elephants and buffaloes in the wilds of South Africa, who will find in it very useful lessons; and those who have no prospect of the kind at all, who will find in it pictures graphic enough to enable them to do very well without the reality.

OCEOLA:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ALLIGATOR.

To one brought up—born, I might almost say—upon the banks of a Floridian river, there is nothing remarkable in the sight of an alligator. Nothing very terrible either; for, ugly as is the great saurian—certainly the most repulsive form in the animal kingdom—it is least dreaded by those who know it best. For all that, it is seldom approached without some feeling of fear. The stranger to its haunts and habits, abhors and flees from it; and even the native—be he red, white, or black—who knows it thoroughly, and has lived upon the lagoon, approaches this gigantic lizard with caution.

Some close naturalists have asserted that the alligator will not attack man, and yet they admit that it will destroy horses and horned cattle. A like allegation extends to the jaguar and vampire bat. Strange assertions, in the teeth of a thousand testimonies to the contrary.

It is true the alligator does not always attack man when an opportunity offers—nor does the lion, nor yet the tiger—but even of the former the track which the man had taken. At intervals, it paused, flattened its breast against the earth, and remained for some seconds in this attitude, as if resting itself. Then it would raise its body to nearly a yard in height, and move forward with some grace, if in obedience to some attractive power in advance of it! The alligator progresses but slowly upon dry ground—not faster than a duck or goose. The water is its true element, where it makes way almost with the rapidity of a fish.

At length it approached the gap and, after another pause, it drew its long dark body within the enclosure. I saw it enter among the maize-plants, at the exact point where the mulatto had disappeared! Of course, it was now also hidden from my view.

I no longer doubted that the monitor was following the man; and equally certain was I that the latter knew that he was followed! How could I doubt either of these facts? To the former, I was an eye-witness; of the latter, I had circumstantial proofs. The singular attitudes and actions of the mulatto; his taking out the bars and leaving the gap free; his occasional glances backward—whence I had observed as he was crossing the open ground—these were my proofs that he knew what was coming behind him—undoubtedly he knew.

But my conviction upon these two points in nowise helped to elucidate the mystery—for a mystery it had become. Beyond a doubt, the reptile was drawn after by some attraction, which it appeared unable to resist—its eagerness in advancing was evidence of this, and...
proved that the man was exercising some influence over it that lured it forward.

What influence? Was he beguiling it by some charm of Obeah?

The characteristic of the negrously impressive form that shuddered over me, as I asked myself the question. I really had such fancies at the moment. Brought up, as I had been, among Africans, dandled in the arms—perhaps nourished from the bosom—of many a sable nurse, it is not to be wondered at that my young brain was tainted with the superstitions of Bonny and Benin. I knew there were alligators in the cypress swamp—in its more remote recesses, some of enormous size—but how yellow Jake had contrived to lure one out, and cause it to follow him, was a puzzle I could not explain to myself. I could think of no natural cause; I was therefore forced into the regions of the weird and supernatural.

I stood for a long while watching and wondering. I acted in full growth, and its tall culms and broad lanceolate leaves would have overtopped the head of a man on horseback. A thicket of evergreen trees would not have been more impenetrable to the eye.

I was going a little to the right, I should have become aligned with the rows, and could have seen far down the avenues between them; but this would have carried me out of the cover, and the mulatto might then have seen me. For certain reasons, I did not desire he should; and I remained where I had hitherto been standing.

I was satisfied that the man was still making his way up the field, and would in due time discover himself in the open ground.

There was no fence between the hammock and the maize. To approach the house, it would be necessary for him to pass through the indigo, and, as the plants were but a little over two feet in height, I could not fail to observe him as he came through. I waited, therefore, with a keen anticipation—my thoughts still wearing a tinge of the weird!

He came on slowly—very slowly; but I knew that he was advancing. I could trace his progress by an occasional movement which I observed among the leaves and tassels of the maize. The morning was still—not a breath of air stirred; and consequently the motion must have been caused by some one passing among the plants—of course by the mulatto himself. The oscillation observed farther off, told that the alligator was still following in the open ground, and was all under one enclosure—and an open ridge alone formed the dividing-line between the two kinds of crop.

Had I been upon the same level with the field, the skulker would have been hidden from sight; but my elevated position enabled me to command a view of the intervals between the rows, and I could note every movement he was making.

Every now and then he paused, caught up the cur, and held it for a few seconds in his hands—drying which the animal continued to howl as if in pain!

As he drew nearer, and repeated this operation, I saw that he was pinchling its ears!

Fifty paces in his rear, the great lizard appeared coming out of the corn. It scarcely made pause in the open ground, but still following the track, entered among the indigo.

At this moment, a light broke upon me: I no longer speculated on the power of Obeah. The mystery was dissolved: the alligator was lured forward by the cries of the dog!

I might have thought of the thing before, for I had heard of it before. I had heard from good authority—the alligator-hunter himself, who had often captured them by such decoy—that these reptiles will follow a howling dog for miles through the forest, and that the old males especially are addicted to this habit. Hickman's belief was that they mistake the voice of the dog for that of their own offspring, which these unnatural parents newly devoured. But, independently of this monstrous propensity, it is well known that dogs are the favourite prey of
the alligator; and the unfortunate beagle that, in the heat of the chase, ventures across creek or lagoon, is certain to be attacked by these ugly amphibians.

To avoid this, the hunter often webbed his feet and moved forward by the voice of the puppy; and this accounted for the grand overland journey he was making.

There was no longer a mystery—at least, about the mode in which the alligator was attracted onward; the only thing that remained for explanation was, what motive had the mulatto in carrying out this singular manoeuvre?

When I saw him take to his hands and knees, I had been under the impression that he did so to approach the house without being observed. But as I continued to watch him, I changed my mind. I noticed that he looked oftener, and with more anxiety, behind him, as if he was only desirous of being concealed from the eyes of the alligator. I observed, too, that he changed frequently from space to space, as if he aimed at keeping a screen of the plants between himself and his follower. This would also account for his having crossed the rows of the maize-plants, as already noticed. It was only some freak that had entered the fellow's brain. He had learned this curious mode of coaxing the alligator from its haunts—perhaps old Hickman had shown him how—or he may have gathered it from his own observation, while wood-chopping in the same swamp. He was probably taking the reptile to the house from some eccentric motive—to make exhibition of it among his fellows?—to have a 'jerk' with it? or a combat between it and the house-dogs? or for some like purpose?

I could not divine his intention, and would have thought no more of it, had it not been that one or two little circumstances had made an impression upon me. I was struck by the peculiar pains which the fellow was taking to accomplish his purpose with success. He was sparing neither trouble nor time. True, it was not to be a work-day upon the plantation; it was a holiday, and the time was his own; but it was not the habit of Yellow Jake to be abroad so early in the early summer, and even the trouble he was taking was not in consonance with his character of habitual inacumen and idleness. Some strong motive, then, must have been urging him to the act. What motive? I pondered upon it, but could not make it out.

I went yet another way, as I watched him. It was an undefined feeling, and I could assign no reason for it—beyond the fact that the mulatto was a bad fellow, and I knew him to be capable of almost any wickedness. But if his design was a wicked one, what evil could befall the beagle? The alligator? No one would fear the reptile upon dry ground?—it could hurt no one?

Thus I reflected, and still did I feel some indefinite apprehensions.

But for this feeling, I should have given over observing his movements, and turned my attention to the herd of deer—which I now perceived approaching up the savannas, and coming close to my place of concealment.

I resisted the temptation, and continued to watch the mulatto a little longer. I was not kept much longer in suspense. He had now arrived upon the outer edge of the hommock, which he did not enter. I saw him turn round the thicket, and keep on towards the orangery. There was a sudden click at his collar, where he passed through, leaving the gate open behind him. At short intervals, he still caused the dog to utter its involuntary howlings.

It no longer needed to cry loudly, for the alligator was now close in the rear.

I obtained a full view of the monster as it passed under my position. It was not one of the largest, though it was several yards in length. There are some that measure more than a statute pole. This one was full twelve feet, from its snout to the extremity of its tail. It clutched the ground with its broad webbed feet, and was carried forward. Its coat was a skin of bluish brown colour was coated with slippery mucus, that glittered under the sun as it moved; and large masses of the swamp-slime rested in the concavities between its rhomboid scales. It seemed greatly excited, and whenever I heard the voice of the dog, exhibited fresh symptoms of rage. It would erect itself upon its muscular arms, raise its head aloft—as if to get a view of the prey—lash its plaited tail into the air, and swell its body almost to double its natural dimensions. At the same time, it emitted loud noises from its throat and nostrils, that resembled the rumbling of distant thunder, and its musky smell filled the air with a sickening effluvium. A more monstrous creature it would be impossible to conceive. Even the fabulous dragon could not have been more horrible to behold.

Without stopping, it dragged its long body through the gate, still following the direction of the noise. The leaves of the evergreens intervened, and hid the hideous reptile from my sight.

I turned my face in the opposite direction—towards the house—to watch the further movements of the mulatto. From my position, I commanded a view of the task, and I could see nearly all around it. The inner side was especially open. After taking the expected jumps, and could only be approached through the orangery.

Between the groove and the edge of the great basin, was an open space. Here there was an artificial pond only a few yards in width, and with a little water at the bottom, which was supplied by means of a pump, from the main reservoir. This pond, or rather enclosure, was the 'turtle-crawl,' a place in which turtles were fed and kept, to be ready at all times for the entertainment of the table. My father still continued his habits of Virginia hospitality; and in Florida these aldermanic delicacies are easily obtained.

The embankment of this turtle-crawl formed the direct path to the water-basin; and as I turned, I saw Yellow Jake upon it, and just approaching the pond. He still carried the car in his arms; I saw that he was causing it to utter a continuous howling.

On reaching the steps that led down, he paused a moment, and looked back. I noticed that he looked back in both directions, as he entered the pond, and then, with a satisfied air, in the direction whence he had come. No doubt he saw the alligator close at hand; for, without further hesitation, he flung the puppy far out into the water; and then, retreating along the embankment, still the turtle-crawl, he entered among the orange-trees, and was out of sight.

The whale thus suddenly plunged into the cool tank, kept up a constant howling, at the same time beating the water violently with its feet, in the endeavour to keep itself above water.

Its struggles were of short duration. The alligator, now guided by the well-known noises of moving water, as well as the cries of the dog, advanced rapidly to the edge; and without hesitating a moment, sprang forward into the pond. With the rapidity of an arrow, it darted out to the centre; and, seizing the victim between its bony jaws, dived instantaneously under the surface!

I could for some time trace its monstrous form far down in the diaphanous water, guided by instinct, it soon entered one of the deep wells, amidst the darkness of which it sank out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING CULTURE.

'Go, then, my yellow friend, that is the intention!—
a bit of revenge after all. I'll make you pay for it,
you spiteful ruffian! You little thought you were observed. Ha! you shall rue this cunning deviltry before night.'

Some such soliloquy escaped my lips, as soon as I comprehended the design of the mulatto's manoeuvre for I now understood it. So the tank was full of beautiful fish. There were gold fish and silver fish, hondous, and red trout. They were my sister's especial pets. She was very fond of them. It was her custom to visit them daily, give them food, and watch their games. The cotton fish had she superintended. They knew her person, would follow her around the tank, and take food out of her fingers. She delighted in thus serving them.

The revenge lay in this. The mulatto well knew that the deer run so fast that they would escape his natural food; and that those in the tank, pent up as they were, would soon become his prey. So strong a tyrant would soon ravage the preserve, killing the helpless creatures by scores—of course to the chagrin and grief of their fond mistress; and, I thought, of Yellow Jake.

I knew that the fellow disliked my little sister. The spirited part she had played, in having him punished for the affair with Viola, had kindled his resentment. He had taken a hand then, and had been other little incidents to increase it. She had favoured the suit of his rival with the quadruped, and had forbidden the woodman to approach Viola in her presence. These circumstances had certainly rendered the fellow hostile to her; and although there was no outward show of this feeling—there dared not be—I was nevertheless aware of the fact. His killing the fawn had proved it, and the present was a fresh instance of the implacable spirit of the man.

He calculated the alligator's flight would do him no harm. It was a singular moment, however, one of my own exploits, my own havoc among the fish. Of course he knew it would in time be discovered and killed; but likely not before many of the finest should be destroyed.

No one would ever dream that the creature had been there—let alone on such an occasion. In the swamp the alligators had found their way into the tank—having strayed from the river, or the neighbouring laagoon—or rather having been guided thither by an unexplained instinct, which enables these creatures to travel straight in a straight line. Such, thought I, were the designs and conjectures of Yellow Jake.

It proved afterwards that I had fathomed but half his plan. I was too young, too innocent of wickedness, ever to perceive the intense malice of which the human heart is capable.

My first impulse was to follow the mulatto to the house—make known what he had done—have him punished; and then return with a party to destroy the alligator, before it could do any damage among the fish.

At this crisis, the deer claimed my attention. The herd—an antlered buck with several does—had browsed close up to the hommock. They were within two hundred yards of where I stood. The sight was too tempting. I remembered the promise to my mother; it must be kept; the venison must be obtained at all hazards!

But there was no hazard. The alligator had already eaten his breakfast. With a whole dog in his maw, it was not likely he would disturb the finny denizens of the tank for some hours to come; and as for Yellow Jake, I saw he had proceeded on to the house; he could be found at any moment; his chastisement could stand over till my return.

With this reflection passing through my mind, I abandoned my first design, and turned my attention exclusively to the game.

They were too distant for the range of my rifle; and I waited a while in the hope that they would move nearer.

But I waited in vain. The deer is shy of the hommock. It regards the evergreen islet as dangerous ground, and habitually keeps aloof from it. Natural enough, since there the creature is oft saluted by the twang of the Indian bow, or the whip-like crack of the hunter's rifle. Thence often reaches it the deadly missile.

Perceiving that the game was getting no nearer, but the contrary, I resolved to course them; and, gliding down from the rock, I descended through the copsewood to the edge of the plain.

On reaching the open ground, I rushed forward—at the same time unloosing the dogs, and crying the 'view hilloo.'

It was a splendid chase—led on by the old buck—the dogs following tail-on-end. I thought I never saw deer run so fast as these. A score or two seconds had transpired while they were crossing the savanna—not a mile in width. I had a full and perfect view of the whole; there was no obstruction either to the run of the animals or the eye of the observer; the great plains of the neighbourhood of the cattle, and not a bush grew upon the green plain; so that it was a trial of pure speed between dogs and deer.

So swiftly ran the deer, I began to feel apprehensive about the venison.

My apprehensions were speedily at an end. Just on the farther edge of the savanna, the chase ended—so far at least as the dogs were concerned, and one of the deer. I saw that they had flung a doe, and were standing over her, one of them holding her by the throat.

I hurried forward. Ten minutes brought me to the spot; and, after a short struggle, the quarry was killed, and bled.

I was satisfied with my dogs, with the sport, with the prospect of being able to redeem my promise; and with the carcasses across my shoulders, I turned triumphantly homeward.

As I faced round, I saw the shadow of wings moving over the sunlit plains. I looked upward. Two large birds were above me in the air; they were at no great height, nor were they endeavouring to mount higher. On the contrary, they were wheeling in spiral rings, that seemed to incline downward at each successive circuit that they made around me.

At first glance, the sun's beams were in my eyes, and I could not tell what birds were flapping above me. On facing round, I had the sun in my favour; and his rays, glancing full upon the soft cream-coloured plumage, enabled me to recognise the species—they were king vultures—the most beautiful birds of their tribe, I am almost tempted to say the most beautiful birds in creation: certainly they take rank among those most distinguished in the world of ornithology.

These birds are natives of the lowery land, but stay no further north. Their haunt is on the green 'everglades' and wide savannas of Florida, on the llanos of the Orinoco, and the plains of the Apure. In Florida they are rare, though not in all parts of it; but their appearance in the neighbourhood of the plantations excites an interest similar to that which is occasioned by the flight of an eagle. Not so with the other vultures—Cathartes aura and atratus—both of which are common as crows.

In proof that the king vultures are rare, I may state that my sister had never seen one—except at a great distance; yet this young lady was twelve years of age, and a native of the land. True, she had not gone much abroad—seldom beyond the bounds of the plantation. I remember her expressing an ardent desire to view more closely one of these beautiful birds. I remembered it that moment; and at once formed the design of gratifying her wish.

The birds were near enough—so near that I could distinguish the deep yellow colour of their throats, the coral red upon their crowns, and the orange lappets...
What cylinders!—what boilers! Oh to see her paddles working! (I hinted I had heard them, and they made a tolerable noise.) 'Of course, they did. What a sight she must have been coming up the river! I wish I had run down to the landing-stage—thousands did; it was crammed with people, watching her. She has been expected ever since spring; and this is her first voyage. You are sure you saw her?'

Yes; and I began to plume myself on the fact accordingly.

'She hasn't beat us yet, though; she was a day or two overdue—perhaps her engines were too new to work. She and the Perse will have a nice race for it back again, for they both sail for New York next week. Won't the captains clap on steam and go-ahead, rather! I wonder which will beat!!'

Here the British mind became excited and enthusiastic. It certainly was exciting to think of, this racing on a grand scale, with iron steams of from 3000 to 3000 horse-power, and the race-course the wide Atlantic—from the handsomest, over-dressed 'Lancashire' more or less, to say nothing of money and property—these seemed superluminary trifles.

'Ve should like to go aboard of her, and get a look at her engines,' was the prevailing sentiment of the next day, and in the pilot house, as well, triumphs and possibility:—

'to, 'Should you like to go aboard of her?'

Could a British woman resist such an invitation, following that of the Yankee captain to an enlightened British public—which an enlightened British public had a right to demand, and an expensive one to maintain—had man gone by thousands, in river-steamers and row-boats, and all sorts of crafts, to examine our beautiful enemy, as she lay off Rock Ferry, along side her rival the Perse, during two December days.

Yes, I thought it was December, though, as we paced up and down the landing-stage, that curious trysting-place, whence, as has been proved from accurate data, 40,000 people cross the Mersey every day, and the whole population of Liverpool cross in the course of a week. The new landing-stage, especially, forms an admirable promenade of a thousand yards long, with one trifling objection—the bridges which connect it with the quay are so short, that at low-water they slope in an angle of 45 degrees, down which an adventurous truck sometimes darts, to everybody's imminent danger. Once a commercial traveller's gig performed that feat with such an impetus, that it dashed right across the landing-stage, and popped into the river; whence it had to be fished out again, some wit recommending the owner 'to hait with a horse.'

To-day, being nearly high-water, no such accident diverted the incessantly changing swarm of all sorts of people which makes a Liverpool crowd a perpetual study—landsmen and seamen, big country farmers, men on 'Change, thin wavy Yankees, semi-gentlemanly bearded Jews, foreign sailors and sea-captains, with olive faces and gold ear-rings; women, too, of all sorts of witchery, with grimy old Irishwoman, a pipe in her mouth, and a load of herrings on her head, perfuming her whole route as she passes. A selection from these filled the Rock-Ferry boat, as we slowly steamed away up the river to the immortal tune of—may our transatlantic brethren appreciate the compliment!—

'Bobbing around—around.'

It was an exquisite afternoon—full of that quiet all-permeating sunshine which, when you do go out, makes a December day the pleasantest of any for sight-seeing. The air was so clear, you could have counted every window in the houses along either shore; and the vessels, as we passed them by, seemed to stand up spar by spar, and rope by rope, cut out sharply against the cloudless sky. They seemed to me all alike; but some of our party talked learnedly of 'schooner-rigged,' 'brig-rigged,' 'clipper,' &c.; seemed to have a personal acquaintance with every ship on the river; fought energetically over the sailing merits of the James Baines and the Maggie—something or other—and what had been the very shortest passage ever made between here and Australia. They pointed out, a short distance astern, a vessel—small enough she seemed—with her decks crowded, and lines of cabbages hanging to her lower rigging, being towed out by one of those sturdy little steam-tugs.

'She's an emigrant-ship, bound for Australia.

'They'll be singing 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!' said one, who knew all about it—at least for the first hour or two. Poor fellows! they'll need to sing it pretty often between Liverpool and Melbourne.'

And just then the echo of a faint dreary 'Hurrsh!' came over the water, as if the poor fellows were trying hard to bid anybody and everybody a jolly good-bye, and start with a good grace for the 'new and happy land.'

Of course, the earth must be covered and civilised; and those who find Europe too full to hold them, are right to go forth into a new land, to replenish and subdue it; but to any with strong home-instincts, who feel that if native land held not a tie, they should not go forth into the wilderness, and till the land with a strength of heart, one of the very saddest sights in the whole world is, sadder far than one which met us shortly—a boat, pulled by ten boys in regulation nautical costume.

Ah, that's the Akbar's boat, and there she is lying just off the shore. Look! I thought I saw those lads now; how cheerily they pull, and what nice faces they have! You would never think they were all criminals.'

No. Certainly not. Round, rosy, happy faces as ever I beheld! And yet, those were December, and one of them, belonging to what is called 'the criminal class,' vagabonds, if not thieves, who, coming under the lash of the law, had been sent, not to prison, where reformation would have been hopeless, but to this marine reformatory, where they are kept in safe custody, educated, taught a trade, or made sailors of.

I do not know enough of this reformatory to write about it; but I know the sight of these ten apple-faced lads, pulling away merrily through the salt water, instead of skulking in a jail-yard—of the Akbar, rocking lazily, with long indefinite lines of boys' shirts flapping over their clean decks and ornamenting her useless rigging, instead of the stern stone-walls of your model prison or penitentiary—is a remembrance of hope and pleasure. I think everyone who thinks at all of that great question, to which no legislation has yet found an answer: 'What shall we do with our criminal classes?'

And now I came in sight of 'Jonathan's Pet'—that is, we had been in sight for ever so long, but my inexperienced eye had never detected her, or distinguished her from half-a-dozen other 'big ships.'

'Don't you see her? just afloat, that old-fashioned, clumsy-built trader—wonderful craft that! Would do actually sixteen knots in sixteen hours! ha!'—and modern superiority laughed heartily at the respectable 'slow-coach' that no doubt was thought an astonishing ship in her day. 'That's the Perse to leeward, and that's the Pet.' How well she adhered to the emigrant-ship.

This certainly was the first impression she gave. To hear afterwards of her real proportions—324 feet in length, 32 feet broad, and 50 feet in depth, seemed perfectly ridiculous. No doubt it is her exquisite symmetry that takes from the sense of size, and makes her huge bulk look as graceful as a yacht. Seen fore-shortened, sitting on the water as lightly, as airily as a swan on a stream, the slight clumsiness of build which struck me when I saw her longitudinally, steaming up the river, was not visible at all.

There are few things, of man's industrious, more
beautiful than a ship afloat—even a steamer; and probably the Adriatic is one of the finest specimens of ship-building extant. The eye perfectly revels in her harmonious curves; not a line, from stem to stern, in which Hogarth’s ‘line of beauty and grace’ does not soothe and fascinate one’s organ of form. She is said to have been built after quite a new model, of which the only other specimen is the United States steam-frigate Niagara—her shape being studiously adapted to the course of the water when left by the ship’s prow. Her chief peculiarity is the exceeding delicacy with which the pressure of her very small bowsprit appears almost like a sharp point. As one of our party said: ‘She looks as if after every voyage she would have to sharpen her nose upon a grindstone.’

We crossed her, and noticed how high she stood out of the water, how the boath-loads of people that kept crowding in seemed to be dispersed over her decks of no more account than a stray half-dozen or so, the impression of her size increased. As our boat lay to, we blew a toot and addressed her. The company had opportunity fully to criticise the points of Jonathan’s Pet, which they did with great gusto. I, unlearned and ignorant, could only gaze idly at a sociable party of sea-gulls, which swam from under her bows and foreshadowed the brood of ducks in a pond; and then at this gigantic floating palace, which had just made safely her first voyage. Her first voyage! As an ancient poet observes:

We cherish all our firsts throughout our lives—
Except first poems, and perhaps first wives.

And truly Captain James West—can that be he leaning over the side, and giving orders about the ship’s ladder? that it may be made as easy as possible for the ascent of ladies who have not been accustomed to mount a fire-escape to a third-floor window—must feel truly thankful when he thinks of the Adriatic’s first voyage successfully over. The first of how many? Heaven only knows.

We were on board at last. Most people, in those travelling days, are familiar with the interior of the magnificent ocean-steamer, where every luxury of furnishing and accommodation—auditorium, is provided for a fortunate passenger—subject only to the slight drawbacks of sea-sickness, drowning, burning, famishing, or blowing up. Those splendid cabins, all velvet and mirrors—where you might have every opportunity of being with your own special guests—those long dinner-tables, and the steward’s pantry, where a most intelligent but thin Yankee stands, with an air of half civil and half condescending—‘You may walk in, ladies; and watch with a grand indifference our admiration at the beautiful ‘crockery’ and glass, packed so ingeniously, that one imagines the fiercest hurricane of the Atlantic could not crack a single article. The stewards, who, immersed in a pile of habiliments, we overheard giving a mild order for ‘four hundred and sixty pair of blankets!’—paced rapidly from end to end of the upper or spar deck—peered down the hold, an awful cavern, fifty feet in depth—and finally made our way into the engine-gallery.

Perhaps, of all human handiwork, there is nothing grander than a fine piece of machinery. In this case a steam-engine. I own to have been literally awed at sight of this one—this dumb monster of shiny brass and dark solid iron—with its enormous cylinders moulded as accurately as a silver flower-bell ornamenting a tea-set, and as bright as the best housewife’s best ‘family-plate;’ with its crank—after looking at which, as some one said, the adjective ‘cranky’ appeared an extraordinary misuse of words; and its piston-rod, which, moving up and down, must look as terrible, remorseless, and unswerving as the great arm of justice.

‘Oh, to see it working!’ was the sigh of enthusiastic professional appreciation: ‘with those eight boilers, and those forty-eight furnaces—and all that mass of machinery! With a big steam-engine the mind seems not very unlike The Novelty Works, New York,’ said a brass inscription over its head—have need to be proud of this their magnificent monster, every inch of which is as daintily finished as the workmanship of a lady’s watch. It is constructed, they say, with great saving of space and economy of fuel—the 1400 tons of coal which it has to devour in a single voyage, being considered quite a light provender. In return, the quantity of fresh water which it produces by condensation of its steam, supplies the ship abundantly. All this seemed wanting was, that it should manufacture its own gas; and various admirable schemes to that effect were started by our party, wanting only two qualities, practicability and safety. It did strike a non-professional auditor, that with a certain Looking Glass—between here and America—those dainty, tiny, bed-chambers, so well-lighted and ventilated—those long dinner-tables—and the steward’s pantry, where a most intelligent but thin Yankee stands, with an air of half civil and half condescending—‘You may walk in, ladies; and watch with a grand indifference our admiration at the beautiful ‘crockery’ and glass, packed so ingeniously, that one imagines the fiercest hurricane of the Atlantic could not crack a single article. The stewards, who, immersed in a pile of habiliments, we overheard giving a mild order for ‘four hundred and sixty pair of blankets!’—paced rapidly from end to end of the upper or spar deck—peered down the hold, an awful cavern, fifty feet in depth—and finally made our way into the engine-gallery.

And the safety of all, with indefinite passengers besides, dependent, humanly speaking, on that one head of the ‘one commander.’ It had need be a sound head and a steady one, and deserves a comfortable berth to rest in; which it evidently has, judging by the elegant appearance of the captain’s state-rooms, into which we peered. Then we wandered up and down desultorily, wondering where on earth this crew of 185, and all the hundreds of visitors that we
knew were on board, had vanished to. The great ship had swallowed them up, and they only appeared as a stragery groups here and there, or solitary sailors leaning over the side. No bustle, no confusion, and yet she was to sail to-morrow. There could not be a greater proof of the huge size and admirable arrangements of Brother Jonathan's Pequot. "Any one going back by the next boat?" Yes; about 300 or so, who, appearing out of inconceivable nooks, descended the ship's side, and crowded the river-boat on every square foot which two other feet could take possession of. In a few minutes we had dropped anchor, and saw the great hull of the Adriatic gradually lessening to that slender shape into which she dwindles at a very slight distance. As she lay with her stars and stripes streaming against the still clear sky, and the red winter sunset throwing its glow upon her great modest paddle-wheels, we heartily wished her good-speed. Ay, even though our own Persia lay, a short space off, pluming her feathers for the flight, for she was to sail two days after, and as we supposed, would be the last to go. We ran her, literally, to within an inch of her life, rather than be beaten by the Yankee!"

Happy, harmless rivalry! As we watched the two steamers lying so peacefully alongside, with the fair evening light upon them both—"the sun going down towards the other continent as grandly as he had risen with us this morning, 'making no stop-bains' between east and west—one could not help trusting that the Governor of all the kingdoms of the earth would keep both the good ships safe, and that fast-sailing might be the only rivalry, the only war between nations and ourselfs, the President, and the other Jonathan.

INDICTMENTS.

Our forefathers had a good many methods of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of an accused person, all of them considered equally infallible. The most ancient, probably, was the trial by ordeal, distinguished by the appellation of judicium Dei, and divided into two kinds—the fire ordeal for persons of high rank, and the water ordeal for those of lesser estate. Both these might be, and often were performed by deputy, the accused himself answering for the success of the trial, and there still lingers in our common speech the expression of 'going through fire and water' to serve a friend; and friendship, as well as a large reward, was in former times not infrequently sufficient to stimulate one person to undertake this supposed purification for another. The ordeal by fire consisted either in holding a piece of red-hot iron of one, two, or three pounds' weight, or else by walking bare-foot and blindfold over nine red-hot ploughshares, laid across the path at varying distances. Queen Emma, the mother of the Confessor, underwent, it is said, this trial at the west end of Winchester Cathedral, when an accusation was preferred against her of improper familiarity with Alwyn, bishop of that city; and this story, though received with some discredit, was strongly confirmed some fifty years back by the discovery, far below the surface, of a large quantity of half-decayed, and very ancient, ploughshares.

As of the fire, so of the water ordeal, there were two kinds of being exposed by placing the bare arm to the elbow in boiling water, and escaping uninjured; the other in being thrown into a pond or river, when, if the unfortunate sank, he was adjudged innocent, while if he floated without any apparent effort to retain himself on the surface of the water, he was considered guilty; the idea being, that having, by his persevering denial of his guilt, renounced the benefits of his baptism, the element of water would not receive him.

The practice of trial by ordeal was put an end to in our own land by act of parliament in the reign of Henry III., as retained in other countries. As much later dates, and in many continental churches there yet remain representations of persons undergoing the ordeal—votive offerings made by those who were fortunate enough to escape uninjured. A very fine instance occurred in the cathedral church of Abbeville, where a lady of high rank, dressed in rich attire, is seen plugging her arm in a caldron of boiling water, and a multitude of beholders with most expressive countenances are standing around, awaiting the result.

Then there was a new and more of excration—a piece of unleavened bread, or of cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May, and weighing about an ounce—which after being consecrated by a prayer pronounced over it, that the Almighty would cause the eater to undergo pain and convulsions, if guilty, but impartial to him health and nourishment, if innocent, was taken by the suspected person, together with the holy sacrament. Everybody knows the story of Godwin, Earl of Kent, attempting to exculpate himself from the death of his own father, in a sort of masque or excration of a relic of it in Monomotapa, in South Africa, where the accused chews the bark of a tree remarkable for its emetic properties, and spits it out into certain water, which the accused is obliged to drink. If the water is rejected, he is pronounced safe, and that fast-sailing might be the only rivalry, the only war between nations and ourselves, the President, and the other Jonathan.

Another ancient method of trial, common throughout Christian countries in early times, was called judicium cœræ. Each party, or his champion, stretched out his arms before a crucifix, and the one soonest wearied, dropped his arms and lost the day. This method of trial was principally confined to disputes about property, and the most celebrated instance of its being resorted to occurred in France during the reign of Pepin, when the Archbishop of Paris and the Abbot of St. Denis disputing about the patronage of a monastery. The king ordered that their respective champions should resort to this method of deciding the question. Both appeared in the chapel attached to the monastery, and held out for an almost incredible time; the spectators, we are told, being as their respective abilities. The bishop's champion first gave in, and the Archbishop of Paris consequently gained the day.

Besides these three modes of trial, there was the 'wager of battle,' in which the suspected party threw down his sword, and declared he would defend the same with his body, and when the prosecutor took up the gauntlet, and announced his determination of doing battle, body for body.

This last mode of appealing to Heaven to assert the truth or falsehood of a charge, and how the accused was found in disrepute, did not cease to be supported by the authority of the law till so late as 1819. From these fallacious, and often no doubt fraudulent proceedings, our ancestors gradually turned to the most perfect, safest form of trial. The chief excellence, if not admitted, is concerned, to the most important mode of trial ever invented—the trial 'by the country'—or in ordinary language, the 'trial by jury.'

The excellence of this mode of trial consists, as its name imports, in the fact that by it a man is tried by his peers or fellows. The sovereign, upon complaint of an injured party, lays before the head men of a county—assembled together under the name of the grand jury, and solemnly sworn not to act unjustly to any person out of 'hated or malicious, or through fear,
favour, affection, gain, reward, or the hope or promise thereof — an accusation drawn out upon parchment, of some particular matter relating to charging him with a crime.

When the grand jury have carefully considered the evidence to be brought forward in support of such accusation, they either say — or, in legal phraseology, 'present' — that such accusation is true, or else that they are ignorant whether it be true or false; the latter being in effect a dismissal by them of the charge.

This preliminary inquiry, however carried at the present day, is without doubt one of the most important and serious relating to the liberty of the subject.

From their high and independent position, the members of the grand jury are unlikely to be influenced in their doings by any party-feeling; by law, they can in no case be called upon to account for any of their proceedings; and by their oath, and the practice pursued in relation to those proceedings, all their deliberations are kept profoundly secret. We imagine that no better plan could possibly be devised of placing a barrier between the power of the crown and a defenceless subject, and we hope that the day is not very distant when this ancient institution will be abolished.

The written accusation to which we have alluded, when laid before the grand jury, is called a 'bill,' when presented to the court, it is termed an 'indictment.'

We have elsewhere alluded to the manner in which a prisoner is put upon his trial on such indictment, and how the petty jury take the matter in hand, and ultimately declare upon his innocence or guilt; and therefore, the present article, which is to do justice only with a few matters relating to these written accusations themselves.

One of the most universal maxims of the criminal law, and perhaps one of the most important, is that 'he who is accused must not be condemned without being heard.' This maxim is clearly set forth in the fourth book of his Reports: 'Nemo debet bis puniri pro uno delicto,' well known to everybody in this country in its English dress of 'No one can be punished twice for the same offence.

As the mere trial of a person for a presumed crime is, if not a direct punishment, at all events a vexation, this maxim has very long ago been extended in its terms, and now pretty universally runs: 'Nemo debet bis reprobore pro uno delicto.'—'No one may be twice vexed (or tried) for the same cause.'

But in order to convey to alleged culprits the full benefits suggested by these old maxims, established the practice to which we have just alluded, of drawing out in exact and formal language the specific charge alleged against the accused person, and of binding themselves to prove upon the trial that exact charge, and that only — tacitly agreeing, that if they failed in establishing the perpetration of the offence in the very manner as stated in the indictment, the prisoner should be entitled to his acquittal.

By this proceeding, two great advantages were opened to an accused person: the one, that he could not have a vague indefinite charge brought against him at the time of his trial, to be shifted and altered as the evidence itself varied; the other, that he knew beforehand what was to be alleged against him, and therefore had better opportunity of preparing himself with an answer—two advantages which, if we consider the summary and often unfair manner in which legal inquiries were in former times conducted, were of no small importance.

But though, as we before said, our ancestors were anxious to allege a specific charge against an offender, their idea of a specific charge was somewhat peculiar. We in modern times, for instance, consider that to allege in the present article, a man of committing a murder of a particular person on a certain day, is pretty specific; but in times bygone, such a charge would have been considered very general in its character. The year of the sovereign's reign, the weapon of offence, with its value, the position of the wound, with its length and depth, the various places to which the sufferer removed before he died, and a multitude of other minute circumstances, had all to be set forth, and the most trifling error in any one of them would have proved fatal to the instrument.

But in addition to this, for some reason altogether undiscoverable to us at the present day, the indictment was universally drawn out in abbreviated Latin, a misapplying in which, however unimportant in other respects, was deemed sufficient to destroy the instrument.

It was indeed a rule with lawyers of that day, that no word which could be expressed in Latin should in an indictment be written in English; and we continually find such documents being set aside for breaches of this regulation. In one case, the term 'witchcraft' rendered the instrument void, 'incantatio' being deemed the correct word; and in another, 'de la Fabre' was declared inadmissible in any other garb than a Latin one. So with misapplying: a man was indicted in Elizabeth's reign for murder; some unfortunate clerk spelt the word 'destructionem' 'destructionem,' and the error being discovered, the prisoner was immediately acquitted. More recently, 'deoeclim' occurring for 'deoeclim,' invalidated the instrument; and 'presentment' for 'presentantium' had a similar effect.

The great danger which was thus continually encountered, on the one hand, of placing in indictments English words which might be expressed by Latin ones; and, on the other, of introducing Latin words not sufficiently general acceptance to be used in an instrument, the meaning of which was to be patent to every one, led to the custom of using an Anglic of any doubtful Latin word occurred. Thus, in one old indictment, we read of a man stealing certain olis aarivas—Anglic, 'brass pots.'

The frequent acquittals which took place, owing to this severe way of construing indictments, soon led to a serious outcry on the part of the profession, and of the public generally, and so early as 1650, we find even the great Sir Matthew, who was in no way favourable to changes in the law, solemnly declaring his opinion on the subject in the following terms:

'In favour of life, great strictness has at all times been required as to the indictment, for it is that it has grown to be a blemish and inconvenience in the law and the administration thereof that more offenders escape by the over-easy ear given to exceptions in indictments than by their own innocence.'

After such an exposition as this from so high a quarter, it appears remarkable that nearly one hundred years should be suffered to elapse before the legislature took any decided step to simplify and amend these proceedings. Day by day, indictments were quoted by wholesale—the non-crossing of a t, or non-dottling of an i, was almost sufficient, under the stringent practice of olden times, to avoid the instrument. So great certainly, as it was called, was required, that calling an 'accessory' a 'accessor' was fatal; and particular words of art were considered so essential in certain crimes, that without them the indictment was useless. Thus, a man was accused of treason, it must be alleged, that he committed his treasonably and against his allegiance; and any alteration, however small, in this form made the indictment void. So in murder, the accused must be feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, kill and murder; in stealing, he must be stated to have feloniously 'taken and carried away.' In murder, the depth of the wound must be set forth, that it might appear to the court to be sufficient to cause death; 'though,' says an old writer, 'if it be stated to have gone through the body, a statement of the depth is immaterial, for it will then
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of itself appear sufficient to have caused death.' The charge that A. did 'steal, take, and carry away,' omitting 'feloniously,' has several times occurred, and has always been held fatal; and so in bigamy, the accusation that B. feloniously married one C., his former wife being alive, 'with force and arms, feloniously married one C., his former wife being still alive,' &c.

But above all, the rules of the thing stolen in larceny, and of the instrument which caused the death in homicide, were always required to be stated. In larceny, because if the value amounted to twelve pence, the crime was grand larceny; if under that sum, petty larceny—two crimes which, in old times, were very different—was the act, the force used in obtaining the means of subsisting, was just as the apparel of every stranger found dead, and subsequently was distributed in alms by the king's high almoner.

These forfeited articles were called deodands, from Deo-dandum (to be given to God); and Britton tells us, in his _Plays of the Crown_, that the intention of the forfeiture was, that nothing which was the immediate cause of so awful an event as the death of a reasonable creature, should seem to go unpunished; but this seemed to the lawyer has been much disputed, for the law allowed no deodand upon the death of an infant under years of discretion; thus favouring the idea that the intention of these forfeitures was simply to procure the means of conducting a religious ceremony after the dead, the force in securing the punishment of death; the latter, of whipping and imprisonment only. In homicide, the value was required in consequence of the existence, until a few years back, of the laws relating to deodands, about which very curious questions were not wanting.

According to ancient custom, whatever chattel was the immediate occasion of the death of any reasonable creature, became forfeited to holy church, and was applied, before the Realisation, towards obtaining masses for the deceased's soul, just as was the apparel of every stranger found dead, and subsequently was distributed in alms by the king's high almoner. These forfeited articles were called deodands, from Deo-dandum (to be given to God); and Britton tells us, in his _Plays of the Crown_, that the intention of the forfeiture was, that nothing which was the immediate cause of so awful an event as the death of a reasonable creature, should seem to go unpunished; but this seemed to the lawyer has been much disputed, for the law allowed no deodand upon the death of an infant under years of discretion; thus favouring the idea that the intention of these forfeitures was simply to procure the means of conducting a religious ceremony after the dead, the force in securing the punishment of death; the latter, of whipping and imprisonment only. In homicide, the value was required in consequence of the existence, until a few years back, of the laws relating to deodands, about which very curious questions were not wanting.

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The rules relating to deodands are not by any means free from obscurity, either as to their origin or intention. If anything which caused death was the cause of death, only that part of it immediately connected with the death was forfeited; but if the body was actually moving, the whole of it became a deodand.

Thus, when a man climbing into a cart at rest, fell off and was killed, the cart was not the king's property; but when in another case the cart was moving at the time of the accident, the whole of it, with its load, was forfeited. So, again, when a man fell from the side of a ship going down a river, and was killed, strictly speaking, the whole ship, whatever its size or value, was a deodand; but if while on the deck a bale of goods fell upon and killed him, the bale only was a forfeiture, for he was himself moving in the ship, and so far as his death was concerned, the whole ship might be required for that reason.

The golden rule about these forfeitures was, 'whatsoever moves to the death is a deodand;' and in the quaint old book called _Tertius de la Ley_, it is thus expressed:

Whoever moved to kill the dead,
In deodand, and forfeited.

The most curious illustration of this rule is to be found in an ancient case, where a man fell from a mill-wheel into the stream, and was drowned, every part of the mill-wheel being the cause of the death; and the time was declared to be a deodand—that at rest, not.

This forfeiture of valuable articles, often without any blame at all being attachable to their owners, was found to be so oppressive, that in modern times, a practice was adopted by juries, of finding as a deodand the money value of the thing, instead of the thing itself; this money value being in many cases merely nominal.

It was not until the year 1699 that any improvement whatever began to be effected in the matter of indictments. An act then passed which made it compulsory on the party bringing the indictment to state the proper form of being, that B., 'with force and arms, feloniously married one C., his former wife being still alive,' &c.

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aforesaid, until the second day of May in the same year, did languish, and languishing did live, on which second day of May at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, she, the said Frances, of the mortal wound aforesaid, did die. And so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do say that the said John Smith, her, the said Frances, in manor the form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder, against the peace of our lord the king, his crown, and dignity.

At the present day, the above lengthy document would be thus abridged:

Middlesex to wit.—The jurors for our lady the Queen, upon their oaths present, that John Smith, late of Westminster, labourer, on the first day of May, in the year of our Lord 1653, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder Frances, the wife of William Bolt, against the peace of our lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity.

By the former of these two instruments, it would be incumbent upon the prosecution to prove the murder of Frances Bolt in the very manner stated, and if it turned out that by some other violence of the prisoner she met with her death, he would be acquitted on the indictment; by the latter, proof that the prisoner murdered the deceased in any way, would be sufficient to convict him.

It is not improbable that, after perusing the two documents, the reader may ask how it is that other long legal instruments connected with the common law, and especially with conveyancing, cannot also be anently or simplifed. For an answer to this question, we must refer him to those far wiser than ourselves in the theory and practice of the law.

O C E O L A: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BATH.

"YELLOW JACK! the alligator!"

They were all the words I could utter. My mother translated an explanation; I could not stay to give it. Frantic with apprehension, I tore myself away, leaving her in a state of terror that rivalled my own.

I ran towards the homestead. I called "Yellow Jack" and then "Yellow Jack, come!" I waited not to follow the devious route of the walk, but keep straight on, leaping over such obstacles as present themselves. I spring across the paling, and rush through the orangery, causing the branches to crackle and the fruit to fall. My ears are keenly bent to catch every sound.

Behind are sounds enough: I hear my mother's voice uttered in accents of terror. Already have her cries alarmed the house, and are echoed and answered by the domestics, both females and men. Dogs are called, and the dog hunt is started by the sudden excitement, baying within the enclosure, and fowls and caged birds screech in concert.

From behind come all these noises. It is not for them my ears are bent; I am listening before me.

In this direction I now hear sounds. The plopping of water is in my ears, and mingling with it the tones of a clear silvery voice—it is the voice of my sister! "Ha, ha, ha!" The ring of laughter! Thank Heaven, she is safe!

I stay my step under the influence of a delicate thought; I call aloud:

"Virgine! Virgine!"

Impatiently I wait the reply. None reaches me; the noise of the water has drowned my voice.
I call again, and louder. "Virgine! sister! Virgine!"
I am heard, and hear:

"Who calls? You, Georgy?"
"Yes; it is I, Virgine."
"And pray, what want you, brother?"

"O sister! come out of the bath."

"For what reason should I? Our friends come? They are early: let them wait, my Georgy. Go you and entertain them. I mean to enjoy myself this most beautiful of mornings; the water's just right—delightful! Isn't, Viola? Ho! I shall have a swim round the pond in the heat of the day."

And then there was a fresh plassing in the water, mingled with a cheerful abandon of laughter in the voices of my sister and her maid.

I shouted at the top of my voice:

"Hear me, Virgine! dear sister! For Heaven's sake, come out! come!"

There was a sudden cessation of the merry tones; then came a short sharp ejaculation, followed almost instantaneously by a wild scream. I perceived that neither was a sound, hardly an appeal. I had called out in a tone of entreaty sufficient to have raised apprehension; but the voices that now reached me were uttered in accents of terror. In my sister's voice I heard the words:

"See, Viola! O mercy—the monster! Ha! he is coming this way! O mercy! Help, George, help! Save—save me!"

Well knew I the meaning of the summons; too well could I comprehend the half-coherent words, and the continued screaming that succeeded them.

"Sister, I come, I come!"

Quick as thought, I dashed forward, breaking through the boughs that still intercepted my view.

"Oh, perhaps I shall be too late! She screams in agony; she is already in the grasp of the alligator?"

A dozen bounds carried me clear of the grove; and, gliding along the embankment of the turtle cRAW, I stood by the edge of the tank. A fearful tableau was before me.

My sister was near the centre of the basin, swimming towards the edge. There stood the quadroon—knee-deep—screeching and flinging her arms frantically in the air. Beyond, appeared the gigantic lizard; his whole body, arms, hands, and jaws clearly outlined in the opelucid water, above the surface of which rose the scaly serrature of his back and shoulders. His snout and tail projected still higher; and with the latter he was lashing the water into white froth, that, leaping out of the tank, fell down a foot from his intended victim. His gaunt jaws almost touched the green baize skirt that floated train-like behind her. At any moment, he might have darted forward and seized her.

My sister was swimming with all her might. She was a capital swimmer; but what could it avail? Her bathing-dress was impeding her; but what mattered that? The alligator might have seized her at any moment; with a single effort, could have caught her, and yet he had not made a dash. I wondered why he had not; I wondered that he still held back. I wonder to this hour, for it is not yet explained. I can account for it only on one supposition: that he felt that his victim was perfectly within his power; and as he caught the robin, he was induling in the plenitude of his tyrant strength.

These observations were made in a single second of time—while I was cocking my rifle.

I aimed, and fired. There were but two places where the shot could have proved fatal—the eye or behind the forearm. I aimed for the eye. I hit the shoulder; but from that hard corrugated skin, my bullet glinted as from a granite rock. Among the rhomboid protuberances it made a whistling score, and that was all.

The play of the monster was brought to a termina-
tion. The shot appeared to have given him pain. At all events, it roused him to more earnest action, and perhaps impelled him to the final spring. He made it the instant after.
Lashing the water with his broad tail—as if to gain impecu—he darted forward; his huge jaw hinged vertically upward, till the red teeth glowed wide agape; and the next moment the floating skirt—and oh! the limbs of my sister were in his horrid grip! I plunged in, and swam towards them. The gun I still carried in my grasp. It hindered me. I dropped it on the bottom, and leaped in turn.

I caught Virgine in my arms. I was just in time, for the alligator was dragging her below.

With all my strength, I held her up; it needed all to keep us above the surface. I had no weapon; and if I had been armed, I could not have spared a hand to strike.

I shouted with all my voice, in the hope of intimidating the assailant, and causing him to let go his hold. It was to no purpose: he still held on.

O Heavens! we shall both be dragged under—drowned—devoured—

A plunge, as of one leaping from a high elevation into the pond—a quick, bold swimmer from the shore—a dark-skinned face, with long black hair that floats behind it on the water—a breast gleaming with bright spangles—a body clad in bead-embroidered garments—a man? a boy?

Who is this strange youth that rushes to our rescue?

He is already by our side—by the side of our terrible antagonist. With all the earnest energy of his look, he utters not a word. He rests one hand upon the shoulder of the huge lizard, and with a sudden spring places his feet on its back. A rider could not have leaped more adroitly to the saddle.

A knife gleams in his uplifted hand. It descends—its blade is buried in the eye of the alligator!

The roar of the saurian betokens its pain. The earth vibrates with the sound; the froth flies up under the lashings of its tail, and a cloud of spray is flung over us. But the monster has now relaxed its grip, and I am swimming with my sister to the shore.

A glance backward reveals to me a strange sight—I see the alligator diving to the bottom with the bold rider still upon its back! He is lost—he is lost!

With painful thoughts, I swim on. I climb out, and place my fainting sister upon the bank. I again look back and see:

Joy, joy! the strange youth is once more above the surface, and swimming freely to the shore. Upon the further side of the pond, the hideous form is also above water, struggling by the edge—frantic and furious with the agony of its wounds. Joy, joy! my sister is unharmed. The floating skirt has saved her: scarcely a scratch shews upon her delicate limbs; and now in tender arms, amidst sweet words and looks of kind sympathy, she is borne away from the scene of her peril.

CHAPTER X.

THE 'HALF-BLOOD.'

The alligator was soon clubbed to death, and dragged to the shore—a work of delight to the blacks of the plantation.

No one suspected how the reptile had got to the pond—for I had not said a word to say one. The belief was that it had wandered from the river, or the lagoons—as others had done before; and Yellow Jake, the most active of all in its destruction, was heard several times repeating this hypothesis! Little did the villain suspect that his secret was known. I thought that besides myself I was the only one privy to it; in this, however, I was mistaken.

The domestics had gone back to the house, 'toasting' the huge carcass with ropes, and uttering shouts of triumph. I was alone with our gallant preserver. I stayed behind purposely to thank him.

Mother, father, all had given expression to their gratitude; all had signified their admiration of his gallant conduct; even my sister, who had recovered consciousness before being carried away, had thanked him with kind words.

He made no reply, further than to acknowledge the compliments paid him; and thus he did either by a smile or a simple inclination of the head. With the years of a boy, he seemed to possess the gravity of a man.

He appeared about my own age and size. His figure was perfectly proportioned, and his face handsome. The complexion of a pure Indian, though the style of his dress was so. His skin was nearer brunette than bronze: he was evidently a 'half-blood.' His nose was slightly aquiline, which gave him that fine eagle-look peculiar to some of the North American tribes; and his eye, though mild in common mood, was easily lighted up. Under excitement, as I had just witnessed, it shone with the brilliancy of fire.

The admixture of Caucasian blood had tamed down the prominence of Indian features to a perfect regularity, without the hint of a truculent or fierce expression; and the black hair was finer than that of the pure native, though equally shining and luxuriant.

In short, the tout ensemble of this strange youth was that of a noble and handsome boy, that another brace of summers would develop into a splendid-looking man. Even as a boy, there was an individuality about him, that, when once seen, was not to be forgotten.

I have said that his costume was Indian. So was it—purely Indian—not made up altogether of the spoils of the chase, for the buckskin has long ceased to be the wear of the aborigines of Florida. His moccasins alone were of dressed deer's hide; his leggings were of scarlet cloth; and his tunic of figured cotton stuff—all three elaborately beaded and embroidered. With these he wore a wampum belt, and a fillet encircled his head, above which rose erect three plumes from the tail of the king vulture—which among Indians is an eagle. Around his neck were strings of party-coloured beads, and upon his breast three demi-dimes of silver, suspended one above the other.

Thus was the youth attired; and, despite the soaking which his garments had received, he presented an aspect as once noble and picturesque.

"You are sure you have received no injury?" I inquired for the second time.

"Quite sure—not the slightest injury."

"But you are wet through and through; let me offer you a change of clothes: mine, I think, would suit you."

"Thank you. I should not know how to wear them."

"The sun is strong: my own will soon be dry again."

"You will come up to the house, and eat something?"

"I have eaten but a short while ago. I thank you. I am not hungry."

"Some wine?"

"Again I thank you—water is my only drink."

I scarcely knew what to say to my new acquaintance. He refused all my offers of hospitality, and he remained by me. He would not accompany me to the house; and still he shewed no signs of taking his departure.

Was he expecting something else? A reward for his services? Something more substantial than complimentary phrases?

The thought was not unnatural. Handsome as was the youth, he was but an Indian. Of compliments he had had enough. Indians care little for idle words. It might be that he waited for something more; it was but natural for one in his condition to do so, and equally natural for one in mine to think so.

In an instant my pure was out; in the next, it was in his hands—and in the next it was at the bottom of the pond!
I did not ask you for money," said he, as he flung the dollars indignantly into the water. I felt pique and shame; the latter predominated. I plunged into the pond, and dived under the surface. It was not after my purse, but my rifle, which I saw lying upon the rocks at the bottom. I gained the surface and, carrying it ashore, handed it to him. The peculiar smile with which he received it, told me that I had well corrected my error, and subdued his capricious pride.

"Is it my turn to make reparation," said he. "Permit me to restore you your purse, and to ask pardon for my rudeness."

Before I could interpose, he sprang into the water, and dived below the surface. He soon recovered the shining object, and returning to the bank, placed it in my hands.

"This is a splendid gift," he said, handling the rifle, and examining it—a splendid gift; and I must return home before I can offer you ought in return. We Indians have not much that the white man values—only some beads—" I hastened to add. "But you have added greatly to my comfort."

"You are a hunter? Will you accept a pair of mocassins and a bullet-pouch? Maimée makes them well."

"Maimée?"

"My sister. You will find the mocassins better for hunting than those heavy shoes you wear: the tread is more silent."

"Above all things, I should like to have a pair of your mocassins."

"I am rejoiced that it will gratify you. Maimée shall make them, and the pouch too."

"Maimée! I mentally echoed. "Strange, sweet name! Can it be she?"

I was thinking of a bright being that had crossed my path—a dream—a heavenly vision—for it seemed too lovely to be of the earth.

While wandering in the woods, amid perfumed groves, had this vision appeared to me—in the form of an Indian maiden. In a flowery glade, I saw her—one of those spots in the southern forest which nature adorns with profuse beauty. She appeared to form part of the picture.

One glance had I, and she was gone. I pursued, but to no purpose. Like a spirit she glided through the decaying leaves of the grove, and I saw her no more. But though gone from my sight, she passed not out of my memory; even since had I been dreaming of that lovely apparition. Was it Maimée?

"Your name?" I inquired, as I saw the youth was about to depart.

"I am called Powell by the whites: my father's name—he was white—he is dead. My mother still lives; I need not say she is an Indian."

"I must be gone, sir," continued he after a pause. "Before I leave you, permit me to ask a question. It may seem strange to you at first sight, but I have good reason for asking it. Have you amongst your slaves one who is very bad, one who is hostile to your family?"

"There is such a one. I have reason to believe it."

"Would you know his tracks?"

"I should." "Then follow me!"

"It is not necessary. I can guess where you would lead me. I know all: he hurled the alligator hither to destroy my sister."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the young Indian, in some surprise. "How learned you this, sir?"

"From yonder rock, I was a witness of the whole transaction. But how did you come to know of it?"

"I asked in turn. "Only by following the trail—the man—the dog—the alligator. I was hunting by the swamp. I saw the trace. I suspected something, and crossed the fields. I had reached the thickest when I heard cries. I was just in time. Ugh!"

"You were in good time, else the villain would have succeeded in his intent. Fear not, friend! he shall be punished."

"Good—he should be punished. I hope you and I may meet again."

A few words more were exchanged between us, and then we shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER XL

THE CHASE.

About the guilt of the mulatto, I had no longer any doubt. The mere destruction of the fish could not have been his design; he would never have taken such pains to accomplish so trifling a purpose. No; his intent was far more horrid; it comprehended a deeper scheme of cruelty and vengeance; its aim was my sister's life!—Viola's!—perhaps both?

Awful as was such a belief, there was no room left to doubt it; every circumstance confirmed it. Even the young Indian had formed the opinion that such was the design. At this season, my sister was in the habit of bathing almost every day; and that this was her custom was known to all upon the plantation. I had not thought of it when I went in pursuit of the deer, else I should in all probability have acted in a different manner. But who could have suspected such dire villainy?

The cunning of the act quite equalled its malice. By the merest accident, there were witnesses; but had there been none, it is probable the event would have answered the intention, and my sister's life been sacrificed.

Who could have told the author of the crime? The reptile would have been alone responsible. Even suspicion would not have rested upon the mulatto—how could it? The yellow villain had shown a fiendish craft in his calculation.

I was burning with indignation. My poor innocent sister! Little did she know the foul means that had been made use of to put her in such peril. She was aware that the mulatto liked her not, but never dreamed she that she was the object of such a demoniac spite as this.

The very thoughts of it fired me, as I dwelt upon them. I could restrain myself no longer. The criminal must be brought to punishment, and at once. Some severe castigation must be inflicted upon him—something that would place it beyond his power to repeat such dangerous attempts.

How he would be dealt with, I could not tell—that must be left to my elders to determine. The lash had proved of no avail; perhaps the chain-gang would cure him—at all events, he must be banished the plantation.

In my own mind, I had not doomed him to death, though truly he deserved it. Indignant as I felt, I did not contemplate this ultimate punishment of crime; used to my father's mild rule, I did not. The lash—the county prison—the chain-gang at St Marks or San Augustine: some of these would likely be his reward.

I knew it would not be left to the lenient disposition of my father to decide. The whole community of planters was interested in a matter of this kind. An improvised jury would soon assemble. No doubt harsher judges than his own master would deal with the guilty man.

I stayed not longer to reflect; I was determined his trial should be immediate. I ran towards the house with the intention of declaring his guilt.
In my haste, as before, I did not follow the usual path, which was somewhat circumambient; I made direct through the grove.

I had advanced only a few paces, when I heard a rustling of the leaves near me. I could see no one, but felt sure that the noise was caused by some person skulking among the trees. Perhaps some of the field-hands, taking advantage of the confusion of the hour, and helping himself to a few corn-cobs?

Compared with my purpose, such slight dereliction was a matter of no importance, and I did not think worth while to stay and hinder it. I only shouted out; but no one made answer, and I kept on.

On reaching the rear of the house, I found my father in the enclosure by the grand shed—the overseer too. Old Hickman, the alligator-hunter, was there, and one or two other white men, who had casually come upon business.

Of all, I made the disclosure; and, with as much minuteness as the time would permit, described the strange transaction I had witnessed in the morning.

All were thunderstruck. Hickman at once declared the probability of such a manoeuvre, though no one doubted my words. The only doubt was as to the mulatto's intent. Could it have been human lives he designed to sacrifice? It seemed too great a wickedness to be believed. It was too horrible even to be imagined!

At that moment all doubts were set at rest. Another testimony was added to mine, which supplied the link of proof that was wanting. Black Jake had a tale to tell, and told it.

That morning—half an hour before—he had seen Yellow Jake climb up into a live oak that stood in one corner of the enclosure. The top of this commanded a view of the pond. It was just at the time the white men and Villis went to the bath. He was quite sure that about that time they must have been going into the water, and that Yellow Jake must have seen them.

Indignant at his indecorous conduct, the black had shouted to the mulatto to come down from the tree, and threatened to complain upon him. The latter made answer that he was only gathering acorns—the acorns of the live oak are sweet food, and much sought after by the plantation-people. Black Jake, however, was helping him to the end and purpose; for the former still continuing to threaten, the latter at length came down, and Black Jake saw no acorns—not one!

"I warn' acorn he war arter, Massa Ransoff; dat yaller Moofa war'nt arter no good—dat he war sure earlin.'

So concluded the testimony of the groom.

The tale produced convulsion in the minds of all. It was no longer possible to doubt of the mulatto's intention, horrible as it was. He had ascended the tree to be witness of the foul deed; he had seen them enter the basin; he knew the danger that was lurking in its waters; and yet he had made no move to give the alarm. On the contrary, he was among the last who had hastened towards the pond, when the screaming of the girls was summoning all the household to their assistance. This was shown by the evidence of others. The case was clear against him.

The tale produced a wild excitement. White men and black men, masters and slaves, were equally indignant at the horrid crime; and the cry went round the yard for 'Yellow Jake'!

Some ran one way, some another, in search of him—but black who and yellow ran together—all eager in the pursuit—all desirous that such a monster should be brought to punishment.

Where was he? His name was called aloud, over and over again, with commands, with threats; but no answer came back. Where was he?

The stable was searched, the shed, the kitchen, the cabin—even the corn crib was ransacked—but to no purpose. Where had he gone?

He had been observed but the moment before—he had assisted in dragging the alligator. The men had brought it into the enclosure, and thrown it to the hogs to be devoured. Yellow Jake had been with them, active as any at the work. It was but the moment before he had gone away; but where? No one could tell!

At this moment, I remembered the rustling among the orange-trees. It might have been he? If so, he may have overheard the conversation between the young Indian and myself—or the last part of it—and if so, he would now be far away.

I led the pursuit through the orangery: its recesses were searched, but he was not there.

The hommock thickets were next entered, and beaten from one end to the other; still no signs of the missing mulatto.

It occurred to me to climb up to the rock, my former place of observation. I ascended at once to its summit, and was rewarded for my trouble. At the first glance over the fields, I saw the fugitive. He was down between the rows of the indigo plants, crawling upon hands and knees, evidently making for the main.

I did not stay to observe further, but springing back to the ground, I ran after him. My father, Hickman, and others followed me.

The chase was not conducted in silence—no stratagem was used, and by our shouts the mulatto soon learned that he was seen and pursued. Concealment was no longer possible; and rising to his feet, he ran forward with all his speed. He soon entered the maize-field, with the hue and cry close upon his heels.

Though still but a boy, I was the fastest runner of the party. I knew that I could run faster than Yellow Jake, and if I could only keep him in sight, I should soon overtake him. His hopes were to get into the swamp, under cover of the palmetto thickets; once there, he might easily escape by hiding—at all events, he might get off for the time.

To prevent this, I ran at my utmost speed, and with successive blows of the words I came up with the runaway and caught hold of the loose flap of his jacket.

It was altogether a foolish attempt upon my part. I had not reflected upon anything beyond getting up with him. I had never thought of resistance, though I might have expected it from a desperate man. Accustomed to be obeyed, I was under the hallucination that, as soon as I should come up, the fellow would yield to me; but I was mistaken.

He at once jerked himself free of my hold, and easily enough. My breath was gone, my strength exhausted—I could not have held a cat.

I expected him to run on as before; but instead of doing so, he stopped in his tracks, turned fiercely upon me, and drawing his knife, plunged it through my arm. It was my heart he had aimed at; but by suddenly throwing up my arm, I had warded off the fatal thrust.

A second time his knife was upraised—and I should have had a second stab from it—but, just then, another face showed itself in the fray; and before the dangerous blade could descend, the strong arms of Black Jake were around my antagonist.

The fleet struggled fiercely to free himself; but the muscular growth of his old rival never became relaxed until Hickman and others arrived upon the ground; and then a fast binding of thongs rendered him at once harmless and secure.
CHAPTER XII.

A SEVERE SENTENCE.

Such a series of violent incidents of course created excitement beyond our own boundaries. There was a group of plantations upon the river lying side by side, and all having a frontage upon the water; they formed the ‘settlement.’ Through these ran the report, spreading like wildfire; and within the hour, white men could be seen coming from every direction. Some were on foot—poor hunters who dwelt on the skirts of the large plantations; others—the planters themselves, or their overseers—on horseback. All carried weapons—rifles and pistols. A stranger might have supposed it the rendezvous of a militia ‘musters,’ but the serious looks of those who assembled gave it a different aspect: it more resembled the gathering of the frontier upon the report of some Indian invasion.

In one hour, more than fifty white men were upon the ground—nearly all who belonged to the settlement.

A jury was quickly formed, and Yellow Jake put upon his trial. There was no law in the proceedings, though legal formality was followed in a certain rude way. The justice was taken, and the trial proceeded; they were the lords of the land, and, in cases like this, could easily impose a judge. They soon found one in planter Ringgold, our adjoining neighbour. My father declined to take part in the proceedings.

Where the Indians had a trial, they tried by their own laws; but here they were the lords of the land, and could impose the laws they pleased. But what was really trying was the trial of that man who wounded my father—Jake. The facts were fresh and clear; I was before their eyes with my arm in a sling, badly cut. The other circumstances which led to this result were all detailed. The chain of guilt was complete. The mulatto had attempted the lives of white people. Of course, death was the decree.

What mode of death? Some voted for hanging; but by most of these men, hanging was deemed too mild. Burning met the approval of the majority. The judge himself cast his vote for the severer sentence.

My father pled mercy—at least so far as to spare the torture—but the stern jurors would not listen to him. They had all lost slaves of late—many runaways had been reported—the provincials of the Indians gave encouragement to detection. They charged my father with too much leniency—the settlement needed an example—they would make one of Yellow Jake, that would deter all who were disposed to imitate him. Ringgold was of the number who advised the death sentence.

Thus did they reason, and thus did they pronounce.

It was a grand error to suppose that the Indians of North America have been peculiar in the habit of torturing their captive foes. In most well-authenticated cases, where they have been practised by them, there has been a provocative deed of anterior date—some grievous wrong—and the torture was but a retaliation. Human nature has yielded to the temptings of revenge in all ages—and ferocity can be charged with as much justice against white skin as against red skin. Had the Indians written the story of border warfare, the world might have modified its belief in their so-called cruelty.

It is doubtful if, in all their history, instances of cruelty were not much greater than we have been able to perceive by white men upon blacks—many of whom have suffered mutilation—torture—death—for the mere offence of a word! I certainly often for a blow, since such is a written law.

While the Indians have practised cruelty, it has almost always been in retaliation; but civilised tyrants have put men to the torture without even the palliating apology of vengeance. If there was revenge, it was not of that natural kind to which the human heart gives way, when it conceives that wrong has been done; but rather a mean spite, such as is often exhibited by the dastard despots towards some weak individual within his power.

No doubt, Yellow Jake deserved death. His crimes were capital ones; but to torture him was the will of his judges.

My father opposed it, and a few others. They were outvoted and overruled. The awful sentence was passed; and they who had decreed it at once set about carrying it into execution.

It was not a fit scene to be enacted upon a gentleman’s premises; and a spot was selected at some distance from the house, further down the lake-edge. To this place the criminal was conducted—the crowd of course following.

Some two hundred yards from the bank, a tree was chosen as the place of execution. To this tree the condemned was to be bound, and a log-fire kindled around him.

My father would not witness the execution; I alone of our family followed to the scene. The mulatto saw me, and accosted me with words which I well remember, but which now escape me. He taunted me about the wound he had given, glorying in the deed. He was no doubt under the belief that I was one of his greatest foes. I had certainly been the innocent witness of his crime, and chiefly through my testimony he had been condemned; but I had not the revengeful. I would have spared him the terrible fate he was about to undergo—at least its tortures.

We arrived upon the ground. Men were already before us, collecting the logs, and piling them up around the trunk of the tree; others were striking a fire. Some joked and laughed; a few were heard giving utterance to expressions of hate for the whole coloured race.

Young Ringgold was especially active. This was a wild youth—on the eve of manhood, of somewhat fierce, harsh temper—a family characteristic.

I knew that the young fellow affected my sister Virginia; I had often noticed his partiality for her; and he could scarcely conceal his jealousy of others who came near her. His father was the richest planter in the settlement; and the son, proud of this superiority, believed himself welcome everywhere. I did not think he was very welcome with Virginie, though I could not tell. It was too delicate a point upon which to question her, for the little dame already esteemed herself a woman.

Ringgold was neither handsome nor graceful. He was sufficiently intelligent, but overbearing to those beneath him in position. He courted girls among the sons of rich men. He had already gained the character of being resentful. In addition to all, he was dissipated—too often found with low company in the forest cock-pit.

For my part, I did not like him. I never cared to be with him as a companion; he was older than myself, but it was not that—I did not like his disposition. Not so my father and mother. Both by was encouraged to frequent our house. Both probably desired him for a future son-in-law. They saw no faults in him. The glitter of gold has a blinding influence upon the moral eye.

This young man, then, was one of the most eager for the punishment of the mulatto, and active in the preparations. His aspect was composed; but I thought his disposition to be cruel. Both he and his father were noted as hard task-masters, and to be ‘sold to Mass’ Ringgold’ was a fate dreaded by every slave in the settlement.

But young Ringgold had another motive for his conspicuous behaviour: he fancied he was playing the knight-errant, by this show of friendship for our family—for Virginia. He was mistaken. Such unnecessary cruelty to the criminal met the approbation of none of us. It was not likely to purchase a smile from my good sister.
The young half-blood, Powell, was also present. On hearing the hue and cry, he had returned, and now stood in the crowd looking on, but taking no part in the proceedings.

Just then the eye of Ringgold rested upon the dress, and I could perceive that it was instantly lit up by a strange expression. He was already in possession of all the details. He saw in the dark-skinned youth the gallant preserver of Virginia's life, but it was not with gratitude that he viewed him. Another feeling was working in his breast, as could plainly be perceived by the scornful curl that played upon his lips.

More plainly still by the rude speech that followed:—

"Hillb? redskin!" he cried out, addressing himself to the young Indian, "Are you sure you had no hand in this business? eh, redskin?"

"Redskin!" exclaimed the half-blood in a tone of indignation, at the same time fronting proudly to his assailant—"Redskin you call me? My skin is of better colour than yours, you white-livered lout!"

Ringgold was rather of a sallow complexion. The blow hit home. Not quicker is the flash of powder than was its effect; but his astonishment at being thus accosted by an Indian, combined with his rage, hindered him for some moments from making reply.

Others were before him, and cried out:

"O Lordy! such talk from an Injun!"

"Say that again!" cried Ringgold, as soon as he had recovered himself.

"Again if you wish—white-livered lout!" cried the half-blood, giving full emphasis to the phrase.

The words were scarcely out before Ringgold's pistol cracked; but the bullet missed its aim; and next moment the finger of the gun was upon the trigger in the face of the black youth.

Both came to the ground, but the half-blood had the advantage. He was uppermost, and no doubt would quickly have despatched his white antagonist—for the ready blade was gleaming in his grasp—but the knife was struck out of his hand; and a crowd of men, rushing to the spot, pulled the combatants apart.

Some were loud against the Indian lad, and called for his life; but there were others with finer ideas of fair-play, who had witnessed the provocation, and, despite the lisp of the Ringgold, would not suffer him to be sacrificed. I had resolved to protect him as far as I was able.

What would have been the result, it is difficult to guess; but, at that crisis a sudden diversion was produced by the cry—that Yellow Jake had escaped?

A CHRISTMAS BARREL OF OYSTERS.

Did you ever hear that the London commissionaire alone demands every year five hundred million oysters; and that Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and other places take all they can get, and never get half enough? Are you further aware that there are numerous companies who cultivate, or grow, or nurse oysters for the market; who procure them in the seed, who place them in watery pits, and tend them with anxious care, for three long years, till they are ready to enter 'oyster street,' and make their debut at the court of Billingsgate? And are you further aware that poets have sung about oysters, that legislators have legislated about oysters, that naturalists have investigated their manners and habits; and that, after all, nothing is known about them? If you know all this, you will perhaps listen with some interest to our talk about oysters.

Nobody can tell how oysters reproduce themselves. All we know is, that, according to an anonymous authority, in spring-time and summer they sicken and spawn their gelatinous green-hued splashes, which the fishermen have baptised spat. The spawn looks like drope of tallow or greenish-coloured soup, and it adheres fo loose oyster-shells and stones. When examined with a magnifying-glass, there are seen in the spat numerous little eggs of a brilliant whiteness; which gradually become compressed, and approach more and more the shape of an oyster. Little hairs appear as the egg-cluster breaks up, and the thousands of the brother and sister oysters swim off to seek their fortunes. When the steady age comes—rather say the steady hour—the settling-down epoch, the hairs give place to layers of rough shell, and a notice of experience. The taste of the spat is much less relished than the spat. Oysters are not, in the true sense of the word, a food of the poor; and with the exception of Venetians, it is strange that we should eat with least risk of being eaten. Microscopists reckon the eggs in one of these splashes of spat by hundreds of thousands. Lenwsection counted several hundred thousand eggs in the fecundating folds of the mantle. At Burnham, Essex, the spat, or spat, has been, but on whose authority we do not know, that when an oyster attains the fourth month of its age, it can reproduce its species. This remarkable fecundity is necessary to enable the species to survive the ravages which the spawt: So far, from their numerous enemies. The spat is a tidbit for fish, crustaceans, and worms. The feelers or tentacles of numberless carnivores are cast forth continually, to lay hold of the spat, and the spat is devoured. When their shells are sufficiently grown to protect them from such enemies, star-fishes and crabs watch continually to take them by surprise, and whip the soft and succulent bodies of the oysters from their valves.

Many a five-fingered star-fish loses a member in the attempt when the oyster is wide awake, and closes his valves upon it with a sudden and powerful snap.

M. Cortie informs us that a single shell contains from one to two millions of young oysters. In reference to this interesting fact, the following is extracted from a letter of a correspondent of the "Times":—"During a thirty months before in the Lake of Fuzaro, when removed, were loaded with oysters; and, in spite of the numerous varieties of shape, they were found to be the produce of three distinct seasons. Those which were of the first year's spawning were ready for sale; those of the second year were quite small; and the third batch were only about the size of a lentil."

Some of the London fish-salerooms do business in nothing but oysters, while others confine themselves entirely to the sale of live fish, especially cod, haddock, and mackerel, at the Liverpool and the Kentish and Sussex coasts, may be said to have been long ago converted into a series of oyster-farms or beds, of various sizes. In all these beds, we are informed by Sir Francis Head, 'there is a certain space devoted to the purpose. At Burnham, Essex, the spat, or fecundated sperm, is stored in large pits, and sold as native brood, which is afterwards 'said' in that portion of the different beds appropriated to privileged oystermen. Here the young natives remain for three years, when they are thrown into the market. And are you further aware that the young natives are kept in large beds, or in being carefully taken care of on their proper sides uppermost, and supplied daily with oysters—a process which is calculated rather to fasten than to flavour; and there are many who think that, like show-cattle, they are none the better for over-feeding. Such is a brief outline of the organisation, constantly at work to supply our markets with this one delicacy; and the tavern roysterer little thinks of the care and anxiety endured, or the multiplicity of operations which are performed before his dozen of natives reach the brilliantly lighted restaurant where he is enjoying at ease his pale ale or punch.

In these matters, we have been copying the ancient
Romans, who knew all the secrets of gastronomy, and who had fishponds and oyster-stews upon which vast sums of money were annually expended. The luxurious Romans preferred those oysters which were brought from the greatest distances, and gave the palm to those from Britain. They had them transplanted from the seas and rivers common to it being hydridalised into fine, plump, well-flavoured specimens of the province mollusca. Even now, we have relics left of these achievements in Roman pisciculture; among which are the artificial oyster-banks on the Lake of Fusaro, near Naples, already referred to. These were organised by Sergius Orata, a wealthy Roman, who inhabited a splendid villa near the place. He erected artificial rocks, and also stakes driven into the water, to which the oyster-fry adhered in countless quantities; in fact, some holding-on place must be erected in the bed, otherwise the progeny would be washed away by the tide. In the green oysters of Marennos, we have another instance of shell-fish cultivation. We are indebted to a communication from M. Corte, of Venice, concerning oyster-colonies on the oyster-beds of the river Gironde: 'The reservoirs in which the fishermen of Marennos deposit the oysters, in order to make them turn green, are called claires. These differ from ponds and ordinary parks, inasmuch the oysters grow in colonies, and not only during the spring-tides, when the waves flow further inland than at other seasons. At the end of two or three months, the soil, which has been deposited by the inundations in the claires, becomes so firm as to prevent the oysters from sinking into it. In the month of September, when the spawning-season is over, the fishing commences. The whole population of Marennos are engaged in collecting the oysters, which they deposit in the ponds, where they increase in size before they are sold. They can be sent to any distance, but from time to time must be immersed in water. Five millions of oysters are annually furnished from the beds of Marennos. Their price varies from one to six francs per hundred—the average cost per dozen, from 5s. 6d. to 30s. 6d. per cwt. These famed oysters are transported to all countries. From Bordeaux they are forwarded to Marseille, and from thence to all parts of the south of Italy, and also to Algiers. They have even been found on the coast of Barbary. Very early in spring, when the 'monks of old' flourished in our monasteries, there were countless bushels of these fine foreign oysters devoured. Some years ago, when poking about the ruins of an old abbey, far enough from the sea, we came upon layers of shells, which vouched the fact. They testified to oysters of no common breed, for we recognised in them the outward features of the varieties used in the cuisine of Paris. They must have had dainty appetites, and have been well versed in the art of good living, these old monks, who spent so far for their oysters.

Since the introduction of aquaria, the art of dredging has become too well known to require us to say much about it. It is by means of the dredge we fish up our oysters. There are usually three machines of the kind attached to each boat; and at some famed bank, free to all comers—such as the mid-channel bed, which is forty miles long—there may be seen during the oyster-season—if we can be said to have a season in the north—twenty or more oysters can be seen in the r-less months—a fleet of perhaps 200 boats, all busily engaged in the pursuit of this one article of commerce. These open sea-beds are not thought to produce oysters so fine as those cultivated in the farms at the mouth of the Thames. The river may possibly bring down finer kinds of food than the inhabitants of the large sea-beds can obtain; but, in our opinion, the real salt-water natives are the best, although some people, who pretend to judgement in such matters, give the preference to the cultivated kinds. But to return to the dredging. Of course, on the common ground, there are no particular laws to be observed as to the filling of the boats. The plan is, to get what you can as fast as you can, and carry them as quickly as possible to the nearest railway-station for immediate conveyance to the great metropolis. The steam-horse is preferred to the old fishing-smack, because it saves a goodly sum of money, the wages chargeable on all supplies landed from the river at Billingsgate. The regulations on the artificial beds of oysters belonging to private individuals or companies are stringently carried out, and the various properties are marked off by long poles firmly fixed in the different parts of the bed. When the dredges are hauled into the luggers, the contents are thrown into a heap, which is afterwards picked or assorted into 'roughs,' 'commons,' and 'natives,' and those that are under the natural size are again deposited in the particular part of the bed to which they properly belong. Amateurs in sea-ware and in natural history may obtain much enjoyment by taking a spell at oyster-dredging on the coast, or occasionally in the matter branches themselves; "dog-welkels," "whelk tingles," "borers" and "burrs," "five fingers" and "twelve fingers," and dead and living things enough to give a zoologist years of work, if he would only make up his mind to know all about them.'

BABOOSM.

In Great Britain, the term respectability has been explained as something expected of everybody who drives a gig. In British India, baboosm may truly be said to signify any condition not involving manual labour. Baboo is, in fact, equivalent to our 'gentleman,' in the popular sense of the word. Whilst, however, the oodie or riyot applies this to a man who is a mere clerk upon eight rupees a month, the Musleman trader would use it only for the overseers and heads of departments with whom he has dealings; the European, again, would apply the term to none below the capitalists or wealthy brokers who conduct the chief business of the principal commercial firms in the presidency towns of India. The signification of the word widens just in proportion as it descends in use, until its recipients may be said to be 'legions.'

If, then, we treat this term 'baboosm' in the wide sense to which it may be applied, we have before us by far the larger portion of the money-making native community of India, at any rate, so far as merchandise is concerned; the bankers, or landholders, and the shriffs, or money-dealers, are distinct classes of money-makers, and must in no way be confounded with the baboos.

Within the limits of Calcutta, Bombay, Patna, Dacca, Cawnpore, Agra, and dozens of other cities of India, there are, or were, before the rebellion, hundreds, nay, thousands of this class of men in all their varieties of occupation and degrees of money-making. It may be said with indisputable truth, not only that the class thrives and gains upon the European commerce, but that they owe their origin
nd existence to European merchants. The baboos re perfectly well aware of this fact, and accordingly re well disposed to our rule; besides which, being Hindoos, they hate Mohammedanism, and have no sympathy whatever with the rebellious sepoys. They re quite satisfied that, in the event of a Mussulman uprising, the rich Hindoos would be the first victims offered up on the altar of Mohammedan apathy. It is quite true that many of the revolted regiments contain a number of Hindoos; but they re nearly all Brahmuns, or high-caste men, who dislike he European discipline; or for and disregarde of caste. We have abolished satires, we have legalised the e-marriage of widows, we have put down infanticide, above all, we are enlightening the people, and so apping the foundations of caste; therefore does the brawl; it sits up with his whole heart, as thoroughly s the Mussulman despises us as dogs of Christians. During the whole of the present rebellion, we may safely say, that wherever the populace of towns have oined the sepoys, it has been only the Mussulmans and Brahmans who have shown real sympathy with them. Our fugitive countrymen always have been well ared for and protected in low-caste villages; whilst village Mussulmans and Brahmans have welcomed the information with the tailwar and the matchlock, the over the river.

The monster, Nana Sahib, has been called a baboo a some of our Indian journals. It is altogether an error: he is or was a seminar—a landholder and senator of our government in the mean war; he hates fighting; and if he does sometimes elate him a small regiment of armed men, it s only for ostentation, or at most as watchmen at night. The strife he is fitted for is not in the field, but in the office, the council chamber; the Nana Sahib has won many a subtle victory; there has been gathered all his golden laurels; there, and there only, he finds himself an overmatch for the European.

The wide ranks of baboos are open to all the wealth of India; an open competition. Not he meanest hanger-on of a humble shipping-broker, not the poorest, well-kicked coolie of a sixth-rate steamer, but may aspire, in all confidence, to the wealth and dignity of the highest of the class. Men have lost this in years gone by, are doing it to-day, and vill accomplish it to-morrow.

Baboo Futteseeer Bhangyolli, now one of our most influential men of business, a large speculator in up-country produce, and a helper of many a British firm buying casks and canaries, a bottler and dealer, and purchaser of odds and ends from ships' stewards. If he did not begin his transactions alight very early in life, he must have made most rapid progress in his varied and shifting career, for he is still in the prime of his life. He is an Englishman, since he first began to be looked upon as a man of solid substance. Whatever his age may have been when he commenced his daily and hourly cruises to the shipping in the Hooghly, it is quite certain that he sold a share of his miscellaneous little cash, &c, &c, gave cheroots, straw-hats, toys, monkeys, birds—fruit—it is hard to say what he did not carry in the capacious, gaudy painted dinghee, which now bore his colours and his fortune across the bosom of the muddy Hooghly. A brace of oarsmen now officiated, leaving our enter-prising caterer to the undisturbed discharge of the more complicated and honourable function of marine-dealer. Whether it was that the bottles he carried over the ship's side, in place of being empty, contained some costly liquor; whether the cast-off clothes he purchased were, in reality, but too often the last new clothes the captain or chief-mate had been measured; whether the rice and fruit and sugar, loaded on board, were largely for the people in the village close by, but sold as 'real manillas;' or whether any other astounding and ingenious metamorphosis ever occurred in connection with the many articles he dealt in, it is impossible to know. Certain it is that Bhangyolli's lancet was a true rocker with all the ample luxuriance of tropical vegetation; and whatever ugly rumours envious men may scatter abroad in these days of his worldly greatness, it concerns not our purpose to tell. Let us be content to trace his prosperous career from the patched canoe to the state-barge—from the squash mud-hut on the confines of the Burra Bazaar, to the princely mansion at Entally.

Our friend became a favourite with all the crews in the river: he had a joke or a queer tale told in queerer English, for every one. He was the essence of good temper, and, sorely as he was sometimes tried, he never lost command of himself. The captains took a liking to him, he was so obliging in so many ways—got them out of so many little difficulties, helped them round so many ugly corners, and was so unwearyed in serving them in any way, that they swore by Bhangyolli, and voted him At for ninety-nine years at Lloyd's.

After such a careful and kindly preparation of the soil, after such a generous broadcast scattering of the seed, it cannot be matter for wonder that our friend reaped an abundant harvest. From the day when he drove down to the ghat, or landing-place, in a carriage drawn by a brace of ponies, and pushed off to the ships in a dinghee propelled by four boatsmen, and mounted the ships' sides by the state-ladder, with white glit- edged turban on his head, and flowing folds of muslin about him, when the captains shook him by the hand, and called him 'babo,' then his subtle Hindoo heart swelled within him, and he felt that his fortune was as good as made. He became a ship-broker and supplier of stores in a large way. A huge anchor and chain-cable threatened the unwaried shins of passers-by at the door of his ample warehouse. If he dealt in bottles, and bartered 'real manillas' for left-off wardrobes, it was by deputy. His daily visits on shipboard were continued, but on more important matters than empty casks and canaries. But it is not altogether true that he was still the same supple-minded, easy-tempered man—as pleasant with steward, cabin-boy, and cook, as when he pulled himself alongside in his frail canoe in days still well remembered. Did a sailor want a loan of ten rupees? A hundred rupees? The sailor could not get it. He could not have it. He could not have had it. He never had credit. No one could have been more obliging in the matter than our baboo. How he obtained such a command of ready cash, for all occasions, is to this day a matter of deepest mystery. Whether he raised a succession of mortgages on his anchor and cable at his door: whether he drew bills at long dates on Vishnu and Brahma, and discounted them at the nearest temple; or whether he possessed a substantial sleeping-partner, who was able to stand so many pulls upon his purse, who can say? Money, however, as the saying has it, makes money, and with Bhangyolli it fructified amazingly; so much so, that in due time he took a country- house, drove a pair of horses, gave up provi- suing together with the big anchor and the cable, in favour of a nephew, had an imposing-looking office and godowns, or warehouses, with a cotton scree, and went headlong into the produce-trade of the country.

How many British and American ships he loads annually, I know not, but they must be counted by dozens. How many writers, sinclers, cashiers, brokers,
agents, assistants, he may maintain, I doubt whether he knows himself. Not a soul of all that motley throng touched one single pice of salary from the baboo: some were there as volunteers, learners of the mysterious arts and sciences; — all intrenched themselves well versed in the sinuosities of Calcutta commerce and banking, made large monthly sums by fees, or commissions, or profits upon their master’s transactions. The income of all was derived, in an indirect manner, from the baboo’s customers and friends, not from himself, or rarely such a practice which has existed for a century, and is a recognised form of payment for services. It is in vain any reformer attempts to break through the system; the amil, as the establishment is called, is able to break down any opposition to its will and pleasure. Woe betide the unfortunate merchant who would dare make such an experiment! He would find his imported goods unsaleable; they would be landed damaged; he would be able to buy no produce without great sacrifices, and then only of the lowest quality; his chartered ships would be detained long after their appointed time, and to his great loss, with the addition of a vast quantity of the goods shipped getting damaged in a most unaccountable way. Such is his sway over the public, he has alienated the amil and is on bad terms with them; don’t look too scrutinisingly into their accounts; let them pocket the accustomed rupees without question, and you’ll find your business, multifarious as it may be, is transacted rapidly, pleasantly, and all, pleasantly and all.

It is now some years since Baboo Bhangyoli received into his house one of the leading men of the native community of Calcutta, and since he bought the pleasure-grounds at Eutuly, and built upon them the magnificent dwelling he possesses to-day, a bright star in the brilliant firmament of European society. It would be difficult to desire anything to gratify and please that may not be found in the baboo’s palace. It would not be easy to match his carriage and pair in Bengal. Very few even in that supine land excel his palatial manifestations; perhaps still fewer of any standing fare, in private, more humbly than himself. Amidst all his prosperity, he has lost none of his good temper and humour; he is as unostentatious as yore amongst the Jackal affeets, and none leave his presence without feeling the genuine warmth of his disposition. Exacting to the last fraction in all his business transactions, he is never selfish; and many are the deeds of generous kindness springing secretly from his unattainable to the women and ladies. One accidental case came under my own knowledge: it was that of a young and deserving English merchant, who had become involved in ruinous difficulties from the defalcations of others, and who was contemplating bankruptcy; when the baboo quickly, unasked, and unknown to the merchant, paid to his credit at his banker’s a lac of rupees, with a desire that the bank might afford accommodation to double that amount in addition. This timely, generous assistance extricated the young man from embarrassment, and enabled him to regain his lost position; but to the present day, I believe he remains in perfect ignorance of his benefactor’s name.

Possessed of far more wealth, though scarcely of more influence, next find the baboo, Ram Chunder Sing of Cosaltollah, Calcutta, and Chittapore Road. The huge fortunes that have been amassed by many of the natives of Bengal might well astound most of my European readers. The fact, however, goes far to show that the celebrated ‘Pagoda Tree,’ from whose rich branches so many of our countrymen, in days gone by, gathered their crores untold, still flourishes in the land, though, doubtless, not quite so easily approached as half a century since. To the native of the soil, however, it is my firm belief, the generous tree is still familiar as of yore. Time, which works so many wondrous changes in this shifting world of ours, has left the Hindoo what he over was. As subtle, as yielding to circumstances, as true to his ultimate object, he knows no change in nature. What he is physically in the body, he remains essentially when his sympathies go far to the European, but superior, how much superior, to him in ductility, in pliability, in adaptability! What he was when Clive conquered at Plassey, and laid the foundation-stone of British supremacy in the east, before the light of western intelligence dawned with its first faint streaks upon Indian myriads, such is he to-day, when the British standard and British influence reach to the most remote corner of the great Indian continent.

Scarcely less remarkable than the instance already related, is the career of this Bengalee Mussulman banker. From beginnings almost as obscure and quite as humble, Ram Chunder Sing has, within the memory of many of the present residents in Calcutta, managed to amass such a mind, with as much as might be required; and by his activity and astuteness and amil牵引 and ingratiated himself into the good-will of those who might best serve his interests. Promoted to a post of five rupees a month, he worked at it as though in the receipt of fifty. Perhaps, indeed, the actual importunities of the office may not have been so much less than that sum; for it is remarkable how many substantial civilities are shewn to any one concerned in the measuring and delivery of salt from the government saltanks or stores. But Ram Chunder was slightly in the habit of being sufficiently stirring and expansive for his enlarged views, and he left no description of stone unturned in order to obtain promotion to the sale-office of the salt department. It was by no means an easy task: an extensive amount of ‘palmsoil’ had to be applied in the right quarter before the attempt succeeded; when it did, Ram Chunder’s friends considered his fortune as good as made, and congratulated him accordingly. To a western mind, it would probably appear somewhat inexplicable that the appointment to a subordinate office in any government department in Bengal should be of such vast benefit as is made to appear in this paper; but those who have enjoyed the advantages of life, and whose life, especially of life in the salt department, know full well how full of significance are the congratulations of a newly appointed official’s friends.

Know, then, O reader in the west, that within the limits of the Company’s rule, no sale, or barter, or business of any kind takes place but leaves a handsome profit to all the natives underlings who help the work along. In no department of the state is this more manifest than in the salt branch of the revenue. Vast quantities are offered by the government at monthly intervals for ‘sale by public competition’—so runs the official notice, and such, doubtless, was the original intention of the executive. But Bengal officials have devised a far more convenient process than an open auction; and while the profits of the sale of salt are made public, they are not by any means disposed of; but such are not the salt of sale. Now, as there are large profits made on the re-sale of this salt, the anxiety to obtain an allotment of it—say for a hundred thousand maunds—is not trifling, and the underlings of the department turn the excitement to the best account. As it is pretty well known that the highest offers are not generally accepted, and as there are strange rumours afloat in
LAST THOUGHTS.

Have they told thee I am dying?
Careless world, careless world—
Have they thought that I am dying
Thus mightily, and passionately,
The dirge-notes backward hurled,
Saying, with a scornful smile:
'She was fair a little while—'
Courted! but she had her day;
There's no need that she should stay.
I have sought for her to do,
Amid all my glittering crew:
'Tis well that she is dying!'—

Have they told ye I am dying?
Summer friends, summer friends,
Have ye made pretence at sighing
'O'er the weary life that ends;
Have ye said with feigned sorrow:
'May she have a brighter morrow.
She has not joined us long
In mirth, or dance, or song.
Her bloom is on the wane;
Her eyes are dimmed with pain:
'Tis well that she is dying!'—

Have they told thee I am dying?
Gentle friend, gentle friend,
Will thy sweet spirit sighing
One tender message send;
Dost say with tearful eye
Railed to the quiet sky:
'God slake the fever-thirst
Her earthly dreams have nust,
And bathe that aching brow
Where living waters flow:
Glad help her—I am dying.'—

Have they told thee I am dying?
Heart estranged, heart estranged!
And dost thou turn in sighing
To old times long since changed;
Dost say with flushing cheek:
'She was young, and very weak.
Though it wrung my heart to leave her—
Though she wronged me, I forgive her.
Many deathless memories
Paint her with such gentle eyes,
My lost love who is dying.'—

Have they told thee I am dying?
Mother blest, mother blest!
Have they told thee I am dying?
With weary heart and breast,
Dost say to angels round:
'The child I lost is found.
I've left her, ah! too long,
'Mid earthly harm and wrong.
There is no place for her
'Bid all life's busy stir;
We'll give her welcome here,
So far from grief and fear:
'Tis well that she is dying.'—

M. L. P.

STAGE BURLESQUES.

Burlesques, of which it is the formal purpose to convert into laughter what was meant to exalt and purify the soul, are offences against the public taste and morals equally; and that such offences, instead of being promptly censured, should be applauded and carelessly repeated, Shakespeare should be especially selected as the butt of these barren willings, appears to us one of the most decisive symptoms that the drama, in our generation, is really on the decline.—Donne's Essays on the Drama.
THE CREDIT-SYSTEM.

In relation to one of the monster bankruptcies of the last few months—that of a house ['castle of cards' were a better term] engaged in the production of a class of female finery, and which leaves the world some hundreds of thousands of pounds minus—it is notorious that the house, during its existence, was an utter pest to all other people engaged in the same business, by reason of its practice of underselling. The case is an apt illustration of the beauties of the credit-system. The trade was conducted mainly on the credit and at the risk of a set of innocent, unthinking people, constituting what was called the Western Bank—spread desolation around among its competitors, who traded on their own risk—and now the bank shareholders have to make good, in solid cash, to their own impoverishment, the ideal capital which enabled a company of rash men to speculate for a small chance in their own favour against a certainty of loss to others. There is nothing in the case beyond the most familiar facts in human life. When a man works upon money of his own, he proceeds with caution, and the best exercise of judgment that is in his power. Give him other people's money to do as he likes with, and he makes it spin. It is not therefore surprising that three or four hundred thousand pounds of a bank's money, intrusted to an adventurer, should, in the first place, do a good deal of harm in the spending, and finally be lost.

The case leads to a view of the whole credit-system, which it was well to daguerreotype on the public mind. Carried to such extremes as we have seen lately, it promotes wasteful, mischievous, and unsuccessful business, and suffers a fearful penalty in itself. There is, however, another view of it.

There is such a thing as a tolerably good business conducted mainly on the basis of credit, though likewise with injurious results. We can state a case by way of illustration. An ingenious and accomplished man was in business as a publisher. He planned and superintended the preparation of many excellent books. But his speculations were too great for his means. He had consequently to buy paper from wholesale stationers at perhaps twenty per cent. above ready-money prices. He had to give large percentages to bill-discounters. He had to take in partners, who, for the sake of small advances, drew a large share of profits. All the natural and proper fruits of many years of laborious industry were thus absorbed, and large losses incurred besides, and this really able and ingenious man ended as poor as he began. It is strictly a normal case. Where banks or other capitalists advance money expressly to carry on a business, they are not without a view to their own interests. They see to get good advantages from their loans, and usually succeed in licking up the cream of any concern they are connected with. It is only when they inflate the windbag too much, that they suffer as the Western Bank shareholders now do.

'Twas a risky trade, giving large returns so far as successful, but involving great risks also—so, when the business was carried to excess, nine per cent. on shares was suddenly exchanged for loss of whole capital and a third more.

The credit-system involves, then, an usurious element besides. We have come of late years to give legal sanction to what in former times was regarded as a kind of robbery. It now appears right that men should be allowed to take as much interest for their money as lenders are willing to give, it being assumed that a lender will only give what it is for his own good to give. Yet there is a natural sentiment against usury—it always looks like oppression. And, surely if any one makes a richly gainful trade to himself by holding out temptations to the illusory hopes of poor men, thrilling upon the very necessities into which his fellow-creatures have fallen, ultimately in most cases making his nickname move at the expense of the little which poverty possesses—the natural sentiment, the sentiment on which former laws against usury were based, is justified. We may at least be entitled to say: It is a bad business for poor Lazarus, and it were to be wished that he would not thus put himself in Dives's power. It is, at the utmost, one of those things which the law finds it convenient to leave alone, but which are nevertheless condemned by the natural sense of what is just between man and man.

It appears, then, that business on the credit-system is, in the most favourable circumstances, injurious to the borrowing party, and, in the less favourable circumstances, ruinous to the lending party or the extender of credit. In the measure of the extent to which it is carried, business will become a hollow, deceptive, unsatisfactory affair; artificial difficulties will be found obstructing the industrious man working on realised means; agoniising competitions, leading to adulterations and all other kinds of safe tricks and cheats, will arise; only a few, unusually dexterous or fortunate, or who are in possession of special advantages for conducting a lucrative business, will find themselves thriving. In short, the unavoidable result of such a system will be exactly that condition of things which we see in the commercial world—so full of disappointment and vexation to all well-meaning and pure-hearted men—and we may therefore well
believe that to the credit-system, in a great degree, this very condition of things is owing.

We are able to present the case of a firm which for many years acted, in a kindred business, on the opposite principles to those we have alluded to. It from the beginning proceeded on the ready-money principle. The results of one adventure were made on the basis on which another was built. No adventure was entered upon without a previous ascertainment that there being ample means of carrying it out, whether it should be a success or a failure. The principal materials employed were settled for in cash every month. Not a single bill was ever accepted by the firm, and it scarcely ever discounted any that were receivable. There consequently was no anxiety about the conducting of the business. Extra time and energy, which other men of business spend in finicking—a kind of occupation wholly unprofitable—were devoted by the members of this firm to the studies and accomplishments calculated to raise men in the esteem of their fellow-creatures. The business moved slowly on at first, but it never miscarried or collapsed, notwithstanding both troubles and losses from consignees who unhappily acted on a different principle; and despite the almost incredible magnitude, while yet resting on perfectly solid foundations. Here, in short, was an example of a rational career in commerce—no straining, no making of needless difficulties, no waste of time on work leading to nothing, rewards for nothing; instead of being abstracted by horse-leech sleeping-partners and bill-discounters, a rationally enjoyable and even dignified life attained, instead of one of incessant degrading care and worry ending in disappointment—and all through one simple principle—that of working on one's own, instead of another's capital. What a contrast! When we duly consider such a case as an example of what commercial life may be made when right principles are followed, what can we do but wonder at once at the simplicity of the right course, and the perseverance of so large a portion of the community in the wrong one?

To realise such a course as this, however, there must be—as there was in the firm in question—patience with the slow progress. The profits at first. The besetting sin of commercial men is over-eagerness—excessive haste to be rich. It is indeed a striking feature of the commercial mind, both in this country and in America, that, instead of a just and honest principle, that of working on one's own, there appears a restless desire to be quit of it. Men are seen striving to effect a competency by one lucky stroke, or by a few years of brilliant practice—anything to escape from business, as if it were either a thing ordinarily calling for an intolerable self-sacrifice or a path of perils in which there could be no peace. Now there are some who are impelled in these demonstrations by ambition for fine living or the edict of wealth; but we as often see great gambling speculators living very plainly, and evidently incapable of filling a station of wealth and dignity, or of enjoying it. The more prevalent cause of the over-eagerness is an uneasy sense of the risks, harassments, and disappointments attending a commercial career—the evils, in fact, which spring from this very credit-system. The merchant pines under the terrors of his distant ventures, from which the returns may be nil; the shopkeeper, finding himself pinched by the foolish competition raised around him through credit, longs to be in any safe haven of his own. This is the anguish of the over-eagerness for great successes, as contrasted with moderate returns from sober diligence and application. It comes all back to this wicked credit-system—this sluice of continual drainage from the good labour going on in the world. If men would enter upon business in calmness and patience, keeping clear of credit, realising to themselves that work is the only real source of wealth, and that the saved products of one piece of work are the only true foundation for another and another; if, while so acting, they would be content to live frugally till the easy overplus of realised means enables them to take those indulgences which are their proper and fitting reward; one half of the proverbial cares of the world would be spared, merchandise would be entered on as a path of pleasantness, and the masses generally speaking, be a far more honour-worthy being than he is.

Let us hope to see, for the future, a great restriction put upon the credit-system. There has just been a palpable loss to the British community of fifty millions by the bankruptcies of one crisis, the proper close of a course in which trade has been degraded to a gambling speculation, and infinite troubles and difficulties have been spread throughout the industrial world. We must see to arrange that no such thing can happen again to the same extent. As individuals, let us try to clear our minds of monetary fallacies, such as that of enlarged and unrestricted issues of paper-money, the equal importance of having credit as having money, the wastefulness of keeping gold in the coffers of the Bank of England, the necessity of trying to keep our own transactions reasonably near the limit of our realised capital. Let us resist the Siren Credit when she holds out her allurements. Neither let us be too easily led by sympathy for a young and struggling business to those extentions which are a degree of accommodation likely to prove their bane.

There must—for the restoration of a right system of things—be a change in the popular conceptions, and the constitutional arrangements, as to banks. The legitimate business of these establishments is to act as a medium in payments, and give a merely temporary accommodation of credit on the basis of actual goods and real transactions. Money-lending for trading speculations, while it may be a profitable iniquity to individual bill-discounters who know their ground, can never be safely practised by a large joint-stock company under the charge of a manager and directors. Everything of the kind is to be utterly condemned.

A TERRIFIC ASCENT.

Mr. name is Robinson; and I think I must be somehow connected with that well-known traveller who, in conjunction with that person of fame from the same spot, made the celebrated foreign tour which Mr. Doyle so kindly illustrated for them. I think so, because, besides the coincidence of name, I have the like passionate love of adventure, tempered with the same peculiar appreciation of comfort, as he; and although circumstances, over which I have no control, and about which it would be an impertinence in the public to inquire, have restricted my rambles to my native country, my experiences, like his, may not be altogether uninteresting.

If there is something attractive in the mere appearance of a person who has been up Mont Blanc—disappointing as it is, we must confess, not to find him taller than other people—there must be an interest, although perhaps in a lesser degree, attaching to one who has scaled Helvellyn. If, upon the topmost peak of Cotopaxi, it astonished the philosophic traveller to discover 'butterflies and other insects, which must,' he supposes, 'have been conveyed there by unusual currents of air,' and if the whole scientific world were similarly wonder-struck to hear it, it must surely awaken some surprise when the statement is made public that I too have observed the same phenomenon on the summit of Skiddaw, although I may not have attributed it to so absurd a cause. These things, it may be urged, however, are solely matters of
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comparison; and for the sake of argument, suppose this to be admitted. Let Humboldt upon his pinnacle, let Smith upon his glacier, be by all means duly honored; but refuse not to Robinson, upon his British mountain-top, a humbler meed of approbation too. But, indeed, this is but a low view to take on such a matter after all. When the mathematician, with his reading-party in North Wales, apologised for not climbing Snowdon, upon the ground that there was a hill behind his residence quite high enough for all practical purposes, he considered, truly, I am sure, indeed, the mathematician, but I sympathise with his remark in all its depth and fulness. Helvellyn and Skiddaw are quite sufficient for all my humble means; Mont Blanc and Cotopaxi would be very considerably too high. Is it pretended that the sensations of a poor fellow, climbing a steep place in Westmoreland, are different from those of another poor fellow going through the same sort of thing in Switzerland? Did Mr Albert Smith, think you, approaching the Grandes Mules, perspire more freely than I did in my ascent of Grisedale Pass, before I met the donkey? I was fourteen stone when I began that expedition from Grassmer, and I was twelve stone and a half when I was brought down thither, that same evening, upon the back of that same mule, to the green bank. There was no comfort. Was the Alpine excursionist blistered with much walking? I also can procure the testimony — in writing, if it be necessary — of my two sons, as to the awkward condition of their father's feet. Was he drain'd with laborious, toilful anxiety of his labours, tumble upon this side and upon that, like a drunken man? Ask my guide, Gawain Mackaroth of Town End, if he did not, upon the occasion to which I refer, pick me up four distinct times; besides pouring upon me a continual fire of 'Now then, sir,' and 'Hold up, sir,' for the last two miles! No human being, not excepting Mr Smith, could possibly have endured more or worse things in his experience than I in mine. I claim, therefore, to be heard. Again, can it in any way increase the risk to a person of my habit of body, or indeed to any person, if, in case of a false step, he has to fall a sheer seven thousand feet perpendicular, instead of seven hundred? And as to the magnificence of the prospect at a great elevation, and the brightening eye of the eye-path, portioneally extended to suit it? I saw all I was able to see from the height I am about to refer to; and there was still a great deal more beyond, could I have availed myself of nature's superabundant offer. Had the Lord been pleased to open to me at one instant, for my gaze, what benefit would that have been to me? I suffered all I could, I saw all I could, and I got to the very top of my mountain. What conditions of ascent then, I demand to know, have remained unfilled? Relying, therefore, upon the great success at Egyptian Hall, I appeal to the everlasting principles of justice, and to that love of fair-play which is said to actuate the British heart, in requesting of the general public a wide circulation and a considerable popularity for the following particulars of my tremendous ascent — of Fairfield.

It is not my intention to emulatethe majority of my predecessors who have published memorials of this sort, in giving a detailed history of my birth and education, and especially of the social position of the Robinson family in bygone times, but I will begin at once with the circumstances of the adventure itself. A few summers since, I was staying with three friends, whose modesty demands their still remaining unknown characters as X, Y, Z, at Ambleside, in the heart of the lake-country. We four had come from Manchester to 'do' the mountain district, and had done it thoroughly. X had killed a pony (which very nearly killed him first) upon Scarfell; Y had been almost drowned in Windermere through attempting to swim with corks on, and letting go the corks; Z, who was a naturalist, but did not know much about mountaineering, had been becalmed on Wansfell from the unforeseen circumstance of the sun leaving the hill-top before it left the sides. He had found, early in his ramble, a very rare and curious beetle, which he had wrapped up carefully in his pocket handkerchief, while roaming about in the darkness, hunger had overpowered love of science; and after much hesitation, he had devoured the specimen. Having got down to Ambleside at last, however, he declared this to have been the sublime moment he had ever known, and for our spending a night together upon the summit of some other steep, a suggestion which we unanimously applauded; only I insisted that the thing should be done comfortably. None of your rare and curious beetles suppose, after eating cotes, pillows, and slumber-under the canopy of heaven: Joseph Robinson goes up like a gentleman,' I gave them distinctly to understand, 'or he doesn't go up at all.' It was therefore arranged that I should have the sole charge of the contingent quarter — guides, lanterns (even a boat from one person, who thought it would be a very snug affair turned upside down), ponies, mules — came would, I doubt not, have been forthcoming, had we desired them; but everything we wanted, and many things of which we had no need, were pressed upon us eagerly. We had already an alpenstock apiece (which, for my own part, since it is for ever getting between my legs and an annoyance), and a railway rug; and the landlord of our hotel provided the provisions. These were the chief of the necessaries which my sagacity procured for our nocturnal and tremendous ascent: fourteen bottles of bitter beer, two bottles of gin, a couple of cherries, one gallon of water, four loaves of bread, one leg of lamb, one leg of mutton, two fowls, one tongue, half-pound of cigars, four carriage-lamps, and two packs of playing-cards. We had also a large tent, which was carried by my unhappy men; my 'female' friends were necessitated to pitch this tabernacle and to carry the provisions. About five o'clock in the afternoon we started for the mountains with a large train of admirers, forming the large cavalcade that had left Ambleside behind them. Four Excellent Camp-followers quitted us at the foot of Naps Scar, at Rydal, where the tremendous ascent was to begin.

For the first quarter of an hour our way lay amongst trees and green fields, but after that vegetation began to grow scanty, and soon even the stumps of trees disappeared; however, it was very well to have dispensed with the stone-walls, which have a habit in this region of leaning over upon the side which you wish to climb, and of falling bodily upon you as soon as you cling hold of their topmost layer. We crossed through the holes made beneath them for the sheep; and very good fun, after one is safe, to watch an elongated body, such as Y, come creeping behind, half in one field and half in another, and casting a not uninterested eye above him, to see whether the wall is about to out him in two or not. A few sheep are still sprinkled about our path, but the cows are left far beneath. A rook or two from Rydal woods flaps by us, but those will soon cease, to be exchanged for the sliding buzzard, with his huge brown wings, whose plaintive cry is even now piercing our ears from the upper heights.

Otherwise, there is no sound, except the laborious puffing of your humble servant, and his four companions, and that abominable 'trump, trump' of the
swept over the lofty and exposed ridge on which we stood with the chill of night, before we turned towards our shelter.

How beautiful our tent looked through the gloom, shining as it did—for the four carriage-lamps were lit within it—over the whole sleeping world like some fair star! The wind, however, had not permitted it to be expanded to its full dimensions; and though one of the porters had gone down with our animal home, there were still six persons to be accommodated under the canvas, and there was little room to spare. Even in that bleak position, and with a north-easter rising, we were a great deal too inside, and we had to keep a fold open as a ventilator. We ate our supper with such appetites as only mountain-air engenders; and afterwards, having kindled a fire outside, we got some warm water to mix with our gin, lit our cigars, and made ourselves comfortable: I am afraid, also, that we indulged, in that mountain solitude, in a few rubbers at whist. It was pleasant, Z had just discovered, to be thus enjoying the hills as his old friends Loughrigg and Helm Crag can have no conception of the terrors of the heights at which we had now arrived. The frightful rock-rent chasms on all sides of us; the scarcely less dangerous grassy slopes, upon which, had I not been as vigilant as I am now, I am afraid I should have rolled over and over like a football to the very bottom of the valley; the hideous shapes of the crags themselves, and the awful barren tracts that lie before us still to be crossed, whose northern sides were sheer tremendous precipices. We felt, however, the greatest confidence in our attendants, who—such is the power of habit in familiarising men to the most perilous situations—were whistling popular melodies throughout the journey; and perceiving the horse in particular to take the matter with great composure and philosophy, X, Y, Z, and myself were not slow, in the more difficult places, to adopt his fashion of proceeding upon all fours. At last we reached the topmost of the humps or aigüilles of Fairfield, a little beyond which we had determined to fix our tent. Here we caught the sound of a bowling-piece fired off at Ambleside, no doubt in exultation at our success; and X acknowledged the compliment by tying his pocket-handkerchief on to his umbrella, and waving it three times.

We were taken up to a place well above the clouds: we were all in arrangements for our comfort and refreshment, we walked to the very topmost plate of the mountain, and gave ourselves up unrestrainedly to the enjoyment of the poetry of our position. One of the porters, a very tall man, and in the name of good-breath and philosophy, X, Y, Z, and myself were not slow, in the more difficult places, to adopt his fashion of proceeding upon all fours. At last we reached the topmost of the humps or aigüilles of Fairfield, a little beyond which we had determined to fix our tent. Here we caught the sound of a bowling-piece fired off at Ambleside, no doubt in exultation at our success; and X acknowledged the compliment by tying his pocket-handkerchief on to his umbrella, and waving it three times.

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sky was all that betokened sunrise. More limp, discreditable-looking persons than X, Y, Z, and myself, when we came down from Fairfield, can scarcely be imagined. We did not thoroughly appreciate our miserable condition until somebody at Rydal offered to lend us umbrellas! He might as well have offered Macintoshes to a family of otters!

Most of this I take from my notes written immediately after this celebrated feat, so that they are strictly reliable; but I have often heard my three friends, and have even caught myself, representing this our night on Fairfield as the most glorious in all our lives, ‘passed in close communion,’ as it was, ‘with nature in her grandest aspect, and with no trace of the living world in sight to mar the solemn emotions of the soul;’ the moonlight ‘lying cold and silverly on the mountain-tops;’ the march of the red sunrise ‘driving before it the clouds of night along the eastern hills.’ So different, to even the most accurate of men, are the realities of a tremendous ascent from its reminiscences.

SHAKESPEARE'S BEAUTIES.

Another illustrated Shakespeare?

A certain Leadenhall Street clerk, who appreciated our elder dramatists, and did not despise roast-pig, in one of his delightful letters exclaims: ‘What injury did not Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery do me with Shakespeare? To have Olie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare, deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakespeare, instead of my and everybody's Shakespeare! To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! To have Imogen’s portrait! To confine the illimitable!’

We must endorse Elia’s indignant remonstrance, treason though it be considered now, when every week brings forth some old familiar friend, so bedizened in the dandymism of tinted leaves, elegant engravings, and crimson and gold covers, that we are afraid to touch him lest we soil his finery. We cannot reliash our favourite authors turned into ‘pretty books’.

What true reader of Shakespeare would exchange his own ideal Rosalinds and Beatrices, Titanias and Ariels, for those of the best artist that ever wielded brush or burin? Some paintings once seen are never forgotten; they impress themselves as indelibly on the memory as reality itself. Can any of us thus recollect a Shakespearean picture? Why, a conclave of all who write, and all who hope to write R.A. after their names, would fail to do justice to the prince of dramatists, and yet more than one artist has had the hardihood to attempt to illustrate the whole of his plays; the presumption to suppose he could throw off in a couple of years or so, some hundred or more designs worthy to be printed with Shakespeare’s text! Give us Shakespeare undisturbed, free from irritating initial interrupting his dialogue, free from non-sensical notes obscuring his meaning, and, above all, free from prosumptuous engravings, marring his men, and libelling his women. It is a sacrilege to have the latter dragged down to a level with the simpering advertisements of our Books of Beauty.

In sweet Will's sweet world, our fancy must be the only limner: he himself has so willed it. While our modern rhymers delight in giving us minute portraits of each fair lady of their song—from head to foot, from top to toe, we have the catalogue of her condition—we shall find Shakespeare very chary of such details.

His lovers are too enraptured to be able to check off each particular excellence of their mistresses with clerky precision; and we can gather little from other sources respecting the features, form, or complexion of Shakspeare’s heroines, to enable us to see them in our mind’s eye, as he saw them in his.

Prince Ferdinand extols frank-spoken Miranda as being

Created
Of every creature’s best.

The saint-hearted Claudio tells Lucio how Isabella hath

Prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Hamlet calls his masued mistress ‘the fair Ophelia.’

Sebastian declares his sister Viola ‘was of many accounted beautiful.’ Othello vouches for Desdemona’s abilities as a musician and housewife. Perdita is complimented as

The prettiest low-born lass that e’er
Ran on the green-award.

And all we learn of fair and faithful Juliet is:

On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen—

a forward chick indeed!

Lord Byron somewhat curtly declares: ‘I hate a dumpy woman!’ Shakespeare’s taste was more universal. It was Bertram’s scornful wife, the physician’s daughter, ‘Little’ Helen, whose

Beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

Our poet was fond of contrasting ladies of high with ladies of low stature, the latter being invariably brunettes. Thus, when Lysander, bewitched by perverse Puck, shakes off the wonder-attrick Hermitia with the rude uninviting words:

Out, tawny Tartar—out!

the poor lady, unable otherwise to account for his fickleness, accuses her unwinding rival, Helena, of having

Made compare
Between our statures, she hath urged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height fourscore! she hath prevailed with him!

Our favourite masquerading heroine, Rosalind, is 'fair, and more than common tall,' thereby suggesting the adoption of doublet and hose by the banished duke’s fair daughter, and that of a brother by her ‘pretty little cox,’ Celia, who is ‘low and browner.’ The slandered Hero, ‘Leonato’s short daughter,’ is summarily appraised by Benedick as ‘too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation can I afford her, that were she other than as she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other than as she is, I do not like her.’ Short and dark are evidently not to Benedick’s taste; and as he declares that ‘her cousin,’ were she not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December, we may reasonably infer that dear Lady Diane, merry-hearted, quick-witted Beatrice resembled Rosalind, and was tall and fair, although her prototype Rosaline, in Love’s Labour’s Lost, was

A witty wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.
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Kate the curt, another bitter-tongued damsel, was also dark-skinned:

- Straight and slender, and as brown in hue
- As hazel-nuts.

Romeo's first love, the hard-hearted wench with the high forehead, was black-eyed. To rare Imonog, and her only, has Shakespeare given eyes of

- White and azure, laced
- With blue of heaven's own tint.

Unless we allow, as we suspect we must, that with him blue and gray eyes are synonymous, as in Venus and Adonis he makes the goddess say:

- My eyes are gray and bright;

and immediately afterwards designates them as 'her blue windows.' Malvolio's mistress, the Lady Olivia, enumerates among her facial possessions: 'Item, two gray eyes with lids to them;' and both Silvia and Julia own orbs of that hue. The latter says:

- Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.

Mr Collier's annotator, we are aware, makes this 'green as glass,' a reading that, with all due deference to the illustrious unknown, we unhesitatingly reject: first, because the comparison of eyes with glass is of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare; secondly, because ladies with eyes of that jealous tint are not common enough to render it at all likely that both the Gentle- men of Verona should be smitten with cat-eyed maidens; and, finally, because we are sure most men agree with the song, that

- Her eyes may be e'en any colour but green.

Of the many good gifts necessary to make up that earthly divinity, a perfect woman, none is more indispensable than a pleasant voice, like Cordelia's,

- Ever soft.

Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Sweet Anne Page

Has brown hair, and speaks small;

and Marc Antony's second wife, Octavia, according to the poet, was 'low-voiced.' However, in the opinion of the lovely serpent of Old Nile, this was a defect rather than a merit; on hearing it, Cleopatra exclaims:

- 'He cannot like her long!' Her rival, moreover, is dwarfish, round-faced, with a low forehead and brown hair; an inventory of charms that leaves 'the less unparalleled' undismayed. 'This creature's no such thing,' is the verdict of the famous gipsy whose hand

Kings

Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Shakespeare's own mysterious mistress, whose treachery he so beautifully bewails in the Sonnets, was apparently a dark lady:

- If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
- If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

And he seems astonished and half-sainted of his taste, writing as if in wonderment:

- In the old age black was not counted fair,
- Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name.

Indeed, jetty, and even brown locks were out of favour with the poets then; they all agree in paying measured tribute to ladies

- Golden tressed
- Like Apollo.

Merry Lady Rosaline, in Love's Labour's Lost, twits her puck-marked companion, Katharine, as

- My golden letter:
- O that your face were not so full of O's;
- whilst her lover, Dumain, vows
- Her amber hairs for soul have amber coted.

False Creassid, on parting from Troilus, threatens to 'tear her bright hair,' of which her officious uncle says: 'An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, there were no comparison between the women;' proving the lighter the hair, the higher its estimation. Chaste Lucrece's tresses,

- Like golden threads, played with her breath;
- and we are told of Portia, the wise young judge, whose maiden asex was such a success, that her
- Sunny locks
- Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, forming a
- Golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
- Easier than nets in cobwebs.

Tasso's witch-beauty, Armida, had amber locks, that behind her veil shewed like

- The golden sun behind a silver cloud;
- and amazonian Clorinda, unbowed by Tancred, on her shoulders displayed
- Her golden locks,
- Like sunny beans on alabaster rocks.

Milton, too, swells the throng of gold-worshippers;
- he sings of Mother Eve, who,
- As a veil, down to her slender waist
- Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
- Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
- As the vine curls her tendrils.

The golden-haired age seems to have passed away; we rarely see any now. We judge beauty by a more mercenary metallic standard than that of tresses of angel-gold. Lucrezia Borgia had such locks; we believe the Vatican still counts one of them among its treasures. The beautiful ill-fated Beatrice Cenci is also described as having hair 'like threads of gold, which, when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was astonishing.' Some assert that what our gallant forefathers complimented as golden, we, their
- more matter-of-fact sons, admire as auburn, or abominate as red. Auburn, we take to be a reddish brown, and we cannot believe that the fiery hue itself could ever have called forth such panegyrics; besides, Shakespeare's Julia, comparing her hair with that of Silvia, says:

- Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.

So we must allow that golden-haired lasses existed to charm our ancestors, if none are left to witch ourselves.

Having some reason to upbraid womankind, it is to the credit of Shakespeare and the ladies of his time, that in all his plays we find but three inconstant dames—the false Greek Creassid, and Lear's cruel daughters. The dramatist's fair creations were undoubtedly founded on his own countrywomen, and do them honour; but we wonder if they were as ready to take the initiative as his heroines, of whom no less than seven—Miranda, Juliet, Olivia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and Desdemona—use the privilege popularly conceded in leap-year only. But then how sweeter they do it! He were more or less than man.
to refuse affection so daintily proffered. If the maiden subjects of good Queen Bess resembled them in this particular, bachelors must have had a hard time of it.

THE DINNER COMMISSARIAT.

A thorough account of the gastronomic tastes of the principal nations of the world would almost comprise a physical description of the globe, so much does the food of each nation depend upon its soil, its climate, and its inland or maritime position. The humbler inhabitant of Yarmouth or Schevening has a variety of crustaceous delicacies at a moderate cost, which would make the mouths of the inhabitants of the Alps water. On the other hand, the truffles and ootainas of Central France, the chamois of the Styrian mountains, and the pheasants of Bohemia, which are considered the greatest delicacies of the wealthy in the other parts of Europe, may be seen at the tables of the peasant in these countries; and are altogether inaccessible, and little esteemed, by the inhabitants of the taverns of the coasts of Holland and England. Game is usually considered the greatest delicacy of the European table. But in those mountainous countries where there is abundant game, fish and animal luxuries scarcely penetrate. And, on the other hand, the poorer and middle classes of maritime districts have, in addition to great varieties of fish, those numerous luxuries which commerce transports from the productive tropics to the colder regions of Europe.

In Britain, the domestic lamb and mutton, as regards its relation to art; but this is made up for by the humidity of the climate producing pastures of unsurpassed richness, and, consequently, animal food of the best quality, which does not require much art in preparation. The great business of assimilation is carried on not in pots and pans, but in the digestive organs of the sheep and cattle. We are very far from having acquired the French art of combining varieties of fragrant vegetables with fish and game; but this is beyond the undoubted superiority of French cookery to our own. But our large colonial trade enables us to present a great multitude of accessories, which may be had at a moderate price, and are seen habitually on the tables of our middle and upper classes, the fastidious foreigners, who apply the word garnots to certain popular French restaurants of London, generally pronounce themselves satisfied with Greenwich fish-dinners. Still, notwithstanding the freshness and excellence of their food, there is, in a great deal of the French preparations being superior to our own; such, for instance, as a melote of eels, and certain other fish combined in frying with fine herbs, or in sauce with choice tubercules.

Great Britain does not produce wines; our consumption is therefore much less than on the continent; but the average quality is better, as an inferior article would not pay the expense of importation. A great change, however, has taken place in our customs respecting wine; which, two centuries ago, was the habitual drink, not only of the middle, but even of the lower classes. In Edinburgh, there was, up to a very recent period, a large consumption of French wine by the middle classes; and in the last century, previous to the French revolutionary war, every tavern in the High Street had its hogheads of claret. We have heard, in our younger days, the late venerable Alexander Nasmyth say, that when a publican broached a particularly good hogshead, his house was full until it was emptied. But our ale and beers are justly renowned all over the world; although, to our taste, nothing of the kind, not even India Pale Ale, is equal in flavour to good Bavarian beer.

The meat of Germany is not by any means so good as that of Britain; but the condition is good, when one gets used to it—in fact, all things considered, better than our own. (We do not speak of the cookery of the wealthy classes, who, in all countries of Europe, have an eclectic system, of which the French school is the basis.) Mature beef was, until lately, rarely roasted in Germany, being reserved for the eternal boul'il; veal was usually committed to the spit. Vegetables were much better prepared in Germany than in England; and the variety called sauer kraut has now been naturalized in the cookery of France. We may say the same of the sausage, which now figures frequently on the tables of the best restaurants on the Boulevard or the Palais Royal.

There are, however, considerable differences in the cookery of the various parts of Germany. In Westphalia, Hanover, and Lower Germany, generally, it is greasy. In Hesse and Old Prussia, the meat and game are poor, in consequence of the extensive tracts of sandy and fir-grown country. Travellers have often been surprised at the great superiority of the food of Berlin now, as compared with what it was twenty years ago. The soil and climate of Berlin are distinctly favourable to agriculture; and in the fact is, the railways which now stretch into the richest parts of Silesia, and other productive countries, have brought about this gastronomic revolution, which has caused an extraordinary rise of prices in those rural districts.

On the Upper Rhine, in Wurttemberg and Bavaria, the cuisine is closely assimilated to that of France. In fact, Alsace produces one of the most fatal delicacies of the French table—the paté de foie gras de Strasbourg, the excellence of which makes the pride of the dinners of Cambacérès. It is well known that the liver of the goose is unnaturally swelled and fattened; but, however great a delicacy the pâté may be considered, there can be no doubt of its being most indigestible, if taken in any but infinitesimal doses. The recipe of a French reprobrate for killing off a rich uncle, was to give him (a gourmand, it may be presumed) a dish of pâté de foie gras of extraordinary richness, and to announce during the process of laborious digestion the failure of his banker.

The cookery of Vienna is excellent, and is a combination of that of France, introduced by the imported cooks of the wealthy noblesse, and the native school. Game is more quickly brought to perfection, the every connoisseur who considers the natural facilities of the country, and who has seen the Wildprett Markt in Vienna, for there is a market exclusively for game. The Bohemian pheasants are considered the best in Europe; and of the game of the Austro-Hungarian empire, without producing satiety, is the chamois, when fat, well grown, and of the right age. In Hungary, there are two national dishes—the paprika fowl; that is to say, the ordinary fowl dressed with a sauce in which the native red pepper of Hungary figures. In colour, this resembles cayenne, but has nothing of the pungent strength of the South American plant. The other national dish is the goulas; but any one familiar with oriental cookery, at once recognizes its origin. It is, in fact, the stew or soup of the labra and work. In the south of Hungary, where there is a large growth of maize, it is extensively used, both in savoury and sweet preparations. When kneaded in small lumps or balls, it is excellent in soup, and it is equally delicious in puddings; so that we have always felt surprised that so cheap, nutritious, and agreeable farina should not be more extensively used in this country. The game in Hungary is abundant and excellent; the quails are fat, as they find in this region, abundant. The western part of the Carpathians is not to be omitted in our list of the gastronomic delicacies of Hungary. Certain wines are also good, and are largely consumed in Galicia and other parts of Poland; but unquestionably they do not by any means please the British palate so well as the wines of France, Spain, Portugal, and the
Rhine. We must except Tokay, however, which is a very sweet wine, like a liqueur; being less dry than Cyprus, and not so sweet as Malaga. The other wines celebrated in books of geography have rather a medicinal taste to a British or French palate. Meneere is, however, dark and sweet, and has a much nearer resemblance to Malaga than any wine we know. The Rhine grape has been lately introduced into Hungary with great success, as we do the Rhine flavoured water, perhaps less acidity. The peasanty consume much bacon and brandy, and never taste tea from one end of the year to another.

In Italy, we find the gastronomy determined in a great measure by the climate. The plains of the Po produce large quantities of rice, which figure both in the mid-day and evening meal. Maize or Indian corn, called polenta, is also a staple food, to which we may also add various preparations of pasta called maccheroni and tagliarini, so that the consumption of animal food is moderate; and, owing to the abundance of grain, poultry is cheap and good. The rich pastures of the Lombard territory are used not so much for cattle intended for the stables, as for milk cows. Hence the rich cheeses known as Gorgonzola and Parmesan, which latter is produced principally in the neighbourhood of Lodi. Of all cheeses used for culinary purposes, Parmesan is probably the one that roast easily, and is rich. It is therefore extensively used, not only to powder all the native pastes, but no soup is ever presented in Italy without a plate of grated Parmesan; and the custom has been gradually extended to the supported tables of London. There is another characteristic of the geographical distribution of culinary art worthy of mention. The low banks of the Po and the Adige near their mouths, and all the territory of Ravenna, furnish an excellent food for the domestic hog in the roots found on the banks of the rivers; hence the pork is much more cleanly fed than in the neighbourhood of large towns, where porcine food is often corrupt animal matter. From this is made the famed Bologna sausages, exported to all parts of Europe. The chief delicacy of the locality is the fresh-pork chops served up on a basis of Indian corn resembling our Yorkshire pudding.

The fish of the Italian coasts is not, in our opinion, equal to that of the northern seas; for what reason, we cannot divine. The tunny and sturgeon, although satisfying, are not delicate fish; but the barbore or red mullet is remembered by all travellers. Oysters are generally diminutive.

We have not had the advantage of travelling in Spain, nor have we heard very favourable accounts, of the cuisine of that country; but it was superfluous to praise her fruits and wines, which are so highly esteemed, and so extensively used in this country. Her large juicy olives, her Valencia almonds, her Malaga raisins, her Seville oranges, and her Cadiz wines, are seen on every table. But an extensive use of garlic has not yet been made, even by those in this country who admire the continental schools of recondite cookery.

The cookery of the Turks is excellent, and chiefly consists of rice, fowls, mutton, and vegetables. Beef is unknown, except in a campaign, and is classed with horseflesh, and considered penitential fare; in fact, many Turks prefer horseflesh sausages to the best roast-beef. We need not say that the flesh of the hog is most rigorously forbidden. We are of opinion that in hot countries, the prohibition of the food of this animal may be supported on good sanitary grounds. It is unquestionably an impure feeding animal; and many piggeries in such countries as Egypt and Syria, would unquestionably promote plague, which is simply a virulent fever, having its cause in accumulations of animal corruption. We have more than once seen ham on a table when a true Mussulman was present, and the feeling he manifested was not simply religious aversion, but positive loathing, such as the flesh of a rat might excite in us.

The Turkish preparation of rice, called pilaff, has become celebrated; the principle of which is, that every grain should be separate. The yowas are curdled milk, which is thick, and when taken with a little sugar, is most refreshing. Caimak or clotted cream is another delicious lactic preparation, which all travellers relish. The Ottoman Empire being very large, and having a great variety of climates and populations, and the Ottomans being, except in Asia Minor, not a nation, but a dominant military caste, almost each province, or at least division of the empire, has its own culinary customs. In Albania, for instance, milk and the juices of animal food are mingled together, and are exported to other parts of Europe. In Servia and Bulgaria, soups are slightly acidulated with vinegar; and in the latter country, cabbage is eaten in a state of putrefaction; yet so abundant is grain in this province, that roast turkey is the traveller's daily fare. In all Turkish countries, lamb and mutton are roasted with great delicacy, sometimes with chopped vine-twigs below them, which gives a slight but delicious vinous flavour to the meat. The method of roasting lamb or mutton, is to place rice below it, so as to absorb all the gravy. The choice dishes of a good Turkish kitchen are not few; one of the most succulent is a preparation of the feet of sheep with rice, herbs and white sauce called pied de veau a la poulette; but, as we think, superior.

The great characteristic of the food of the Egyptians is the universal use of the date and of onions. With this fruit and vegetable, and a little rice, the Egyptian peasant is supplied with very little animal food, although it is very cheap, or at least was so some years ago. Fowls are largely used in Egypt, but being produced by artificial incubation, they are poor in flavour, lean and small. This artificial process brings forward the fowl at a cost; but it would appear that, independently of mere warmth and covering, there are occult currents of animal fluid for which no ingenuity can provide a substitute.

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CHASE.

I looked around. Sure enough, the mulatto was making off.

The rencontre between Ringgold and the Indian monopolised attention, and the criminal was for the moment forgotten. The knife knocked out of Powell's hands had fallen at the feet of Yetarly Jakes. Unobserved in the confusion, he had snatched it up, cut the fastenings from his limbs, and glided off before any one could intercept him. Several clutched at him as he passed through the straggled groups; but, being naked, he was able to glide out of their grasp, and in a dozen bounds he had cleared the crowd, and was running towards the shore of the lake.

It seemed a mad attempt—he would be shot down or overtaken. Even so; it was not madness to fly from certain death—and such a death.

Shots were ringing; at first they were the reports of pistols. The guns had been laid aside, and were leaning against trees and the adjacent fence.

Their owners now ran to seize them. One after another was levelled; and then followed a sharp rapid cracking, like flie-firing from a corps of riflemen.
There may have been good marksmen among the party—surely there was a man running for his life, and bounding from side to side, to avoid the stumps and bushes, offers but a very uncertain aim; and the best shot may miss.

So it appeared on this occasion. After the last rifle rang, the runaway was still seen keeping his onward course, apparently unscathed.

The moments after, he plunged into the water, and swam boldly out from the shore.

Some set to reloading their guns; others, despairing of the time, fling them away; and hastily pulling off hats, coats, and boots, rushed down to the lake, and plunged in after the fugitive.

In less than three minutes from the time that the mulatto started off, a new tableau was formed. The spot that was to have been the scene of execution was completely deserted. One half the crowd was down by the shore, shouting and gesticulating; the other half—full twenty in all—had taken to the water, and were swimming in perfect silence—their heads alone shewing above the surface. Away beyond, full fifty paces in advance of the foremost—appeared that solitary swimmer—the object of pursuit; his head of black tanged curls conspicuous above the water, and now and then the yellow neck and shoulders, as he forged forward. The situation was clearly one that would not be possible for him. There were skiffs and pirogues upon the river, both up and down. Men had already gone after them; and, long before he could work his way across that wide reach, half-a-dozen swimmers would be on the scene after him. Wrong or right, he could not escape: either upon the island, or in the water beyond, he would be captured.

Thus reasoned the spectators, as they stood watching the pursuit.

The excitement rose higher as the swimmers neared the island. It is always so at the approach of a crisis; and a crisis was near, though not such one as the spectators anticipated. They looked to see the runaway reach the island, mount up the bank, and disappear among the trees. The strain was too much for the pursuers. Climb out close upon his heels, and perhaps he might be captured before he could cross through the timber, and take to the water on the other side.

Some such crisis were they expecting; and it could not be distant, for the mulatto was now close into the edge of the island; a few strokes would bring him to the shore: he was swimming under the black shadows of the trees—it seemed as if the branches were over his head—as if he might have thrown up his hands and clutched them in despair. The main body of his pursuers was still fifty yards in his rear; but some, who had forged ahead of the rest, were within half that distance. From where we viewed them, they seemed far nearer; in fact, it was easy to fancy that they were swimming alongside, and could have laid hands on him at any moment.

The crisis was approaching, but not that which was looked for. The pursuit was destined to a far different ending from that anticipated either by spectators or pursuers. The pursued himself little dreamed of the doom that was so near—a doom awfully appropriate.

The swimmer was clearing his way across the belt of black shadow; we expected next moment to see him enter among the trees, when all at once he was seen to turn side towards us, and direct his course along the edge of the island!

We observed this manoeuvre with some astonishment—we could not account for it; it was clearly to the advantage of his pursuers, who now swam in a diagonal line to intercept him.

What could be his motive? Had he failed to find a landing-place? Even so, he might have clutched the branches, and by that means drawn himself ashore?

Ha! our conjectures are answered; yonder is the answer; yonder brown log that floats on the black water is not the trunk of a dead tree. It is not dead; it has life and motion. See it assumes a form—the form of the great saurian, the hideous alligator!
Its gaunt jaws are thrown up, its scollop'd tail is erect, its breast alone rests upon the water. On this as a pivot it spins round and round, brandishing its tail in the air, and at intervals lashing the spray aloft. Its bellowing is echoed back from the distant shores; the lake vibrates under the hoarse baryton, the wood-birds flutter and cry, and the white crane mounts screaming into the air.

The spectators stand aghast; the pursuers have poised themselves in the water, and advance no further. One solitary swimmer is seen struggling on; it is he who swims for his life. It is upon him the eyes of the alligator are fixed. Why upon him more than the others? They are all equally near. Is it the hand of God who takes vengeance?

Another revolution, another sweep of its strong tail, and the huge reptile rushes upon its victim.

I have forgotten his crimes—I almost sympathise with him. Is there no hope of his escape? He is not his own lord and master, but the branch of a live-oak; he is endeavouring to lift himself up—above the water—above the danger. Heaven strengthen his arms! Ah, he will be too late; already the jaws— That crash! The branch has broken!

We watch with eager eyes. Not a ripple escapes unnoted; but no new movement stirs the surface, no motion is observed, no form comes up; and the waves soon flatten over the spot.

Beyond a doubt, the reptile has finished its work. Whose work? Was it the hand of God who took vengeance?

So they are saying around me.

The pursuers have faced back, and are swimming toward us. None cares to trust himself under the black shadows of these island oaks. They will have a long swim before they can reach the shore, and some of them will scarcely accomplish it. They are in danger; but no, yonder come the skiffs and pirogues, they will soon pick them up.

They have seen the boats, and swim slowly, or float upon the water, waiting their approach.

They are taken in, one after another; and all—all dogs and men— are now carried to the island.

They go on continuing the search—for there is still some doubt as to the fate of the runaway.

They land—the dogs are sent through the bushes, while the men glide round the edge to the scene of the struggle. They find no track or trace upon the shore. But there is one upon the water. Some froth still floats—there is a tinge of carmine upon it beyond a doubt it is the blood of the mulatto.

All right, boys! cries a rough fellow; 'that's the blood.' He's gone under an' no mistake. Darn the varmint! it's clean spoilt our sport.'

The jest is received with shouts of boisterous laughter.

In a spirit talked the man-hunters, as they returned from the chase.

CHAPTER XIV.
RINGGOOLD'S REVENGE.

Only the ruder spirits indulged in this ill-timed levity; others of more refined nature regarded the incident with due solemnity—some even with a feeling of awe.

Certainly it seemed as if the hand of God had interposed, so appropriate had been the punishment—almost as if the criminal had perished by his own contrivance.

It was an awful death, but far less hard to endure than that which had been decreed by man. The Almighty had been more merciful; and in thus mitigating the punishment of the guilty wretch, had rebuked his human judges.

I looked around for the young Indian: I was gratified to find he was no longer among the crowd. His quarrel with Ringgold had been broken off abruptly. I had fears that it was not yet ended. His words had irritated some of the white men, and it was through his being there, the criminal had found the opportunity to get off. No doubt, had the latter finally escaped, there would have been more of it; and even as matters stood, I was not without apprehensions about the safety of the bold half-breed. He was not upon his own ground—the other side of the river was the Indian territory; and therefore he might be deemed an intruder. True, we were at peace with the Indians; but for all that, there was enough of hostile feeling between the two races. Old wounds received in the war of 1818 still rankled.

I knew Ringgold's ressentiment—he had been humiliated in the eyes of his companions; for, during the short scuffle, the half-blood had had the best of it. Ringgold would not be content to let it drop—he would seek revenge.

I was glad, therefore, on perceiving that the Indian had gone away down by the ground. Perhaps he had himself become apprehensive of danger, and recrossed the river. There he would be safe from pursuit. Even Ringgold dared not follow him to the other side, for the treaty laws could not have been outraged with impunity. The most reckless of the squatters knew this. An Indian war would have been provoked, and the supreme government, though not over-scrupulous, had other views at the time.

I was turning to proceed homeward, when it occurred to me that I would accost Ringgold, and signify to him my disapproval of his conduct. I was indignant at the manner in which he had acted—just angry enough to speak my mind. Ringgold was older than myself, and bigger; but I was not afraid of him. On the contrary, I knew that he rather feared me. The insult he had offered to one who, but the hour before, had risked life for us, had sufficiently roused my blood, and I was determined to reproach him for it. With this intention, I turned back to the crowd to look for him. He was not there.

'Have you seen Arens Ringgold?' I inquired of old Hickman.

'Yes—jest gone,' was the reply.

'In what direction?' I asked.

'Up river. See 'im gallop off wi' Bill Williams an' Ned Spence—desprit keen upon somethin' they 'peered.'

A painful suspicion flashed across my mind.

'Hickman,' I asked, 'will you lend me your horse for an hour?'

'My old critter? Sartint sure will I: a day, if you wants him. But Geordy, boy, you can't ride wi' your arm that away?'

'O yes: only help me into the saddle.'

The old hunter did as desired; and after exchanging another word or two, I rode off in the up-river direction.

Up the river was a ferry; and at its landing it was most likely the young Indian had left his canoe. In that direction, therefore, he should go to get back to his home, and in that direction Ringgold should not go to return to his, for the path to the Ringgold plantation led in a course altogether opposite. Hence the suspicion that occurred to me on hearing that the latter had gone up the river. At such a time it did
not look well, and in such company, still worse; for I recognised in the names that Hickman had mentioned, two of the most worthless boys in the settlement. I knew them to be associates, or rather creatures, of Ringgold.

My suspicion was that they had gone after the Indian, and of course with an ill intent. It was hardly a conjecture; I was almost sure of it; and as I advanced along the river-road, I became confirmed in the belief. I saw the tracks of their horses along the path that led to the ferry, and now and again I could make out the print of the Indian moccasin where it left its wet mark in the dust. I knew that his dress had not yet dried upon him, and the moccasins would still be saturated with water.

I put the old horse to his speed. As I approached the landing, I could see no one, for there were trees all around it; but the conflict of angry voices proved that I had conjectured aright.

I did not stop to listen; but, urging my horse fresh, I rode on. As a bend of the road, I saw three horses tied to the trees. I knew they were those of Ringgold and his companions, but I could not tell why they had left them.

I stayed not to speculate, but galloped forward upon the ground. Just as I had anticipated, the three were there—the half-blood was in the lead.

They had crept upon him unawares—that was why their horses had been left behind—and caught him just as he was about stopping into his canoe. He was unarmed—for the rifle I had given him was still wet, and the musketo had made away with his knife—he could offer no resistance, and was therefore secured at once.

They had been quick about it, for they had already stripped off his hunting-shirt and tied him to a tree. They were just a step in their steps upon him—by dragging him on the bare back with cowhides which they carried in their hands. No doubt they would have laid them on heavily, had I not arrived in time.

Shame, shame Ringgold! shame! I cried as I rode up. 'This is cowardly, and I shall report it to the whole settlement.'

Ringgold stammered out some excuse, but was evidently staggered at my sudden appearance.

'The burned Injun deserves it,' said Williams.

'For what, Master Williams?' I inquired.

'For waggin' his jaw so imperious to white men.'

'He's got no business over here,' chimed in Spence; 'he has no right to come this side the river.'

'Wicked d— telling a white man lies on this side or the other—not more than you have to flog me.'

'Ho! Ho! That might be done too,' said Spence in a sneering tone, that set my blood in a boil.

'Not so easily,' I cried, leaping from the old horse, and landing forward upon the ground.

My right arm was still sound. apprehensive of an awkward affair, I had borrowed old Hickman's pistol, and I held it in my hand.

'Now, gentlemen,' said I, taking my stand beside them 'go on with your dragging; but take my word for it, I shall send a bullet through the first who strikes!'

Though they were but boys, all three were armed with knife and pistol, as was the custom of the times, when the three, Spence seemed most inclined to carry out his threat; but he and Williams saw that Ringgold, their leader, had already backed out, for the latter had something to lose, which his companions had not. Besides, he had other thoughts, as well as fears for his past conduct. The result was that all three, after demurering with me for my uncalled-for interference in a quarrel that did not concern me, made an angry and somewhat awkward exit from the scene.

The young Indian was soon released from his unpleasant situation. He uttered few words, but his looks amply expressed his gratitude. As he pressed my hand at parting, he said:

'Come to the other side to hunt whenever you please—no Indian will harm you—in the land of the red men you will be welcome.'

CHAPTER XV.

MAUNER.

An acquaintance thus acquired could not be lightly dropped. Should it end otherwise than in friendship? This half-blood was a noble youth, the germ of a gentleman. I resolved to accept his invitation, and visit him in his forest home.

His mother's cabin, he said, was on the other side of the lake, not far off. I should find it on the bank of a little stream that emptied into the main river, above where the latter expands itself.

I felt a secret gratification as I listened to these directions. I knew the stream of which he was speaking; lately I had been on those of Ringgold and his companions, but I could not tell why they had left them.

I stayed not to speculate, but galloped forward upon the ground. Just as I had anticipated, the three were there—the half-blood was in the lead.

They had crept upon him unawares—that was why their horses had been left behind—and caught him just as he was about stepping into his canoe. He was unarmed—for the rifle I had given him was still wet, and the musketo had made away with his knife—he could offer no resistance, and was therefore secured at once.

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I ought not to take her with me, so far from home, into a part of the country with which I was so little acquainted.

'She appealed a second time.

"If mamma will give her consent"—

'Nonsense, Georgy—mamma will not be angry. Why return to the house? You see I am prepared; I have my sun-bonnet. We can be back before we are missed—you've told me it was not far;"

'She led him to a seat in the stern. There—

yo-ho! we are off!'—

There was not much strength in the current, and half an hour's rowing brought the skiff to the mouth of the creek. We entered it, and continued upward. It was a narrow stream, but sufficiently deep to float either skiff or canoe. The sun was hot, but his beams could not reach us; they were intercepted by the tupelo-trees that grew upon the banks—their leafy branches almost meeting across the water.

Half a mile from the mouth of the creek, we approached a clearing. We saw fields under cultivation. We noticed crops of maize, and sweet potatoes, with capiscums, melons, and calabashes. There was a dwelling-house of considerable size near the river, surrounded by a enclosure, with small houses in the rear. It was a log structure—somewhat antique in its appearance, with a portico, the pillars of which exhibited a rude carving. There were slaves at work in the field—that is, there were black men, and some colonial to-moro—Indians.

It could not be the plantation of a white man—there were none on that side the river. Some wealthy Indian, we conjectured, who was the owner of land and slaves. We were not surprised at this—we knew there were more such.

But where was the cabin of our friend? He had told me it stood upon the bank of the stream not more than half a mile from its mouth. Had we passed without seeing it, or was it still higher up?

'Shall we stop, and inquire, Virginia?'

'Who is it standing in the porch?'

'Ha! your eyes are better than mine, siss—it is the young Indian himself. Surely he does not live there? That is not our cabin. Perhaps he is on a visit? But see! he is coming this way.'

As I spoke, the Indian stepped out from the house, and walked rapidly towards us. In a few seconds, he stood upon the bank, and beckoned us to a landing. As he approached, he observed that the young woman was clad in a saucy manner, he exclaimed, "My unknown!tones upon his head, and garments richly embroidered. As he stood upon the bank above us, his fine form outlined against the sky, he presented the appearance of a miniature warrior. Though but a boy, he looked splendid and picturesque. I almost envied him his wild attire. My sister seemed to look on him with admiration, though I thought I could trace some terror in her glance. From the manner in which her colour came and went, I fancied that his presence recalled that scene, and again I regretted that she had accompanied me.

He appeared unembarassed by our arrival. I have known it otherwise among whites; and those too the most ceremonious to bow too. This young Indian was as cool and collected as though he had been expecting us, which he was not. He could not have expected both.

There was no show of coldness in our reception. As soon as we approached near enough, he caught the stem of the skiff, drew her close up to the landing, and with the politeness of an accomplished gentleman, assisted us to debark.

'You are welcome,' said he—'welcome!' and then turning to Virginia with an inquiring look, he added:

'I hope the health of the señorita is quite restored. As for yours, sir, I need not inquire: that you have rowed your skiff so far against the current, is a proof you have got over your mishap.'

The word 'señorita' betrayed a trace of the Spaniards—a remnant of those relations that had ever so existed between the Seminole Indians and the Iberian race. Even in the costume of our new acquaintance could be observed objects of Andalusian origin—the silver cross hanging from his neck, the saith of scarlet-silk around his waist, and the long triangular blade that was sheathed behind it. The scene, too, had Spanish touches. There were exotic plants, the china orange, the splendid papaya, the capiscums (chiles) and love-apples (tomatoes); almost characteristics of the home of the Spanish colonist. The house itself exhibited traces of Castilian workmanship. The carving was not Indian.

'Is this your home? I inquired with a little embarrassment.

He had bid us welcome, but I saw no cabin; I might be wrong.

His answer set me at rest. It was his house—his mother's house—his father was long since dead—there were but the three—his mother, his sister, himself. And these! I inquired, pointing to the labourers.

'Our slaves,' he answered, in a smile. 'You perceive we Indians are getting into the customs of civilisation.'

'But these are not negroes? There are red men; are they slaves?'

'Slaves like the others. I see you are astonished. They are not our tribe: they are Yamassee. Our people conquered them long ago; and many of them still remain slaves.'

We had arrived at the house. His mother met us by the door—a woman of pure Indian race—who had evidently a possessed beauty. She was still agreeable to look upon—well dressed, though in Indian costume—maternal—intelligent.

We entered—furniture—trappings of the chase—horse-accoutrements in the Spanish style—a guitar—ha! ha! books!

My sister and I were not a little surprised to find, under an Indian roof, these symbols of civilisation.

'Ah!' cried the youth, as if suddenly recollecting himself. 'I am glad you are come. Your mocassins are finished. Where are they, mother? Where is she? Where is Matime?'

He had given words to his thoughts—their very echo.

'Who is Matime?' whispered Virginia.

'An Indian girl—his sister, I believe.'

'Yonder—she comes!'

A foot scarce a span in length; an ankle that, from the broidered flap of the mocassin, exhibits two lines widely diverging upward; a waist of that pleasing dexterity that sweeps abruptly inward and out again; a bosom whose prominence could be detected under the coarsest draping; a face of rich golden brown; skin diaphanous; cheeks coral red; lips of like hue; dark eyes and brown; long crescent lashes; hair of deepest black, in wantonness of profusion!

Fanciful such a form—fanciful it robed in all the picturesque finery that Indian ingenuity can devise—fanciful it approaching you with a step that rivalled the steed of Arabia, and you may fancy—no, you may not fancy Matime.

My poor heart—it was she, my wood-nymph—

I could have tarried long under the roof of that hospitable home; but my sister seemed ill at ease—as if there came always recurring to her the memory of that unhappy adventure.

We stayed but an hour; it seemed an half so long—

but short as was the time, it transformed me into a man. As I rowed back home, I felt that my boy's heart had been left behind me.
CHAPTER XVI.

THE ISLAND.

I longed to revisit the Indian home; and was not at all to gratify my wish. There was no restraint upon my actions. Neither master nor master interfered with my daily wanderings: I came and went at will; and was rarely questioned as to the direction I had taken. Jollification was supposed to be the purpose of my absence. My dogs and gun, which I always took with me, and the game I usually brought back, answered all curiosity.

My hunting excursions were always in one direction—I need hardly have said so—always across the river. Again and again did the keel of my skiff cleave the waters of the creek—again and again, till I knew every tree upon its banks.

My acquaintance with young Powell soon ripened into a firm friendship. Almost daily were we together, either upon the lake or in the woods, companions in the chase; and many a deer and wild turkey did we slaughter in concert. The Indian boy was already a skilled hunter; and I learned many a secret of woodcraft in his company.

I remember well that hunting less delighted me than before. I preferred that hour when the chase was over, and I halted at the Indian house on my way home—when I drank the honey-sweetened coffee out of the carved calabash—for sweetser, the Lands out of which I received the cup—far sweeter from the smiles of her who gave it—Maimee.

For weeks—short weeks they seemed—I revelled in this young dreamed of love. Ah! it is true there is no joy after-life than this. Glory and power are but gratifications—love alone is bliss—purer and sweetest in its virgin bloom.

Often was Virginia my companion in these wild wood excursions. She had grown fond of the forest—she had said—and willingly went along. There were times when I should have preferred going alone; but I could not gainsay her. She had become attached to Maimee. I did not wonder.

Maimee, too, liked my sister—not from any resemblance of her nature. I loved Maimee for the opposite; but, true, these loves were very distinct in kind—unlike as the objects that called them forth.

While young Powell and I hunted, our sisters stayed at home. They strolled about the fields, the groves, the garden. They played and sang and read, for Maimee—despite her costume—was no savage. She had books, a guitar, or rather a bandolin—a Spanish relic—and had been instructed in both. So far as mental cultivation went, she fit society even for the daughter of a proud Randolph. Young Powell, too, was as well, or better educated than myself. Their father had not neglected his duty.

Neither Virginia nor I ever dreamed of an inequality. The association was by us desired and sought. We were both too young to know such sentiments. In our friendships we followed only the prompting of innocent nature; and it never occurred to us that we were going astray.

The girls frequently accompanied us into the forest; and to this we hunters, made no objection. We did not always go in quest of the wide-ranging stag. Squirrels and other small game were often the objects of our pursuit; and in following these we needed not to stray far from our delicate companions.

As for Maimee, she was a huntress—a broad equestrian, and could have ridden in the 'drive.' As yet, my sister had scarcely seen on horseback.

I grew to like the squirrel-shooting best; my dogs were often left behind; and it became a rare thing for me to bring home venison.

Our excursions were not confined to the woods. The water-fowl upon the lake, the bisons, egrets, and white cranes, were often the victims of our hunting ardour.

In the lake, there was a beautiful island—not that which had been the scene of the tragedy, but one higher up—near the widening of the river. Its surface was of large extent, and rose to a summit in the centre. For the most part, it was clad with timber, nearly all evergreen—as the live-oak, magnolia, illicium, and wild orange—indigenous to Florida. There were many fruit trees, with their conspicuous yellow blossoms; the perfumed flowering dogwood, and many sweet-scented plants and shrubs—the princely palm towering high over all, and forming, with its wide-spread umbrella, a double canopy of verdure.

The timber, though standing thickly, did not form a thicket. Here and there, the path was tangled with epiphytes or parasites—with enormous gnarled vines of the fox-grape, the bignonia—with chias and sararapilla briers—with chias and sweet briar and orchids; but the larger trees stood well apart; and at intervals there were openings—pretty glades, carpeted with grass, and enameled with flowers.

The fairy island lay about half a mile between the two homes; and young Powell and I met upon it, and made it the scene of our sport. There were squirrels among the trees, and turkeys—sometimes deer were found in the glades—and from its covered shores we could do execution among the water-fowl that sported upon the lake.

Several times had we met on this neutral ground, and always accompanied by our sisters. Both delighted in the lovely spot. They used to ascend the slope, and seat themselves under the tall pines on the hill top, that grew on the summit; while we, the hunters, remained in the game-frequented ground below, causing the woods to ring with the reports of our rifles. Then it was our custom, when satisfied with the sport, also to roam the hill top and deliver up our spoils particularly when we had been fortunate enough to procure some rare and richly plummed bird—an object of curiosity or admiration.

For my part, whether successful or not, I always left off sooner than my companion. I was not so keen a hunter as he; I far more delighted to recline along the grass where the two maidens were seated: far sweeter than the sound of the rifle was it to listen to the tones of Maimee's voice; far fairer than the sight of game was it to gaze into the eyes of Maimee, and that this was reciprocated. The thought gave me surprise and pain. Yet why I should have experienced either, I could not tell. I have said that my sister and I were too young to know ought of the prejudices of rank or caste; but I was not strictly true. I must have had some instinct, that in this free association...
with our dark-skinned neighbours we were doing wrong, else how could it have made me unhappy? I fancied that Virginia shared this feeling with me. We were still unwell, and yet we were not confidants of each other. I dreaded to make known my thoughts even to my sister, and she no doubt felt a like reluctance to the disclosing of her secret.

What would be the result of these young loves felt to themselves? Would they in due time die out? Would there arise an hour of satiety and change? or, without interruption, would they become perpetual? Who knows what might be their fate, if permitted to advance to perfect development. But it is never so—they are always interrupted.

So were ours—the crisis came—and the sweet companionship in which we had been indulging was brought to a sudden close. We had never disclosed it to our father or mother, though we had used no craft to conceal it. We had not been questioned, else we should certainly have avowed it; for we had been taught strictly to regard truth. But no questions had been asked—no surprises had been expressed at our frequent absences. Mine, as a hunter, were but natural; the only wonderment was that Virginia had grown so fond of the forest, and so often borne me company; but this slight surprise on the part of my mother soon wore off, and we went freely forth, and as freely returned, without challenge of our motives.

It is not true that we used to conceal who were our associates in these wild wanderings. That again is not strictly true. Our very silence was craft. We must both have had some secret perception that we were acting wrongly— that our conduct would not meet with the approval of our parents—else why should we have cared for concealment?

It was destined that this repose should not be of long continuance. It ended abruptly—somewhat harshly.

One day we were upon the island, all four as usual. The hunt was over, and Powell and I had rejoined our sisters upon the hill. We had stretched ourselves under the shade, and were indulging in trivial conversation, but I far more in the mute language of love. My eyes rested upon the object of my thoughts, too happy that my glances were returned, I saw little besides: I did not notice that there was a similar exchange of ardent looks between the young Indian and my sister. At that moment I cared not; I was indifferent to everything but the smiles of Maimee.

There were those who did observe this exchange of glances, who saw all that was passing. Anxious eyes were bent upon the tableau formed by the four of us, and our words, looks, and gestures were noted.

The dogs rose with a growl, and ran outward among the trees. The rustling of branches, and garments shining through the foliage, warned us that there were people there. The dogs had ceased to give tongue, and were wagging their tails. They were friends, then, who were near.

The leaves sheltered them no longer from our view: behold my father—my mother!

Virginia and I were startled by their appearance. We felt some apprehension of evil—aising, no doubt, from our own convictions that we had not been acting right. We observed that the brows of both were clouded. They appeared vexed and angry.

My mother approached first. There was scorn upon her face, and the reproach of her anger, even more than the descendant of the Randolph.

‘What!’ exclaimed she—‘what, my children these your companions? Indians?’

Young Powell rose to his feet, but said nothing in return, the reproach betrayed what he felt; and that he perfectly understood the slight.

With a haughty glance towards my father and mother, he beckoned to his sister to follow him, and walked proudly away.

Virginia and I were alarmed and speechless. We were not wild, yet we dared not to move.

We were hurried from the spot; and homeward Virginia went with my father and mother. There were others in the boat that had brought them to the island. There were blacks who rowed; but I saw white men too. TheRinggold—both father and son—were of the party.

I returned alone in the skiff. While crossing the lake, I looked up. The canoe was just entering the creek. I could see that the faces of the half-blood and his sister were turned towards us. I was watched, and dared not wave an adieu, although there was a sad feeling upon my heart—a presentiment that we were parting for long—perhaps for ever!

Alas! the presentiment proved a just one. In three days from that time I was on my way to the far north, where I was entered as a cadet in the military academy of West Point. My sister, too, was sent to one of those seminaries, in which the cities of the Puritan people abound. It was long, long before either of us again set eyes upon the flowery land.

THE SUPER-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

People on shore have been so much taken up with their new flag, the facing of their thoughts from one to another over land and under sea, that few of them have been thinking how it is in respect to communication between floating communities on the sea’s surface. But those who watch over our shipping interests have not lost sight of this important matter; and although no such grand step has been made as when the electric telegraph superseded the old semaphore by land, yet such an improvement has been introduced within the last few years into the system of super-marine telegraphing, if we may be allowed to coin a word, as almost amounts to a revolution.

Sea-signals, as everybody is aware, are made by flags of various shapes and colours. They are comparatively of modern date, and nothing like a general code of signals was in use even in the royal navy until about the close of the last century. Sir Home Popham, in the year 1808, introduced into the navy a form of telegraph, which has been the foundation of all subsequent ones.

It was founded on the numeral principle, having a distinct flag to represent each of the ten figures 0, 1, 2...9; so that by combinations of these flags, any number up to 9999 could be expressed. The letters of the alphabet, together with the words and sentences most in use in naval communications, were then arranged alphabetically in a signal-book, and each letter, word, and sentence had a special number appropriated to it. It was by this telegraph that Nelson addressed his fleet at Trafalgar the well-known words:

225 269 665 261 471 968 220 870 4 21 19 24

England expects that every man will do his duty.

The convenience and limited scope of the numerical method led to its abandonment in the British navy in 1869, and the substitution of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Those of our readers unacquainted with what mathematicians call ‘the doctrine of permutations,’ will hardly be prepared for the statement, that with twenty-six flags representing the letters of the alphabet, it is possible to make upwards of 16,000 distinct signals without displaying more than three flags at one slate.

The merchant service, beyond an established signal
for need of a pilot and one or two other points, had no
system of signals till 1817, when Captain Marryat,
R.N., published the code still known by his name.
This system came into extensive use in Britain, and,
with slight modifications, in the United States, and other
countries. It differs little from the code of Sir Home
Popham, operating, by means of
flags representing figures; and the perplexities and
difficulties attending its use increased with increasing
complexity, and was so troublesome, as other
means of communication advanced towards perfection.
Accordingly, in 1855, the Board of Trade appointed
a committee of officers and gentlemen connected
with the royal and mercantile marine ‘to inquire into and
report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used
at sea.’

One essential step had already been taken, without
which no radical reform would have been possible.
Perhaps the most frequent subject of communication
at sea is the name of the vessel. Now we all know
how little it does in individualising a man to tell us
that his name is John Smith; and the case is much
the same with ships. Thus there are endless Marys
in the marine of Great Britain, and sometimes several
belonging to the same port, and was often omitted
when the communication would have been desirable.
This evil was effectually remedied by the Merchant
Shipping Act of 1854, which provides that every
registered British vessel shall have a distinct number,
in addition to her local number in a particular port.
This ‘official number’ is permanently marked on
the vessel’s mainbeam, and remains invariable through
all changes of port or ownership; and in the Mercantile
Navvy List, now published by authority annually, and
with the new numbers are placed in order against the vessels to which they belong.
If such an official number, then, is signalled by symbols
agreed upon, whoever has a copy of the shipping list
can know, without a risk of mistake, what ship is
meant.

This preliminary matter being settled, the committee
above named resolved to reject the numeral system
of signals, and have recourse to letters. In the code
of signals contrived by them, eighteen flags are used,
all readily distinguishable from one another by means
of shape and colour, and each flag is made to represent
one of the eighteen consonants of the English alphabet.
The letters, be it remembered, are not used as letters
to represent sounds, but as signs, to which arbitrary
meanings are affixed. Let us see now how many
distinct signals can be made with these eighteen
flags. To begin with signals of two flags, single signs
not being reckoned. The pair of flags, B and C, will
form two sounds, meaning one thing when B is upper-
most, and another when C is uppermost; the same
is the case with the pair B and D; and thus by ringing
the changes on all the possible pairs, any one that
will take the pains to try will find that no fewer than 36
permutations or distinct signals can be formed. In like
manner, by holding the flags at three a time, we get 4896
different permutations; and with hoists of four flags at
a time, the permutations amount to 78,440. If it were
possible to use five flags at once, as many as
1,028,160 would be got; but as it is practically found
necessary that a signal be made at one hoist, with the
flags all in a row, one above another, the employment
of more than four flags for one signal is liable to
serious objections, and the necessity of this in the
numeral system was one of their chief faults.
Confining the grouping of the flags or the letters they
symbolise, then, to hoists of two, three, and four, the
total number of distinct signals afforded is 78,642.
A large proportion of these signals requires to be
appropriated to telegraphing the official numbers
of the ships composing the mercantile navy of Great
Britain. The present number of registered vessels is
about 85,000, and it is necessary to provide for increase,
and for numbers vacant between their lapse, owing to the loss
or condemnation of the ship, and their appropriation
to new vessels, a range of 50,000 numbers must be
provided, each with its own signal. These signals for
numbers are all formed of four flags, and are to have
a distinctive character given them by being so
contrived that the uppermost symbol in the hoist is always
a square flag. In the Mercantile Navy List,
containing the name and official number of every
registered ship, there is joined with the official number
its appropriated signal of four letters, corresponding
with four flags, the numbers being arranged successively,
and the single letters alphabetically, so that either the
number or the letter identifying it are readily found.
In this way, ‘if the whole mercantile marine of
Britain were at anchor together, and every vessel
making her number at the same time, each one might
be individualised by the four distinguishing flags
composing her special signal.’

After providing for signalling the numbers of vessels,
the system leaves upwards of 20,000 distinct signals for
general subjects. In the ‘Commercial Code of Signals
for the Use of All Nations,’ drawn up by the committee
already spoken of, and published by authority of the
Board of Trade, these subjects are classified, and each
word or sentence has its appropriate symbol or group
of letters prefixed. The ingenious arrangements by
which simplicity in the act of signalling and ease of
reference and interpretation are secured, could not
be made intelligible unless the reader had the book
in his hand. But one feature of the system deserves
special notice—namely, that it is calculated to be
international. The letters corresponding to the flags,
not being used to represent sounds, and their meaning
is the same whether displayed from an
English or from a French ship; in the French
signal-book, the meaning of the symbols would of course be
expressed In French. This is a real step towards a
universal language, and it is a matter to be hoped
that before long the system will be in general use
all over the world. The commercial code has been
strongly recommended by the committee of Lloyd’s,
and by the ship-owners’ associations of London and
Liverpool; and active means are being taken to provide
vessels with the necessary signals and books, and to
secure its speedy and general adoption. It appears that
the flags used in Marryat’s code can, with the addition
of four new ones, be applied to the commercial code,
and that in the present state, captains of ships may
without much difficulty, avail themselves of either, as
necessity requires.* It ought also to be mentioned,
that a book of tables has been published, called the
Companion to the Commercial Code of Signals, and hence-
forth to form part of the library of every ship-captain;
by means of which, one ship may communicate to
another, in one signal of three flags, the latitude or
longitude, a matter often of vital moment. Who will
say now that mariners have not their telegraph, as
well as landmen?

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* See See *S. A. Wilson, London: A tract, price 1s., containing a full account of the whole subject. It is drawn up, we presume, under the auspices of Mr J. H. Bruce, Registrar-general of Seamen, who has been a prime mover in this and other recent measures for the Improvement of our mercantile marine.
IMAGINE a bridge seven times and a half longer than Waterloo Bridge, or not a great deal less (176 feet) than two miles; imagine the span between the central piers to be 320 feet wide, and the other spans—twenty-four of them—242 feet; imagine this bridge to be a tube, like the one over the Menai Strait; and you will have a general idea of a work now actually in progress—the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. But the bridge will be very vague one; and to bring it more into shape, you must imagine that the river spanned by the monster tube runs frequently at the rate of ten miles an hour, and that it brings down the ice of 5000 miles of lakes and upper rivers with numerous tributaries, and piles it at Montreal to the height of thirty—forty—fifty feet. You will now obtain a notion of the necessary thickness and solidity of the work, and be able to suppose piers or supports, containing some 6000, and some 5000 tons of masonry. The whole weight of masonry in the bridge, when completed, will be about 220,000 tons, and the bulk three million cubic feet. The faces of the piers looking towards the current, are cut in a sharp rectangular edge, while the sides present to the avalanches of ice only smooth, bevelled-off surfaces. The stone is a dense blue limestone; 'accurate a block of which,' says the Canadian News, from which we give these particulars, 'less than seven tons weight, and many of those exposed to the force of the breaking-up ice weigh fully ten tons. The blocks are bound together, not only by the use of the best water-cement, but each stone is clamped to its neighbours in several places by massive iron rivets, bored several inches into each block, and the interstices between the rivet and the block are made one solid mass by means of molten lead.' The tubes will be from nineteen feet high to twenty-two and a half feet in the centre, and their uniform width will be sixteen feet, the rail-track being five feet six inches, the national railway-gauge of Canada. The total weight of iron in the tube will be 10,400 tons. The bridge, it is calculated, will cost altogether about £1,200,000. Mr Robert Stephenson and Mr M. A. Ross are the architects of this great work, and Messers Peto, Brasey, and Beets the contractors. 'There can be no doubt,' says the Canadian News, 'that without the Victoria Bridge, the large and comprehensive traffic-system involved in the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway could only be partially, and, by comparison, ineffectually carried out at a very great cost. Montreal is the terminal point of the ocean-navigation, and is connected with the Lower St Lawrence and the ocean on one side, and with the great Canadian and American lakes—extending 2000 miles into the heart of the continent—on the other. It is also the centre from which lines of railway now radiate to Portland, Boston, and New York, and to which lines will converge from the Ottawa and the other rich, though as yet only partially developed districts of Canada.'

A RICHMOND DINNER THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

We find, in the Lansdowne manuscripts, that about Christmas 1609, certain officials of the court of King Henry VIII. dined together at the village of Shene, now called Richmond, and that at the end of the entertainment, my host of the Star and Garter, with many sortments, handed to them the following bill: For brede, 12d.; ale, 3a. 4d.; wyn, 10d.; two leyns moton, 8d.; maribones, 8d.; powder and beef, 6d.; two capons, 16d.; two geese, 16d.; five conys, 16d.; one legge moton, 5 lb. weight, 4d.; six plowers, 18d.; six pignon, 5d.; two dozen larkes, 12d.; salt and sauce, 6d.; butter and eggis, 10d.; wardens and queenes, 12d.; herbes, 1d.; spices, 3s. 4d.; flour, 4d.; wheat and barley, 6d.; for which, summed up, gives exactly £1.1 sterling as the total expenses of this aldermanic feast. Many a party, gentle and simple, has since that time dined at the Star and Garter, but none ever got as substantial a bill for their twenty shillings as the subjects of young King Henry VIII.—The Statesman.
THE ZEMINDAR.

At the present time, the landed aristocracy of India are invested with a more than common interest, and deserve something more than a mere passing notice. They hold in their hands the power of good and evil to an extent scarcely dreamed of in Europe, and for the reason, that in Asia all real power is highly despotic, especially in the provinces. If the petty trader, the writer, the agent, the broker, with a score of others of various grades and occupations, are constantly in the habit of tyrannising over those beneath them, how much more must we expect oppression from the all-powerful zemindar—the dispenser of life and property—the owner of not only all the broad acres within his seminaries, but of all the men, women, and children existing thereon.

In the northwest, it was long popularly supposed that civilisation had made great strides, that European ideas were fast triumphing over Asiatic prejudices and eastern habits, and that, in fact, the people were comparatively free, enlightened, and happy. Never was error more complete. Doubtless, more had been done by the government of the northwest towards preparing the people for better things, but in reality little had been accomplished there as elsewhere. None but those who have laboured in an eastern climate know what it is to bear the heat of the day; none but those who have striven against the darkness and corruption of the Asiatic mind know how slowly the work progresses. Even the men for whom you are striving, the poor ryot, the oppressed trader, the poverty-stricken villager, are all dead against you. So strange are they to any generous sentiment, so shut out from sympathy with the rest of the world, that they cannot, they will not, place belief in the labours of the European in their behalf. They spurn the proffered aid; they turn away from protection, convinced in the dark recesses of their own diseased minds, that behind all the fairest language and pleasant promises of the white man, there lurks some secret plot for their more complete bondage and destruction.

In reality, then, the tyrannical zemindar possesses fully as much power in the northwest as in Upper or Lower Bengal. We have said that he holds the power of life and property. This is not a mere figure of speech, but a stern, everyday matter of fact. The British authority is supposed to reign paramount over every other power within the limits of the Honourable Company’s territories. Outwardly, this is indeed the case; but in reality it is a mere fiction. When the collector or the magistrate of the district passes through with a small army of retainers and native officials on revenue or judicial tours of inspection, all is deep deference to the English name, and for the time it is highly convenient to allow the fiction to pass current; but, once out of sight, all ideas of British supremacy vanishes, and the reign of the native recom-
of his fellow-zemindars, in personal appearance. In activity and mental energy, he is perhaps superior to many of the class; but in the daily routine of his zemindary, and in the end and side of his ryota, he is the true Bengali landlord.

Chunder Roy’s zemindary lies in the rich valley of the Ganges: his own family resting-place is on the banks of that sacred stream. His castle stands amidst lofty trees and spares the most far commanding a view far up and down the stream. Within a short ride of the district town of Lucknpore, his mansion is well placed both for purposes of his own zemindary and for general business; for Lucknpore is an important town, to which vast numbers of baboo resort for trade, and where the zemindar can turn the various produce of his land and his ryota to the best account: where he can dispose of the sweet of their brows at the highest prices per factory mound, and obtain the utmost marketable value for every seer, maund, and beegah of their bones and sinews squeezed out in the shape of jute, hemp, lincase, cotton, indigo, and sugar, to say nothing of saltpepper and a few common dye-stuffs.

Viewed at some little distance, the castle and grounds of the zemindar wear a most imposing appearance. The building does not perhaps strike one as belonging to any particular order of house architecture, either eastern or western; but then it is extensive; there are large porticos, and no end of windows. The lofty domes of the grounds give a park-like appearance to the place, while its general exterior is improved by the stately landing-place from the river-bank to the grounds, and the round white building, whatever it may chance to be, which shuts upon the river from one side of the ghât, with a flagstaff peering high above its walls, like a willow-ward against the deep azure of the sky.

The zemindar’s grounds and house were planned by a first-rate English architect, and, if report speaks true, work cost several lacs of rupees. Native-like, however, Chunder Roy could not persuade himself to abide by the Englishman’s plans, and accordingly clipped the verandahs of their fair proportions, stuck in loopholes instead of windows, allowed the gravel-walks and terraces to become overgrown and ruinous, so that what wears a very magnificent exterior at a mile distant, becomes a sort of deserted palatial prison at a closer inspection.

In the round white house by the ghât with the flagstaff, the zemindar holds daily court, to hear complaints, to decide petty disputes between his ryota, and, above all, to arrogate defaulting cultivators for their shortcomings. This is a terribly busy place at certain seasons of the year; many an aching desperate heart enters the narrow portal in the rear, some to return only after dreadful sufferings, some never, alive. In the dark, damp chambers beneath that terrible audience-room, more horrors are enacted than are dreamed of in Merrie England. Slaves of the soil, creatures of the zemindar, who from sickness or accident, or bad weather, or a dozen other causes, have disappointed his tassashita, or bailiff, of the expected quantity of grain or other produce, are incarcerated within those loathsome walls, until, rendered desperate, they obtain liberty under some promise of impossible returns, which ends in imprisonment to death, or perhaps flight, or starvation, or suicide.

But amidst all this, the zemindar is a happy, prosperous man. He dresses in the most approved fashion, and lives in the best houses, on the best of the dainties of the land, and is housed, if not in courtly style and comfort, according to western ideas, at any rate in eastern palatial splendour. His suites of rooms are most extensive, though they are rather dimly lit by small windows, and furnished in the most costly ways; his furniture and fittings were one of the most costly description; now they are faded, tattered, and patched with old tawdry relics of bygone splendour. One might well imagine his state-apartments to be the property-rooms of a third-rate London theatre. To his own private rooms for trade, there is quite enough for any back-slummers of old Edinburgh or ancient London, where the fresh air and the glorious light of day enter but through wooden traps and accidental slits in the wall, diluted with all kinds of effluvia and dimness—O the intolerable heat of that inner sanctuary of Chunder Roy! How tantalising the mimic punkahs, how aggravating the sight of the waving branches of huge green trees outside, bending gracefully to the noontide breeze!

As for his zenana, the rooms of the female portion of his family are never approached by man, unless he be a younger brother. What they are like, I once had an opportunity of judging during a very brief period when they were cleared out for some repairs. Rooms an Englishman would scarcely call them: cribs or dens for tame beasts would approach more nearly to their description. Furniture they have none. A few dowdy mats, some rags or padded cotton quilts, a hookah or two, and a miserable, dimly burning lamp, these constitute the essentials of a Hindoo lady’s apartment. I could not wonder the fever had compelled the zemindar to remove his family, and make some changes in the economy of his private rooms. The only marvel to my mind was that any colour of life had escaped the pestilence cooped up in those vile dungeons.

To behold our friend the zemindar cast off the daily dingy rag which scantily encircles his waist, don the ample flowing robes of white, the rich silkun vest, the white shay, many a man, in my opinion, must classify with the inmost recesses of his dusty, reeking crib, and spring into his carriage, surrounded by armed and many-vestured retainers—to behold this would appear almost as marvellous as Cinderella’s transformation. Certainly Chunder Roy leaves behind him fully as much dirt as the young lady of the fairy tale.

The life of a zemindar in the mid districts of Bengal may fairly be set down as one of almost daily excitement. With as many cases to decide as any ordinary justice of the peace—with as many clients to see and converse with as a solicitor of fair reputation—with as many deals, lawsuits, and actual downright fights as an Irish tenant or an English blackleg, the Hindoo zemindar must necessarily lead a pretty active life, if he wishes to hold his own, to satisfy the demands of his neighbour’s, which, unfortunately, a considerable number of them have a national weakness for aiming at.

One day’s work will suffice for a sample of most of the three hundred and odd days which—knocking off half of the Indian festivals—make up his year of business. A few disputes amongst his ryota about a brass totah, or somebody’s wife, or a bullock, are soon disposed of; then come some land and tithe questions—terrible affairs in themselves, and still more so in their consequences, as the ryote find to their cost; then some question in which the government is mixed up has to be discussed, and the result is that Honourable John is done, as completely as though he were a ryote.

It is rare, indeed, that a day passes without some plotting or scheming about land. This, indeed, is the great source of material wealth in India; and it is consequently the origin of half the literature and four-fifths of the effusions of Sanscrit, the amurces in Upper and Lower Bengal. A neighbouring indigo-planters, one of the Company’s European ‘interlopers,’ has perhaps made advances to some villagers to cultivate indigo for him on their lands, bringing the plant up when ripe, and compensated the ryota for which the common method followed throughout India. The zemindars fancy or believes that these ryota and their
land own him as their lord and master, consequently that they cannot sell for the price they should pay them double or treble the price obtainable from the seminadar. Here, then, is one most fertile source of deliberation and schemes. The growth of the enemy's plant has to be watched and reported upon; and as the time for cutting and carrying it approaches, the seminadar has to prepare his lattialis or fighting-men, to protect the party who are to remove this produce of the European foe.

The planter gets intelligence of what is going on, and he too musters his lattialis in full force, armed not merely with sticks and clubs, but with spears, swords, and firearms. The mustering is not a mere matter of form: never were any men so desperately bent on mischief as the instigators of these lattialis; never was life so ruthlessly flung away in acts of open daring as on these occasions. Neither the planter nor the seminadar appears in person, though on the day of strike they will be sure to be within sight of the skirmishing-ground. Perhaps the magistrate of the district hears of the intended breach of peace, and despatches a strong party of armed Durkemassas to repress the riot. But we beside the police officials should they dare to show their faces on the ground! The contending parties, forgetting their strife for the moment, have in a common attack upon the general foe, who of course are quickly defeated, and leave thecontending parties to fight it out. It is not easy to say why, but it is quite certain that on these occasions nine encounters out of ten end in favour of the European party, though perhaps inferior in numbers, and in no ways of a better class of lattialis.

But the fight does not end with the field of indigo which occasioned it: the defeated party seeks revenge either by destroying other crops of his adversary, or by burning his villages or two on his land. It matters not who suffers, provided it can in any way reach the enemy; and herein is the greatest evil of these affrays.

The Indian seminadar passes a considerable portion of his life in open or secret warfare with his species, like any other untamed beast of prey. With the government, with planters, with traders, with royta, he is ever at strife. During the recent mutiny and rebellion, he has had ample scope for his belligerent qualities; and in many instances has not failed to avail himself of them. There he has not done so, it has arisen from so inherent love of peace, order, or justice, but simply from the conviction which, in the breast of the Hindoo, is ever present, that 'discretion is the better part of valor.' Where numbers triumphed for the time, he has proved that, despite the press, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, India has not felt much internal social change. We have clipped the tiger's claws, but not washed out his spots.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT.

Mr dear Harry,' exclaimed my mother, as one winter's evening we all sat together in the library at Uplands—

'Very dear Harry, if you must positively yawn in that outrageous manner, I think your own room is the proper place to do it in.'

'Was I yawning?' said Harry, starting up from his nook near the fireplace. 'I beg everybody's pardon; but we had a long day after the cocks, as you know, Kenneth; and besides, the wind made such a noise in the trees near my window last night, that I positively did not close my eyes.'

Harry looked apologetically at our guest, Mr Brunton, a shrewd, sensible-looking man of about fifty years old, who glanced at him with a quizzically amused air as he spoke.

'Harry leaves to others the dignity of suffering in silence, like Sancho Panza,' said my father. 'If you really are such a victim to want of rest, you had better take yourself off, and make up for lost time.'

'Harry was using the words in their conventional sense,' said Mr Brunton. 'If you had really ever known what it was to pass a night utterly without sleep, you would not think much of being kept awake or disturbed by a noise. The nearest approach to what the French call une nuit blanche that I ever passed, is marked by anything rather than a white stone in my memory.'

'What was it?' 'Where were you?' 'Do tell us about it.' we all said; headed by Harry, whom this attack on his fit of drowsiness had roused into full animation.

Before I set Mr Brunton tell his story, I had better explain who he is, and how it happens that we are all glad to listen when he speaks.

Mr Brunton is an old college-friend of my father's; and frequently visits us, partly in that capacity, and partly that my father, who farms his own estate of Uplands on an extensive scale, may profit by his valuable advice in many matters connected with modern scientific methods of agriculture. As an eminent agricultural chemist, and his services in this capacity are sought by many landed proprietors and large farmers throughout Great Britain. His skill is great in offering to nature the necessary compensation, in the shape of chemical compounds, strange to the eye and repulsive to the nose, for the drain upon her constitution which is required to produce the abundant grain and root crops expected by 'high farmers' as the reward of their expenditure of skill and capital; and in this useful branch of modern science, Mr Brunton has few, if any rivals.

His active and enlightened mind is not satisfied to work only in this, its legitimate field of action; he has considerable skill in many kindred sciences, and has dabbled in most of the 'ologies;' and, above all, he possesses from nature the valuable gift of making his mental resources available in an easy and pleasant manner, for the amusement and instruction of others. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable companion; and, accordingly, whenever he makes his appearance at Uplands, the entrance of the gentlemen into the library after dinner is the signal for us all to take up our station near the lamp, beside the fire, or in the shady nooks between the chimney-piece and the book-cases on each side of it, and prepare for a long pleasant evening of amusing conversations.

It was this, the family custom of some years' standing, which drew so much attention to Harry's unbecoming state of drowsiness; and caused a general flutter in the party, when Mr Brunton, in reply to our inquiries, promised to give us an account of the most uncomfortable night he ever had passed.

The fire was stirred, the moderator-lamp wound up; my mother's spectacles were rescued from impending destruction, and dexterously flished from under the table by little Marion, and we all declared ourselves ready to listen. Mr Brunton began thus:

'It is about ten years, since I was proceeding from London to Glasgow, to attend a meeting there of the Highland Agricultural Society; and by some stupid oversight of my own, or mistake of the railway authorities, found myself sent off the main line, and rapidly approaching Liverpool, before I discovered the error. It was late and dark, and I have a particular objection to any unnecessary degree of discomfort; therefore, as there would still be time enough
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for me to reach Glasgow before the opening of the meeting. If I took a forenoon train the next day from Liverpool, I resolved to profit by the accident, to visit an old acquaintance of mine who resided in one of the suburbs of the city, and from whom I had frequently received, and as often been obliged to decline, a warmly hospitable invitation.

I knew his house was not large, and his establishment I presumed to be on a strictly bachelor scale; but having lived a good deal about the world for many years, I can accommodate myself with ease to any circumstances into which I find myself thrown; and I own that I thought more of the pleasure of seeing and conversing with my old friend, than of the slight disturbance which my unexpected arrival might cause in his household. On arriving at the station, therefore, I engaged a fly, and set out at once for Dr Blackburn's house. 'The way was long, and dark, and dreary'-if Miss Bosie will forgive me a parley on her favourite poet—we rattled through insubstantial slate and sand, down a devilish collee and out of a wilderness of 'semi-detached dwellings' and 'suburban villas,' which seemed to have no end. At length we reached a small, but substantial house, standing somewhat back from the high road in a garden, which was surrounded by a high wall; and on sending in my card, Dr Blackburn at once appeared at the entrance-door, with a hearty greeting, and a warm invitation to me to enter. The first few minutes were occupied by my explanation of the circumstances which led to my visit; my portmanteau was deposited in the hall, and the flyman had driven away, that Dr Blackburn's old servant was able, after sundry mysterious winks and nods, to attract his master's attention, and draw him to the parlor.

After a few words spoken in a low tone, Blackburn turned to me with a laugh, in which, however, there was a shade of embarrassment. 'Why, Bronton,' he said, 'here is Stevens reminding me, with a face of horror, that there is positively not a vacant corner in the house. There is a trial for poisoning, of great professional interest, going on at the assizes, and A—and Q—who you must remember, are staying with me to attend it, and they occupy the only two spare rooms which the house contains.' I interrupted him by saying that it was of no consequence, I would spend the evening with him, and return to the railway hotel for the night. 'Impossible,' he exclaimed. 'You are full two miles from the railway station; and how could you convey your impedimenta? We are far beyond the region of public cabs here. No, no; we shall manage a shake-down for you; though I shall not be able to make you as comfortable as I should like to see a friend whom I have so long wished to have under my roof.'

A few instructions in a stage-aside to Stevens—in which I heard the words 'camp-bed,' a 'large tub,' and 'laboratory,' and Blackburn turned, and ushered me into a large, low, but comfortably and well-lighted dining-room, where his two guests were still sitting at the table. A portion of the well-cooked dinner was soon heated and set before me, and we sat conversing on many subjects of interest to us all, till a late hour. When the clock struck one, he rose from the table, and bade me good-night, then called on my friend to occupy a number of his rooms, collected the heap of bones and skulls already mentioned. A large leather-covered arm-chair, and an old-fashioned spider-legged table before the fire, completed the furniture. After making my preparations for the night, the fire was lighted, and we occupied with the subjects we had discussed during the evening. I could not resist seating myself in the arm-chair, and indulging in a little half-drowsy meditation. By and by, however, the atmosphere of the room became rather oppressive; the fire, heated upon the hospitable hands, gradually drew from the bones and
other animal products in the surrounding shelves, odours which were neither pleasant nor healthful; and I felt as if the window was the only thing that remained to me. My first survey of the room, I rose to look for it. Under the green curtains, on the side opposite to my bed, I discovered two square windows, such as are often seen in stables, opening outwardly from the top, and kept from slipping by a curved bar of iron cut into notches. I opened one of these to its utmost stretch, and, after looking for a few minutes at the brilliant sky of a frosty autumn night, closed the curtain again, and betook myself to the camp-bed.

I lay for some time watching the wildly grotesque forms assumed by the shadows of the antediluvian monsters I mentioned as dashing from the rafters, while the embers flashed and grew dull, and again brightened into a transient blaze; and sleep was gradually stealing over me, when I was startled by a slight sound, as though something had fallen from one of the shelves. I raised my head and looked round, but could see nothing; and my eyes were closing again, when suddenly it appeared to me as though I hid a face, painted on the very spot at which I was looking. It was visible but for a moment, and then vanished. I rubbed my eyes and shook my head, and even felt my pulse to try to detect some symptom of incipient fever; but except that my forehead and body felt hot, there was no sign of any abnormal state of the circulation; and I was trying to fancy that I had been gazing at the skulls in the corner, and transferred the image of one of them to the next object on which I fixed my eyes, which were now opened wide, and which was the door.

Time there could be no mistake: I clearly saw the flashing eyes, the glittering teeth, the frightful grin of a demonic countenance. A bright blaze shot from the expiring embers, and in a second the vision disappeared. I own that now a cold sweat burst out from every pore. Either I was seized with sudden insanity, or I was the victim of some supernatural delusion. I lay for a few minutes a prey to the horrible sensations of one struggling with the nightmare. I would have given the world to have risen, and endeavoured to discover some natural cause for the frightful appearance; but my good-fortune, or, let me say more reverently, the watchful mercy of a kind Providence, kept me still.

I could almost hear the beating of my heart in the profound silence. Gradually the light faded, the embers crackled more faintly, the shadows flickered and disappeared in the general gloom; but still I lay motionless, my eyes riveted on the spot so full of mystery. I should think that at least a quarter of an hour passed in this manner.

Then the curtains waved, parted; a bright beam of moonlight fell on the floor, and, directly intercepting its rays, stood a frightful figure—satyr, satyr of heathen mythology, the origin of our Christian superstitious portraiture of the arch-enemy, a huge living specimen of that strongest and fiercest of the ape tribe, the Simias satyrus, or wild man of the woods. Thus, then, explained the mystery. The creature must have escaped from some menagerie, and found its way in by the open window, and, with the cunning of its race, had concealed itself till the growing darkness gave it increased boldness.

I now gave myself up for lost, and endeavoured to prepare for a horrible death by summoning to my aid all the support of religion. While I strove to fix my thoughts on the subjects which should occupy the mind of man in his last extremity, I fixed my eyes with the fascination of terror on my fearful companion; and to my inexpressible relief and thankfulness, I found that he grew restless and uneasy under my steady gaze, and turned his head in another direction. I flashed into my mind the stories I had read, and only half believed, of the power of the human eye over the brute creation, and I redoubled the intensity of my stare, looking fixedly into the creature's eyes. It grinned and jibbered, and moved its arms restlessly; and, mindful of my only remaining chance, in the event of its springing towards me, I got my hands quietly under the bed-clothes, resolved to make an effort to throw them over its head before it could seize me in a grip which, I well knew, would not relax till it left me a mangled corpse.

Gradually, however, the creature dropped its hideous head on its breast, and was on the point of falling asleep, when a breath swept over the room, and approached the fire, lighting up its misshapen hands, and cowering over the warmth with a horrible resemblance to human action.

I now resolved to slip, if possible, unseen from my bed, and either gain the door, or, if I could do no more, conceal myself between the bed and the wall, and trust to the brute's forgetting my presence. When I attempted to move, however, I found my right foot, which had been under the creature as it sat on the bed, was so completely numb or twisted as to be altogether useless; and the attempt to move only served to draw on me the wrathful notice of my enemy. Uttering a kind of hissing sound between its teeth, it darted to the further corner of the room, and seizing a large bone from the heap that lay there, again took up its quarters on the bed, and threatened to strike me with the bone in a manner evidently copied from that to which it was accustomed from itskeeper.

Thus situated, I had no alternative but to trust again to the power of the eye. The fire had now died completely out, and one white ray of moonlight fell, through an opening in the curtain, right upon the creature's hideous face. I fixed my gaze upon it till I began to feel a strange effect produced upon myself; first the grotesque mask seemed to approach nearer and nearer, till it appeared as if it were about to touch me; and then, while everything grew dark around it, it seemed to shine with a pale ghastly light, as if seen far off, at the end of the immeasurable dark. I felt all the sensations which I have heard described by persons who have been mesmerised, and I have no doubt that my nerves, highly wrought upon and excited as they were by the circumstances in which I was placed, were peculiarly sensitive to the subtle influence. At length the thought crossed my mind, together with the dread of becoming insensible, and thus being completely at the creature's mercy. I made an involuntary movement, as if to free myself from the spell.

The fierce brute, with a sudden and violent blow at me with the bone which it still held in its grasp. Mechanically, I moved my head to elude the stroke, the full force of which was thus spent on the pillow, or I should probably then and there have ended my earthly career. As it was, the bone glanced off the corner of my temple. I felt an acute pain, a gush of warm blood down my cheek and throat, and for a few moments I became insensible.

The instinct of self-preservation restored me to
life. I seemed almost by force to recall my scattered senses; and the room being now perfectly dark, I succeeded by slow degrees in gliding from the bed to the floor, while my tormentor, apparently satisfied with the revenge he had taken, curtailed itself up in the very place I had just quitted, and slept—at least so I conjectured—from the cessation of its restless movements, and now and then a heavy grunt, or snort, which bore a humiliating likeness to a human snore.

The hours which followed were among the longest I ever remember to have passed. In a creeping from my bed, I had so entangled myself with the sheet, that I found it would be impossible to move without disturbing my horrible neighbour: the wond in my temple smarted, and my head ached severely, and I could not repose an occasional shudder, half of cold, and half of nervous excitement, which ran through me like a convulsion. Every time this occurred, I expected my enemy to wake; but the long, dark, weary hours dragged on, and he still appeared wrapped in slumber.

At length, with joy and thankfulness which I will not attempt to describe, I perceived a faint light, like a gray mist, steal over the black darkness around me. It was near the end of October, and I remembered that the sun did not rise much before seven o'clock; consequently, that it was probably now not far from six, and I might reasonably expect before long to be released from a situation which was all but intolerable.

I was summoning my best energies to my aid, and conjuring up the most terrifying spectres that could be conjured up, before I could be sure that I was open before I should be overpowered by the creature, which I felt sure would spring at me as soon as I moved, when I heard voices in the garden, and in another moment some one loudly knocked at the door, and explored my room, to open it, for God's sake, if I was alive.

The creature started up at the sound, made one furious rush at the opening of the curtain, which now lay in a streak of decided daylight; and at the same moment the crash of broken glass, and a succession of wild piercing cries announced that it had missed its leap, and fallen into the hands of its captors. I confess that at this moment of release from the horrible fate which had been impending over me for so many hours, I felt my strength of mind and body at once give way, and became completely insensible.

When I revived, I found myself stretched on the bed, the chill morning air blowing in from the open doorways which had been left open to be saving me from the close and poor Blackburn with a face of the deepest anxiety, bending over me with some powerful stimulant. 'Oh, thank God, thank God!' he exclaimed, as I endeavoured to rise and speak to him. 'Keep quiet, my dear fellow; do not move or speak; only look at me, if you are in your senses.' In a few minutes, I could not only look, but speak, and assure him that I was practically but little worse for the unpleasant night I had passed; but he would scarcely listen to me, and kept on repeating: 'The satyrus! the wild man of the woods! the most fierce and relentless of animals!—how can you have escaped with life?'

'I thank God that it is so,' I replied earnestly; 'for truly it has been only the hand of His protection that has saved me. But where did the creature come from, and how did you discover that it had paid me a visit?'

'Oh, that is the worst of all,' said poor Blackburn. 'It was through my abominable carelessness that it happened; and if anything had befallen you, I never could have forgiven myself. It is bad enough as it is.'

'But has the beast escaped from a menagerie, or how did it come here?'

'It is mine,' said Blackburn ruefully. 'The captain of a merchant-ship, knowing my turn for natural history, and that I have a small collection in the garden here, gave me the brute a few days ago. I had him chained in an empty stable; and last night, after shewing him to A— and G——, I must have missed the lock of the door, and turned the key without shutting it. The man who feeds and attends to my animals came, as usual about six o'clock this morning; and finding the stable empty, at once gave the alarm. We traced his footsteps across the mould of the garden, to the window of this room, which to our consternation we found open. You may fancy what a pitch my fears increased, when on knocking at the door the fierce brute flew out of the window, and, catching its foot on the iron stanchion, fell to the ground. It was overpowering, not without some ugly bites and scratches; and we then forced open the door of this room, fully prepared to find your mangled body. Nothing was to be seen but the empty bed, and a large stain of blood on the pillow; but we soon found you, insensible, and as I at first thought dead; though a little examination sufficed to show that you had received no mortal injury. I cannot express my thankfulness. But your escape is a perfect marvel to me; and as soon as you are rested and refreshed, you must give me an account of what happened.'

Before long, I was seated at a cheerful breakfast-table, and making up as best I could for the wear and tear of my constitution during the last few hours. By the time I reached Glasgow, there remained little outward trace of my night's adventure, except a very disreputable black eye. Whether my master's sake, I was forced to cover with a patch; but I will own that many nights elapsed before my sleep ceased to be disturbed with frightful visions, or I could get rid of the sight of a grinning, fiendish face, which always started out of the darkness when I closed my eyes. Indeed, to this day I do not think I ever hear mention made of Liverpool without remembering the very uncomfortable night I passed, in my first and last visit there, more than ten years ago.
Another system, our readers are aware, has been tried by various bodies of the working-classes—a system in which the motive-power is co-operation instead of competition; and there is now before us a paper which was partially read before the Social Science meeting at Birmingham, giving the results of the experiments of two of these co-operative bodies.*

One of these, the People's Co-operative Flour-mill, we described at large on a former occasion.† We mentioned that the proximate cause of its establishment at Leeds in 1847 was the high price of flour and its excessive adulteration; the millers combining to keep up the price of their manufacture without regard to the rises and falls of grain in the market. Under these circumstances, the working-classes of the locality determined, at a public meeting, to purchase and manufacture for themselves, and thus to obtain ‘pure flour at as near prime cost as possible.’ It is interesting to observe the course of the experiment since then, which in fact has been so uniformly and triumphantly successful as to go a great way of itself in demonstrating the soundness of the principle. The shares were at first a guinea each, but were afterwards raised to nearly fifty shillings. The flour was sold at first at cost price, but this profit is now added. The advantages were at first confined to the members, but the public is now admitted to share: the business for the first five years never exceeded L27,000 in the year, and has since then increased to L72,000.

The existing trade could not stand unmoved before this new competition. The price of flour was reduced, and adulteration, before excessive, became unknown in Leeds. In order to judge of the price of so fluctuating an article, this rule will suffice: that when grain is sold at so many shillings per quarter, flour will remunerate at the same number of half-pence per stone of fourteen pounds. Thus, when corn is 60s. per quarter, flour can be sold with a profit at sixty-half-pence, or half-a-crown per stone. When the Society's flour was sold at about cost-price, it was still 1½d. below the reduced market price, and saved the purchasers L200 a year. Even now, when it is sold at a remunerating price, governed by the markets, it is never above the half-penny per stone to the shilling per quarter, but often below that rate.

The following are the general results of this interesting experiment as given in the pamphlet in an address to the members:

1st. Flour was abominably adulterated in Leeds before we began, and you know we have been supplied with a perfectly pure article from our mill, no adulteration being ever permitted.

2d. You know that the price of flour often bore no natural ratio to the price of corn, but that dealers advanced the price of flour at their pleasure; and you know that since our operations we have steadied the markets, and reduced the scale-price for flour at least 1½d. to 2d. per stone below the millers' previous charges.

3d. You know that the original members never paid more than 21s. each, so that 2270 members’ subscriptions would come to L3435, 10s.; and you know that you have withdrawn bonuses to the amount of L6897, 11s. 6d., or L2508, 10s. 6d. more than was ever paid in; and your directors now hereby declare to you, that by valuation of mill, fixtures, and stock, up to July 1, 1887, your capital amounts to the sum of L9068, 5s. 8d. above the said bonuses.*

The other experiments of the kind has been tried at Rochdale, and with a result quite as satisfactory. It commenced in 1844, from the same causes, and with the same object, as the one at Leeds; but here it began with groceries, and extended seriatim to butcher’s meat, flour, coal and potatoes, clothing, drapery, shoes, clothes, hats, &c. ‘We were paid at Rochdale on Friday and Saturday evenings about seven o'clock, it is a perfect wonder to see the numbers of well-dressed working-men and their wives walking quietly in the grocers’ shops, where, beginning at the left-hand counter in No. 1 department, they are supplied with goods, pay, get their tickets representing the money, and then move on to No. 2, and so on to the eighth or ninth shopman; then into the butcher’s shop, the flour, the potato, and the clothing rooms. On Friday, the 27th September, at seven in the evening, I stood and counted sixty-five people in the grocery store, twelve in the meat and flour, and five or six in the clothing shops; and I was informed they have sometimes more than one hundred people purchasing at one time, who take their turns in the order of attendance. The purchases average fifteen to sixteenteen shillings per week per member, clothing being about one to twelve in amount, as compared to food.’ From the net account of the Rochdale Pioneers’ Co-operative Store—2½ per cent. is set aside for the means of intellectual improvement. They have a library of 1600 or 1700 volumes, free to the members, and a news-room partially free. They have purchased a considerable part of the ground they occupy. They make no display in their shop-windows, spend nothing in advertising, buy and sell for ready money, and instead of being in want of funds, have more than they know what to do with.

In 1844, the amount of the society was L125; in 1856, it had increased to L18,000. In 1845, the business done was L710; in 1856, it was L88,197. In 1845, the profit was L58; and in 1856, it was L8992, or 85 per cent. on the capital.

The advantages of the co-operative system are numerous. It gives its members better goods for their money, because, instead of having any inducement to adulterate, or manufacture superficially, its interest is quite the other way. Its customers being ready, waiting for supplies, there is no risk of failure, and it has no need, therefore, of publishing that it will get rid of its winter goods at any sacrifice to make room for its spring stock; and being under no necessity of laying aside for patrons, it spends nothing in plate glass, gilding, chandeliers, or printing advertisements. Dealing for ready money, it has no bad debts, and no law expenses. ‘All who know intimately,’ says the pamphlet, ‘the habits of the working-classes, know what a fearful evil the practice of purchasing their food and clothing on credit. Once tied fast to the shopkeeper, then follows, as a rule, high prices for bad articles; the food is adulterated, and the clothing inferior; poverty is thus made poorer, and to debt is often added law, and persecution, the panther and the curse. What, then, must be the benefits of a complete change of the habit of credit? known well by the poor to be so great an evil, and yet felt to be so hard to get rid of when once formed. And yet this change has been effectually acted by the transactions of the managers of the Leeds and Rochdale societies are all, both buying and selling, on ready-money principles. As a consequence, those who were never out of debt, who crowded to the shopkeeper, and dreaded the billiard, are now fearless and clear of all incumbrances: they are consequently independent, and feel morally as well as socially elevated. Able to lay out their money to the best advantage, their houses become better furnished, and cleaner; their food is

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† See Journal, No. 51, for December 1844.
more plentiful, and more wholesome; education for the children, and all other moral benefits follow: to visit the Green Board becomes now almost impossible; and not a few have a deposit at the bank, their own savings, upon which they may fall back in case of need. To enter the Society induces saving, and the savings thus accumulated, by the very condition of mind leading thereto, prevents their being wasted away in either drink or dissipation—those sad, sore evils which swallow up so much of the hard earnings of the poor.

What is to prevent the working-classes throughout the kingdom from following the example of these two societies? Ignorance. Even at Leeds, with the advantage of the flour-mill before their eyes, and its habits of economy, of saving, and meat stored, as well as of pocketing the bonus of the flour-mill—insignificant, of course, to each. It appears, however, that their sanction was at length obtained; that a grocery-store was actually commenced, and that it does not pay. Necessity is the mother of the working-classes, with comparatively few exceptions, refusing to deal at their own store, and thus obtain better and cheaper goods, and a money-profit besides. The pamphlet is silent as to the cause of what might seem, with the above provisions, an extraordinary instance of their blindness; but the probability is, that it merely offers one more illustration of the misery of the credit system—that the people are tied to the grocers, and cannot readily get away. Were there not such a mass, this might seem at first sight to be greatly in advance of those of Leeds in point of intelligence, either in keeping out of debt, and securing to themselves the power to act as they please, or in not seeking to go for two courses before them, the one that obviously leads to advantage. It is difficult, however, to reason on the case without better information than we possess on the circumstances of the two towns.

Upon the whole, the experiments we have thus glanced over prove, in the first place, that contrary to the commonly expressed opinion, it is perfectly possible for men of the working-classes to conduct their own business, even when of a complicated nature, to a successful issue; but, in the second place, that the body, in consequence so far advanced as to be a success, what was ordered by a committee one week or month, was too frequently undone the next. There was no permanency or persistency. If their affairs were of other kinds, they fell out among themselves, and could not long be kept together. The worst feature of ignorance is intolerance, and the worst of the working-classes is that they cannot agree to differ. This is from a note to the pamphlet, and in the text the same thing is repeated. 'Many object to work out their own social elevation, preferring poverty to independence; and thousands act so as to be a dead log upon the more thoughtful and prudent. Others who wish to get out of the trammels of poverty, ignorant of the natural relations of things, hope for the impos-able, and not getting their wishes, become discontented with real benefits, and quarrel therewith.' The two societies we have described, however, shew what can be done, and with such examples before us, it would be folly to despair.

**ELEGANT EXTRACTS.**

Next, we believe, to *Captain Toot's Voyages*—for thus our infant tongue pronounced the name of that great navigator—not very much below the illustrated edition of *Pig-slaughtering in India in the Eighteenth Century*, and at no immeasurable distance from *Robinson Crusoe*, this was our wont, in our early boyhood, to hold in favour the *Elegant Extracts*. They consisted of four enormous volumes, one of which was denominated 'Epistles,' one 'Prose,' one 'Verse,' and one 'Poetry,' but those last two volumes we know were some twins who are only distinguishable by the variation of a strawberry-mark between their shoulders, differed in nothing save in the name at the back of their bindings.

We are at our time residing for a little time among the scenes of that far-back, thoughtless epoch of youth, which has long since become sacred and solemn enough to us, and we have found the same old volumes as interesting—though we ourselves have suffered such change—as a Musical, indeed, as a Musical, and even from the comparison—involuntary, and yet the most odious of all comparisons—of our two selves—between Philip drunk with youth, and Philip sobered with all the cares of a Paterfamilias; but the books have got much intrinsically good in them, which can rust. We confess to never having had any great fondness for the volume of Epistles, although we always identified ourselves so fully with the young gentleman in knee-breeches and a ruffled shirt, whose attention is entirely directed, in the first place, to the muse of epistolary correspondence, to the effigy of Lord Bacon: she cannot, at least, be the muse of history, or she would not be setting him up for a model. Much as our dislike may be for the volume, we having been made to retranslate Mr Melmoth's letters to Papirius Fatus into Latin, such as M. T. Cicero would have been astonished to have found his own.

This volume is divided into five books, the last of which is appended to 'Recent Letters,' which begin with those of William Shenstone, Esq., and end with those of Mr Edward Gibbon—by this time, alas! seeming hardly to be more 'recent' than those in the first book by Mr Pilny the Consul to several of his friends. 'Old Age,' as this in turn is called, is scarcely born when these volumes were first published, has observed, 'was even worse.' Moral and Religious, Classical and Historical Prose, Orations, Sermons, and (especially) Characters of Departed Sovereigns. Character of Charles I, by Macaulay, Character of James II, ibid. How strange these titles read to us, and yet how familiar! The female historian only lives in *Elegant Extracts* such as these, and another Macaulay reigneth in her stead, who has drawn for us the same characters with a far more skilful touch; though with not less violent colouring. Among the slightly verbose accounts treating of 'The affected strangeness of some men of quality,' or of 'A citizen's family setting out for Brightlhelmston,' there are a number of pieces which were ever to give us the most unmixed delight. How fond we grew of the little Nurse Glumadalitch, who was but forty feet high; and of the mighty king who was, by the breadth of a finger-nail, taller than the tallest of his court! But then were Brodberg-nag and Lilliput but pleasant fairy tales, which have now become wicked satires; whereas, upon the other hand, that pious and exemplary 'Explanation of the Fifth Commandment,' by Corporal Trim, used somewhat to shock the well-regulated mind of our young days as being slightly blasphemous. What a charming woodcut heralded this volume also! A be-
hires amongst hollyhocks, with a young man in pursuit of a butterfly; which by some allegorical means, untranslatable by us now as then, conveyed a high moral lesson.

But by far the favourite with us of these great books, was that one which was devoted to the muse:

'The useful and entertaining pieces of poetry selected for the improvement of young persons.' Some of these, indeed, culled from the flowery gardens of Dean Swift and others, would in these days be considered by no means elevating for youth. It is more than half a century ago since the Elegant Extracts were published; not a single one of our now living writers was famous enough at that period to gain admittance into these pages. The Nestor Rogers, who has so lately succumbed, after that unprecedented combat of his with devouring Time, is quoted as an accomplished and promising young poet; but of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, of Shelley, and Keats, and Tennyson, there is nothing chronicled. How strange it seems! What revolutions, improvements, reverses, has literature undergone 'since this old book was new!' What glorious poetic fire has touched our souls, which was lying then unkindled and undreamed of in infant breasts! What wit! what wisdom! Here is a Pastoral Ballad, by one Byron, it is true; but even that is a misprint for Byron. How very much we should like to see a pastoral ballad from the pen of him who wrote the Guiser and Don Juan! Here, however, is a song by Moore:

How blessed has my time been, what joys have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse mine own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodibes as often we stray, Around us boys and girls frolic and play, How pleasing their sport is the warrier ones see, And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen In revels all day with the nymphs of the green; Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles, And meets me at night with complaisance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its lume, How well, with glee and humour bloom all the year through; Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensure, And catch with false vows the too credulous fair, In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam; To hold it is for life you must find it at home!

This, of course, cannot be our unmoralising Irish Thomas, and yet there is something in the ring of the metre which resembles him; and still less, although the sentiments above expressed are worthy of her, can it be Mrs Hannah More of sacred fame. Who was then Moore, the elder? Who, again, was this Rev. Mr Maurice, whose poem of 'The Schoolboy, written at a very early age,' we are here favoured with? Not, surely, the rejected of King's College, the ardent and able theological writer of our day. Who was 'the great essayist, Thornton?' Who was Jago (sic) who writes this very clever 'Imitation of Hamlet's Soliloquy'?

'To print or not to print—that is the question.

Whether 'is better in a trunk to bury

The quirks and crotchetts of outrageous fancy,

Or send a well-written copy to the press,

And, by disclosing, end them?

To print, to beam

From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound;

To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—say, there's the rub—

There's the respect that makes

Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.

For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,

The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,

The tedious importance of friends,

* * * * *

But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill

(That undiscovered country, with whose bays

Few travellers return) puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear to live unknown,

Than run the hazard to be known and damned?

Who was Mrs Smith, who publishes these heavy sonnets 'To Night' and 'To Tranquillity,' with many others addressed to similar unsubstantial objects? Tranquilly enough, she has herself sunk into the night of forgetfulness, and Mrs Smith on Mrs Smith, like wave on wave, has overwhelmed her memory. Who was the once celebrated Mr Thomas Knox, who, in the immediate neighbourhood of Churchill and Campbell, we find with his blank verses, 'Spoken at the Annual Visitations of Tumbridge School'? They begin with, 'Sweet is thy month, O Maia,' and extend over some three hundred lines, with an invocation to 'the Pious Judd,' about midway. Who was the pious Judd? By no means, we daresay, an individual to be sneezed or laughed at; and yet we cannot help smiling at his unknown but doubtless venerable name. Our youthful mind was wont to associate Mr Thomas Knox with the eminent Scotch Reformer of that name; but the keenest intellect of our maturity tracks him to the prose, whereby, if we have discovered him, this the editor himself of these Elegant Extracts, where, by taking advantage of his position, he has cunningly preserved himself in amber along with the best of them.

How good, though somewhat coarse, were the old satirical verses with which one look in vain for now! Some, by Mr Soame Jenyns, upon 'the modern fine gentleman' of exactly a hundred years ago, have the following finish:

He wagers on his own and others' lives,

Till Death at length, indignant to be made

The daily subject of his sport and trade;

Vows with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,

And, groaning for the beta he loses by,' he dies.

What a comfortable reflection it is to think that there is no speculation of this sort now-a-days! How thankful, in these virtuous times, ought waning rectors and annuitants with loving relatives, to feel!

In the poems 'Dramatic, Lyrical, Atlantical, Audacious,' which was wont to be our favourite portion of this volume, it is remarkable how very long most of the headings are; the verses themselves do not occupy a larger space than the arguments; and the arguments are often, one would imagine, as much unsaid as possible to the muse.

'Ode on the Death of Matzel, a Favourite Bullfinch, addressed to Philip Stanhope, Esq. (natural son to the Earl of Chesterfield), to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.'

Again: 'Presented, together with a Knife, by the Rev. Samuel Bishop, Head-master of Merchant Taylor's School, to his Wife on her Wedding-day, which happened to be her Birthday and New-year's Day.'

And, 'Written on the Occasion of a Ball, in which the Ladies agreed to dress in Silks, for the Stake of encouraging the Spitalfields Manufacturers.'

The sight of 'the Lady Elizabeth Thynne cutting trees on paper, seems to have been too much for the poet Waller to view, and be dumb; while Grainger recommends his 'Bryan and Pereene, a West Indian ballad,' upon the ground—and perhaps he knew that there was no more intrinsic attraction in it—of

* It is, no doubt, the multitudinous name that puzzles our friend: Charlotte Smith is well known to this day among a very numerous and respectable class.—Es.
its being 'founded on a real fact that happened in the island of St Christopher.'

'But judge by the number of poems with no other title than 'Written in a blank leaf of' this or that volume, it would seem that a white page in any book was too great a temptation for these ancient bards to fight against, even although they had not anything particular to set down upon it. We are inclined to think that the expense and scarcity of paper in their time must be accountable for this, for we observe that Mr Browning and Mr Tennyson do not resort in these days for a place of record for their ideas to the fly-leaves of the books their friends lend them.

Amongst the 'Epigrams, Epitaphs, and other Little Pieces,' the immense proportion which the titles bear to the productions themselves is still more remarkable. We moderns would never surely put to a poor couple such a water-in-the-brain-affected heading as this which follows:

On a very Rich Gentleman drinking the Waters of Tunbridge Wells, who had refused to contribute to the Relief of a Distressed Family.

For deepest woes old Harpsax scorn to feel,
Think ye his bowels stand in need of steel?

The principal point is always italicized, for fear the reader should chance not to see the joke. The parsons suffer terribly, and one epigram out of three, at least, of these old wits has got a divinity for its butt; and we are sorry to add also, that among many of these jeux d'esprit there is more than a fair sprinkling of imprecation.

A Case of Conscience submitted to a Late Dignitary of the Church on his Narcotic Exposition of the following text: 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into Temptation.'

By our pastor perplex'd, how shall we determine?

'Watch and pray,' says the text; 'Go to sleep,' says the sermon.

Whenever, it seems, any person of the last century had a good thing to say, instead of issuing it at once fresh from his mental mint, he took it away into some private room, and cut it into metre, mixing it up in the proportion of three-fourths alloy to one-fourth—which was the last line—genuine gold, and so brought it back again to his company in the form of verse. A clergyman, not being 'capped' by his parishioner, thus reproves him:

The gosswoman stopped, and turning, sternly said: 'I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed.'

'Well,' says Tom, still joggling, 'that's true.'<n
'Thank God, he feeds me, but I'm taught by you.'

And there are four more stupid lines, which we have not quoted, introductory to the bon-mot. Silence and attention was gained by the recital of these beforehand, and they were probably made duller than they need have been, for the sake of contrast with the witicism when it should be at last let out. These lines 'Upon a Lady who squinted,' are unusually compact:

if ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
Sure, greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

Here is an epigram upon Moore, our unknown poet, who, it seems, had the reputation of being a borrower:

Moore always smiles whenever he recites,
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes;
But yet in this no vanity is shown:
A modest man may like what's not his own.

Next to the clergy, the married state is the most popular subject for raillery, there being scores of 'elegant and expressive' verses on the death of a wife, and comfort in being safely 'grassed in.'

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onward they pressed,
Conveying his wife to her place of last rest:
'Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure;
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?'

Third in the list of favourite subjects for pasquinade are, we regret to see, the Scotch—a fact which points pretty clearly to the political period at which most of these were written. Here is one by Cleveland, who has had the impudence even to set his name to it:

Had Cain been a Scot, God had altered his dooms,
Not forced him to wander, but kept him at home.

We forget the name of the author to whom Johnson attributes that line popularly believed to have occurred in the theme of an Eton boy upon the marriage in Cana, but it is here introduced, much spoiled, and in company with three wretched companions, as Aaron Hill's:

When Christ at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
'See,' cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed,
The boshful stream hath seen its God, and blushed.

Bob and Ned, Jack and Roger, Tom and Dick, are the male dramatic personae of these epigrams, and Chloe and Stella the females:

A FAIR GROUND FOR PRIDE.
Jack his own merit sees; this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

Most of this sort are dull, or else well known; but we will conclude with one that is new, at least to our ears, and pregnant with wisdom; it is, we believe, by the poet Prior:

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quits.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The new year opens as promisingly for science as the old year ended. Astronomers and geologists, chemists, naturalists, and natural philosophers, and all others, are busy with important researches. Catastrophes in the money-market, or in India or China, divert them not; neither does a royal marriage make them pause in their endeavours to rifle nature of her secrets. Some few there are—to whom the same philosophers may be justly applied—so earnest in their work, so convinced of the value of time, that they never by any chance accept an invitation to dinner or to an evening-party. To them science owes her proudest achievements.

Mr Faraday is to make known in a lecture some of the results of his late researches. When that takes place, there will not be a spare seat in the theatre of the Royal Institution, for hundreds who don't understand, and don't much care about science, go to hear the learned professor because it is fashionable to do so. Dr Tyndall, pursuing his inquiry into the phenomena of glaciers, will repeat the description of certain properties of ice, which he has already read before the Royal Society. In some of his experiments on the melting of ice, he finds a singularly beautiful phenomenon; that the water which first appears on the surface of the frozen mass has always the form of an elegant flower with expanded petals. While in this there may be a suggestive fact for the crystallographer, the geologist will find additional explanations as to the cause of the motion of glaciers. Those who are interested in this question will find it treated of among other phenomena in an able paper by Professor Hitchcock in the last volume of the Smithsonian.
Contributions to Knowledge, published at Washington. It reviews the whole subject of Surface Geology, tracing effects by this agency in the Middle Tertiary period of beaches and moraines, with notices of Ancient Seamarines—the period of terraces, and, lastly, the historic. It is a valuable contribution to a portion of geological science which has not been sufficiently treated of.—Mr Sorby, on the other hand, has been diving deep down into the bowels of volcanoes, and shows that crystals of quartz and granite are not simply igneous crystals, but aque-igneous, formed under tremendous pressure. He has been led to this conclusion by the discovery of mineral species examined under the microscope, to be found to contain millions on millions of minute cells or cavities, in which water is enclosed. The water has been drawn off in sufficient quantity to be experimented on; so there is no doubt of its presence. It is only right to mention that the fact was first discovered by Mr Bryan of Edinburgh; but he did nothing towards working it out to its consequences as Mr Sorby has done. The discovery is a surprising one for geologists, as it opens up a new view of the structure of rose and red rocks, and leads to the inference that water intensely heated and forcibly hindered from vaporising, has played a highly important part in the crystalline formation. Mr Bryan has published his specimens in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal and Geological Societies, and is now engaged in further investigations.

Not less interesting is a discovery announced at a meeting of the Vaudois Society of Natural Sciences at Lausanne, and not less a surprise for geologists. It appears that the draining of a lake near Mousseserd, canton of Berne, brought to light a bed of peat, through which numerous staves were driven. On the surface of this peat, nearly a thousand specimens of porpoise, sharking, and many other species of fish, were fixed, and the teeth, perforated so as to be strung for bracelets and collars, were meant with. There were no signs of metal; but bones of wild and domestic animals—some still undetermined—were numerous; and among these were placed an atlas and a saw of the Cetus argenteus or Great Irish Elk. The capital fact consists in the discovery of the last mentioned, for no remains of the great elk had ever yet been found along with human remains, or with any relics showing that the animal had been employed as the food of the first settlers.

Mr Robert Mallet's catalogue of earthquakes, drawn up for the British Association, will contain startling facts for the next meeting, collected from the calamitous earthquakes last month in Italy. Some geologists have gone to the conclusion that these earthquakes are the effect of volcanic eruptions. Mr Charles Lyell was there recently, and wished to make special observations on Vesuvius; but the most tedious of Circumlocution Offices at Naples, and he could not waste time in waiting for the official permission.

Unger shows that vegetable growths produce lime-stone, such as certain species of algae so constituted that they secrete and deposit carbonate of lime from sea-water. He has subjected the plants to experiment, in which the calcification first appeared, and afterwards, the vegetable texture remained clearly demonstrable.

In a conversation that took place a short time since at a meeting of the Entomological Society, concerning the changes in the species and habits of animals produced by climate, Professor Milne Edwards said that the existing species of isis is identical with that found preserved in Egyptian mummies.—In a communication to the same Society on a New Genera and Species of Coleoptera, Mr Pascoo raises a question for philologists. Why not set Pascoo on the index, to the word best which is not confused, in common parlance, to the Coleoptera, and is almost universally applied to the cockroach only, by the vulgar? We have mammal and mollusk naturalised among us recently; why not coleopterous?
had in his exploit on Teneriffe (of which, by the way, he has published a highly graphic narrative). But there is something to repay him (Mr Broun) in the magnificent prospect; and while he is discovering the relations between the higher and lower regions of the same mountain, he can contemplate the south coast of the peninsula as far as Cape Comorin, and, but for an intervening height, would get a view of Adam’s Peak in Ceylon.

In connection with meteorology, it is desirable to remember that regular daily observations are made at many places in England and on the continent of Europe, of the rise and fall of the barometer and changes of the wind, the rainfall, &c.: from all of which there will in time appear a large mass of similar facts and facts for comparison, and as our knowledge of atmospheric waves and the allied phenomena increases, we may hope to get to some positive acquaintance with the laws of the weather.—The Austrian government has ‘the band at the bellows,’ to quoting the term, in a way that deserves notice. Having deepened the port of Venice so as to admit large vessels, they wish to render the navigation of the Adriatic safer, by diminishing the force of the bora, which is little or no disease that Mount Nana, near Adelsberg, is the father of the bora; so on all the hills and heights between Nana and the sea, trees are to be planted, which—sheltered by walls while young—will, it is believed, grow up and break the force of the wind before it reaches the gulf.

Father Caselli of Florence has invented and perfected an electric telegraph by which written messages may be transmitted and received, some three or four at the same time, and at the rate of five hundred letters or signs in a minute. An autographic communication from the reverend inventor was read at the meeting of the Vaucois Society above referred to. At another meeting, M. Bischoff demonstrated to the members that an alkaline solution of silver reduced with sugar could be advantageously used for the silvering of glass, especially for concave mirrors and reflectors required of unusual brightness.—Professor Heilmolts has invented an instrument to which he gives the name of telescroscope, which is to be used in looking at landscapes. In a few words, it may be described as a box fitted with mirrors at certain angles, and with feebly concave lenses for eye-pieces. According to the professor, its special merit is, that it enables the spectator to judge of the proportions and distance of various parts of a landscape, much more accurately than with the unassisted eye.

An instrument for indicating sounds has just been exhibited by M. Leon Scott, a corrector of the press at Paris. It comprises a receiver terminated by a membrane; the membrane when disturbed operates on a pencil, and the pencil marks the effect on a moving band of paper. According to the intensity of the sound affecting the membrane, so is the mark; and what is remarkable, it is found that the marks vary according to the sound, whether regular or discordant, though the intensity may be the same. The one leaves regular traces, the other irregular. Hence it is thought the instrument may be useful in the study of vibratory phenomena in the air. This is not the first time that sound has been made visible, so to speak: Professor Wheatstone invented an instrument some years ago, which exhibited the effects of different sounds on a tympanum, all explicable on definite philosophical principles.—Another invention by a young French midshipman will, if it bear the test of further experiment, prove highly useful in the oceanic surveys. It is an instrument which, dropped overboard from a ship, indicates the strength and direction of the under-currents by which the depths of the sea are so numerous and so astonishingly traversed. The construction of the instrument is ingenious, and hitherto it gives more satisfactory indications than any other.

The demand for fibrous material for commercial purposes has led to the utilisation of a product of which huge bounties have been and are still made every autumn in Herefordshire, Kent, and Surrey. We mean the hopbine. Excellent wrapping-paper is now manufactured from that climber; and hop-growers may comfort themselves for a bad season by the sale of what they have heretofore wasted. And besides this, experience has taught us that we can make billboards out of the spent hops, of which the great breweries yield so abundant a supply. It is one of the characteristics of the present time to convert refuse to useful purposes, and these are noted-worthy examples.

The Royal Agricultural Society offer a prize of £50 for the best report on the results of microscopic observation applied to the vegetable physiology of agriculture. There is the question; and we doubt not that competent men are ready to give the answer. The Rev. E. F. Manby has communicated to the Society’s Journal an account of an improved method of potato-culture, whereby he gets two crops a year with the same potato. The Morecambe potato is the kind he recommends—a kind much in request in the large towns of Lancashire and the West Riding. ‘They form,’ he says, ‘a dish fit for an epicure—light and floury, the delicate skin cracked and bursting.’ The land is to be dug by hand-labour, and then the secret for getting potatoes ripe in August that will keep all the winter is—to set them well sprouted. There is no occasion to put them in early; the last week in April or first week in May will do.’ To this he adds: ‘The month of August is the critical time for the winter potato. But by sprouting the tuber before setting, you obtain nearly a month’s advantage, so that when the disease does come, the plant is in a stronger state than it would otherwise be, and is thereby enabled to repel the attack.’

**OCEOLA**

**A ROMANCE.**

**CHAPTER XVII.—WEST POINT.**

The military college of West Point is the finest school in the world. Princes and priests have there no power; true knowledge is taught, and must be learned, under the penalty of being thrown down into the Hudson mountain so that one can make it there much more accurately than with the unassisted eye.

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with the free life I had been accustomed to; and often did I feel a longing for home—for the forest and the savannas—and far more for the associates I had left behind.

Now lingered in my heart the love of Maimiée—long time unaffected by absence. I thought the void caused by that sad parting would never be filled up. No other object could replace in my mind, or banish from my memory the sweet souvenirs of my youthful love. Morning, noon, and night, was that image of picturesque beauty outlined upon the retina of my mental eye—by day in thoughts, by night in dreams.

Thus it was for a long while—I thought it would never be otherwise! No other could ever interest me, as she had done. No new joy could win me to wander—no Lethe could bring oblivion. Had I been told so by an angel, I would not, I could not, have believed it.

Ah! it was a misconception of human nature. I was but sharing it in common with others—for most mortals have, at some period of life, laboured under a similar mistake. Also! it is too true—love is affected by time and absence. It will not live upon memory alone; it is not perishing in the ascendency of its ideal, prefers the real and positive. Though there are but few lovely women in the world, there is no one lovelier than all the rest—no man handsomer than all his fellows. Of two pictures equally beautiful, is that the more beautiful upon which the eye is gazing. It is not without reason that lovers dreads the parting hour.

Was it books that spoke of lines and angles of beauties and embrasures—was it drill, drill, drill by day; and the prayer and the song at night—was it any or all of these that began to infringe upon the exclusivism of that one idea, and at intervals drive it from my thoughts? Or was it the pretty faces that now and then made their appearance at the ‘Point’—the excursions belles from Saratoga and Ballston, who came to visit us—or the blonde daughters of the patroons, our nearer neighbours, who came more frequently, and who saw in each coo-clad cadet the chrysalis of a hero—the embryo of a general?

Which of all these was driving Maimiée out of my mind?

It imports little what cause—such was the effect. The impression of my young love became less vivid on me as the thought of the distant girl, and the feeling of the touch of her hand, and the sound of her voice, and the look of her eye, and the thought of the old time spent in her cot, slowly and insensibly died away.

Ah! Maimiée! in truth it was long before this came to pass. Those bright smiling faces danced long before my eyes as thence became eclipsed. Long while withstood I the flattery of those siren tongues; but my nature was human, and my heart yielded too easily to the seduction of sweet blandishments.

It would not be true to say that my first love was altogether gone; it was cold, but not dead. Despite the fashionable flirtations of the hour, it had its season of remembrance and return. Oft upon the still night's guard, home-scenes came flitting before me; and then the brightest object in the vision-picture was Maimiée. More lovely than any other made ever, I would have rekindled it—I am sure it would. Even to have heard from her—of her—would have produced a certain effect. To have heard that she had forgotten me, and given her heart to another, would have restored my boyish passion in its full vigour and entirety; I am sure it would.

I could not have been indifferent then? I must still have been in love with Maimiée?

One key pushes out the other; but the fair daughters of the north had not yet oblitered from my heart this dark-skinned damsel of the south.

During all my cadetship, I never saw her—never even heard of her. For five years I was an exile from home—and so was my sister. At intervals during that time we were visited by our father and mother, who made an annual trip to the fashionable resorts of the north—Bal-aston and Saratoga. There, during our holidays, we joined them; and though I longed to spend a vacation at home—I believe so did Virginia—the ‘mother was steel and the father was stone,’ and our desires were not gratified.

I suspected the cause of this stern denial. Our proud parents dreaded the danger of a mêlange. They had not forgotten the tableaus on the island.

The Ringgold's met us at the watering-places; and Aunt was still as touchy in his attentions to Virginia. He had become a fashionable exquisite, and spent his gold freely—not to be outdone by the ci-devant tailors and stock-brokers, who constitute the ‘upper ten’ of New York. I liked him no better than ever, though my mother was still his backer.

How he spied with Virginia, I could not tell. My sister was now quite a woman—a fashionable dame, a belle—and had learnt much of the world—among other things, how to conceal her emotions—one of the distinguishing accomplishments of the fair sex. She was at times merry to an extreme degree; though her mirth appeared to me a little artificial, and often ended abruptly. Sometimes she was thoughtful—not unfrequently cold and disdainful. I fancied that in gaining so many graces, she was losing much of what was in my eyes more valuable than all, her gentleness of heart. Perhaps I was wronging her.

There were many questions I would have asked her, but our childish confidence was at an end, and delicacy forbade me to press her hard. Of the last I spoke: I mean of that past—those wild wanderings in the woods, the sailings over the lake, the scenes in the palm-shaded island.

I often wondered whether she had cause to remember them, whether her souvenirs bore any resemblance to mine!

On these points, I had never felt a definite conviction. Though suspicious—at one time even apprehensive—I had been but a blind watcher, a too careless guardian.

Surely my conjectures had been just, else why was she now silent upon themes and scenes that had so delighted us both? Was her tongue tied by the after-knowledge that we had been doing wrong? I knew no such thing. Or was it that in her present sphere of fashion, she disdained to remember the humble associates of earlier days?

Often did I conjecture whether there had ever existed such a sentiment in her bosom; and, if so, whether it still lingered there? These were points about which I might never be satisfied. The time for such confidences had gone past.

'It is not likely,' reasoned I; 'or if there ever was a feeling of tender regard for the young Indian, it is now forgotten—obliterated from her heart, perhaps from her memory. It is not likely it should remain in the midst of her present associations—in the midst of that entourage of perfumed beans who are hourly pouring into her ears the incense of flattery. For less probable she should remember than I; and have not I forgotten?'

Strange, that of the four hearts I knew only my own. Whether young Powell had ever looked upon his sister with admiring eyes, or she on him, I was still ignorant, or rather unconvincing. All I knew was by mere conjecture—suspcion—apprehension. What may appear stranger, I never knew the sentiment of that other heart, the one which interested me more than all. It is true, I had chosen to fancy it is in my favour. Trusting to glances, to gestures, to slight actions, never to words, I had fondly hoped; but often,
too, had I been the victim of doubt. Perhaps, after all, Mauimee had never loved me!

Many a sore heart had I suffered from this reflection. I could now bear it with more composure; and yet, alas! to say, it was this very reflection that often awoke the memory of Maumee; and, whenever I dwelt upon it, produced the strongest revolutions of my now spasmodic love!

Wounded vanity! powerful as passion itself! thy throes are strong as love. Under their influence, the chandeleers grow dim, and the fair forms fitting beneath lose half their brilliant beauty. My thoughts go back to the flowery land—to the lake—to the island—to Mauimee.

Five years soon fitted past, and the period of my cadetship was fulfilled. With some credit, I went through the ordeal of the final examination. A high number rewarded my application, and gave me the choice of a corps, and the arm of the service was most to my liking. I had a penchant for the rifles, though I might have pitched higher, into the artillery, the cavalry, or engineers. I chose the first, however, and was gazetted brevet-lieutenant, and appointed to a rifle regiment, with leave of absence to revisit my native home.

At this time, my sister had also ‘graduated’ at the Ladies’ Academy, and carried off her ‘diploma’ with credit; and together we journeyed home.

There was no father to greet us on our return: a weeping and widowed mother alone spoke the melancholy welcome.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEMINOLE.

On my return to Florida, I found that the cloud of war was gathering over my native land. It would soon burst, and my first essay in military life would be made in the defence of hearth and home. I was not unprepared for the news. War is always the theme of interest within the walls of a military college; and in no place are its probabilities and prospects so fully discussed or so much earnestly debated.

For a period of ten years had the United States been at peace with all the world. The iron hand of Old Hickory had saved the savage foe of the frontiers. For more than ten years had the latter desisted from his chronic metastasis; but now his nature was silent and still. But the pacific status quo came to an end. Once more the red man rose to assert his rights, and in a quarter most unexpected. Not on the frontier of the far west, but in the heart of the flowery land. Yes, Florida was to be the theatre of operations—the stage on which this new war-drama was to be enacted.

A word historical of Florida, for this writing is in truth a history.

In 1821, the Spanish flag disappeared from the ramparts of San Augustine and St. Marks, and Spain yielded up possession of this fair province—one of her last footholds upon the continent of America. Literally, it was but a foothold that the Spaniards held in Florida—a mere nominal possession. Long before the cession, the Indians had driven them from the field into the fortress. Their haciendas lay in ruins—their horses and cattle ran wild upon the savannas; and rank weeds unpeopled the sites of the once proud plantation homes. During a century of dominion, they had made many a fair settlement, and the ruins of buildings—far more massive than aught yet attempted by their Spanish successors—attest the former glory and power of the Spanish nation.

It was not destined that the Indians should long hold the country they had thus reconquered. Another race of white men—their equals in courage and strength—were moving down from the north; and it was easy prophecy to say that the red conquerors must in turn yield possession.

Once already they had met in conflict with the pale-faced usurpers, led by that stern soldier who now sat in the chair of the president. They were defeated, and forced further south, into the heart of the land—the centre of the peninsula. There, however, they were secured by treaty. A covenant solemnly made, and solemnly sworn to, guaranteed their right to the soil, and the Seminole was satisfied.

Alas! the covenants between the strong and the weak are things of convenience, to be broken whenever the former wills it—in this case, shamefully broken.

White adventurers settled along the Indian border; they wandered over Indian ground—not wandered, but went; they looked upon the land; they saw that it was good—it would grow rice and cotton, and cane and indigo, the olive and orange; they desired to possess it, more than desired—they resolved it should be theirs.

There was a treaty, but what cared they for treaties? Adventurers—starved-out planters from Georgia and the Carolinas and sugar traders from all parts of the south; what were covenants in their eyes, especially when made with red-skins? The treaty must be got rid of.

The Great Father, scarcely more scrupulous than they, approved their plan.

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘it is good—the Seminole must be dispossessed; they must remove to another land; we shall find them a home in the west, on the great plains; there they will have wide hunting-grounds, their own for ever.’

‘No,’ responded the Seminole; ‘we do not wish to move; we are contented here: we love our native land; we do not wish to leave it; we shall stay.’

‘Then you will not go willingly? Be it so. We are strong, you are weak; we shall force you.’

Though not the letter, this is the very spirit of the reply which Jackson made to the Seminole!

The world has an eye, and that eye requires to be satisfied. Even tyrants dislike the open breach of treaties. In this case, political party was more thought of than the world, and a show of justice became necessary.

The Indians remained obstinate—they liked their own land—they were reluctant to leave it—no wonder. Some protest was made, and remained silent and still. The old excuse, that they were mere idle hunters, and made no profitable use of the soil, would scarcely avail.

It was not true. The Seminole was not exclusively a hunter; he was a husbandman as well; and tilled the land—rudely, it may be, but was this a reason for dispossessing him?

Without this, others were easily found. That cunning commissioner which their Great Father sent them could soon invent pretences. He was one who well knew the art of mystifying the stream upwards, and well did he practise it.

The country was soon filled with rumours of Indian outrages—of horses and cattle stolen, of plantations plundered, of white travellers robbed and murdered—all the work of those savage Seminoles.

A vile frontier press, ever ready to give tongue to the popular furore, did not fail in its duty of exaggeration.

But what was to gazette the provocations, the retaliations, the wrongs and cruelties inflicted by the other side? All these were carefully concealed.

A sentiment was soon created throughout the country—a sentiment of bitter hostility towards the Seminole.

‘Kill the savages! Hunt him down! Drive him out! Away with him to the west!’ Thus was the sentiment expressed. These became the popular cries.
When the people of the United States has a wish, it is likely soon to seek gratification, particularly when that wish coincides with the views of its government; in this case, it did so—the government itself having long wished it.

It would be easy, all supposed, to accomplish the popular will, to dispose of the savage, hunt him, drive him out. Still there was a treaty. The world had an eye, and there was a thinking minority not to be despised who opposed this brilliant desire. The treaty could not be broken under the light of day; how, then, was this obstructive covenant to be got rid of?

Call the head men together, cajole them out of it; the chiefs are human, they are poor, some of them drunkards—tribes will go far, fire-water still further; make a new treaty, with a double construction—the ignorant savages will not understand it; obtain their signatures—the thing is done!

Crafty commissioner! yours is the very plan, and you the man to execute it.

It was done. On the 9th of May 1832, on the banks of the Oolawa, the chiefs of the Seminole nation in full council assembled bartered away the lands in which they dwelt.

Such was the report given to the world.

It was not true.

It was not a full council of chiefs; it was an assembly of traitors bribed and bribed, of weak men and intimidated. No word of the nation was refused to accede to this surreptitious covenant; no wonder they heedled not its terms; but had to be summoned to still another council, for a freer and fuller signification of their consent.

It soon became evident that the great body of the Seminole nation repudiated the treaty. Many of the chiefs denied having signed it. The head chief, Onopa, denied it. Some confessed the act, but declared they had been drawn into it by the influence and advice of others. It was only the more powerful leaders of the tribe—the brothers Omata, Black Clay, and Big Warrior—who openly acknowledged the signing.

These last became objects of jealousy throughout the tribes; they were regarded as traitors, and justly so. Their lives were in danger; even their own retainers disapproved of what they had done.

To understand the position, it is necessary to say a word of the political status of the Seminole. Their government was purely republican—a thorough democracy. Perhaps in no other community in the world did there exist so perfect a condition of freedom: I might add happiness, for the latter is but the natural offspring of the former. Their state has been compared with that of the clans of Highland Scotland. The parallel is true only in one respect. Like the Gaol, the Seminoles were without any common organization. They lived in 'tribes' far apart, each politically independent of the other; and although in friendly relationship, there was no power of coercion between them. There was a 'head-chief'—king he could not be called—for 'Mico,' his Indian title, has not that signification. The proud spirit of the Seminole had never sold itself to so absurd a condition; they had not yet consented to lose the rights of man. It is only after the state of nature has been perverted and abused, that the 'kingly' element becomes strong among a people.

The head 'mico' of the Seminoles was only a head in name. His authority was purely personal; he had no power over life or property. Though occasionally the wealthiest, he was often one of the poorest of his people. He was more open than any of the others to the calls of philanthropy, and over ready to dispurse with free hand, what was, in reality, not his people's, but his own. Hence he rarely grew rich.

He was surrounded by no retinue, girl in by no barbarian pomp or splendour, flattered by no flunkey courtiers, like the rajahs of the east, or, on a still more costly scale, the crowned monarchs of the west. On the contrary, his dress was scarcely com- propriate, often meaner than those around him. Many a common warrior was far more gai[ed] than he.

As with the head-chief, so with the chiefmen of the tribes; they possessed no power over life or property; they could not decree punishment. A jury alone could do this; and I hold it to be more than probable that the punishments among these people were in juster proportion to the crimes than those decreed in the highest courts of civilization.

It was a system of the purest republican freedom, without one idea of the levelling principle; for merit produced distinction and authority. Property was not in common, though labour was partially so; but this community of toil was a mutual arrangement, agreeable to all. The ties of family were as sacred and strong as ever in the world. And these were savages forsooth—red savages, to be dispossessed of their rights—to be driven from hearth and home—and to be banished from their beautiful land to a desert wild, to be shot down and hunted like beasts of the field! The last in its most literal sense, for dogs were to be employed in the pursuit!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INDIAN HERO.

There were several reasons why the treaty of the Oolawa could not be considered binding on the Seminole nation. First, it was not signed by a majority of the chiefs. Sixteen chiefs and sub-chiefs appended their names to it. There were five times this number in the nation.

Second, it was, after all, no treaty, but a mere conditional contract, the condition being that a deputation of Seminoles should first proceed to the lands allotted in the west (upon White River), examine these lands, and bring back a report to their people. The very nature of this condition proves that no contract for removal could have been completed, until the exploration had been first accomplished.

The examination was made. Seven chiefs, accompanied by an agent, journeyed to the far west, and made a survey of the lands.

Now, mark the wisdom of the commissioner! These seven chiefs are nearly all taken from those friendly to the removal. We find among them both the Omatas, and Black Clay. True, there is Holtie-matteen (jumper), a patriot, but this brave warrior is stricken with the Indian curse—he loves the fire-water; and his propensity is well known to Flaggan, the agent, who accompanies them.

A ruse is contemplated, and is put in practice. The deputation is hospitably entertained at Fort Gibson, on the Arkansaw. Bottle-water is made merry—the contract for removal is spread before the seven chiefs—they all sign it: the juggler is complete.

But even this was no fulfilment of the terms of the Oolawa covenant. The deputation was to return with their report, and ask the will of the nation. That was yet to be given; and, in order to obtain it, a new council of all the chiefs and warriors must be summoned.

It was to be a mere formality. It was well known that the nation as a body disapproved of the facile conduct of the seven chiefs, and would not endorse it. They were not going to ‘move.’

This was the more evident, since other conditions of the treaty were daily broken. One of these was the restoration of runaway slaves, which the signers of the Oolawa treaty had promised to send back to their owners. No blacks were sent back; on the contrary,
they now found refuge among the Indians more secure than ever.

The commissioner knew all this. He was calling the new council out of mere formality. Perhaps he might persuade them to sign—if not, he intended to awe them into the measure, or force them at the point of the bayonet. He had said as much. Troops were concentrating at the agency—Fort King—and others were daily arriving in Tampa Bay. The government had taken its measures; and coercion was resolved upon.

I was not ignorant of what was going on, nor of all that had happened during my long years of absence. My comrades, the cadets, were well versed in Indian affairs, and took a lively interest in them—especially those who expected soon to escape from the college walls. 'Black Hawk's war,' just terminated in the west, had already given some a chance of service and distinction, and young ambition was now bending its eyes upon Florida.

The idea, however, of obtaining glory in such a war was ridiculed by all. 'It would be too easy a war—the foe was not worth considering. A mere handful of savages,' asserted they; 'scarcely enough of them to stand before a single company. They would be either killed or captured in the first skirmish, one and all of them—there was not the slightest chance of their making any protracted resistance—unfortunately, there was not.'

Such was the belief of my college-companions; and, indeed, the common belief of the whole country, at that time. The army, too, shared it. One officer was heard to boast that he could march through the whole Indian territory with only a corporal's guard as his escort; and another, with like bravado, wished that the government would give him a charter of the war, on his own account. He would finish it for 10,000 dollars!

These only expressed the sentiments of the day. No one believed that the Indians would or could sustain a conflict with us for any length of time; indeed, there were few who could be brought to think that they would resist at all: they were only holding out for better terms, and would yield before coming to blows.

For my part, I thought otherwise. I knew the Seminoles better than most of those who talked—I knew their country better; and, notwithstanding the odds against us—the apparent hopelessness of the struggle—I had my belief that they would neither yield to disgraceful terms, nor yet be so easily conquered. Still, it was but a conjecture; and I might be wrong. I might be deserving the ridicule which my opposition to the belief of my comrades often brought upon me.

The newspapers made us acquainted with every circumstance. Letters, too, were constantly received at the 'Point' from old graduates now serving in Florida. Every detail reached us, and we had become acquainted with the names of many of the chief chieftains, as well as the internal politics of the tribe. It appeared they were not united. There was a party in favour of yielding to the demands of our government, headed by one Ockitía. This was the traitor party, and a minority. The patriots were more numerous, including the head 'mico' himself, and the powerful chiefs Holata, Coa-hajo, and the negro Abram.

Among the patriots there was one name that, upon the wings of rumour, began to take precedence of all others. It appeared frequently in the daily prints, and in the letters of our friends. It was that of a young warrior—or sub-chief, as he was styled—who by some means or other had gained a remarkable ascendancy in the tribe. He was one of the most violent opponents of the 'removal: in fact, the leading spirit that opposed it; and chiefs much older and more powerful were swayed by his counsel.

We cadets much admired this young man. He was described as possessing all the attributes of a hero—of noble aspect, bold, handsome, intelligent. Both his physical and intellectual qualities were spoken of in terms of praise—almost approaching to hyperbole. His form was that of an Apollo, his features those of Adonis or Endymion. He was first in everything—the best shot in his nation, the most expert swimmer and rider—the swiftest runner, and most successful hunter—alike eminent in peace or war—in short, a Cyrus.

There were Xenophons enough to record his fame. The people of the United States had been long at peace with the red men. The romantic savage was far away from their borders. It was rare to see an Indian within the settlements, or hear aught of them. There had been no late depredations from the tribes to gratify the eyes of gazing citizens; and a real curiosity had grown up in regard to these children of the forest. An Indian hero was wanted, and this young chief appeared to be the man.

His name was Ockola.
PORTLAND AND THE BREAKWATER.

Notwithstanding the proverbial gloom of November, the sun shone brightly as though nature did not believe the almanac, when, a few days since, we found ourselves on board a Weymouth steamer, bound for Portland. The voyage, it is true, was expected to occupy only half an hour; still, it was a very pleasant thing to have fair weather.

The Bay of Weymouth looked extremely picturesque on that occasion. The long line of white cliffs, with their broken headlands, seemed almost to landlock the bay. It chanced, fortunately, that the incident of light and colouring was particularly beautiful and varied. The sky was, in truth, heavenly azure, diversified with soft white clouds, changing every moment under the influence of the plastic wind, which daliéd with the sky drapery till its fashion was all beautiful. The blue sea was covered with a tracery of dancing gold spangles, and the white-crested waves rode cheerily into the shore, giving life and animation to the whole scene.

As we recoiled from the shore, the different objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Weymouth were pointed out to us. The moors, treeless, but green and undulating, have here and there oases of luxuriant verdure; and under shelter of the hillsides, villages nestle themselves, as at Preston and Osmington, with a picturesque church for warden of the happy valley. It was very interesting to watch the cloud-shadows, chasing each other over the wide expanse of downs; now throwing the cliffs into dark and bold relief against the bright sky, and now revealing in intensest sunlight every detail of broken rock and shelving shore, every hue of colour, every change of sand and shingle, and far-stretching sunken ledges. It was more like a good water-colour drawing than almost anything English we had ever looked upon.

Ringstead and Lullworth, we were told, are places of interest. St Albans Head was the extreme point discernible. We soon rounded that part of the mainland which unfortunately shuts out the view of Portland from the town of Weymouth, and now we found ourselves in sight of the island, which rises rather grandly from the water. Many persons have compared it to Gibraltar; and as it appeared on this occasion, its height was exaggerated by a lingering mist which veiled its summit.

The island has naturally a very warlike look; and now a substantial fort, in course of erection, is creating the near extremity—a commanding position, and one of great importance in guarding the roadstead.

One of the most remarkable features connected with Portland is the 'Chessil Bank,' which in reality unites it with the mainland; so that the isle of Portland is in fact a peninsula. Still, we cannot help holding by its common designation. The bank we have just mentioned is a mound of shingle, about two hundred yards in width, and more than ten miles in length; nearly, but not quite touching the nearest point of the opposite shore, and then 'running up in the form of a narrow isthmus along the western seaboard of Dorsetshire.' This singular formation, which is about forty feet above highwater-mark, acts as a natural breakwater to the anchorage of Portland Roads, sheltering the east bay against westerly gales.

'The shingle of the Chessil Bank,' says Mr Coode, in his admirable paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers in May 1853, 'is composed chiefly of chalkflints, with a small proportion of pebbles from the red sandstone. . . . A peculiar kind of jasper with flesh-coloured red predominating, is not very uncommon. . . . There are also occasionally pebbles which are decidedly porphyritic. . . . As a proof of the solidity of the mass, it may here be noticed that the water never percolates from the west bay into the east bay, except in the heaviest gales from the south-west—notwithstanding that ordinary tides in moderate weather rise to two or three inches higher, and fall out two feet nine inches lower on the west side than the east.'

The questions which arise respecting this formation are highly interesting, and are closely followed out in the paper from which we quote. When we come to examine the materials which compose the accumulated mass, we are led by geologists to trace back their origin to strata which would naturally afford this debris; and, according to the shewing of Mr Coode, such strata are not to be found save on the west coast, as far down as Lyme-Regis. Accepting this fact, we are led to reason on the movements and deposition of shingle, and to balance probabilities between the effect of tidal currents or wind-waves upon these travelling masses.

The theory that the wind-waves are the primary cause of the transit of debris from distant strata, is ably supported by Mr Coode. He multiplies instances of shingle borne by the heaviest seas in opposition to the prevailing current of the tide. The form of the bank varies considerably under the influence of severe gales of wind; the concussion of the receding meeting the on-coming wave is sometimes so great, that an enormous body of broken water and spray will sometimes rise perpendicularly into the air to a height of sixty or seventy feet.

There is a curious anecdote connected with the force of winds and waves, which may not be known to all
our readers. On the 28th of November 1824, a ship of 100 tons burden, having on board stores and heavy guns, 'being unable to weather Portland, as a last resource, was run directly on to the Cheilli Bank under a strong gale, with the expectation to come in on the top of a sea, and by her momentum was carried on to the crest of the bank, where she remained for some time, and was ultimately launched into the eastern bay.'

We found an hour had already flown in listening to local traditions, and in examining this curious shingle-beach, which so happily forms a natural breakwater just in the right place. We could not, however, leave the place without noticing the local boats, called 'litterets,' which are used by the fishermen of this district. They are quite peculiar, and are propelled by the rowers on one side pulling strokes alternately with those on the other, thus giving the boat a tortuous motion through the water. The fishermen consider this method economical power. Certain it is that it is a hardy race, and manage their boats most skilfully.

Till lately, the Portlanders have been an isolated people, preserving many old-world customs, and never marrying out of the island; but their primitive habits and customs have been invaded by the march of physical science and the mechanical arts, which sometimes drive in civilisation with a sledge-hammer, where the sills will not take kindly to the seed.

A great deal of engineering triumph we now behold our sons to the breakwater, which is being constructed at Portland, and is the great object of attraction. Leaving the Cheilli Bank to the right, the visitor proceeds along the shore for some quarter of a mile, through a 'Fellown upon Oss,' of stone, iron, and miscellaneous materials, when arriving at the lodge, his name is required, and he is then free to see the works.

At present, the whole place is encompassed by a vast wooden staging, over which railway lines intersect each other, and together with the tools and appliances required by engineers, masons, smiths, carpenters, divers, and others. Horses tramp along the wooden causeways, steam-engines hiss and roar, iron chains clank, and wheels revolve with ceaseless noise.

Alas! it is difficult to realise what all this is about, but curiosity soon leads you onward where the tide of business seems tending.

Here it may be well to say a few words about the history of the breakwater. About 1794 it occurred to Mr. W. Welch, of Devonport, who was an intelligent and far-sighted individual, that it would be highly desirable to have a breakwater for the purpose of sheltering the Portland Roads. It was a fixed idea in his mind, and he appears to have pursued the subject with an earnestness worthy of the cause. He memorialised and petitioned all to no use, and died, leaving his suggestion a legacy to parliament, who very wisely came to the conclusion, some ten years ago, that this coast required a harbour, and that the tremendous works of a similar kind at Cherbourg were a significant hint. The breakwater was accordingly commenced in 1847; but the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone did not take place till the 25th of July 1849, when that duty was performed by the prince-consort.

The breakwater is designed to be 2500 yards in length, and will shelter 2107 acres of Portland Bay—1760 acres of which will have from two to ten fathoms at low-water spring-tides, having excellent anchorage in the day, with other advantages of good water, and an almost inexhaustible supply of ballast.

It appears that a great many vessels have been lost, and lives sacrificed on this coast, owing to the want of a harbour of refuge—for none such exists between Portland and the S. Spithead, a distance of 140 miles.

There are peculiar facilities in the locality for the construction of this great work. The quarries of Portland afford a ready supply of material. There were millions of tons of refuse stone already quarried, and available for the foundation of the breakwater, which, together with the blocks of stone required for the superstructure, might be easily conveyed to the works.

We should here remind our readers that government has a prison establishment at Portland, where some 1500 convicts are kept employed, principally in the quarries which supply the material for this great undertaking.

The stone is being worked at about 300 feet above the level of the sea, and is conveyed by convict and horse labour to a railway which has been constructed for its transit. The line consists of three inclines, which fall one foot in ten. The loaded trucks are let down by wire-rope attached to drums, and in their descent draw up the empty trucks on a parallel line of railway; the speed is regulated by very powerful screw-breaks. A self-regulating weight on each load. The official report of the year ending the 31st of March 1857, from which we quote our statistics of the breakwater, informs us that 2,067,907 tons of rough stone have been deposited since the commencement of the works—this will give us some idea of their magnitude. The proximity of these quarries has considerably lessened the expense in the construction of the breakwater. Cherbourg cost the French government upwards of 230,000,000 francs; this has been expended altogether on that part. And our own Plymouth Breakwater, though only 1760 yards in length, cost nearly if not quite two millions; whereas the original estimate made in 1846 for the Portland Breakwater was between five and six hundred thousand pounds. (This, however, did not include any masonry except that in the 'heads.') It has since been deemed expedient to extend the structure, and also to make it applicable for coaling and watering establishments, as by no means solitary, for shipping, and by the navy; these additions, together with other enlargements upon the original plan, have brought the estimated expenditure to £841,125.

The scaffolding, or, more properly, staging, reaches at present about two-thirds of the projected extent of the breakwater; on this we walked. About a quarter of a mile from shore it is intended there should be an opening large enough to admit vessels into the harbour. The pier-heads at this point are nearly finished, and present a most imposing appearance. We were told that for the most part, built of a peculiar kind of stone found in Portland, and called 'Rosch' by the quarrymen; the outside or face of the heads being of large masses of granite from Cornwall. These piers seem planted immutably firm in the restless element, and leave vainly against this rampart of mechanical skill.

The tide was down, so we had an opportunity of seeing the footing or foundation, which is composed of rude pieces of rock, intermixed with rubble. For some distance, this is already covered with sea-weed, so that it has much the appearance of a natural ledge of rock; but as you proceed, you soon discover the hand of man. You see that the pieces have been recently flung there, and there is evidence of form growing out of chaos. We remarked a singularly fine specimen of an ammonite amongst the débris, nearly the circumference of a cart-wheel, and beautifully perfect. We looked with longing eyes, and wished it in our provincial museum; and this, though the finest fossil we saw, does not equal in interest the fine piece of ammonite found in Portland, and called 'Rosch' by the quarrymen; the outside or face of the heads being of large masses of granite from Cornwall. These piers seem planted immutably firm in the restless element, and leave vainly against this rampart of mechanical skill.

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in a disc of metal, in a spiral form, which enters the ground on the principle of the screw, and when it has entered a clay or sandy bottom, resists alike upward or downward pressure.

We approached to be about thirty or forty feet above the then level of the tide; the sea was intensely green. There was something singularly beautiful in that peculiar colour—rightly called 'sea-green': as we looked down, it was like a mass of emerald quartz, so bright, clear, and crystalline. There was always a fascination in gazing upon the rippling waves and their restless motions and throbbing tide-pulses. It would be difficult to say what pantethetical dreams we might not have indulged in, in our human sympathy for the ocean, had we not been startled out of all sentimentality by the thundering approach of a train, which made the whole place tremble, and ourselves likewise, so near it seemed to be upon our heels.

We had no intention of disputing the order of precedence, so drew aside while the heavily laden trucks, and dashingly the engine, passed by.

We saw other trains advancing in rapid succession, and we followed to the scene of action. We shortly arrived at the extreme point which the staging has yet attained, nearly a mile out to sea. The lines of railway extended horizontally in two trains which arrive every few minutes; each engine propels five trucks, which are severally loaded with about ten tons of stone. The space is left open between the rails, so that when the truck has come to the right point, the mass of stone is dropped, and the trucks are hurried away at the bottom of the road, and the whole load is immediately let fall into the water.

But the effect is not to be described in these few words of bald description, and simple statement of the mechanical arrangements. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Imagine yourself standing on what was apparently, though not really, a frail and slender framework, which shook violently beneath the heavy roll of the engines and their trains, as they came up to discharge each its cargo of fifty tons of stone, which falls with the roar and dash of an avalanche into the seething, surging flood beneath. The breaking crash of stone is soon lost in the sullen reverberating plunge, and in an instant the rocks are swallowed by the whirling waters, which fling back in triumph a cloud of foam and spray, streaming down the sides of the cliff into the ripples of quietude, till again lashed into fury by another cataract of stones. And so goes on this battle between art and nature; the capacity of the sea at first appears insufficiency, but as length man is doubled by the edge of rock growing beneath his patient assiduity.

The average breadth of this foundation is 260 feet; but the breadth of the breakwater at the top—ten feet above high-water-mark—will be 20 feet 6 inches. About 400 workmen are employed on the breakwater and on the works generally, besides 800 to 1000 convicts who are entirely occupied at the quarries.

If the same rate of progress continues to be observed, the breakwater will probably be completed in three or four years from the present time.

As we retraced our steps, we stopped frequently to admire the wonderful appliances which mechanical science has brought to bear upon all engineering difficulties. Thanks to the great politeness of Mr Coode, the head engineer, we were allowed to see the model of the breakwater, and also to examine a very interesting piece of apparatus, of his own construction, a self-registering tide-gauge, which indicates every wave that breaks upon the shore.

In the premises of the office is a remarkably fine specimen of a fossil tree, some thirty feet in length, the sight of which made us determine to lose no time in examining some of those interesting remains of a former world in situ; accordingly, we procured a carriage to take us to the top of the island.

We returned nearly to the spot where we first landed, then passing behind Portland Castle, we found ourselves in the town of Chassé. Never was there such a quaint old place; it looked the more venerable perhaps from the fact of its being built entirely of stone—in some cases, even the roofing was of stone: this tended to give it a grey and uniform appearance; added to which, there was not a tree or shrub to be seen. The town runs some way up the hill, on either side of a street as steep almost as a roof. At one angle of the road, you look down the chimney-pots of houses whose door-steps one had been level with for a few minutes before. Climbing laboriously up the hill, the view opens before you; and now, for the first time, you see the whole long line of the Chassé beach; the western bay lies at your feet, stretching far towards Devonshire. The prospect at this point is highly picturesque—the precipices road, with its continental-looking old town, and to the left, broken and rugged cliffs, ending abruptly in the sea.

On gaining the summit, the first thing that struck us was the stone-carts, which are rude and primitive, and the wheels of solid wood, enormous thickness. We easily found a guide to the stone-quarries, which, it should be observed, are not those used by government, which are not shewn except by an order from the secretary of state.

We found the quarries in full work. It seems that the Portland stone was first brought into repute in the time of James I. It was employed in the erection of the banqueting-hall in Whitehall; Sir Francis Carew, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir William Temple are buried in the churchyard of the church, which stands opposite to the quarries; the Royal Exchange, is also built of this stone. 'The annual quantity now shipped is between 30,000 to 40,000 tons.'

Mr Buckland, Sir Henry de la Beche, and others, have made observations upon the geology of Portland. It appears that the 'dirt-bed, as the workmen call it, is the depository of the fossilised trees. This stratum rests upon the ('good') Portland stone, which, again, has beneath it, according to Buckland, 'compact, chalky limestone with chalk,' and 'sandy limestone with chalk,' also 'rubbly beds with chalk.' 'The latter description,' says Mr Coode, 'is the most exact;' and he adds: 'The character of this chalk or flinty matter, which contains vast quantities of shells, and chiefly of the Trigonia, is entirely different from the chalk-flints.'

The dirt-bed, we were told, is about thirty feet in thickness, and in it are found the fossil trees of the gymnosperms in great numbers. 'They are partly sunk in black earth,' said Sir W. Matthew, 'and covered over by superjacent calcareous silicious slate; from this slate, the alizar to which the trees are now converted must have been derived.' Some observations of the late Andrew Crosse are pertinent to this matter; he says, in a paper on Champion: 'The island of Portland is full of fossil trees—trees whose body is converted into silica and chaledony. This is the work of ages, and the probable cause electric transfer, by which the silica quite the soil, and is drawn up through the pores of wood.' Sir Roderick Murchison, in his Silurian System, thus describes the cycads as 'a beautiful class of plants between the palms and conifers, having a tall straight trunk, terminating in a magnificent crown of foliage.' Annales Somervillës, in her Physical Geography, remarking on the great changes which the earth has undergone, observes of the colitic series: 'Plants allied to the zamias and cycads of our tropical regions, many ferns and pines of the genus araucaria, characterised its vegetation; and the upright stems of a fossil tree at Portland shew that it had been covered with trees.' Covered with trees and plants, now exclusively the productions of tropical cliimes—we repeat these words with awe: what thoughts rush upon the mind as we contemplate this singular fact? Now on this sterile rock, a few stunted trees and shrubs
hardly find means of existence. In that mysterious past, waving and luxuriant foliage decked the scene with rare forms of beauty. In Sir J. de la Beche's *Geological Researches*, he traces the probable history of the portion of England of which this is a part. We have not time here to linger with the geologists in their descriptions of how, in the lapse of time, after its period of the dry bed, the district bordering an estuary of the sea, or brackish lake, where the mud, possibly, of some vast river deposited its remains of terrestrial and fresh-water creatures, and subsequent deeper depression of the area gave opportunity for the deposition of marine fossils, striking features, on these marine alternations of level; step by step, we may, and do learn to decipher more and more of the wonders of the pre-Adamite world. Such reflections read as a good moral to the pious of this self-glorying age. When we build luxurious villas, which bind continents together, and pulsate with human thoughts; when we stay the ocean with a boundary, and turn the most subtle forces of nature to our bidding—let us not forget the unnumbered millions which a sign of the world has seen; and beyond all, remember the metaphysical questions which regard time and space themselves but as conditional truth.

**MY COUNTRY-HOUSE AND ITS TENANTS.**

I AM the proprietor of Wythrop Place, Wythrop, Hampshire; the 'Place' being of course not of any long row of ghastly plaster-of-Tarina-pillered edifices built by three men and a fat light, as the reads of in the rule of three, but a respectable mansion in the country; and I only point this out because I once received an answer to an advertisement addressed to me at 14 Wythrop Place, a mistake which I do not wish should occur again.

Living at the Place myself, for any length of time, is, however, out of the question, since I possess a brewery more than ten miles away from it, which requires my constant supervision, and my object, therefore, of course, is to get somebody else to live there. I find not great difficulty in the matter, so far as obtaining tenants; but where I fail is in convincing them that they ought to pay me rent for it. One would really imagine, to judge from their demands upon me as well as my publication of the price which I am willing to pay them, that the obligation lay upon the other side. There is a story afloat of a great theatrical manager—that is to say, of the manager of a great theatre—in connection with his treatment of dramatic authors, which I do not wish to repeat in public opinion. Therefore, all I have to say to you is: *What will you give me to play it?* Similarly, it would by no means surprise me should a person of easy manners and gentlemanly address call upon me any day, and, after allowing that Wythrop Place was well furnished, commodiously arranged, and fit, in every respect, to accommodate himself and family, should finish his eulogium with: *And now, sir, what will you give me to live in?* I have had to do with numbers of candidates for my country-house who certainly entertained that view, if they did not express it, of the relation of landlord to tenant; people, who, having resided in fashionable furnished apartments in town during the season, languidly turn over the autumn leaves of the Times advertisement-sheet until they find a house in the country to suit their tastes as to locality and convenience. Rent cannot be said to be a secondary object with these people; in fact, generally 'well connected,' and what the estate-agent calls 'desirable'—for it is not an object at all. They are the last persons to haggles, bless you, about a paltry thing like rent, when they have been there three months; the question to whether the stable mares should be regularly fetched as usual by Farmer Stubble, or not, is of no sort of consequence to them; they beg I will not apologise for the rather worn appearance of the garden, that I have not seen what grows in the entrance-gate being indifferently hung, so that it sometimes has to be lifted before one can open it, they would not care three farthings should there be no entrance-gate at all. Why should I say three farthings, since money, much or little, seems never to enter into their thoughts. They are come down into the country to retrench, and all their modesty requires is a roomy furnished house in a pleasant neighbourhood, with a little park-land about it, and the use of the garden which I have seen; a garden which I have seen, and beyond all, remember the metaphysical questions which regard time and space themselves but as conditional truth.

They did not care for the scandal which might be raised by so expensive a display, and I mention casually that their rent must 'stand over' (over what I never could make out; certainly not over me) for a little; but to insist particularly upon some work-bag of Berlin wool, or carved wooden paper-cabinet—which they have inadvertently left behind in the right-hand drawer of the table in the back drawing-room—being forwarded to them at once with the greatest precautions against its being lost. They are anxious enough about their own trumpery property, and speak of it in terms which would lead you to imagine that it was a hostage, if necessary, many degrees above the value of their debt. One very gentlemanly tenant of this kind wrote to me from a fashionable watering-place, where he resided for the winter months, to say that he had been much pleased with Wythrop, and would make a point of recommending it to his friends. That individual I did manage to lay hold of; I have spent my entire summer trying to wring from him that man should have been suffered to escape my vengeance. I would have violated any law, foreign or British, and had him kidnapped, wherever he had betaken himself, and securely handed over to other of my myrmidons as soon as he touched English soil, before he should have gone unpunished. After expending about twice the money that was owed me, I lodged this scolding wretch, I say, in the county jail. Very likely you may have heard of it; the provincial radical newspaper had a critique upon the matter next week, headed: *Wythrop Place and its Owner;' wherein it was first shown that all aristocrats were blood-thirsty and heartless; and, secondly, that I was not an aristocrat by any means; concluding with some disparaging and excursive remarks upon my beer. Moreover, since I had respected
my enemy for rent for the weeks which he had passed in my house, and not for the quarter only, I subjected myself to an action for false imprisonment, and was placed in the dock. As for putting in an execution or seizing for it, what is the use of that with such tenants as mine. I only cut my own throat; execute myself and seize upon my private property, with the exception of such prizes as the work-bags and the paper-cutters. All the wealth of this sort of tenant seems to consist in wearing-apparel, of which they have large quantities, but which it is not legal to make prey of; at all events, I seldom get anything. I never made more than one capture with even a tolerable success, and that one was upon the chattels of Tilly Ricketts, subsequently described in the Insolvent Court as being of no profession, and no certain dwelling-place. His baptismal name was Chantilly, but I called him Tilly for short, and because I got to be tolerably intimate with him. He was a bachelor and a sporting person, having, indeed, been unfortunately attracted to the Place by its convenience for hunting purposes; and made nothing of riding ten miles to dine with us as the best way to get into the house. He would arrange in a playful manner, over the dessert, to have a cask or two of strong beer sent down to the Place, from our famous tap; and he would pay for it, he said—satirically, as I am now aware—when he paid for it. But I am not disposed to go upon a new horse, and generally attended by a little pack of hounds. For Tom and Bob—two small but most ferocious terriers—he said he had refused five-and-thirty guineas. I thought he was a fool then, of course, but I have since heard a different opinion is Chantilly Ricketts. He possessed a pony, Leporello, which he affirmed to be by far the best pony then extant in this country or in the world at large—I never knew anybody with a pony, by the by, who was not prepared to affirm this—and he had been tempted, in vain it seemed, to part with this animal also for some astounding sum.

I rode over to Wythop once during the latter portion of his residence here, and found the house turned into little better than a kennel. He was smoking a cigar, with his two favourite dogs, in the drawing-room—not that they were smoking just then, although they could do it, for I have seen them myself sitting up with pipes in their mouths, upon their hind legs. Captain Maginnis—preparatory to a rat-hunt about to take place in the same apartment. He put a stop to my natural reminiscences on that occasion by saying good-humouredly: 'Well, my dear sir, I suppose a fifty-pound note will make it all right between us when I go away; and if it will not, I give you my word, you shall have a hundred; and my word is as good as my bond:' which indeed it was, exactly.

The butcher, or the grocer, or the baker, or a combination of these, for everybody—put me into jail without my assistance; but I, as landlord, had of course the first choice of his goods. Two horses—for setting which I sustained actions from their legitimate owners, who had only lent them to Mr. Ricketts upon trial—the celebrated pony, and the brace of wonderful dogs, fell to my share. I was shaking my fist at these latter animals, intending, however, the gesture to apply to their master rather than to themselves, when the more savage of the two, Thelos, with a howl and a leap, seized the man by the head, or nearly so, for weeks in my stable, and was sold with his canine friends at last for fourteen pounds. All this time were Tilly's creditors appealing to me to see them righted; instigated thereto by the incarcerated Mr. Ricketts himself. He told them that, with his priceless Leporello in my possession, I had absolutely become his debtor to an extent that would cover all their bills; and he wrote me a letter to that effect, which had this very singular postscript: 'P.S. I think it right to state, sir, that I look upon my present misfortune as being in the nature of a favour upon me for demeaning myself by going to your house to dinner—to a brewer: none of my family, no Ricketts, from time immemorial, was ever before mixed up with anything connected with trade. And this annoyed my dear wife not a little, who, I am sorry to say, is rather thin-skinned about our celebrated tap.

The house at Wythop is certainly unsuited to one of my calling; but it was left to me—and one generally takes what is left to one without apology—by my great-uncle, who never took to me kindly, and who, as I am now convinced, carried out his animosity to the very last; the unforgiving old gentleman, broken in health, moribund as indeed he was, actually extended his resentment beyond the grave, in leaving me his house in the country. He well knew, for he was a man of business, that it must needs be a hundred and fifty pounds a year out of my pocket at least, and his malice has been more than gratified.

There are respectable tenants to be got, of course; but these are in reality not to be had. They cannot take more money out of my pocket—than the people who don't pay. There is scarcely anything in the house that suits them; and where anything does, they are glamorous to have more of it. There are only two arm-chairs in the drawing-room, and these importunes: 'where, I should like to know, is my mother-in-law to sit?' And 'more tables' was set down laconically by another among a number of items of things wanted, just as the nabob demanded his 'more curricles.' With this opinion is the view of the roof lets in the rain; the park-palisings want renewal, the drawing-room carpet is wearing into holes; the well runs dry, and requires to be dug twenty feet deeper in the summer-time; and the cistern bursts in the winter. Every new tenant has his new grievances, and every season its particular array of wants and repairs: nor does it by any means follow that I bring the Place to perfection after all, for the improvements that have been effected at a great expense to please one inquirer, are the very things, perhaps, which induce his successor to demand a reduction in the rent. If tenant-right in Ireland means anything like what it has meant at Wythop Place, it must be one of the most expensive ditties that entered into the breach of man to defend. About a twelvemonth ago, the greatest shock to my feelings as a landlord was administered, which they have as yet experienced. I had taken especial pains to insure myself against risk with this particular tenant—if I can call a man particular who stuck at nothing—not even at felony. I had carefully eschewed the aristocracy and the sporting circles, and had selected my man from among the honest and steady-going candidates of the middle class; he was a City man of the very highest respectability, who did not know a foxhound from a harrier, which he pronounced without the 'h'; and he was, to conclude, a drysoniter, and his name was Stubbs. The estate-agent referred me to this gentleman's own place of business in London as a guarantee of his solvency; and, indeed, it was a magnificent establishment. Moreover, the good simple fellow never put his nose in a country-house before, so that he would not have known what was the matter. He took high thinking; even had engaged from it not without great difficulty; while the pony ate his head off, or nearly so, for weeks in my stable, and was sold with his canine friends at last for fourteen pounds. All this time were Tilly's creditors appealing to me to see them righted; instigated thereto by the incarcerated Mr. Ricketts himself. He told them that, with his priceless Leporello in my possession, I had absolutely become his debtor to an extent that would
have said, to have been got by Respectability out of Decorum, and to answer in itself for the unimpeach-
able integrity of breed, trainer, owner, and all the
hunts had anything to do with it. Mr Stubbs was
elected churchwarden before he had been my tenant
five months, entirely upon the merits of that cob.

One afternoon, my eldest son, who is a sharp lad,
and has been admitted as a partner into our concern,
being up in the City about hopes, thought he would
just take a look at the establishment of Stubbs &
Company, to see how matters were going on in that
quarter. Imagine his horror when he saw the shutters
up, and 'To Be Sold' in great, staring characters all
over them. 'I thought, father,' said lie, 'when I read
these words, that they would have some application
to us.' And so, in truth, they had. The very day
preceding his London failure, Mr Stubbs and family
left their country-house at Wythrop for Lishwold-icoil,
where I could find-out what-place. He previously
committed the felonious act of selling my entire hayrick,
and walked away with the proceeds: he rode away, that
is, upon the respectable cob; and is now, I have little
doubt, upon the strength of it, churchwarden some-
where else. All I know of him or his, is this: I
had the pleasure of reading in the Times newspaper
of September last, the following announcement, which
is, I think, under the circumstances, unique and cool
everywhere: 'To Be Sold; at Park, near the
Pyrenees, the Viscount Cavalcastissimo to Loulou,
dughter of Joseph Stubbs, Esq., late of Wythrop
House, Wythrop, Hants.'

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GROUSE?

'First of February, partridge and pheasant shooting
ends.' This is the business-like announcement in the
almanac, which informs those who are not addicted to
Bell's Life or the Field, that the close of the
sportsman's year has arrived—grouse, black-cock, and
ptarmigan shooting having ended on the 10th of
December. This, therefore, is the appropriate time
to make a few remarks on the cry of the sportsmen as
to the grouse and other game-birds: 'Where are they ?'
which was answered only by the iteration of the
moorland echo—Where are they ? Sportsmen look
forward with dread to the extirpation of their favourite
birds; and other interested classes, including landlords,
game-dealers, &,c., tremble for their profits; while the
naturalist shrinks from an impending addition to the
already numerous catalogue of extinct British birds.
The alarm is not unreasonable: in another generation,
the descendants of the industrious sportsmen who
flourished in the reign of Queen Victoria, may perhaps
be found sighing over a stuffed grouse, or examining
with regretful eye the skeleton of a partridge or
the portrait of a black-cock in the natural history
department of the British Museum; where, at the
same time, if we may rely upon the prophecies of Mr.
John Clegghorn, visitors will be shown drawings of the
Clupea harengus, the salmon, and many other extinct
but recent species of our British fishes, accompanied,
in all probability, with a sermon from the exhibitor,
huming for its moral that ptarmigan and black-cock
hints at the killing of the goose for the sake of its
golden eggs. The decrease in our stock of grouse has
been at intervals the cry for some years now; but the
more decided failure of the shooting-season now past
has reawakened public attention in earnest. In this
season, our sportsmen have been unprecedentedly
industrious in the pursuit of their destructive business.
But their efforts, so far as grouse are concerned, have
been almost fruitless; no splendid bags have resulted;
the Highland sheyly has had no great burden to carry
home to the quarters in the glen. Mile after mile of
wild mountain heath is the weary sportsman trod in
vain. Mountains have been skirted, bogs forded,
or still more cleverly avoided, but the crack of his
gun was unheard, and the health-giving breeze brought
no scent of the bird. The silence remained unbroken
by the whitter of the mountain partridge or the cry
of the moorfowl; vast spaces of heather and gorge
stretched before him into the far distance, and thou-
ands of acres were wearily scanned with the glass,
and as wearily measured by the foot, but scarcely a
shot could be had; or perhaps—as at Dunmaglass and
Aberchael— a shooting-party of four gentlemen,
practised sportsmen, might bring down—five and a
half brace! The fact is avouched by the Morning
Post early in August. 'Grouse killed on the Dunmag-
glass and Aberchael Hills, Inverness-shire, August
15.—Sir H. de Trafford, none; Captain F. Scott, one
brace; Mr J. S. Entwistle, four brace; Mr A. de
Trafford, one bird.' But even at a still later part of
the season—that is, in November—grouse continue as
scarcely as before; and a paragraph in the Sporting
Courier, relating to the loss in Lord Seaford's covers
at Glen Urquhart, gives two grouse out of 906 head of
other game which had fallen to eight guns in the
course of four days. The paragraph is as follows:
'The total baggings in four days—Tuesday, Wednes-
day, Thursday, and Friday—were as follow: 254
pheasants, 18 partridges, 40 wood-cocks, 8 black
game, 2 grouse, 129 hares, 468 rabbits, and 23 roe-deer.'
Our purpose in noticing the failure of the grouse
shooting in these pages is to hint that the decreasing
supplies have been attributed to wrong causes—
namely, disease and destruction of eggs.
The following paragraphs, culled from the Field and
a variety of other sources, will put the reader in
possession of the common ideas as to the causes of the
disease. Sportmen are not agreed on the matter.
One division of the little army of disputants attributes
the malady (principally tapeworm) to the excessive
heather-burner which has now become annual and
some of our moors; another blames the pasturage of
sheep as the sole cause. A gentleman of the name of
'Grouses,' who holds a moor of 20,000 acres, says
that no disease exists upon it, and that birds are very
plentiful; that on the 19th 'sixty brace might
have been bagged; and he attributes this large stock
of healthy birds mainly to the ground being clear of
sheep, and that there is no heather-burning, in order
to admit of the production of grass for the black-
faces; while on an adjoining moor (only separated
by a loch), which is 80,000 acres in extent, where
burning is practised, and the ground overrun with
sheep, grouse are so scarce that with hard faggling
he can bag only fifteen brace in a day. It would
seem from a series of articles on the subject, that
'when sheep are in excess, which is very commonly
the case now in Scotlaid on many moors, heather
must be burned to a great extent to make room
for them, and to produce fresh food, thus depriving
grouse of shelter; and in the next place, as sheep are
perpetually in motion, they constantly disturb the
ground, and in the breeding-season unquestionably
destroy nests; and in the autumn they are dressed
with an obstinate composel of butter, tar, and mercury.
A question then arises—Whether this dressing so far
affects the constitution of the sheep for the time,
that the soil and herbage are influenced thereby so as
to be prejudicial to grouse.' Another gentleman, who
distinguishes himself as 'An Old Un,' and who seems to
have great experience in sporting matters, says: 'If the laird will favour his native tenant, and make sheep his primary object, and will not sympathise a little with his feathered friend, grouse will soon disappear off the face of the earth. Two are the following causes: smearing with that abominable, poisonous, offensive-smelling grease and tar; and continually herding five or six thousand sheep, with a team of colley-dogs.' Further, the 'Old Un' says: 'Let Scotland return to the Scottish state, as I found it in 1832—feeding on its grouse-ports the Highland black-faced sheep, in place of its foreign usurper the white-faced Cheviot. The black-faced requires less care, less burning of heather, less gathering and driving, less grease and tar; stains the ground less; travels less in large bodies; and with its quick eye and light and careful tread, respects the nest and eggs of his native companion.' Colonel Whyta, another authority, writes to the Field to say that the grouse of a district in Donegal, being afflicted with the tape-worm, is 'confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ' that he is right in supposing that in sheep-farming and its concomitants the disease originates—especially as a Scotch sheep-farmer has lately taken possession of the spot.

In another letter, the colonel tells us that 'the place a grouse loves to feed on is knoll ground, with the young short heather sprouting up; and this is precisely the spot the sheep select for their nightly resting-place. Case we were, as herders, the lives of grouse being deadened, feeding as they do on heather besmeared with mercury? Now, these spots are rare, either on mountains wholly burned or on mountains never burned—and under one category or the other comprise three-quarters of the hills—and being so rare are of course much frequented by both. . . . The present breed of grouse in Scotland I believe to be for the most part thoroughly broken down in constitution, and accordingly every wet winter brings on an access of the disease; and as weakly fathers begot weakly offspring, so year by year under the present system, they will become more and more delicate.'

A series of letters have also been appearing on heather-burning, in the Inverness Courier; we have reason to believe the subject is 'Veritas' thus decides in favour of the burning: 'I have lived among the hills a great many years now, and, although neither sportsman nor farmer, have had many opportunities, not only of hearing the subject of heather-burning discussed, but of witnessing the effects of heather-burning; and feel warranted in stating, without fear of much contradiction, that the strongest and healthiest birds are invariably to be found on moors which are regularly and systematically burned.'

We need say little about the destruction of the eggs. It is certain, however, that many are destroyed—some by accident, others by poachers, who supply the dealers with them. Grouse-eggs have been largely transported to England, for experiments in stocking English moors. The Spectator newspaper, in a recent article, indicates still another way of disposing of the eggs: 'The birds are falling, partly from a disease which is carrying off great numbers, but there are two other causes of their disappearance. The watchers of the deer-forests, thinking only of the antlered game, dislike the grouse because they attract poachers, and destroy the eggs wherever they find them, and thus abolish one form of sport to save another. But we must not overlook the cost of carrying the game to market, and unless the cost is increased in the number of sportmen.'

This last suggestion, in our opinion, points to the true cause of the scarcity of the birds, although combined in some measure with the disease; and we have not arrived at this opinion without much personal inquiry, and after the perusal of a large amount of correspondence on the subject. That overhunting is the real cause of the decrease of the grouse, is sufficiently obvious even from the fact, that the rent paid for liberty to shoot grouse and deer this season was somewhere about £200. But even this large sum would cease to be wondered at, when the reader learns that 100,000 brace of each of the principal game-birds—grouse, partridge, pheasant, snipe—are required in London alone, reaching the metropolis in the shape of consignments to wholesale and retail dealers, and as presents to friends. If we average these as yielding the sportsman half-a-crown per brace, it gives us a sum equivalent to about a fourth of the rental. This overhunting is caused to a large extent by persons renting shooting-grounds who are unable to afford so expensive a luxury, and who therefore 'shoot like mad,' as the Estrick Shepherd expresses it, to make up the rent—causing not whether they leave a sufficient stock of birds to multiply and replenish the earth. It has been said that a London brewer shoots the grouse; and a lordling stalks the deer. But while these parties can do no harm to pay for grouse-shooting or deer-shooting, the annoyance of feeling that they must reproduce the money, there is another class who make a business of the sport, and who bestow a large amount of hard work on it, in order to turn it to commercial account. As illustrating the system of shooting at small profits, we may state that we happen to know two humble but industrious men who followed this plan with great shrewdness. These men were natives of one of our Highland glens, and followed the business of what is called in Edinburgh chairmen, although their title of street-porters will be more generally understood. Roodick and Duncahan had a good connection, and were well employed as messengers during the winter season, when the various courts of law are in session; but as each returning summer arrived, the brothers found that it entailed upon them a forced idleness of four or five months consequent upon 'the long vacation,' and that however busy they might have been during the winter, their earnings were insufficient to carry them over the dull months. The subject of shooting entered into their own account, and they calculated the effects of heather-burning; and feel warranted in stating, without fear of much contradiction, that the strongest and healthiest birds are invariably to be found on moors which are regularly and systematically burned.'

Look, too, how times are changed—how steamboats and railways flash across the country and up to town. Formerly, there were no such rapid modes of conveyance, and game having to be sent by the mail-coach at a considerable cost of carriage, smaller quantities were consumed. Then the population has increased so considerably as to produce a proportionate demand; every year the supply augments, because every little retailer's wish must now a-days have her occasional dinner-party, and of course, if it is in season, she will have game on the table. All this
add to the demand; and the demand must be supplied, say the dealers; and rent must be paid, say the shoetiers; and we too must live, say the poachers; and so the poor grouse, in the end, pays for all.

**NIGHT-VIEW OF A NEGRO TOWN.**

Last April, an African traveller favoured us with a *Photograph of a Negro Town*. It was taken, as such pictures demand, in the daytime, and shewed the place in its quiet, dreamy state, winking in the sun. He has now sent us a companion picture, yet another kind. The town has roused itself, for darkness has come down; and we view by firelight the employments and recreations of the inhabitants.

The sun had reached its half-way degree from the meridian; towards the horizon by the time my cicerone had fulfilled his office and taken his leave; and feeling as if I had shared in the evolutions of a field-day, I was glad to find our quarters deserted, and to throw myself into the king's gay white net hammock, which seemed specially to commend itself to my notice, as a sort of sedative strainer. I took to it instinctively; my head and shoulders gravitated down an inclined plane in one direction, my feet followed the example in another; and the loral column thus formed a luxurious curve. There was a charm, too, in the cool mellow light of the piazza, in the blandness of the atmosphere, and the dead stillness of the hour; and I felt that I was 'at home,' and cared not a straw about its social virtues.

The hammock has decided attractions for fatigue as well as indolence, and is as great a promoter of day-dreaming as of sleep. It will not do, it is true, for a long night's stage—for the turnings and twistings of the sleepless, plethoric, phlegmatic, or rheumatic sleeper; but as the passage from a serious prolepsis or the pages of a dull book into a dozy 'dog-sleep' or a wholesome nap, or for a parenthetical siesta before dinner, it is unquestionably a commendable contrivance, and worthy of a more civilised origin than is commonly ascribed to it. It claims, however, to be enjoyed *al fresco*; and in this respect, whether in a warm climate, or warm weather in any climate, the couch or easy-chair has no pretensions either to its presence, or to its salutary virtues.

But on this occasion, after a time, a restless sense of loneliness came over me. What had become of the king and the chiefs whom I had so recently left on the spot? Ah! yes—the fourth period of daily prayer—prayer, very still, very silent, all unseen; nothing moving; nothing—and yet stillness itself seems audible, like the breathing of silence; a whispering of some spirit in the air, or the 'running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time'; while those long expansive shadows, stealthily creeping, creeping over the earth, are measuring off the remainder of the day. But somewhere hereabout my conceptions must have turned a corner, for I lost sight of them.

I was now in the misty regions of Queen Mab, and doing a fair bit of business in her shadowy line myself. I at length, however, acquired some vague sense of sound, like the murmuring surges of the ocean; a sense of seeing also ensued, and gradually I recognised six or eight chiefs seated about the piazza, listening with a sedate complacency to a recital of my morning adventures from my volubile attendant. As soon as he saw that my eyes were open, 'Bang went his 'English' at me in a moment.

'Ah! kimmerford, ole man,' said he, 'you slip, you slip (sleep)—fine slip, fine slip, eh?—berry fine; fine walk, fine town, fine women—berry fine, eh? yes!' The king, seated in the piazza of his house opposite, seemed engaged in a desultory conversation with his minister and two or three other chiefs. The last beams of the retiring sun were now to be seen only in the roseate tints of the western sky; the cows, as usual, were returning of their own accord from their pasturage, and passing, unattended, in single file, into the further yard. This little specimen of African 'routine' was quite charming; and by the time I had effectually demonstrated the efficacy of the 'cold-water remedy' in overcoming drowsiness, an odor of steamed something, with indubitable boiled rice, was borne into the house by our two handmaids, who whisked off again with an involuntary giggle, and the king and the chiefs were once more retiring from the yard on their way to their evening picture, yet another kind.

As the evening advanced, both piazzas resumed for a while something more of the social aspect. It seemed, however, that courtesy, or mere ceremony, with possibly a spice of unmasked curiosity, dictated the visits, rather than a desire for interchange of ideas among the visitors themselves; and after some occasional sententious remarks, a little snuff now and then, and a listless handling of the beads which some few wore round their necks, most of them retired, and we accompanied the minister and old man for chit-chat with the king. But it was one of those lovely nights when external nature seems to appeal to us so irresistibly for sympathy, and to inspire at once that dreamy condition true formed the deep curve above the chief's head. It was more than to talk, and which renders it irksome, or, at least, demands something like an effort to sustain even a desultory conversation. The blue vault of heaven was studded with glittering stars; the moon, now advancing to the zenith, was mantling her silver beams with the light of the radiant host that surrounded her; and nothing disturbed the prevailing silence but our own voices, till suddenly the distant sound of the native drum, and the low murmuring cadences of the evening-song, came upon our ears. We soon took our leave of the king, and I taxed the courtesy of the minister for his company in a walk.

While leisurely pursuing the same direction I had taken in the morning, we now met with several individuals and small groups of loquacious young women who, in passing, exchanged some short complimentary observation with the distinguished functionary who accompanied me. The close-fitting wrappers of the damsels, with cloths over their heads, after the fashion of the natives, were sufficiently to give the equivocal light of the hour, had their voices not proclaimed it. In the meantime, the wild sounds of the drums in different quarters of the town, the simple swelling strains from the leading voices, and the lower cadences of the people in general; no one seemed to notice them; the sound of the murmur, gradually became more and more distinct. The patches of light, that gleamed here and there, flickered brighter and brighter against the lower region of the sky, and brought a large portion of the high funnel-shaped roofs, the interjacent trees, and especially the tall palms with their crested heads, into bold relief. The nearest fire was now close at hand. Its glowing light streamed through the open doorways of the *zadings* across the street as we approached, but as we turned the corner, the odd tone and quality of the voices was to be recognised. Voices, however, came upon my ears simultaneously with the sudden glare upon my sight as we entered the yard, and I beheld in the centre of it a dark group of figures surrounding the flames and transient bright sparks that waywardly flickered and glittered in the fantastic folds of the smoke that was spreading its gloomy canopy above their heads. They were all seated in close order upon the ground, forming a complete circle; but the monotonous swaying of their bodies and sedateness of their demeanour, gave no indication of hilarity. Possibly, it was some religious ceremony, some nocturnal freak of superstition to which their attention seemed riveted by the earnestness of their credulity—some propitiatory worship, perhaps, of the
element which awes while it cheers and fascinates. Such might have been the influence in the mind of a stranger, from the character of the scene on first entering the yard; the fire materially increasing in effect the proportions of the dark opaque group of figures around it, as well as of the towering conical roofs of the adjacent buildings; while the details of the enclosure below, thrown into obscurity by their lengthened shadows, conspired to create that mysterious solemnity which seemed to have settled upon the spot.

On approaching the circle, however, I found that it was composed of between twenty and thirty boys, varying in their ages from eight to sixteen, with one adult only—an elderly man of spare figure and attenuated limbs, with a long triangular-shaped visage, high cheek-bones, small deep-set eyes, peering from under the caves of a high projecting forehead, and a bristling crop of white stubble covering his chin, and contrasting strangely with the other swarthy features. Our presence caused no interruption to the steadfastness of their purpose, whatever it might be. The old gentleman raised his head, and then rounded his shoulders a little more into a bend of courtesy; but the jabbering still went on among the youngsters. At length one of the boys suddenly raised his voice and reiterated his cry of "Ali, Ali!"-something that seemed a brief admonition having come from the old president, on they went again. A similar interruption occurred again and again, till at length the fire began to languish, and a younger jumped up, bunched a piece of old cloth within the circle; its smoke, bundles, and was again squattting and jabbering in his place as the fire began to feed on his donation. The young tyros, it appeared, were graduating in the maxims of that Mohammedan treasury of knowledge called the majalis, and rehearsing what they had read and heard. Whenever a boy made a slip in a word or pronuncia-
tion, he was checked by another boy, the old preceptor having a manuscript portion of the Book before him; and the boys seemed pretty eager in their watch upon one another. In short, the scene before us was a school. The sons of different neighbours were in class with the sons of the owner or occupier of the premises; and in this way the several karamojaks, or schoolmasters, within the town attend their classes, each boy always proceeding to the fire to mind the wood and water.

"But why," I inquired of my companion, "make night the period of tuition?"

"Oh, day made for work," he replied. "Some boys have school by day, some boys by the morning, too, before sunrise; how very little is there is writing. It is nearly all of anything like schooling or education going on among the negro tribes of Africa, saving that which is exclusively the work of our own missionaries! How remote from all our conceptions of the general character, habits, and aspirations, is the fact that 'learning' is held in high estimation, and forms a claim to distinction and respect; that Arabic is studied in public schools of wide repute in the heart of Nigritia, or the land of the negroes, as it is called, with a few degrees of the equator; and that, among the swarthy natives, men are to be met with as well versed in Biblical history as the generality of laymen in England, and who are familiar also with two or three languages besides their own. It is true that we have given our hands to the project, and the instruction is not very profound, and that elementary instruction is so much limited to reading and writing; but this is precisely the case with Mohammedan nations or tribes in general. The fact, however, appears to be little known, or little regarded, that the deism of Mecca is fast gaining ground upon the fetishism of the pagans, and exercising a powerful influence upon the social and moral condition of the negro tribes of these regions.

But our attention was not wholly directed to the boys. We found several men of different ages now assembled in the piazzas of two houses within the yard; either seated or occupying a hammock, and interchangeing their ideas on current or traditional events. Their great dependence upon tradition causes them so indulge habitually in retrospect, and in lauding the auspicious events of departed days. But our visit served to concentrate for a while their speculations on the passing present, with which I was specially identified, and more especially on the very odd notion of my coming among them only to 'see the country' and 'say how do?' This puzzled them; they could not make it out; they shook their heads, and pondered; and took snuff—the only form in which they use tobacco—to clear their perceptions. But distant sounds were inviting us in another direction; so, after shaking hands, and receiving their compliments, we left them with an interesting subject to dilate upon, and work out a solution at their leisure.

After passing out of the yard into the street, we were soon again within the range of light from the next fire. The sounds of fiddling and dancing broke upon our ears, and another interesting picture opened before us. Here, too, a living circle of some fifty or sixty individuals was formed in the middle of the yard, the fire being at one side. The circle was composed of a chieftain of young men, and was mingled, with the drummer seated on one side of the fire tum-tum-a-running with an air of great self-sufficiency, whilst two young fellows were fiddling themselves into angular attitudes as they whirled round within the circle; the drummers, as long measured, the extempro criticisms of the drummer as the leader, and the chorus accompaniment of the surrounding company. But our arrival, as soon as it was observed, at once changed the burden of the strain; the drummers ceased, and a long measured strain, in a brief rattling flourishes, and opened a gap for the running commentary that ensued on the welcome we were entitled to, and the attributes we were respectively presumed to possess—quite a burden in themselves. Comparatively few of the company composed the corps de ballet, although all were numbered among the vocal performers. The dancing was, indeed, rather of the impulsive or ad libitum order—as devoid of any fixed principles or rules as of what we would call grace—the turning the feet, the social and even impulse itself now and then kept in check, or became ludicrously confounded with something like mauvais honte, or sheer incapacity for its work. The commonest achievement was that of the young fellows, jumping straight across the ring, and flinging themselves forward, or two or before an opposite dancer, as an invitation or challenge to draw her out. In this he was generally unsucceessful, and he returned jumping disconsolately to his place. Two or three accomplished and self-sufficient of the young men at length began to display their powers; and a dancer followed the example, although disdainfully, seeming to figure about with an air of independence, and eyeing the onlookers with a disdainful query as to what they want? Go 'long—le've me 'long!" Inspiring applause was of course accorded to her by the audience, which had now somewhat increased, and of those the number who composed the front row had increased under the leader's instructions was here replaced by another, fresh and vigorous for the task; and this change was effected so quickly, that there was no palpable pause in the action of the drum-sticks. Another rattling flourish, and another leading voice, with some appropriate more of vocal sentiment, proclaimed the inauguration of the new conductor. To the responsive voices of the spectators was now added a general clapping of hands with one sharp simultaneous blow in unison with the time; the drum itself spoke out with a more impressive sforzato.
intonation, and the fire, responding cheerfully to a
dance, sidling and wheeling, and wriggiling and
kicking, and prancing, were of course the observed
of all observers. This went on for some time—
theclassical dance was the applause growing
faster and more furious—till one of the dandies
competitors, springing with one bound clean over
the fire, as the only point of egress, disappeared from
the scene with the dexterity of a harlequin. The scene had
now reached its climax. The drum-sticks suddenly
relaxed into a staggering rattle, and the performance
was at an end. We now, for the first time, became
conscious that we had been working away sympa-
theitically with our head and shoulders, and with
something like that impatience in which a rider in
a prodigious hurry finds himself striving to get
ahead of his horse. No wonder the sedate companion
of my evening ramble had disappeared; and on
looking round, I confronted instead my incorrigible
courier who had attended me in the morning, his
English of course-effervescing in a moment. 'Ah!
kimmerICLES,' cried he, 'ole man, you dance, eh? Fine
dance, fine dance—berry fine; fine gal, fine gal—berry
fine, eh? yess.'

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XX.—FRONTIER JUSTICE.

I was not allowed long to enjoy the sweets of home.
A few days after my arrival, I received an order to
repair to Fort King, the Seminole agency, and head-
quarters of the army of Florida. General Clinch there
commanded. I was summoned upon his staff.

Not without chagrin, I prepared to obey the order.
It was hard to part so soon from those who dearly
loved me, and from whom I had been so long sepa-
rated. Both mother and sister were overwhelmed with
sorrow at my going. Indeed, they urged me to resign
my commission, and remain at home.

Not unwillingly did I listen to their counsel: I had
no heart in the cause in which I was called forth; but
at such a crisis I dared not follow their advice: I
should have been branded as a traitor—a coward.
My country had commissioned me to carry a sword.
I must wield it, whether the cause be just or unjust—
whether to my liking or not. This is called patriotism!

There was yet another reason for my reluctance to
part from home. I need hardly declare it. Since my
return, my eyes had often wandered over the lake—
—often rested on that fair isle. Oh, I had not
forgotten her!

I can scarcely analyse my feelings. They were mingled
emotions. Young love triumphant over older passions
—ready to burst forth from the ashes that had long
shrouded it—young love pentiments and remorseful
doubt, jealousy, apprehension. All these were active
within me.

Since my arrival, I had not dared to go forth. I
observed that my mother was still distrustful. I had
not dared even to question those who might have satisfied
me. I passed those few days in doubt, and at intervals under a painful presentiment that all
was not well.

Did Madine still live? Was she true? True!
Had she reason? Had she ever loved me?

There were those near who could have answered the
first question; but I feared to breathe her name, even
to the most intimate.

Bidding adieu to my mother and sister, I took the
route. These were not left alone: my maternal uncle
—their guardian—resided upon the plantation. The
parting moments were less bitter, from the belief that I
should soon return. Even if the anticipated campaign
should last for any considerable length of time the
scene of my duties would lie near, and I should find
frequent opportunities of revisiting them.

My uncle scouted the idea of a campaign, as so did
every one of the Indians,' he said, 'would yield to the
demands of the commission. Fools, if they didn't!' Fort
King was not distant; it stood upon Indian
—forty miles within the border, though further than
that from our plantation. A day's
journey would bring me to it; and in the company of
my cheerful guide, Black Jack, the road would not
seem long. We bestowed a pair of the best steeds the
stables afforded, and were both armed cap-a-pie.

We crossed the ferry at the upper landing, and rode
within the 'reserve.' The path—it was only a path
—ran parallel to the creek, though not near its banks.
It passed through the woods, some distance to the
rear of Madame Powell's plantation.

When opposite the clearing, my eyes fell upon the
diving track. I knew it well: I had oft trodden it
with swelling heart.

I hesitated—halted. Strange thoughts careered
through my bosom; resolves half-made, and suddenly
abandoned. The rein grew slack, and then tightened.
The spur threatened the ribs of my horse, but failed to
strike.

'Shall I go? Once more behold her? Once
more renew those sweet joys of tender love? Once
more— Ha, perhaps it is too late! I might be no
longer welcome—if my reception should be hostile?
Perhaps—'

'Who's you dar, Masar George? Daat's no the
road to the fort.'

'I know that, Jake; I was thinking of making a
call at Madame Powell's plantation.'

'Mar'pow'll plantayshun! Golly! Masar George—
daat all you knows 'bout it?'

'About what? I inquired with anxious heart.

'Dar's no Mar'pow'll da no more; nor hain't a
been, since he's been 'n a year—all gone clear way.'

'Gone away? Where?'

'Daat dis chile know maffen 'bout. Spose da gone
some other lokayshun in da ress; made new clarin
somewha else.'

'And who lives here now?'

'Dar ain't neery one lib now: dis ole house am
desarted.'

'But why did Madame Powell leave it?'

'Ah—dat am a quaw story. Golly! you neber
hear um, ha? Masar George?'

'No—never.'

'Den I tell um. But spose, masar, we ride on. T
am a gettin' a ledge late, an' t'went do nowh
be to chuch arter night in dis woods.'

'Ver turned my horse's head, and advanced along
the main road, Jake riding by my side. With aching
heart, I listened to his narrative.

'You see, Masar George, 'twar all o' Masar Ringgold—
the ole boss; dat am—an I believe th' young 'un
had 'un hand in dat pie, all same, like th' ole 'un. Waa,
you see Mar'pow'll she loss some niggas dat war ha
slaves. Dew war stole from ha, an' wuse dan stole. Dew
war tuk, an' by white men, masar. Tha be folks
who say dat Mass' Ringgold—be know'd more 'n any
body else 'bout th' whole business. But da rubby war
blamed on Ned Spence an' Bill William. Waa,'
Mar'm Pow'll she go to da law w' die yar Ned an' Bill; an' she 'poy Mas'er Grubb th' big lawyer dat lib down thar. Now, Missy Ringgold, an' folks dey say dat boaf de two put th' heads together to cheat dat ar Indy-en 'oman.'

"How?"

"Die chile don't say for troof, Mas'er George; he hear um only from de back folks; de white folk say differrent. But I hear um from Mas'r Ringgold's owin nigga woodman—Pomp, you know, Mas'er George? an' he say dat um ar two bosses did put th' heads together to cheat dat poor Indy-en 'oman.'"

"So what way, Jake?" I asked impatiently.

"Waal, you see, Mas'er George, da laways he want da Indy-en sign ha name to some paper—power ob turney, da call um, I bline. She sign; she no read th' writin. Whung! daat paper war no power ob turney: it war what th' laways call a 'bill ob sale.'"

"Ha!"

"Yes, Mas'er George, dat's what um war; an' by dat same bill ob sale all Mar'm Pow'll's niggas an' all ha plantation-clarin war made obe to Mas'er Grubb."

"Atrocious沈oundrel!"

"Mas'er Grubb he swar he bought 'em all, an' paid for 'em in cash dollar. Mar'm Pow'll she swar de berry contr'y. Da judge he decide for Mas'er Grubb, bcause he say dey all gone by stolen from the Indies. Folks dey say Mas'er Ringgold now got dat paper in um own safe keepin', an' war at th' bottom ob th' whole business."

"Atrocious Scoundrels! oh, villains! But tell me, Jake, what became of Madame Pow'll?"

"Shortly arter, th' all gone 'way; nob'dy know wha. Da mar'm haself an' dat fine young fellur you know, an' da young Indy-en gal dat ebberybody say war so good-lookin'—yes, Mas'er George, th' all gone 'way."

At that moment an' opening in th' woods enabled me to catch a glimpse of th' old house. There it stood in all it gray grandeur, still embowered in th' midst of beautiful groves of orange an' olive. But th' broken fences—the tall weeds standing up against th' walls—the shingles here an' there missing from th' roof—all told th' tale of ruin.

There was ruin in my heart, as I turned sorrowing away.

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIAN SLAVES.

It never occurred to me to question the genuineness of his story. "Well, the black one said true; I had no doubt of it. The whole transaction was redolent of the Ringgold's and lawyer Grubbs—the latter a half-planter, half-legal practitioner of indifferent reputation.

Jake further informed me that Spence and Williams had disappeared during the progress of the trial. Both afterwards returned to the settlement, but no ulterior steps were taken against them, as there was no one to prosecute.

As for the stolen negroes, they were never seen again in that part of the country. The robbers had no doubt carried them to the slave-markets of Mobile or New Orleans, where a sufficient price would be obtained to remunerate Grubbs for his professional services, as also the expenses he had incurred. The land would become Ringgold's, as soon as the Indians could be got out of the country—and this was the object of the bill of sale.

A transaction of like nature between white man and white man would have been regarded as a grave swindle, an atrocious crime. The whites affected not to believe it; but there were some who knew it to be true, and viewed it only in the light of a clever ruse!

That it was true, I could not doubt. Jake gave me reasons that left no room for doubt; in fact, it was only in keeping with the general conduct of the border adventurers toward the unfortunate natives with whom they came in contact.

Border adventurers, did I say? Government agents, members of the Florida legislature, generals, planters, rich as Ringgold, all took part in similar speculations. I could give names. I am writing truth, and do not fear contradiction.

It was easy enough, therefore, to credit the tale. It was only one of twenty similar cases of which I had heard. The acts of Colonel Gad Rumphreys, the Indian agent—of Major Phagan, another Indian agent—of Dexter, the notorious negro-stealer—of Floyd—of Douglass—of Robinsson and Millburn, are all historic—all telling of outrages committed upon the suffering Seminole. A volume might be filled detailing such swindles as that of Grubbs and Ringgold. In the mutual relations between white man and red man, it requires no skilful advocate to shew on which side must lie the wrongs unrequited and unavenged. Beyond all doubt, the Indian has ever been the victim.

It is needless to add that there were retractions: how could it be otherwise?

One remarkable fact discloses itself in these episodes of Floridian life. It is well known that slaves thus eloped are not always returned to their masters. They are sometimes kept by the whites, and so "whenever they could! To secure them from their way back, the Dexters and Douglasses were under the necessity of taking them to some distant market, to the far 'costas' of the Mississippi—

There is but one explanation of this social phenomenon; and that is, that the slaves of the Seminole were not slaves. In truth, they were treated with an indulgence to which the helot of other lands is a stranger.

They were the agriculturists of the country, and their Indian master was content if they raised him a little corn—just sufficient for his need—with such other vegetable products as his simple cuisine required. They lived far apart from the dwellings of their owners. Their hours of labour were few, and scarcely compulsory. Surplus product was their own; and in most cases they became rich—far richer than their own masters, who were less skilled in economy. Emancipation was easily purchased, and the majority were actually free—though from such a reign it was scarcely worth while to escape. If slavery it could be called, it was the mildest form ever known upon earth—far differing from the abject bondage of Ham under either Shem or Japheth.

It may be asked how the Seminoles became possessed of these black slaves? Were they 'runaways' from the States—of Georgia and the Carolinas, Alabama, and the plantations of Florida? Doubtless a few were from this source; but most of theRinggold's were not claimed as property; and, arriving among the Indians, became free. There was a time when by the stern conditions of the Camp Moultre Covenant these 'absconding' slaves were given up to their white owners; but it is no discredit to the Seminoles, that they were always remiss in the observance of this disgraceful stipulation. In fact, it was not always possible to surrender back the fugitive negro. Black communities had concentrated themselves in different parts of the reserve, and always kept the negroes socially free, and strong enough for self-defence. It was with these that the runaway usually found refuge and welcome. Such a community was that of 'Harry' amidst the morasses of Peace Creek—of 'Abram' at Miccosuky—of 'Charles' and the 'mulatto King.'

No; the negro slaves of the Seminoles were not runaways from the plantations; though the whites would wish to make it appear so. Very few were of this class. The greater number was the 'genuine
property of their Indian owners, so far as a slave can be called property. At all events, they were legally obtained—some of them from the Spaniards, the original settlers, and some by fair purchase from the American planters themselves.

How purchased? you will ask. What could a tribe of savages do in exchange for such a costly commodity? The answer is easy. Horses and horned cattle. Of both of these the Seminoles possessed vast herds. On the evacuation by the Spaniards, the savannas swarmed with cattle, of Andalusian race—half wild. The Indians caught and reclaimed them—became their owners.

This, then, was the quid pro quo—quadrupeds in exchange for bipeds!

The chief of the crimes charged against the Indians was the stealing of cattle—for the white men had their herds as well. The Seminoles did not deny that there were bad men among them—lawless fellows difficult to restrain. Where is the community without scamps?

One thing was very certain. The Indian chiefs, when fairly appealed to, have always evinced an earnest desire to make restitution: and exhibited an energy in the cause of justice, entirely unknown upon the opposite side of their border.

It is evident how they acted, so far as regarded their character among their white neighbours. These had made up their mind that the dog should be hanged; and it was necessary to give him a bad name. Every robbery, committed upon the frontier, was of course the act of an Indian. White burglars had but to give their faces a cost of Spanish brown, and justice could not see through the paint.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL TRANSACTION.

Such were my reflections as I journeyed on—suggested by the sad tale to which I had been listening.

As to confirm their correctness, an incident at that moment occurred, exactly to the point.

We had not ridden far along the path, when we came upon the tracks of cattle. Some twenty head must have passed over the ground, going in the same direction as ourselves—towards the Indian 'reserve.'

The footprints of the woodsmen were distinct and fresh—almost quite fresh. I was tracker enough to know that they must have passed within the hour. Though cloistered so long within college walls, I had not forgotten all the forest-craft taught me by young Powell.

The circumstance of thus coming upon a cattle-trail, fresh or old, would have made no impression upon me. There was nothing remarkable about it. Some Indian herdsmen had been driving home their flock; and that the drivers were Indians, I could perceive by the moccasin prints in the mud. It is true, some frontiers-men wear the moccasin; but these were not the footprints of white men. The turned-in toes, the high instep, and other trifling signs which, from early training, I knew how to translate, proved that the tracks were Indian.

So were they, agreed my grooms, and Jake was no 'slouch' in the ways of the woods. He had all his life been a keen 'coon-hunter—a trigger of the swamp-hen, the 'pointer,' and the 'gobbler.' Moreover, he had been my companion upon many a deer-hunt—many a chase after the grey fox, and the rufous 'cat.' During my absence he had added greatly to his experiences. He had succeeded his former rival in the woods, which brought him daily in contact with the denizens of the forest, and constant observation of their habits had increased his skill.

It is a mistake to suppose that the negro brain is incapable of that acute reasoning which constitutes a cunning hunter. I have known black men who could read 'sign' and lift a trail with as much intuitive quickness as either red or white. Black Jake could have done it.

I soon found that in this kind of knowledge he was now my master; and, almost on the instant, I had cause to be astonished at his acuteness.

I have said that the sight of the cattle-tracks created no surprise in either of us. At first it did not; but we had not ridden more than forty paces further, when I saw my companion suddenly rein up, at the same instant giving utterance to one of those ejaculations peculiar to the negro thorax, and closely resembling the 'wugh' of a startled hog.

I looked in his face. I saw by its expression that he had some revelation to make.

'What is it, Jake?'

'Golly! Massar George, d' you see dass?'

'What?'

'Dass down dar.'

'I see a ruck of cow-tracks—not nothing more.'

'Doant you see dat big 'un?'

'Yes—there is one larger than the rest.'

'By Golly, Massar George, am I do big ox Ballface—I know um track anywha—many's th' load o' cypress log dat ar ox hab tasted for ole massar.'

'What? I remember Ballface. You think the cattle are ours?'

'No, Massar George—I spect th' be da laways Grubb's cattle. Ole massar sell Ballface to Massar Grubb more'n a year go. Dass am Bally's track for satin.'

'But why should Mr Grubb's cattle be here in Indian ground, and so far from his plantation—and with Indian litter, too?'

'Dat er's jest what dis chile can't clary make out, Massar George.'

There was a singularity in the circumstance that induced reflection. The cattle could not have strayed so far of themselves. Their voluntary swimming of the river was against such a supposition. But they were not straying; they were evidently conducted—and by Indians.

Was it a raid?—were the beehives being stolen?

It had the look of a bit of thievishness, and yet it was not crafty enough. The animals had been driven along a frequented path certain to be taken by those in quest of them; and the robbers—if they were such—had used no precaution to conceal their tracks.

It looked like a theft, and it did not; and it was just this circumstance aspect that excited the curiosity of my companion and myself—so much so, that we made up our minds to follow the trail, and if possible ascertain the truth.

For a mile or more, the trail coincided with our own route; and then turning abruptly to the left, it struck off towards a track of 'honnock' woods.

We were determined not to give up our intention lightly. The tracks were so fresh, that we knew the herd must have passed within the hour—within the quarter—could not be distant. We could gallop back to the main road, through some thin pine-timber we saw stretching away to the right; and, with these reflections, we turned head along the cattle-trail.

Shortly after entering the dense forests, we heard voices of men in conversation, and at intervals the running of oxen.

We alit, tied our horses to a tree, and moved forward afoot.

We walked stealthily and in silence, guiding ourselves by the sounds of the voices, that kept up an almost continual clatter. Beyond a doubt, the cattle whose bellowing we heard were those whose tracks we had been tracing; but equally certain was it, that the voices we now listened to were not the voices of those who had driven them.
It is easy to distinguish between the intonation of an Indian and a white man. The men whose conversation reached our ears were whites—their language was our own, with all its coarse embellishments. My companion's discourses went beyond this—he recognised the individuals.

"Golly! Maas George, it ar the two dam ruffins—Spence and Bill William!"

Jake's conjecture proved correct. We drew closer to the spot. The evergreen trees concealed us perfectly. We got up to the edge of an opening; and there saw the herd of beeves, the two Indians who had driven them, and the brace of worthies already named.

We stood under cover watching and listening; and in a very short while, with the help of a few hints from my companion, I comprehended the whole affair.

Each of the Indians—worthless outcasts of their tribe—was presented with a bottle of whisky and a few trifling trinkets. This was in payment for their night's work—the plunder of lawyer Grubb's pastures.

Their share of the business was now over; and they were just in the act of delivering up their charge as we arrived upon the ground. Their employers, whose droving boat was here to begin, had just handed over their fowls to the new possessors.

They were too shortsighted to see; they were too drunk; they were no longer needed. The cattle would be taken to some distant part of the country—where a market would be readily found—or, what was of equal probability, they would find their way back to their own plantations, having been rescued by the gallant fellows Spence and Williams from a band of Indian rievers! This would be a fine tale for the plantation fireside—a rare chance for a representation to the police and the powers.

"Gah, those savage Seminole robbers! they must be got rid of— they must be 'moved out.'"

As the cattle changed to belong to lawyer Grubb, I did not choose to interfere. I could tell my tale elsewhere; and, without making our presence known, my companion and I turned silently upon our heels, regained our horses, and went our way reflecting.

I entertained no doubt about the justness of our surmise—no doubt that Williams and Spence had employed the drunken Indians—no more that lawyer Grubb himself had employed Williams and Spence, in this circuitous transaction.

The stream must be muddled upward—the poor Indian must be driven to desperation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REFLECTIONS BY THE WAY.

At college, as elsewhere, I had been jeered for taking the Indian side of the question. Not unfrequently was I 'twitted' with the blood of poor old Powhatan, which, after two hundred years of 'whitening,' must have circulated very sparingly in my veins. It was said I was not patriotic, since I did not join in the vulgar clamour, so congenial to nations when they talk of excess.

Nations are like individuals. To please them, you must be as wicked as they—feel the same sentiment, or speak it—which will serve as well—afflict like hell until your language be a dead language, and your independence of thought, and cry 'crucify' with the majority.

This is the world's man—the patriot of the time.

He who draws his deductions from the fountain of truth, and would try to stem the senseless current of a people's prejudices, will never be popular during life. Poor Peter put out on this side the grave. Such need not seek the 'living fame' for which yearned the conqueror of Peru: he will not find it. If the true patriot desire the reward of glory, he must look for it only from posterity—long after his 'moulard bones' have rustled in the tomb.

Happily there is another reward. The mens conscia recti is not an idle phrase. There are those who esteem it—who have experienced both sustenance and comfort from its sweet whisperings.

Though sadly pained at the conclusions to which I was compelled—not only by the incident I had witnessed, but by a host of others lately heard of—I congratulated myself on the course I had pursued.

Neither by word nor act, had I thrown one feather into the scale of injustice. I had no cause for self-acclamation. My conscience cleared me of all ill-will towards the unfortunate people, who were soon to stand before me in the attitude of enemies.

My thoughts dwelt not long on the general question—scarcely a moment. That was driven out of my mind by reflections of a more painful nature—by the sympathies of friendship, of love. I thought only of the ruined widow, of her children, of Maumee. It were but truth to confess that I thought only of the last; but this thought comprehended all that belonged to her. All of hers were reaped, though she was the centre of the endearment.

And for all I now felt sympathy, sorrow—ay, a far more poignant bitterness than grief—the ruin of sweet hopes. I scarcely hoped ever to see them again.

"Where were they all? Where is Miss Williams?"—Conjectures, apprehensions, fears, floated upon my fancy. I could not avoid giving way to dark imaginings. The men who had committed that crime were capable of any other, even the highest known to the calendar of justice. What had become of these friends of my youth?

My companion could throw no light on their history after that day of wrong. He 'sposed she had moved off to some other clairin in da Indy-en reeza, for folks neebhe heenn o' um neither no noon to see her no more.

Even this was only a conjecture. A little relief to the heaviness of my thoughts was imparted by the changing scene.

Eliharto we had been travelling through a pine-forest. About noon we passed from it into a large tract of hommock, that stretched right and left of our course. The road or path we followed ran directly across it.

The scene became suddenly changed as if by a magic transformation. The soil under our feet was different, as also the foliage over our heads. The pines were no longer around us. Our view was interrupted on all sides by a thick frondage of evergreen trees—some with broad shining coriaceous leaves, as the magnolia; others were here grew to its full stature. Alongside it stood the live-ock, the red mulberry, the Bourbon laurel, iron-wood, Halesia and Callicarpa, while towering above all rose the cabbage-palm, proudly waving its plumed crest in the breeze, as if saluting with supercilious nod its humble companions beneath.

For a long while we travelled under deep shadow—not formed by the trees alone, but by their parasites as well—the large grape-vine loaded with leaves—the climbing creepers of smilax and hederia—the silvery tufts of tillandisia shrouded the sky from our sight. The path was winding and intricate. Prostrate trunks often carried it in a circuitous course, and often was it obstructed by the matted trellis of the massacre, whose gnarled limbs stretched from tree to tree like the great stay-cables of a ship.

The scene was somewhat gloomy, yet grand and impressive. It chimed with my feelings at the moment; and made me even more than the airy open of the pine-woods.

Having crossed this belt of dark forest, near its opposite edge we came upon one of these singular ponds already described—a circular basin surrounded by hillocks and rocks of testaceous formation—an extinct water-volcano. In the barbarous jargon of
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the Saxon settler, these are termed 'sinks,' though most inappropriately, for where they contain water, it is always of crystalline brightness and purity.

The one at which we had arrived was nearly full of water, and crowded with the cries of the amphious monster—the perilous encounter in the tank—the chase—the capture—the trial and fiery sentence—the escape—the long lingering pursuit across the lake, and the abrupt awful ending—all were remembered at the moment with vivid distinctness. I could almost fancy I heard that cry of agony—that half-drowned ejaculation, uttered by the victim as he sank below the surface of the water. They were not pleasant memories either to my companion or myself, and we soon ceased to discourse of them.

As if to bring more agreeable reflections, the cheerful 'gobble' of a wild turkey at that moment sounded in our ears; and Jake asked my permission to go in search of the game. No objection being made, he took up the rifle and left me.

I re-visit my 'havena'—stretched myself as before along the soft sward, watched the circling eddies of the purple smoke, inhaled the narcotic fragrance of the flowers, and once more fell asleep.

This time I dreamed, and my dreams appeared to be only the continuation of the thoughts that had been so recently in my mind. They were visions of that eventful day; and once more its events passed in review before me, just as they had occurred.

In one respect, however, my dreams differed from the reality. I dreamt that I saw the mulatto rising back to the surface of the water, and climbing out upon the shore of the island. I dreamt that he had escaped unscathed, unhurt—that he had returned to revenge himself—by some means he had got me in his power, and was about to kill me!

At this crisis in my dream, I was again suddenly awakened—this time not by the blazing of water, but by the sharp 'spang' of a rifle that had been fired near.

'Jake has found the turkeys,' thought I. 'I hope he has taken good aim. I should like to carry one to the fort. It might be welcome at the mess-table, since I hear that thelander is not overstocked. Jake is a good shot, and not likely to miss. If he has been successful. My reflections were suddenly interrupted by a second report, which, from its sharp detonation, I knew to be also that of a rifle.

'My God! what can it mean? Jake has but one gun: and but one barrel—he cannot have reloading since? he has not had time. Was the first only a fancy of my dream? Surely I heard a report? surely it was that which awoke me? There were two shots—I could not be mistaken.'

In surprise, I sprang to my feet. I was alarmed as well. I was alarmed for the safety of my companion. Certainly I had heard two reports. Two rifles must have been fired, and by two men. Jake may have been one, but who was the other? We were upon dangerous ground. Was it an enemy? I shouted out, calling the black by name.

I was relieved in hearing his voice. I heard it at some distance off in the woods; but I drew fresh alarm from it as I listened. It was uttered, not in reply to my call, but in accents of terror.

Mystified, as well as alarmed, I seized my pistols, and ran forward to meet him. I could tell that he was coming towards me, and was near; but under the dark shadow of the trees in his black body was not yet visible. He still continued to cry out, and I could now distinguish what he was saying.

'Gorramightly! Gorramightly!' he exclaimed in a tone of extreme terror. 'Lo! Massa George, are you hurt?'

'Hurt! what the deuce should hurt me?'

But for the two reports, I should have fancied that
he had fired the rifle in my direction, and was under the impression he might have hit me.

'You are not shot? Gorramighty be thank you are not shot, Masser George.'

'Why, Jake, what does it all mean?'

His eyes were rolling in their sockets—the whites offener visible than either pupil or iris. His lips were white and bloodless; the black skin upon his face was blanched to an ashly paleness; and his teeth chattered as he spoke. His attitudes and gestures confirmed my belief that he was in a state of extreme terror.

As soon as he saw me, he ran hurriedly up, and grasped me by the arm—at the same time casting fearful glances in the direction whence he had come, as if an dread damper was behind him?

I knew that under ordinary circumstances Jake was no coward—quite the contrary. There must have been peril then—what was it?

I looked back; but in the dark depths of the forest shade, I could distinguish no other object than the brown trunks of the trees.

I again appealed to him for an explanation.

'O Lor! it was—was—war him; Iee sure it war him.'

'He! who was it—war him?'

'O Masser George; yon—yon—you shure you not br't. He fire at you. I see him t—t—take aim; I fire at him—I fire after; I mi—mi—mis; he run away—way—way.'

'He fired? who ran away?'

'O Gor! it was—was—war him; him or him go—go—ghost.'

'For heaven's sake, explain! what him? what ghost? Was it the devil you have seen?'

'Dood, Masser George; dat am de fool. It wa—wa—war de devil I see: it war Yell Jake.'

'Yellow Jake?'

CURiosITIES OF STEAM-POwER.

So great are our obligations to this prime mover, and so important is its place in modern civilisation, that any information relating to it is interesting. Those who have studied the subject will receive with some little surprise the new facts to which we now propose to direct their attention, and which may be said to be of somewhat an anomalous character.

The first of these facts is, that, in the process of condensation, another circumstance than the mere presence of cold water is necessary, at least as regards condensation in tubes; and the second is, that the steam itself may be made to produce a vacuum, the use of which in working engines promises to be of very great importance, and which shall endeavour to place both these matters briefly before our readers.

It is popularly known that, in the 'low-pressure' engines, such as are used in most sea-going ships, the 'used steam'—that is, the steam which has just driven the palms of the last one end of the cylinder to the other—is allowed to escape into a secondary vessel, called the 'condenser,' where it is met by a dash of cold salt water, which condenses it. It is evident, however, that the water formed by this condensation must be salina and impure, and is consequently unfit to return to the boiler with good effect. But a very great improvement on this system is in contemplation, which consists in the condensation being carried on in a tube passing through cold salt water, not in the cold salt water itself.

Here a most curious fact presents itself. Upon the assurance of scientific men, we believe if steam be passed through a dry tube, passing through cold water, most of it will issue at the other end of the tube unchanged. If, on the other hand, a certain quantity of hot water, formed from former steam, remains in the tube, heat for the purpose of retaining it in the hollow, then all the steam will be condensed, and flow out in the state of water.

Thus the recovery of any quantity of used steam may be provided for without any necessity for admixture with salt water. It is only necessary to pass the used steam into a tube running a certain way through a body of cold water, and having a bend near the point of final escape containing a little hot water, and all the steam will reappear as hot water. The importance of this to marine steam-navigation is obviously incalculable: its advantages, in point of facility and simplicity, over other modes of accomplishing the same object, must be plain at the first glance to all who are in the least acquainted with the subject.

But it has to be considered that one advantage of the old mode of condensation is, that the used steam escapes into a vacuum, and consequently with much greater facility than it would even into a space filled with air, not to mention one filled with elastic steam.

The mode of providing this vacuum at the extremity of the steam itself, and which we shall now attempt to describe, strikes us as being extremely interesting.

Let us suppose a boiler generating and sending forth steam through a conducting tube into a cylinder. This steam will drive the piston along a long open cylinder, its own elasticity causing it to rush into the space left free to it beyond the valve. Here, in the old system, it was met, as before observed, by the cold-water 'dash,' and, as steam, destroyed; now, it will be allowed to escape into the bend tube above described, and will be propelled along this tube at the presumed rate of pressure—about thirty pounds to the inch. The effect of the cold water outside, and the hot water in the bend of the tube, will cause it to condense as we have said; but the vacuum into which the water may run has still to be provided.

To effect this object, the bent tube is connected with a closed vessel fitted with a valve at top opening outward, and thus the water in the vessel will cause the steam to condense as we have said; but when the water condenses in the tube, for the reasons mentioned above, the supply of steam is cut off. the valve of the closed vessel will shut, and prevent the entrance of air; the bent tube will, by the simplest and most natural means, and the flow of the condensed steam, in the form of water, into the vessel, go on in vacuo. Thus, the same advantages will be secured in the new as under the old system, so far as the vacuum is concerned; but, in addition, the water thus recovered will be returned to the boiler, not only free from all impurity—as distilled fresh water, in fact—but also at a heat which will promote economy in fuel to a considerable extent.

It would be quite superfluous to insist upon advantages so obvious as these; and we have no doubt that the aforesaid laws relating to them will allow of their being fully realised in the way proposed. The great desideratum, in the absence of any less complicated prime mover, is obviously some certain mode of preventing the waste of water—that is, of fresh water—in long sea-voyages. 'Hall's Condensers' had done much to meet the case; but a moment's reflection will enable the reader to see that, in the way now proposed, the object will be accomplished on the most advantageous and economical principle; and although the assertion may seem somewhat rash, in presence of ever-progressing improvements, it seems as if we had reached the point where nothing more can be desired, in this way the 'limit of perfection having been attained.
LOST IN THE MIST.

The thin white snow-streaks pencilling
The mountain's shoulder gray,
While, in the west the pale-green sky
Smiled back the dawning day,
Till from the misty east, the sun
Was of a sudden born
Like a new soul in paradise—
How long it seems since born!
One little hour, O round red sun,
And thou and I shall come
Unto the golden gate of rest,
The open door of home;
One little hour, O weary sun,
Doth the murky e'e
Till these tired feet that pleasant door
Enter, and never leave.
Ye rooks that wing in slender file
Into the thickening gloom,
Ye'll scarce have reached your old gray tower
Ere I have reached my home:
Plover, that thrill'st this lonely moor
With such an eerie cry,
Seek ye your nest ere night falls down,
As my heart's nest seek I.

O light, light heart, O heavy feet,
Best time a little while;
Keep the warm love-light in these eyes,
And on these lips the smile.
Outspeed the mist, the gathering mist
That follows o'er the moor;
The darker grows the world without,
The brighter shines that door.

O door, so close, yet so far off;
Grim mist that nears and nearly
Coward! to faint in sight of home,
Blinded—but not with tears;
'Tis but the mist, the cruel mist,
That chills this heart of mine,
My eyes that cannot see the light,
Not that it ceased to shine.

A little further—further yet;
How the mist crawls and crawls!
It hems me round, it shuts me in
Its white sepulchral walls:
No earth, no sky, no path, no light;
Silence as of a tomb:
Dear heaven, it is too soon to die—
And I was going home!

A little further—further yet:
My limbs are young; my heart—
O heart, it is not only life
That is so hard to part:
Poor lips, slow freezing into calm,
Numbed hands, that nerveless fall;
And a mile off, warm lips, safe hands,
Waiting to welcome all!

I see the pictures in the room,
The light forms moving round,
The very flicker of the fire
Upon the patterned ground;
O that I were the shepherd dog
That guards their happy door!
Or even the silly household cat
That basks upon the floor.

O that I lay one minute's space
Where I have lain so long:
O that I heard one little word
Sweeter than angel's song!
A pause—and then the table falls,
The mirth brims o'er and o'er;
While I—oh, can it be God's will?
I die, outside the door.

My body falls, my quickened soul
Fights, desperate, ere it go;
The blank air shrieks with voices wild,
But not the voice I know.
Dim come beckoning through the dark;
Ghost-touches thrill my hair.
Faces, long strange, peer glimmering by,
But one face is not there.

Lost—lost! and such a little way
From that dear sheltering door:
Lost, lost, out of the open arms
Left empty evermore:
His will be done. O gate of heaven,
Fairer than earthly door,
Receive me!—Everlasting Arms
Enfold me evermore!

And so, farewell. * * * * *

No mortal hand
This, on my darkening eyes?
Mourns too—which I thought to hear
Next time in Paradise?
Warm arms—close lips—oh, saved, saved, saved!
Across the deathly moor
Sought, found! and yonder through the night
Shineth the blessed door.

THE WEATHER OF 1857.

We are informed by the Meteorological Report from Wellington Road, Birmingham, that last year was remarkable throughout, with the exception of the month of April, for its high mean temperature. The excess was greatest in summer and autumn; while in December the temperature was seven degrees above the average. The reporter attempts to account for the warmth being retained during the later months of the year by the comparative paucity of clear nights: 'It appears to me to be pretty clear that the moist state of the atmosphere, accompanied by a high barometric pressure, has had an influence in retaining a portion of this high temperature during the latter part of the year. Whenever the surface has been cooled down by night radiation under a clear evening sky, fog, and subsequently cloud, has almost invariably been the result, and thus the earth has been shielded from the cooling process. Indeed, I cannot call to mind many nights during the fall of the year which have been clear from sunset to sunrise.' While such was the state of the temperature, the quantity of rain that fell during the year was about an average; it was more evenly distributed throughout the months than usual; but September shewed the largest collection, and December the smallest.

'"MANY THOUGHTS ON MANY THINGS.'

The book recently published with this title is a marvellously substantial quarto of 'selections from the writings of the known great and the great unknown,' by Henry Southgate (Routledge). It serves the purpose of a dictionary of quotations; and being analytically arranged, is a readable book besides; giving the opinions and fancies, in prose and verse, of numerous authors, ancient and modern, on each subject referred to. The motto on the title-page, from Coleridge, may be cited as a specimen of the work itself, as well as an apology for its publication: 'Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.'

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LOST.

Looking over the Times’ advertisements, one’s eye often catches such as the following:—‘Lost, a Youth’ (while ships and schools exist, not so very mysterious); ‘Missing, an Elderly Gentleman’ (who has apparently walked quietly off to his City-office one morning, and never been heard of more).—Or merely, ‘Left his Home, John So-and-So,’ who, after more or less entreaties to return thereto, may have the pleasure of seeing, by succeeding advertisements of ‘Reward Offered,’ whether he is valued by his disconsolate kindred at ten, fifteen, or fifty pounds. Other ‘bits’ there are, at which we feel it cruel to smile: one, for instance, which appeared for months on the first day of the month, saying: ‘If you are not at home by’ such a date, ‘I shall have left England in search of you;’ and proceeding to explain that he or she had left orders for that periodical advertisement; giving also addresses of banker, &c., in case of the other’s coming home meantime; all with a curious business-like, and yet pathetic providence against all chances, which rarely springs from any source save one.

All newspaper readers must have noticed in mysterious accidents or murders, what numbers of people are sure to come forward in hopes of identifying the unknown ‘body.’ In a late case, when a young woman was found brutally shot in a wood, it was remarkable how many came from all parts of the country to view the corpse—persons who had missing relatives bearing the same initials as those on the victim’s linen—parents with a daughter gone to service, and then entirely lost sight of—friends with a friend gone to meet her husband, and embark for Australia, but who had never embarked or been heard of again; and so on; all seeking some clue to a mournful mystery, which may remain such to this day, for the dead woman turned out to belong to none of them.

But these things suggest the grave reflection—what a number of people there must be in the world who are, not figuratively or poetically, but literally, ‘lost,’ who by some means or other, accident, intention, carelessness, misfortune, or crime, have slipped out of the home circle, or the wider round of friendship or acquaintance, and never reappeared more; whose place has gradually been filled up; whose very memory is almost forgotten, and against whose name and date of birth in the family Bible—if they ever had a family and a Bible—stands neither the brief momentous annotation ‘Married,’ &c., nor the still briefer, and often much safer and happier inscription, ‘Died’—nothing save the ominous, pathetic blank, which only the unveiled secrets of the Last Day will ever fill up.

In the present times, when everybody is running to and fro—when, instead of the rule, it is quite the exception to meet with any man who has not navigated at least half of the globe—when almost every large family has one or more of its members scattered in one or two quarters of the civilised or uncivilised world—cases such as these must occur often. Indeed, nearly every person’s knowledge or experience could furnish some. What a list it would make!—worse, if possible, than the terrible ‘List of Killed and Wounded’ which dims and blinds many an uninterested eye; or the ‘List of Passengers and Crew,’ after an ocean-ship-wreck, where common sense forebodes that ‘missing’ must necessarily imply death—how, God knows!—yet sure and speedy death. But in this unwritten list of ‘lost,’ death is a certainty never to be attained—not even when such certainty would be almost as blessed as life, or happy return—or more so.

For in these cases, the ‘lost’ are not alone to be considered. By that strange dispensation of Providence which often makes the most reckless the most lovable, and the most froward the most beloved, it rarely happens that the most Cain-like vagabond that wanders over the face of the earth, has not some human being who cares for him—in greater or less degree, yet still cares for him. Nor, judging this view of the subject, can we take the strictly practical side of it, without perceiving that it is next to impossible for any human being so completely to isolate himself from his species, that his life or death shall not affect any other human being in any possible way.

Doubtless, many persuade themselves of this fact, through bravado or misanthropy, or the thoughtless selfishness which a wandering life almost invariably induces. They maintain the doctrine which—when a man has been tossed up and down the world, in India, America, Australia, in all sorts of circumstances and among all sorts of people—he is naturally prone to believe the one great truth of life: ‘Every man for himself, and God for us all.’ But it is not a truth; it is a lie. Where every man lives only for himself, it is—not God—but the devil—‘for us all.’

It is worth while, in thinking of those who are thus voluntarily ‘lost,’ to suggest this fact to the great tide of our emigrating youth, who go—and God speed them if they go honestly—to make in a new country the bread they cannot find here. In all the changes of work and scene, many are prone gradually to forget—some to believe themselves forgotten—home fades away in distance—letters get fewer and fewer. The wanderer begins to feel himself a waif and stray. Like
Dickens's poor Jo, he has got into a habit of being 'chirped and chirvied,' and kept 'moving on;' till he has learned to feel no particular tie or interest in anybody or anything, and therefore concludes nobody can have any tie or interest in him. So he just writes home by rare accident, when he happens to remember it—or never writes at all—vanishes slowly from everybody's reach, or drops suddenly out of the world; nobody knows how, or when, or where; nor ever can know, till the earth and sea give up their dead—

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home,
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Alas, how many a household, how many a heart, has borne that utterly irretrievable and interminable anguish, worse far than the anguish over a grave, which Wordsworth has faintly indicated in The Affliction of Margaret:

Where art thou, my beloved son?
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh, find me—prosperous or undone!
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same,
That I may rest, and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

I look for ghosts, but none will force
Their way to me. 'Tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Betwixt the living and the dead,
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

It may seem a painfully small and practical lesson to draw from an agony so unspeakable; but surely it cannot be too strongly impressed upon our wandering youth, who go to earn their living across the seas—in the Australian bush, or the Canadian forests, or the greater wildernesses of foreign cities, east and west: that they ought everywhere and under all available circumstances, to endeavour to leave a clue whereby their friends may hear of them, living or dead. That if, always, it is the duty of a solitary man or woman, while living, so to arrange affairs that his or her death shall cause least pain or trouble to any one else; surely this is tenfold the duty of those who go abroad; that whatever happens, they may be to those that love them, only the dead, never the 'lost.'

Sometimes under this category come persons of a totally different fate—and yet the same—whose true history is rarely found out till it is ended, and perhaps not then. People who have sprung up, nobody knows how, who have nobody belonging to them—neither ancestors nor descendants—though as soon as they are gone, hundreds are wildly eager to make themselves out to be either or both. Of such is a case now pending, well known in the west of Scotland, where the 'next of kin' to an almost fabulous amount of property is advertised for by government, once in seven years; and where scores of Scotch cousins, indefinitely removed, periodically turn up, and spend hundreds of pounds in proving, or falling to prove—for all have failed hitherto—their relationship to the 'dear deceased.' This was an old gentleman in India, who neither there nor in his native Scotland had a single soul belonging to him, or caring to 'call cousins' with him; who, indeed, had never been heard of till he died, worth a million or so, leaving all the wealth he had laboured to amass—to—Nobody. Truly the poor solitary nabob may be put among the melancholy record of those 'lost,' whose names have been long erased, or were never writ, on the only tablet worth anything in this world—the register of friendship, kindred, home.

Similar instances of fortunes, greater or less, 'going a-begging' for want of heirs, are common enough; commoner than people have the least idea of. Government annually pockets—very honestly, and after long search and patient waiting—a considerable sum, composed of unclaimed bank dividends, and real and personal property of all kinds, the hair or heirs to which it is impossible to find. Among these, the amount of dead sailors' pay is said to be a remarkable item—thousands of pounds, being wages due, thus yearly lapsing to government, because all the ingenuity of the harbour-master, into whose hands the money is required to be paid, cannot find any relative of poor departed 'Bill' or 'Jack'—whose place of birth has likely been never heard of—who has gone under so many aliases that even his right surname is scarcely discoverable, and often has lived, died, and been buried as simple 'Jack' or 'Bill,' without any surname at all.

This indifference to an hereditary patrimony is a curious characteristic of all wanderers of the lower class. Soldiers, sailors, and navvies engaged abroad, will often be found to have gone by half-a-dozen different surnames, or to have let the original name be varied of late, as from Donald to McDonaich, and back again to Donaldson, possibly ending as O'Donnell, or plain Don. Frequently, in engaging themselves, they will give any new name that comes uppermost—Smith, Brown, Jones: or will change names with a 'mate'—after the German fashion of ratifying the closest bond of friendship—thereby producing inextricable confusion, should they chance to die, leaving anything to be inherited.

Otherwise—of course it matters not. They just drop out of life, nameless and unnoticed, of no more account than a pebble dropped into the deep sea; and yet every one of them must have had a father and a mother, may have had brothers and sisters, may have had wives and children, and all the close links of home. Much as we pity those who lose all these—the bonds, duties, and cares which, however heavy sometimes, is a man's greatest safeguard and strength, without which he is but a rootless tree, a dead log drifted about on the waters—still more may we pity those, in all ranks and positions of life, who are thus 'lost.' Not in any disreputable sense, perhaps, from no individual fault; but that fatal 'conjunction of circumstances' so far easier to blame than to overcome—possibly from being 'too easy,' 'too good,' 'nobody's enemy but their own.' Still, by some means or other—God help them—they have let themselves drop out of the chain of consecutive existence, like a bead dropped off a string, and are 'lost.'

Equally so, are some, of whom few of us are so happy as never to have counted any—whom the American poet Bryant, already quoted, touchingly characterises as 'the living lost.' Not the fallen, the guilty, or even the prodigal, so hopelessly degraded that only at the gates of the grave and from one Father can he look for that restoration, to grant which, while he was yet afar off, his Father saw him.
Not these, but others who bear no outward sign of their condition; whom the world calls fortunate, happy, right well that we shall bear words many, yet a few, familiar with their deepest hearts, knowing all they were and might have been, still be irrevocably, hopelessly, the living lost. Lost as utterly as if the grave had swallowed them up, measured as bitterly as one mourneth for those that depart to return no more.

Everybody owns some of these; kindred, whom prosperity has taught that 'bluid is not thicker than water; friends who have long ceased to share any thing, though friendly, but the credit of possessions that we know are ours no longer—or quietly to close accounts, pay an honourable dividend, chest nobody, and sit down, honest beggars—but 'tis over! Most of us—as at the end of the year we are prone, morally as well as physically, to have a few hard nights, and spendings, and strike the balance of our property—are also prone—and it may be good for us too—to linger a little over the one brief item, 'Lost.'

But in all good lives, even as in all well-balanced, prosperous lives, this item is for a less hearty, in the sum-total, than at first appears. Ay, though therein we have to count year by year, deaths many, partings many, infidelities and estrangements not a few. Though, if by good-fortune or good providence, we be not ourselves among the list of the lost, we have no guarantee against being numbered among that of the losers.

The most united family may have to count among its members one 'black sheep,' pitied or blamed, by a few lingeringly, hopelessly, sorrowfully loved; coming back at intervals, generally to everybody's consternation and pain: at last never coming back any more. The faithfulness of friends may, come one day to clasp his friend's hand, look in his friend's face, say, 'How is Extremia, tell us, the thing which he shrinks from as from some unholy spirit which has entered and possessed itself of the familiar form. The fondest and best of mothers may live to miss, silently and tearlessly, from her Christmas-table, some one child whom she knows, and knows that all her other children know, is more welcome in absence than in presence, whom to have laid senseless in a baby's coffin, and buried years ago, would have been as nothing—nothing.

Yet all these things must be, and we must pass through them, that in the mysterious working of evil with good, our souls may come out purified as with fire. The comfort is that in the total account of gains and losses, every honest and tender soul will find out, soon or late, that the irredeemable catalogue of the latter is, we repeat, far lighter than at first seems.

For, who are the 'lost'? Not the dead, who 'rest from their labours,' and with whom to die is often to be eternally loved and remembered. Not the far-away, who, even at the grand festival-time, are as close to every faithful heart as if their faces laughed at the Christmas-board, and their warm grasp wished all 'a happy new-year.' Never, under all circumstances that unkind fate can mesh together, unless, as the saying goes, the fear to be either either lose or losers who, in the words of our English prayer-book, can pray together that ' amidst all the chances and changes of this mortal life, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found.' Where, whatever may be the 'tongue of men or of angels' that we shall have learned to speak with, then, we may be quite sure that there shall be in it no such word as 'lost.'

WATCHING THE CLOCK.

I AM myself Yorkshire all over, but my late lamented father had the misfortune to be one-half Oxon, and it is to that circumstance, doubtless, that the public is indebted for the following interesting relation: no less a person than the Yorkshireman went on that same eventful night even no one that; lovers who meet accidentally as strangers; brothers and sisters who pass one another in the street with averted faces—the same faces which 'cuddled' cosily up to the same mother's breast. These things are sad—and sad and strange; so strange, that we hardly believe them in youth, at least not as possible to happen to us; and yet they do happen, and we are obliged to bear them. Obliged to endure losses worse than death, and never seem as if we had lost anything—smilingly to take the credits of possessions that we know are ours no longer—or quietly to close accounts, pay an honourable dividend, chest nobody, and sit down, honest beggars—but 'tis over! Most of us—as at the end of the year we are prone, morally as well as physically, to have a few hard nights, and spendings, and strike the balance of our property—are also prone—and it may be good for us too—to linger a little over the one brief item, 'Lost.'

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lads; and as for their owners, these have but few morals to make a present of, I fear, or even to keep for me. I have heard that there is a large class of American persons upon the other side of the Atlantic who pride themselves upon being ‘smart’ and ‘spry,’ and tolerably exempt from the trammels of conscientious principle. I wish sincerely—if they have any dollars—that these gentility would come across to Little Studdington, and try their luck with us: as my poor father used to observe, when any strangers paid us a visit, they would have to put both hands to keep their hats on their heads, I reckon, and then we should pick their pockets. The governor himself was quite unfit to live in such a place as this, and still more to keep an inn in it; and that he knew. But he had come to Little Studdington when it was inhabited not by horses, but by human beings, and these Yorkshire, indeed, but far from being turftines. A trout stream skirted our lawn before ‘The Angler’s Rest,’ and his customers here were for the most part fishermen: easy—going, kind—hearted gentility, who were pleased with their clean and comfortable lodging, and valued their beds very highly, hospitable lads, who would often ask him to dine with them in the little low—roofed parlour upon the captives to their rod and landing-net, and to crack a bottle with them out of his own cellar; respectable people, who, if they stayed over Sunday, would go to the old grey church quite naturally, as though they did it every week at home, and very different from Mr Cluffey Bitty, the only trainer amongst us who has any religion at all, and who goes once a year upon the Sunday before the St Lows—Hops—Fair, in order to get a pull upon his rivals by that superstitious device. My poor father never made but one bet in his life, and that one was the cause of his misfortune.

About ten years ago, the grand national and provincial steeple—chases took place at York, and attracted vast quantities of fine folks: there were a great number of entries for the principal stake; and several of the worst horses were, contrary to custom, permitted to run for it, instead of being ‘scratched’ by their owners the night before the race. York could not literally hold all its sporting visitors; and three very gentleman-like and well—dressed strangers came even so far as Little Studdington, and put up at ‘The Angler’s Rest.’ They went into town, and returned home late; it was already four—o’—clock in the week; and when the races were over, they were so enamoured of the snug little house and its capital accommodation, that they remained with us a fortnight, eating and drinking of the best, and always delighted to see the old gentleman at their dinner—table. I think I can see my respected parent now, as he was wont to sit upon the extreme edge of his well—polished chair, in rapt astonishment at their fashionable conversation. If they happened to mention an absent friend under the rank of a baronet, it was in a sort of apologetic tone—their conversations being so exclusively aristocratic. Good society was my poor father’s weakness; and never having been far enough from the turf himself, his sense of the excellence of our nobility was quite overwhelming. The three friends were wont to play at cards after dinner for pretty large sums; and the game which seemed best to suit their elegant but eccentric taste was one of thongs.

‘My father was a capital hand at this, and easily perceived that they were but indifferent performers; but they never dreamed of asking him to cut in, although one or other of them would often request his advice at an important crisis.

Cautions, indeed, as the governor naturally was, it must be confessed that his fingers itched to hold a hand against these folks who, as often as not, neglected to peg ‘one for his heels,’ or ‘two for his nob,’ but his respect for their exalted condition always deterred him from expressing his wishes. Often and often did my poor father, after his misfortune, that he never had had a chance with the cards; but my belief is, that had he ventured upon such a thing, these unskilful gentility would have very rapidly improved in their play, and would have won his shirt off his back if they had played long enough.

One afternoon, when they had dined as usual, early, and before the cards were produced, their conversation turned upon wagers: how Lord Clickeclack had won ten thousand pounds by being dumb for a day; how the Duke of Oxford, who had backed himself to walk from Padd-mall to Bond Street on a leese morning, without opening his eyes; and of the ingenious device of his antagonist, the Marquis of Luxani, in driving over him in a Hansom cab until he did so; with many other anecdotes of the aristocracy not included in the collection of Mr Burke.

‘This sort of thing is much harder than it appears to be,’ observed one of the three gentlemen. ‘Now, I will lay ten pounds that no man keeps himself in one position sufficiently to get the ticks of that great clock, for instance, for an hour.

‘How do you mean?’ exclaimed my father, greatly interested.

‘Why, that no man can sit in a chair—you know, for instance—facing the clock, and wag his head from right to left as Old Time with the scythe yonder is waggling, for the space of an hour, and never say any words but “Here she comes, and there she goes,” as the clock says.’

‘You bet ten pounds that I don’t do that?’ cried the governor.

‘Not with you,’ replied the other coolly; ‘I don’t want to win your money, my good man. I will bet either of my two friends that they don’t do it.’

‘Nay,’ said one of them, ‘it’s easy enough; but I would not bother myself with such a thing for twice the money. I don’t see,’ added he, ‘why you should not give our good Boniface a chance, either.’

‘Do, pray, do,’ cried my father, who was perhaps the most stolid man in the world, and could have six hours doing anything he was told to do without any inconvenience. ‘I’ll bet you.

So, rather against his will, as it seemed, he who had proposed the conditions agreed to make the wager.

My father was a very fanatical fellow; he sat opposite the clock; the stakes on either side were placed upon the table within his view; he was warned that every means would be resorted to short of laying hands upon him to induce him to look away, or say anything besides the words agreed upon; and as the clock struck four, the old gentlemen’s head had begun to wag; ‘Here she comes, and there she goes,’ and ‘Here she comes, and there she goes,’ very slowly and solemnly, keeping time with the pendulum.

‘He’ll lose,’ cried one of the gentlemen.

‘Certain to lose,’ replied another laughing. ‘Hallo, old chap, there goes your window-pane!’

There was a crash of breaking glass, that made the governor start again; but he did not alter his position a hairbreadth, or desist one quarter of a tick from his monotonous task. Some of the particular china which then ornamented our oakén shelves next came down with a run; but its owner’s face only turned a little pale. ‘I thought what stepmother would say about it. ’Here she comes, and there she goes,’ was all it drew from him.

His antagonist seemed now to have given up the destructive plan as a failure.

‘I say, Boniface,’ cried he, ‘Am going to put the stakes in my pocket—I am,’ and suitting the action to the word, he swept off the two ten-pound notes into his waistcoat before the governor’s eyes.

A shadow of anxiety flitted for an instant across my
parent's brow, but—'Here she comes, and there she goes.' He was ill, and at that time had wrung from him. Ten minutes of the terrible ordeal had already passed.

'Boniface,' observed the sporting gentleman with feeling, 'we must now part. My friends and myself have passed a pleasant time at Little Studdington, but our visit is now at an end. One of us has just gone out to order the four-wheeled vehicle; and by rapid driving, we shall just catch the express train to London. In anticipation of this position of affairs, our little articles are already packed and ready to be placed under the seat. Receive, my dear sir, the assurances of our consideration. I wish that we had anything else to offer you in return for your very genial hospitality; this compound note of yours will remind us, be assured, of your kindness, until the day when it shall be spent. I would that the terms of our little wager permitted us to shake you by the hand. Unluckily, it is too, that we start from the back-door, so that you will be unable, of course, to see the very last of us. In forty minutes about, you will be released from this irksome task, and we ourselves shall be at York, Boniface. Heaven bless you. What! not a word at parting?'

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' cried the governor stoutly, but suffused with a cold perspiration. 'I must go,' he added, 'which I am not a little surprised to find that the sporting gentleman derives, as the sound of wheels made itself to be distinctly heard from the back; 'and there she will go in about a minute: she is a fast mare.'

He closed the door, and the governor was left alone with his own reflections. He is true, thought he, the sound of the wheels, and the infernal pendulum, repeating his prescribed formula with the utmost constancy, but with an anxious expression of countenance.

To him presently entered my maternal step-parent, who glanced sidelong at the coachman, and then continued on her way. 'What has you been about, John, to let them chaps go away without any one to drive Polly, and at such a pace as—Goodness gracious, the chaps! What has happened? Rachel, Betty, Dick,' screamed she, 'what has come to your poor father? Do but look at him! Speak to us, John.'

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' murmured the governor sadly, and awaying himself slowly from side to side as a limbo. He wished that he could have been the scene as long as I live: laughed until I could stand up no longer, and then I lay down on the floor and laughed there. The indignation that was thrown into the old gentleman's tones as he pursued his terrible task, only made the matter ten times more ridiculous.

'He is mad, stark staving mad,' cried my stepmother, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' exclaimed my father irascibly, as with one well-directed blow of his elbow he bumbled the old lady upon the floor.

Then I really thought he had gone mad, and went to get a rope to tie his arms; only the foam flew from his lips—he was in that passion of rage—that I did not dare come near him when I had got it. We sent for the policeman therefore, and of course we sent for the doctor; and presently they both arrived, and were as astonished as we were to see what was taking place.

'When did this fit come on him?' asked the medical man, as the old clock struck five.

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' yelled the governor, starting up from his chair. 'Where are those three thieves? They have robbed me of ten pounds, and board, and horse-hire, and lodging for this very night,' he cried. Repeat, as this, poor fellow, in case they should have really gone away, while he was repeating his foolish sentences.'

'Alas! we did ride, but we never came up with them. They had left our Polly at the station in the four-wheeled coach.'

He was silent, and no one knew where. We found out only, long afterwards, that there were three of the London swell-mob, who had been warned out of York by the detectives during the race week, to which circumstance we had been of course indebted for their presence. Of my poor father never held up his head again; the jockeys were always wagging theirs whenever they saw him, and crying out: 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' until he was driven into his grave.

It is a sad story: too beginning to end; but now, that I have fairly published it, I feel that there is something off my mind. There will be no need for futile attempts upon my part to conceal this disgrace to my family any more. And perhaps, after all, one of the reasons why I am so 'up to the time of day' myself—as we say in Yorkshire—is because of the warning that was affixed to me in my poor father's watching the clock.

AN UNRAVELLED MYSTERY.

Intimately connected with the first impressions derived from Scriptural readings and lessons, the words Babylon, Nineveh, and Assyria have been familiar to us all, but probably not sufficiently to lead us to seriously inquire what it is we really do know respecting the history, or even geographical boundaries of ancient Assyria, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge our total ignorance. Profane history, it is true, tells us that Nineveh was the capital of the empire previous to the invasion of the Medes. We read of the Bactrian and Indian expeditions of Ninus, the wondrous works of the masculine Semiramis, the Sybaritic splendour of the effeminate Sardanapalus; but the best judges are undecided whether we should accept these relations as history, or class them among the numberless other fables of the myth-inventing ages.

A new light, however, has lately been thrown upon this most interesting period in the world's history. Modern enterprises have scarcely discovered, ere modern ingenuity began to decipher, with what amount of success we are about to relate, the long-hidden monuments of Assyria. When Mr Layard brought to light the extraordinary bas-reliefs of the Assyrian, a new chapter in the book of history was at once laid open. Not only the inscribed records, but the pursuits, the religious ceremonies and amusements, the modes of warfare and hunting, even the very dresses of a previously unknown people, were for the first time exhibited to modern eyes. And though the inscriptions could not then be deciphered, though the mere style of art of the sculptures was not the least novel element in the strange discovery, still there could be little doubt respecting the antiquity of the monuments, or the purpose for which they were designed. The peculiar wedge-shaped character used in the inscriptions proved that the monuments belonged to a period preceding the conquest of Alexander; for it was known after the subjugation of Western Asia by the Macedonians, the cuneiform character fell into disuse; while the custom of recording events and promulgating edicts by inscriptions on stones, was also known to be of the very highest antiquity. Need we say that the divine commands were first given to man on tablets of stone. Job, too, it will be recollected, emphatically exclaims: 'Oh that my words were now written! ... That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!' Indeed, the cuneiform tablet was the most available method of preserving important national records; and thus it is that the inscribed walls of palaces and rock-tablets have handed down to us, in these latter ages, the authentic history of ancient Assyria.
The character in which these inscriptions are written has been variously named, according to the fancies of different describers. Some term it the arrow-headed; the French, tete-a-clom, or nail-headed; the Germans, keilformig, equivalent to our phrase cuneiform, or wedge while the Persian moderns call it most accurately, the wedge expresses its peculiar form, each of the letters or syllables being composed of several distinct wedges united in certain combinations. It is considered probable that at first the wedge form was used, and at a subsequent period the wedge-form was added to them, either as an embellishment, or to give them ideographic properties, similar to the picture-writing of the Egyptians. If the latter, however, were the case, all traces of their symbolical values are irretrievably lost. We may also add, that, like the Egyptians, the Assyrians at a later period of their existence possessed a curious writing of rounded characters, not unlike the Hebrew, which was employed for written documents, while the cuneiform was exclusively limited to monumental purposes.

The cuneiform character, under certain modifications—the groups of characters representing syllables being diversely combined in different countries—was used over a greater part of Western Asia until, as we have already observed, the overthrow of the ancient Persian Empire by Alexander the Great. To this circumstance we mainly owe the very remarkable progress lately made in deciphering it. The Persian monarchs, previous to the conquest of Alexander, ruled over all the nations using this peculiar form of writing. These consisted of three principal peoples or races. Two of them, the Persian and the Tatar, spoke a dialect not very dissimilar to that still spoken by their descendants. The language of the third, the Babylonians, including the Assyrians, was allied to the Hebrew and Arabic, and totally different from that spoken by the two former races; moreover, it has been extinct and unknown for at least two thousand years. This last was the language which the decipherers of the Assyrian monuments had to reconstruct and rearrange from its equally obscure and long obsolete cuneiform characters. The first step towards the solution of so dark an enigma, was realised by the four cuneiform tablets, the Babyloniaca of the third, third, and fourth century B.C. in the Ashmolean Museum, and the third and fourth tablets, the cuneiform characters, being the only reliable index to the values of the cuneiform characters. The Persian version of the trilingual inscriptions, varying little from the modern Persian, having been translated, and its grammar and alphabet reduced to a certainty, a clue was gained to the Assyrian version, and from thence to the monuments discovered by Mr Layard. The clue thus obtained was followed up in defiance of the most formidable obstacles. To instance one, we may just mention the difficulty of determining the value of the cuneiform characters, contains but thirty-nine signs, there are no less than four hundred in the Assyrian.

The various processes adopted to decipher the Assyrian inscriptions, from the slight clue we have just mentioned; the steps gradually made in the investigation; the going astray and the returning to, or even the accidentally hitting on, the right path; in short, all the particulars relating to this most extraordinary search in the dark, are of the highest scientific and philological interest, though utterly useless for the pages of a popular journal. Nor shall we purpose to go into the most acute and most heated questions respecting the original discovery of the means employed for interpreting the Assyrian cuneiform, or whether it be a Semitic language or not. It may be, moreover, that the solution of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Dr Hincks will ever be connected with this great triumph of our age and nation: less than a triumph it cannot be termed, for the investigation has been rewarded with complete success.

But though empires rise and fall, and tongues and tribes die and disappear, still the race of the Van Twillers never becomes extinct; there always have been, and probably ever will be, many members of the family of the doubters. Consequently, though the decipherers of the Assyrian inscriptions detected on the strangely graven tablets the names of persons, cities, and nations, in historical and geographical series, and found them mentioned in proper connection with events recorded in sacred and profane history, still the doubts of the doubters have been such as to make many think to believe in the soundness of the system by which Dr Hincks and Sir Henry Rawlinson interpreted the mysteries of the cuneiform. Nor were the doubters without some show of reason for their unbelief. A great cause of difficulty in deciphering the cuneiform is what have been termed the variants—namely, different letters possessing the same alphabetic value, or, in other words, cuneiform groups representing a syllable, but not always the same syllable—sometimes one, and sometimes another; and, not unreasonably, said that such a licence in the use of letters or syllables must be productive of the greatest uncertainty—that even the ancient Assyrians themselves could not have read a writing of so vague a description, and therefore the interpretations founded upon such a system must necessarily be fallacious. To this the decipherers replied, that experience has proved that the uncertainty arising from the variants is not so great as might be imagined. Most of the ancient kings, when recording important events by inscriptions on stone tablets, used all the three languages spoken by their subjects. Thus originated the trilingual inscriptions of ancient Persia, the tablets containing them being divided into three columns. The language of the third, the Persian, was written in a different dialect from the other two, and in the respective modification of cuneiform peculiar to each language, yet all three conveying one and the same meaning. The most celebrated of the trilingual inscriptions are found on the palaces of Durisu and Xerxes at Persepolis, over the tomb of Darius, and on the rocks of Behistun. The latter, as aids to deciphering the Assyrian monuments, are the most important of any, as they record the principal events in the reign of Darius, and contain long lists of countries, cities, tribes, and kings; proper names, being the only reliable index to the values of the cuneiform characters. The Persian version of the trilingual inscriptions, varying little from the modern Persian, having been translated, and its grammar and alphabet reduced to a certainty, a clue was gained to the Assyrian version, and from thence to the monuments discovered by Mr Layard. The clue thus obtained was followed up in defiance of the most formidable obstacles. To instance one, we may just mention the difficulty of determining the value of the cuneiform characters, contains but thirty-nine signs, there are no less than four hundred in the Assyrian.

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two independent versions, made by two different persons, without any communication with each other, each agreement must indicate that the versions had at least truth for their basis. The inscription selected for the purpose, a cylinder recording the achievements of Tiglath-pileser, was exceedingly well suited for a comparison of this description, as it treats of various matters, changing abruptly from one to the other, and abounds in proper names, and statements of specific facts.

Upon the receipt of this communication, the council of the Society resolved that immediate measures should be taken to carry into effect the comparison suggested by Mr. Talbot, but on a more extended scale. With this view, it was determined to request Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert to favour the Society with translations of the same inscription, to be sent, like Mr. Talbot's, under a sealed cover, so that all four might be simultaneously opened, and compared by a committee appointed for the purpose. Applications having been made to the above-named gentlemen, and they having heartily responded to the views of the Society, a committee, consisting of the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Whewell, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Grote, Mr. Curveton, and Professor H. E. Wilson—then to the committee—was requested to examine, and compare the four versions of the same inscription made by four different persons, in distant places, without mutual communication: and to determine how far these versions agreed in substance, and in the specific meanings assigned to the words.

The four translations having been forwarded to the Society, and carefully examined by the committee, the latter, having strictly compared them, certified that the correctness between the translated gentlemen, both as to the general sense and verbal rendering, were very remarkable. In most parts, they found 'a strong correspondence in the meaning assigned, and occasionally a curious identity of expression as to particular words. Where the versions differed very materially, each translator had, in many cases, marked the passage as one of doubtful or unascertained signification. In the interpretation of numbers, there was throughout a singular correspondence.

To the inquirer, the inscription was understood to relate to King Tiglath-pileser, to his campaign, building and consecration of temples, and other royal acts; campaigns against nations bearing names mostly analogous to those known from the sacred writings; the veneration of deities with apppellations bearing the same resemblance to those found in other quarters. There was a constant recurrence of these words, names, and titles, yet a sufficient variety of words to test, to a certain degree, the extent of the knowledge claimed by the translators of the sound of the words, and of the language to which the words are supposed to belong. As a specimen of the inscription, and a fair average sample of the general concurrence existing among the four translations, the following version of the same passage, with the names of the translators, may not be altogether devoid of interest to the reader:

Rawlinson.—Then I went on to the country of Kumukhi, which was disobedient and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur my lord; I conquered the whole country of Kumukhi. I plundered their movable wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burned with fire, I destroyed and razed.

Talbot.—I then advanced against Kumukhi, a land of the unbelievers who had refused to pay taxes and tribute unto Ashur, my lord. The land of Kumukhi throughout all its extent I ravaged. Their women, kc., I carried off. Their cities I burned with fire, destroyed, and overthrew.

Hincks.—At that time I went to a disaffected part of Qumukhi, which had withheld the tribute by weight and tale belonging to Ashur, my lord. I subdued the land of Qumukhi as far as it extended. I brought out their women, their slaves, and their cattle; their towns I burned with fire, threw down, and dug up.

Oppert.—In these days I went to the people of Dummukhi, the enemy who owed tribute and gifts to the god Ashur, my lord. I subdued the people of Dummukhi for its punishment (?). I took away their captives, their herds, and their treasures; their cities I burned in fire; I destroyed, I undermined them.

The more verbal expression of the purport of the above versions is certainly as close as could reasonably be expected from four different translations of any modern language. In some instances, however, the translators admitted that certain passages were obscure, and, indeed, the values of several common Assyrian words still remain to be established. Thus, where Pileser records his hunting exploits, Rawlinson makes the game 'wild buffaloes;' Hincks, 'wild elephants;' while Talbot, not venturing a translation, retains the original word. But, from the sense of killing or taking alive wild animals of some kind or other, they are all agreed. In a dead language, and more especially in one like the Assyrian, where symbolic signs are frequently used instead of phonetic letters, it is only natural to suppose that some words and names of persons, animals, or objects would be uncertain. Still, the occasional differences among the four translators, in the mode of interpreting certain words and sentences, may be accepted as a guarantee—if such were required—of the complete fairness of the undertaking, particularly when we find that those differences are uniform; the words or sentences so varying, having the same meaning assigned to them wherever they occur. A fair example of agreement and disagreement will be found in the following several translations of the concluding paragraphs of the inscription, in which imprecations are denounced upon any future monarchs who may in any way deface the stone-engraved records of the mighty Tiglath:

Rawlinson.—Whatso shall I subdue the states and cylinders, or shall moisten them with water, or scour them with fire, or expose them to the air, or in the holy place of God shall assign them a position where they cannot be seen or understood, or who shall erase the writing and images? or who shall divide the sculptures (?), and break them off from my tablets, Ann and Vul, the great gods my lords, let them consign his name to perdition; let them curse him with irreparable curse; let them cause his sovereignty to perish; let them pluck out the stability of the throne of his empire.

Talbot.—But who he who my stone tablets and my memorial records shall injure, or shall destroy them: with water shall efface them; or with fire shall consume them: or shall deface the writing: or shall write his name (instead of mine): or shall cut away the emblems: or who shall break in pieces the face of my tablets: May Ann and Yen, the great gods, my lords, utterly confound him; may their curses fall upon him; may they sweep away his kingly power; may his enemies carry off his royal throne.

Hincks.—He who shall hide or obliterate my tablets and my floors shall wander on the waters, shall be suspended in the fire, shall be beheaded with earth, shall be assigned by the indissoluble command of the excellent house on high. He shall survive few years, and shall write his name where some enemy shall speedily deface it, and shall have it (that is, the tablet containing it) broken against my tablets: May Ann and In, the great gods, my lords, energetically punish
him! and may they curse him with a destroying curse! May same his kingdom! may they remove... the throne of his dominion.

Oppen.—He who hides or defaces my tablets, and my angular stones, who throws them into the water, who burns them with fire, who spreads them to the wind, who carries them to the house of death, to a place without life, who steals the cyliniders (?), who engraves on them his name, and... and... injures my tablets: May Anu and Ao, the great gods, my lords, load his name with infamy; may they curse him with... worst imprecations! May they subdue his sister; may they deport the districts of his kingdom.

Upon the whole, the result of this very curious experiment—than which a fairer test could not be, in all probability, be devised—may be considered as establishing... the characters of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions; and though it be quite possible that further researches may find something to alter or to add, still the greater portion, if not the whole of those matter to the worst imprecations! May they subdue his sister; may they deport the districts of his kingdom.

The almost inevitable concurrence of the translators in the general sense, proves that they are agreed to give the same interpretation to the greater portion of the vocabulary. At the same time, the differences, though not in any way so obvious as in the former example, still remain, to be... effect on the sense of every individual term can be confidently rendered. Where so much, however, has been accomplished in so short a period, and under such extraordinary difficulties, there surely is every reason to expect the remaining difficulties will ultimately, and speedily be overcome. At all events, the ancient Assyrian language, with its grotesque, arrow-headed character, so inexplicable but for a few years past, is, at the present time, nothing more than an unravelled mystery.

THE MISLETOE-BOUGH.

Every one is well aware how the tree is adorned at Christmas with holly and mistletoe, and mantel-pieces with holly; and the hook in the ceiling, suggestive of a chandelier, but generally used to support the fly-trap, bears this season the mistletoe, and renders even the otherwise dreary and cheerless premises gaiety. As to the demand and supply, no one troubles himself to consider from whence these masses of green stuff come. If the question is asked, the reply is generally something to the effect of: "The green stuff is bought..." This appears to be the conviction of all. Now, the larceny must be really extensive, as well as the subtleties, to supply our wants in this respect; and even the churches alone depend on these sources.

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The bunches are bundled and weighed, and both the quantity of berries ascertained and the consequent freedom of the stuff; and it would exist no small surprise in the mind of a novice to see the amount of hard bargaining involved in the sale of that which many people believe may be had for the trouble of asking.

The salesmen stalk round the green stuffs, flashing lights fixed to the top of twelve-feet poles, and loudly decanting on the quality of their loads. Compared with theirs, the eloquence of Cheap Jacks and George Robinesmes has none equal. The green stuff... sold by two small boys, indispensable to every load; they are perched aloft on the stacks, and whose business it... the term is... which they hold out on end, with loud yells, and who serve the customers with the... the sale of the green stuffs. Amongst the buyers are found a large sprinkling of the fair sex, and these in novices in the most incapable of driving shrewd and hard bargains. At this time of the year, shops open later than usual. Husbands have taken the late trade and shutting-up business, whilst wives retire early, and take the morning market.

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masses, are by this time half wearisome and half
appalling, and the stranger finds it desirable to escape
from the scene.
Nine o'clock, and the masses of evergreens have
melted away; an hour or two later, and our houses are
decorated with their 'Christmas,' and the faces of the
burnt pine and brighten into smiles. Presently they find
themselves once more under the miterle-bough.

OCEOLA: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.-WHO FIRED THE SHOT?

"YELLOW JAKE?" I repeated, in the usual style of
involuntary interrogative—of course without the
slightest faith in my companion's statement. "Saw
Yellow Jake, you say?"

"Yes, Massa George," replied my groom, getting
a little over his fright: "sure as de sun, I see 'im—eytha
in or 'im ghost.'"

"Oh, nonsense! there are no ghosts: your eyes
deceived you under the shadow of the trees. It must
have been an illusion."

"By Gosh! Massa George," rejoined the black with
emphatic earnestness, "I swar I see 'im—twarn't no
daloozum, I see—twar eytha Yell' Jake or 'im ghost.'"

"Impossible!"

"Den massa, ef's be impossible, it am de troof.
Sure as de gospel, I see Tell' Jake; he fire at you
when you was a-goin' to git him. Sure, Massa
George, you hear boof de two shot?"

"True; I heard two shots, or fancied I did."

"Golly! massa, da wunt no fancy 'bout em.
Whumph! no—da dam raskel be fire, sure. Lookee
da, Massa George! What I say? Lookee da!" We
had been advancing towards the pond, and were
now close to the magnolia under whose shade I had
slept. I observed Jake in a stooping attitude under
the tree, and pointing to its trunk. I looked in the
direction indicated. Low down, on the smooth bark,
I saw the score of a bullet. It had crissed the tree,
and passed outward. The wound was green and fresh,
the sap still flowing. Beyond doubt, I had been fired
at by some one; and missed only by an inch. The
bullet probably went through my head, where it rested
upon the valve—close to my ears, too, for I now
remembered that almost simultaneously with the
first report, I had heard the 'weep' of a bullet.

"Now, you b'lieve um, Massa George?" interposed
the black with an air of confident interrogation. "Now
you b'lieve dat de chile see no daloozum?"

"Certainly, I believe that I have been shot at by
some one."

"Yell' Jake, Massa George! Yell' Jake, by Gosh!"
earnestly asserrated my companion. "I seed da
yaller raskel plain's I see dat log afore me."

"Yellow skin or red skin, we can't shift our quarters
too soon. Give me the ride: I shall keep watch while
you are saddling. Haste, and let us be gone.
I speedily reloaded the piece; and, placing myself
behind the trunk of a tree, turned my eyes in that
direction whilst the shot must have come. The
black brought the horses to the rear of my position,
and proceeded with all dispatch to saddle them, and
buckle on our impediments.

I need not say that I watched with anxiety—with
fear. Such a deadly attempt proved that a deadly
enemy was near, whoever he might be. The supposi-
tion that it was Yellow Jake was too preposterous.
I, of course, ridiculed the idea. I had been an eye-
witness of his certain and awful doom; and it would
have required stronger testimony than even the solemn
declaration of my companion, to have given me faith
either in a ghost or a resurrection. I had been fired
at—that fact could not be questioned—and by some
one, whom my follower—under the uncertain light of
the gloomy forest, and blinded by his fears—had taken
for Yellow Jake. Of course this was a fancy—a
mistake as to the personal identity of our unknown
enemy. There could be no other explanation.

Ha! why was I at that moment dreamerish of him—
of the mutatto? And why such a dream? If I were
to believe the statement of the black, it was the very
realisation of that unpleasant vision that had just
passed before me in the sleep.

A cold shudder came over me—my blood grew
chill within my veins—my flesh crawled, as I thought
over this most singular coincidence. There was some-
thing awful in it—something so damningly probable,
that I began to think there was truth in the solemn
allegation of the black; and the more I pondered upon
it, the less power felt I to impeach his veracity.

Why should an Indian, thus unprovoked, have
singled me out for his deadly aim? True, there was
hostility between red and white, but not war. Surely
it had not yet come to this? The council of chiefs
had not met—the meeting was fixed for the following
day; and, until its results should be known, it was not
likely that hostilities would be practised on either side.
Such would materially influence the determinations of
the projected assembly. The Indians were as much
interested in keeping the peace as their white adver-
saries—ay, far more indeed—and they could not help
knowing that an ill-timed demonstration of this kind
would be to their disadvantage; to their advantage
was the pretense which the 'removal' party would have wished for.

Could it, then, have been an Indian who aimed at
my life? And if not, who in the world besides had a
motive for killing me? I could think of no one whom
I had offended—at least no one that I had provoked to
such deadly retribution.

The drunken drovers came into my mind. Little
would they care for treaties or the result of the
Council. A horse, a saddle, a gun, a trinket, would
weigh more in their eyes than the safety of their
whole tribe. Both were evidently true bandits—for
there are robbers among red skins as well as white
ones.

But no; it could not have been they? They had
not seen us as we rode along in regard to the past
history of these two 'rowdies,' I could believe them
capable of anything—even of that.

But it was scarcely probable either; they had not
seen us; and besides they had their hands full.
I glanced at it last; at every event I had hit
upon the most probable conjecture. The villain was
some runaway from the settlements, some abscinding
slave—perhaps ill-treated—who had sworn eternal
hostility to the whites; and who was thus wreaking
his vengeance on the first who had crossed his path.

A mutatio, no doubt; and, may be, bearing some
resemblance to Yellow Jake—for there is a general
similarity among men of yellow complexion, as among
blacks.

This would explain the delusion under which my
companion was labouring; at all events, it rendered
his mistake more natural; and with this supposition,
whether true or false, I was forced to content myself.

Jake had now got everything in readiness, and,
without staying to seek any further solution of the
mystery, we leaped to our saddles, and galloped away
from the ground.

We rode for some time with the 'beard on the
shoulder;' and, as our path now lay through thick
woods, we could see for a long distance behind us.
No enemy, white or black, red or yellow, made his appearance, either on our front, flank, or rear. We encountered not a living creature till we rode up to the stockade of Fort King; * which we entered, just as the sun was sinking behind the dark line of the forest horizon.

CHAPTER XXV.
A FRONTIER FORT.

The word 'fort' calls up before the mind a massive structure, of cut stones and stonework, battlements, curtains, and casemates—a place of great strength, for this is its essential significance. Such structures have the Spaniards raised—in Florida as elsewhere—some of which are still standing; while others, even in their ruins, bear witness to the grandeur and glory that enveloped them at that time, when the leopard flag waved proudly above their walls.

There is a remarkable dissimilarity between the colonial architecture of Spain and that of other European nations. In America, the Spaniards built with more regard to pains or expense, as if they believed that their tenure would be eternal. Even in Florida, they could have had no idea their lease was to be so short—no forecast of so early an eviction.

There, these great fortresses served a purpose. But for their protection, the dark Yamassee, and, after him, the conquering Seminole, would have driven them from the flowery peninsula long before the period of their actual rendition.

The United States has its grand stone fortresses; but far different from these are the 'forts' of frontier physiography, which figure in the story of border wars, and which at this hour gird the territory of the United States as with a gigantic chain. In these are no grand battlements of cut stone, nor casemates, no fine ornaments of engineering. They are rude erections of hewn logs, of temporary intent, put up at little expense, to be abandoned with little loss—ready to follow the ever-fighting frontier in its rapid recession.

Such structures are admirably adapted to the purpose which they are required to serve. They are types of the utilitarian spirit of a republican government, not permitted to squander national wealth on such costly toys as Thanes Tunnels and Britannia Bridges, at the expense of the comfort and protection of people. To fortify against an Indian enemy, proceed as follows:

Obtain a few hundred trees; cut them to lengths of eighteen feet; split them up the middle; set them in a quadrangle side by side, flat faces inward; batter them to a point, and fit a couple of posts, with holes eight feet from the ground; place a stage under the loopholes; dig a ditch outside; build a pair of bastions at alternate corners, in which plant your cannon; hang a strong gate—and you have a frontier fort.

It may be a triangle, a quadrangle, or any other polygon best suited to the ground.

You need quarters for your troops and stores. Build strong block-houses within the enclosure—some at the angles, if you please; loophole them also—against the contingency of the stockade being carried; and this done, your fort is finished.

Pine-trees serve well. Their tall, branchless stems are readily cut and split to the proper lengths; but in Florida is found a timber still better for the purpose—in the trunk of the 'cabbage palm.' These, from the peculiarity of their endogenous texture, are less liable to be shattered by shot, and the bullet buries itself harmlessly in the wood. Of such materials was Fort King.

Fancy, then, such a stockade fort. People with a few hundred soldiers—some in jacket uniforms of faded sky-colour, with white facings, sadly dimmed with dirt (the infantry); some in darker blue, belted with red (artillery); a few adorned with the more showy yellow (the dragoons); and still another few in the sombre green of the rifles. Fancy these men lounging about, or standing in groups, in slouched attitudes, and slouchingly attired—a few of tidier aspect, with pipe-clayed belts and bayonets by their sides, on sentry, or forming the daily guard—some half-score of slattern women, their laundresses, mingling with a like number of brown-skinned squaws—a sprinkling of squalling brats—here and there an officer hurrying along, distinguished by his dark-blue undress frock—half-a-dozen gentlemen in civilian garb—visitors or non-military attachés of the fort—a score less gentle-looking—sutlers, beef-contractors, drovers, butchers, guides, hunters, gamblers, and idlers—some negro servants and friendly Indians—perhaps the pompous commissioner himself—fancy all these before you, with the star-spangled flag waving above your head, and you have the coup d'œil that presented itself as I rode into the gateway of Fort King.

Of late not much used to the saddle, the ride had fatigued me. I heard the reveille, but not yet being ordered on duty, I disregarded the call, and kept my bed till a later hour.

The notoriety of a bugle bursting through the open window, and the quick rolling of drums, once more awoke me. I recognised the parade music, and sprang from my couch. Jake at this moment entered to assist me in my toilet.

"Golly, Massa George!" he exclaimed, pointing out by the window: "look! dar's the whole Indy-en ob the Seminole nayshun—ebbery red skin dar be in ole Floridy! Whuh!"

I looked forth. The scene was picturesque and impressive. Inside the stockade, soldiers were hurrying to and fro—the different companies forming for parade. They were no longer, as on the evening before, slouched and loosely attired; but, with jackets close buttoned, caps jauntily cuffed, belts pipe-clayed to a snowy whiteness, guns, bayonets, and buttoned gleaming under the sunlight, they presented a fine military aspect. Officers were moving among them, distinguished by their more splendid uniforms and shining epaulets; and a little apart stood the general himself, supported by his staff, conspicuous by his large black chapeau with nodding plumes of cock's feathers, white and scarlet. Alongside the general was the commissioner—himself a general—in full government uniform.

This grand display was intended for effect on the minds of the Indians.

There were several well-dressed civilians within the enclosure, planters from the neighbourhood, among whom I recognised the Ringgold.

So far the impressive. The picturesque lay beyond the stockade.

On the level plain that stretched to a distance of several hundred yards in front, were groups of tall Indian warriors, attired in all their savage finery—turbanned, painted, and plumed. No two were dressed exactly alike, and yet there was a similarity in the style of all. Some wore hunting-shirts of buckskin, with leggings and mocassins of like material—all profusely fringed, beaded, and tasselled; others were clad in tunics of printed cotton stuff, checkered or flowered, with leggings of cloth, blue, green, or scarlet, reaching from hip to ankle, and girt below the knee with braid—

* Called after a distinguished officer in the American army. Such were the names of the fighting stations in Florida.

† Forts Ficolea on the St John, Fort San Augustine, and others at Pensacola, St Marks, and elsewhere.

‡ Chambers' Journal.

* An American officer is rarely to be seen in full uniform—still more rarely when on campaigning service, as in Florida.
embroidered gallows, whose tagged and tasselled ends hung down the outside of the leg. The gorgeous wampum belt encircled their waists, behind which were stuck their long knives, tomahawks, and in some instances pistols glittering with a rich livery of silver—relics left them by the Spaniards. Some, instead of the Indian wampum, encircled their waists with the Spanish scarf of scarlet silk, its fringed extremities hanging square with the skirt of the tunic, adding gracefulness to the garment. A picturesque head-dress was not wanting to complete the striking costume, and in this the variety was still greater. Some wore the beautiful coronet of plumes—the feathers stained to a variety of brilliant hues; some the 'coque' of checked 'bandanna'; while others wore shako-like caps of fur—of the black squirrel, the brown, or even of the surcoat of the animal often fantastically set to the front. The heads of many were covered with broad fillets of embroidered wampum, out of which stood the wing-plumes of the king-fishers, or the gossamer feathers of the sand-hill crane. A row of silver gorgets, gaudily ornamented by the nodding plumes of the great bird of Afric.

All carried guns—the long rifle of the backwoods hunter, with horns and pouches slung from their shoulders. Neither bow nor arrow was to be seen, except in some cases of the variety was still greater. Some wore the beautiful coronet of plumes—the feathers stained to a variety of brilliant hues; some the 'coque' of checked 'bandanna'; while others wore shako-like caps of fur—of the black squirrel, the brown, or even of the surcoat of the animal often fantastically set to the front. The heads of many were covered with broad fillets of embroidered wampum, out of which stood the wing-plumes of the king-fishers, or the gossamer feathers of the sand-hill crane. A row of silver gorgets, gaudily ornamented by the nodding plumes of the great bird of Afric.

Women in their long frocks could be seen moving among the tents, and little dark-skinned 'pussies' were playing over the grassy sward in front of them. Who first fired, and who were the first to get into the saddle of their horses, and in what order did they get into the saddle of their horses, and in what order did they get into the saddle of their horses?

Further off, I could see tents, where the Indians had pitched their camp. They were not together, but scattered along the edge of the wood, here and there in clusters looking at the different classes or sub-tribes to which each belonged.

Women in their long frocks could be seen moving among the tents, and little dark-skinned 'pussies' were playing over the grassy sward in front of them. Who first fired, and who were the first to get into the saddle of their horses, and in what order did they get into the saddle of their horses, and in what order did they get into the saddle of their horses?

As I glanced along the line of Saxon and Celtic soldiers—starved and stiff as they stood, shouldered to shoulder, and heel to heel—and then looked upon the faces and form and heart of the sward of their native soil, I could not help the reflection, that to conquer these men we must needs outnumber them!

I should have been laughed at had I given expression to the thought. In the contrary to an experience contrary to the barrier of many a boasting legend of the borders. The Indian had always succumbed; but was it to the superior strength and courage of his white antagonist? No; the inequality lay in numbers—other was first. They were distinguished by our superiority. What could avail the wet bowstring and ill-sighted shaft against the death-dealing bullet of the rifle? There was no inequality now. Those hunter-warriors carried the fire-weapon, and could handle it as skillfully as we.

The Indians now formed into a half-circle in front of the fort. The chiefs, having aligned themselves so as to form the concave side of the curve, sat down upon the grass. Behind them, the sub-chiefs and more noted warriors took their places, and still further back, in rank after rank, stood the common men of the tribes. Even the women and boys drew near, clustering thickly behind, and regarding the movements of the men with quiet but eager interest.

Contrary to their usual habits, they were grave and silent. It is not their character to be so; for the Seminole is as fine a sport and laugher as the clown of the circus ring; even the light-hearted negro scarcely equals him in joviality.

It was not so now, but the very reverse. Chiefs, warriors, and women—even the boys who had just forsaken their play—their faces wore an aspect of solemnity.

No wonder. That was no ordinary assembly—no meeting upon a trivial matter—but a council at which they were to be decided one of the dearest interests of their lives—a council whose decree might part them for ever from their native land. No wonder they did not exhibit their habitual gaiety.

It is not correct to say that all looked grave. In that semicircle of chiefs were men of opposite views. There were those who wished for the removal—who had private reasons to desire it—men bribed, suborned, or tampered with—traitors to their tribe and nation.

These were neither weak nor few. Some of the most powerful chiefs had been bought over, and had agreed to sell the rights of their people. Their treason was known or suspected, and this it was that was causing the anxiety of the others. Had it been otherwise—had there been no division in their ranks—the patriot party might easily have obtained a triumphant decision; but they feared the defection of the traitors.

The band had seized upon us—the troops were in motion, and fleeing through the gate.

Hurryng on my uniform, I hastened out; and took my place among the staff of the general.

A few minutes after, we were on the ground, face to face with the same feeling of the different classes or sub-tribes to which each belonged.

The troops formed in line, the general taking his stand in front of the colours, with the commissioner by his side. Behind these were grouped the officers of the staff, with clerks, interpreters, and some civilians of note—the Ringgold B. and others who, by courtesy, were to take part in the proceedings.

Hands were shaken between the officers and chiefs; the friendly calumet was passed round; and the council at length inaugurated.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COUNCIL.

First came the speech of the commissioner. It is too voluminous to be given in detail. Its chief points were, an appeal to the Indians to conform peaceably to the terms of the Ocalawha treaty—to yield up their lands in Florida—to move to the west— to the country assigned them upon the White River of Arkansas—in short, to accept all the terms which the government had commissioned him to require.

He took pains to specify the advantages which would accrue from the removal. He painted the new home as a perfect paradise—prairies covered with game, elk, antelope, and buffalo—rivers teeming with fish— crystal waters, and unclouded skies. Could he have found credence for his words, the Seminole might have fancied that the happy hunting-grounds of his fancied heaven existed in reality upon the earth.

On the other hand, he pointed out to the Indians the consequences of their non-compliance. White men would be settling thickly along their borders. Bad white men would enter upon their lands; there would be strife, and the spilling of blood; the red man would be tried in the court of the white man, where, according to law, his oath would be of no avail; and therefore he must suffer injustices!

Such were in reality the sentiments of Mr Commissioner Wiley Thompson,* uttered in the council of Fors King, in April 1885. I shall give them in his own words: they are worthy of record, as a specimen of fair dealing between white and red. Thus spoke he:

* Historically true.
British crown upon his head—a relic of the American revolution. But 'Onopa' was no orator, and waved his right to reply in favour of Hoitie-matteo—his son-in-law.

The latter had the double reputation of being a wise councillor and brave warrior; he was furthermore one of the most eloquent speakers in the nation. He was the 'prime-minister' of Onopa, and, to carry the comparison into classic times, he might be styled the Ulysses of his people. He was a tall, spare man, of dark complexion, of sharp, keen features, and some what sinister aspect. He was not of the Seminole race, but, as he stated himself, a descendant of one of the ancient tribes who peopled Florida in the days of the early Spaniards. Perhaps he was a Yamassee, and his dark skin would favour this supposition.

His powers of oratory may be gathered from his speech:

'At the treaty of Moultrie, it was engaged that we should rest in peace upon the land allotted to us for twenty years. All difficulties were buried, and we were assured that if we died, it should not be by the violence of the white man, but in the course of nature. The lightning should not rive and blast the tree, but the cold of old age should dry up the sap, and the leaves should wither and fall, and the branches drop, and the trunk decay and die.

'The deputation stipulated at the talk on the Oclawaha to be sent on the part of the nation, was only authorised to examine the country to which it was proposed to move us, and bring it to our notice, and we went according to agreement, and saw the land. It is no doubt good land, and the fruit of the soil may smell sweet, and taste well, and be healthy, but it is surrounded with bad and hostile neighbours, and the fruit of bad neighbourhood is blood that spoils the land, and fire that dries up the brook. Even of the horses we carried with us, some were stolen by the Pawnees, and the riders obliged to carry their packs on their back. You would send us among bad Indians, with whom we could never be at rest.

'When we saw the land, we said nothing; but the agents of the United States made us sign our hands to a paper which you say signifies our consent to remove, but we did not consider we did no more than say we liked the land, and when we returned, the nation would decide. We had no authority to do more.

'Your talk is a good one, but my people cannot say they will go. All the people differ in opinions, and must be indulged with time to reflect. They cannot consent now; they are not willing to go. If their tongues say yes, their hearts cry no, and call them liars. We are not hungry for other lands—why should we go and hunt for them? We like our own land, we are happy here. If suddenly we tear our hearts from the homes round which they are twined, our heart-strings will snap. We cannot consent to go—

we will not go.'

A chief of the removal party spoke next. He was 'Onatla,' one of the most powerful of the tribe, and suspected of an 'alliance' with the agent. His speech was of a pacific character, recommending his red brothers not to make any difficulty, but to act as honourable men, and comply with the treaty of the Oclawaha.

It was evident this chief spoke under restraint. He feared to shew too openly his partiality for the plans of the commissioner, dreading the vengeance of the patriot warriors. These frowned upon him as he stood up, and he was frequently interrupted by Arpuckii, Cox Hajo, and others.

A bolder speech, expressing similar views, was delivered by Lustra Hajo (the Black Clay). He added little to the argument; but by his strong, daring, restored the confidence of the traitorous party and the
to tell that he was one: there was that in his look and bearing which at once pronounced him a leader of men.

His dress was rich, without being frivolous or gay. His tunic, embraced by the bright wampum sash, hung well and gracefully; and the close-fitting leggings of his scarlet cloth displayed the perfect sweep of his limbs. His form was a model of strength—less, well-knit, symmetrical. His head was turbaned with a shawl of brilliant hues; and from the front rose three black ostrich plumes, that drooped backward over the crown till their tips almost touched his shoulders. Various ornaments were suspended from his neck; but none upon his breast was conspicuous. It was a circular plate of gold, with lines radiating from a common centre. It was a representation of the rising sun.

His face was stained of a uniform vermillion red; but despite the levelling effect of the dye, the lines of noble features could be traced. A well-formed mouth and chin, thin lips, a jawbone expressive of fineness, a nose slightly aquiline, a high, broad forehead, with eyes that, like the eagle's, seemed strong enough to gaze against the sun.

The appearance of this remarkable man produced an electric effect upon all present. It was similar to that exhibited by the audience in a theatre on the entrance of the great tragedian for whom they had been waiting.

Not from the behaviour of the young chief himself—but withal right modest—but from the action of the others, I perceived that he was in reality the hero of the hour.

There followed a movement—a murmur of voices—an excited tremor among the crowd—and then, simultaneously, as if from one throat, was shouted the name:

"OCÉOLA!"

**CAPTAIN VERSUS CREW.**

The traditional sailor has a place only in the melodrama. There he rolls about the stage like a graceful porpoise, shivering his timbers, and scattering his money with a feeling of equal benevolence, faithful and unlike to his high dignity. He was not a man of great intellect, nor yet an orator; and although the head 'mico' of the nation, his influence with the warriors was not equal to that of several chiefs of inferior rank. His decision, therefore, would by no means be regarded as definitive, or binding upon the others; but being nominally 'mico-mico' or chief-chief, and actually head of the largest clan—the Micosa—his vote would be likely to turn the scale, one way or the other. If he declared for the removal, the patriots might despair.

There was an interval of breathless silence. The eyes of the whole assemblage, of both red men and white men, rested upon the king. There were only a few who were in the secret of his sentiments; and how he would decide, was to most of those present a matter of uncertainty. Hence the anxiety with which they awaited his words.

At this crisis a movement was observed among the people who stood behind the king. They were making way for some one who was passing through their midst. It was evidently one of authority, for the crowd readily yielded him passage.

The moment he appeared in front—a young warrior, proudly caparisoned, and of noble aspect. He wore the insignia of a chief; but it needed not this...
(water), finishes the voyage in irons. Unluckily, however, as it is now said, the insubordinate spirit of the crew goes on all the same, whatever be the character of the captain; and in the merchant-service, more especially, it is described as getting worse every day, and that from the most mean and sordid motives. The subject is treated incidentally in a pamphlet printed in Bombay by W. Walker of that city, the object of which is to examine critically the various descriptions of goods imported into India from this country. Mr. Walker seems to be a man of large experience—an experience, he tells us, I gathered at sea and on shore. In the army, in the navy, and the merchant-service, in all quarters of the globe—and as he has now retired into some civil employment connected with ships and merchandise, his testimony is the more trustworthy.

Our author by no means denies the existence of tyrannical captains, and it would be absurd to do so. Why should there not be tyrants at sea as well as on shore? Why should there not be tyrants in ships as well as in barracks, warehouses, and mills? Mr. Walker says, that the merchant service breeds more ogres than solid land. He says that in the course of his own multifarious experience, he never met with more than one cruel captain, and he was in the navy; and that he never heard from man or boy he sailed with, but that they had generally had much worse fortune. Public sympathy and public indignation are awakened, then, by exceptional cases which, occurring at sea, and in the peculiar community thrown together in a ship, have a strong and strange interest of their own. Is it not true that in the Merchant Marine Act of 1860 had defined and protected the respective rights of captains and seamen; but the puzzling thing is, that it is precisely since then that the semi-mutinous conduct of the crew has grown to the worst, while the hearing of the officers has become more refined and gentlemanly. We would suggest in explanation, that the difference may be merely that of education—that the officers understand their position, while the more ignorant men abuse their advantages, since they enjoy them in spite of their superiors. But a more alarming change is behind. ‘Not only has the conduct of the seamen deteriorated,’ says Mr. Walker, ‘but they are deficient in seamenhood as compared with sailors of ten or fifteen years ago, and to an extent which is distressing old seamen. I do not hesitate to put forward these opinions. I feel confident that the truth can be vouched for by many foremast hands themselves, and certainly by all commanders of ships now serving, as well as those who have retired from a maritime life.’

One cause of this unhappy change seems to be the partial abandonment of the apprenticeship system—a system which is no longer compulsory. ‘It is but just to observe that many ship-owners were far-sighted enough not to avail themselves of this privilege, as they probably well knew that unless they trained seamen they would fall off in the number of seamen to man their ships. This has now come to pass; and the captains of ships are loud in their complaints as to the want of seamen in men who now unblushingly enter ships as able seamen, and when they get to sea the captain finds they are unable to take the helm, or a cast of the lead.’ The apprentice system, thus left to the free choice of those who have hire, has become as unpractised as the old craft of the sailor.

‘A captain is required to be well versed in navigation in all its branches, from plane trigonometry to great circle-sailing, and from finding latitude by meridian altitude to the longitude by a lunar observation. He must be able to conduct his ship to all parts of the world, and to keep her clear of lee-shores, rocks, shoals, and sand-banks. Many captains are even kept on shore by owners to see a new ship built from keel to top-rail. By this experience, thus gained, he becomes an adept in applying a remedy when a defect appears. He must be perfectly acquainted with various trades, such as sailmaker, carpenter, cooper, blacksmith, and sometimes cook. As a doctor, he has to prescribe medicines for his crew, and if, like his prototype on shore, he kills his patient, as a clergyman he has to read the funeral-service over his remains. He must be thoroughly conversant with the maritime laws of all nations. Many of them are invested with the full duties of the merchant, in which capacity he has to exhibit the care and cunning of the lawyer in drawing charter-parties, bills of lading, &c. He is supposed to be a kind and humane man, slow to anger, and of good word, and such water breeds more ogres than solid land. He says that in the course of his own multifarious experience, he never met with more than one cruel captain, and he was in the navy; and that he never heard from man or boy he sailed with, but that they had generally had much worse fortune. Public sympathy and public indignation are awakened, then, by exceptional cases which, occurring at sea, and in the peculiar community thrown together in a ship, have a strong and strange interest of their own. Is it not true that in the Merchant Marine Act of 1860 had defined and protected the respective rights of captains and seamen; but the puzzling thing is, that it is precisely since then that the semi-mutinous conduct of the crew has grown to the worst, while the hearing of the officers has become more refined and gentlemanly. We would suggest in explanation, that the difference may be merely that of education—that the officers understand their position, while the more ignorant men abuse their advantages, since they enjoy them in spite of their superiors. But a more alarming change is behind. ‘Not only has the conduct of the seamen deteriorated,’ says Mr. Walker, ‘but they are deficient in seamenhood as compared with sailors of ten or fifteen years ago, and to an extent which is distressing old seamen. I do not hesitate to put forward these opinions. I feel confident that the truth can be vouched for by many foremast hands themselves, and certainly by all commanders of ships now serving, as well as those who have retired from a maritime life.’

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expired, he finds no difficulty in shipping anew at an improved rate of wages. It is no wonder that we read, as a corollary from all this, that ‘American captains will not have anything to do with the modern English merchant-seaman if they can help it. They bust out the quiet Belgian, and ordnary Dane or Norwegian.’

All this, we repeat, is very alarming, even if we make every possible deduction on the score of that exaggeration men are frequently betrayed into when advocating a theory. An evil, however, brought about in the course of a year, is not irreparable. There is good stuff in the seaman to work upon yet; and we would point to his conduct in the Crimea and in India as evidence of his value even on shore. It is for this reason we lend our aid to draw attention to the heavy charge made against him, that it may lead to investigation and reform.

Mr Walker advises a general return to the apprenticeship system; and not only that, but the establishment in every naval port of a training-ship for boys. By this means, we should have abundance of well-trained orderly seamen in readiness for any emergency, instead of having ‘to man our Baltic fleet with long-shore ruffian, the spawn of unsuccessful gold-diggers, tempered by a few good and orderly seamen from the Channel ports and the lees of the board ship he would have the officers express by every means in their power the filthy and blasphemous language which is the vernacular of the sea, and likewise endeavour to get the men to wear cleaner skins and clothes.’

Fresh water should be provided, when possible, for ablution and clothes-washing. Divine service should be performed every Sunday, when the weather permits. By means of the American plan of deck holidays, the crew should be emancipated from the dark dungeon of the forecastle. ‘Great ingenuity is displayed in making berths for emigrants when a government commands it. Why should the owner not command the like conveniences for the crews of his ships—the owners of his fortunes?’ In fine, the captains themselves should be informed that it is mean and dishonorable to give the riffraff and bullies of the ship, when the crew are paid off—which they generally do, either from easiness of character or fear of revenge—a V.C. (very good) certificate. Without this certificate, no merchant-captain would employ them; but the ‘registrar might give our repudiated man a hint that the Regenerator frigate, Captains Ceres, would enter his name on her books, and give him a holiday or two, then lend him some money, crack his biscuit, and live like a good seaman—or taste the’...

A LANCASHIRE INCUMBENT.

It is an old saying, and a true one, that no one knows what he can do till he tries. I am quite sure that powers, of vast capability if called into action, are suffered to lie dormant, either because their possessor may not be aware of their existence, or of his own ability to use them with effect. I remember to have somewhere met with an account of a clergyman, in the English lake district, who was called ‘Wonderful Robert Walker,’ from the astonishing quantity of work he contrived to get through in a given period. He was the doctor, the accountant, the schoolmaster, as well as the minister of his parish. He was also a mechanic of all-work; and his pew in church was lined with cloth spun and woven. I believe, by his own hands. But this ancient wonder is, like many others, quite superseded by some occurring in our own marvellous day. The brazen colossus at Rhodes is not more outdone by the Victoria Bridge, than is ‘Wonderful Walker’ by the modern phenomenon, a Lancashire incumbent.

Within the last two years, a great newspaper had roundly charged the English clergy with gross negligence and laxity in carrying out the objects of their mission among the people. We are not going to introduce here any discussion as to the justice of this charge; all we shall say is, that it evoked a reply from a correspondent, who signed himself giving a report of his work within the year then past; and that the same Incumbent has again sent in his compte rendu at the close of 1857—on which document I propose to offer a few observations.

Altogether apart from the special calling of the writer, this letter of the incumbent is a highly instructive study to professional young men of every sort. The first lesson which is taught by the fact that such a vast amount of work may be done by one man in a certain time, is, that the mainspring of such successful exertion must be regularity, and a systematic division and employment of time. The second is, that monotonous of labour must be avoided; for a change of occupation and ties of recreation as resting and effectual as idleness itself.

‘I am still the incumbent of a new parish in a large town; and attached to my own church, which is one of forty within the borough limits, there is a population of nearly 10,000. It is beside a mile and a quarter from my church and schools. During the year, I was absent on business connected with public objects, 18 days; was unwell—including a fortnight’s detention from an accident—26 days; was kept in the house by bad weather, 4 days, and took 20 holidays. Thus leaves 386 to be accounted for, of which I was in the parish on duty, on 168 separate days, 249 times.’

‘I have made 1086 visits to the people in their houses, independent of calls on the sick, and others of an incidental kind. I have preached 131 sermons, of which 21 were in other churches—namely, 3 for schools and charities, 3 for religious societies, and 15 in exchange or aid.’

Such is the summary of work done on those 386 days, including 26 Sabbaths, 59 Sundays, and 269 Sabbaths, which must have demanded no small share of mental as well as bodily vigour, no less than a very systematic method of proceeding. One would feel disposed to say that little or no more than this could have been done in the course of a year by any body capable of application, society, or application to reading, except so far as connected with sermon-producing, must have been altogether impracticable. But our incumbent is no less a wonder in these respects than in the others. We are informed in a subsequent paragraph, that ‘he partook of the hospitality of friends on 165 separate days;’ and in this very sensible and necessary relaxation, we may probably find, even on physiological grounds, the secret of his extraordinary endurance. A man, requires his play as well as his work. The overtaxed mind must be relieved as well as the wearied body; and in certain circumstances it is absolutely necessary to mental and bodily health that we should be drawn out of ourselves, and forced to relax our grasp upon anxious and depressing thoughts and cares, in a way which only cheerful society can effect. The body may indeed rest in the easy-chair or the comfortable bed, but the mind will not do so. This quiet and repose are only more favourable to the indulgence of the prevalent and absorbing ideas of the time, and in cheerful, innocent society alone lies the remedy for overwork and anxiety.

If the reader imagines that we have got to the end of our incumbent’s labours, with the generality of 3000 to 4000 house-to-house visits mentioned above, and
all the other details which accompany them, he is greatly mistaken.

Within a year or two, a sum of over £10,000 has been raised for schools and other parochial purposes, and all the heavy and complicated machinery connected with this branch of duty has been set agesing. This sum would have seemed enough for one man's work, taking men in general as our standard; but there is still more to be told of the labours of 1887.

"During the year," again writes our author, "I have been with four religious societies, and to a fifth whose operations terminate with the year. Of two of these, the duties were merely nominal, but in two others they required very great attention. I am chairman of one permanent committee, and treasurer of two; and during the year, I attended 221 meetings." Now, keeping in mind the occupations already specified, I would direct attention to the diligence which could still find time for attending the meetings of these societies, and managing their affairs and finances. Many industrious men might have found even this last department of labour quite as much as they could manage; but taken in a cumulative sense, along with what had gone before, we feel quite astounded; and are disposed at length to say with Swift his cynical words: 'Oh, jam saute!'

No such thing! Full as the list may appear to unpractised eyes, there are in the capabilities of this man, some portious still unoccupied, a corner or two into which some small 'odds and ends' of employment may be packed. He has once more "the avoidance of meetings, especially in the evenings, has increased my time for intellectual pursuits. I have read about ninety volumes on various subjects, exclusive of pamphlets, reviews, &c. I have also written five magazine articles, three short papers for learned societies, twelve articles of a more fugitive character, on literature, science, and education; and an elaborate paper of instructions for my teachers on the subjects of school-organisation and discipline. I have made twenty-one speeches, and delivered nine public lectures, besides editing a pamphlet of about ninety pages in extent, and, with some assistance, an important volume of 300 pages. But the most tedious intellectual operation was the construction of two ethnological maps of a kind entirely new, and from materials which are common and accessible in every county in the kingdom. Each of them required a minute analysis of about 20,000 facts, yet any of the numerous details indicated may be tested in an instant.'

This paragraph shows that an active mind may be lodged in an active body, and that local and corporeal mobility of a very unusual kind may be associated with mental activity no less remarkable.

But, reader, we have yet more to tell; one more short extract will bring us to the end of this tot, et tanta, negotia.

You will say that, in whatever way we are to account for the performance within the year, and even within 292 days of it, of so much physical and intellectual labour, along with the 165 separate days on which the claims of social relaxation were attended to, this would, at the least, entail a necessity for a very small-like people of staying at home. Again, I say, no such thing. You would further suppose that epistolary correspondence, which, in a small way, so many of us find it hard enough to get through from day to day, could find no place in these heroic labours. Listen, then; more: "My correspondence has extended to 1200 letters. I have visited Wales three times; Ireland, twice; the Isle of Man, once; and London and Oxford, once!"

Now, with all this, should you have supposed that there was any room for mechanical occupations within doors? Allow me one 'more last word,' and you shall hear: 'I have occupied myself at intervals with mechanical duties, which may be described as amateur bookbinding.'

There, reader, is a man for you! I know of nothing to compare with him, either on sea or land, but one whom I had the misfortune to 'inimitable' Dr Livingstone. It is true that this latter possesses, with the true modesty of greatness, says that he is but a man. I can only reply, that to be a man after the fashion of the heroical doctor and our Lancashire incumbent, is to be one in a special sense one of the term. This paper may fall under the observation of more than one before whom a professional career, no matter of what sort, is just opening out, and whose success must depend mainly upon his courage, activity, integrity of hearts and purpose, and self-reliance. Let such a one read over at his leisure, again and again, the details given above; let him observe how much may be done by determining that it shall be done, and by the force of an indomitable will; let him understand the value of time well laid out and carefully divided; and although he may very naturally despair of equalling the very extraordinary achievements of this striking exemplar, he will attain all the more for studying and aiming at a really high standard of excellence.

It must be allowed that a clergyman's life admits of a variation in employment which cannot be obtained in other professions. The example is, therefore, chiefly valuable to the clerical brethren of the incumbent, who can, by following him, maintain the same or an analogous life of work provided that within a certain time a required result be produced.

The principle, however, which may be deduced from a consideration of this remarkable case is one of the utmost value, and of universal application. As such, I heartily commend it to the careful study and conscientious imitation of my younger readers, whose characters and professional habits may still be in a great measure unformed, and who may be on that account within reach of its salutary influence. If we cannot do all we would, let us determine to do all we can.

D'ABORD DU MER.

FROM A FRENCH SONG.

ALONG the shore, along the shore
I see the wavelets meeting,
But thee I see—sh, nevermore,
For all my wild heart's beating.
The little wavelets come and go;
The sea of life elbs to and fro,
Advancing and retreating:
But from the shore, the steadfast shore,
The sea is parted never:
And mine I hold thee evermore
For ever and for ever.

Along the shore, along the shore
I hear the waves resounding,
But thou wilt cross them nevermore
For all my wild heart's bounding.
The moon comes out above the tide,
And quiets all the waters wide
Her pathway bright surrounding:
As on the shore, the dreary shore,
I walk with vain endeavour;
I have thy love's light evermore,
For ever and for ever.

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AMATEUR POLITICIANS.

"Fish swim best that are bred in the sea," says the proverb. The truth of this saying, modern usage every day exemplifies in some new manner. Every day the division of occupations existing the day before is supplemented by a more minute and marked subdivision; every day some new branch of science, or skill, or industry, is separated from the kindred department of which it has hitherto formed an indistinguishable portion, and marks the separate heritage of a special class. Every age creates some new craft, whose only function it is to relieve society of some task that was formerly the charge of all its members indiscriminately, until the progress of civilization promises to reduce a highly organised community to a condition not unlike that of an Indian household. A European paterfamilias in Hindostan finds that the servant who airs his shirt will not brush his coat, and that the boy who blacks his shoes will not condescend to bring them to his door. The same, on a grand scale, is the industrial condition of a people in a high state of civilization. The man who prescribes for your ailments will not compound the medicine that is to cure them; the lawyer who pleads your cause in court does not draw up your will, or even make out the brief on which he is to argue; the manufacturer of each component part of your winter waistcoat—lining, buttons, cloth, &c.—forms a separate trade, involving some ten or twenty different varieties of occupation; nor is the labourer in any one of these diverse tasks able to make a coat for himself, much less for you. The same arrangements pervade the whole frame of society. One thing—say, one of the smallest fractions into which one thing can be divided—is esteemed enough for one man to know and to do. His whole energies are spent in doing this fraction; his whole mind is devoted to apprehending this fraction; his whole duty is summed up in mastering the performance of this fraction; and so betide him if he presume even by a hairbreadth to deviate from the strict limits of this fractional task. "Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last," is a maxim born of this caste-kind of civilization; and expresses accurately enough the feelings of the man whose whole life is consumed on the performance of his fractional work towards all who would step from their own small circle to encroach on his—the feeling of professional men towards an amateur.

In former times, almost all men were amateurs in almost all occupations. The farmer was an amateur butcher; the farmer's wife and daughters were amateur labourers at the spinning-wheel and the loom. The clergyman, whose professional duty was limited to the cure of souls, undertook as amateur the functions of physician to the bodies of his flock. Certainly things were not so well or so cheaply done in those days; linen was more expensive, and man's bodies did not always thrive under the care of their spiritual pastors. But to those who thus varied their occupations, the pleasure of variety might atone in no small degree for the difficulties and embarrassments which resulted from their lack of professional lore to aid their 'labours of love.' Society has gained much in establishing distinction of professions; but the amateurs have undoubtedly been sufferers by the change.

Of all professions, the political is perhaps the most recent growth of our highly civilised soil; and, accordingly, there is no profession whose outskirts are so closely beset by a crowd of amateurs. Of course these are treated with becoming professional scorn by those who have been regularly admitted into the mysteries of this exalted guild. But society at large has not yet pronounced it on behalf of the professionals. Amateurs in law, in medicine, or in military matters, are not very much respected; and the ridiculous cast upon them by those on whose special province they encroach is usually endorsed by the general public. The necessity of an apprenticeship is recognised in physic, in arms, in jurisprudence; but in the belief of many, politicians, as Byron says of critics, are all ready made. How far this idea is correct, an inquiry into the more remarkable classes of ready-made statesmen, and the peculiar characteristics of each, may perhaps enable us to form some opinion.

It would be a great injustice to class among amateur politicians all those who, without devoting themselves to political pursuits, take a warm interest in all the great questions of the day, and on occasion exert themselves strenuously on behalf of a valuable measure or a favourite statesman. The Athenian legislator of old is said to have made it a punishable offence in any citizen to abstain from politics altogether; and he probably judged wisely. Where a free government exists, there can be no other security against maladministration on the one hand, and anarchy on the other, than the existence of strong political convictions among the educated portion of the people. Where these are wanting, either corruption places arbitrary power in the hands of the statesman by profession, or agitation leaves the government at the mercy of the demagogue—the very worst species of political amateur. There is no scene more honourable to the British character than that of a well-contested election in one of the great constituencies, at once too numerous to admit of corruption or intimidation, and
too intelligent and educated to present such a spectacle of licence and disorder as too frequently disgraces the performance of a great national duty. The leading men of the district—gentlemen well known to the vast crowds there assembled for their wealth, their public spirit, and their high personal objects—take active part on one side or another, and strain their powers to the utmost to insure the return of their candidate. The crowd which fills the streets, blockades the polling-booth, or sways to and fro in front of the hustings, is likewise, in nearly every instance, in its way; and every man present exerts his lungs, when the turn of his party comes to shout for the yellow or the blue, with as much vigour and resolution as if the fate of the nation depended upon that single yell. For a week or so, politics form the staple of conversation in every reading-room or tavern parlour; in the rich man’s drawing-room, and in the poor man’s kitchen. But are these amateur politicians? Not they; by the time the battle is well over, and the song of triumph sung by the local organ of the victorious party, they have all had their fill of political topics; and they return with additional zest to their daily labours, and the everyday routine of their lives, satisfied to leave the country in the hands of the men who have chosen, and the minister whom he supports, until the next occurrence which may necessitate a repetition of the popular excitement.

It is not in such scenes as these that the amateur politician must shine. There is in them too much good-humour, and wit, too much general earnestness on all sides, and the atmosphere is not well suited to him. Moreover, he is not only swamped by the flood of men as well qualified as himself, and for the nonce as devoted in their own opinions, but is running a little risk of being summarily overborne and put down by collision with better informed and better disciplined minds. He shines more brightly by contrast, when the political horizon is devoid of any one of the four-case magnitudes, and when he has the field to himself. He is then the lord of the club, or the oracle of the tap-room, and scintillates without fear of an eclipse. Few listen to him, and those who do are not men competent to refute him. He can enlighten a circle of admiring disciples, or upbraid with the foreign office into a very Castle of Otranto before their bewildered vision; and no one cares to discredit the spell by one magical word of common sense. Or he can denounce to a sympathizing audience the crimes of every class, the rules and conventions of the old-time political economists; and no one will arise to expose him before the man whom he is so mischievously deluding. He is now in his glory, such as it is; and few care to disturb it.

Of classes of political quacks, none is so noxious as the man who is great upon social questions. Here a subject is started which can hardly fail to interest any audience, especially of the working-classes: an audience is readily obtained, disposed to listen with favour to all arguments which shall bear on the afflications which too frequently beset their path in life, are the result of political oppression or social injustice, and may be remedied by some summary process, which the orator is generally wise enough to leave to the imagination. There is no subject of general interest on which a dexter ignorance prevails, even amongst men who have had greater educational advantages, than obtains in regard to the truths of political economy. While the man who should understand the balance of nature is as ignorant of thePizza screen earth, or that the globe rests on the back of an elephant, would be forthwith laughed at by the most ignorant audience in any large town, numbers of men who ought to know better, will applaud the emprise who boldly denies or audaciously ignores the first principles of economical science. The mischief which is thus wrought is very serious. Such doctrines tend to produce an impression among the working-class, that all their troubles are owing to the folly or wickedness of those above them. They are persuaded that all the embarrassements which are placed by the economist to be the inevitable result of natural laws, have their origin in unjust or defective social arrangements; and they are thus seduced from the only means of bettering their condition—namely, on their own prudent and their own exertions—and led to seek relief in efforts which can by no possibility succeed, and whose success could only land them in a confusion worse confounded. If no other harm were done than the excitement of a discontented feeling, and an idea of wrong received from capitalists, or landowners, or state-officers, or any and every one better off than themselves, the evil would be sufficiently grave to affix a terrible responsibility on the delusive and ignorant teacher. A man who will talk on what he does not understand, may always hope to do mischief. An empiric of any kind is a public enemy; but none is more dangerous than these quack-doctors of the social body, who persist in talking without knowledge on a subject the necessity of which is the means of those through whom they are chosen, and who do their utmost to prejudice the sufferers against the only men who have studied the science of social medicine, and can explain the real causes and remedies of social ills.

Less mischievous by far, yet not without his own especial capacity for doing harm, is the political amateur who has made the foreign relations of the kingdom his especial study. He is well read in blue-books, and appears to have the whole history, known and unknown to the public, in the very diplomatic transaction for near thirty years at his finger-ends. His conversation on these topics, however, is strikingly illustrative of the poet’s saying:

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection.

For lack of the sense and judgment which are requisite to enable men to turn even the most accurate knowledge to account, talkers and writers of this school commit themselves to theories so grossly absurd, and so contradictory to statements in blue-books, however ample, that they never obtain credit among sensible men, even for the amount of information they really possess. No supposition is too improbable for their adoption; no folly too preposterous to find credit and acceptance among them. With the facility of political economists, they are disposed with that invaluable faculty of critical intuition which is denominated ‘common sense,’ they might acquire wide influence, and a numerous following. The subject of their study is one peculiarly interesting to all who take any interest whatever in political affairs as such; and the events of the last ten years have rendered continental politics much more familiar to the public of these islands than was formerly the case. But no amount of reading, no stock of quotations from blue-books, however ample, will persuade the cautious Soot or the downright Englishman of the truth of statements so utterly repugnant to common sense, so wildly disregardful of probability, as those put forth by the most notorious leaders of this school. The effect of their speculations and declamations has been to bring the study of foreign politics into contempt among the middle and lower classes, and to induce a neglect of matters which, from their bearing upon the national honour and the national interests, are deserving of at least a serious investigation. All that can be done is to introduce sufficient leisure to study, and sufficient education to appreciate them. The ultimate effect of quackery, is in any branch of knowledge, is and must be to discourage the study of the subject among the general public, and to tighten the grasp of professional men upon the
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reins of power; their authority being always enhanced, even to an undue degree, by the humiliating failure of their opponents.

There are probably as many distinct classes and schools of political empiricism as of scientific quackery, each with its specific panacea for all national misfortunes or social grievances. On the one hand is the 'financial reformer,' who proffesses the supreme cure of all evils by the issue of an unlimited amount of incon- vertible paper. On the other part, a statesman of the same stamp, but of opinions exactly opposite, advocates a return to a merely metallic circulation as the only basis of commercial prosperity. Here is a political hypotroplit, led in his denunciations of all who venture to question the soundness of his views, demanding from government measures which are to relieve some peculiarly distressed class of operatives, whose distress is probably owing to the fact that thirty thousand workmen have embarked in a trade which can furnish work only for twenty thousands. It is needless to multiply examples. There are certain principal features common to all these empirics, by which they may be detected; and these can be shown to be mere guesswork, which indicate clearly enough the value to be attached to their opinions. Of these, the most marked and most universal is their extraordinary confidence. A sound and experi- enced statesman is generally one of the most cautious of the principles of the calculations which have to be fulfilled in every possible measure for the relief of any suffering, or the redress of any grievance—how various and how complicated the circumstances which have to be taken into account, in order to produce any effect at all, is not bad.-he advances his views only after careful inquiry, and speaks always with guarded accuracy and studied moderation of the probable effects of his every proposition. The empiric bas no concept of this caution. He has neither the experience which shows that practical difficulties often exist where, to the eye of theory, all is smooth and clear, nor the clearness of vision which can perceive the remote consequences which wisdom alone can prevent. The empiric acts on the basis of experiment, while the statesman acts upon experience. This confidence is principally the result of the ignorance which is another distinguishing mark of empiricism. Even the study of blue-books does not always render a man well acquainted with the political history of his own country, much less with the present policy of other countries. Hence the empiric never regards the surface of affairs. The causes of each event therein recorded; the motives with which each dispatch has been written; the difficulties with which statesmen have had to contend in the cabinet or council; the differences which led to the abandonment of an announced intention, or the ces- sation of an important measure—all, in fact, that has passed behind the scene—is, and remains for years, unknown to the public. Statesmen have to submit for years, perhaps, to the life, to the bitter toasts and withdrawn unpopularity for errors which, if the whole story of the case were known, it would be seen that they could by no possibility have avoided. They know the tools they have to work with, and the sudden working of the hands of those who do not see, who criticise from without, judge men and events as if the machinery were perfect, and the course as clear as it seems to be. The amateur sees only the surface, and often only a fraction of that; and there is therefore reason to suspect, in every instance, that he is ignorant precisely of the most important part of the case upon which he undertakes to advise. His ignorance pro- duces impatience. Where he is conscious of it, he is angry with all who endeavour, by the light of a clearer knowledge, to improve his future conduct. Where he honestly believes himself to have thoroughly mastered his subject, he is wroth with the slowness of those who refuse to adopt advice which seems to him so obvious and incapable of refutation. Rather the impatience which he has learned from empiricism, there is not unreasonably the impatience that has made him an empiric. He can be obtained and too irritable to work his way slowly to sound knowledge; so he preferred the shorter path of hasty assumption and unfounded theory. In no respect is this impatience more universally shewn than in the disregard which writers and talkers of this class ostentatiously pay for the teachings of economic policy. To attempt any social reform, while in ignorance of the rudiments of this science, is not less absurd than for one wholly unacquainted with mechanical science to undertake to improve the machinery of some large factory. Yet, of the several methods of economic policy, so few have the veriest smattering of a knowledge without which all their efforts are but too likely to prove not only vain, but even mischievous. To those who are destined to render themselves really competent to understand political affairs, and to form their own opinions on topics of national interest, a certain preparatory discipline, as in all other branches of human knowledge, is absolutely necessary. Without it you have no knowledge of political economy—which is the science of social organisation—a sound judgment on social or political topics cannot be formed; and without a careful study of history, the materials by which alone a competent acquaintance with the nature and history of political movements is possible are wanting. But the man who has mastered these two most valuable and most interesting subjects of inquiry, needs only a clear head and cool judgment to render him competent to form an opinion upon all political affairs sufficiently to render him a useful citizen and an intelligent political critic. To become more than this—to be capable of high statesmanship, or to master the details of political knowledge in all its branches, would require a special study, for which few but professional politicians have time or inclination. But this much at least is within the reach of every sensible and educated man; and without a self- training of this kind, no man can be morally justified in undertaking the duties of a political teacher, even in the humblest sphere. Were such a discipline common among those classes who take an interest in politics, their political influence would be far greater and far more beneficial than at present; while the general mass would be more enabled to render the task of the agitator well-nigh hopeless, and reduce the empirical politicians, above described, to their native and natural insignificance.

MUDBURY BOTTOM.

My friend, Mr Robert Jones, from the metropolis, at present on a visit to me in Blanskshire, was exceedingly desirous of seeing a courting meeting, so I took him with pleasure to that of Mindbury. We are not above four miles from Mindbury over the Downs, and Jones at first declared that he would much rather walk than ride.

'1 am not much used to riding,' he confessed frankly, 'and I saw your grey standing upon his fore-legs—I mean his two fore-legs—in the straw-yard this morning, from my window as I was shaving.'

'Well, Bob, you shall have the bay, then,' said I laughing.

'The bay was himself upon his two hind-legs,' returned my guest; 'and I would as soon think of riding a rocking-horse as either of these animals.'

However, when I shewed Robert my steady old four-wheeler, Seaman, who is as little disposed for gambling, and not much less in bulk than a rhino- cerous, he thought he might venture out upon that in safety, and therefore accordingly he rode.

Our Downs delighted him hugely, as indeed they delight all visitors with their lovely views and
gummed with greener fir-groves and patches of flure. How blithely over its hill-tops blew the south wind, causing us to bend over the necks of our galloping steeds as though we were placing lance in rest! How cheerily the springy turf returned the music of the best of our band. Lost and vanquished there were we in the little valleys, and down the last part of the descent, and across the bottom, and up the opposite hill, until we met the breeze again! How pleasant it was to race together, and to divide the stakes of health and happiness.

'Now, this is what I call real enjoyment,' cried my friend, with the blood mantling up into his metropolisan cheeks after one of these trials of speed; 'all the pleasures of horsemanship without any of the frightful risks. The race, the hill, the turn - why we are in a circus and jump through paper hoops, as go in and out of sheep-folds and over five-barred gates, as folks who hunt are accustomed to do. This is what I like: capital galloping ground without any fences to bother a fellow. I say, what a great ditch we are coming to? How are we to get over it?

'That ditch, as you call it, my dear Jones,' said I, "was dug by the Romans, for about thirty miles or so, to mark their road, or ridgeway, across the Downs; and they all has taken it in a fly, and thinks nothing of it at all."

'Ah!' cried Jones, pulling up very short upon the other side, and cranvering over the little gulf; "I think I will ride and, if you please, whatever may be the distance, I should not mind taking it perhaps, as you say, in a fly or a Hansom cab, but being upon horseback, why I'd rather not."

Upon my solemn assurance, however, that Seaman was numbering between fifty and sixty in and out of it, and not jump at all, my friend attempted the passage, and accomplished it with the utmost safety, and, better pleased with his elephantine animal, cantered on by my side again towards Mudbury.

As we reached the northern extremity of the Downs, the summit of that last green range of hills which looks down upon the varied beauties of three counties: hamlets clustered around their gray-towered churches; clumps of fir-trees upon hill-tops, that were yesterday one night the lightning's, now the landmarks still by day; innumerable homesteads, with compact farmyards and forests of rides about them; the dull blue river, seen through the leafless trees along all its winding course among the low meadow-lands and marshes, and the track beside it that passes beneath the bridge by the ancient town; here and there, far off, the smoke of a railway-train, but not the train itself; nothing in motion, for the many-horsed wagons upon the open roads, and the long lines of plough-teams in these fields do not seem to stir, nor do the flocks upon the right and left, although the thin clear notes of their sheep-bells tell us otherwise. Beneath us in the cold December sunshine, lies the little village, where holiday is made this day by reason of 'the outdoor.'

Upon the left hand is a knot of various carriages, from the dazzling four-in-hand down to the covered cart, ordinarily the medium of communication between the hamlet and its market-town, but to-day transformed into a peripatetic public-house; a great array of heterogeneous machines only to be specified as 'four-wheels;' a very plague of gigs, as many in attendance of them, and of every colour upon the rainbow, with a predomination of yellow; several of those particularly unconventional machines called 'sociables;' and many dog-carts, literally dog-carts, which have conveyed the beautiful candidates for the prizes from their distant kennels or from railway stations: all these are on a hilltop commanding a good view of the scene of action, with a great crowd of pedestrians round them, and few score of horsemen.

A half mile to the right is the main body of some two hundred mounted gentlemen and farmers, and beyond their lead, lost in the deeps and vantages, the sor and sheltered were we in the little valleys, and down the last part of the descent, and across the bottom, and up the opposite hill, until we met the breeze again! How pleasant it was to race together, and to divide the stakes of health and happiness.

'Why, those are fox-hunters!' cried Jones despairingly. 'I'm a whipper-in, in a red coat!' 'Yes, my friend,' but that is only the judge of the courses; and just before the party in the turnips you may observe another red coat upon foot—that is the slipper. He holds the couple that are to run next in his leathern leash, within which is a string whereby he can lead the animals. See, now they're found their hare! There she goes down the hill, straight for the fir-plantation just beneath us. Now the dogs have the sight! See how they strain and drag the slipper with them out into the open! "Go!" and as the judge gives the mandate, the skillful footman slips them with a forward motion, simultaneously; and the greyhounds, fawn and white, the very types of speed, at once the swiftest and the most graceful of all the Downs, are darting yards of ground for poor pussy's two feet. We know that famous question in the arithmetical school-book, and could at one time have calculated to a nicety the very moment when her pursuers will come up to her, but as to where they will catch her—look, how she throws them out by that sharp turn—that is a very different matter. Down-hill, indeed, the little creature has no chance; the dogs recover their lost ground, gain on her, overtake her, arch their long backs in readiness to spring, and now the slipper is behind her at least, and have not turned themselves yet, while the wily hare is making up the hill towards her haven of safety, with her ears invisible, so straight does she lay them on her back, and her heart, if we could but hear her, beseeching loud and indeed, but not without good reason, of many dewy mornings yet to come, wherein she will make breakfast in these fields, and snooze in her snug form through winter noons. But the dogs, too, seem to be aware that now or never must they catch their victim with their outstretched necks; they over cover; again they come up with her, turn her, force her to take down-hill away from home; and the fawn dog, which leads by half a head, with outstretched neck makes one fierce grab at her, and in his angry jaws has a hold of a small portion of the slipper. But the hare, having just at that instant doubled, is again far in advance, away up the hill once more, and reaches cover safely.'

'Well done!' cried Jones. 'I'm glad she got away. And so was I, and so was everybody; for it is not the killing of the hare, but the coursing of it, we are come to see at Mudbury Bottom. Many a good course is run without a death; many a dog which kills is the worse dog of the two; for the race here is to the swift, and the battle to the strong; the winner, be he who follows best the very footstep of the hare, turns her by main speed, and sticks by her to the last, and not his more cunning rival, which takes advantage of what the other does for him, and cuts off corners, and so kills. The judge, conscious in his scarlet, has galloped with them throughout the course; but not the rest of the spectators, because the ground just covered over is as yet untired, and contains probably many hares. More than one, indeed, has been put up, and a few of every colour upon the rainbow, with a predomination of yellow; several of those particularly unconventional machines called 'sociables;' and many dog-carts, literally dog-carts, which have conveyed the beautiful candidates for the prizes from their distant kennels or from railway stations: all these are on a hilltop commanding the very scene of action, and a great crowd of pedestrians round them, and few score of horsemen.
again; another brace of dogs, a white and a black one, were among the herd, and presently presently appeared at the hedge. This is a smaller and a weaker animal, for the pursuers, in spite of a good deal of 'law' accorded to her, are upon her in an instant, with not an inch, as it seems, between their teeth and her scent.

'Why, she bit him,' cried Jones enthusiastically; and so, indeed, it seemed from where we stood, for paws twisted round so suddenly under the very jaws of the white dog that he leapt over her and turned a complete somersault, as if alarmed for his life. The black is after her, however, and turns her of himself; and when rejoined by his rival, they have to practise circular progression for full five minutes, the hare turning of course as upon a pivot, and the dogs recovering themselves after a considerable interval as best they can. By this cross-cork sort of movement, however, poor paws can progress but slowly towards her fur-row, and in one of her turns—not good enough, I suppose, to deserve another—she is 'caught' as it were in the air by the black dog, and a dreadful cry breaks forth, as though from a tortured heart. 'Why, they have hoisted a white flag,' cried Jones; 'what an unjust judge! The black one made every turn but two, and caught the hare.' How much does the fellow get, I wonder, for deciding so?

'How close she was caught,' or she will be, is the flag you see does not represent the hue of the dog, but its place either on the right or left side of the card, which in this case is the left or white; and by the card of the courses, one of which we will buy presently, you will be able to know which of the two is on the scene. Let us descend and see the sport from a nearer point.'

It is not pleasant riding, this descent of a steep Down in wet December; and Jones's face, as his horse slipped forward without moving a leg, was a study for a man of less comfort. For himself, the elephantine Seaman, for fear of coming over his head, that his foreshortened appearance represented to the astonished beholder nothing save his toes and his nose. By the time he reached the bottom, there had been another course, and paws had again reached the plantation in safety, round and about which, 'though lost to sight, to memory dear,' her baffled pursuers were still vainly straining their keen eyes, and point- ing their scornful noses. Upon the hillock, we found all clapped around Seaman, as though they had been Italian greyhounds, in fashionable garments, and with only their legs and heads exposed to the air, like so many miniature race-horses; also a great company of Mr John Leech's little boys, enjoying their Christmas holidays upon the backs of infinites- mal ponies, all mao and tall. Some of these young gentlemen were prudently keeping their steeds fresh for the Downs' coursing, to take place presently, where the hares would run stronger and longer; but the majority rode every course they could, in spite of the cries of the judge that they should keep where they were; and after the kill, they generally raced back again to the hillock besides; while between these runs, and even during them, as it seemed to Jones and myself, they never ceased to devour gingerbread-nuts and apples. Among these were also some half-dozen of gentlewomen mounted, with feathered hats, and habits that almost touched the ground, the most becoming attire in which the daughters of England can be seen.

At a little distance, upon beautiful thoroughbreds with arching necks and champing mouths, upon glossy hunters, and upon stout sturdy cobs, rode the two hundred gentlemen and farmers, the rustics of Hampshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and the rest, their Havan- naises and betting their cows, a mounted troop such as no other European country could furnish; with here and there a grotesque exception, such as some unparalleled case of obesity upon a Shetland nag, or a more independent than wealthy sportsman perched upon the tottering hind-legs of a fat hare. Here, too, rode the stewards of the meeting, with red and white ribbons at their button-holes, and with choice expressions in their mouths for folks who would ride over the untied ground and start poor paws when there were no dogs to follow her. Of course it is to mark the nicety of gradation of the treatment which these sort of trespassers experience; how the transgressing squire is expostulated with, and the erring yeoman sworn at, and the sinful smock-frocked pedestrian fairly horsewhipped back into his proper place. This kind of crime, indeed, is fatal to a coursing-meeting, whatever may be the original number of hares. Nowhere are there more to be found than in Muddrby Bottom—thirty in that single turnip-field, twenty out of that ploughed land yonder, and half a hundred at the least which have taken shelter in the plantation already—but this disturbing them before their time has ruined our sport: every part of the Bottom has now been ridden or run over, and the next time paws gets up we have permission to follow her anywhere.

'So ho!' cries a sharp-eyed burly farmer. 'There she lies, Jones, under the gray grass yonder, where you and Seaman almost slipped upon her just now.' How close she was caught, or she will be, is the flag you see does not represent the hue of the dog, but its place either on the right or left side of the card, which in this case is the left or white; and by the card of the courses, one of which we will buy presently, you will be able to know which of the two is on the scene. Let us descend and see the sport from a nearer point.'
the thoroughbred refused! Beautifully cleared, young ladies upon the bay and brown; wonderful is it that you can sit a jump at all with those one-sided seats of yours! Come along, old Seaman, through the gap which the blundering butler has made a little hole into Jones's, some shall see nothing of this; and let us get out of the flying turf, and show these folks the symmetry of our heels!

Luckily, the hare turns towards us, and we are able to mark the latter part of the run to perfection. Nock and neck run the dogs; or if a black head does forge momentarily in advance, a white one leads for the next instant. The hare never doubles again; but, as if disclaiming to use any devices save those of strength and speed, makes straight for the furze yonder. So soon as the arrow-like do they clear the ridgeway, which is here about forty feet broad, that they seem to have flown from side to side without alighting; across the turnpikes till the very swiftest after them in vain; and as to the sheepfold,—where the red judge pulls up very short—they seem to have made but one spring in and out of it.

Both cavalry and infantry are stationed between her and her havens; but whatever they may do to her, poor pussy will know that there is certain death behind her, and between foot and hoof rushes the fear-winged creature, and under the scanty hedge into the thick covert, only just in time. The white and black dogs are side by side within her own length of her; and there is another sheer beside that which proclaims her escape when the judge waves his hat to signify that the course is undecided. A good two miles and a half from Mudbury Bottom has she led those noble animals at fullest speed, and now both flags are waving to show that there has not been a pair to choose between the black dog and the white.

No less than sixty courses were there run that December day for various stakes; and many were the silver cups and sauce-boats, and silver dog-collars, bestowed as trophies upon the fortunate owners. Not some of them, however, was better pleased with the sport than was Mr Robert Jones of London, who declares that nothing would delight him more,—after a day or two, that is, for he has not been used to riding to hounds again, so prudent and so another coursing-meeting in Mudbury Bottom.

AN OCEAN OF MONEY.
The poets have so long accustomed us to speak of the silvery sea and the silver-handed wave, that such expressions are commonly employed by modern writers of elegance as necessary civilities to which Old Ocean is entitled. It may be, however, that although many have been with admiration on the moonbeams gliding over the rippling surface of the sea, or have watched with interest the wild waves dash into whitened spray on the rocky shore, few are aware that when we speak of the silvery waters, we do not merely use a pleasing and complimentary figure of speech, but we state likewise a scientific fact. Recent investigations show this to be the case; for the waters of the sea hold silver in solution.

That the waters of the ocean contain a notable quantity of silver was first shown by three continental chemists, who were led to the investigation by theoretical considerations. A considerable quantity of seawater was taken from off the coast of St Malo a few leagues from land, and formed the material for an extensive series of experiments, the results of which were as follows: Fifty litres of the seawater yielded a demi-milligramme of silver; so that in round numbers 100 kilogrammes of water contain 1 milligramme of silver. The proportion of silver in seawater is approximately 1 part in 100,000,000; a cubic mile (English) of seawater contains, therefore, about 25 pounds avoirdupois of silver. This estimate may be regarded as correct, but the experiments being necessarily attended with loss.

The total quantity of silver contained in the waters of the ocean is estimated (from known data) at two million tons.

The question naturally arises,—Whence came all this silver? Has it been carried into the ocean by rivers in recent times, and derived from the waste of that which is used by man? or is its existence therein of more ancient date? That the former supposition is not the case, will appear when we reflect that the amount stated (2,000,000 tons) is probably greater than that which has even been extracted from the earth by artificial means. The chemists also arrived at the same result from special investigation; they examined rock-salt occurring in sedimentary strata, and deposited from ancient salt-lakes or marine basins; and here the existence of silver was demonstrated. We might object that the silver might have been introduced into the salt from neighbouring rocks; but it appears probable, irrespective of the fact stated, that the presence of the metal in sea-water is of ancient date.

Silver also occurs in coal. The existence of silver has likewise been shown in various chemical processes, in the separation of which some is employed; for example, in carbonates of soda and hydrochloric acid. But one of the most interesting results obtained is, that silver forms a not unimportant constituent of animals, and especially of plants. The blood of the ox yields silver,—there is no doubt from the plants on which it feeds. The metal was found appreciably abundant in the ashes of the wood of various trees, such as the oak, birch, beech, hornbeam, aspen, apple, and sycamore—all grown at considerable distances from the sea; so that the presence of silver in the organic kingdom appears to result from its very general distribution in the mineral kingdom; and is therefore not limited to certain special conditions.

Sea-water contains a very large proportion of silver, much larger than the sea-water itself. Some of the more common kinds were experimented upon, such as the large fid, or brown weeds, so abundant around all our coasts, within tide-mark; and the ashes of all yielding solutions of silver by dry distillation, which is so abundant on the Porolobolus sand, yielded silver in the proportion of a thousandth part of the total weight of ashes. F. ceramodes, also a common species in Britain, gave an equal proportion of the precious metal. From these calculations, it would seem that the fuel are about twenty-six times as rich in silver as sea-water itself. Of course, the silver contained in sea-weeds has been derived by them from the water in which they grew; for they have no proper roots, and therefore no great power, like land-plants, of absorbing food from the rocks and soil to which they are attached.

Although the gross quantity of silver in the sea is enormous, yet the proportion which the metal bears to the water is so small in amount, that we cannot reasonably hope that the extraction of silver from seawater will ever become a profitable operation; it is indeed scarcely probable that even the sea-weeds, which contain a more notable proportion, will ever be made available as a source of this metal, although recent improvements in the purifying of lead show how a very minute quantity of silver in admixture with lead may be made to pay profitably for its extraction. But one discovery leads to another, and the present one has led to a less fruitful result; which is brought out in a paper by Mr

Confidence of the nation. He was at this moment the\n
hope of the patriot party—the spirit that was animating\nthem to resistance, and every day saw his influence\nincreasing. Scarcely more appropriate could have been his native appellation.

One might have fancied him less indebted to accident than design for the turn he had not been that which he had always borne among his own people. There was a sort of prophetic or typical adaptation in it, for at this time he was in reality the rising sun of the Seminoles. He was so regarded by them.

I noticed that his arrival had a marked effect upon the warriors. He may have been present upon the ground all the day, but up to that moment he had not shewn himself in the front circle of the chiefs. The timid and wavering became reassured by his appearance, and the traitorous chiefs evidently cowered under his glance. I noticed that the Omahas, and even the fierce Luta Haje regarded him with uneasy looks.

There were others besides the red men who were affected by his sudden advent. From the position in which I stood, I had a view of the commission-room; I noticed that his countenance suddenly paled, and there passed over it a marked expression of chagrin. It was clear that with him the 'Rising Sun' was everything but anything but well. The hurried words to Clinch reached my ears—for I stood close to the general, and could not help overhearing them.

"How unfortunate!" he muttered in a tone of vexation. "But for him, we should have succeeded. I was in hopes of nailing them before he should arrive. I had told him a wrong hour, but it seems to me as if Dueson take the fellow! he will undo all. See! he is earwigging Onopa, and the old fool listens to him like a child. Beh!—he will obey him like a great baby, as he is. It's all up, general; we must come so blow's."

On hearing this half-whispered baragwine, I turned my eyes once more upon him who was the subject of it, and regarded him more attentively. He was still standing behind the king, but in a stooping attitude, and whispering in the ear of the wise-cracker, whispering, but speaking audibly in their native language. Only the interpreters could have understood what he was saying, and they were too distant to make it out. His earnest tones, however—his fire, yet somewhat extraneous manner of whispering, as he glanced towards the commissioner, all told that he himself had no intention to yield; and that he was counselling his superior to like bold opposition and resistance.

For some moments there was silence, broken only by the whisperings of the commissioner on one side, and the muttered words passing between Opeola and the mico on the other. After a while, even these sounds were hushed, and a breathless stillness succeeded.

It was a moment of intense expectation, and one of peculiar interest. On the words which Onopa was about to utter, hung events of high import—important to almost every one upon the ground. Peace or war, and therefore life or death, was to be decided in the heads of all present. Even the soldiers in the lines were observed with outstretched necks in the attitude of listening; and upon the other side, the Indian boys, and the women with babies in their arms, clustered behind the circle of warriors, their anxious looks betraying the deep interest they felt in the issue.

The commissioner grew impatient; his face reddened again. I saw that he was excited and angry—at the same time he was doing his utmost to appear calm. As yet he had said nothing. He was silent. Opeola, but was making pretence to ignore it, although it was evident that Opeola was at that moment the main subject of his thoughts. He only looked at the young chief by side-glances, now and again turning to resume his conversation with the general.

Frederick Field, lately read by Professor Faraday to the Royal Society of London.

Mr Field observes: "As a solution of chlorides of silver in chloride of sodium is instantly decomposed by metallic copper, chloride of copper being formed, and silver precipitated, it appeared to me highly probable that the copper metal was thus used inshipbuilding the hulls of vessels, must, after long exposure to sea-water, contain more silver than they did before having been exposed to its action, by decomposing chlorides of silver in their passage through the sea, and depositing the metal on their surfaces. A large vessel, the Anca Guaimarens, now under the Chilian flag, was hauled down in the Bay of Herreluda, near Coquilmo, for the purpose of being repaired, and the captain obligingly furnished me with a few ounces of the yellow metal from the bottom of the vessel. The investigation was interesting, as the metal had been on for more than seven years—an unusually long period—and the ship had been trading up and down the Pacific all that time. The metal, upon examination, was found to be exceedingly brittle and could be broken between the fingers with great ease. 5000 grains having been dissolved and analysed, yielded 2.01 grains silver, or at the rate of 1 pound 1 ounce 2 pennyweights 15 grains 12 parts per ton. This hitherto unheeded fact is supposed to have existed in the original metal, as the value of the silver would be well worth the extraction. Fresh yellow metal, with which the vessel was being repaired, yielded only 15 pennyweights to the ton. Specimens of metal from the cabin—where it was not exposed to the sea—yielded 19 pennyweights 14 grains to the ton, while specimens of the same which had been on the hull for three years gave 7 ounces 13 pennyweights 1 grain per ton, that which had been in storage having nearly eight times as much silver as the original sample.

The amount of silver in the specimens of the recent metal, being considerable, probably arises from the circumstance it is, in the shipbuilding it is made by melting down the old copper and re-rolling, so that the sheets may have derived their silver from the sea on a former occasion. The copper commonly used in the manufacture of yellow metal is very pure, containing only 3 or 5 pennyweights per ton, frequently not even so much, and silver is very seldom associated with the other constituent, zinc.

In order to arrive at more certain experimental results, Mr Field has granulated some very pure copper, reserving the same for a year or two, suspending the remainder in a wooden box perforated all sides, a few feet under the surface of the Pacific Ocean. When occasion offers, the box is towed by a line at the stern of a vessel, which is trading up and down the coast of Chili.
This by-play was of short duration. Thompson could endure the suspense no longer.

'Tell Onopa,' said he to the interpreter, 'that the council awaits his answer.'

The interpreter did as commanded.

'I have but one answer to make,' replied the taciturn king, without deigning to rise from his seat; 'I am content with my present home; I am not going to leave it.'

A burst of applause from the patriots followed this declaration. Perhaps these were the most popular words that old Onopa had ever uttered. From that moment he was possessed of real kingly power, and might command in his nation.

I looked round the circle of the chiefs. A smile lit up the gentlemanly features of Holata Mico; the grim face of Hotite-mattees gleamed with joy; the 'Alligator,' 'Cloud,' and Arpinicki exhibited more from their delight than their joy; and even the thick lips of Abram were drawn flat over his gums, displaying his double tier of ivories in a grin of triumphant satisfaction.

On the other hand, the Omallas and their party were black looks. Their gloomy glances betokened their discontent; and from their gestures and attitudes, it was evident that one and all of them were suffering under severe apprehension.

They had cause. They were no longer suspected, no longer traitors only attained; their treason was now patent—it had been declared.

It was fortunate for them that Fort King was so near—well that they stood in the presence of that embattled line. They might need its bayonets to protect them.

The commissioner had by this time lost command of his temper. Even official dignity gave way, and he now descended to angry exclamations, threats, and bitter invective.

In the last, he was personal, calling the chiefs by name, and charging them with faithlessness and falsehood. He accused Onopa of having already signed the treaty of the Ocalwahe; and when the latter denied it to his face, the commissioner told him he lied. Even the savage did not reciprocate the vulgar accusation, but treated it with silent disdain.

After spending a portion of his spleen upon various chiefs of the council, he turned towards the front, and in a loud angry tone cried out:

'It is you who have done this—you, Powell!' I started at the word. I looked to see who was addressed—who it was that bore that well-known name.

It was the commissioner. He had guided my glance both by look and gesture. He was standing with arm outstretched, and finger pointed in menace. His eye was bent upon the young war-chief—upon Oceola!

All at once a light broke upon me. Already strange memories had of the plighting; and even the thought that through the vermilion paint I saw features I had seen before.

Now I recognised them. In the young Indian hero, I beheld the friend of my boyhood—the preserver of my life—the brother of Maimes!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ULTIMATUM.

Yes—Powell and Oceola were one; the boy, as I had predicted, now developed into the splendid man—a hero.

Under the impulsive influence of former friendship and present admiration, I could have rushed forward and flung my arms around him; but it was neither the time nor place for the display of such childish enthusiasm. Etiquette—duty forbade it; I kept my ground, and as well as I could the composure of my countenance, though I was unable to withdraw my eyes from that head now become doubly an object of admiration.

There was little time for reflection. The pause created by the rude speech of the commissioner had passed; the silence was again broken—this time by Oceola himself.

The young chief, perceiving that it was he who had been singled out, stepped forth a pace or two, and stood confronting the commissioner, his eyes fixed upon him, in a glance, mild, yet firm and searching.

'Are you addressing me?' he inquired in a tone that evinced not the slightest anger or excitement.

'Who else than you?' replied the commissioner abruptly. 'I called you by name—Powell.'

'My name is not Powell.'

'Not Powell?'

'No!' answered the Indian, raising his voice to its loudest pitch, and looking with proud defiance at the commissioner. 'You may call me Powell, if you please, you General Wray Thompson'—slowly, with a sarcastic sneer, he pronounced the full titles of the agent: 'but know, sir, that I scorn the white men's baptism. I am an Indian; I am the child of my mother: * my name is Oceola."

The commissioner struggled to control his passion. The sneer he aimed at theplerben cognomen stung him to the quick, for Powell understood enough of English nomenclature to know that 'Thompson' was not an aristocratic appellation; and the sarcasm cut keenly.

He was angry enough to have ordered the instant execution of Oceola, had it been in his power; but it was not. Three hundred warriors trod the ground, each grasping his ready rifle, quite a match for the troops at the post; besides the commissioner knew that such a course of spoliation might not be relished by his government. Even the Ringgold—his dear friends and ready advisers—with all the wicked interest they might have in the downfall of the Rising Sun, were wiser than to counsel a proceeding like that.

Instead of replying, therefore, to the taunt of the young chief, the commissioner addressed himself once more to the council.

'I want no more talking,' said he with the air of a man speaking to inferiors; 'you have already signed. Your talk has been that of children, of men without wisdom or faith; I will no longer listen to it. 'Hear, then, what your Great Father says, and what he has sent me to say to you. He has told me to place before you this paper.' The speaker held out a folded parchment, opening it as he proceeded: 'It is the treaty of the Ocalwahe. Most of you have already signed it. I ask you now to step forward, and confirm your signatures.'

'I have not signed it,' said Onopa, urged to the declaration by Oceola, who stood behind him. 'I shall not sign it now. Others may act as they please; I shall not go from my home. I shall not leave Florida.'

'Nor I,' added Hotite-mattees in a determined tone. 'I have fifty kegs of powder: so long as a grain of it remains unbursed, I shall not be parted from my native land.'

'His sentiments are mine,' added Holata.

'And mine!' exclaimed Arpinicki.

'And mine!' echoed Pochalli (the dwarf), Cos Hajo, Cloud, and the negro Abram.

The patriots alone spoke; the traitors said not a word. The signing was a test too severe for them. They had all signed it before at the Ocalwahe; but now in the presence of the nation they dared not

* The child follows the fortunes of the mother. The usage is not Seminole only, but the same with all the Indians of America.
time was ripe to deliver the dire threat—the ultima-
tum—with which the president had armed him; and, not hating one jot his rude manner, he pronounced the infamous menace:

"You will not sign?—you will not consent to go?
I say, then, you must. War will be declared against you—troops will enter your land—you will be forced from it, at the point of the bayonets.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Oocoa with a derisive laugh.

"Then be it so!" he continued. "Let war be declared! Though we love peace, we fear not war. We know your strength; your people outnumber us by millions—but were there as many more of them, they will not compel us to submit to injustice. We have made up our minds to endure death before dishonour. Let war be declared! Send your troops into our land; perhaps they will not force us from it so easily as you imagine. To your muskets we will oppose our rifles, to your bayonets, our tomahawks; and your starched soldiers will be met face to face by the warriors of the Seminole. Let war be declared! We are ready for its tempest. The hail may rattle, and the flowers be crushed; but the sun will lift its head to the sky and the storm, towering and unaccommoded."

A yell of defiance burst from the Indian warriors at the conclusion of this stirring speech; and the disturbed council dispersed. The eyes of the chiefs, excited by the appeal, had risen to their feet, and stood with lowering looks, and arms stretched forth in firm, angry menace.

The officers of the line had glided to their places, and in an undertone ordered the troops into an attitude of readiness; while the artillerymen on the bastions of the fort were seen by their guns, while the tiny wreath of blue smoke told that the fuse had been kindled.

For all this, there was no danger of an outbreak. Neither party was prepared for a collision at that moment. The Indians had come to the council with no hostile designs, else they would have left their wives and children at home. The chief must have them by their sides, they would not dream of making an attack; and their white adversaries dared not, without better pretext. The demonstration was only the result of a momentary excitement, and soon subsided to a calm.

The commission adjourned, and went not from its influence to its utmost. His threats were now disregarded as much as had been his wheeling appeal; and he saw that he had no longer the power to effect his cherished purpose.

But there was still hope in time. There were wiser heads than his upon the ground, who saw this: the sagacious veteran Clinch and the crafty Ringgold saw it.

These now gathered around the agent, and counselled him to the adoption of a different course. The firm yet restrained free, from all strife or swagger—his dignified and composed bearing—his perfect and solemn silence, except during his senten-
ciations talk—the head thrown back, and the arms firmly folded on the protruding chest—all, all instanti-
saneously changing, as by an electric shock, when the commissioner stated a proposition that he knew to be false or sophistic. At such times, the fire-flash of his indignant eye—the thundering of the waters, pressed close around the council, under the most serious yet subdued interest; catching every look as it gleamed from the countenance, and hanging on every word as it fell from the lips of Oocoa. The latter—his eye calm, his words fixed, his countenance grave, erect—his thin, close-pressed lip, indicative of the 'mind made up'—his firm yet restrained free, from all strife or swagger—his dignified and composed bearing—his perfect and solemn silence, except during his senten-
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ciations talk—the head thrown back, and the arms firmly folded on the protruding chest—all, all instanti-

* Magnolia grandiflora. So styled in the language of the
Indians.
I do not wish you hastily to decide upon this important matter. Return to your posts—hold your own councils—discuss the matter freely and fairly among yourselves, and let us meet again to-morrow; the loss of a day will not signify to either of us. To-morrow will be time enough to give your decision; till then, let us be friends and brothers, and speak amicably.

To this harangue, several of the chief's replied. They said it was 'good talk,' and they would agree to it; and then all rose to depart from the ground.

I noticed that there was some confusion in the replies. The chiefs were not unanimous in their assent. Those who agreed were principally of the Omatai party; but I could hear some of the hostile warriors, as they strode away from the ground, declare aloud their intention to return no more.

CHAPTER XXX.

TALK OVER THE TABLE.

Over the mean table I gathered much knowledge. Men talk freely when wine is flowing, and under the influence of champagne, the wisest grow voluble.

The commissioner made little secret either of his own designs or the views of the president, but most already guessed them.

He was somewhat gloated at the manner in which the day's proceedings had ended, and by the reflection that his diplomatic feat would suffer—a fame ardently aspired to by all agents of the United States government. Personal slights, too, had he received from Opeoa—he for the calm and self-controlled Indian held in scorn the man of hasty temper; and this weakness had he displayed to their derision throughout the day. He felt defeated, humiliated, resentful against the men of red skin. On the morrow, he flattered himself he would make them feel the power of his resentment—teach them that, if passionate, he was also firm and daring.

As the wine warmed him, he said as much in a half-boasting way; he became more reckless and jovial.

As for the military officers, they cared little for the civil points of the case, and took not much part in the discussion of its merits. Their speculations ran upon the probability of strife—war, or no war? That was the question of absorbing interest to the men of the squadron. I heard much bickering over the superiorities, and decrying of the strength and courage of the prospective enemy. But to this, there were dissentient opinions expressed by a few old 'Indian fighters' who were of my order.

It is needless to say that Opeoa's character was commented upon; and about the young chief, opinions were as different as vice from virtue. With some, he was the 'noble savage' he seemed; but I was astonished to find the majority dissent from this view. 'Drunken savages,' 'cattle thief,' 'impostor,' and such-like appellations were freely bestowed upon him.

I grew irate; I could not credit these accusations. I observed that most of those who made them were preposterously strong thieves—to the country who could not know much of the past life of him with whose name they were making so free.

The Ringgold's joined in the calumny, and they must have known him well; but I comprehended their motive.

I felt that I owed the subject of the conversation a word of defence; for two reasons: he was absent—he had saved my life. Despite the grandeur of the company, I could not restrain my tongue.

'Gentlemen,' I said, speaking loud enough to call the attention of the talkers, 'can any of you prove these accusations against Opeoa?'

The challenge produced an awkward silence. No one could exactly prove either the drunkenness, the cattle-stealing, or the imposture.

'Ha!' at length ejaculated Armas Ringgold, in his shrill squeaky voice, 'you are his defender, are you, Lieutenant Randolph?'

'Until I hear better evidence than mere assertions, that he is not worthy of defense.'

'Oh! that may be easily obtained,' cried one; 'everybody knows what the fellow is, and has been—a regular cow-stealer for years.'

'You are mistaken there,' I replied to this confident speaker; 'I do not know it—do you, sir?'

'Not from personal experience, I admit,' said the accuser, somewhat taken aback by the sudden interrogation.

'Since you are upon the subject of cattle-stealing, gentlemen, I may inform you that I met with a rare incident only yesterday, connected with the matter. If you will permit me, I shall relate it.'

'Oh! certainly—by all means, let us have it.'

Being a stranger, I was indulged with a patient hearing. I related the episode of lawyer Grub's cattle, omitting names. It created some sensation. I saw that the question, as to how much charge was in the fire, was not for the first time, and the commissioner looked vexed, as if he would rather I had held my tongue. But the strongest effect was produced upon the Ringgold's—father and son. Both appeared pale and uneasy; perhaps as no notice was taken of my except myself, but I observed them with sufficient distinctness to be left under the full impression, that both knew more of the matter than I myself.

The conversation next turned upon 'runaways'; and the number of negroes there might be among the tribes—upon the influence they would exert against us in case of a conflict.

These were topics of serious importance. It was well known there were large numbers of black and yellow men, and these not 'runaways'—some as agriculturists—some as slaves—not a few wandering through the savannahs and forests, rifle in hand—having adopted a sort of Indian hunter-life.

The speakers estimated their numbers variously; the lowest put them at 500, while some raised the figure to 1000.

All these would be against us to a man. There was no dissent to that proposition.

Some agreed they would fight badly; others, bravely; and these were the great reason. All agreed that they would greatly aid the enemy, and give us trouble, and a few went so far as to say that we had more to fear from the 'black runaways' than the 'red runaways.' In one expression, there was no latent jest.

There would be no doubt that the negroes could take up arms in the pending struggle; and no more, that they would act with efficiency against us. Their knowledge of the white man's 'ways' would enable them to do so. Besides, the negro is no coward; their courage has been oftentimes proved. Place him in front of a native enemy—a thing of flesh, bone, and blood, armed with gun and bayonet—and the negro is not the man to finish. It is otherwise if the foe be not physically, but intimidated to spirit; the soul of the uncivilized child of Africa, superstition is strong indeed; he lives in a world of ghosts, goblins, and gods, and his dread of these supernatural spirits is a real cowardice.

As the conversation continued on the subject of the blacks, I could not help noticing the strong animus that actuated the speakers—especially the planters in civilian garb. Some waxed indignant—even wrathful with vulgarity—threatening all sorts of punishment to such runaways as might be captured. They gloated over the Seminoles were originally of the great tribe of Muscogoes ( Creek). Seeding from these, for hundreds not known, the Seminoles passed southward into Florida; and obtained from their former kindred the name they now bear, which in their own tongue has the signification of ' runaway.'
Chamber's Journal: 123

The prospect of restoration, but as much at the idea of a near distant revenge. Shooting, hanging, burning, barbecuing, were all spoken of, besides a variety of other tortures peculiar to this southern land. Rare punishments—no lack of them—were promised in a breath to the unfortunate abodecr who should chance to get caught.

You who live far away from such sentiments can but ill comprehend the moral relations of caste and colour. Under ordinary circumstances, there exists between white and black no feeling of hostility—quite the contrary. The white man is rather kindly disposed towards his coloured brother; but only so long as the latter opposers not his will. Let the black but offer resistance—even in the slightest degree—and then hostility is quickly kindled, justice and mercy are alike disregarded—vengeance only is felt.

This is a general truth; it will apply to every one who owns a slave.

Exceptionally, the relation is worse. There are white men in the southern states who hold the life of a black at but slight value—just the value of his market-price. An incident in the history of young Ringgold helps me to an illustration. But the day before, my 'squirc' Black Jake had given me the story.

This youth, with some other boys of his acquaintance, and of that dissolute character, was hunting in the forest. The hounds had passed beyond hearing, and no one could tell the direction they had taken. It was useless riding further, and the party halted, smoking from their saddles, and tied their horses to the trees.

For a long time the baying of the beagles was not heard, and the time hung heavily on the hands of the hunters. How were they to pass it?

A boy chanced to be near 'chopping' wood. They knew the boy well enough—one of the slaves on a neighbouring plantation.

'Let's have some sport with the darkie,' suggested one of the men.

'What sport?'

'Let us hang him for sport.'

'The proposal of course produced a general laugh.'

'Joking apart,' said the first speaker, 'I should really like to try how much hanging a negg could endure without being called ungentlemanly.'

'I'll go,' rejoined a second.

'And so I too,' added a third.

The idea took; the experiment promised to amuse some.

'Well, then, let us make trial; that's the best way to settle the point.'

The trial was made—I am relating a fact—the unfortunate boy was seized upon, a noose was adjusted round his neck, and he was triced up to the branch of a tree.

Just at that instant, a stag broke past with the hounds in full cry. The hunters ran to their horses, and in the excitement, forgot to cut down the victim of a black, at but slight value—just the value of his market-price. 

The Negro was still hanging from the branch—

'He was dead?'

'There was a trial—the mere mockery of a trial.

Both judge and jury were the relatives of the criminals; and the sentence was, that the negro should be paid for! The owner of the slave was contented with the price; justice was satisfied, or supposed to be; and Jake had heard of the white Christians who knew the tale to be true, laughing at it as a capital joke. As such, Arens Ringgold was often in the habit of detailing it:

You on the other side of the Atlantic hold up your hands and cry 'Horror!' You live in the fancy you have no slaves—no cruelties like this. You are sadly in error. I have heard of an exceptional case—a single individual victim. Lead of the workhouse and the jail! Your victims are legion.

Smiling Christian! you parode your compassion, but you have made the misery that calls it forth. You abet with easy consciousness the eyes that begat all this suffering; and although you may soothe your spirit by assigning crime and poverty to natural causes, nature will not be impugned with impunity. In vain may you endeavour to shrink your individual responsibility. For every cry and wane, you will be held responsible in the sight of God.

The conversation about runaways naturally guided my thoughts to the other and more mysterious adventure of yesterday; having dropped a hint about this incident, I was called upon to relate it in detail.

I did so—of course scouting the idea that my intended assassin could have been Yellow Jake. A good many of those present knew the story of the mulatto, and the circumstances connected with his death.

Why was it, when I mentioned his name, coupled with the solemn declaration of my sable groom—why was it that Arens Ringgold started, turned pale, and whispered some words in the ear of his father?

The Lost Towns of Yorkshire.

Tazmona being supposed to know everything, I, as an instructor of you, took advantage of being unable to answer a question addressed to me by a young pupil a week or two ago. It was this: 'Where is Renvanspur? The history of England tells us that the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV., landed at Renvanspur in Yorkshire in 1600; but we cannot find its name on the map, or any mention of it in our geographies.'

This question disconcerted me not a little. I had taken Renvanspur for granted. Although I had, in the course of twenty years as pupil and teacher, heard the name of the landing-place of Henry of Bolingbroke repeated times out of count, I had passed it without seeking any farther acquaintance, and was now nonplussed by a simple question from a child. I was ashamed to own that I could tell the pupil nothing, and recourse to mine. 'I will give you,' said I, 'until to-morrow morning to try to obtain the information for yourself; should you fail, I will then furnish you with all needful particulars.'

I knew that before another day I should ascertain all about Renvanspur, if the children could not; and by this little stratagem preserve my reputation for unlimited knowledge. My first clue to the whereabouts of Renvanspur—was going to say, but the term is improper, for it has no whereabouts—was obtained from the encyclopedia, and this gained, the rest was easy. I need not tell how my pupils were unsuccessful in their search, from not knowing how to set about it, or how my newly gained knowledge was imparted to them in turn. But the subjectinterested me, and I have since acquired additional particulars connected with it, which I have gathered from various sources, including my own recollections of the locality.

The first bit of information obtained was, that Renvanspur was, but is not; that place, and a number of other ports and towns in the Holderness district of Yorkshire, having been gnawed away piecemeal and swallowed up by the German Ocean.

Like the celebrated 'Big-bellied Ben' of our nursery-days, this glutton has deliberately washed down into his maw, ports, villages, churchyards with their human remains, and even churches. Like the nursery hero, he has not spared even the steepleys; for, unable to tote his briny arms quite so high, he has stolen away.
the ground from under them, and thus they became an insalubrious spot. Inseparable, I say, for the depredations of the ogre still continue; and since he is a foe against whom all valour is useless, and on whom weapons, whether offensive or defensive, produce no impression, in all probability much of the Holderness division of Yorkshire will in the course of a few generations disappear.

Lest this may seem too bold an assertion, let us glance backward over a similar space of time, and tell what the sea has done, and still continues doing.

Ponson, in his learned and elaborate History of Holderness, mentions a number of lost towns which, from records of undoubted authenticity still extant, must have been places of considerable importance in their day. Of these, perhaps the most important was Ravenspur. It was known by the various names of Ald Ravenser, Ravenese, Ravensburgh, and Ravenspur or Spurn. It stood in the parish of Kilnsea, and had a neighbour named Ravenser Odd, with which it was often confounded. Both were ports, though the latter was a place of more recent growth, and both have alike perished from the same cause. Ravenser Odd, supposed by some to have been an offshoot of Ravenspur, was begun, rose into importance, and perished by the encroachments of the sea within a very few years, half a century to its magnitudes, nothing can be ascertained; but it was so large as to excite the jealousy of the ‘goodmen of Grimby,’ who envied the prosperity of their opposite and rival neighbour on the Humber, little deeming how soon that arm of the sea should ravage their possessions, by swallowing up every vestige of their opponent.

When Hull, large and thriving as it now is, paid L.100 for its charter, this port paid L.294 for a similar one; and in the fourth and eighth years of Edward IV, he rebuilt it. It was called upon to supply a vessel to aid the king in his expeditions against Scotland; besides having to answer sundry demands made upon it for arms and provisions.

In a manuscript of 1240 is the first mention of Ravenser Odd. In 1386, it was totally destroyed and forty years previous to this catastrophe, orders were given to remove the uncovered bodies of the dead from its churchyard, and re-inter them in that of Eslington.

Ravenspur, three years after the destruction of its ruins, was called upon to supply a vessel to the king, the remnant of his remnant. Shakespeare, in Richard II, has recorded this, and tells how

The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms has safe arrived At Ravenspur,

besides alluding to it in several other parts of the same play; and, singularly enough, Edward IV, then the banished monarch of his rival race, was driven by stress of weather to land there on the 14th of March 1471. A beautiful cross, supposed to have been originally erected at Ravenspur to commemorate the arrival of "the banished Bolingbroke," after two removals to prevent its being washed away, has found, it is to be hoped, a resting-place at Hedon. At what date the port finally disappeared, is not known, as no vestige remains, even of its site, to afford any clue.

But although it is probable that no place of greater importance than Ravenspur has been thus swept away, it has not gone alone. Besides it, Ponson mentions Bedmire, Thalleshorp, Frisermere, Potterfleet, and Upasli, amongst the towns lost from the Yorkshire coast of the Humber. It is not known when they first disappeared, but the manor of Thalleshorp was swept away, resembling the monks of Meaux, who drew a fat revenue therefrom, had previously erected a bank as a defence against the rebellious arm of the sea, which had often threatened to rend it from them, before it finally succeeded. No trifling loss it was, since, fifty years before, it yielded them a rental of L.111 8s. 9d. very lucratively. Just after, and only three years later, the monks complained that their lands in Frisermere had also been seized by the same rapacious foe. Camden names Potterfleet and Upasli, but nothing more is known of them, or of a place called Penismark. The places above enumerated were all on the bank of the Humber, with the exception of the last three, the sites of which are unknown.

On the shores of the main ocean, towns and hamlets bearing the names of Harbourn, Ansende, Winkton, Hornsea Beck, and Hyde or Hythe, have been submerged. The luckless monks of Meaux had cause again to mourn the loss of tithes, for Hyde paid L.30 per annum as its tithe of fish. The finny tenants of the sea, could they have derived any satisfaction from the fact, were amply avenged by their native element, which swallowed up Hyde altogether, thus putting an effectual stop to its fisheries.

Hornsea, now a pleasant and quiet watering-place, was with something less than a thousand inhabitants, was a port in the thirteenth century, and possessed a pier and harbour in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but this port, called Hornsea Beck, with pier and all connected with it, has long since disappeared. From 1546 to 1620, when the Dutch were in possession of the sea, and as many small closes adjoining, were decayed by the flowing of the sea; and the coast, for a mile in length, had during the same period suffered an average annual diminution of four yards.

The approach of this sea for churches rivals that of the far-famed Dragon of Wantley, though, more merciful than this latter celebrity, its invasions have never molested or swallowed their congregations. Besides those that probably existed in the lost towns already enumerated, there was a chapel called upon to supply a vessel to the king, the remnant of his remnant. Even that, believing them to be the bones of shipwrecked mariners, he was led to form no very favourable opinion of the people who could permit these tempest-tossed relics of humanity to remain exposed to the winds and waters. A very short time sufficed to convince him of his mistake; the bones having been perhaps centuries buried, but only now torn from their resting-place in Kilnsea churchyard. The church fell about nine years before his visit; and gazing upwards at the churchyard from the shore, he saw rows of coffins, or parts of them, with their ghastly tenants, some mere fleshless skulls, exposed to view.

A friend of my own, whose hair is now but slightly sprinkled with gray, has just given me a similar account of Owitho church and Churchyard, as it appeared in his boyhood.

"When about thirteen years old," said he, "I accompanied my father to the shore. In those days, I was not a very good jockey, and a spirited mare on which I was riding manifested her dislike to the human bones, with which she could scarcely help coming in contact, in so disagreeable a manner, that I found it a difficult matter to keep my seat. After an absence of many years, being near Owitho, I resolved to revisit the spot which so forcibly attracted my boyish attention. But after vainly endeavouring to find it, I applied to a female passer-by, and was informed that since 1838 scarcely a vestige of either church or churchyard could be discovered."
A rather amusing tradition of the origin of Owthorne Church is still told. The manors of Owthorne and Withernsea were owned by two maiden sisters, who resolved to build a church, and one was commenced at the former place. All went on smoothly for a while, when a quarrel arose between the damsels, one wishing for a spire, the other for a tower. A wise monk, who was wise awake to the interests of ‘the establishment’ of those days, suggested, by way of removing the difficulty, that each should build a church in her own domain; which was done, and the church of Owthorne bears the name of ‘The Sisters.’ This tradition has been disputed; but it matters little now, since both founders and churches are crumbled to dust. Withernsea lost a former church in 1444, and it was four years after that the ‘Sister Kirk’ before alluded to was commenced.

When the British Association met at Hull, several papers were drawn up relative to the depredations of the sea on the Holderness coast, and from them it appears, that though the annual rate of diminution amounts to as much as seven and a half yards in some parts, it is in others but trifling. Still, the average annual decrease amounts to two yards and a half along the whole coast-line. A bite of thirty miles in length, and the above-mentioned width, is no trifling.

It may not be uninteresting to add a few further facts, partly from the works of Poulsen and Bedell, the historian of Hornsea, and partly from the papers submitted to the British Association. Poulsen says, the cross at Aithwick, which was in 1766, distant from the thirty-three chains, sixty-one links, is now, in 1840, scarcely half that distance. Aldborough Church, in 1786, 2044 yards from the sea, is now a mile. An inn built in 1847 at Kilnsea, is now only 460 yards or thereabouts from the sea; whereas, when erected, it was 584. Hoplington Church in seventy years is nearly 100 yards nearer the ocean. At Mattelton, the loss is about three yards annually.

My maternal grandfather, a Holderness man, of course remembered and spoke of various incidents connected with this, to him, most interesting topic. He used to say that Hornsea Church, now 294 yards, is at one time ten miles distant from the sea.

In proof of this assertion, he quoted the following rhyme, said to have been inscribed on its steeple:

Hornsea steeple, when I built thee,
The churchyard was ten miles off Burlington,
Ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea.

As this inscription is merely traditional, and Poulsen can find nothing to justify such an assertion as the last line contains, he gives the following humorous explanation. He says, our forefathers were extremely liberal with their ciphers, and often made use of them when only writing a figure expressing a unit. He quotes the following example from some parish books:

‘In copying the churchwarden’s accounts in 1660, a payment to the painter is made to be L.10. 14s.; whereas in the original document it stood thus, L.01. 14s. 6d. ‘

A state of things which readily escapes the eyes. He thinks, therefore, that by a similar transfer of the cipher by some illiterate person, the one mile has been stretched to ten.

This explanation certainly sounds plausible; but the church was, in a great measure, rebuilt in the fifteenth century, and if it was then a mile from the sea, it would since that date have lost about a couple of yards per annum, which is the average loss at present in that particular locality. But one instance of comparison is open to me, which seems to bring the ten miles quite within the range of possibility. A notorious pirate and smuggler named Pennel, murdered his captain, and sank the vessel near Hornsea.

He was tried in London, and his body sent thence to the scene of his crimes, to be exposed on a gibbet on the north cliff, in 1770. From the parish register, it appears that, in 1780, this gibbet was fifty-six feet from the sea-cliff; and six years later, it was entirely washed away. Perhaps the German Ocean never took a bite which gave the same cause for satisfaction as when it swallowed this disgusting relic of barbarity.

The visitors to this Yorkshire watering-place will find little in the way of gaiety; but those who seek quiet, and love to investigate the geological remains of past ages, may find a rich field for study and observation. Sir George Birkbeck has enthusiastic terms in mentioning it. He says: ‘Of all parts of England, the eastern coast exhibits the most apparent phenomena of diluvial action; of all parts of the eastern coast, that of Holderness; and of all parts of Holderness, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Hornsea. Here the earthy cliffs form a concrete mass of heterogeneous matter, studded with shells and fossils; seaward, a black line or reef of peat resembling rocks marks the ancient position of a forest below high-water-mark, now washed by the waves of every succeeding tide. Further on, he quotes the words of Ovid, written two thousand years ago:

The face of places and their forms decay,
And that is solid earth which once was sea;
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from springs are shells of great sound,
And rusty anchors fixed on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now washed and worn
By falling floods, from heights to valleys turn.

Of the pest before mentioned, Sir George adds: ‘I gathered a handful which yielded like dough, and kneading it into a ball, retained it in my possession; dry, it became uncomsumably hard and solid; cut by a knife, the divided surface presented a polish which made it difficult to distinguish whether it were wood or stone. As it exists in considerable abundance, it might perhaps be employed with effect either to the purposes of modelling, or other use requiring matter soft and malleable when moistened with water, but hard when dry.’

We have all read often enough of the changes in the face of nature—how the ocean swallows up in one place, and makes a gradual restitution elsewhere; so, by means of insect labours, islands rise up in spots where formerly the waves were seen caring; but for myself, I can say I never fully realised the extent of these changes, until it was brought home to me by a singular phenomenon, which took place on this small portion of the coast of my native land. There is something affecting in the thought, that where our ancestors ploughed, sowed, and reaped their harvest, the waves now wanton recklessly, themselves ploughed, but ‘no longer furrowed,’ by the vessels which pass over them; and that where stately forest trees reared their heads, ocean-plants flourish, but far beyond our reach.

Ruthless, however, as the waves have been in spoliation, they have, like penitent robbers, mended and made attempts at compensation on the Holderness coast. At Paul, great damage was formerly done by the Humber, but between that place and Patrington, thousands of acres of rich land have been recovered by means of embankments. This, however, can scarcely be called voluntary restitution; but at Patrington, great difficulty is experienced in keeping the haven clear, in consequence of the continual warping which takes place there.

Adjoining the lordship of Patrington, is a large tract of land bearing the name of Sunk Island, which has been thrown up by the sea within the last two centuries. It was first noticed as a sand-bank, and was given by Charles II. to the governor of Hull, who had a rabbit-warren on it. Two years later, it was
leased to that gentleman for thirty-one years, at an annual rent of five pounds.

In 1764, 1600 acres of fertile land were under cultivation. Fines were paid at various times for the renewal of the lease; and, just before the expiration of one of these leases in 1852, it was raised by the surveys from the office of the Woods and Forests at L.3914 per annum. Thirty years later still, Sunk Island measured nearly 6000 acres, and was formed into a parish, with a church endowed by the crown. From that time, what is now swallowed, and the same process is continually going on. Unhappily, the luckless proprietors, on the wasting side, gain nothing by this compensation of the ocean. The whole of Sunk Island is crownland, and no one, however much the new owners may articulate to those whose fate it is to witness a gradual, but certain diminution of their patrimony, by the encroachments of a foe against whom resistance would be useless.

A PASSENGER'S LOG.

I surmised every passenger, when about to make a sea voyage, is comforted with the assurance, that his ship stands A1 at Lloyd's, and is built of British oak. I can, at all events, say from my experience, that among all the feelings which an emigrant with traffic in the mind has to contend with, I have come into contact infallibly believes that the vessel in which he is to embark is something unusual as to strength, and at some time in its history had made the 'shortest passage' on record. The passengers who embarked for New York in the Welsh Mountainier on the 11th of June in the year of our Lord 1881, could not be comforted with the latter assurance, for it was her first voyage; but the A1 at Lloyd's and the British oak were thrust into the minds of passengers by large placards and persevering agents. Moreover, all C— went out to see her launched, for never before in the history of the town had she had the honour of launching a bark upwards of 700 tons burden. As I had taken a cabin-passage in this vessel, and had watched her building, from the setting of the keel to the nailing of the deck-panks, I went to see how she would answer to the water. And they were, however, destined to be disappointed; for, after a great deal of hammering and shunting, the ship moved on the slips as if about to take to the water gallantly, but the shooting of the crowd was sudden, and was followed by her toppling suddenly when half her way down, and refusing to sink. A little knot of old sailors shook their heads ominously, and declared that they never knew a ship make a passage that stuck in the launching. The sequel will prove whether they were right. She, however, got into the water a day or two after, though no one was there to see; and a little while afterwards a busy steam-tug towed her into the open channel.

I suppose every one who leaves Old England in the distance, has a friend to say 'Good-bye' to, and so the tug was loaded with anxious parents and nervous lovers. As I was going out to recruit shattered health, I formed no exception to the rule, and must confess that when we rounded the roadstead headland, its scenes of alabaster danced fitfully through farewell tears. It was pleasant to us all that we did not at once go into open sea, but passed the Channel between the shores with a favouring breeze. Old England disappeared as last in the falling light of the next day, and we were left to the consolation, that the huge waves that dashed past us broke upon home shores. After a while, on that same evening, the light steamed on the deck from the round-house window, and looking in, I saw the captain studying his chart, and marking out our path upon the high seas. I had leisure for the first time to regard him attentively. I have seen many better figures than his, for he was short and thick-set, and a little round-shouldered, but a handsomer face it would be hard to find anywhere; and certainly, according to the old phrase, 'a braver man never trod a deck' than Captain Peter of the Welsh Mountainier. I saw him afterwards when the gale raged round him, and his voice could hardly be heard in the wild chorus of wind and wave, yet his words and his glance were as lingly as that of the men whose voices were more clearly heard for breasting seas; a great portion of what is said in the ship was swallowed, and the same process is continually going on. Unhappily, the luckless proprietors, on the wasting side, gain nothing by this compensation of the ocean. The whole of Sunk Island is crownland, and no one, however much the new owners may articulate to those whose fate it is to witness a gradual, but certain diminution of their patrimony, by the encroachments of a foe against whom resistance would be useless.

On looking about me, I found that I had only one companion in the cabin—a lady who was going to America to see her uncle. All the rest of the passengers, to the number of about fifty, were emigrants seeking a home in the New World. For four or five days I had little else to do than to make note mentally—for I found a journal too tedious—of such little incidents as occurred on deck, to watch the sea in its eternal play with the wind, and to wonder it was never tired of the game. Very soon afterwards, however, the face of the ocean had so changed, that no one would have known it to be the same. Its fringing foam was exchanged for an angry, roaring surge. A heavy gale had sprung up from N.W., and the Welsh Mountainier was fairly put on her beam ends. At one time, she had recorded that for a time she behaved gallantly. I used to sit at the round-house door, looking at the mountain-

range of water approaching, as if it must overwhelm us, and wonder how it was possible we could find a place through its dense mass. This however, it seemed to open at our approach; and when it did not, it kindly took us on its crest, and sent us gliding on the other side. When I saw the ship standing steadily in dock beside its fellows, I used to think they must be rough waves, indeed, to hurt it; but now I could have no other thought than that the great waves only spared us because they liked a toy to play with.

One night, just after the gale had commenced, there was an unusual noise over my berth in the round-house—moving feet and loud voices, that could be plainly heard above my head, notwithstanding the roar of the wind and the rush of the water. I was too wakful to sleep, yet too lazy to move; but I could gather it was from the windmill; and the strong blows that made every timber shiver, that the gale was raging terribly.

Dorning towards morning, I was suddenly awakened by a boisterous laugh, mingled with the strangest noise that I had ever heard, and instantly, I found that this was not at all diminished by a queer sensation of being turned upside down. I looked out quickly, and found that the old sea herself had taken a peep into the cabin. It was rushing against open doors, floating chairs and tables, and soon began inconveniently meddling with portable articles in my cabin. Fortunately my berth was near the roof, so that I could watch its liberties without much personal inconvenience. I stretched my neck across the narrow space between my bed and the cabin door, and found that from stern to stern the sea covered the Welsh Mountainier, and that she was fairly on her beam-ends. Two figures met my glance—there was Captain Gilbert, with a huge hatchet in his hand, breasting the waves with the chivalry of an old knight; and then there suddenly turned up the mate, who, having lower quarters than myself, had been floated out of his bed in his sleep. This at once explained the loud laugh I had heard, and which at first seemed so strange. The mate was now on his face was ludicrous for he was evidently not yet aware whether he was awake or dreaming. The captain continued his stern march through the waters, and in another moment the light timbers of the bulwarks was giving way to his blows, and the water rushing out at the rent. More fortunately, the hatchways were fastened down, and no
were broke over us in the interval, or our fate had been sealed.

The ship soon righted, and we were delivered from immediate peril; but it became evident that she had received a terrible strain, for the morning-watch reported that they could not keep the pumps free. She had formerly made very little water, twenty minutes morning and evening sufficient to keep her free. Every eye was watching the pumps, hoping with each discharge of water to hear them suck; but evening came, and no sign of lessening; but the strain was immense. The captain and mate disappeared with a lantern down a hole in the after-cabin, and on their reappearance, the former taking me by the arm on the quarter-deck, said quietly: 'You are not afraid of learning bad news; I cannot take her over: the Welshman must go down at sea.' I have not before said that she was laden with railway iron; and I now learned that, when on her beam-ends, some unequal strain had forced a plank.

The gale continued with unabated fury, and it soon became evident that the crew would be quite unable to manage the ship and work the pumps. The next morning, all the male passengers assembled on the quarter-deck, and relays were formed to work with the pumps. The consternation and excitement of the passengers was such as that of all foundering ships, there was nothing of the terror and excitement of a ship breaking on an ice-mountain, or of one dashed upon a rock; it was more like the trench-work of a siege. As the second day wore on, and the gale increased, there was no sign that the leak gained, a dead silence reigned over all the ship. I can see the group at the pump now; they all looked as if they were wondering what they could say to their wives and little ones when they went down the ladder. There was an old man, whose figure and visage had a solemn look in the dying day. His white hair blow in gusts over his face, like snow-drifts before the breath of the gale. He clutched the levers, as if he held himself upright with them, rather than rendered any help. Nor was it a seeming only, for while I was regarding him attentively, a 'weather-roll' of the ship, and a heavy sea that swept the decks at the same time, carried him right off his legs to the break made in the boat. The noise of the waves gave way even to his feeble grasp, and he must have been lost, but for the quick rush of the captain to his aid. Never shall I forget the night that succeeded. I was in no way terrified, yet sleep was out of the question all that night. The tempest was then raging with a fury such as I had never seen before for nearly three days, it was now at its height. I kept the deck throughout the night, moving about as much as the violent and eccentric movements of the ship would allow. The night was densely dark, and I could only just discern the 'depth of the sea' in the gloomy wilderness around us. The moon was in her first quarter, and appeared once or twice that night. It cast little light on us, but enough just to reveal great dark clouds hurrying through the heavens, as if on some work of destruction. The noise of the wind was deafening; I scarcely knew which was the loudest—

The everlasting roar it made with the waves, or its rushes through spars and sails and open places in the ship. Added to this, there was the constant motion of the pumps beating time to the rough music of the tempest, and the plainly heard movement of the water in the hold, as it moved with the pitching of the vessel. When we first heard it, the sound was like that made by waves retiring from the narrow groove of the ship; but the noise in the night advanced, it grew deeper and more somber. There were groups in earnest consultation on deck; and a little after midnight the captain lit his lamp in the round-house, and invited me in. He told me there was scarcely a chance of the ship keeping above water for twenty-four hours, and that he was sorry to say there were not enough boats to save the passengers, even if the weather was favourable, and that our only chance was to fall in with a vessel, which in that latitude was but a poor look-out. This was not pleasant news, considering that we were fully a thousand miles from any land. 'Keep a brave face, my boy,' said the captain, and if you go overboard, have a last blow for it,' as we sat down on the lee-floor to a midnight meal of corned beef and coffee.

It may startle the reader, if I say that it is worse to hear the recital of a scene like this than to be in it, yet my experience tells me it is so. There are resources at the actual time which we never dream of when in safety; how else can we account for the heroism with which such dangers are generally borne? There are stories of soldiers who have stood, as a parade, in a sinking ship, and coolly fired their own death-knell as they went down. I can well imagine these recitals to be true, for that night, when death seemed to be near, the captain and myself talked of old adventures, and told quaint stories; and though it has often seemed strange to me since, there was nothing forced or unnatural in it at the time. My companion in the cabin kept up a brave heart, but lost her appetite. As the light gradually died, and the lamp was extinguished, we conversed about old times, and told our histories to each other.

One wish with reference to our apparently inevitable fate we both uttered, and but one—It was, that if we did go, it might be in clear daylight. It was an odd desire; but perhaps the darkness of the sea made the shadow of the silent land weigh more heavily upon us.

The cold leaden gray of the next morning came at length. Did ever such a morning dawn in my short life? Far off, over the cold waste of waters, in the hazy light of half-past three on a June morning, better eyes than mine had spied a sail. My first notice of it was the rush of the mate into the cabin, who seized the glass with a convulsive grasp, and made a beeline to the top of the round-house. He said not a word until his well-trained eye was sure of the prize, and then, with a voice that rang wildly on the wind, cried out: 'A sail—sail to windward! What a scene followed! The starboard watch ran to the top of the boat, the port one rushed out from the fore-deck, and in a moment more the hatchways, yet unopened, burst like a bomb-shell. Then poured forth from below every soul on board—man, woman, and child. The men yelled in a mixture of joy and terror, the women weeping out their first time understood the immediate danger that threatened the ship; the wild cry they had heard a moment before told it all. Every eye was turned towards the direction which the captain's glass now took, but scarcely one could discern the black spot only just visible to sea-eyes. From such a prospect, fewer still could realize the possibility of help. I turned from the sea to the shivering group upon the deck. All the pent-up excitement of the last three days burst forth in the outcries of despairing love. Mothers were embracing their little ones, and rougher hands than theirs were busy at gentle work.

As the morning wore on, and the light was stronger, it became evident that there were two vessels about eight or ten miles to windward, one considerably in advance of the other, but both some miles astern. As soon as it was of any use, we hoisted the signal of distress—the merchant ensign inverted—and, lest that should escape observation, we hoisted up the sails so as to shew that the ship was not without hope. You may imagine the interest with which every one watched the progress of the nearest ship to see whether she would take any notice of us. For two long hours, every eye was fixed on her as she came steadily on, but without making any alteration in her course so as
had often heard before said: 'The anchor, sir—the anchor.' I dressed hastily, and going on deck, saw the city of St John's lying in the light of a bright July morning. The angry waves had ceased, and broke in gentle ripples with a home-sound upon the vessel's side.

Our first business when on shore was to make public in the newspapers our grateful thanks to the two captains to whom, under providence, we owed our lives. I know not what has become of either of them. I have not seen them since my return to England; but if this brief sketch should be seen by them, let it serve as assurance that the kindness of the captains and crews of both vessels will ever be held in remembrance by the living freight the old Lepakshow bore into the harbour of St John's.

MUSIC.

'The true no verse of mine can tell,
Fair lady, what the gentle breath
Within the flute, that rose and fell
And died in the far distance, said
The speechless echoes linger still
That witness to the movement of a moment
Thou know'st no less love's accents thrill,
Although the words be nothing worth
The perfect sense we cannot tell,
And hence the glory grows the more.
The organs, how they swell,
Roll far and farther from the shore,
Until from verge to verge they sweep,
And Thought, its weary wings drooped down,
Slow sinking in the charmed deep
'Mild the sweet thunders love to drown.
The harp voice best we understand;
Its grief is shaped by her who plays
At once her heart the gentle hand,
And hides, in ruth, the sobbing strings.
The brazen trumpet's war-note shrill
Would ever teem with stir and life,
Although the earth had lost its life,
And there was end to fallen strife;
And though the cymbals ceased to beat
Amid the ranks of bristling steel,
They 'd eye recall the thousand feet
In motion at the single will.
But what of war, the while we hear
These Christmas bells o'er hill and plain,
And all our memories drawing near,
Embracing voices of the sea,
And all our hearts with love and peace,
And lead us like an angel hand
Where to the wondrous harmonies
Sweep away through the Better Land.

J. P.
A SEA-SIDE SHOW.

If I were asked what was the special attraction which drew me to Boulogne last August, I should be rather puzzled for an answer. It was not the camp in the neighbourhood, for that was not then a source of attraction to anybody. It was not that I had any little financial difficulty to contend with—any temporary congestion of credit or collapse of pocket—for which the air of Boulogne is notoriously so beneficial. Nor was it because I had any friend to visit who, being under a cloud at home, had sought sunshine on that sunny coast. I have no grand friendships to boast; the few whose confidence I share are of that old-fashioned, slow, and vulgar class who look upon twenty shillings in the pound as a matter of religious principle, and want that moral courage, so remarkably general in this great age of progress, which enables its possessor coolly to turn his back upon his creditors, and to liquidate by a few months of agreeable exile abroad, the expense of his agreeable relaxations at home. It was not, either, the prospect of pleasant society, for I knew nobody in the town, where, though it had lain in my route a dozen times, I had never spent twenty-four hours at a visit. And, least of all, was it the expectation of seeing what I did see; for if these coming events cast their shadows before, they had never fallen on my path; and it was in utter ignorance of what was about to take place that, before the month was a week old, I had crossed the strait, extricated my valise and carpet-bag from the fangs of the douaniers, and taken lodgings by the week in a quiet-looking café in a turning-out of the Grande Rue, not far from the highest ground of the ramparts.

The café, neat, clean, and comfortable, was kept by the Widow R——, and it was pleasant to find that in the domestic arrangements regard was had to island notions and predilections. Madame spoke little English, but then she had a daughter, a lively lass of sixteen, with black eyes and a face that would have been exceedingly pretty but for a rather damaging prominence of the cheek-bones, who chattered our insular tongue with astonishing volubility, and with the most charming accent imaginable. Both mother and daughter cheated me in numberless small matters; but as I did not object to their trifling peccadilloes, or disturb their self-love by rebuking them, they treated me in all other respects with notable consideration, and I thought that, on the whole, I had reason to congratulate myself on my quarters.

There was constantly coming to the house—now mingling with the guests in the common room, now closeted with madame and the daughter—a good-looking florid-faced young priest, or acolyte, full of vivacity and apparently of business. I soon perceived that both the ladies, and the younger especially, were living in a condition of excitement, which, so far from subsiding, seemed hourly to increase, and that the priestly visitor was in some way or other connected with the cause. On the third day of my domiciliation, while Jeanette was arranging my breakfast, after my morning-bath in the sea, I mentioned the subject of the priest, confessing the curiosity his visits had excited, and wondering whether there was a matrimonial termination to be expected—who could be the happy man, and whether either of the ladies, Jeanette, for ipatience, was to be the bride.

Jeanette did not blush; she only turned to me, as she paused in her operations, a face of mingled astonishment and incredulity.

Monsieur did not know? O but that was strange, when all the world was coming to Boulogne this month to assist in the installation of Our Lady—and monsieur really did not know?

I assured her that I knew nothing about the installation, or of Our Lady of Boulogne either— who was she?

'O but that is droll,' said Jeanette; 'but I forget— you English are all Protestant—what pity! Shall I tell you about Our Lady of Boulogne?'

'Thank you—I wish you would.'

I drew a chair for Jeanette as I spoke; she sat down with an air of perfect self-possession, and having handed me a cup of coffee, began enlightening my ignorance, speaking with a very grave tone and in a dignified way. The story, however, is not very different from some other Catholic traditions, and at any rate it would occupy too much space to give it in her version. The substance is simply this: that one morning, a vast number of years ago, a beautiful ship, without sails or sailors, and with no cargo or passenger on board but a wooden image of the Virgin, came sailing into Boulogne; that the heaven-sent gift was reverently placed in the cathedral, where it received the adoration of the faithful, from far and near, for more than a thousand years, performing innumerable miracles in return; till at length the Revolution came, when the sacred image was burned to ashes—all but one hand, and the cathedral itself sold and ruined. Forty years after, the cathedral was raised anew by contributions from all countries, and was now on the eve of completion, when another image of the Virgin, but of stone, and of colossal proportions, was to be placed on the top of the edifice, so as to be visible from far at sea; and the inauguration was to take place of the re-establishment of pilgrimages to the shrine of
St Mary of Boulogne. This was to come off, Jeanette concluded, on the festival of the Assumption, which is the 15th of this month; and then such a spectacle will be seen in Boulogne as has never been witnessed yet. Everybody will walk in procession on the 30th—already the whole town are busy, each preparing for the part he is to perform.

'And you, of course,' said I, 'have your part allotted you.'

Yes, truly. What would you have? I am to be one of the choir of our parish; there will be two fifteens of us, all dressed alike in white muslin, with gold coronals and veils descending to the knee. Will it not be charming?'

The voice of Madame R— screaming for Jeanette at the foot of the stairs, prevented my reply, and the damsel tripped away.

On quitting the house after breakfast, I made towards the new cathedral, which, standing on the summit of a hill, towers over the whole town. In the Place d’Armes, I passed the covered statue of the Virgin, standing veiled on its pedestal, waiting for the day. The cathedral is a lofty and magnificent building—and the door being open, and workmen passing in and out, I entered to look around; but though perfectly finished without, the interior is almost a waste, and I found a number of men engaged in the erection of what were evidently temporary fittings for a temporary purpose.

I had no difficulty in obtaining further information. Not only was every one aware of what was coming off, but a good number had, by some means or other, penetrated so far behind the scenes as to make themselves masters of the policy which guided the whole affair. From one informant, an Englishman, and of course a heretic, I learned a few private particulars. According to his shewing, the superb cathedral, reared with such painstaking piety by the good old Haffrengue, was terribly in debt, while yet a prodigious sum was wanting to complete the interior. In this dilemma the bishop of Arras had come forward and manfully put his shoulder to the wheel. He it was, and none other, who had boldly resolved to restore the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady, calculating that from the offerings of the devoted pilgrims might be raised, if the affair were well managed, not only enough to clear the expenses past and prospective of the cathedral, but to maintain a permanent fund for the sustentation of the worship on a scale commensurate with the dignity of the church. And well indeed did the bishop manage the business. In the first place, he applied to the pope for the sanction and co-operation of his holiness; and meanwhile, nothing daunted by the results, he commissioned the execution of a statue of the Virgin in stone, ten feet high, to stand on the summit of the cliff as a landmark and 'Star of the Sea.' Before raising it to its lofty elevation, he resolved to consecrate and bless the image, with the most imposing ceremonial, in the Place d’Armes, the very spot where the former image had been burned, and in the presence of such an assembly as for centuries had not been gathered within the walls of Boulogne.

The bishop was not deceived in his expectations from thecope. Pio Nono recommended the subject of the restoration of the pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne to his council of cardinals, and in due time they unanimously issued a decree uniting Our Lady of Boulogne with Our Lady of Loretto—thereby securing to the former all the spiritual and intercessory favours and influences so long enjoyed by the latter. Moreover, by the same liberal decree, an indulgence is accorded, once in the year, to all faithful Christians who, confessing and doing penance, shall pray devoutly, according to the directions of the church, before the holy image of the immaculate Virgin—the pilgrims being at liberty to choose for their indulgence any day of the year that suits them best. But that was not all—the decree offers also a seven years’ indulgence, extending over the whole period, to those who shall come to pray daily in the church, exercising due devotion for their faults. Further, the sacred pontiff gives a warranty with the indulgences, guaranteeing their applicability to souls in purgatory.

The conditions on which these spiritual advantages were to be won, it will be seen, are by no means hard; and the promulgators of the decree were right in calculating in them that they would be pretty widely taken. If I had had any doubts on the subject, they would have been dissipated by the eagerness and excitement that prevailed among the population of the town—by the indications that met me on all sides of serious preparations for the great event of going and coming of strangers from the provinces; and by the influx of flowers and tinsel, finery and greenery, which, as the time drew on, suddenly inundated the place.

The pilgrimages commenced on the appointed day, the 15th of August. The first bands of pilgrims arriving were from the parishes of the north nearest to Boulogne; these, for the most part, came on foot, or in such rustic conveyances as they had at command. They formed in procession as they approached the town, the acolytes of each parish, in red and white garb, leading the way, and bearing the crucifix in the van. Next came the ecclesiastics, singing canticles to the Virgin. Then came the groups of pilgrims proper, in some cases forming a rather motley show, consisting of both sexes and all ages and ranks—white-headed, tottering old men, sturdy grandames in high-peaked caps, peasant girls and lads, farmers, shopkeepers, with here and there a country gentleman with his wife and daughters. These must be added the sober-looking figures of the Sisters of Charity, and the juvenile bands of pupils of the parochial schools. The above, however, constituted the humbler order of pilgrims; those who came from towns of any pretensions at all, cut a much more imposing figure: with the clergy, they had choice of young-lady singers; they shone in gaye costumes, and carried embroidered banners brilliantly emblazoned. Such companies generally arrived by the railway, and many came from great distances. The party from Paris was the most pretentious and picturesque of all. Starting from the capital in the morning, it was nightfall when they reached Boulogne, and they had to make their preparations by the light of hundreds of torches and they presented a really striking spectacle. Led by a long train of ecclesiastics in splendid attire, and accompanied by a powerful choir of skilled metropolitan voices, they promenaded the Grande Rue under a series of triumphal arches formed of flowers and foliage. They were apparently all of the well-to-do class, and were clad in the current fashions of the day—the gentlemen blossoming in vests of delicate hue and pattern, and the ladies bare-browsed, oyster-shell bonneted, and most expansive in crinoline.

Day after day, the parishes of the northern provinces poured in their pilgrims, and though numbers unavoidably departed almost as soon as they came, the town grew rapidly full to overflowing. As each band of pilgrims arrived at the cathedral, the gates were knew open, the organ began to play, and
the choir in the gallery to sing—and the old Abbé Haffreignue, placing himself at the head of the new-comers, led them through the body of the church into a small chapel in the rear dedicated to Our Lady of Boulogne, and to the foot of the altar of the Virgin, which was surmounted by an image of Mary in her boat, gleaming in the light of many lamps around. Here the companies were formed into ranks, and kneeling, recited the petitions which mother-church had exacted as the price of the indulgences that were to follow. The prayers being at length finished, a white-robed priest glided along between the ranks, presenting to each supplicant an open money-box for the reception of the votive-offerings. The appeal was liberally responded to; the silver and the gold chinked pleasurably in the dark receptacle; and there can be little doubt that during the fortnight these collections lasted, several thousands of pounds were thus silently and unostentatiously contributed to the treasury of the church.

I expected to grow weary of these endless flocks of pilgrims; but I did not, the reason perhaps being that the spectacle was one of continual variety, and the excitement it occasioned was contagious. No two of the processions were alike—each seemed to have some personal peculiarities of its own. Of them all, there was a mingling of old-world faith and feeling with modern modes and customs, which, when it was not ridiculous, and perhaps even when it was, was often touchingly simple and suggestive. I ought to mention the procession of the piety of the Virgin Mother. A following band, no less beautifully clad, carried the white banner of the Immaculate Conception, and held in their hands lilies of gold. Then came a troop of maidens, bearing baskets of flowers; then the pupils of the parish-school in white garments, and bearing flags, banners, and streamers of all imaginable devices, and brilliant with blossoms and gilding. Then came a company of men loaded with huge banners on lofty poles, and reliquaries, and carved and gilded representations of some events in the life of Mary. These were followed by troops of children, with more flowers, ever-more flowers, flowers. Then a group of cultivators of the soil carried an image of the Virgin, and these were followed by a band of men, each with a cross,Extended for nearly a mile. Among them were the representatives of nearly every profession—the military in full dress, captains, colonels, and commandants—the magistracy and municipality, with the guilds of all the trades and every craft, the tradesmen and the humble fishermen of the coast—shopkeepers, craftsmen, artisans, and agriculturists—and religious orders of every grade and every colour, and in all varieties of costume. Of the young girls who figured in the procession, there could not be many short of two thousand, each of whom had been fitted out by her family at a cost which must have been far from trifling. Their sweet voices rang pleasantly in the Sabath air, and, answered by the deep responses of the priests at a little seat, produced an effect as novel as it was striking to the ear.

The second part of the procession, though less varied, was of even weightier significance. A company of English Catholics, ladies and gents, on horseback, were liber to assert that their costume offered a singular contrast to the display of French taste and elegance which had gone before. They were followed by a band of Parisians of both sexes, dressed as Parisians always dress for a spectacle. The muses and friars in surplice and frock came next. Sisters of Charity, Redemptorist Fathers, and an endless column of shaven priests, succeeded. Another band of maidens in white pressed on behind them, bearing presents to the Virgin, and a golden heart containing that famous relic, the old burned hand of the miraculous image, and flags,
is to be hoped, they found consolation for the mishaps of the afternoon. And thus endeth the history of the re-installation of the pilgrimages to Our Lady of Bouligne.

The Ryot.

The term ‘ryot’ signifies simply an agricultural labourer. Bengal contains eighty millions of inhabitants, of whom fully sixty millions are of this class: in other words, more than double the entire population of the United Kingdom are in this one presidency engaged in cultivating the soil. This will cease to be matter for astonishment when we remember that not only Bengal, but the whole of India is, strictly speaking, an agricultural country, where nine-tenths of the exports are of raw produce. The amount of manufactured articles is most trifling; for although sugar, indigo, saltpetre, lac-dye, and other articles of commerce undergo a change before being fit for the market, they do not come under the head of manufactures: they are but prepared vegetable products.

The condition of this large class of labourers, who really produce the great staples of Indian commerce, and are, in fact, the sinews and bones of the land, must be a subject of considerable importance at the present moment. Until Great Britain can arrive at a true appreciation of the position and interests of the many classes of her Indian subjects, it is scarcely possible for her to determine her future policy in regard to the country and those people.

The ryot is not merely an agricultural labourer: he is something more. He approaches more nearly to the Irish peasant than to the English poor. He has been, and still is, far below him in the abjectness of his poverty, in the hopelessness of his struggle with his fellow-man.

We must understand, then, that the ryot is neither more nor less than a farmer on a very minute scale: a small renter of a small fragment of land, sometimes equal to several acres in extent; at other times, but a few rods from boundary to boundary. The lands they hold under various tenures are in nearly all cases included in some zemindary or landed estate, the rights and privileges of which are put up for sale, just as any nobleman’s estate may be in Great Britain.

It usually happens, however, that in every village in a zemindary, there are far more hands than are needed for cultivating the land upon it; at any rate, in the rough antique style of culture which they are in the habit of giving it. This surplusage of labour is often sought for in indigo or sugar districts at considerable trouble, and some cost; indeed, it often happens that the only mode by which village-labour can be secured, is by the purchase out and out of the zemindary. The people belong to the soil, rather than the soil to them; hence, the purchaser of the one acquires with them an ownership in the other. It is constantly the case that when a European wishes to commence indigo-making, silk-rearing, or coal-mining, the only possible chance for his obtaining labour is to purchase a few villages, well stocked with able-bodied men and women to till the lands he wishes to work or lease of those populous villages which leads to so many affrays and downright battles in various parts of the Indian Mofussil, as to call for legislative interference.

During the government of Lord Cornwallis, was perpetrated one of the greatest blunders of that or any other period: he completed what is known as the ‘Permanent Settlement,’ by which government, as owners of the soil, fixed for ever the rate at which the land should be assessed to the zemindars, irrespective of any improvement which might take place.
So far as the policy of this measure was concerned, it
might have been used to much advantage; but, unfortu-
nately for the real progress of the country, not a
word was said in this famous settlement as to the rate
at which the zamindars might assess the ryots on their
land; at the same time, the most arbitrary and sum-
mary powers were given the former, to enable them
to enforce their demands against their unfortunate
tenants. It is quite true that the act of settlement
provided that an assessment, once made, could not be
altered by any zamindar or other landholder—with
only one exception, which was on the occasion of
an estate changing proprietors. This one exception
was quite sufficient for all purposes of extortion.
If a zamindar wishes to raise the assessment of his land,
he has but to make a pretended sale to some friend or
relative, and the screw is on. Or, by this act, the
matter of course, submitted to; for who has ever heard
of a ryot opposing the will of his zamindar? Some-
times, indeed, the labourer will be too poor, or too
broken-spirited to work on at a higher rate, in which
case he will be at once ejected, to work in the holes
and corners, hopeless, with no relief but such scanty charity as
neighbours may care to dole out to him.

It is not merely in this way that the labouring
population of Hindostan are placed at the mercy of a
grafted and overgrown system of zamindars. The
zamindar and the people there is a little army of
middlemen, the devourers of other men's substance,
who act sometimes as his agents or bailiffs, sometimes
as sub-tenants, who take the trouble off his hands for
nothing. In these cases, the extortionations are gener-
ally doubled, for the farmer of the rents for the
season being careless, for the welfare of the
ryots on the land than the zamindar. It is difficult
for any one who has not resided for some time among
agricultural population in British India, to form
a right conception of the exactness to which they are
exposed, and the utter impossibility of escape for
them under the present administration of the laws.
The renter has no power to refer to his zamindar, and the
villagers are not compelled to supply. Every article of
daily consumption—rice, oil, milk, ghee, cotton—all
must be found him by the ryots of his district. How
heavily this presses upon the half-fed, half-clad people,
only those can say who are in their midst.

The advocates of the present system, and amongst
those to be found many Europeans, maintain that the
Indian ryot is a poor degraded creature, incapable
of better things, unfit for progress, and reckless of the
blindness, both of his individual right, and of his
British employment. We are not among those who
predict a rapid advance of civilization amongst any
Asiatic race, much less amongst the Hindoos, but we
are certain that the tenantry must be made prosperous and
thriving people if the whole race of zamindars, putindars, and
other middlemen were swept from the face of the land,
and the ryots left in possession of the fruit of their
daily toil.

The European capital has been introduced throughout the
Mofussil, and brought in contact with the village population, there a marked improvement is
to be seen in their condition. A good deal has been
said about the oppression of English indigo-planters:
profane relaters of the statements may be correct,
but the tyranny of a European is mercy beside the
moderation of a Bengalee landholder. Many a hard
bargain is doubtless driven by the planter with his
ryots, but no one supposes him capable of the cruelties
practised by the native renters, to wring the last
copper pice or cowrie from the helpless dependent.

In India, proof of guilt is at all times difficult to
obtain, but doubly so against the wealthy; yet evidence
has not been wanting of the most barbarous tortures
inflicted by zamindars of the soil upon their dependents,
even to the death, and that, too, for not more than
copper coin—a few annas only, less than a shilling
due upon a balance of rent. So much is this the
system amongst natives of Bengal, that we much doubt
whether there be any zamindary in which torture is
not employed in the collection of rents. We must not
wonder at this, for Bengalee men are notoriously
despotism, and all cowards are cruel—and who such promising
victims as the poor ryots?

There is no physical wretchedness nor alact misery
within European limits that can in any way compare
with the utter poverty and brutality of the degradation
of the great bulk of the Bengalee ryots. The land
how fertile, the climate how favourable, the rivers and
canals how enriching for the production of the finest
silks, the richest dyes, the most delicate fibres, the
most valuable grain that nature has ever enabled man
to produce for the markets of the world; and yet,
amidst all this abundance of blessings, how miserable
the condition of those who should be sharers in the
wealth! A stranger in the land might well mistake an ordinary
blackguard for a nabob; but the ordinary blackguard is
it only the weapon of the landholder, the most wretched
being; he might take shelter in, the Asiatic is still most anxious to
be considered as the owner. It may be that the Indian
landholder does not understand the rights of property,
but be this as it may, the owner or renter is equally
delighted, so that he may feel that he is the possessor of
the homestead, the garden, or the field.

Of course, there are many grades of ryots, all
living and working in their respective stations in
their habits and inclinations. Besides the mere
ryot or the day-labourer, there are men who,
having no land of their own, yet possess a pair of
bullocks, a plough, and a kudula or hoe, with which
they undertake to till a small portion of land, who are either too idle or too busy to cultivate it
themselves, receiving half of the produce for so doing.
There are, besides these, many others who hold land
either as members of a family in common, or in their
individual right, being either the holder of the
office, whilst they leave others to cultivate for them,
receiving, of course, their share of crops. It is scarcely
too much to say, perhaps, that in Bengal, if not in
the upper provinces, there are very few Hindoos,
and not many Musulmans, who have not a holding
of some sort.

It would not interest the general reader to be told at
what rate per boopath the generality of these tenures
are held, nor to hear how the holdings vary in different
parts of the country. It may, however, be stated, that the
ryot who holds a jumma or tenure equal to fifty
rupees per annum, is supposed to be in a tolerably
good position. When he has paid his rent, his
obscures or presents, his fees to village chowkidars
or watchmen, the interest on borrowed money, the value
of his seed, repairs of tools, &c., he may have perhaps
twenty rupees left for his family expenses, being
about one penny a day.

It is true, his wants are few in number compared
with those of a European labourer; but if he have
more than one child, the above small sum cannot go
far to supply his household wants. The article of clothing
is indeed almost a superfluity; their cooking utensils,
a few earthen vessels and wooden implements, value
not above a few pice; his agricultural tools, plough,
harrow, and hoes, such as they are, of the pattern of the first Phaudo and Nimmal, may be worth about three rupees, and perhaps cost him a shilling during the year for repairs. As for dress, the slips of dirty cloth about his and his wife’s waist are scarcely worthy the name; their value cannot be more than a few pence.

What shall we say of his food? Surely he who tills the ground, who rears the bread of millions, cannot want a sufficiency of food. The ryot does not really starve, save in very extreme cases, but he feeds on the poorest pittance of the poorest grain and vegetables. Rice is a luxury in many cases: parched grain, millet, and the smaller fish of tanks and streams, with vegetables and roots, make up the ordinary meals of these people. It must be remembered, however, that we speak only of the professional ryot; and even amongst these there are remarkable exceptions of successful industry and agricultural prosperity: these are mostly to be met with near the larger towns and cities; but the bulk of the population must not be judged from them.

In the Mofussil of India, one great want is that of roads. Away from the influence of rivers, the tiller of the soil finds it all but impossible to convey his produce to distant markets. Hence arise those fearful famines which have, at intervals desolated the land. One district with a failure of grain-crops lacks food, another province commands an abundance of rice; yet, without roads, how can the two effect any exchange? In this way, even in ordinary times, a surrounding crop has so glutted the local market, as to reduce the value of grain to the merest trifles—so low as to be unequal to the amount of rent and charges on the land, thus making a curse of a blessing. Rice has been known to fall to one rupee the hundred seers, or one shilling for a hundred pounds' weight; while a hundred miles away it was selling at four and five times that price; yet the owners of the cheap rice could not sell it to the buyers of dear grain, simply because the cost and difficulty of transport was so great.

The railway, it is clear, will prove one of the greatest boons to India. With it, famines will be all but impossible, and the fruit of labour on the soil far more profitable. We are not among those who suggest rapid changes and complete reformation amongst the natives of India, from the consequences of recent events, from what is termed the Anglicising of British India. But, on the other hand, we do firmly believe in the gradual and systematic improvement, not by legislative enactments, nor Orders in Council, but by many concurrent means—by the gradual enlightenment of the mass of the people; by the spread of vernacular education through village-schools, thus teaching the ryot what it is to live above his present misery, and take him out of the hands of the makajans and the usurers; by the introduction of better implements, and a better system of agriculture; by a better, a more honest police; by railways and cart-roads helping to bring remote places near, and rendering the value of produce in different districts more equal, and less liable to sudden and disastrous convulsions; above all, by the gradual spread of Christianity, and with it the rooting out of the old leaven of heathenism, with all its accompanying social evils. We are careful to speak of this as a gradual change; those who look for anything like rapid progression will be disappointed. The work of a thousand years cannot be undone in one, nor in ten. As well might we attempt to bleach their skins.

It should not be assumed from what we have here written that we consider all ryots as impoverished and oppressed, and fitting objects of compassion. We are well aware of the vicious character of many village communities, of their obstinate idleness, and their combined opposition to every lawful authority. As for extravagance on particular occasions, such as a marriage, leaving the ryot in debt for years to come, perhaps for a lifetime, that folly can scarcely be spoken of as exceptional; it is unfortunately the rule amongst both good and bad, high and low. The Hindu indifference to all improvement is likewise not the less general. An Asiatic is from habit opposed to any expenditure of labour that does not yield a speedy return, or lead to some immediate perceptible good. These are amongst the most prominent of the ryot's defects, shared in by other classes of the Indian community, but more keenly felt in his own case from the general abjectness of his social position.

O E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE TRAITOR CHIEFS.

Soon after, I retired from the mess-table, and strolled out into the stockade.

It was now after sunset. Orders had been issued for no one to leave the fort; but, translating these as only applicable to the common soldier, I resolved to sally forth.

I was guided by an impulse of the heart. In the Indian camp were the wives of the chiefs and warriors—their sisters and children—why not she among the rest?

I had a belief that she was there,—although, during all that day, my eyes had been wandering in vain search. She was not among those who had crowded around the council: not a face had escaped my scrutiny.

I resolved to seek the Seminole camp—to go among the tents of the Miccosues—there, in all likelihood, I should find Powell—there I should meet with Maimee.

There would be no danger in entering the Indian camp—even the hostile chiefs were yet in relations of friendship with us; and surely Powell was still my friend? He could protect me from peril or insult.

I felt a longing, to grasp the hand of the young warrior, that of itself would have influenced me to seek the interview. I yearned to renew the friendly confidence of the past—to talk over those pleasant times—to hear those same old tales he spoke of so much. Surely the stern duties of the chief and war-leader had not yet indurated a heart, once mild and amiable? No doubt the spirit of my former friend was insensitized by the white man's injuries; no doubt he should find me rancorous against our race; he had reason—still I had no fears that I myself was not an exception to this wholesale resentment.

Whatever the result, I resolved to seek him, and once more extend to him the hand of friendship.

I was on the eve of setting forth, when a summons from the commander-in-chief called me to his quarters. With some chagrin, I obeyed the order.

I found the commissioner there, with the officers of higher rank—the Ringgold and several other civilians of distinction.

On entering, I perceived that they were in 'caucus,' and had just ended the discussion of some plan of procedure.

'The design is excellent,' observed General Clinch, addressing himself to the others; 'but how are Omatal and "Black Dirt" to be met? If we summon them hither, it may create suspicion: they could not enter the fort without being observed.'

'General Clinch,' said the older officer—the most cunning diplomatist of the party—"if you and

* So Luisa Helo was called by the Americans. His full name was Pedro Luisa Helo, which signifies 'Black Crushy Clay.'
General Thompson were to meet the friendly chiefs outside?—

'Exactly so,' interrupted the commissioner. 'I have been thinking of that. I have sent a messenger to the council some days since, and I have been informed that they expect to be there in time. It will be best to see them outside. The matter has returned—I hear him.'

As at this moment, a person entered the room, whom I recognised as one of the interpreters who had been at the council. He whispered something to the commissioner, and then withdrew.

'All right, gentlemen!' exclaimed the latter, as the interpreter went out; 'Omaita will meet us within the hour. Black Dirt will be with him. They have named the 'Sink' as the place. It is near the north of the fort. We can reach it without passing the camp, and there will be no risk of our being overheard.

Shall we go, general?'

'I am ready,' replied Clinch, taking up his cloak, and throwing it over his shoulders; 'but, General Thompson,' said he, turning to the commissioner, 'how about your interpreters? Can they be intrusted with a secret of so much importance?'

The commissioner appeared to hesitate.

'It might be imprudent,' he replied at length, in a half-colloquy.

'Never mind then—never mind,' said Clinch; 'I think we can do without them. Lieutenant Randolph, continued he, turning to me, 'you speak the Seminole language, I know. You can give us a secret message.'

'Not fluently, general; I speak it, however.'

'You could interpret it fairly.'

'Yes, general; I believe so.'

'Very well then; that will do. Come with us!'

Somebody mentioned, being thus diverted from my design, I followed in silence—the commissioner leading the way, while the general, disguised in cloak and plain forage-cap, walked by his side.

We passed out of the gate, and turned northward around the stockade. The tents of the Indians were upon the south-west, placed irregularly along the edge of a broad belt of 'hommocky' woods that extended in that direction. Another tract of hommock lay to the north, separated from the larger one by a range of hills, and open forests give pine-timber. Here was the 'Sink.' It was nearly half a mile distant from the stockade; but in the darkness we could easily reach it without being observed from any part of the Seminole camp.

We soon arrived upon the ground. The chiefs were before us. We found them standing under the shadows of the trees by the edge of the pond.

My duty now began. I had little anticipation that it was to have been so disagreeable.

'Ask Omaita what is the number of his people—also those of Black Dirt, and the other chiefs who are for us.'

I put the question as commanded.

'One-third of the whole Seminole nation,' was the reply.

'Tell them that ten thousand dollars shall be given to the friendly chiefs, on their arrival in the west, to be shared among them as they deem best—that this sum will be an independent of the appropriation to the whole tribe.'

'It is good,' simultaneously grunted the chiefs, when the proposition was explained to them.

'Does Omaita and his friends think, that all the chiefs will be present to-morrow?'

'No—not all.'

'Which of them are likely to be absent?'

'The mico-mico will not be there.'

'Is Omaita sure of that?'

'Sure. Omaita's tents are struck: he has already left the ground.'

'Whither has he gone?'

'Back to his town.'

'And his people?'

'Most of them gone with him.'

For some moments the two generals communicated together in a half serious manner. They were apart from me: I did not hear what they said. The information just acquired was of great importance, and seemed not to discontent them.

'Any other chief likely to be absent to-morrow?' they asked, after a pause.

'Only those of the tribe of 'redsticks.''

'Hootle-matoo?'

'No—he is here—he will remain.'

'Ask them if they think Osops will be at the council to-morrow.'

From the eagerness with which the answer was expected, I could perceive that this was the most interesting question of all. I put it directly.

'What!' exclaimed the chiefs, as astonished at the interrogatory. 'The Rising Sun! He is sure to be present: he will see us out!'

'Good!' involuntarily ejaculated the commissioner, and then turning to the general, he once more addressed him in a low tone. This time, I overheard what passed between them.

'It seems, general, as if Providence was playing into our hands. My plan is almost sure to succeed. A word will provoke the impudent rascal to some rudeness—perhaps worse—at all events, I shall easily find a pretext for shutting him up. Now that Onopa has drawn off his following, we will be strong enough for any contingency. The hostiles will scarcely outnumber the friendlies, so that there will be no chance of the rascals making resistance.'

'Oh! that we need not fear.'

'Well—what, with us, our power, the opposition will be crushed—the rest will yield easily—for, beyond doubt, it is he that now intimidates and hinders them from signing.'

'True,' replied Clinch in a reflective tone; 'but how about the government, eh? Will it endorse the act, think you?'

'It will—it must—my latest dispatch from the President almost suggests as such. If you agree to it, I shall take the risk.'

'Oh, I place myself under your orders,' replied the commander-in-chief, evidently inclined to the commissioner's views, but still not willing to share the responsibility. 'It is but my duty to carry out the will of the executive. I am ready to co-operate with you.'

'Enough then—it shall be done as we have designed it. Ask the chiefs,' continued the speaker addressing himself to me, 'ask them, if they have any fear of signing to-morrow.'

'No—not of the signing, but afterwards.'

'And what afterwards?'

'They dread an attack from the hostile party—their lives will be in danger.'

'What would they have us do?'

'Omaita says, if you will permit him and the other head-chiefs to go on a visit to their friends at Talla- hassee, it will keep them out of danger. They can stay there till the removal is about to take place. They give their promise that they will meet you at Tampa, or elsewhere, whenever you summon them.'

The two generals consulted together—once more in whispers. This unexpected proposal required consideration.

Omaita added:

'If we are not allowed to go to Tallahassee, we

* A name given to the Micossaues, from their custom of setting up red poles in front of their houses when going to war.
* A similar custom exists among other tribes: hence the name 'Raton rouge,' applied by the French colonists.
flies swarmed under the shadows of the trees, their bodies lighting up the dark isles with a mingled coruscation of red, blue, and gold—now flitting in a direct line, now curving, or waving upward and downward, through moving through the mazes of some intricate coiffures.

In the midst of this glittering array, lay the little tarn, shining, too, but with the gleam of plated glass—a mirror in its framework of fretted gild.

The atmosphere was redolent of the most agreeable perfumes. The night was cool enough for human comfort, but not chill. Many of the flowers refused to close their corollas—for not all of them were brides of the sun. The moon had its share of their sweets. The saucer and bay trees were in blossom, and dispensed their odours around, that, mingling with the aroma of the amised and orange, created a delicious fragrance in the air.

There was stillness in the atmosphere, but not silence. It is never silent in the southern forest by night. Tree-frogs and cicadas utter their shrillest notes after the sun has gone out of sight, and there is a bird that makes choice melody during the moonlight hours—the famed mimic of the American woods. One, perched upon a tall tree that grew upon the edge of the pond, appeared trying to soothe my chafed spirit with his sweet notes.

I heard other sounds—the hum of the soldiers in the fort, mingling with the more distant noises from the Indian camp. Now and then some voice louder than the rest, in oath, exclamation, or laughter, broke forth to interrupt the monotonous murmur.

How long should I have to wait the return of the chief? It might be an hour, or two hours, or more? I had a partial guide in the moon. They said that Holata would depart before the shining orb went down, or not at all. About two hours, then, would decide the point, and set me free.

I had been standing for half the day. I cared not to keep my feet any longer; and, choosing a fragment of rock near the water's edge, I sat down upon it.

My eyes wandered over the pond. Half of its surface lay in shadow; the other half was silvery by the moonbeams, that, penetrating the pellicle of water, rendered visible the white shells and shining pebbles at the bottom. Along the line where the light and darkness met, were outlined several noble palms, whose tall stems and crowned heads appeared stretching towards the nadir of the earth—as though they belonged to another and brighter firmament beneath my feet. The trees, of which these were but the illusory images, grew upon the summit of a ridge, which, trending along the western side of the pond, intercepted the rays of the moon.

I sat for some time gazing into this counterpart of heaven's canopy, with my eyes mechanically tracing the great fan-like fronds.

All at once, I was startled at perceiving a new image upon the aqueous reflector. A form, or rather the shadow of one, suddenly appeared among the trunks of the palms. It was upright, and evidently human, though of magnified proportions—beyond doubt, a human figure, yet not that of a man.

The small head, apparently uncovered, the gentle rounding of the shoulders, the soft undulation of the waist, and the long, loose draping which reached nearly to the ground, convinced me that the shadow was that of a woman.

When I first observed it, it was moving among the stems of the palm-trees; presently it stopped, and for some seconds remained in a fixed attitude. It was then I noted the peculiarities that distinguished the sex.

My first impulse was to turn round, and, if possible, get sight of the figure that cast this interesting
shadow. I was myself on the western edge of the pond, and the ridge was behind me. Facing round, I could not see the summit nor yet the palms. Rising to my feet, I still could not see them: a large live oak, under which I had seated myself, intercepting my view.

I stepped hastily to one side, and then both the outline of the ridge and the palm-trees were before my eyes; but I could see no figure, neither of man nor woman.

I scanned the summit carefully, but no living thing was there; some fronds of the saw-palmetto, standing along the crest, were the only forms I could perceive.

I returned to where I had been seated; and, placing myself as before, again looked upon the water. The palm shadows were there, just as I had left them; but the image was gone.

There was nothing to be astonished at. I did not for a moment believe myself under any delusion. Some one had been upon the ridge—a woman, I supposed—and had passed down under the cover of the palm shadow; so that in no way could I have seen her, nor of what I had seen, and of course contented me.

At the same time, the silent apparition could not fail to arouse my curiosity; and instead of remaining seated, and giving way to dreamy reflections, I rose to my feet, and stood looking and listening with eager expectation.

Who could the woman be? An Indian, of course. It was not probable that a white woman should be in such a place, and at such an hour. Even the peculiar outline of the shadow were not those that would have been cast, by one haibited in the garb of civilization: beyond a doubt, the woman was an Indian.

What was she doing in that solitary place, and alone?

These questions were not so easily answered; and yet there was nothing so remarkable about her presence upon the spot. To the children of the forest, time is not as with us. The hours of the night are as those of the day—often the hours of action or enjoyment. She might have many a purpose in being there. She might be on her way to the pond for water—to take a bath; or it might be some impassioned maiden, who, under the secret shadows of this secluded grove, was keeping assignation with her lover.

A pang, like a poisoned arrow, passed through my heart: ' Might it be Malinee?'

The unpleasantness which this conjecture caused me was great. I had been all day the victim of false suspicions, arising principally from some half-dozen words, casually dropped from the lips of a young officer, and which I had chance to overhear. They had reference to a beautiful girl among the Indians, apparently well known at the fort; and I noticed that the tone of the young fellow was that of one either triumphant or boasting. I listened attentively to every word, and watched not only the countenance of the speaker, but those of his auditory to make out in which of the two categories I should place him. His vanity appeared to have had some sacrifice made to it—at least by his own statement; and his listeners, or most of them, agreed to concede to him the happiness of a bonne fortune. There was no way for me to counteract that; but, if I had not been so much alarmed, I should have condescended to connect the subject of the conversation with that of my own thoughts; but that the girl was an Indian, and a 'beauty,' were points, that my jealous heart almost accepted as sufficient for identification.

I might easily have become satisfied. A word, a simple question, would have procured me the knowledge I longed for; and yet I dared not say that word. I preferred passing long hours—a whole day—upon the rack of uncertainty and suspicion.

Thus, then, was I prepared for the painful con-

...
Truly, I might have felt terror, had this singular appearance been new to me. But I had seen all before—the green snake, and the crotalus, the long hanging tresses, the wild flash of that maniac's eye—all before, all harmless, all innocuous—at least to me. I had seen, and had no fear.

"Haj-Ewa!" I called out, as she advanced to where I was standing.

"I-e-ela!" exclaimed she with a show of surprise.

"Young Randolph! war-chief among the pale faces! You have forgotten poor Haj-Ewa?"

"No, Ewa; I have not. What seek you here?"

"Yourself, little mico."

"Seek me?"

"No—I have found you."

"And what want you with me at?"

"Only to save your life—your young life, pretty mico—your fair life—your precious life—ah! precious to her, poor bird of the forest! Ah! there was one precious to me—long, long ago. Ho, ho, ho!"

O why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him in the wild woods' cover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I list to his lying tongue, that poisoned my heart when my life was young?

Ho, ho, ho!†

"Down, chito mico!" she cried, interrupting the strain, and addressing herself to the rattlesnake, that at my presence had prostrated his head, and was making demonstrations of rage—down, great king of the serpents! 'tis a friend, though in the garb of an enemy—quiet, or I crush your head!" I-e-ela!" she exclaimed again, as if struck by some novel thought; 'tis waste time with my old songs; he is gone, he is gone! they cannot bring him back. Now, young mico, what came I for? what came I for?"

As she uttered these interrogatives, she raised her hand to her head, as if to assist her memory.

"Oh! now I remember. Halubak: I lose time. You may be killed, young mico—you may be killed, and then—Go! begone, begone, begone! back to the topkees. Shut yourself up; keep among your people: do not stray from your blue soldiers; do not wander in the woods! Your life is in danger."

All this was spoken in a tone of earnestness that astonished me. More than astonished, I began to feel some slight alarm, since I had not forgotten the attempted assassination of yesterday. Moreover, I knew that there were periods when this singular woman was not positively insane. She had her lucid intervals, during which she both talked and acted rationally, and often with extraordinary intelligence. This might be one of those intervals. She might be privy to some scheme against my life, and had come, as she alleged, to defeat it.

But who was my enemy or enemies? and how could she have known of their design?

In order to ascertain this, I said to her: "I have no enemy, Ewa; why should my life be in danger?"

"Tell you, pretty mico, it is—you have enemies."

"I never wronged a red man in my life."

"Red—did I say red man? Cooree, pretty Randolph, there is not a red man in all the land of the Senebles that would pluck a hair from your head. Oh! if they did, what would say the Rising Sun? He would consume them like a forest fire. Fear not the red men—your enemies are not of that colour."

"Ha! not red men? What, then?"

"Some white—some yellow."

"Nonsense, Ewa! I have never given a white man cause to be my enemy."

"Chespanwes!* you are but a young fawn, whose mother has not told it of the savage beasts that roam the forest. There are wicked men who are enemies without a cause. There are some who seek your life, though you never did them wrong."

"But who are they? And for what reason?"

"Of not ask, Chespanwes! There is no time. Enough if I tell you, you are owner of a rich plantation, where black men make the blue dye. You have a fair sister—very fair. Is she not like a bea"s from yonder moon? And I was fair once—so he said—Ah! it is bad to be beautiful. Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him—

"Halubak!" she exclaimed, again suddenly breaking off the strain: 'I am mad; but I remember. Go! begone! I tell you, go: you are but an eclatée;† and the hunters are upon your trail. Back to the topkees—go! I go!"

"I cannot, Ewa; I am here for a purpose; I must remain till some one comes."

"Tell some one comes! halubak! they will come soon."

"Who?"

"Your enemies—they who would kill you; and then the pretty doe will bleed—her poor heart will bleed: she will go mad—she will be like Haj-Ewa."

"Whom do you speak of?"

"Of—Hush! hush! hush! It is too late—they come—they come! see their shadows upon the water!"

I looked, as Haj-Ewa pointed. Sure enough there were shadows upon the pond, just where I had seen hers. They were the figures of men—four of them. They were moving among the palm-trees, and along the ridge.

In a few seconds, the shadows disappeared. They who had been causing them had descended the slope, and entered among the timber.

"It is too late now," whispered the mantik, evidently at that moment in full possession of her intellect. "You dare not go out into the open woods. They would see you—you must stay in the thickets. There!' continued she, grasping me by the wrist, and, with a powerful jerk, bringing me close to the trunk of the live oak; 'this is your only chance. Quick—secede! Conceal yourself among the moss. Be silent—stir not till I return. Hiklas!*"

And so saying, my strange counsellor stepped back under the shadow of the tree; and, gliding into the unapproachable covert of the grove, disappeared from my sight.

I had followed her directions, and was now enconced upon one of the great limbs of the live oak—perfectly hidden from the eyes of any one below by festoons of the silvery tilliaus. These, hanging from branches still higher up, draped around me like a set of gauze curtains, and completely enveloped my whole body; while I myself had a view of the pond—at least, that side of it on which the moon was shining—by means of a small opening between the leaves.

At first I fancied I was playing a very ridiculous rôle. The story about enemies, and my life being in danger, might, after all, be nothing more than some crazy fancy of the poor maniac's brain. The men, whose shadows

* Boy.
† Eclatée.
‡ It is good—it is well.
I had, might be, the chiefs on their return. They would stand on the ground where I had stationed to meet them, and not finding me there, would go back. What kind of report should I carry to headquarters? The thing was ridiculous enough—and for me, the result might be worse than ridiculous.

Under these reflections, I felt strongly inclined to descend, and meet the men—whoever they might be— face to face.

Other reflections, however, hindered me. The chiefs were only two—there were four shadows. True, the chiefs might be accompanied by some of their followers—for better security to themselves on such a traitorous mission—but I had noticed, as the shadows were passing over the pond—and notwithstanding the rapidity with which they moved—that the figures were not these of Indians. I observed no hanging drapery, nor plumes.  'On the contrary, I fancied there were huts upon their heads, such as are worn only by white men. It was the observation of this peculiarity that made me so ready to yield obedience to the solicitations of Haj-Ewa.

Other circumstances had not failed to impress me: the strange assertions made by the Indian woman—her knowledge of events, and the odd allusions to well-known persons—the affair of yesterday: all these, commingling in my mind, had the effect of determining me to remain upon my perch, at least for some minutes longer. I might be relieved from my unpleasant position sooner than I expected.

Without motion, almost without breathing, I kept my eye on each figure of a native's profile—and from thence to my own face, bent to catch every sound.

My suspense was brief. The acuteness of my eyes was rewarded by a sight, and my ears by a tale, that caused my flesh to creep, and the blood to run cold in my veins. In five minutes' time, I was inducted into a belief in the wickedness of the human heart, exceeding in enormity all that I had ever read or heard of.

Four demons filed before me—demons, beyond a doubt: their looks, which I noted well—their words, which I heard—their gestures, which I saw—their designs, with which I in that hour became acquainted—fully entituled them to the appellation.

They were passing around the pond. I saw their faces after another, as they emerged into the moonlight.

Foremost appeared the pale thin visage of Aren Ringgold; next, the sinister aquatic features of Spencer; and, after him, the broad brutal face of the guilty Wilmot.

There were four—who was the fourth?

'Am I dreaming? Do my eyes deceive me? Is it real? Is it an illusion? Are my senses gone astray—or is it only a resemblance, a counterpart? No, no—no! It is no counterpart, but the man himself!—that black curling hair, that tawny skin, the form, the gait—all, all are his.  O God! is it Yellow Jake!'

**DUTCH POETRESSES.**

The application of a bad name to a dog is said to be equivalent to capital punishment. In the case of Holland, a whole people has suffered from the effects of this unfortunate designation. It is difficult to conceive that anything Dutch can be poetic, or that any man who is a Dutchman can be a hero of romance. It seems to be a generally admitted fact, that Holland is the country of dulness and common-place respectability, where all the women are fat and all the men are stupid, where a dike is the nearest approach to Parnassus, and where the only use of Pegusus would be to tow a trekscheep. Against Dutch books might be urged, without fear of contradiction, the charge that was formerly brought against those of Germany, that they smell of groceries, of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon, and of fryings in frowzy back-parLOURS.' No wonder that there was a prejudice against German literature in days when a Schiller would have figured as 'a High-Dutch poet:— the name would have been fatal. Hollandish or Bavarian would have been comparatively respectable. In the ages of erudition, when Holland, at least in the words of Hallam, 'pre-eminently the literary country of Europe,' the Dutch writers were well aware of the advantage of bearing a good name. Nowhere did the humble patroons find themselves Latinised or Hellenised into greater splendour than in Holland; syllables that Fame would have been ashamed to whisper, acquired a grandeur that rendered them worthy to be bawled in her best trumpet-tones; the controversialists of the times assumed titles which bore the same relation to their original names that the classic toga bears to the gent's paletot; and even the author of a work proving that Adam and Eve talked Dutch in Paradise, inflated his simple appellation of Jan Van Gorp into Toropius Becanus.  Certainly Dutch cognomens are not remarkable for dignity. Nor is it in its proper names alone that the language is at fault; there is something ludicrous about the sound and the aspect of many of its words: only a native eye can detect in Dutch smoke a pleasing sensation; the superfluity of 's gives it a cumbersome and lazy look: the vowels seem constantly to be jostling each other; as, for instance, in the epithet bloemsoopig—what a term to apply to the blue-eyed objects of a poet's regard!—and from thence to a string of vowels sometimes reduces a verse to little more than a row of consonants, hooked together by a series of apostrophes.

But if the language has its drawbacks, it can boast its merits also. A Dutchman is never weary of singing the praises of his native tongue—its strength, its serene majesty, its copiousness, its power of expressing the sense by the sound; its store of diminutives and terms of endearment; and of contrasting all these glories with the mean, weak poverty of the deiected language of France. He might mention, as an additional merit, its likeness to our own speech, although the resemblance may remind a prejudiced Englishman of that which the monkey bears to man. Many of its words look remarkably like caricatures of ours, and every Dutch newspaper bears a certain likeness to the *Fonetik Nuz.*

A very ingenious theory was propounded, years ago, by a gentleman who wrote four volumes in order to prove that all our nursery-rhymes were originally Dutch satires upon the clergy; as, for example:

**Jack Sprat**

Jack Sprat
Had a cat;
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

**This simple narrative is metamorphosed by Mr. Hollanden Ker into the following epigram:**

> Jack Sprat
> Huyt er gult;
> 't is huyt boer man hier;
> 't ets toe beel boet er;
> Wee'n bot er! wo sees dij hier?

which he paraphrases: 'The churchman's tales, while they serve to fill the rogue's belly on the one hand, serve to pinch that of doltish cloddy on the other; they convert the cloddy-dupe into the provider of the woolen-gowned gentry (the friars),' &c.

Holland is styled 'the land of song' by its inhabitants, who have ever been greatly addicted to the habits of rhyming, and who hold a poet in high esteem. Their
literature is very rich in popular lyrics, lovingly preserved and handed down from generation to generation; and few songsters have maintained so firm a hold over the affections of posterity, as Father Jacob Cats, whose memory and whose verse are embalmed in the heart of every true Dutchman. For more than two centuries, the songs of this Franklin of Holland have been the delight of his countrymen, and to know Cats by heart is said to be necessary before the student can pretend to any knowledge of the Dutch language.

In the palmy days of Holland, the vernacular tongue was almost surrendered to the unlearned, and the literary giants of the age clothed their thoughts only in a Romana garb; but with the political decline of the state came a reaction in favour of the national tongue. In Belgium, the vernacular was fast becoming obsolete, and it seemed that French was destined to be the language of the country, when a revival of the decayed speech was commenced about the middle of the last century. This gave rise to the division between Flemish and Dutch, as the dialect of Antwerp was adopted, and became general throughout the Austrian Netherlands. For a long time it was considered unworthy the attention of literary men; but lately a band of zealous national authors, first among whom stands Hendrik Conscience, have written in it with marked success.

Holland has been peculiarly rich in authoresse. Many of its most distinguished men of letters have transmitted the flame of genius to their daughters; and from the time of Anna Heyn to the present day, there has been a succession of poetesses, whose statues would fill no inconsiderable space in the Dutch Pantheon.

A work has lately been published at Amsterdam, by Mr Van der Aa, containing a selection from the poems ("Pearle") of these ladies, and may serve to correct the popular ideas concerning the women of Holland. The poetry is not of the highest order of merit; there is no great originality of conception or vigour of execution to be found in the book, through which, as in most poetry written by the gentler sex, a strain of melancholy prevails; but much of it is graceful and touching. We select a few of the shorter pieces, which may convey an idea of the works of these ladies of Holland, and may perhaps avail to sweep away a few of the prejudices that must cling around the dreadful name of "Vrouwe."

The following poem is by Adelaide Kieyn, authoress of Ode van Elegien and Nieuwe dichterijke Mengelijen, who died at Leyden in 1829:

THE WATCHMAN.

Watchman! thou whose salutations
Lonely through the darkness ring,
Who in saddest tribulations
Still must force thy lips to sing—

Whom, though toils by day may weary,
No sweet rest awaits at night,
Till thine eye through watchings dreary
Find the morning's rosy light:

Thou to me art Hope's revealer—
Let me keep by dutesome way,
Whether through the dust I steal, or
Front the cheerful light of day.

I through all the wide horizon
Seek a better Fatherland,
But the seas I fix my eyes on
Hid as yet that sunny strand.

Round me, round me, creeps the gloaming,
Anxious cares upon me throng;
I, like thee, alone am roaming,
Sling, like thee, a lonely song.

But mine eye, through shadows straining,
Sees where lights with shadows blend;
Sees the hour of rest remaining
Steadfast for me at the end.

The verses on "Tears" are by a lady of the name of Van Strijk, nee Brinkman, who also died in the year 1826. In addition to her lyric and dramatic compositions, she published a romance called Julia en Amol, and translated the "Kread.

TEARS.

O tears! When we are sunk in sorrow,
'Tis you that soothes us, you that bless;
You bring to those a lighted morrow
Who woe in darkness and distress:

And they whose bleeding bosoms languish
From wounds that never cease their flow,
Find, in their own sad drops of anguish,
A tender anodyne of wo.

To every tear of mute compassion
The poor with grateful smiles reply,
And welcome, in their homely fashion,
The magic of a moistened eye.

When friends o'er some green grave are weeping,
By no funeral pomp distitled,
Their tears descend to him that's sleeping,
Pure as the kisses of a child.

Therefore, when next the dark'ning hours
To me some mournful message bring,
Pick, that, sweet tears, and give your showers
The breezy coolness of the spring!

We conclude with a few lines to Death by Albertine Rijfkoekel, who died at the age of twenty years, after a long and painful illness, during which she dictated a number of simple and touching poems to her father, who published them after her death.

TO THE BROTHER OF SLEEP.

Thee Folly waits with fear: but Wisdom smiling meets thee,
And finds in thee the best, the truest of all friends;
From many a couch of pain the weary sufferer greets thee,
Thy sympathising hand his term of sorrow ends.
I think of thee with joy, with patient expectation,
Until thy gentle touch shall lull me into rest;
Come, kindly friend, subdue my heart-string's last vibration,
And lap me in soft slumber, pillowed on thy breast.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Art has been making its usual winter-season demonstrations, perhaps with clearer purpose than heretofore. Lectures by the ablest men on art, ancient and modern—on Gothic Architecture, at the Royal Academy and at the South Kensington Museum—on Colour as applied to Architecture, at the Institute in Grosvenor Street—an Architectural Exhibition at the rooms in Suffolk Street—the Photographic Society's Exhibition at their rooms in Coventry Street, showing unmistakable signs of progress—and Schools of Design as unmistakably flourishing—all testify to the growing interest of the people in the subject. Then we are to have a Great Exhibition memorial, and a Crimean monument, both probably in Hyde Park; and Sheffield is erecting a Crimean monument, which, in spite of the smoke, could not have a better site. It is to be sixty feet high, a handsome arched canopy finished with crockets and finials, within which, on the solid base, will be placed a sitting figure of
Victory. If we cannot be made a nation of artists by cultivation, it will clearly not be from want of endeavour.

So far as can be foreseen, a new style of architecture is likely to be instituted in the present century; and the best that architects can do is to work, with an enlightened eclecticism, upon the most beautiful of that which was produced either in the dark or classical ages, according to the building they have in hand, and conform our modern, our new buildings to it; for there is no good reason why beauty should not combine with utility. One of the ramifications of this subject has been discussed before the Society of Arts in a paper "On House-construction, and its bearing on Social Welfare."

As regards the wholesomeness of buildings, we notice a paper by Dr H. E. Roscoe, Professor at Owen's College, Manchester, which, though it contains little that was not already known, is nevertheless valuable as recording facts and defining principles. The paper is entitled, "Some Chemical Facts respecting the Atmosphere of Dwelling-houses;" and first, we are told that the quantity of carbonic acid given off by an adult man is rather more than nineteen litres an hour, but that the diminution of the oxygen in a room that deteriorates the air, as the charging it with foul and waste matters. The normal amount of carbonic acid in the open air is 4 parts in 10,000, and the air indoors should as much as possible be kept in the same proportion. Carbonic oxide—one of the products of combustion—is immediately fatal when present in an atmosphere to the amount of 1 per cent. only. Dr Roscoe agrees with Dr Arnott that at least 20 cubic feet of fresh air are required for each person every minute, to remove all the noxious and disagreeable effluvia, especially in crowded habitations, schools, barracks, and the like. But he finds that certain natural causes operate to weaken the harmful consequences of bad ventilation—namely, diffusion through the walls. It appears from experiment, that carbonic acid actually escapes in that way through brick and mortar, and maintains the atmosphere in something like its proper condition. Hence the unhealthiness of new damp houses, and of iron houses, through the walls of which no diffusion can take place. Emigrants and travellers, who trust in iron houses, would do well to hold this fact in remembrance.

The launch of the Leviathan has inspired an inventor with the notion of a gas-ram, simple enough in principle, but requiring a momentary rush of steam to be admitted into a cylinder to raise a piston by which the lift or push is to be effected. Gas is now successfully used to heat green-houses, and with manifest advantage, as it admits of regulation with such nice and any degree of temperature. And, if the statement be true, gas is a preventive of contagion; for, according to accounts from Lisbon, the yellow fever did not visit the houses in that city which are lighted with gas.

The application of steam to agriculture is becoming more and more an accomplished fact. The Society of Arts have given an evening to "steam-cultivation;" and sundry enterprising farmers are making trial of the "Gildeway" steam-machinery, which includes rail, with that it travels on, to work the field during the ploughing is avoided. We think it probable that in the course of another ten years, steam-ploughing will be general on all our large farms—and few are small now.

Fiction is to have a chance in the south as well as in the north. The Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, jointly with Sir W. C. Trelveryan, offer a prize of £20 to a bond-fide resident in the counties of Oxon or Berks, for the best essay on the methods of introducing and raising fish in the waters of the Cherwell and the Isla.

M. Menigault has made a series of experiments, extending over several years, on wheat—on the causes which alter and deteriorate it, and the means of its preservation—which admits of practical application. He has examined the grain under every possible condition of heat, moisture, dryness, and cold, aggregation and diffusion. Among his conclusions, we find that the hygrometric condition of wheat varies 4½ per cent. in an ordinary atmosphere; that, however carefully heaped, there is always one-third of empty space in the heap; that soaking in water for eight days facilitates the growth of wheat; that imprisonment in ice for six months will not destroy its vitality; that when perfectly dried, it will keep for an indefinite time; that in a temperature of 108 degrees, it is completely spoiled in a month; and that heat and damp combined are the sole causes of corruption in wheat. If precautions are taken based upon these facts, there will be nothing to fear, for instance, from insects.

Fresenius, a German chemist, has made experiments on various kinds of fruits, demonstrating which are best, and why. The more a fruit contains of soluble matter, the more is it esteemed—such as the peach and greengage. And the more a fruit is cultivated, the more its soluble matter and less of free acid and insoluble matter. These facts may serve for household hints.—A French chemist has investigated the poisonous principle in the oxide, with a view to discover its medicinal properties. This oxide—one of the ingredients of the salicylate of potash yields a liquor strongly charged with the scent of roses; and if this be distilled, it becomes an excellent artificial rose-water. Out of this, a new branch of industry may perhaps be created, for the substance is comparatively cheap, and rose-water is in much request as a luxury for the toilet.

The Bulletin of the Acclimatisation Society at Paris has an account of the guillay (Quillaga Saponaria), a tree which grows in the Cordilleras of South America, and of which the bark constitutes an important article of trade in Chili. Silks washed in water in which this bark has been macerated, preserve their colour a long time unaltered; but the principal dye that is now used is that of it as a wash for the head once or twice a week. To this the women of Chili and of adjacent countries are indebted for the beauty and luxuriance of their hair; and it is said that not a few of the men make use of it also. It has, besides, a medicinal property, and is administered as a febrifuge.

A new kind of gutta-percha, and, as is said, the best, has been imported into Holland from Surinam. It is a product of a species of sapodilla which grows on the higher parts of the great savannas, and in such abundance, that for years to come the supply will be equal to the demand. The Americans have made themselves busy in that quarter of late; have surveyed a number of excellent harbours in the north of Sumatra, where the tree is and contrived to get the principal share of the spice-trade of that island. We, on the other hand, have taken possession of the Keeling, or Cocos Islands, and find them to be a convenient half-way station between Ceylon and Western Australia. The number about twenty European families, and a hundred Malays.—Our government and that of the United States are about to send a large party to make a joint survey of the boundary-line between the British and American territory on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains: our own party will subsequently explore Vancouver's Island, and in
CHAMBERS’S JOURNAL.

order to get the best knowledge of the country, and to benefit science, the Foreign Office has asked the Royal Society to suggest inquiries and observations, and has given the necessary means to carry them out. — And talking of explorations, we are reminded that the party which accompanies Dr Livingstone comprises his brother, a skilled economic botanist, and a mining geologist, besides an engineer for the steam-launch, and qualified persons for other duties. They take with them an iron house, which is to be set up in the highlands at the confluence of the Kafoo with the Zambezi, where land is to be cultivated, so as to become the nucleus of a permanent settlement. Hence we may hope to gain a practical knowledge of the mineral and vegetable productions of Eastern Africa.

—The news from the Niger is not encouraging. Dr Balfie had lost his steamer on rocks in the river; we hear, however, that another vessel has been sent out to enable him to resume his explorations.

We mentioned, some time since, that the New Zealand government had advertised considerable money-prizes for the best samples and quantities of native flax, in the raw and dressed state. We are glad to learn that the prizes have been made in the way desired, and that the samples sent in for competition have been forwarded by the colonial government to the Society of Arts, where they may be examined by all who are interested in the important question of flax commerce. As the subject has been again taken up, there is no doubt that the flax trade will be as beneficial to the New Zealanders as to manufacturers in this country. One of the competitors, Baron de Thierry of Auckland, gives an interesting description of his mode of treatment: boiling and alkali aforesaid to convert the plant *Phormium tenax* into a fit state; but he succeeded with steam, and can make flax for sale at £1.6 per ton at a large profit. He claims, moreover, to have discovered a new kind named *T1*, which can be sold at £1.2 per ton, and will be found applicable to the finest textures, from lace downwards. Dundee, and some other of our manufacturing towns, will hear of this with pleasure, and with visions of profit. For their information, we quote an interesting passage from the Society’s Journal. ‘The *T1* says the baron, is a tree which grows as high as twenty to thirty feet, and the flax is the product of the leaves, which are about three feet long, and from three-quarters to an inch wide. The whole tree is very hard, and cuttings upwards of six inches diameter will take root in moist land. It grows in swamps where nothing else will stand; it makes an impermeable live fence; it grows either in or out of water, and prospers on the highest hill and in the deepest gully.’ Here is an element of trade and prosperity! Only get the shrewd natives, so alive to their own interests, to cultivate the *T1*, and there will be be a capital market for us.

As we have from time to time noted the movements of the Pitcairn islanders, we take the opportunity here to mention that Sir W. Denison, governor of Tasmania, has paid them a visit in their new home on the island, and established a form of government for them. It is essentially democratic. On the day after Christmas-day in every year, they are to meet to elect their chief magistrate, who must not be under the age of twenty-eight. Every man of twenty-one or over is a magistrate, with considerable powers; he is the returning-officer, and has the entire charge of education. Among the regulations for preserving the moral and physical welfare of the singularly interesting community, one is, that no beer or spirits shall be used on the island except as medicine. What will become of their old home, the lonely islet? left now to the care of Nature, or to be a resort of whalers?

We are glad to learn that the ways and means for Mr Robert Mallet’s journey to Italy were supplied out of the government grant fund administered by the Royal Society, the proceeds of our lottery being in our last. We recur to the subject, because at the latest accounts the earthquake phenomena were still recurring, and he is well qualified to describe them, and judge of their geological relations. Among his credentials, he has a consular letter from his eminent Cardinal Wiseman, which, perhaps, more than any other, will facilitate his inquiries in country districts where the village-priest is the only man able to give information. We may hope to hear of the results in about two months.

The counter-shock of these Neapolitan earthquakes has been felt in places far distant: near the Adriatic, and onwards into Carinthia, Illyria, and the Carpathians. The general direction was north and south; but when the movement struck the Alps, lateral vibrations were sent off from east to west. Some accounts state that there are signs of upheaval along parts of the coast of Naples. — In the Indian Archipelago also, and in America, great convulsions have taken place, as in Fujis, the results were surprising. The bay was observed to be swarming with crabs of a species rarely seen; after some days, an earthquake was felt, and a week later, there was a bank of crabs from three to four feet wide, and three feet high, thrown over the water. The water changed from a clear blue to a bluish green colour. — And in North America, as described by Professor Cook at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, subsidence is going on all along the coast of New Jersey and Long Island, the effects are especially observable. Hundreds of thousands of acres of submerged forest lie a few feet below the swampy surface, and many farms are diminished in extent by the tide flowing further over the uplands than was formerly the case. Professor Cook estimates the subsidence at two feet in a century. — Mr Leonard Horner has just read the second part of his paper on the alluvial land of Egypt, to the Royal Society. He laid on the table a piece of pottery brought to light by his excavations, which he believes was made by human hands 12,000 years before the Christian era.

In connection with these phenomena, we may notice those of the weather; for the fact that half the winter crops are for a strange natural vegetation is hard, and cuttings upwards of six inches diameter will take root in moist land. It grows in swamps where nothing else will stand; it makes an impermeable live fence; it grows either in or out of water, and prospers on the highest hill and in the deepest gully.” Here is an element of trade and prosperity! Only get the shrewd natives, so alive to their own interests, to cultivate the *T1*, and there will be a capital market for us.

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of the hurricanes that rush at times with fearful destruction across the fields and forests. Toronto is to be the central station; and there tabulated records will be kept of all the phenomena.

The shadow of a little sect, which, though it has been mentioned in physiological works, as having a hole in his side through which the interior of his stomach can be seen. The visit will doubtless be taken advantage of by our physiologists to settle some of the unsettled points in the phenomena of digestion.

THE STREET-MUSICIAN.

Was he not acquainted with the chorus of trumpets, blowing brazen discord throughout our streets in every note of the gamut simultaneously? What Londoner is ignorant of the drone of the organ, grinding solemn parodies of Adeste Fideles, or the Old Hundredth; or exciting a wretched monkey in Highland costume to exhibit wretched gambols for the behoof of a race of ragged pigmies, bent on mimicry, or lost in wonder; or to clash his cymbals with a horrible baton in the face of the human automaton, who awakens his martial ardour by a few harsher than words. The child had fixed her eyes on the splendours of the toy-shops—all she was like to know of 'Noël,' poor little soul; she had danced in the joy of her innocent heart, and beaten proud 'music' to her favourite tunes. But the day was drawing in very fast; the air grew cold; the street-lamps began to blink through the fog; little Bertha's feet were heavy and cold; was it mist that hung in her pretty blue eyes?

The street-musician looks at her, stops short in the very middle of his liveliest tune, shoulders his pole and his piano, lifts the little thing tenderly on one arm, while the other steals from her uncertain grasp the ponderous tambourine. She, with both her small hands clasped tight round his neck, and her cheek resting on his shoulder, forgets weariness, hunger, cold; her merry laugh rings out again, but quietly; and with snatches of praise, and sighs of happiness, they trudge away into the cold, cloudy twilight, unmeet parable of 'peace and good-will'—sending up their uncouacious amen to the tender glory of the Christmas chorus, already faintly rising, if we would but listen, in the deep heavy yonder, among the stars.

IRIDIT GENTLEWOMEN OF SCOTLAND.

It will be readily admitted that there is no sort of persons with greater claims upon a compassionate regard than aged females of the middle and upper classes, who, from non-marriage or widowhood, or any other contingency, have been left to spin out their last years in penury. The indigent gentleman is everywhere a person of frequent occurrence. The families of clergy- men, of military officers, of professional men, and of the minor gentry, supply them in great numbers. Persons, too, who have in earlier years been useful as teachers, often become indigent gentlewomen in old age. Under a sense of the needs and desirings of many of these ladies, a few individuals in Scotland formed, about ten years ago, a society for the maintenance of what is called The Indigent Gentlewomen's Fund. It is an institution of which we can scarcely speak in terms of too high approbation. A vast number of gentlemen and clergymen throughout the country are connected with it, and there is a most extensive organisation of ladies for the collection of funds, which are systematically made annually at every house where individuals of the middle and upper classes reside. The society's object was not to support, but merely to aid and comfort these unhappy cases, whose days had passed their fiftieth year; and we are proud to say that we recognise in the result the old kindly feeling
of the people of Scotland. The most scrupulous delicacy was observed in distributing the relief; and no aid可以从 a public charity was ever administered in a way less likely to wound the feelings of the recipients. At the first annual distribution of the fund, the sum of £878 was divided among 104 applicants. Last year, the applicants numbered 322, and the sum distributed among them was £2060. The pecuniary assistance given by the society is small—but how important to the threadbare economical gentry of the class! An annuity of L.5 to L.15, to which the regular aid is limited, is found absolutely to elevate these once denuded ladies from almost destitution to comfort. In particular cases, a trifling sum is sometimes given in addition to the annuity; and the following is copied as a fair specimen of the applications made for this benevolence: 'Humbly sheweth—that your petitioner has been a grateful recipient of the fund for some years, and that to the extent of L.6 annually. That your petitioner for thirty years has almost entirely supported herself by teaching. That your petitioner is eighty years of age. Until two months ago, she has continued to teach; but, from extreme age and increasing infirmities, she has been less able to give up school.'

We need not say that ladies were from the first the main support of this admirable institution. In 1850, bazaars for the sale of ladies' work for the benefit of the fund were held in the principal towns in Scotland; and the proceeds so obtained were considerable. To warrant the institution of a sinking fund to provide for the greater stability of the society. The amount of this fund, to which to come is added every year, and is, at the close of the financial year 1850, L.396. To give an idea of the kind of cases which come before the society, we copy the following applications:

'(G.119)—aged 30.—Petitioner is the daughter of the late Rev. —, sometime clergyman of the parish of —. Her income is L.10 per annum, purchased by her some years ago. She receives also occasional assistance from friends.

'(G.168)—aged 72.—Petitioner is the daughter of the late —, sometime overseer of the extensive Mines at —. He farmed at the same time the lands of —, belonging to the Duke of —, and the lands of —, and —, belonging to the Marquis of —. Petitioner has now no income, excepting the trifles which she makes by sewing.

'(G.65)—Petitioner is the daughter of the late —, M.D. Her income consists of the interest of a small sum of money earned by her own exertions. She has been a governess for nearly thirty years, and, if health permitted, is still willing to contribute to her own support by the exercise of her talents. She has no home, but is at present residing with a friend.'

After these melancholy cases, it gives us much satisfaction to add, that it is not an uncommon thing for an allowance to be resigned when the annuitant's circumstances have changed for the better; and that in one case, the whole amount that had been received was returned with interest.

For the above particulars, we are indebted to the Report of the Committee of Management, and we recommend strongly to our readers a careful perusal of this document. Why should such a society be confined to Scotland? Could there be any more grateful employment for ladies and clergyman in each of the wealthy counties of England, than the establishment of a similar institution? We trust the hint will fructify; and we are sure the secretary of the Scottish Indigent Gentlewomen's Fund Society, Mr. Fullarton, 5 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh, will be happy to assist with any information that it may be in his power to give.

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A DEAD SEA-GULL: NEAR LIVERPOOL.

Lack-lustre eye and idle wing, And smirched breast that shimmers no more, White as the white foam, or the wave— Hast thou not even a grave Upon the dreary shore, Forlorn, forgotten thing?

Thou whom the deep seas could not drown, Nor all the elements affright, Flashing, like thought, across the main, Mocking the hurldge, Screaming with wild delight

When the great ship went down:—

Thee not thy beauty saved, nor mirth, Nor daring, nor thy obscure lot As one midst myriads; in quick haste Fate caught thee as thou past— Dead—how, it matters not; Consuming—earth to earth. And not two leagues from where it lies, Lie bodies once as free from stain, And souls once gay as sea-birds, Whom all the preachers' words Will ne'er make white again, Or from the dead arise.

Rot, pretty bird, in harmless clay! We sing too much poetick woes: Let us be doing while we can. Go forth, thou Christian man, On the dank shore seek those Left dead of soul-decay.

THEORY OF SEA-SICKNESS.

The seat of the sense of nausea is the pit of the stomach, and there—like a sorcerer in his cave—lies the solar plexus. This, according to Erasmus Wilson (Spas of Germany and Belgium) is the god who is to be propitiated by those who are afraid of sea-sickness: some of whom, after offering him a good breakfast or a good dinner, a glass of grog, a pinch of eucalyptus-pepper, a dose of peppermint, cam- phor, cresote, laudanum, naphtha, ether, or chloroform. Others cover his pit externally with a camphor bag, and over it a warm plaster of cinnamon or frankincense. None of the internal preventives, Mr. Wilson thinks, are worth anything, except a good dinner or breakfast at the usual time when the god is hungry, and soda-water when he is thirsty, with a little sherry or brandy in it; but the external remedies are better, chiefly because they bestow warmth and pressure. The cause of the sickness, however, is the unaccustomed motion—the vertical motion more especially, and added to that the horizontal and other motions we are more familiar with in a railway carriage; and it is to this we are to apply any remedy process we adopt, with a view to fix the muscular system, or at least which we have control, and by that fixation steady, if not totally to fix, the solar plexus.' Mr. Wilson, after making experiments upon himself, advises that a belt, or, in the absence of that, a shawl, should be wound round the trunk, making strong pressure from the hips upwards to the middle of the chest, and that the patient—or rather he who is determined not to become a patient—should sit down on a bench, fix his heels against the deck, and resist with all his power any movement of the vessel.

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GOING OUT TO PLAY.

Was that has lived to middle age, when to work has become the principal object of existence, does not look back with an amused interest, a half-melancholy wonder on that season when 'going out to play' was an acknowledged daily necessity; when we sailed forth with no pretence of duty or labour, neither to walk, nor ride, nor pay visits, nor do errands; bent on no definite scheme of action—going out simply and absolutely 'to play.' And those Saturday afternoons—those glorious scented holidays—those delicious accidental half-hours, form the largest feature in our recollections now.

Going out to play! It seems ludicrous to fancy ourselves ever doing such a thing—we, who have to tramp in and out of town on our daily business—and do it; or feel we are bound to pay a visit—and pay it; that it is our duty to take a constitutional walk—and we take it; to plan a pleasure-exursion—and we go through with it. But as for turning out of doors for a given space of time, to go nowhere and do nothing particular—what a ridiculous idea! It is only by a strong effort of mental transposition and retrogression that we can sympathise with a certain dear little soul of my acquaintance, who, after being sedulously petted and entertained for a whole week by a houseful of benevolent grown-up people, said pathetically:

'Me want to go out and play! Me want a 'little girl to play with me! Me shouldn't care if she was a 'little girl in rags!'

Companionship in this play is a great matter—companionship based on quite different grounds from later-life friendship. Except a few, endowed with that passionate adhesiveness which is sure to prove in after-life at once their glory and their torment, children are seldom either unsalish or devoted in their attachments. Most of their loves are mere likenings, contracted for the pleasure of the moment. Their dear little free hearts want neither a friend nor a lover—they only want 'somebody to play with. Anybody will do—even the 'little girl in rags.' Those who have experienced that premature clouding of life's golden morning—a solitary childhood, may remember the wisps longing with which they have stood watching groups of dirty, happy little rogues, collected at street-corners and on village-greens, and so sorely they have rebelled at prohibitions to join them. Easy age! when there is no patrician exclusiveness, and very little of the ecclesiasticism of personal tastes or affections: the chief thing wanted is society—companionship.

But as if in compensation, the tie, so slight then, becomes afterwards so tightly riveted, that there are few pleasures purer or more exquisite than that taken by old playmates, or children of one family, in talking over every trivial thing belonging to their contemporary childhood. And the same free-masonry which makes most people hear patiently any sort of love-story, makes everybody listen with a vague interest to the chronicle of everybody else's childhood; for both themes form two out of the three universal facts of human life—birth, love, and death.

Therefore, it may amuse some, if, prior to saying a few serious words on the subject of play, I gossip a little, as we did the other night over our fire—I and the only one now left to gossip together over our childhood. We did so, apropos of the notion already started, that childhood is the only time when it is a necessary business—this going out to play.

We were not city children, thank goodness! We never had to be muffled as to the bodies, denuded as to the legs, our heads weighed down by beautiful hats and feathers, our feet compressed into the nastiest of boots, and sent out walking, solemnly and genteelly, through streets and squares. I am proud to say, ours was a very different costume. It consisted of a pinafore of common blue print, made after the pattern of a French blouse, put on over all our other clothes, fastened at the waist by a leather belt, and reaching nearly to the ankles, which, in boys and girls alike, were defended by stout shoes, merino stockings, and those substantial 'under-vestments' which we were then not ashamed to call 'trousers.' Thus some slip head-gear, cloth cap or straw-hat, was the only addition necessary to the universal, all-covering blue pinafore.

O sacred blue pinafore!—so warm, light, and comfortable—put off or on in a minute—allowing full liberty to run, jump, climb, scramble, or crawl, creating a sublime indifference to dirt or tears—that is, fractures—I have never seen any modern garment appropriated to children's wear which could at all be compared to this costume of my youth.

In it invariably we went out to play. Our playplace was the garden, the green, and the great field before the terrace where we lived: there was a tabooed region beyond, consisting of the parade and the public walks, where we were not allowed to go in our blue pinafores; but within the above limits, nobody and nothing interfered with us. On the green, ball-practice—not bullets—against a gable-end, tip-cat, trapbat, prisoners' base, cricket, marbles, were carried on; likewise digging of holes and making of bonfires. The garden had its restrictions, especially as
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The season of growing vegetables, though I remember a rhubarb-bed which mysteriously withered in consequence of a secret excavation under it, two or three feet deep; and an ash-tree, which, being made one of the principal supports of a hut—where there was a fire and a good deal of gunpowder used—was observed by next spring evidently to have declined in its robustness of constitution. But these things were trifles; so were a few prohibitions concerning the field, when it happened to be knee-deep in mud or snow, or filled with three hundred of cattle during which period, nineteen years for the poor burgesses of our town have enjoyed from time immemorial the right of successive pasturage in the three or four—I forgot how many—large town-fields.

When they came to ours, what a jubilee it was!

To be wakened by a distant murmuration oflowing, neighing, shuffling, trampling—to dart to the window, and see with sleepy eyes, in the gray dawn, our field covered, not with daisies and buttercups—those forms despised and sacrificed forthwith—but with a moving multitude—equine, bovine, asinine; and gradually with countless milkmaids and milkmen, carrying their pails, or sitting peacefully leaning against the hedge.

After that, no want of a place to play in. We used to get dressed by six a.m., leap the ditch-bank, mug in hand, to have it filled directly from the cow, our own particular animal; for we chose favourites, whose proceedings we watched, to whom we gave names—Daisy, Brownie, Cowslip, and the like—and over whose we were exceedingly jealous. We be to the individual who presumed to go for a pennorth of milk to anybody else's cow! And still worse, who dared offend any but his or her own cow with what we were particularly fond of doing—namely, stirring them up, and squattting down on the yard or two of warmed and perfumed grass where they had been lying all night.

The other animals we patronised little, though occasionally it was fun to run after an infant donkey, or come stealthily behind some drowsy old mare, and twitch a hair or two, invaluable for fishing purposes, out of her long tail. Strange to say, I do not remember how we always had, though with the mixed cautiousness and fearlessness of country-bred children, we used to roam among these beasts all day over as long as they stayed; and we were incontestable for at least an hour, when, starting up as usual to give some glossy cow a piece, and in order to do our favours, we would find the well-cropped field all brown, bare, and desolate—the cattle were gone!

Once, and only once, the great field was made into hay. The novelty of the thing—the beauty of acres upon acres of waving, floury grass, the exquisite perfume when it was down, and the excitement during the whole of hay-time—lasted a good while, for I remember one end of the field was green again before the other was mown—that makes that summer one of the most vivid parts in our juvenile history. Its daily joys, being holiday joys, were only bounded by the terrible necessity of having to go to bed.

Even now, a sympathetic pang affects me, as I remember how delightful it was to be 'fetched in' on those lovely summer nights; how we envied those 'poor' children on the green, who happier far than we respectable ones—and probably having no particular bed to go to—were allowed to play as long as ever they chose; how cruel it was to be undressed in broad daylight, and sent away through the hedges and the fields. In short, my expectation, I must confess, was generally fulfilled in five minutes. Nevertheless, we rebelled, and kept up for years a fondly cherished dream of some time contriving to play out of doors all night long, and never go to bed at all.

And once we regularly planned this, laying a well-arranged plot—which, for the moral safety of any young reader, I beg to state, proves that, like most children, we were extremely naughty at times.

We thought, if we could only lie quiet and keep awake till all the household were asleep, we might steal down stairs, grope through the kitchen, unbolt the back-door—and so away! Out to play—when there was nobody about but ourselves; out under the stars, or obeying that summons—which to my mind still conjures up a dream of untainted bliss, that haunted me at least for years, that periodic years of childhood—

The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Boys and girls, come out to play;
Come with a rattle, and come with a call;
Come with a good will, or come not at all!

For the furtherance of this plan, we determined to go to bed in our clothes. How we managed it, I now forget—whether we generously came in without being 'fetched,' and volunteered to put ourselves to bed, or tried some other way. The first night, it seems, was calculated to the distress which we were that evening. We never understood till little boys and girls grow up to be fathers and mothers; but we certainly did manage it. To prevent discovery, we put on, outside our clothes, our innocent-looking night-gowns—and lay down to sleep as quiet as mice, and as good as gold.

But fate was against us, as against most conspirators. Maternal surveillance missing the aforesaid clothes, including the boys' boots, which were safe on their feet, also, a little surprised at all our appearing so very fat in bed, proceeded to investigate. Also! we were ignominiously found out, and made to undress and go to bed, like good children; and though, or the then, we have kept many a night-watch, sleeping roofless under foreign stars, or seeing the English dawn break from sick-room windows, never, never have we been among the number of those fortunate little boys and girls who come out to play when the moon did 'shine as bright as day.'

But once, on a birthday, we obtained permission to rise early enough to go out and play by starlight. Well do I remember the look of that chilly November morning, the brightness of the stars, the intense blackness of the land, and the mixed weather, the terrace and the road; how hard we tried to persuade ourselves that it was very pleasant and that we enjoyed everything very much. Our chief proceeding, in defiance of numb fingers and tingling toes, was to gather laurel crowns. In order to do this, we would round up—those who, protesting it was 'cold' and 'spidersy,' declined putting it on his head after all, but placed it on the top of the pump. There for weeks we watched it dangle, watched it doltely from behind windows, where, shut up with hoopings-coughs, we still protested—as even yet we protest—all save one, whose birthday passes by, outwardly unkept, and whose fair head has long since been laid down in peace, without any laurel-crowns—that we would not on any account have minded that going out to play under the November stars.

Our play was sometimes exceedingly hard work. One laugh now to call to mind the extraordinary delight there was in digging a hole—not for any purpose or after any design, but simply digging a hole. We would be at it for entire days, with a perseverance worthy of Cornish miners or Australian gold-hunters. If our labour had any aim, it was that of digging till we came to water, which not unfrequently happened to be the bottom of a pond. Once, after hearing of the central fire, we started the idea of digging down in search of it, and narrowed several feet deep; when, finding the earth no warmer, we gave up our projects. We never made any particular use of our holes, except to sit in
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in the Art-Treasures Exhibition brought back to me, as it must have done to thousands more, those glorious frosts of old, when we were out at play from daybreak till dusk, as mere kids, with crickets and as warm as "toasts"—barring our noses, toes, and finger-ends; running in at noon for a scrap of dinner, which we gobbled down as fast as possible—bless us! we had the digestion of young ostriches; and were, in its darling way, still in the, forgetful, beastly heart of naughty satisfaction. We discovered that the canal opposite a cool-woof had been broken up by boats into large blocks of ice, which still went floating about. One of us who had unluckily been presented with a volume of Arctic Voyages, embarked on the nearest of these icebergs, and went floating about too—guiding his course by the aid of a long pole. Of course, there were some half-a-dozen more imitating him. O the delight of that sail—in its total ignoring of danger, its indifference to shipwreck, and cool enjoyment of submersion! One of the voyagers still tells with pride that he 'got in' up to the neck three times that afternoon—the only termination of which was his being obliged to go to bed, because the whole of his available wardrobe was hanging to dry by the kitchen-fire.

Nothing worse happened, much as it might have been deserved. And if that handful of foot-hare legs—one or two of whom, changing to read this, may call to mind that very afternoon's play—could be gathered together now, out of India, China, Australia, from happy paternal English homes, and quiet graves, where the solitary name, left behind to neither wife nor child, moulders and perishes, how happy they if they could plead guilty to so freak more perilous, no delirium of pleasure more fatal, than the sailing on those icebergs across our old canal!

But reflecting on these facts of our childhood—we, brought up with at least as much care as falls to the lot of middle-class children generally—on our daily risks of life and limb, and moral contamination—though this latter was a less peril, as it is to all who have the spirit of a poet, not the least interesting, and yet remembering what a boundless enjoyment, what a vital necessity was to us this going out to play; we cannot but ponder deeply on the lot of those other children whom we used to envy for being allowed to play anywhere and anyhow, without being called in to the interruption of meals or the ignominy of bed. "Poor" children—as with a genteel schoolmistress' accentuation of the adjective, Dickens' *Miss Monfather's* turns them—we have come to think differently of them now. Rags, exactly for their poverty—hunger is sauce to any fare, short of no fare at all, and dirt makes a capital substitute for clothes: in hard times, it is rarely the children who suffer, at least consciously. Nevertheless, we view them with a full heart. We wonder how, in cities especially, they ever manage to arrive at maturity, or, so surviving, and blessed with their due share of limbs and bodily faculties, that they do not all turn out thieves, rogues, sluts—or worse. We marvel at

them occasionally, enthroned on brick-ends and pieces of stone from the neighbouring quarry; exceedingly proud and happy, but slightly damp and unwholesome. But towards the 5th of November, the great epoch in our year, we ceased to dig, and began to build. Our architecture was at first very simple, consisting merely of a few bricks, so placed as to keep off the wind from our beddy-nests. Next, we placed sausages round all it, where we might watch our potatoes roast, and light our crackers at ease. Then, after reading Cooper's novels, and George Eliot's &c. New Zealanders, we conceived the bold idea of erecting a sort of wigwam. More than one was attempted, and failed; the last, which lingered in most vivid recollection, is that before mentioned, of which the door-post was the ill-fated mountain-soil.

Aladdin's palace was nothing to this wonder of architecture. Its site was in a triangular corner, where two walls joined—the other walls were built of quarry-stones and earth. Its roof had proper beams—old pes-sticks, or, as we called them, 'pes-aces;' and was slanted over with these stones. There was a chimney, with two soons in the chimney-flue, quite proper and comfortable, save that in these soots, or any other, you never could get further than eighteen inches from the fire; and that the smoke obstinately persisted in going out anywhere except by the chimney.

Nevertheless, it was a magnificent house, impervious to wind and rain, except on very bad days. In it we spent our holiday afternoons, for many weeks—obliged to rush out at intervals to clear eyes, mouths, and noses from the smoke, and to cool ourselves after being nearly as well roasted as our potatoes: still, I repeat, it was a magnificent dwelling. It finally, like all mansions, fell into decay; the last thing remembered of it being that one of our boys, in his effort to raise the roof down, saw, to his horror, emerging from the ruins, a school-fellow, who had sat by the hearth all the time, and now shook himself composedly, put on his cap and walked away—perfectly safe and sound.

Truly, children have the lives.

These were winter pleasures. In those days, what a grand event was the first frost, which I have known come as early as the 9th of November—mayor-choosing-day, or 'clouting-day'—which, by an old tradition, was the safeguard of a good day. And the children in every school or private house were 'clouted out' by a body of young revolutionists, armed with 'clouds'—knotted ropes—with which they battered at school-doors till the delighted prisoners were set free. We had to the master or mistress who refused the holiday! for there would not have been a whole pane left in their windows; and I doubt if his worship, the new mayor, would have dared to fly in the face of public opinion by punishing any 'tinker-child.'

Our next era was 'when the canal bore'—which meant, when that famous piece of water, our Thames, our Rhine, our Loch Lomond, our Lake Superior, was hard enough for skating; when we could actually walk on foot, north and south, deep seas to boar, bulting and fishing; and kick our heels against the clumps of frozen water-grass, which had wreacked many a bold ship, and harboured many a gudgeon, swimming away with our unfortunate hook in his mouth—seriously looked for by us, but not I fear, because-like George Stephenson's cow—it was rather unfortunate for the gudgeon.

Well knew we every inch along the canal banks—up to the big stones, where the skaters used to sit tyed on with ropes, when, seeing a hole on the ice, watching the two beautiful slides that were always made right across the canal basin. We had never heard then of Webster, B. A.; but his famous 'Slide'...
is no need to double the risks, as they are doubled and
trebled to poor people's children—that class upon
which society depends mostly for health, labour, and
industry. Any person of common sense, during an
hour's walk along the streets of London or any large
town, will have sufficient evidence on this subject.

Now, it seems pretty well agreed upon by modern
philanthropists, that if we are to mend the world as
all, it must be through the new generation; for
the old, God help it! is almost hopeless to meddle
with; and in the balance of advantages, it is wiser
to expend labour over a young tree, than on one which,
too old and withered, you can seldom straighten out of the
crookedness of years, or graft with pleasant fruit upon
a long sour stem. Still, we are bound to 'dig about
it and dung it,' as the good Master allows; but let us
not for its sake neglect the growing trees which
spring up around us on every side. Apparently,
there is more hope in Ragged, Industrial, National,
or even Infant Schools—in teaching establishments of
every sort and kind, religious or secular—than in
all our prisons, workhouses, reformatories, and
penitentiaries.

The great want in this admirable movement for the
benefit of the young, is its being almost exclusively
on the teaching system. However varied be the
instruction, and the mode in which it is imparted,
the 'small boy' will always be 'Teach—teach.'

Now, children do not need teaching every day, and
all day long; any more than a tree requires perpetual
watering, pruning, propping, and manuring; and
Providence never meant any such thing. Set it in
the ground and let it grow. It will grow in spite of you;
and the best you can do is to watch it that it
grows straightly and safely—defend it from all
noxious influences; but on the whole, leave it in
its early season of development to the dews, and
sunshine, and fresh air; and meddle with it as little
as you can.

And thus we should never forget how equal with
all learning, and often before it—for education can be
gained in very mature life—is to children that indis-
pensable blessing, play: safe, well-watched, harmless,
and properly restricted, but daily play. Not doled
out in ten-minute portions between hours of lessons;
or according to Miss Mongfathers' creed for 'poor'
children.

In work, work, work. In work alway.

Let their first years be passed—
but granted as an indispensable and very large item
in their sum of existence. Poor little souls—why
not? it is but a tiny sum, after all; a dozen years or
so, at best. As says Christopher Sly:

Let the world wag, we shall n'er be younger.

Perhaps even well-to-do parents scarcely think
enough of this great necessity of play for their little
ones, boys and girls both, up to as long a period as
possible—which will be short enough with most.

Alas! well do I myself remember the last evening
that ever I put on my blue pinafore and 'went out to
play.' Of these respectable fathers and mothers I am
not now speaking; but of the fathers and mothers
—not less tender and scrupulous, often—of working
people's children.

Schools are excellent things; but when a child is
turned out of school, to a home which is probably
only a single room, or two rooms—where labor
and sickness, misery, drunkenness, or want, make
it worse than no home at all—where does he go
to? To play, of course; but where? In filthy
alleys, making mud-pies; swimming boats along open
sewers—busy at hop-scotch on pavements, or piles
and-toss at street-corners; darting under horses' heads
and carriage-wheels; exposed all day to the police-
man's collaring, the errand-boy's 'whooping'; and

half the night to the foul-mouthed 'rows' which take
place at gin-palace doors; open, in short, to every
sort and degree of bodily harm and mental corruption.

You, fond and gentle mother, who send your chil-
dren out for a walk, or into the safe garden, under the
guardianship of two nursery-maids, or on wet days
have them for a game in the dining-room, and at
night o'clock every night go up to kiss them in their
little beds—only fancy some boys and girls turned out
for one single day of such a life as this!

Can anything be done to remedy it?—anything
which, without detracting a jot from the usefulness
of schools, will provide for a want which no schools
can supply?

A society, lately started, has tried to answer this
question. It is called 'The Playground Society,' and
its object is 'to provide playgrounds for poor children
in populous places.' Its originator, a benevolent
London clergyman, thus states how the scheme arose
—the paragraph is taken from a private letter, which,
for public good, there can be no objection to make:

The immediate impulse to our Society came from
a little street in my late district, wherein I found a
woman 'blowing up' some little boys well for making
a noise before her house. I entered into a conversa-
tion with her upon my wish to have a playground set
apart for the boys and girls; and the lady invited me
to her own house, and made me some refreshments. She
replied 'that the idea was a good one, because then they would not
trouble her.' Feeling, therefore, that all classes were to
benefit by the movement, I began to look up friends
to the cause, and a good many were found. We hoped
to be more useful by assisting in the conveyance of
sites, than by their purchase. We do not propose
to do more than procure the playground, leaving the
management to local authorities.

Therefore, the brief prospectus urges 'support from
the nobility and gentry, with reference to the towns
and cities contiguous to their estates;' and invites
such earnestly to make 'grants of land, which can be
legally conveyed for that purpose.' We feel that we
are perhaps affording one chance more to a sub-
stantial public good in giving in this Journal the
address of this Society—17 Bull and Mouth Street,
St Martin's-le-Grand, London.

Thus, with a plea for playgrounds and for play, end
these reminiscences of our play-days—now gone by
for evermore. Yet blessed are those families, however
dwindled and separated, who are bound together in
heart by remembrances such as these! And blessed
is the memory of those parents, who, by justice, pa-
tience, forbearance, and tenderness—tried, how
surely none find out until taught by parenthood
themselves—have through all afflictions of their own
given to their children that blessing, which nothing
afterwards can take away, and the want of which
nothing can ever supply, the recollection of a happy
childhood.

SHELLEY AND HIS WRITINGS.*

For more than a quarter of a century, Shelley has
been a sort of myth to the British public, and a
myth, moreover, with two very different characters.

By a few, he has been regarded as an angel, but by
the majority as a sort of malignant demon, muttering
perpetually necromantic incantations, to blast the
tillers and the fruits of the earth. A friend who
knew him well once went down to visit him while
he was staying at Great Marlow. Shelley, like
Rousseau, lived his whole life in the full persuasion
that all relationships were habitually engaged in talking
about him. After the usual civilities, he exclaimed:

therefore, in his strange, sepulchral voice: 'Well, what do they say of me now?' The man of town replied: 'They say you are engaged in blasphemy as usual, for all we know, rejoined, in his most amanated manner: 'Tell them I have run away with my grandmother—that I entertain peculiar notions about the iron railings in Lincoln's Inn Fields—and that I worship the devil's tail.'

By talking this sort of ranting stuff, the young poet shocked a great number of persons, while he amused others. It would have been fortunate had he contented himself with shocking people's nerves in conversation only; but he delighted in doing the thing on a larger scale, and wrote several books for the same purpose. Had his life been protracted to the threecscore years and ten supposed to be allotted to us for spinning speculations and sundry other duties, these words might with justice have been thrown completely into oblivion by the conduct and writings of his riper age; but Shelley died before public attention had been withdrawn from his intellectual frolics; and it is therefore to be feared that the censure, which the poet expressed before he could be viewed in the proper light. To hasten the consummation so devoutly to be wished, is the object of Mr Middleton's two interesting volumes.

There is nothing new in saying that a great majority of people, and that there are severe criticisms on the few who are endowed with the remarkable powers of genius. The reason is by no means difficult to be discovered. Swift celebrates it in the following lines:

I have no title to aspire;  
Yet if you sink, I seem the higher.

Without being actuated at all by this motive, we will venture to say that poor Shelley did furnish people with many strong reasons for speaking against him. He was mad occasionally, and occasionally sane; but habitually fluctuated between these two states of being, and acted wildly or outrageously simply because he could not help it. His physical organisation suggested at once to the beholder the idea of something strange and inexplicable. He had the face and delicate figure of a girl, with light-blue eyes, fair skin, and flaxen hair, and the voice of a very old woman, cracked, broken, and tremulous. When excited, his speech was at times so distinct, so articulate, so emphatic, that it might be considered as a reason why the boys delighted in tormenting him at school. He amused them to make him frantic, and they listened with a mixture of fear and wonder to the tricks which he played on the small fry of his age, taking advantage even of his friends. His sense of humor was of an acrid, anřous, lewd kind, and might have been expected to give birth to the softest and sweetest sounds.

It is Mr Middleton's determination to take part with Shelley in almost everything, and accordingly he is very severe upon the boys for the system of persecution they carried on at Brentford against the young poet; but we have never known any school in which so queer a little elf as Shelley then was would not have excited what Mr Middleton calls 'peculiar, irrational, and monstrous fury.' It was his misfortune that he was weak and timid, given to mooning about in solitude, and averse from the sports which amused and occupied the other boys. At school, as in the world, respect is paid to the powerful and the opulent power which boys understand being that which confers victory in fighting, they could not avoid feeling a contempt for Shelley, who possessed nothing of the virtue which excited their admiration. The power that really was in him, they could not be expected to perceive. Neither could the master. He only knew by experience that he had to do with a wayward, fretful, fanciful, and unintelligible boy, who, when he should have applied himself to his lessons, was always thinking of something else.

The same frailty of organisation led to most of the irregularities and tyrannies which were done by him, and of his out-of-the-way notions. He appeared to be reasoning with the world thus: 'You think because I avoid the shocks of physical force and the rough jostling of men in ordinary society, that I possess no courage. I will prove to you the contrary. I will fly in the face of public opinion; I will set at nought the notions of mankind; I will assail what they respect; I will recommend for practice what they detest; I will throw an irresistible charm around lost and fearsome things. I will confuse— I will overthrow, and thus compel you to recognise the intrepidity of my nature.'

From the whole tenor of Shelley's career, we are convinced that this was the secret theory of his actions. By nature he was gentle and compassionate, generous, and full of charity. But he had no regulating principle in his mind; or rather, if he had, it was that overweening vanity which led him to derive supreme satisfaction from talking, thinking, and acting differently from the ways of society he had lived; he would have selected the most unpopular opinions, and become a martyr to them. Hazlitt used to say of Coleridge that he had a knack of always preferring the unknown to the known. While Shelley was not of the same mind, but that which was generally detested. He seemed to reason with his contemporaries as Slender does with Sweet Anne Page. 'You are afraid if you see the bears loose, are you not?' 'Ay,' said, indeed, Sir. Slender. 'That makes me eat and drink to see the bears loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain: but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed."

This was Shelley all over. He had not only seen the Sackerson of opinion loose twenty times, but had let him loose, merely that he might have the pleasure of taking him by the chain while all the world stood looking on and shrieking. But if the young poet was awkward to seek pleasure from these antics, were his contemporaries much wiser in raising such an outcry as they did? Had they ceased to scream, he would have ceased to take the bear by the chain. Any man, with a man's brains in his head, might have perceived that Shelley was a mad boy, playing with dangerous opinions, because it excited the world's attention. He was not a philosopher launching forth a new system to influence the reasonings and the thoughts of mankind for ever; but a young man of vivid imagination, rich fancy, and exalted intellect, blowing gorgeous bubbles for their entertainment. He had an instrument at his command which would occasionally discourse most elegant music, but suddenly fly off into sharps and discsords, startling most hardly upon the ear. In the way of opinion, there is nothing whatever that is new in Shelley. He had groped among the ruins of the past, and picked up a number of strange ideas, which he dressed fantastically after the modern fashion. It was ridiculously absurd; but it was a form of entertainment. He had an instrument at his command which would occasionally discourse most elegant music, but suddenly fly off into sharps and discsords, startling most hardly upon the ear. In the way of opinion, there is nothing whatever that is new in Shelley. He had gro
of fifty-pound notes, and set them floating across the
Serpentine.

In the matter of ethics, Shelley's practice was not
much more respectable than his theory. His conduct
towards his first wife was susceptible of no defence;
it was heartless and unpatriotic. Of many other acts of his life we must likewise disapprove, though we
are willing to give their full weight to all those
circumstances which are urged by Mr. Middleton in
explanation. After making all possible allowance,
however, for the faults of others towards him, for the
evil influences which were exerted over his mind,
for the wickedness of his parents, for the pernicious
influence and example of his friends, we must
still insist that Shelley's life was very far
indeed from being enviable. He lived in his
generosity towards his friends, and even the most
the complete
strangers often partook of his indiscriminate bounty.
Carefully considering, therefore, both the good and
the evil, we are forced to the common-place conclusions
that he was a man of great parts, but not the
able, partly praiseworthy.
The events of his life, however, were varied, strange, and interesting. He
was born in a delightful part of Sussex, where, in the
midst of opulence and splendour, he passed the early
years of his childhood. If anything could be
wrongs in complete oblivion. In the selection of
friends, Shelley displayed, from the commencement,
very little tact or discernment—Medwin, Hogg,
Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Trelawny, Byron—all were
indescribable faults to be associated with the training
and disciplining of youth. They were ignorant, harsh,
ill-tempered, and bigoted; and instead of dealing
gently and compassionately, as they ought, with the
errors and aberrations of youth, they brought to bear
upon them all the fierce enthusiasm of narrow minds,
and expelled him from the college.

Shelley's parents, instead of receiving and consoling
him, as good parents would have done, joined the
hue-and-cry raised against him by his enemies. He
was thus rendered an obnoxious object, and precipitated
into an internecine war with society. He became
a wanderer upon the earth—married rashly, took to
opium-eating, borrowed money of Jews, visited Scot-
land, Ireland, Wales, fought like Don Quixote with
imaginary assailants, deserted his wife, and then went
to sit down and read quietly at the British Museum.

At this time, he became acquainted with Godwin,
whose singular character and ultra opinions possessed
a powerful fascination for the young poet, who now
launched forth Quena Mab as a sort of desperate
manifesto against all the received opinions of man-
kind. This was the one fatal step in Shelley's
career which inaugurated all his subsequent errors.
The reader of Gil Blas will recollect the instructive
story of Dr. Sangrado. On the occasion of an epidemic
at Valladolid, Gil Blas observing that his master's
patients were dying off at a rapid rate, ventured one
day to advise a reconsideration of his practice. "Truly, Gil," replied the doctor, "the
perverseness of these people in dying perplexes
me also a little. But you see I have written a
work in which I show how to stop the snow of
death to be the best." In that case," answered Gil,
"parish all Valladolid rather than you should recant." So,
adds the historian, we went to work again; and in
less than six weeks made more widows and orphans
than the author of "Twelve"

Like the doctor, Shelley had now written a book,
and fancied that his honour was concerned to defend
it. For several years, therefore, the fairy Mab acted
like his evil genius, and betrayed him into all sorts of
Quixotic enterprises—partly in consequence of his
character of his genius could not be entirely mis-
directed. From time to time, he produced poems of
great splendour and originality; and even in the
most dregs of his epics, there were passages so exquisite, so
picturesque, so awfully sublime and so intensely
external nature, that his worst enemies could
hardly refuse to recognise their transcendent merits.

With his second wife, the daughter of Mr. Godwin,
Shelley now set out abroad, traversed France, Switzerland,
Italy, and pitched his tents and dome in the
valley of the Arno. There, in ancient Pisa, his name
is still remembered, even by the common people, who
will point out to you with pleasure the house in
which he dwelt under the roof of Speaker's-Company. A
valuable, full in front between the rocks, is that fatal blue sea
in which he was destined to perish. Generally,
especially in summer, it looks like a huge expanse of
molten amethyst or turquoise, sleeping serenely
beneath the summer sun, with its waves, a sudden tempest,
a strong north wind, or even the Homeric seagull,
will blow it up into a chaos of spray and foam.

Here Shelley remained for a considerable time,
though not without frequent removes and residences
elsewhere. He was obviously more
preoccupied with his own affairs than with the
affairs of others, his new companion joined him in
his vagaries, and strongly encouraged that course of study
which rendered him so battle to the leading principles
of his age. At the same time, it must be owned that the
plan of instruction then pursued at the university
was not only imperfect, but cold, dull, and mischie-
rous. The superiors of his own college were pre-
eminently those to be associated with the training
and disciplining of youth. They were ignorant, harsh,
ill-tempered, and bigoted; and instead of dealing
gently and compassionately, as they ought, with the
errors and aberrations of youth, they brought to bear
upon them all the fierce enthusiasm of narrow minds,
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him, as good parents would have done, joined the
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was thus rendered an obnoxious object, and precipitated
into an internecine war with society. He became
a wanderer upon the earth—married rashly, took to
opium-eating, borrowed money of Jews, visited Scot-
land, Ireland, Wales, fought like Don Quixote with
imaginary assailants, deserted his wife, and then went
to sit down and read quietly at the British Museum.

Full in the front of joy's delicious springs,
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom wings.
Accordingly, to follow Shelley's track through life is to follow his Greek path. You must pray that there is an invisible being moving beside you, which throws its shadow over your mind. For this reason, you are never easy, never taste anything with sensibility, never yield yourself up to the joyousness of the passing hours. On the contrary, you hold your breath, you look about you, you listen to catch, if possible, the stealthy steps of Nemesis, as she approaches from behind. Whether you hear them or not, you know she is there, watching you overstaying, and as you raise the goblets to your lips, ready to strike you down in the midst of your pleasures. By a species of second-sight, you look forward, and behold the host upon the gulf, the thick evening clouds, the mounting waves; and then, upon the sea-shore, a knot of friends about a funeral-pile, and an urn, filled with ashes and burned bones.

Mr. Middleton, through strong admiration for Shelley and his writings, has become an advocate and apostle. He tells the poet's story interestingly and well; he attacks his enemies with verve and force, and shows all his actions and his friends in the best possible light. This renders his volumes very agreeable to read, but we are by no means disposed to accept all his conclusions. In the matter of opinion, he prejudices and censors Shelley, until, when he died, he passed through that phase of intellectual existence, so admirably described by a Roman poet, and not badly interpreted by an Englishman:

A fugitive from heaven and prayer,
I mocked at all religious fear,
Deep science in the slary lore
Of mad philosophy. But now
Holst sail, and back my voyage plough
To that blest harbour which I left before.

Great instruction may be derived from an attentive study of Shelley's life. That he possessed genius of a very high order, no one, we fancy, will be inclined to dispute. It seems to be equally clear that he was gifted with many excellent qualities—that he was benevolent, charitable, a lover of knowledge, and a lover of freedom. What, then, did he want to render him happy himself, and a source of happiness to others? Common sense. His partook of an opinion which added to his worth and dignity, not amenable to the laws which regulate the proceedings of ordinary individuals. An acquaintance with the history of literature might have taught him to think differently. The greatest intellectual powers ever ingrafted upon human nature have claimed no exemption for themselves from the common duties and observances of life. Shakespeare and Milton, Eschylus and Homer, breathe throughout their writings obedience to the great universal code of ethics which we must allow to guide our conduct, if we would taste of happiness. A man, whatever may be his poetical faculties, can never be contemplated as merely a poet: he is the citizen of some state, he is the son of some father, he is the husband of some wife, he is the father of some children; he has friends, he has acquaintances, he has contemporaries in literature, he has competitors for fame. In all these relations, he has duties to perform, and must perform them, or make up his account to be unhappy. If Shelley's whole career be examined, he will be found to have performed scarcely one duty as he ought. If his parents were bad, it will hardly be contended that, making all due allowance for that circumstance, he was a good son. He certainly was not a good husband, in that he was so indolent, so careless, that the wife hardly know; but, if we must draw any inference in all, it is, that he was by no means exemplary. Towards his friends, he seemed always to have behaved generously, and, for the most part, much better than they deserved, because the cardinal error of his life was the very fine one that he should have borne in mind the immaterial adage: 'Sew me your familiar, and I will tell you what you are.' To say the best, there was not one of them desirable. To the poor, Shelley invariably behaved with kindness and sympathy. He felt keenly for misfortune, and detested oppression of all kinds. He was ready at any hour of the day or night to rally forth and make sacrifices and succour the needy. Upon this point, Mr. Middleton very properly insists, as it ought to be taken into account when we are drawing up our estimate of Shelley's character. His works, however, and his life are now before us, and whatever may be the design with which we sit down to examine them, we shall be inevitably influenced by our own idiosyncrasies. The fanciful and imaginative will be inclined to be lenient; the affectionate, the impetuous, the impetuous, will probably condemn; the calm and philosophical will award a portion of blame and praise, according to the quality of the actions and writings they review. But friends and enemies, admirers and detractors, the poetical and the unpoetical, must acknowledge that his life was singularly checkered, strange, and full of vicissitudes. From the cradle to the grave, he was in perpetual troubles, difficulties, and dangers, and his existence was at last terminated by a fierce and pitiless storm.

O C E O L A:

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A PRETTY PLOT.

To dispute the identity was to doubt the evidence of my senses. The mulatto was before me just as I remembered him—though with changed apparel, and perhaps grown a little bigger in body. But the features were the same—the nose ensemble the same, as that presented by Yellow Jake, the ci de mont woodman of our plantation.

And yet how could it possibly be he? And in the company of Arens Ringgold too, one of the most active of his intended executioners? No, no, no! altogether improbable—utterly impossible! Then must I be deluded—my eyes and heart deluded—for as certain as I looked upon man, I was looking upon Jake the mulatto! He was not twenty feet from where I lay hidden; his face was full towards me; the moon was shining upon it with a brilliancy scarcely inferior to the light of day. I could trace the old expression of evil in his eyes, and mark the play of his features. Old Jake was Yellow Jake.

To confirm the impression, I remembered that, notwithstanding all remonstrance and ridicule, the black pertinaciously adhered to his story. He would listen to no compromise, no hypothesis founded upon resemblance. He had seen Yellow Jake, or his ghost. This was his firm belief, and I had been unable to shake it.

Another circumstance I now remembered: the strange behaviour of the Ringgold during the post-prandial conversation—the action of Arens when I mentioned the mulatto's name. It had attracted my attention at the time, but what was I to think now? Here was a man supposed to be dead, in company of three others who had been active in assisting at his death—one of them the very keenest of his executioners, and all four now apparently as thick as thieves! How was I to explain, in one moment, this wonderful reunion and reconciliation? I could not explain it—it was too complicated a mystery to be unravelled by a moment's reflection; and I should have failed, had not the parties themselves soon after aided me to an elucidation.
I had arrived at the only natural conclusion, and this was, that the mulatto, notwithstanding the perfect resemblance, could not be Yellow Jake. This, of course, would account for everything, after a manner; and having gone away in a huff, I should have contented myself with this hypothesis.

But they went not, until after affordin me an opportunity of overhearing a conversation, which gave me to know, that, not only was Yellow Jake still in the land of the living, but that Haj-Ewe had spoken the truth, when she told me my life was in danger.

D—r! he's not here, and yet where can he have gone?

The ejaculations and interrogative were in the voice of Arens Ringgold, uttered in a tone of peevish surprise. Some one was sought for by the party who could not be found. Who that was, was the next speaker made manifest.

There was a pause, and then reached my ears the voice of Bill Williams—which I easily recognised, from having heard it but the day before.

You are a scoundrel, Master Arens, he didn't sneak back—no, I could see it in his heart, he was not a man of honor, a thief; but the voice was a low one, not quite loud enough to be heard by any one but those who were near him.

'Sure of it,' replied 'Master Arens': 'I was by the gate as they came in. There was only the two—the general and the commissioner. But the question is, did he leave the hommock along with them? There's where we played devil's fool with the business—in not getting here in time, and watching them as they left. But who'd have thought he was going to stay behind them? if I had only known that—You say,' he continued, turning to the mulatto—'you say, Jake, you came direct from the Indian camp? He couldn't have passed you on the path.'

'Carajo! Señor Aren! No!'

The voice, the old Spanish expression of profanity, just as I had heard them in my youth. If there had been doubt of the identity, it was gone. The testimony of my ears confirmed that of my eyes. The speaker was Yellow Jake.

'Straight from Seminole come. Cat no pass me on the road; I see her. Two chiefs me meet. I hide under the palmettos; they no me see. Corramo! no!'

'Deuce take it! where can he have gone? There's no signs of him here. I know he might have a reason for paying a visit to the Indians—that I know; but how has he got round there without Jake seeing him?'

'What's to hinder him to hev good round the tother road?'

'By the open plain?'

'Yes—that way.'

'No—he would not be likely. There's only one way I can explain it: he must have come as far as the gate along with the general, and then kept down the stockade, and past the sutler's house—that's likely enough.'

This was said by Ringgold in a sort of half-soliloquy.

' Devils!' he exclaimed in an impatient tone, 'we'll not get such a chance soon again.'

'No'er a fear, Master Arens, said Williams—'no'er a fear. Plenty o' chances; I kallerate—gobs o' chances sech times as these.'

'We'll make chances,' pithily added Spence, who now spoke for the first time in my hearing.

'Ay, but here was a chance for Jake—he must do it, and let him take part of it himself. It's a hand in it. It might look out; and then we'd all be in a pretty pickle. Jake can do it, and not harm himself, for he's dead, you know, and the law can't reach him! Isn't it so, my yellow boy?'

'Carramba! si, señor'. No fear have, Don Aren Ringgold; 'fore long, I opportunity find. Jake you get rid of enemy—never bear more of him; soon Yellow Jake good chance have. Yesterday miss. She bad gun, Don Aren—not worth shuck gun.'

'He has not yet returned inside the fort,' remarked Ringgold, speaking at a lower tone, 'and why he should have gone away without saying how, I should have contented myself with this hypothesis.

But they went not, until after affordin me an opportunity of overhearing a conversation, which gave me to know, that, not only was Yellow Jake still in the land of the living, but that Haj-Ewe had spoken the truth, when she told me my life was in danger.

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'Carramba! si, señor'. No fear have, Don Aren Ringgold; 'fore long, I opportunity find. Jake you get
of an intended tragedy, of which I was myself to be the victim. Beyond doubt, these men had a design upon my life!

Four men, too, not one of whom could charge me with ever having done him a serious injury. I knew that all four disliked me, and ever had—though Spence and Williams could have no other cause of offence than what might spring from boyish grudge—long forgotten by me; but doubtless their motive was Ringgold's. As for the mulatto, I could understand his hostility; though mistaken, it was of the devilish kind.

But what was I to think of Arens Ringgold, the leader in this designed assassination? A man of some education—my equal in social rank—a gentleman! O Arens Ringgold—Arens Ringgold! How was I to explain it? How account for conduct so atrocious, so fiendish?

I knew that this young man liked me but little—at least, less than ever. I knew the cause too. I stood in the way of his relations with my sister—at least, so he sought me. And he had reason: for, since my father's death, I had spoken more freely of family affairs. I had openly declared that, with my consent, he should never be my brother; and this declaration had reached him. I could easily believe, therefore, that it was his policy to be angry with me; but anger that would impel a man to such demoniac purpose, I could not comprehend.

And what meant those half-heard phrases—'one that stands in our way,' 'mother easily consent,' 'master of the plantation,' coupled with the names of Viola and my sister? What meant they?

I could give them but one, and that a terrible interpretation—tooe fearful to dwell upon.

I could scarcely credit my senses, scarcely believe that I was not labouring under some horrid hallucination, some confusion of the brain produced by my having been en rapport with the maniac!

But no; the moon had been over them—my eyes upon them—my ears open, and could not have deceived me. I saw what they did—I heard what they said. They designed to kill me!

'Ho, ho, young mico, you may come down. The konocaw-huloc* are gone. Hinklas! Come down, pretty mico, down, down, down!' I hastened to obey, and stood quite once more in the presence of the mad queen.

'Now you believe Haj-Ewa! Have an enemy, young mico? Ho—four enemies. Your life is danger—danger!'

'Ewa, you have saved my life; how am I to thank you for the service you have done me?'

'Be true to her—true—true—true.'

'To whom?'

Great spirit! he has forgotten her! False young mico! false pale-face! Why did I save him? Why did I not let his blood fall to the ground?'

'Great Ewa!'

'Huleak, huleak! Poor forest-bird! the beauty-bird of all; her heart will sicken and die, her head will go mad.'

'Ewa, explain.'

'Huleak! better he should die than desert her. Ho, ho! false pale-face, would that he had died before he broke poor Ewa's heart; then Ewa would have lost only her heart; but her head—her head—that is worse. Ho, ho, ho!'

Why did I trust in a pale-faced lover? Ho, ho, ho! Why did I meet him—'

'Ewa,' I exclaimed with an earnestness that caused the woman to leave off her wild song, 'tell me! of whom do you speak?'

'Great Spirit, hear what he asks! Of whom?—of whom? there is more than one. Ho, ho! there is more than one, and the true one forgotten. Huleak, huleak! What shall Ewa say? What tale can Ewa tell? Poor bird! her heart will bleed, and her brain be crushed. Ho, ho! There will be two Haj-Ewas—two mad queens of the Miasoca.'

'For heaven's sake! keep me not in suspense. Tell me, Ewa, good Ewa, of whom are you speaking? Is it—'

The name trembled upon my tongue; I hesitated to pronounce it. Notwithstanding that my heart was full of delightful hope, from the confidence I felt of receiving an affirmative answer, I dreaded to put the question.

Not a great while did I hesitate; I had gone too far to recede. I had long waited to satisfy the wish of a yearning heart; I could wait no longer. Ewa might give me the satisfaction. I pronounced the words:

'Is it—Maumee?'

The maniac gazed upon me for some moments without speaking. The expression of her eye I could not read; but in the last few minutes, it had been one of reproach and scorn. As I uttered the name, it changed to a look of bewilderment; and then her glance became fixed upon me, as if searching my thoughts.

'If it be Maumee,' I continued, without awaiting her reply—for I was now carried away by the ardour of my reacquainted passion—'if it be she, know, Ewa, that her I love—Maumee I love.'

'You love Maumee? You still love Maumee?' interrogated the maniac with startling quickness.

'Ay, Ewa—by my life—by my—'

'Coore, coore! swear not—his very oath. Hulok! and he was false. Speak again, young mico! say you love Maumee—say you are true, but do not swear.'

'True—true—'

'Hinklas! cried the woman in a loud, and apparently joyous tone—Hinklas! the mico is true—the pretty pale-faced mico is true, and the hinklas* will be happy.'

Ho, ho!

Now for the love, the sweet young love Under the tala† tree. Who would not be like yonder dove— The wild little dove— The soft little dove— Sitting close by his mate in the shade of the grove—Co-cooling to his mate in the shade of the grove, With none to hear or see?

'Down, chita mico!' she exclaimed, once more addressing the rattlesnake; 'and you, ocola chitta? Be quiet both. It is not an enemy. Quiet, or I crush your heads!'

'Good Ewa—'

'Ho! you call me good Ewa. Some day, you may call me bad Ewa. Hear me!' she continued, raising her voice, and speaking with increased earnestness—'hear me, George Randolph! If ever you are bad—false like him, like him, then Haj-Ewa will be your enemy; the chita mico will destroy you. You will, my king of serpents? you will? Ho, ho, ho!'

As she spoke, the reptile appeared to comprehend her, for its head was suddenly raised aloft, its bright basilisk eyes gleamed as though emitting sparks of fire—its forked, glittering tongue was protruded from its mouth, and the 'skir-rr' of its rattles could be heard for some moments sounding continuously.

* The pretty one.
† Palm (Chamaerops palmetto).
‘Quiet! now quiet!’ said she, with a motion of her fingers, causing the serpent to resume its attitude of repose. ‘Not he, chita! not he, that king of the crawlers! Quiet, I say!’

‘Why do you threaten me, Ewa? You have no cause.’

‘Hakaka! I believe it, fair mico, gallant mico; true, I believe it.’

‘But, good Ewa, explain to me—tell me of—’

‘Coore, coore! not now—not to-night. There is no time, chiquicone! See! I look yonder to the west! Nethe-kasse is growing to be bed. You must be gone. You dare not walk in the darkness. You must get back to the copokes before the moon is hid— Go, go, go!’

‘But I told you, Ewa, I had business here. I dare not leave till it is done.’

‘Hakaka! there is danger then. What business, mico? Ah! I guess. See! they come for whom you wait!’

‘True—it is they, I believe.’

I said this, as I perceived the tall shadows of the two chiefs flitting along the further edge of the pond.

‘Be quick, then: do what you must, but waste not time. In the darkness, you will meet danger. Hj-Ewa must be gone. Good-night, young mico; good-night!’

I returned the salutation; and facing round to await the arrival of the chiefs, lost sight of my strange companion.

The Indians soon came upon the ground, and briefly delivered their report.

Holata Mico had struck his tent, and was moving away from the encampment.

I was too much disgusted with these treacherous men to spend a moment in their company; and, as soon as I had gained the required information, I hurried away from their presence.

Warned by Hj-Ewa, as well as by the words of Arenas Ringgold, I lost no time in returning to the fort. The moon was still above the horizon; and I had the advantage of her light to protect me from being surprised by any sudden onset.

I walked hastily, taking the precaution to keep in the wood, and giving a wide berth to any covert that might shelter an assassin.

I saw no one on the way, nor around the back of the stockade. On arriving opposite the gate of the fort, however, I perceived the figure of a man—not far from the sutler's store—apparently skulking behind some logs. I fancied I knew the man; I fancied he was the mulatto.

I would have gone after him, and satisfied myself; but I had already halted the sentinel, and given the countersign; and I did not desire to cause a flurry among the guards—particularly as I had received injunctions to pass in as privately as possible.

Another time, I should likely encounter this Jacob redoublis; when I should be less embarrassed, and perhaps have a better opportunity of calling him and his diabolical associates to an account. With this reflection, I passed through the gate, and carried my report to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN NEED OF A FRIEND.

To pass the night under the same roof with the man who intends to murder you is anything but pleasant, and repose under the circumstances is next to impossible. I slept but little, and the little sleep I did obtain was not tranquil.

Before retiring for the night, I had seen nothing of the Ringgold, neither father nor son; but I knew they were still in the fort, where they were to remain as guests a day or two longer. They had either gone to bed before my return, or were entertained in the quarters of an officer. As the trimly officer, I did not seek them, and did not appear to me during the remainder of that night.

Neither saw I sought of Spence and Williams. These worthy, if in the fort, would find a lodgment among the soldiers, but I did not seek them.

Most of the night I lay awake, pondering on the strange incidents of the day, or rather upon that one episode that had made me acquainted with such deadly enemies.

I was in state of sad perplexity as to what course I should pursue— uncertain all night long; and when daylight shone through the shutters, still uncertain.

My first impulse had been to disclose the whole affair as head-quarters, and demand an investigation—a punishment.

On reflection, this course would not do. What proofs could I offer of so grave an accusation? Only my own assertions, unbacked by any other evidence—unsustained even by probability—for who would have given credence to crime so unparalleled in atrocity?

Though certain the assassins referred to me, I could not assert that they had even mentioned my name. My story would be treated with ridicule, myself perhaps with something worse. The Ringgold were mighty men—personal friends both of the general and commissioner—and though known to be a little disorderedly and unscrupulous in worldly affairs, still held the rank of gentlemen. It would need better evidence than I could offer to prove Arenas Ringgold a would-be murderer.

I saw the difficulty, and kept my secret.

Another plan appeared more feasible—to accuse Arenas Ringgold openly before all, and challenge him to mortal combat. This, at least, would prove that I was sincere in my allegations.

But duelling was against the laws of the service. It would require some management to keep clear of an arrest—which, of course would frustrate the scheme before satisfaction could be obtained. I had my own thoughts about Master Arenas Ringgold. I knew his courage was but slippery. He would be likely enough to play the poltroon; but whether so or not, the charge and challenge would go some way towards exposing him.

I had almost decided on adopting this course, though it was morning before I had come to any determination.

I stood in need of a friend; not merely a second—for this I could easily procure—but a bosom companion in whom I could confide, and who might aid me by his counsel. As ill-luck would have it, every officer in the fort was a perfect stranger to me. With the Ringgold alone had I any previous acquaintance.

In my dilemma, I thought of one whose advice might stand me in good stead, and I determined to seek him. Black Jake was the man—he should be my counsellor.

Shortly after daylight the brave fellow was by my side. I told him all. He appeared very little surprised. Some suspicion of such a plot had already taken possession of his mind, and it was his intention to have revealed it to me that very morning. Least of all did he express surprise about Yellow Jake. That was but the confirmation of a belief, which he entertained already, without the shadow of a doubt. He knew positively that the mulatto was living—still more, he had ascertained the mode by which the latter had made his almost miraculous escape.
And yet it was simple enough. The alligator had eaten his last; he was sated: but he followed the shrillness to 'job' its eyes with the knife, and thus cause it to let go its hold. He had followed the example of the young Indian, using the same weapon.

This occurred under water, for the mulatto was a good diver. His limbs were lacertated—hence the blood—but the wounds did not signify, nor did they hinder him from making further efforts to escape.

He took care not to rise to the surface until after swimming under the bank; there, concealed by the drooping branches, he had gilded out, and climbed up into a live-oak—where the moss sheltered him from the eyes of his wary pursuers. Being entirely naked, there was no sign left by dripping garments, to betray him; besides, the blood upon the water had proved his friend. On seeing that, the hunters were under the full belief that he had 'gone under,' and therefore took but little pains to search further.

Such was Black Jake's account of this affair. He had obtained it the evening before from one of the friendly Indians at the fort, who professed to have the narration from the mulatto's own lips.

There was nothing improbable in the story, but there was all the interest in it, as there is in all Indian narratives, and it at once dispensed the half-dozen mysteries that had gathered in my mind.

The black had received other information. The runaway had taken refuge with one of the half-negro tribes established amid the swamps that envelop the head waters of the Amazons. He had found favour among his new associates, had risen to be a chief, and now passed under the cognomen of 'Mulatto-mico.'

There was still a little mystery: how came he and Arena Binggold in 'cabooty'?

After all, there was not much puzzle in the matter. The planter had no particular cause for hating the runaway. His activity during the course of the baffled execution was all a sham. The mulatto had more reason for resentment; but the loves or hates of such men are easily set aside—where self-interest intercedes—and can, at any time, be commuted for gold.

No doubt, the white villain had found the yellow one of service in some base undertaking, and, somewhat dazed, at all events, it was evident that the 'hatchet had been buried' between them, and their present relations were upon the most friendly footing.

'Jake' said I, coming to the point on which I desired to hear his opinion, 'what about Arena Binggold—shall I call him out?'

'Golly, Masser George, he am out long 'go—I see a naukouta, 'tis two hour an' more—dast or bosy don't sleep berry sound—he hunt got da good conscience, I reck'n.'

'Oh! that is not what I mean, my man.'

'What—what masser mean?'

'To call him out—challenge him to fight me.'

'Whagh! mesur, if you mean say a dewel ob sword an' pistol?'

'Swords, pistols, or rifle—I care not which weapon he may choose.'

'Gee, Masser George, don't talk ob such a thing. O Lardy! no—you hab moder—you hab sister.' 'Spose you get kill—who know—the bullock he sometime kill the butcha—den, Masser George, no one lef—who lef take care ob yah moder?—who be guardan ob yo sister Vagin? who 'ect Viole—who lef all ob us from dese bad hed men? Gerravity! masser, let um 'lose—demt call im 'out.'

At that moment, I was myself called out. The earnest appeal was interrupted by the braying of buggies and the rolling of drums, announcing the assembly of the council; and without waiting to reply to the disinterested remonstrance of my companion, I hastened to the scene of my duties.

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

Most people know that there is an organisation existing throughout England and Wales for the purpose of recording the births, deaths, and marriages of the population; but few are aware how extensive and elaborate it is. We purpose in this paper to give some description of its machinery, more particularly, so far as the central controlling office at Somerset House is concerned.

Precedingly to the year 1837, the business of registration was chiefly in the hands of the clergy, or rather of the parish-clerks; and a pretty business they appear to have made of it. They did not profess to record births and deaths, but only baptisms and burials; so that the system was imperfect in theory, but ten times more so in practice. It is a curious thing that the civil duties of religious bodies have nearly always been bunglingly performed; and nowhere is this more apparent than in the parish registers. The parochial officials, to whom they were generally intrusted, were for the most part illiterate men, with a very grand idea, no doubt, of the magnitude of their own office, and of besidledom and bummeldom generally, but with a very vague notion of the importance of the documents committed to their charge. Alterations, erasures, and interlinearations, to suit the convenience of interested persons, were of no uncommon occurrence, and are, traceable, like many other crimes, not so much to a distinct determination to do wrong under a full sense of the enormity of the offence, as to a drowsy inappraisement that any great violation of the law is being committed. We remember hearing that on one occasion in a borough in one of the eastern counties, there was a violently contested election, and every vote was of importance. Now, it so happened that the choice of a member rested with those who possessed the freedom of the town. This freedom could be obtained in various ways. Persons who married the daughters of freemen were considered as freemen themselves; and numbers of poor women were married in order to qualify their husbands, who voted as freemen as the consequence of the ceremony. It was also at that time the law that a man could take up his freedom from his grandfather, and it consequently became necessary for a certain person, whom we will call George Smith, to proceed that his grandfather, whose name was Thomas Smith, was born in the parish. On searching the registers at the church, no Thomas Smith could be found; but on further search, the name of John Smith was discovered. The law is not a pretty one, but the great cause represented by the worthy aspirant to parliamentary honours for the borough of M—was likely to lose a supporter, when the parish-clerks soon settled the difficulty by pulling out his penknife, altering John into Thomas, and giving his certificate to the man, who forthwith went and voted.

Since the year 1837, all this has been altered; and the whole business has been placed by act of parliament in the hands of the registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, who are controlled by the registrars-general in London.

It is the duty of the registrars of births and deaths to register these events as they occur; and it is the duty of the registrars of marriages to be present at and record every marriage which takes place among the dissenters, Jews and Quakers alone excepted, for whom provision is made by a special enactment. It might be supposed that the duties of the registrars-general were of a very subordinate character: nothing of the sort.
He has to see that the act of parliament is properly carried out, that the registers are properly kept, that all discoverable errors are corrected, and that the whole of the vast returns made to him are properly indexed and arranged in volumes. His establishment they are in judging men, persons, who are divided into the various classes of superintendents, travelling inspectors, senior, assistant, and junior clerks, transcribers, indexers, sorters, and messengers. These are distributed in the superintendent’s departments, to which are assigned clerks in charge of the care of the records, the compilation of statistics, the issuing of the books and forms, together with part of the correspondence, and the management of the accounts. Each of these departments is under the control of one or two superintendents, while the chief clerk acts as general secretary. At the close of each quarter, the registrars throughout the country make out copies of all the births, deaths, and marriages which they have registered; and collect from the clergymen copies of the various entries in the register-books of the different churches. These are then transmitted to the superintendents of the respective districts, who examine them so far as are the births, deaths, and marriages. The superintendents examine the same, and finally transmit them to the registrar-general. On their arrival, they are carefully arranged in volumes, indexed and paginated. Now comes one of the most arduous duties surely that was ever committed to mortal clerk: all these volumes are carefully scanned by seven clerks, who do nothing else all the livelong day but microscopically inspect these sheets to see whether all the forms of the act of parliament are complied with, and whether or not there are internal discrepancies which show that any entry is a birth, death, or marriage is imperfect or invalid. In each entry there may be twenty or thirty blunders arising from nonconformity with regulations, besides all those which have their origin in ignorance or bad writing. Consequently, every record of a birth or death—and there are more than a million persons in England who are either born, married, or die in the course of a year—has to be regarded from all these points. All day long do these seven gentlemen sit at their posts investigating whether or not Jones is the son of Thomas Jones, and not as the son of Thomas June, or some other equally mythical personage; whether Timothy Smith is dignified with the title of boy, and not, as is too frequently the case, with that of squire; whether any entry is a birth, death, or marriage is imperfect or invalid. All these clerks, by an unparagoned substitution of March for February, is not described as having been born after he was registered—besides a thousand other questions which turn upon the construction of the act of parliament and the various regulations founded upon it. The great enemies of these seven examiners and the registrar-general are imperfect ‘es,’ which look like ‘es,’ ‘es’ which look like ‘es,’ and decapitated ‘os’ metamorphosed like a wheat into ‘o’s.’ These little trifles appear at first sight of no consequence; but when it is recollected that by a slight touch of the pen, instead of asserting that the Lady Blanche did, on the 21st instant, give birth to a pretty Rose, you affirm to her great horror that she did give birth to a Nose, which Rose henceforward appears in the index amongst the Noses, and not amongst the Roses, you will see that these gentlemen cannot well attach too much importance to clear calligraphy. We should scarcely be surprised if, occupying the same duties in judgment of the mental capacity of forming ‘es’ like ‘es,’ and not like ‘os,’ they were to make it the test as to whether a man ought to have a vote. ‘Does he join the two sides of his mouth?’ All sorts of revels are unfolded by these registers—some pathetic, some ridiculous. Name after name alike, down a page of deaths, shews a whole family swept off by some epidemic. Signature after signature of the coroner, shews a ravaging colliery explosion or a shipwreck. Here is a poor child named Alpha Omega, on looking closely, you see that it is illegitimacy. First name is Mary, second name is of all, Sarvesteen Lall Sabaon. Other parents are too absurd for parents to give their children. Here are innocents stamped for life as Kidnum Toasta, Lavender Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Tabitha Cumi, Perfin Gotebock, etc. Strange all, of these are called Eld Lama Sabachthani Pressnall! Other parents are more ambitious, and prematurely ennable their children by designating them Lord, Earl, Princess Charlotte, &c.; whilst, during the Russian war, numbers of poor things were rebated Malakoff, Sophia, Inkermann, and Balaklava: Florence Nightingale, however, seems to have been the greatest favourite, especially amongst the poor, who have shown their admiration for her by perpetuating her name in their families all over the country. The returns in two years would shew that Florence has become a much commoner name lately. Some of the marriage registers are curious. The greatest extremes of age—seventy and thirty—have been found to unite in matrimony. Occasionally we see an entry only half completed, and a note to this effect: ‘Ceremony begun, but not finished, the marriage being broken off.’ or, ‘Bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed.’ If people name any index to their characters, the most extraordinary union of qualities often appears to take place. Friend marries a woman named ‘Amor;’ a ‘Lamb’ before marriage, becomes a ‘Lion’ after; a ‘Nightingale’ marries a ‘Partridge;’ a ‘Mutton’ takes a ‘Ham;’ a ‘Salmon,’ ‘Cod,’ &c. Some of the mistakes which the registrars make with the causes of death are rather remarkable. People are discovered to die of the following strange complaints, most of which are probably new to our medical readers: ‘Improper closure of the foramen, Turner on the right anna,’ ‘Disease of the lever,’ ‘Hanged himself in a fit of temperate insanity from excessive drinking,’ &c.

All the errors discovered by the examiners, are noted on these papers, which are sent to the clerk who writes to the registrars respecting the different mistakes. The average number of errors discovered each quarter may be between three and four thousand, so that the correspondence necessary to point them out is a laborious and an easy matter; of course, great assistance is obtained by means of printed forms, each of which applies to a certain class of error. To write a special letter on each case would be absolutely impossible. About one hundred and thirty different printed circulars are used, and it is found that even these do not include every description of blunder. The registrars are not allowed to make any alteration in an entry when it is once completed, so that a correction can be effected only by means of a note in the last margin. Neither are they allowed, except in certain cases, to alter the copies which are once delivered to the office. A fresh copy of every entry which is corrected must be transmitted to Somerset House, and there it is placed in a supplement, which is almost a kind of hospital for entries; for although most of those which are there imprisoned are good, sound, and able to do service, yet the majority at some time or other have had their limbs set, or have been otherwise in judgement of the mental capacity of forming ‘es’ like ‘es,’ and not like ‘os,’ they were to make it the test as to whether a man ought to have a vote. ‘Does he join the two sides of his mouth?’ All sorts of revels are unfolded by these registers—some pathetic, some ridiculous. Name after
deposited for the rest of their lives in the institution appropriated to them, instead of mixing with their more capable companions. The mass of writing necessary in order to conduct all this correspondence and the other business of the office, may be estimated from the fact, that the annual expense of postage reaches the enormous sum of £6000 a year. Every mistake which is discovered in the returns is carefully entered in a large kind of ledger to the account of the man by whom it was made. There will be found a complete record of all his official delinquencies—how many times he has wilfully left out his dots to his ‘f’ and crosses to his ‘c,’ and otherwise neglected his duties. After the sheets are dismissed by the examiners, they are bound up, and sent to the transcribers, who copy out the name and surname in each entry, together with the district, volume, and page in which it is to be found, on sheets of paper, which are afterwards cut into slips. These slips are then sorted into alphabetical order, and so copied into large parchment indexes. After this, the volumes pass into the hands of the statistical department, who eliminate from them all those manifold results which appear in the registrar-general’s quarterly and annual reports. Magnificent theories to be evolved respecting population and disease lie here only waiting, like those that were to be deduced from the collection of errata by Jean Paul’s parson, for some one to deduce them. But it is a mistake to suppose that no practical results have been obtained. Many of the zealous inquirers in cholera and epidemic times have had light thrown upon the subject by these tables. Thence we see that mortality increases in inverse proportion to the purity of the water-supply and the height of the district above the sea. It is a fact, though, that the law of elevation which Dr Farr has shewn, other things being equal, to regulate the cholera, was noticed by Procopius more than thirteen hundred years ago, as characteristic of the plague which devastated Constantinople.

After having passed through these various manipulations, the volumes are finally entombed in the vaults, so as to be easily accessible to the public at large. Here lies the real history of the English people for the last twenty years. My history of epochs are my birth, my marriage, and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The history of the review in the Times over which would rest the munificent/founds of the Times, but the history of the people is in the registrar-general’s vaults at Somerset House.

MY THIEF.

Yes, respected reader, my thief! Your eyes have not deceived you, and there is no glamour on the page, no tallman but the type, no spells but the composer’s, no black art except the printer’s.

My thief! I, I the writer of this confession, and the reader’s very humble servant, once kept, hoarded, and maintained a light-fingered, soft-treading, slippery conveyancer, who would have taken honours in Hat’s Castle, and becomingly graduated at the Central Criminal Court. Having volunteered such a statement and type, I feel it due to my reputation, to use a parliamentary form of speech, to vindicate the character which, I cannot doubt, is already painted in sufficiently dark hues by the fancy of those who may peruse these lines.

I’ll warrant me, now, good friend, that you have already sketched for me an uglie portrait than even cheap photography, in its most malignant mood, could inflict upon a suffering world.

You imagine me a member of the reputable tribe of ‘fencés,’ some hook-nosed, grey-bearded individual, with a shining yellow face, goggle eyes, three napless hats on his head, and a class of youngsters under his tutelage, to be trained for the station-house, the hulks, and the gallows.

You never made a worse guess in your life.

At the period to which my present admissions refer, instead of being surrounded by the squalid hovels, flaunting gin-shops, and all the seething cauldrons of blended guilt and misery which form the natural abode of a restitter of thieves, I dwelt in a highly respectable bungalow, clean and trim as bamboo-thatch and whitewash could make it, and encircled by a ‘compound’ or homestead, that contained four such giant palms, with Titanic trunks and feathery branches, as the untravelled bath not beheld, no, not even in his dreams.

Instead of a patched wrap-rascal and milled highs, I wore the red coat and epaulettes of the Company’s regular infantry when on duty, and a sort of planter’s suit of white linen when off—it—no bad exchange when the hot winds are blowing, and the thermometer keeps steadily at ninety of Fahrenheit, except when it rises to a hundred. In short, I was one of those officer-like palaver gendarmes on the shady side of Pall Mall are wont to speak of as ‘Quy Hya.’ Yet I kept a thief.

To be sure, many an Anglo-Indian might say that he did the same, not in one, nor two, but in a dozen instances. Lucky, indeed, is the oriental resident whose score of servants—all deserve a certificate of unimpeachable honesty; lucky he whose khanumah is not a rogue, and whose bearers never indulge their supple fingers in the luxury of picking and stealing! And in England itself, are such deeds unknown? Does no butcher’s nose assume an uncleaned purple, due to stealthy potations of fine crusted old port? Is there no grooms on whose slumbering breast remorse should weigh in the shape of many a sack of purloined oats, many a truss of embezzled hay, while defrauded horses sniff at an empty neck, and hungrily whinny over a rifled manger? And as for that much reviled, long-enduring race, the ‘slaves’ of lodging-houses, all the extant traditions of outward and miraculously lessening joints to be esteemed as fabulous? But I scorn unworthy subterfuges, Jesuit quibbles, pitiful equivocations. My thief was no tricksey page, no avaricious Abigail, no finger-licking cook: he was one of the moon’s chisest minions, a bird of prey from the hour in which he chipped the shell.

The blood in his veins was all felonious, for he could boast, and once did boast, that his father was a thief; his mother, a thief; his venerable white-bearded grand sire, a perfect patriarch of pickpockets, was a thief; his brother and sisters, his aunts and uncles, thieves all, from the lazing brat that could scarcely crawl to pitter, up to the dim-eyed crone that crouched on the verge of the grave. The very first precept engraven on my thief’s plastic mind was, ‘Thou shalt steal.’ It was his mission, his labour, the object of his education. His early lessons were directed to this one end; so were all the various arts he was taught to abstract and conceal the toys and ornaments of his childhood comrades, a game at hide-and-seek, which the elders superintended with fond pride. In short, this creditable retainer of mine was just what Frädstaff wished for, ‘a young thief’ who could ‘steal well.’ And this personage did I, being an officer in the — Native Infantry, openly and avowedly foster, feed, lodge, cherish, and maintain, not mewing up the thief,
who, like a poet, might be said to be born, and not made, in a cage, and, like a cage, but giving him the run of the house, and a fair share of confidence.

This was how it came about.

We were, in the extreme south of India, and were ordered to take up our station in a little town at the edge of an alluvial plain. We heard the order, however, with some surprise, for this town, bordered on the territory of a certain little tributary rajah whose reputation was more than dubious. It is a delicate operation to discuss the petty fallings of royalty, but the painful truth must be told: the prince was a robber; and, a robber to boot, while every one of his amiable subjects followed the same ancient calling.

You may inquire whereabouts his royal highness's dominions lie, but I am not at all sure that our worshipful masters of the Honourable Company would approve his vigilance very exact in that particular.

The rajah is rather a pet with the Council at Madras, and in good odour in Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row, for he is punctual with his tribute, though somehow he always takes back with the left hand what he pays with the right. So I must content myself with observing, that this potentate reigns near the river Cauvery, and not very far from the Ganges.

On reaching upon the frontiers of his light-fingered highness, we were strongly advised by the garrison whom we came to relieve to pay blackmail to the rajah, and to hire a certain number of his people for our protection. On this subject there was a difference of opinion, and most of the ladies protested vehemently against admitting such allies within their doors.

'It's the only plan, I assure you,' said Jack Tompson of the artillery: 'these fellows respect no houses but as conveyances to their own tribe. More vigilance is useless. They'd steal the eye-teeth out of your head without your missing them.'

Then followed a long catalogue of predatory dolges, evincing, certainly, wondrous dexterity and craft on the part of our unwarranted neighbours. Still, the ladies declared they could never sleep comfortably with a thief, 'a wretch of a thief,' in the house until the old colonel lost patience, and silenced his wife by alluding to an off-tamed crimson satin, which an ayah was charged with sewing, in the event of having cut up into turbans and looengoes for her two swarthy sons. Then every lady present took up the cry, and amid endless tales of domestic trickery and pilfering, declared that never, never, never were such dishonest servants.

'Then, sir,' said Jack Tompson, 'can one more thief in each bungalow be so very formidable?' And so the matter was settled.

But, Jack, I said, 'if one hires a thief, can one refuse the other—my thief?'

'Be a thief to catch a thief!' answered the artilleryman pitifully.

'And will he be trustworthy?' asked Mrs Colonel Pynapoo.

'Honour among thieves!' responded Jack, who, in prose, was a match for Sancho Panza himself.

So we hired thieves—that is to say, the majority of us, for some obstinately held out, headed by the police magistrate, who thought it in no day to bargain with plunderers, and chose to trust to his own grim-faced peons. Wall, we took possession of our bungalows, bought mutton and poultry, beat the jungles for peafowl, and sent a foraging party of reckless subalterns to kill snakes in the swamps, and explore for wild boar. On the whole, we came away pretty comfortable, baring a trifle much heat and a few fevers. But we, who had fed and housed thieves, soon had cause of self-congratulations. All the obstinate ones suffered. Mrs Girdor's fat poultry were conjured out of a walled yard in open day; the adjutant's chickens, taken from under his very pillow; a six-foot hedge of prickly pear did not save the chaplain's plump sheep; and while the paymaster lost a bag of rupees from a Brahah-locked chest, his wife's pet Arab horse, a pretty white creature, with just the right nose and long tail that ladies love, was conveyed out of a stable in which slept two armed sepoys, with a grass-cutter lying across the threshold, and a watchman with a lantern hard by. Cælentless were the laments, terrible the apprehensions; in the approach of one word—'Raid,' the inmates doubled, traps set, but all to no purpose; something vanished daily. Young Hall's new uniforms, fresh from Buckmaster's—Lieutenant Straddle's big Australian mare, the Flyer, that had won the Bellary handicap, and run second at the Ascot meeting, were missing in vigilance and army thief.

Then the police magistrate's turn came. He had set our neighbours at defiance, and his whiskered peons had sworn great oaths that their swords should make mincemeat of the first robber who should approach the verandahs where they kept ward; but alas! one night the magistrate's house was thoroughly looted. Every coin, every weapon, the contents of all the wardrobes, every spoon of plates, down to the egg-spoon disappeared; and whoever had smoked themselves stupid with hemp and opium, were aroused to active life by the kicks of their irate master, thevess and spoil were miles away, never to be traced to their lair, for nothing that crossed the rajah's borders could evel be recovered.

Still, such as had hired marauders had no reason to lament it. Mine was a civil, intelligent lad of twenty, with a handsome face and bright eyes. He slept all day, and by night sat in the verandah, a red paper between his fingers, and a fan in his hand, and calling out in his own language, though he spoke Hindustani fairly. His presence kept all his kith and kin aloof, and I never lost the value of a single pic. When I passed, the lad would rise and gravely salam, and I was always convinced with him, and was much pleased with his ready wit and sense. I paid him good wages—about double those of a common cheeker. One night I was awakened by a crash and clatter without, and the noise of a violent struggle. I rushed to the door, and found the forest lay on the ground, with a sack beside it, and another figure was crouching beneath the brandished sword of a man whose left foot was pressing on the breast of the first, while his left hand compressed the throat of the other. A number of bungalows lay around, containing various portable articles of value, among which were my epaulets and my wife's bracelets and rings. A robbery had been evidently attempted, and frustrated by the gallantry of my trusty fellow.

Yes, to my inexpressible amazement, I found the sprawling wretch on the ground was my trusty mussalleh; the other fellow, whose teeth chattered with terror, my respectable butler, or khanumshah; and the triumphant swordsman, who hailed my appearance with a cry of delight, was no other than my invaluable thief, who had surprised the rascals in the act of absconding with their booty.

'Upon my word, Ghooobah Ramdees,' said I—'upon my word, my worthy thief, you are the honestest fellow I ever knew in my life!' Will the reader say nay?

Now, improbable as the above narration sounds, I beg to assure those who doubt its accuracy that I have told it as I found it, and that what I have said is literally true, and I have no hesitation in saying that few officers, who have been quartered in the extreme south of the Madras presidency, can fail to have become acquainted, at least by report, with the robber rajah, his tribals,
MINERAL WATERS.

It is a common complaint that the titles of books have little or no affinity with their contents. The purchase of Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls for an agricultural society may have been no fault of the author; but, generally speaking, title-pages are without apology, mystifying us, as they do to the best of their ability, as to the nature of what follows:

Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon.

This is not the case with the volume before us—a Three Weeks' Scamper. Scamper is the word, and the only word in the language that would suit it.

The author neither walks, nor trots, nor gallops; he scrambles through Germany and Belgium, and from spa to spa, on the most cordial terms with himself and everybody else; complimenting and being complimented by everyone bound; driving freely of every sort of nappy water he can get at; casting raaveneously of the table-th'whole dinners; quaffing his half-bottle of wine at each—a much more elevating quantum, he knows well, than the whole bottle; and all with alarming good-humour, and such breathless haste—

Tramp, tramp along the land he speeding, 
Spash, splash across the sea; 
Hurr, the doctor can ride space—

Doest fear to ride with me?

We don't: but the book, nevertheless, is so prettily natural springy and buoyant, that we feel as if we were something weighty to keep it down upon the table, and let us read it comfortably.

The doctor feels this too; for he flings in here and there, as he pleases, some bits about mineral waters, and ties on to the end, like the steadying tail of a kite, an appendix on their nature and uses. It is from these parts of the volume we mean to draw a few points of information, which, placed in a cold medium, will serve to give an idea of a subject on which even the habitual frequenters of mineral springs are, generally speaking, in profound ignorance.

Mineral waters are either cold or thermal (warm); and the latter must always be sought for in a mountainous country, in the neighbourhood of volcanic operations, however long suspended, where the fires of the earth's centre approach nearest the surface. The surrounding scenery, therefore, is usually beautiful and picturesque; the thermal spring is seductive, the feeling of warmth and comfort it bestows upon the skin penetrating to the inner man; and, influenced by this natural medicine, the pains of chronic rheumatism, the twitchings of disordered nerves, and the morbid fancies of the brain, are laid asleep. Thermal baths may likewise be stimulant, according to the temperature employed and the mode of administration. When the waters are taken internally, the warmth increases the action of the saliva they may contain, and enables the patient to drink more freely.

Cold mineral waters, as well as thermal, owe their medicinal properties to the substances they contain in solution, derived from the soil or rocks through which they have passed in rising to the surface of the earth. These substances are chiefly soda, magnesia, lime, iron, and sulphur; and the acids combined with them are the muriatic, sulphuric, and carbonic. These the muriatic acid, with along with the soda, magnesia, and lime, will give origin to the compound salts, muriate of soda, muriate of magnesia, and muriate of lime, and distinguish the group of mineral waters known as the muriated saline waters. In like manner, the sulphuric acid will give rise to sulphates of soda, magnesia, and lime, and constitute a group of sulphated saline waters; and the carbonic acid with similar bases will form carbonates of soda, magnesia, and lime, and compose a third group of carbonated saline, or more correctly, carbonicated saline waters. Iron is the basis of the chalkybeate waters, and, to be held in solution, requires in the first instance to be united with oxygen, forming an oxide of iron; and it is rendered additionally soluble and efficacious by a combination of the heat of iron and carbonic gas, constituting a carbonated or acidulated chalkybeate water. Sulphur, forming the peculiar characteristic of the sulphurous waters, is present in the shape of sulphurated hydrogen, and may be combined either with the muriated saline water, constituting a sulphurated saline water; or with the carbonated saline water, so as to produce a sulphurated alkaline saline water. In addition to these two, the presence of bromine and iodine in the chalkybeate waters give rise to bromised and iodised saline waters; while certain waters are met with which are so deficient in salts of any kind as to deserve the distinguishing title of negative waters.

1. Muriated saline waters are alternative, aperient in a slight degree, and diuretic; but in combination with the acid waters, it will be necessary to ascertain the relative proportions of their qualities. The chief types of this class are the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden, the Elisabethbrunnen of Homburg, and the Bagno of Kissingen. The first of these waters is thermal, the second cold, the third 58 degrees of temperature. The popular Seiter water is of this description. Its sparkling and piquant qualities are caused by the large quantity it possesses of carbonic acid gas, which is 50 cubits inclined to the pit. It is found useful in dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, acid secretions from the kidneys, and in rheumatic and gouty affections. It has also some popularity in chronic catararrh and bronchitis, and it is used with warm milk or ass's milk in consumption, in the form of a tincture.

2. The sulphated saline waters are found for the most part grouped in the mountainous parts of Bohemia; and we may take as their types the Sprudel of Carlsbad, the Kreutzbrunnen of Marienbad, and the Franzensbrunnen of Franzenbad. These waters are primarily aperient, and secondarily alterative, differing in these respects from the muriated saline waters, which are primarily alterative, and secondarily aperient. They have likewise the alkaline elements wanting in the others. They are applicable to all the diseases of the blood and the digestive system for which the muriated saline waters are useful, and are less likely to create congestion of the brain.

3. The carbonated alkaline waters are represented by the springs of Ems, Pachingen, and Gullnau. Their peculiar properties are derived from the presence of carbonate of soda, and an excess of carbonic acid gas; being thus antacid and soothing, or in other words, with the power to soften and dissolve hard and calcified tissues. They are used remediably in chronic affections of the mucous membrane of the air-passages, in threatening consumption, gout and rheumatism, neuritis, gall-stones, tumours and chronic thickening of organs, and in female complaints.

The chalkbeate waters, which are represented by Spa and Langen Schwalbach, owe their character to the tonic element, iron, and are likewise alkaline, aperient, and alterative. The diseases in which the

chalybeate waters are of essential service, are those of debility from deficiency of blood in the body, either from previous loss, or from imperfect formation. They are sometimes employed as the after-cure in maladies of various kinds attended with debility; and are particularly serviceable in cases (Deficiency of blood) from whatever cause, and debility of the mucous membranes of the body, whether of the respiratory, digestive, or organic system. Chalybeate waters are also indicated in cases of scrofula, accompanied with increases of the general powers.

The sulphuretted waters, such as those of Aix-la-Chapelle and Wellbach, are essentially alterative, acting especially on the liver, the kidneys, and the skin—indeed, on all the mucous membranes of the body. These waters are divided into several kinds, being modified by the muriated saline, sulphated saline, and alkaline elements they possess. The diseases these waters, taking them generally, are used for, are gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, chronic bronchitis, certain ulcers with suppuration, chronic dyspepsia, chronic disease of the liver and lower stomach.

The bromated and iodated waters are characterised by the presence of the salts bromine and iodine, in concentrations with sodium or magnesium. They are alterative and tonic, with little or nothing of the aperient element. They are serviceable in scrofula, and all diseases springing from a scrofulous origin.

The negatic waters, which are always thermal, owe their medical qualities chiefly to their warmth. They may be either stimulant or sedative, according to their temperature and their mode of application; stimulant to the skin, so as to increase its functions; stimulant to the nerves, when used in the form of douche and combined with friction; and sedative when employed at a moderate temperature and in a passive state of the muscular system and brain.

It will be seen from the above sketch that medical waters form an extremely complicated study. No person should use them without skilful advice; for, in fact, even if they should contain in their composition the very quality the invalid wants, this may be modified by other qualities, or altogether neutralised by some part of them which your doctor terms the drop. There can be no doubt, however, that if one must swallow medicine, this is a very nice way of doing so. The travelling before you get at the brunn, the scenery when there, the new faces, the new impressions, are all powerful aids of Hylaea that give double effect to the actual remedy. They are, in fact, like the springy buoyant parts of this amusing volume, which lead you to the important matters, and make you accept them as a component part of the amusement.

For our part, we have on this occasion reversed the common process: instead of skimming the surface, we have exhibited the minerals at the bottom. And the doctor has nothing to complain of: for he will get as much water as he needs, and stomp and splash, who would otherwise be but little sensible of the riches they pass over.

A ROYAL CUP OF TEA.

The following curious anecdote is taken from a very elaborate article in the Spectator of January 30, on the origin, intermarriages, and connections of the royal families of Europe. Gustavus Adolphus had been deposed from the Swedish throne, and his uncle crowned as Charles XIII. with the revension to Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, who had worked his way up from a corporalship of marines. As soon as the deposed king had left the country, the new heir-apparent came to Stockholm, where he was well received by the whole royal family, with the exception of the wife of the ex-monarch, who had not followed her husband into exile, but, for some reason or other, preferred to stop in her old residence. She was continually shut up in her palace, and seldom mixed with the gay world, except when she could not help doing so without offending her kind uncle, the new king, who always treated her with the greatest consideration. At last, wishing to draw her out of her seclusion, he succeeded in persuading her to receive the crown-prince, John Bernadotte, who all the while had stood aloof respectfully, not intruding himself on the ex-queen, nor on anybody else. Having consented to receive him, the wife of Gustavus Adolphus arranged the meeting at her own palace; stipulating that the entertainment on the occasion should only consist of tea and cards, and music had never been allowed under her roof since her misfortune. To this rather novel idea the whole court and all the distinguished foreigners residing in Stockholm were invited. Sudden indisposition prevented the old king from joining the party, but the ex-queen did the honours with great seeming affability. She played a rubber of whist with Prince Bernadotte and the ambassadors of England and Russia. After cards, the tea was served, with a magnificent plateau, prepared for the queen and prince. The queen advanced, and poured out the tea into two cups, indicating one to Bernadotte, who was just in the act of taking it, when suddenly he felt the pressure of a thumb on his shoulder, forcible and significant enough to convince him that it was meant for a warning. Calm and collected, as Bernadotte was throughout his life, he did not move his eyes, but quietly and in the most unconcerned manner exclaimed: "Ah, madame, it is impossible that I can permit your majesty to serve me!"—which saying, he seized the platean, and turned it round adroitly in such a manner that the cup which was intended for him was placed before the queen, and the other before himself. On this, the ex-queen turned deadly pale, and made a movement as if fainting. However, the hesitation was but momentary. Collecting herself suddenly, she bade to the crown-prince and the company, and, taking the cup, drank its contents to the last drop. This was the astonishment of the citizens of Stockholm, when they read next day, in the official gazette of Stockholm, the following short paragraph—"The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night. The cause of the death is believed to be apoplexy." The writer of this anecdote refers to the Diary of Thomas Balke, Esq., ill. 199.

A LONE.

Patient and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopeful striving to conquer my fears:
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the bight of my youth?
Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—
You cannot: too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others those feelings have died.
Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Though the light from my spirit for ever hath fled,
Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted is you—
As my standard and type of the leal and the true; O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.
POPULAR PARADOXES.

Mr. Waldo Emerson is a person of great talent, but he has done society much evil: he has increased the admiration of paradoxes amongst us to an alarming extent. The love of common-place folk for paradox has been long one of the small unpleasantities of social life, and it has now got to be absolutely rampant. To one who is at all enamoured of fact and truth, conversation seems at present to have become little more than a series of contradictions. Polite society appears to have got one degree beyond the three stages of M. Comte's philosophy, and to the religious, the metaphysical, and the positive, has added the paradoxical—the tenets of which are, that everything is in reality the reverse of what common sense and reason would suppose it to be.

The cause of it all, of course, is, that the true is now felt to be trite, and we are too soon and too fond of excitement to bear triteness, or any approach to it. The process followed is almost mechanical, consisting simply of a catching up of exceptional cases, and converting these into rules. For instance, let a boy at a great public school chance to distinguish himself not only in the examination-hall but in the playground, be not less excellent at hockey than at hexameters, pass all at sixes, and carry away the foundation scholarship—his astonished companions circulate young Crichton's fame; and innumerable paterfamiliases, with sons all for hockey and fives, protest straightway that animal vigour and talent—mens sana in corpore sano, if nothing more rare and applicable strikes them—are generally found united. Byron was a great swimmer and also a man of genius. Popular paradox has thus got its rule complete—made out of a couple of exceptions—and is prepared to contend that most heads of elevens, most captains of boats at public schools, are in the habit of carrying off prizes from the studious and unathletic of their own standing; nay, that young men at the universities competing for high wranglerships and first classes in the tripos, are so far from being necessitated by the severity of their course to give themselves up almost entirely to study, that the senior is generally selected from the racing-boats, and the head of the classical year from among the members of the crew.

We have ourselves had much school, and the ordinary amount of university experience, and in both cases have doubtless seen one or two exceptions, such as popular paradox delights to point out; but certainly, as a rule, the youths who gave most attention to the amusements of the playing-fields, shewed, as was naturally to be expected, less diligence at their books; while the soppers, or readers out of school-hours, for the most part rose—nor were we surprised at it—to the head of their forms. We don't mean to state that the great football players or first-rate bowlers were fools—no person who excels in any pursuit whatever can well be termed so—but they were, upon the whole, although very good fellows, the dullest amongst us. The school of so-called muscular Christianity has been supposed to give some colour to popular paradox in this respect, but we think without reason. It only protests against an undue prominence being given at our schools to the mere development of intellect, and insists upon the great advantage and moral benefit of athletic sports. Mr. Kingsley's Tregaron did not write poetry because he was a gamekeeper and always out in the open air; nor is it asserted that gamekeeping is the profession most suitable for a bard to follow during his uninspired hours.

It used to be acknowledged that men of genius did not make good men of business, or men of the world; but latterly, a few instances of the reverse having appeared, the paradoxical are now heard asserting that such men are quite as acute and knowing as their neighbours. Now the fact is, that to be a man of genius implies a nervous organisation of great delicacy, impressionableness, and excitability—a frame of mind little suited for bearing well the rubs and contendings of common worldly life; while to pursue the path of a man of genius, in poetry or in art, demands an abstraction and concentration of thought which usually unfitts one for paying attention to common worldly things. Hence it is not to be expected, as a rule, that such men are to shine in the world of affairs, or even in ordinary social life. But sometimes there is an instance of a poet or a high-class painter being successful also as a man of the world or of society; and the paradoxical accordingly discovers that it is a mistake to speak of men of genius as heretofore—see such and such instances. Or perhaps he points to instances of men who are merely men of ability, as verifying his rule; when the truth is that all the successful men of the world are men of ability—a different thing, however, from being men of genius.

Another very popular paradox is this, that the cleverest persons are the most modest. As we do not happen to have known, nor even to have read of, any person at all remarkable for cleverness who was not aware of the fact, and perfectly conscious of his superiority, in that respect, over his fellow-creatures, we are at a loss to conceive how this opinion first arose: it must, we think, have been
coined in malice to cast at some conceited wit; just as one might viciously invent, for the setting down of a vain young woman, that really pretty people were always the least cognizant of their prettiness. We do not, of course, contend that there is not a charming modesty, the conception, whilst shining from a comparison with even an inferior rival; but that is not at all what popular paradox in this case means. It means, we believe, simply to convey something disagreeable to a clever antagonist, or to one who thinks himself one, in the matter of confidence, has often, it is true, the advantage of him genuine powers. In the same spirit, it is alleged that your new great man is always exclusive and proud, while your old aristocrat is the reverse. We have had a good deal of gaiety in the reviewing gross, that nonsense anything else would be in them; while the utmost affability of the old aristocracy—and affability is with them the rule—always leaves a certain halo of dignity reserved, which is never broken through. Of course, the most considerate— as it is to be expected that a class of persons studiously toodled, or, to say the least, most deferentially treated, from their bassinets with Valenciennes trimmings, to their coroneted fourfold coffins, and made to a hundred-tenth of those who suppose, when they are called upon, should not be proud—that persons exempt from the ordinary civilities by which they perceive the rest of the world to be amoyed, should not consider themselves as superior beings?—and thus the birth, the least vestige of birth, find themselves entitled to rule their fellows, should not fully estimate that accident? The contrary cannot reasonably be looked for; nor is it, save in exceptional cases, found. Popular paradox is in this case a virtue of the reviewing gross, that endears itself— for she is certainly less male than female—has forging an excuse for it: she calls the pride of birth a proper pride.

Now and then, and to our extreme disgust, we find some virulent democrat, abusing himself to the due at the feet of a lord; and from our astonishment at chance specimen of this kind, arises the not uncommon saying, that there is no toady like your radical. Such a sweeping paradox must, in the very nature of things, be destructive of the mantle of independence be to that poor wretch who strips himself, and spreads it for a carpet for the first great man who comes his way to tread upon! What possible end can it serve? Its would-be proprietor can scarcely get a single day's wear out of it; not to mention that his less pretentious fellows are always ready to tear off the flimsy garment, and expose him in his cringing nakedness. So difficult, indeed, is the assumption of this independence by a character to which it is not natural, that the vulgar have a popular paradox to excuse their laying claim to it at all—the superior mind minds its superiors; which, although somewhat plausible-looking, is, as it stands, next to meaningless, and, in the sense which they would have it to signify—persons most conscious of their individuality, are the most ready to defer to the authority of rank—is simply untrue.

Now and then, a man of distinguished talent is found to have had a clever mother, while the father was an ordinary person. The morning after, he is very happy, delighted with the unlikelihood of the weaker vessel thus manifesting the superiority, rushes to the apostle, that talent always comes through the maternal parent. Perhaps the illusion is assisted by an amiableness in men of ability themselves, which disposes them to attribute as much as they possibly can to that parent from whom all are conscious of having received the most affection. While autobiographies are generally favourable to this paradox, biographies shew its fallacies; there we find whole strings of men—father, son, grandson—all eminent in some particular walk, and with an independent, tho' shrinking from a comparison with even an inferior rival; but that is not at all what popular paradox in this case means. It means, we believe, simply to convey something disagreeable to a clever antagonist, or to one who thinks himself one, in the matter of confidence, has often, it is true, the advantage of him genuine powers. In the same spirit, it is alleged that your new great man is always exclusive and proud, while your old aristocrat is the reverse. We have had a good deal of gaiety in the reviewing gross, that nonsense anything else would be in them; while the utmost affability of the old aristocracy—and affability is with them the rule—always leaves a certain halo of dignity reserved, which is never broken through. Of course, the most considerate— as it is to be expected that a class of persons studiously toodled, or, to say the least, most deferentially treated, from their bassinets with Valenciennes trimmings, to their coroneted fourfold coffins, and made to a hundred-tenth of those who suppose, when they are called upon, should not be proud—that persons exempt from the ordinary civilities by which they perceive the rest of the world to be amoyed, should not consider themselves as superior beings?—and thus the birth, the least vestige of birth, find themselves entitled to rule their fellows, should not fully estimate that accident? The contrary cannot reasonably be looked for; nor is it, save in exceptional cases, found. Popular paradox is in this case a virtue of the reviewing gross, that endears itself— for she is certainly less male than female—has forging an excuse for it: she calls the pride of birth a proper pride.

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ourselves in fashionable costume were becoming im-
pressive to certain young ladies of rank and fortune, a
cry arose from the direction of the inn, and down
rushed one of the waiters towards us, waving the
horrid thing in his hand, and shouting that some
gent had left his umbrella behind him.

Now indeed that it was a shabby one; but
never before that moment, when it was held aloft
amid the general laughter and contempt, had we
had any conception how very disputable and even
deadly was its appearance was.

'Whose?' cried one of our fair friends in
convulsions of merriment.

'We can't imagine,' cried we: 'there must be some
mistake. I dare say it belongs to Poor Boots.'

'Surely,' said one of our long-vacation party
malignantly, being consumed with envy at our popu-
larlity with the beautiful heathenesses—surely that must
be your favourite old umbrella.'

'Yes, sir,' cried the waiter auspiciously: 'No. 15;
this was the young man's, sir; and the party's name
is scratched, I see, on the tangent fork.'

Amid the roars of laughter, we were obliged to
confess to the proprietorship of the disgraceful object.

'Remember the waiter, please, sir,' urged the
other; 'we may make as much down as quick as I could
for fear of your losing it.'

'Yes,' said we, with withering sarcasm; 'in remem-
brance of your kind attention, you may keep the
umbrella all to yourself.'

The snick, however, had been done; and for any
attention, not to say kindness, that was therefor
paid to us, we might just as well have been among
the steersage-passengers. A new silk umbrella, we had
never been able to keep above two months; but the
old one, you see, stuck to us, whether we would or
not. Now, we put it to the reader, does not this
prettily effectually dispose of the popular paradox:
'Take care of the peace, and the pounds will take
care of themselves.' That is to say: 'Be careful in
little matters, and you will surely be proof enough
in great affairs.' As though the celebrated muse,
Klwa, had not been accustomed to walk away from
the gambling-house where he had lost his thousands,
to meet, in polished leathers, his muddy sheep, and
say that they were cared for upon their road to
Smithfield. As though there were not countless
speculators upon 'Change this day, who have risked
their all twice over, and yet would think it wild
extravagance to return home by cab instead of omni-
bus. Indeed, there is no part of our modern epic
which has not been found among professed
themselves, for such a
sacrificed in the simple saw of 'Penny wise
and pound foolish.'

CATALOGUE OF THE IRISH ACADEMY MUSEUM.

According the books of general interest in which our
day abounds, we say fair begin to find a catalogue
a place. They are no longer unwinding columns
of hard names, additional perplexities to the un-
learned: they are becoming interesting and suggestive
companions; friendly guides, combining simplicity of
palen with minuteness of detail; teaching us how to
observe, as well as telling us what to observe. It is
happy for us that there are such works, for few of our
searches after pleasure prove more utter failures than
visits to museums, galleries, collections of any kind,
whether the statics or the static's explanatory cata-
logue affords. This holds good especially of anti-
quarian museums, where there is comparatively little
to attract the eye, and things by no means tell their
own tale. The Museum of the Royal Irish Academy
has had rare service done to it by Mr Wilde in his
catalogue now before us. A labours undertaking it
must have been; but it was, we may tell a labour
of love, with success for its only, yet adequate reward.
Equally profound and clear, it is calculated to
give elementary knowledge to the previously unin-
formed, and to extend the specific information of the
archaeologist. But it is in its former capacity we have
to deal with it on the present occasion; and
therefore it is to the many who, whatever their
floating notions on the subject of Irish antiquities
may be, prefer, like the immortal M. Jourdain, that
their instructor also proceed as it were in all the
able, we now say: 'Come and place yourselves, with
us, under Mr Wilde's guidance; and let us follow
him through the grim and dingy treasures of three
sections of the Dublin Antiquarian Museum.' Grim
and dingy indeed it must proceed as it were in all the
human interest. These rude unshapely stones around
are not bones or footprints of some mighty monster of
the pre-Anatomist era; these vegetable remains are no
deserted branches of giant trees; no; their aspect
seems to answer to the imaginative wonder, and drawing largely upon our imagination.

These relics come more nearly home; they have all
been hewn out in the sweat of the brow of our brother-
man; more, they have been the weapons used in
warfare against human foes—some of his better warfare
against the stubborn soil; others were the decorations
that had been used to mark him as ours to us—others,
the implements that ministered to his sense of com-
fort in his temporary home; these, the altar sanctifi-
ced by the form of his ignorant worship—those, the
monuments made sacred by his tears for his beloved
dead. The whole represent, or form an unwritten his-
tory of our species in the earliest stage of their being,
while as yet the uses of metals had not been learned.

Availing ourselves of the system of classification
adopted by our guide, and relieved to find that, in
the absence of positive chronological information, it
is a simple one referring to material and use, we
know beforehand what we are going to look at—by
inconceivable point gained. In the first place, at
class one—Stone materials subdivided into three orders
—flint, stone, and crystal; next, at class two—Barthem
materials, comprising clay and pottery, glass and
eamel; then at class three—those of emblems of
wood, amber, and jet. Such is the primary division, so far
as it concerns us on the present occasion, for animal
and metallic materials, as well as for excepted classes,
form no part of the first volume of this remarkable
work, but are to be found among the rest of the catalogue. The
first order concerns the use, and contains twelve species: 1. The earliest
necessity of savage communities—weapons offensive
and defensive against man and beast. 2. Weapon
tools. 8. Food-implements, almost all of them as
familiar in name as they are diverse in materials and
structure from their modern representatives—old
world means for present ends. 4. Household econ-
omy, comprising articles of domestic use, aid to
the toilet, models of habitation. 5. Dress and personal
9. Religion. 11. Separation, including relics illustrative both of
the heathen and Christian mode of hiding their dead
out of their sight. And 12. Miscellanais—objects
arranged according to material, but the use of which
are problematical.

First in order, then, we glance at a tray of flint
flakes of various hues and sizes; flint, the stone
of those old times when the veins of iron in the
earth's veins, unguessed at and unneeded, for it is
marvellous how much and well flint could do, when
it was to be had. Flint propert, however, is by
now means abundant in Ireland. We should be
rather puzzled to chop those flakes so cleverly now,
especially with flint for our only tool; and how those we call barbarians conquered the difficulty, must remain as yet matter of conjecture. We are rather comforted by supposing that they failed sometimes, for we find a large collection of rude and shapeless objects, evidently the production of 'premice hands, and known as the turning-stones of all nations.' Of proof of Israel's king were ready for his use. Very fatal these sting-stones were in the hands of skill, even when these were feminine hands; a fair Kathleen, in dim distant times, fashion thus killed the Batoor, chief of the chieftain. A less fortunate Amazon, Meane, Queen of Connaught, fell victim to a stone, stung across the Shannon by a cowardly Ulster prince, who took discommodity advantage of an unsuspecting hour which was with the goddess in that beautiful river. Equally fatal was a sting-stone to the poetess Dubh — a warlike muse, no doubt — who fell down into the Linn, a dark pool of the Liffey; whence comes the name of her country's capital, Dublin, or, as we write it, Dublin.

From flint-stones, we pass to arrow-heads of every variety; from the simple triangle to the more convenient stemmed arrow, the true barbed arrow, and the delicate leaf-shaped — the connecting-link between the arrow and the most perfect manufacture of the weapon class, that of the spear. But before we leave the arrows, we must salute to the ancient superstitions that among the northern peasantry attributed to them certain malignant influences. This fact gives us some idea of their remote antiquity, since we find that at a very early date these stone-weapons were looked on as relics of a far-distant period, and wondered at as now. The Norwegians called them thunder-stones; the Gaels, elf-darts; and, in other lands, by a popular mind still pronounces them as uncanny, connects them with the falling away of that family-prop, the cow; and the cattle-doctor, by some legend, is sure to verify the theory by producing a fairy missile or two — found, he aver, in that being, much being, muchness; one such specimen of which was brought by the indefatigable Col. M'Culloch from his splendid day-dream of Agricola's Praetorium.

From the five hundred and twelve specimens the Irish Academy Museum possesses, we pass on to what implies a decided advance in art — the stone-hammers, of which we have here several varieties, one resembling a good deal in its form the hammer of our own day. In Scotland, so we are told by Dr D. Wilson, these hammers were often found in old cists; and superstition explained the fact by supposing the incantations imparted to them; and the implements known to us as being under the care of the weaver's child, who no more dreamed of perplexing the erudite than did Ailken Drum of misleading the worthy Monkbarns into his splendid day-dream of Agricola's Praetorium.

We glance next at objects the use of which involves the acquaintance with metals, such as whetstones, burnishers, touchstones, and moults for casting. We find the latter in the Norse and in the Scotch, the latter beaked against the Morn, this one being cut down into their ribs do to them. Times have over some gradual growth of legend to green over the drystest fact.

The line of demarcation between large arrow and small spear-heads is, we are told, difficult to draw; and we are led to suppose that such specimens may have been turned to either use as was required. But we proceed to flint-tools, invariably made of the best and hardest flints, which are generally of a yellow or orange hue. Here we have the picks, pincers, points, piersers, and chisels, or, as we generally find them called, celts, with which the early inhabitants of Ireland wrought in wood, horn, leather, and stone silkes; for all these flints — unmentioned in the earliest existing records — belong to the pre-metallic period.

We pass next to the weapons of softer stone, and tools which were hard enough to work with in wood. Under this head we have swords, knives, cleavers, and, above all, we have celts — so called from the Latin celtum, said to be obtained from the London coal. We have also a description of the bones, a description of the bone, of certain implements. Ireland and Scotland alike abound with them, and they are to be found of every species of native rock, from the brittle sandstone and the soft micaceous schist, to the sharp-edged alicer and compact porphyry. As is materials, so they differ in workmanship, some of them being blunt and clumsy, others elegant in form and elaborate in polish — marvellous to behold indeed, when we reflect that all this symmetry and precision was the result of no better tool than another stone. An immense amount of skill and toil must have gone into the turning of this 'article,' in those days of honest and unpuffed manufactured. These celts were formidable weapons, no doubt, in the hands of their namesakes. It is generally believed that they were first used as a mere hand-tool and subsequently fixed in a cleft stick. It is thus that some South-sea Islanders use them at the present time. Some late researches tend to show that the French Celt, as might be expected, was more elegantly fitted into the hollow portions of a stag's horn. But perforated celts have been found in Ireland. Whether celts were exclusively weapons or exclusively tools, is a little open question for the scientific to differ upon. The chances are that a celt was turned to many purposes, and hacked down a tree as well as a foe. It has usages in its later days. The weavers in the north of Ireland rejoice to find a smooth celt to rub on their cloth, thus giving it the desired gloss. There is one in the Museum of 'green feltstone,' and marked with mysterious lines and scratches much like Ogham characters. Before, however, any imaginative archaeologist had translated them into a meaning, the Rev. Dr Graves discovered their recent origin. The indigo dye of a liniess-woolsey petticoat, the tracery thereon being perhaps the work of the weaver's child, who no more dreamed of perplexing the erudite than did Ailken Drum of misleading the worthy Monkbarns into his splendid day-dream of Agricola's Praetorium.

* See Dr D. Wilson's valuable work on Scotch archeology.
Marquis of Waterford, brought from the Holy Land by some returning crusader—has it, too, been placed in running streams, through which sick cattle have been driven to and fro; or has it served as a magic-mirror, gazing into which the omnipotent false prophet, who a yearling heart has seen in weird procession pass 'the changed, the loved, the lost,' the absent and the dead? Nay, if we held it in our own hands, might we not very conveniently do something within its globe? Modern superstitions have, in the last two years taken the occult properties of crystal balls into grave consideration; and no further back than the year of the Great Exhibition, more than one grave professional mind—say nothing of more facile and fanciful believers—did positively hold that wonders were to be seen in them by the clear eye of childhood.

We have now arrived at species ten; and under the head of religion, we have altar-stones, and the model of a stone enclosure in the deer-park of Hazlewood, county Sligo. In such stone enclosures it is with good reason supposed that the cruel mysteries of Druidical worship were carried on, and possibly solemn assemblies or courts of justice held. Sligo is rich in remains of this kind, and the largest collection of circles and cromlechs in the British Islands being, according to Dr. Petrie's statement, not far distant from the one this model represents.

Under the head of sepulture we have, as might be expected, much enough to occupy our attention. The small square stone grave, or kistvaen, containing a single cinerary urn; the collection of urns that mark the site of an ancient cemetery; the large stone circle or oblong enclosure, popularly called a 'giant's grave,' the huge burial-houses (the western or Oriental pyramid), the rude pillar-stone, the Ogham-inscribed monolith, the sculptured cross, wayside monument, stone-coffin, &c.—all affording examples of the use of stone materials in sepulchral rites. There is a large collection of pillar-stones inscribed with Ogham characters; a kind of circling which some antiquaries believe to have been invented by the Scythian progenitors of the Danish race, and introduced into Ireland about thirteen centuries before the Christian era. Some ancient inscriptions have been found in Wales and Scotland, and one in Shetland; but it is in Kerry and Cork they most abound. Just noticing that these inscriptions generally present proper names in the genitive case, as do the ancient monum-

ents of the Continent, we leave Ogham for sculptured stones on which Irish inscriptions may still be traced, such as, 'A prayer for Bran,' 'A prayer for Dunscaith the Presbyter.' Amidst inscriptions like these, we are struck by a base-relief, said to commemorate the destruction of Ireland's last wolf by a noble dog belonging to the O'Dowd.

We have now come to the second class—that of earthen materials, under which are included, as sole representatives of the tool species, four small crucibles; the food-implements and domestic economy departments being more fully illustrated by sundry glazed jars, known under the name of bellarmines or greybeards, bottles, smoking-pipes of primitive fashion, small drums and thick-blanked, but not so old as we might suppose. Then we have pavement tiles, more or less glazed and ornamented, well worthy the attention of those interested in tesselated work.

In order two, class two, species five, according to Mr. Wilde's lucid system of arrangement, we come to glass and enamel articles of decoration. It is suggested that one of the very first uses of glass was that of personal adornment; and until we have learned to connect costliness with beauty, and difficulty of attainment with pride of possession, it is difficult to see the sparkle and its rainbow colours—seen admirably adapted for it. The child would choose the bead-
attention is peculiarly attracted by some ancient hosts, of which there were two kinds in use in very early times: the curragh, composed of wicker-work, and the country boat, with single-piece canoe. Ancient curraghs of course no longer exist; but we have two specimens of the canoes in this museum, the first measuring twenty-two feet in length, and about two in breadth, flat-bottomed, round-quartered, and square-sterned. In this boat—discovered below the surface of a marsh on the Wexford coast—were two rollers, apparently for the purpose of getting it out to sea, and a small bowl for bailing. The second specimen is sharp at both ends, lighter, narrower, and thinner. Its length is but twelve inches; its length, twenty-one feet three inches, and it is perfectly flat at the bottom. Passing on rather quickly, for our visit to the Museum has been a long one, we notice a rope made of 'three strands of heath,' and are informed that heath-ropes, though becoming very rare, are not absolutely unknown in Ireland in modern times. Next, we observe spades and forks, one of the latter, a colossal implement indeed—seven feet and five inches in length, with prongs of more than a yard to return to each other. There is a collection of kneeling-troughs, dishes, bows, and tables, all made of one single piece of wood. The small portable table to which our attention is called, is supported by legs of only four inches and a half high, and evidently had some written information in it, that those who used it, set round it on the ground. It is also probable that, when wanted, it served as a kneeling-trough. Next come milk-pails and butter-prints, one of which looks as if it would still turn out well for pint measures—pats. Of mazers—drinking-vessels so called because mead or meadthlin was quaffed out of them—this museum boasts twenty—some very ancient indeed. The mother and its handles was always formed of a single piece of wood, but the bottom was separate, and inserted into a groove. In mazers of the simplest make, this bottom piece was probably pressed into its place after the vessel had been soaked in water, and secured there by its contraction in drying.

Species four includes several wooden articles of domestic use, all of considerable antiquity, such as candlesticks, beetles, bodkins, stamps, &c.; many of them found in cranagons. It is with some of the information Mr Wilde supplies on this head that we shall close our present article. But first we must notice, under the head of domestic use, an ancient waxed tablet-book of pine, found in one of the boxes of Derry, on the four sheets of which the letters are traced with a sharp point, and still very legible in places. The character is Irish, but the language Latin. After all the trouble of deciphering it, it appears to have been 'little better than mere scribbling'—'Exercises in grammar and dialect.' Possibly the state of the language in the eleventh century, to whom these tablets may have belonged, did dream of immortality for some work of his, but he could never have supposed that these memoranda would, after six centuries, excite the interest of posterity! "Truly! The Academicians had their predecessors! There were stockaded or little wooden islands, many of which have come to light during the general drainage of late years; the agriculturist, without in the least intending it, having proved himself a most valuable labourer in the field of archaeology. These cranagons, though alluded to as early as in records of the ninth century, and late as in those of the seventeenth, were never examined till about twenty years ago. Cranagons are chiefly found in the clusters of small lakes in Roscommon, Leitrim, and Monaghan, and are not, strictly speaking, artificial islands, but clay islets enlarged and fortified by timber piles, and in some cases by stone-work. A few were approached by causeways, but they were generally isolated. These beaver-like habitations afford several indications of the changes that have taken place in the face of the country, by the gradual inroads of the sea. The merged condition shewing how great the spread of water has been; while from additions made to the height of the stockades, and from traces of fire at different elevations, it may be inferred that this spread had, owing to the decrease of timber and increase of bog, begun during their period of occupation."

The first cranage ever examined was one at Lagore, near Dunshaughlin, county Meath. Looking into the authorities, we find this cranage to be the first alluded to. Loch Gabhair is said to have been one of the nine lakes which burst forth in Ireland, 3831 A.M.* Its discovery in 1889 was accidental—as we phrase it—in looking for one thing, another was found. The lake around had been drained within the memory of man, and the cranagone bore the appearance of a circular mound of about 320 feet in circumference. Some labourers having met with several large bony while clearing the stream-way, the fact became known; bone-collectors came, and so the cranagone, with its vast collection of antiquities, was revealed. Structures very similar in character have been discovered in the lakes of Switzerland in the year 1885–4, where, the winter having been unusually dry and cold, the lake-level was depressed in proportion; and one or two have also been described as existing in Scotland.

With the vegetable materials, the first volume of Mr Wilde's invaluable catalogue ends, and rejoicing to hear that the resting-place of it is in progress, we close our present survey of the Irish Academy Museum.

JOHN BULL'S DINNER AT NING-PO.

We are all familiar with the story of the Englishman who interrogated his Chinese host as to the character of a reftishing dish on which he was feeding, by a significant repetition of the words, 'Quack, quack, quack?' and how the mandarin replied by simply pronouncing, with a gesture of negation as to the hypothesis, the expressive monosyllables, 'Bow, wow, wow!'—thus tracing the agreeable viand to a canine instead of an anserine origin.

Again, of our present gourmands, the reader of a Celestial breakfast, dinner, or supper, is expressly informed by the formula, 'Boiled rice, and hunger for sauce.' Looking at it in a general way, this may not be so far wrong; but there is more than this to be told about the culinary arrangements of our tea-producers on the other side of the globe.

If we are to judge in this matter from a report in a recent number of the Times, the Chinese 'cooking animal,' man, has often something better to do than merely boiling rice and stewing dog's meat. According to the shewing of 'Our Special Correspondent,' Paris itself must yield the palm to Ning-po, and Very hide his diminished head before the superior merit of mine host of the Gallery of the Imperial Academicians' in that famous city. Acknowledging, then, our deep obligations to the ingenious writer alluded to, and tendering him our best thanks for the information conveyed in his letter, we shall proceed to give our own report on his report, with a few observations.

Our author begins with some severe strictures on our English methods of cookery, and by so doing raises the whole question as to the salubrity of baking and stewing as compared with roasting and boiling in general.

* Anns of the Four Masters.
Our space will not allow us to take up formally the raftsmen thus thrown down, or to enter the arena to defend the derisive taunts of some with regard to the way the bread-crusts are ground down against the stem-pan and baking-dish. We would only observe that, in all such cases, climate, early habit, the age and state of health of the party—we had almost said the patient—and, last not least, the quality of the provender supplied, must enter into and greatly modify the consideration of such questions as this.

No man will say that it is wise, in a culinary point of view, to roast a sirloin cut from the back of a ten-year-old cow, well accustomed to the yoke; or not a pickled round of such beef will be juicy and tender; or that a goat's haunch, with turnips, will be as satisfactory as one which our own South Downs or Black Faces can supply. If you have a certain sort of meat to dress, you must dress it so that it shall be eatable; and the soup and bouillon, or the disintegrated stew, enriched with a strong and spicy gravy, is, in a great many instances, far preferable to what could be produced were the same meat to be sent to table a frozen mass.

We believe that the objection made by this ingenious writer against English cookery would apply much more to the excessive quantity which the excellence and succulence of the national food induces one to ask for, than to any particular mode of preparation. He speaks of 'a slice of red flesh from a joint,' as if the eating of such a thing were an act only once degree removed from cannibalism; but we can inform him that raw flesh, when sent to table, must always be brown, and that the very fact of redness shows that it is cooked enough; and we can bring at least one set of digestive organs to testify that it is much lighter and more easy of assimilation than when it has been passed into that of being what is called 'well done.'

We attach, however, no special importance to any particular mode of cookery. If one method is found to be more conducive to health and comfort than another, by all means let us try it until we find it; and we will go so far as to add, that, if men must come when they dine, we should think it a less injurious process, on the whole, for them to do so with a variety of dishes, and many of them that we should call over-cooked, than when all are brought on at once, that is, at the same time, we cannot agree that to eat a moderate share of our own 'raw' and juicy mutton or beef, is equivalent to bringing the civilised man down to something like the level of the savage or the wild beast, both of which animals, it must be confessed, have a fancy for 'joint-meat,' and prefer it, if anything, a little under-done.

We shall not enter further here into this culinary controversy, but return at once to our notice of the dinner at 'Gallery of the Imperial Academicians' at Ning-po.

'Our Correspondent,' it seems, had learned that masters gastronomic were managed in a superior manner at the above-named hostelry; and he accordingly resolved to bring the report to the test, in a sensible, practical sort of way, as a true Englishman should. So he issued invitations to a select circle of friends, English and Chinese, for a banquet to be there provided. With each invitation, a chop-stick—to be used, we presume, as a fork—was sent to each guest. In due time the day arrived; the party assembled; and now, 'to dinner with what appetite we may'

The first course was merely a prelude—a sort of light fencing with chop-sticks, intended to elate rather than to gratify the craving of hunger. It consisted of a small square tower, built of slices from the breast of the goose; a tumult of thin square pieces of tripe; hard-boiled eggs, which had been preserved in wine, and the excellence of which was supposed to be in proportion to their antiquity; the stalks and other portions of asparagus and other greens with vinegar; a curious pile of some unknown shell-fish, taken from the shell, and cut in thin slices; prawns in their natural, or rather in their artificial red state; ground nuts, ginger, and candied fruit. Everything, we are informed, 'was excellent in its kind.'—the unknown shell-fish especially so. 'I am afraid to say,' adds the writer, 'that the tripe was a creditable piece of cookery. It was boiled to almost a gelatious consistence,' but 'many Englishmen' known to the author, would have remonstrated, had it devoured a whole small heap, as it stood, with aversion.' For our part, we should quite think so.

A certain doubtfulness was observable in the approaches of the strangers at first; but this soon gave way to complete confidence before the more serious attack commenced.

The 'trifles' above enumerated being despatched, we are informed that the real business of the day was fairly begun. Each guest was furnished with a porcelain spoon and saucer; knife and fork, and needleless, and their chop-sticks they brought themselves. A folded towel, just saturated with hot water, was placed beside each saucer, and two tiny metal cups, not so large as egg-cups, were allotted to each person.

The first dish, according to all precedent, was of course birds-nest soup. To our surprise, our friend professes not to know what these nests are. We believe they consist of the dwellings of a particular species of swallow, and are composed of a gelatious sea-weed, which is recommended by its visous quality to these ingenious constructors, as an excellent building material. Unluckily for the peace and security of their domestic arrangements, however, the facts have not found out that it is more convenient to plunder the poor swallows than to collect and prepare the sea-weed with his own hands, just as we do by taking the honey from our bees instead of seeking it 'from flower to flower.'

Our author does not write enthusiastically about this celebrated dish. The presence of the birds-nests, it seems, is apparent from a glutinous substance which floats upon the top of the soup. Below this is a white liquid, which, while still at hand, by following the example of the Chinese, who excel in the use of such condiments, this insipidity was in great measure removed; and after this, let the man, while devouring oysters, cockles, and mussels, venture to smother a mess of sea-slugs.

But now the plot thickens. Our next dish is a grand affair: it consists of sturgeon's shell-caps. This is a rare and expensive dainty, as of course the sturgeon has to be killed, like an Indian warrior, for his scalp; or, as fowls sometimes are in France, for the sake of their combs and gills, to fill up a vol au vent; or, again, as the poor unhappy Strasbourg goose is for her liver. It must be killed. We are in hopes that the refuse portions of these animals are turned to some account, and may be applied to the sustentation of the ordinary sort of men, although a contrary impression, so far as it relates to the sturgeon, seems to
have been produced on the mind of Our Correspondent. No doubt, after the Gallery was served with the cap, other people would be glad to take up with the remainder of the royal fish.

As to flavour, the skull-caps seemed to eat very much like the birds-nests, gelatine being decidedly in the second place in both cases.

After this came a soup composed of balls of crab.' This is too vague to satisfy our curiosity. Was the soup made on a stock of shrim of beef, or chine of dog, and then merely added to and decorated with the "balls of crab" as our own mocktures? Or little imitation eggs? Further information would be desirable, and we hope the next dispatches will be more explicit.

All this time, there appears to have been a great prevalence of the rich and luscious sort of viands; and we felt quite astounded at the discovery that neither bread nor other farinaceous matter was supplied as an absorbent. This is "against the statute" in Chinese feasts; and we venture to suggest as a reason, that the "crabs" being too precious as stowage for choicer morsels, to be wasted upon such common affairs as rice or bread. Our English friends, however, could not go on swallowing all this mucilaginous matter without something better to the kind; and so a special favourite bread was concocted to them; and we really feel a sort of relief ourselves as we record the fact: such is the force of sympathy in generous minds.

While all this was going on, nectar was supplied by Celestial Ganymedes, in the shape of warm wine, with which the tiny cups were repeatedly filled. The favourite variety with our countrymen was something closely resembling sherry negras, and pronounced very fair, delicious in its way, when better could not be had.

We are next introduced to a stew of preserved fruits; then comes a dish of some sort of vegetable of a hairy description, resembling that species of endive which in France is called barbe da coqueur. After that followed mushrooms from Manchouria; and then we relapse into a series of entrees of various sorts, in which a root, "something between a turnip and a horseradish" (the black radish?) meets with much approbation.

A good reader, would have been the moment for the interrogatory "quack, quack?" noticed at the beginning of this paper, according to all the rules of dramatic propriety; for the next dish is nothing less than "a bowl of chess' tongues," to which, no doubt, among the dishes done, and here again, is a delicacy which we in our wisdom throw away.

The "royal and imperial dish" follows next. This is a compote of deer's tendons. On reading this, our first impression was a doubt as to the power of any cookery to bring such a material into an estimable condition; but we are told that, on the contrary, it appeared in a tender and gelatinous form, after probably a week's boiling to produce the desired result. These sinews come, it is said, from Tatary, and form the principal article of food in that country; and we shall resemble in one respect, and the Gobelin tapestry of Paris—material for royal presents; and when a great man receives a consignment of the catgut, he usually celebrates the joyous event by some grand festivities. We need not to observe, further, that, cooked as it was, this dish only added a little more gelatine to the quantity already sent down "red lane" by the guests whose progress we are thus faithfully recording.

While all this being despatched, there appears on the scene one composed of what we should have thought better eating—eareal shell fish; but as everything here below must have its limits somewhere, the guests found themselves at this juncture hors de comodite.

A very sensibly mode of declaring when people have eaten enough, has, it seems, been adopted in China since the days of Confusion, as we once heard the Chinese philosopher injuriously called. Thus, it is understood that no more food is needed when a dish is sent away untouched. This was, therefore, the signal to stop, but actually eaten their bones were reluctantly declined, waistcoat buttons being already on the strain to a rather perilous extent.

But, what have we said? Do our eyes inform us rightly, when we read that, after all this, the guests partook of 'plain boiled rice, condiment, candied fruit, and acanthus berries steeped in spirits'? It is even so, and confirms the adage that we do not know what we can do till we try.

It deserves to be recorded to the credit of the Chinese maître d'hôtel, that he had in reserve some dozens more of the triumphs of his art, fully as recherché as those already chronicled here; but which, for the reason stated, did not appear. What they were, therefore—from what region procured what portion they may or may not have derived—the organ of fish, flesh, or fowl, remains only as a subject of ingenious and interesting speculation.

So ended John Bull's dinner at Xing-po. We should have liked to have helped our friends, and ask how he felt himself; but our anxiety was quite dispelled by his own assurance, that the guests of the banquet we have been describing met the same evening and made a hearty supper, at the house of one of their number. We therefore take leave of them, trusting that they all had, in the words of our poet—adapted to the occasion by a slight change in the punctuation—

A fair, good, night;
With pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

For our own part, we must confess that we live with the fear of dyspepsia before our eyes, and that, unwarlike—cowardly, if you will—as we are, we should almost as soon have clutched a musket at the siege of Delhi as have been forced to stand to it, chop-stick in hand, beside our countrymen on this memorable occasion. Had we tried our gastro-dynamic powers to the same extent as they did, we should have had a nightmare of no ordinary sort, and our visions would doubtless have been accomplished by the events of the day. Hage sturgeon, like scapled Indians, would have grinned at us, and with horrid grimaces, called on us to restore their skull-caps. Flocks of melancholy and reproachful swallows would have fluttered round us, and pecked at our eyes as the ruthless plunderer who had not only eaten, but actually eated, us. We should have been afflicted with a 'cruel consciencesness' that we had the missing property somewhere about us; that we were willing to make restitution, but could not, for the life of us, lay our hands upon it for the purpose. Crabs would have nibbled at our toes, and sea-slugs would have trailed their slow and slinky length over our shuddering body. We should have had a ride in the Maceppe fashion, on the back of a Tartar donkey—on that time that a man's dear and his tartar were identified. We should have been 'found drowned' in an ocean of gleye mucilaginous soup; and a whole regiment of ducks would, in spite of the apparent impossibility of speaking with the ducks, beDivision of the waterfowl species, who have clambered for their tongues in a polyglot and most deafening chorus of 'quack! quack!' Such being the case, it is just as well, gentle reader, that we should be quietly penning these lines in a little region where the digesting our solid food, when eaten with a German silver fork for a chop-stick, and with a roasted potato, a modicum of bread, a pickled cherkin for condiment, and a moderate irrigation of half a pint of bitter beer.

We must confess that Our Correspondent has
shown us that a gouty breakfast can be digested, if we had ever doubted the fact: but although he has made a good move, and taken one of our best pieces, we cannot give up the game, or allow that we are as yet check-mated; but the controversy must now be let fall into abeyance, not for want of matter, but for lack of space to carry it further at the present moment.

ENGLISH HEARTS AND HANDS.

This is the title of a very remarkable little book lately published, and already widely circulated. Its object is twofold: to place a long dreaded and despised race of men, according to the phrase of one of their number, 'straighter with other people;' and to show how much power for good lies latent within the grasp of 'men and women placed by God's providence in another position of life.' The book itself owes to the fact that, early in the year 1853, nearly three thousand railway excavators were gathered from different parts of the kingdom to work at the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and that of these men, 'two hundred lodged in the village of Beckenham,' the home of the writer. 

Railways have run down many a prejudice in their unswerving track: landowners who once protested against them as a wrong, have long learned to welcome them as a boon; the profit, convenience, social interests of a neighbourhood, are all on their side; nay, our sense of beauty even has accommodated itself to their intrusion into some of our most picturesque scenes; but it was reserved for these pages effectually to dispel the still lingering impressions that no large bodies of this humblest of railway labourers could be quartered in a country neighbourhood without injury to its peace and respectability; to shew us that actually 'two or three hundred navvies could take up their abode in a country village for two winters, and instead of spreading moral contagion, set a good example to many of its inhabitants.'

Looking over the touching narrative before us, we find, as indeed we usually do, that a great work had a small beginning. It was on Sunday, the 15th of March 1854, that the writer attempted to seek the navvies out. 'About seven in the evening' she went to 'a cottage where several were lodging, and asked for one of the family, as an easy introduction to the strangers.' Undaunted by the announcement that the proprietress 'lived against the church,' she entered and 'inquired if any of them had been at church—not one of them had thought of it'—gave them an account of the morning's sermon; spoke of the important subjects most closely intertwined with every conviction of her own mind, every feeling of her own heart; linked these as they had never been linked before with the wants and spiritual instincts of those whom she addressed; and, in short, concluded this introduction, by melting them to tears, and left them her first friends and loyal subjects. From that time forward, meetings for similar intercommunications were held on Sunday evenings, and twice in the week, and these were soon attended by the navvies in large numbers. No doubt the writer thought of a tea-party was devised. 'The school-room was decorated with festoons of flowers, and a button-hole bouquet of geranium and jessamine tied up with blue ribbon, and laid upon each plate.' We do not wonder that 'long afterwards some of these flowers were seen carefully preserved in books.' A pleasant sight that school-room must have afforded that summer-day! 'To a minute, our friends arrived, each man looking as clean as a baby on its christening-day. They quietly and quickly seated themselves, and no gentlemen in the united kingdom could have conducted themselves more admirably.'

Nor was the softening, elevating, refining influence unexerted even when distance removed 'their lady' from her true-hearted friends. Letters were frequently exchanged, and numbers are given in the book before us, simple, earnest, manly, much letters as do honour to England's working-men.

On the last day of 1853, the sergeant of police stationed at Beckenham called to return thanks for the interest that had been taken in these noble fellows. He said that never his duty had been so easy before in Beckenham, for their example had restrained the wilder young men of the place, and even shamed a few into attendance at public worship.

The good work went on throughout 1854. More and more stout hearts were bent beneath the same spell. We read of many a victory over the working-man's direct temptation, drunkenness. We read, it is true, of relapses into the cruel hold of the inextricable habit; but the fallen are not forsaken—they are followed after, reclaimed by tenderness and tears: the gentle hand, strong to rescue, is stretched out again and again, and most of the struggling triumph.

In 1855, the author of the Crystal Palace navvies having enlisted, we have a number of letters given from different barracks, all expressing a grateful remembrance of Beckenham influences, and shewing how permanent these were in new scenes and under new forms of temptation.

In 1855, we read: 'A new interest sprung up for us in the gathering of the Army Works Corps. This corps, formed by the suggestion, and under the arrangement of Sir J. Paxton, amounted from first to last to nearly 4,000 men, all artificers of various kinds, smiths, stone-masons, bricklayers. The first ship was to sail early in July, the last about the middle of December.'

'News was brought to the Beckenham rectorory on the 19th of May that several strangers had arrived to look for lodgings in the village.' The time was short, indeed, but to such a one as the writer of the book before us, this was no reason for giving up the work, but rather for the doing it with all her might. The new-comers, indeed, were described as 'the roughest lot as ever came to Beckenham.' 'At the first words addressed to them, they looked surprised, and somewhat disposed to look away;' but they were no more proof than their predecessors had been of the censure of the good people of Beckenham.

The impression thus made was so strong, that the poor fellows longed to communicate it to others. One, after conferring with his friends, remarked: 'I wish the whole lot could hear these things. We're all together outside the Crystal Palace at seven of a morning, and the paymaster says we're the finest lot he ever saw, and the mildest—just like four hundred roaring lions.'

The following morning at the early hour named, a carriage from Beckenham was on its way to the ground, where about fifty of our workmen were unexpectedly received. The carriage was sent away. 'Conversation easily followed, and by the time the remainder of the four hundred began to make their appearance, the first fifty had become our firm friends; not one unceivable word was said, not one unwilling hand received the prayer.'

This drive to the 'place appointed for the roll-call each morning,' became a regular thing. Invitations to 'cottage-readings' were given, a parting breakfast-party arranged, friendships formed. The ship not sailing as the time appointed, a 'round robin' was
addressed to their benefactress by the nurses, pressingly requesting her return from Essex, whether she had gone, 'to give them some more good advice before they should go away from their own country, perhaps never to return.' This perfect confidence in her 'care for them' is surely very touching. On the 18th of June, an early visit was paid to the Crystal Palace grounds; not only to take leave, but to 'take charge of any portion of their large wages which they chose to empower me to receive direct and disburse them in the Crimes.' Not only wives and children were thus provided for, but amongst the majority, who had no such ties, an aged mother, an infirm father, a widowed sister, a sickly brother, or orphan niece, were remembered with a generous care for their comfort. Stamped receipts for money-orders being given to the men, they were 'flung back by common consent, with something like a shout of disdain, at the supposition that they could possibly require such a pledge from a friend and lady.'

From that time till their departure, these men 'visited the rector at all hours on their pecuniary matters,' and many an opportunity of quiet inter-communion was thus afforded its inmates. On the morning of the 21st the occasion of the final visit to the Crystal Palace grounds, the writer tells us: 'After shaking hands with each man, I took my leave, but was requested by an official to return, to hear the subject of a communication which had been passed from the foremen of the corps. It was to express the united wish of these warm and grateful hearts that I should go out with them to the Crimes, to keep them straight, and to be with any of them who should die out there in their last homes. And they humbly begged to know if they might take the best place on board for me, and pay for it amongst themselves. It went to my heart to refuse them... But when I explained to them the sacred home duties which witheld me from leaving England, they recognised them as once as paramount claims, and satisfied themselves by asking for a promise of one more farewell visit on board their ships.'

These farewell visits were paid upon the occasion of the landing of each ship that bore away the Army Works Corps. Of these ships, the Jervis was the last; she left England on the December of 1855, with her complement of five hundred men. A very touching incident in connection with this final visit well deserves a quotation: 'Two men having borrowed half a sovereign each, came to the rector to repay it the evening before their departure. 'Are you sure, my friends,' said their benefactress, 'that you can afford to give it back?' 'Quite sure,' and thank you, ma'am, a thousand times.'

When we met on board ship, we found that whilst other men had been laying out from ten to twenty shillings apiece in warm vests, John and James had been obliged to do without them, to enable them to repay their debts. It was not to be borne. So, early in the day, we despatched a messenger for four warm knitted vests from London. Five o'clock came—our messenger had not returned. There was plainly some mistake. 'The colder blew the night-breezes about us, as we drove through Deptford, the more unbearable was the thought of these two men suffering for their high and delicate sense of honour towards us... At the fifth hour, the honest gentleman, who was engaged to pay the money, but was pressed to take it back as much as he gained... Allow him the glorious equality of being able to repay friendship with friendship.'

We conclude this short abstract by a few remarks. Plainly the influence we have seen exerted by a refined and accomplished woman over large bodies of men of the roughest class was remarkable both in kind and in degree. What was its secret? We answer in her own words: 'The working-men values your courtesy above your liberality, and your friendship most of all. Show him your interest in his welfare, your desire for his improvement, your care for his happiness, and, above all, your trust in his honour. Let him feel that he can look back as much as he gains... Allow him the glorious equality of being able to repay friendship with friendship.'

A word to the many who will read this book with beating hearts and tearful eyes, and a sudden and enthusiastic yearning to exercise a like influence. It
is not to discourage that we would say to such: Before you can do what the author has done, you must be what she is: your convictions must be as intense, your experience as confirmatory of them. ‘The tone of seeking is one thing, the tone of having is another.’

One word, too, to our working-brothers: Give us credit for much unexpressed sympathy. We often stand, without, not because our hearts are cold, but because they are timid. We yearn for closer kindred-ship than we venture to seek. Our minds are narrowed by conventional restrictions; we feel powerless to arrest your attention or to win your confidence. But we have blessed our more gifted sister as we have read of what she has done; and we appreciate to the full the rich reward she meets with in the affection of natures so noble and so tender as yours.

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FINAL ASSEMBLY.

This spectacle of yesterday was repeated: the troops in serried lines of blue and steel—the officers in full uniform with shining epaulettes—in the centre the staff grouped around the general, close buttoned and of the utmost formality; the officers of the chiefs, backed by concentric lines of warriors, plumed, painted, and picturesque—horses standing near, some neighing under ready saddles, some pickeeted and quietly browsing—Indian women in their long hamsas, hurrying to and fro—boys and babies at play upon the grass—flags waving above the soldiers—banners and pennons floating over the heads of the red warriors—drums beating—bougays braying; such was the array.

Again the spectacle was imposing, yet scarcely so much as that of the preceding day. The eye at once detected a deficiency in the circle of the chiefs, and nearly half of the warriors were wanting. The assemblage no longer impressed you with the idea of a multitude—it was only a respectable crowd, with room enough for all to gather close around the council.

The absence of many chiefs was at once perceived. King Oopus was not there. The coronet of British heads—those of Robert, King, and Mark—were not visible. When I last looked con

spicuous in the centre—was no longer to be seen. Holata Mico was missing, with other leaders of less note; and the thinness in the ranks of the common warriors showed that these chiefs had taken their followers along with them. Most of the Indians on the ground appeared to be of the clans of Omatsa, ‘Black Dirt,’ and Oahla.

Notwithstanding the fairness of their following, I saw that Hoitle-matte, Arpucki, negro Abram, and the leader were present. Surely these stayed not to sign?

I looked for Oceola. It was not difficult to discover one so conspicuous, both in figure and feature. He formed the last link in the now contracted curve of the chiefs. He was lowest in rank, but this did not signify, as regarded his position. Perhaps he had placed himself there from a feeling of modesty—a well-known characteristic of the man. He was in truth the very youngest of the party, yet he was of birthright entitled to a smaller command than any present; but, viewing him as he stood—even at the bottom of the rank—one could not help fancying that he was the head of all.

As upon the preceding day, there was no appearance of bravado about him. His attitude, though stately and statuesque, was one of perfect ease. His arms were folded over his full chest—his weight resting on one limb, the other slightly retired—his features in repose, or now and then lit up by an expression rather of gentleness. He seemed the imper

ation of an Apollo—or, to speak less mythologically, a well-behaved gentleman waiting for some ceremony, of which he was to be a simple spectator. As yet, nothing had transpired to excite him; no words had been uttered to rouse a spirit that only seemed to slumber.

 Ere long, that attitude of repose would pass away—that soft smile would change to the harsh frown of passion.

Gazing upon his face, one could hardly fancy such a transformation possible, and yet a close observer might. It was like the placid sky that precedes or the storm—the calm ocean that in a moment may be convulsed by the squall—the crouching lion that on the slightest provocation may be roused to ungovernable rage.

During the moments that preceded the inauguration of the council, I kept my eyes upon the young chief. Other eyes were regarding him as well; he was the cynosure of many—but mine was a gaze of peculiar interest.

I looked for some token of recognition, but received none—neither nod nor glance. Once or twice, his eye fell upon me, but passed on to some one else, as though I was but one among the crowd of his pale

faced, blood-stained, and often to me. Was this really so? or was it, that his mind, pre-occupied with great thoughts, hindered him from taking notice?

I did not fail to cast my eyes abroad—over the plain—to the tents—towards the groups of loitering women. I scanned their forms, one after another.

I fancied I saw the maid queen in their midst—a centre of interest. I had hoped that her protéège might be near; but no. None of the figures satisfied my eye: they were all too solemn, too grave, too self-contained. She was not there. Even under the loose hamsa I should have recognised her splendid form—if still unchange

If—the hypothesis excites your surprise. Why changed, you ask? Growth? development?—maturity? Rapid in this southern clime is the passage from maiden's form to that of matron.

No; not that, not that. Though still so young, the undulating outlines had already shewn themselves. When I last looked upon her, her stature had reached its limits; her form exhibited the bold curve of Hogarth, so characteristic of womanhood complete. Not that did I fear.

And what then? The contrary? Change from attenuation—from illness or grief? Nor this.

I cannot explain the suspicions that racked me—sprung from a stray speech. That jay bird, that yestreen chattered so gaily, had poured poison into my heart. But no; it could not be Maimee. She was too innocent. Ah! why do I rave? There is no guilt in love. If true—if she—hers was not crime; he alone was the guilty one.

I have ill described the torture I experienced, consequent upon my unlucky ‘eyes-dropping.’ During the whole of the preceding day, it had been a source of real suffering. I was in the predicament of one who had heard too much, and too little.

You will scarcely wonder that the words of Haj-Ewa cheered me; they drove away the shadow of my mind, and inspired me with fresh hopes. True, she had mentioned no name till I myself had pron

ounced it; but to whom could her speech refer? ‘Poor bird of the forest—her heart will bleed and break.’ She spoke of the ‘Rising Sun’ that was Oceola. Who could the ‘hanolitis’ be? who but Maimee?

It might be but a tale of bygone days—a glimpse of the past deeply impressed upon the brain of the
maniac, and still living in her memory. This was possible. Haji-Ewa had known us in those days, had often met us in our wild wood rambles, had even been with us upon the island—for the mad queen could paddle her canoe with skill, could ride her wild steed, could go anywhere, went everywhere. It might be only a souvenir of these happy days that caused her to speak as she had done—in the chaos of her intellect, mistaking the past for the present. Heaven forbid!

The thought troubled me, but not long; for I did not long entertain it. I clung to the pleasantest belief. Her words were sweet as honey, and forming a pleasant counterpoint to the fear I might otherwise have felt, on discovering the plot against my life. With the knowledge that Mimeeoe had once loved—still loved me—I could have dared dangers a hundredfold greater than that. It is but a weak heart that would not be gallant under the influence of love. Encouraged by the smiles of a beautiful mistress, even cowards can be brave.

Areas Ringgold was standing by my side. Entrained in the crowd, our garments touched; we conversed together.

He was even more polite to me than was his wont—more friendly! His speech scarcely betrayed the habitual cynicism of his nature; though, whenever I looked him in the face, his eye quailed, and his glance sought the ground.

For all that, he had no suspicion—not the slightest—that I knew I was side by side with the man who designed to murder me.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CASHIERING THE CHIEFS.

To-day the commissioner showed a bolder front. A bold part he had resolved to play, but he felt sure of success; and consequently there was an air of triumph in his looks. He regarded the chiefs with the imperious glance of one determined to command them; confident they would yield obedience to his wishes.

At intervals his eye rested upon Opeola with a look of peculiar significance, at once sinister and triumphant. I was in the secret of that glance: I guessed its import; I knew that it boded no good to the young Seminole chief. Could I have approached him at that moment, I should have held duty but lightly, and would have conveyed to his ear a word of warning.

I was angry with myself that I had not thought of this before. Haji-Ewa could have borne a message on the previous night; why did I not send it? My mind had been too full. Occupied with my own perils, I had not thought of the danger that threatened my friend—for in this light I still regarded Powell.

I had no exact knowledge of what was meant; though, from the conversation I had overheard, I more than half divined the commissioner's purpose. Upon some plea, Opeola was to be arrested.

A plea was needed; the outrage could not be perpetrated without one. Even the reckless agent might not venture upon such a stretch of power without plausible pretext; and how was this pretext to be obtained?

The withdrawal of Onopa and the 'hostiles,' while Omata with the 'friends' remained, had given the agent the opportunity. Opeola himself was to furnish the plea.

Would that I could have whispered in his ear one word of caution! It was too late: the tolls had been laid—the trap set; and the noble game was about to enter it. It was too late for me to warn him. I must stand idly by—spectator to an act of injustice—a gross violation of right.

A table was placed in front of the ground occupied by the general and staff; the commissioner stood immediately behind it. Upon this table was an inkstand with pens; while a broad parchment, exhibiting the creased ridges of many folds, was spread out till it occupied nearly the whole surface. This parchment was the treaty of the Ocalwahah.

'Yesterday,' began the commissioner, without further preamble, 'we did nothing but talk—to-day we are met to act. This,' said he, pointing to the parchment, 'is the treaty of Payne's Landing. I hope you have all considered what I said yesterday, and are ready to sign it?'

'We have considered,' replied Omata for himself and those of his party. 'We are ready to sign.'

'Onopa is head-chief,' suggested the commissioner; 'let him sign first. Where is Micouopa? ' he added, looking around the circle with feigned surprise.

'The mico-mico is not here.'

'And why not here? He should have been here. Why is he absent?'

'He is sick—he is not able to attend the council.'

'That is a lie, Jumper. Micouopa is shamming—you know he is.'

The dark shadow of Hoible-mattee grew darker at the insult, while his body quivered with rage. A grunt of disdain was all the reply he made, and folding his arms, he drew back into his former attitude.

Abram! you are Micouopa's private counsellor—you know his intentions. Why has he absented himself?'

'O Masar Ginal!' replied the black in broken English, and speaking without much show of respect for his interrogator, 'how shed ole Abe know the 'tention of King Nopy? The mico no tell me ebberting—he go he please, he come he please—he be great chief; he no tell nobody his 'tention.'

'Does he intend to sign? Say yes or no.'

'No, dem!' responded the interpreter in a firm voice, as if forced to the answer. 'That much ob his mind Abe do know. He no 'tend sign that ar dockament. He say no, no.'

'Enough!' cried the commissioner in a loud voice—'enough! Now hear me, chiefs and warriors of the Seminole nation! I appear before you armed with a power from your Great Father the President—he who is chief of us all. That power enables me to punish for disloyalty and disobedience; and I now exercise the right upon Micouopa. He is no longer king of the Seminoles.'

This unexpected announcement produced an effect upon the audience similar to that of an electric shock. It startled the chiefs and warriors into new attitudes, and all stood looking eagerly at the speaker. But the expression upon their faces was not of like import—it varied much. Some showed signs of anger as well as surprise. A few appeared pleased, while the majority evidently received the announcement with incredulity.

Surely the commissioner was jesting? How could he make or unmake a king of the Seminoles? How could the Great Father himself do this? The Seminoles were a free nation; they were not even tributary to the whites—under no political connection whatever. They themselves could alone elect their king—they only could depose him. Surely the commissioner was jesting?

Not at all. In another moment, they perceived he was in earnest. Foolish as was the project of deposing King Onopa, he entertained it seriously. He had resolved to carry it into execution; and as far as decency went, he did so without further delay.

'Omata! you have been faithful to your word and your honour; you are worthy to head a brave nation. From this time forth, you are king of the Seminoles. Our Great Father, and the people of the United
States, hail you as such; they will acknowledge no other. Now—let the signing proceed." 

At a gesture from the commissioner, Omatia stepped forward to the table, and taking the pen in his hand, wrote his name upon the parchment. 

The act was done in perfect silence. But one voice broke the deep stillness—one word only was heard uttered with angry aspersion; it was the word "traitor!" 

I looked round to discover who had pronounced it; the Indian was still quivering upon the lips of Océola; while his eye was fixed on Omatia with a glance of ineffable scorn. 

Black Crazy Clay next took the pen, and affixed his signature, which was done by simply making his mark. 

After him followed Ohala, Itolasses Omatia, and about a dozen—all of whom were known as the chiefs that favoured the scheme of removal. 

The hostile chiefs—whether by accident or design—had assembled and formed the left wing of the semicircle. It was now their turn to declare themselves. 

Hoitle-matte was the first about whose signing the commissioner entertained any doubt. There was a pause, a significant silence. 

"It is your turn, Jumper," said the latter at length, addressing the chief by his English name. 

"You may jump me then," replied the eloquent and witty chief, making a jest of what he meant for earnestly, as well. 

"How? you refuse to sign?" 

"Hoitle-matte does not write." 

"It is not necessary; your name is already written; you have only to place your finger upon it." 

"I might put my finger on the paper a hundred times; you can sign by making a cross," continued the agent, still in hopes that the chief would consent. 

"We Seminoles have but little liking for the cross; we had enough of it in the days of the Spaniards." 

"Then you positively refuse to sign?" 

"Ho! Mister Commissioner, does it surprise you?" 

"Be it so, then. Now hear what I have to say to you. 

"Hoitle-matte's ears are as open as the commissioner's mouth," was the sneering rejoinder. 

"I depute Hoitle-matte from the chiefestainth of his clan. The Great Father will no longer recognise him as a signification of friendship. 

"Ha, ha, ha!" came the scornful laugh in reply. 

"Indeed—indeed! And tell me," he asked, still continuing to laugh and treating with disdain the solemn enunciation of the commissioner, 'of whom am I to be chief, General Thompson?' 

"I have pronounced," said the agent, evidently confused and nettled by the ironical manner of the Indian; you are no more a chief—we will not acknowledge you as one. 

"But my people—what of them?" asked the other in a fine tone of irony; 'have they nothing to say in this matter?' 

"Your people will act with reason. They will listen to their Great Father's advice. They will no longer obey a leader who has acted without faith." 

"You say truly, agent," replied the chief, now speaking seriously. "My people will act with reason, but they will also act with patriotism and fidelity. Do not flatter yourself of the potency of our Great Father's advice. If it be given as a father's counsel, they will listen to it; if not, they will shut their ears against it. As to your disposal of myself, I only laugh at the absurdity of the act. I treat both act and agent with scorn. I have no dread of your power. I have no fear for the loyalty of my people. 

"You have been successful elsewhere in making traitors—here the speaker glared towards Omatia and his warriors—but I disregard your machinations. There is not a man in my tribe that will turn his back upon Hoitle-matte—not one." 

The orator ceased speaking; and, folding his arms, fell back into an attitude of silent defiance. He saw that the commissioner had done with him, for the latter was now appealing to Abram for his signature. 

The black's first answer was a decided negative—simply 'No.' When urged to repeat his refusal, he added: 

"No—by Jove! I neber sign de——paper—neber. Dat's enuf—in't, Bossy Thompson?" 

Of course this put an end to the appeal, and Abram was 'scratched' from the list of chiefs. 

Arpilucki followed next, and 'Cloud' and the 'Alligator,' and then the dwarf Foshalla. All these refused their signatures, and were in turn formally deposed from their dignities. So, likewise, were Holata Mico and others who were absent. 

Most of the chiefs only laughed as they listened to the wholesale cashiering. It was ludicrous enough to hear this puny office-holder of an hour pronounce edicts with all the easy freedom of an emperor! 

Foshalla, the last, who had been laughed at, laughed like the others; but the dwarf had a bitter tongue, and could not refrain from a rejoinder. 

"Tell the fat agent," cried he to the interpreter—"tell him that I shall be a chief of the Seminoles when the rank weeds are growing over his great carcass—ha, ha!" 

The rough speech was not carried to the ears of the commissioner. He did not even hear the scornful cajolery that followed it, for his attention was now entirely occupied with one individual—the youngest of the chiefs—the last in the line—Océola. 

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SIGNATURES OF OČÉOLA. 

Up to this moment the young chief had scarcely spoken; only when Charles Omatia took hold of the pen, he had hissed out the word traitor. 

He had not remained all the time in the same attitude, neither had his countenance shown him indifferent to what was passing. There was no constraint either in his gestures or looks—no air of affected stoicism—for this was not his character. He had been laughing at the wit of Jumper, and applauded the patriotism of Abram and the others, as heartily as he had frowned disapproval of the conduct of the traitors. 

It was now his turn to declare himself, and he stood, with modest mien, in the expectation of being asked. All the others had been appealed to by name—for the names of all were well known to the agent and his interpreters. 

I need hardly state that at this crisis silence was on tiptoe. Throughout the ranks of the soldiery—throughout the crowd of warriors—everywhere—there was a moment of breathless expectancy, as if every individual upon the ground was imbued with the presentiment of a scene. 

For my part, I felt satisfied that an explosion was about to take place; and, like the rest, I stood spell-bound with expectation. 

The commissioner broke silence with the words: "At last we come to you, Powell. Before proceeding further, let me ask—are you acknowledged as a chief?" 

There was insult in the tone, the manner, the..."
words. It was direct and intended, as the countenance of the speaker clearly showed. There was no malice in his eye—malice mingled with the confidence of prospective triumph.

The interrogation was irrelevant, superfluous. Thompson knew well that Powell was a chief—a sub-chief, it is true, but still a chief—a war-chief of the Redsticks, the most warlike tribe of the nation. The question was put for mere provocation. The agent turned an outburst of that temper that all knew to be none of the gentlest.

Strange to say, the insult failed in its effect, or it seemed so. They who expected an angry answer were doomed to disappointment. Océola made no reply. Only a peculiar smile was observed upon his features. It was not of anger, nor yet of scorn: it was rather a smile of silent, lordly contempt—the look which a gentleman would bestow upon the blackguard who is abusing him. Those who witnessed it were to imagine that the young chief regarded his insults as beneath the dignity of a reply, and the insult too gross, as it really was, to be answered. Such impression had I, in common with others around me.

Océola's look might have silenced the commissioner, or, at least, have caused him to change his tactics, had he been at all sensitive to derision. But no—the vulgar soul of the plebeian official was closed against shame, as against justice; and without regarding the rank of the agent, pressed on with his plan.

"I ask, are you a chief?" continued Thompson, repeating the interrogatory in a still more insulting tone.

"Have you the right to sign?"

This time the question was answered, and by a docile shrug of the shoulders. Chéristians in the ring, and warriors who stood behind it, shouted in reply:

"The Rising Sun?—a chief! He is a chief. He has the right to sign."

"Can you sign in question?" inquired Jumper, with a sneering laugh. "Time enough when he wishes to exercise it. He is not likely to do that now."

"But I am," said Océola, addressing himself to the orator, and speaking with marked emphasis. "I have the right to sign."

It is difficult to describe the effect produced by this unexpected avowal. The entire audience—white men as well as red men—was taken by surprise; and for some moments there was a vibratory movement through the entire assembly, accompanied by a confused murmur of voices. Exclamations were heard on all sides—cries of varied import, according to the political bias of those who uttered them. All, however, beclouded astonishment: with some, in tones of joy; with others, in accents of chagrin or anger.

Was it Océola who had spoken? Had they heard aright? Was the 'Rising Sun' so soon to sink behind the clouds? After all that had transpired—after all he had promised—was he going to turn traitor?

Such questions passed rapidly among the hostile chiefs and warriors; while those of the opposing party could scarcely conceal their delight. All knew that the signing of Océola would end the affair; and the removal become a matter of course. The Omatias would have nothing more to fear; the hostile warriors, who had sworn it, might still resist; but there was no leader among them who could bind the patriots together as Océola had done. With his defection, the spirit of resistance would become a feeble thing; the patriots might dream no longer of a united front; and of the hostilities advocated the removal—he, the pure patriot in whom all had believed—whom all had trusted, was now going to desert them—now, in the eleventh hour, when his defection would be fatal to their cause.

"He has been bribed," said they. "His patriotism has been all a sham; his resistance a cheat. He has been bought by the agent; he has been acting for him all along. Holycampsua! Iste-bulско-stoghie."

"Tis a treason blacker than Omatia's!"

Thus muttered the chiefs to one another, at the same time eyeing Océola with the fierce look of tigers.

With regard to Powell's defection, I did not myself know what to make of it. He had declared his resolution to sign the treaty; what more was needed? That he was ready to do so was evident from his attitude: he seemed only to wait for the agent to invite him.

As to the commissioner being a party to this intention, I knew he was nothing of the kind. Any one who looked in his face, at that moment, would have ascribed blue words to his lips. He was evidently as much astonished by Océola's declaration as any one upon the ground, or even more so; in fact, he seemed bewildered by the unexpected avowal; so much, that it was some time before he could make rejoiner.

He at length staggered out:

"Very well, Océola! Step forward here, and sign then."

Thompson's tone was changed: he spoke soothingly. A new prospect was before him. Océola would sign, and thus agree to the removal. The business upon which the supreme government had deputed him would thus be accomplished, and with a dexterity that would rebuff to his own credit. "Old Hickory" would be satisfied; and what then? what next? Not a mission to a mere tribe of savages, but an embassy to some high court of civilisation. He might yet be ambassador! perhaps to Spain?

Ah! Why Thompson? Why the Océola? Why the aboriginals? Why the old châteaux in the air (châteaux en Espagne) were soon disdained. They fell suddenly as they had been built: they broke down like a house of cards.

Océola stepped forward to the table, and bent over it, as if to read the words of the document. His eyes ran rapidly across the parchment; he seemed to be searching for some particular place.

He found it—it was a name—he read it aloud:

"Charles Omatia."

Raising himself erect, he faced the commissioner; and, in a tone of irony, asked the latter if he still desired him to sign.

"You have promised, Océola."

"Then will I keep my promise."

As he spoke the words, he drew his long Spanish knife from its sheath, and raising it aloft, struck the blade through the parchment till its point was deep buried in the wood.

That is my signature! cried he, as he drew forth the steel. "See! Omatia! it is the same as your name. Beware, traitor! Undo what you have done, or its blade may yet pass through your heart!"

"Oh! that is what he meant," cried the commissioner, rising in rage. "Good. I was prepared for this insolence—this outrage. General Clinch! I appeal to you—your soldiers—seize upon—arrest him!"

These broken speeches I heard amidst the confusion of voices. I heard Clinch issue some hurried orders to an officer who stood near. I saw half a dozen files separate from the ranks, and rush forward; I saw them cluster around Océola—who the next moment was in their grasp.

Not till several of the blue-coated soldiers were bent sprawling over the ground; not till guns had
been thrown aside, and a dozen strong men had fixed their grip upon him, did the young chief give over his desperate struggles to escape; and then apparently yielding, he stood rigid and immovable, as if his frame had been iron. It was an unexpected dénouement—alike unlooked for by either white men or Indians. It was a violent proceeding, and altogether unjustifiable. This was no court whose judge had the right to arrest for contempt. It was a council, and even the insouciance of an individual could not be punished without the concurrence of both parties. General Thompson had exceeded his duty—he had exercised a power arbitrary as illegal.

The scene that followed was so confused as to defy description. The air was rent with loud ejaculations; the shouts of men, the screams of women, the cries of children, the yells of the Indian warriors, fell simultaneously upon the ear. There was no attempt at rescue—that would have been impossible in the presence of so many troops—so many traitors; but the patriot chiefs, as they hurried away from the ground, gave out their wild 'Yo-ho-eshes'—the gathering war-word of the Seminole nation—that in every utterance promised retaliation and revenge.

The soldiers commenced dragging Oceola inside the fort.

'Trant!' cried he, fixing his eyes upon the commissioner, 'you have triumphed by treachery; but fancy not that this is the end of it. You may imprison Oceola—it is with you—but it is not the man; his spirit will die. No; it will live, and cry aloud for vengeance. It speaks! Hear ye yonder sounds? Know ye the 'war-cry' of the Redsticks? 'Mark it well; for it is not the last time it will ring in your ears. Yo-ho-eshes! Yo-ho-eshes! Listen to it, tyrant! it is your death-knell—it is your death-knell!'

While giving utterance to these wild threats, the young chief was driven through the gate, and hurried off to the guard-house within the stockade.

As I followed amid the crowd, some one touched me on the arm, as if to draw my attention. Turning, I beheld Haj-Ewa.

'Yo-nights, by the sun,' said she, speaking so as not to be heard by those around. 'There will be shadows—more shadows upon the water. Perhaps'—

I did not hear more: the crowd pressed us apart; and when I looked again, the mad queen had moved away from the spot.

**BIRDS AS OBSERVED BY ME.**

In my early days, birds of every kind were my friends, and much of my time was taken up watching them. I never studied much of their learned classification, nor did I ever care much about having any of my own; I simply was food of them, and liked to watch their habits. I have often, when I ought to have been at school learning my lessons, stolen away to the wood, at the back of our house, to watch the motions of the titmice, or try to discover the exact tree whereon the cuckoo sat. And when I succeeded in getting a good view of the cuckoo, I found its attractions quite resistless, and would be chained to the spot as long as that strange bird remained on the tree. I was surprised at first—but I soon became accustomed to it—to find that the cuckoo uttered a low, harsh, grating sound, something like a gurgle in the throat, before giving forth the clear, dreamy Ke-ko, Ke-ko; and I also noticed that when she left the tree, her flight seemed to be zigzag and uncertain, as if she could not make up her mind which tree to light on next. Soon after she left the tree, too, several little birds would twitter off, and follow the stranger wherever she went.

I had always thought—and I don't know why I should have thought it—that the cuckoo frequented the neighbourhood of trees only; but I found her as frequently on the hillside, perched upon some stone, and calling Ke-ko, Ke-ko, as she sat in her wood. At first, I thought she must have strayed or been hunted by other birds from the woods; but when I afterwards saw other cuckoos on the hillside, I knew that she frequented both.

I never saw a cuckoo far in the wood, but generally on the outskirts: tall elm-trees bordering parks or gardens seemed to be preferred to the middle of woods, and never very far from houses, which made me think the bird liked to be within sight of our dwellings.

During all my wanderings, I never found the cuckoo molesting other animals, as the hawk does, and yet I could not help seeing that she was no favourite with her feathered brethren. This jealousy or natural spite was at times carried to great lengths; and I have seen a cuckoo's enjoyment of a noisy day marred by a crowd of persecutors, and the very life of the bird endangered. It seemed to me that these tiny assailants took periodical fits of anger; for I have listened to a cuckoo in full song, when numerous little birds were in the neighbourhood, and observed that the bird had full share of clear notes, with presence excepting her body-guard—a pair of marsh-titas. On the other hand, during some days, a whole army of little birds would spend hours in pursuing their helpless victim, the air ringing with their screams of defiance and rage. Sometimes I have occasionally omitted her notes while on the wing—not plaintively uttered, but just as usual, which always gave me the idea that the bird enjoyed the fun, and rather wished to lead her tormentors a gay chase, than hide herself from such overwhelming odds. These attacks took place, so far as ever I saw, only in the neighbourhood of trees. Her life was certainly more enjoyable amongst the hills: there, she flitted from one stone to another, her flights usually extending to several hundred yards, at the same time accompanied by many a tip-tap, or followed by her faithful friends, the marsh-titas.

Why they attended her, I never could quite find out, unless they acted as guards to warn the cuckoo of the intrusion of enemies, as I purvey her with food. I dare say if I had been a reader, I should have seen why the cuckoo was molested by many birds, why she was carefully guarded by some, and spitefully entreated by others; but I hated reading, and liked watching; so it was many a day before I found out this wonderful truth, that she lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. The first nest occupied by a young cuckoo which fell to my notice, was the water-wagtail's: here I found the intruder one day in June. I was unprepared for such a discovery, and at first I did not know what to make of it; and it was not until his feathers began to come to maturity, that I ascertained the fact, and knew that the two wagtails already deprived of their rightful progeny, were toiling from morning till night to supply a little portion of appetite of the young cuckoo. Nor did their cares cease when the bird left the nest; for I noticed that for some time afterwards, the foster-parents fetched food, which was eagerly devoured by this adventurer.

This is about all I can remember of the young cuckoo; and many a holiday have I spent in her company. I was more led to watch her habits than those of any other birds, because they always appeared so strange and mysterious. Moreover, I loved to listen to the quiet notes, stealing through the warm air of June or July. I have said that I often stole a day from school to spend
among the copse and woods: these days were generally in June or July; and to this day I never can hear the notes Ko-koo, Ko-koo, without associating them with a certain song, felt long ago when I (too often) played truant.

Of all birds, I always thought the tit the most indefatigable in their search for food. They are not shy birds, but allow one to remain within a very few yards when they are at work. I remember they were fond of the silver birch-tree, and seemed to prefer a young or moderately-sized one to the full-grown tree. And of all the varieties of blue, greater, lesser long-tailed, and cole, the blue titmouse or ox-eye was the most active. Several kinds would often claim equal right to one tree, and each pursued its avocations without disturbing, or even noticing its neighbours. The blue tit preferred the branches to the stem, and the smaller sprays to the branches; and when one began searching its spray, it never left it till the search was complete. Back downwards was the favourite position; and every little chink in the bark was tried, tapped, and plundered. The plunder was minute insects, their eggs, chrysalides, and tiny caterpillars.

I used to suspect the tits were fond of seeds also, but of this I never was certain. From where the small branch sprung from the greater, and along its entire length, clung, traversed, and pecked, this tiny bird, very alert, and with a quick eye would fly low, alight the action of the sun, and would\n
Notes or squeaks; and when several tits were at work on one tree, these notes were constant. Their motions were very quick: a branch several feet long could be examined and plundered in a very few minutes—varying from half a minute to about four usually; and they reminded me of bees, for a few seconds sufficed to show new-comers whether the branch had been previously visited by others. Their claws are well adapted for clinging, and their necks are very supple; so much so that the bird, while hanging to a horizontal branch of an inch or two in diameter, can twist its head round to the upper part, and examine and probe it, without changing its position. It generally confines itself, however, to the under part and sides of the branch.

The nest of the tit used to be an object of much delight to me. I never harried one, but seldom could resist putting my finger into the small hole at the side, to find if there were eggs or young birds. Such a colony—some dozen or more—one nest not larger than a cricket-ball: no wonder the parent tits require to make the best of their time to supply food for all at home. However, they manage to rear their numerous brood; but that would be impossible were birds not constantly engaged in getting food. They may both stay away, too, from the nest for some time at a stretch, for it does not require the heat of the parent to keep the young ones warm in their dry ball of feathers.

Another little bird (the least of British birds, I believe), the wren, or katty-wren, as we used to call it, was strange in its habits. I always found it in hedges, or close to drains or small streams. Unless for its shrill note, I should seldom have noticed its whereabouts, for the colour of the wren is too dark to admit of the bird being easily seen. I never saw the wren feed. Its motions were very quick, and it seemed an easily scared bird. Its favourite resorts were up drains, or amongst the tangled briers that fringed the sides of some tiny brook: there it would sit, or hop from one little spray to another, emitting its sharp note, so loud for a bird of its size; and if startled from its retreat, would seek the nearest drain-mouth, and vanish. I always deemed the wren a shy bird, and cannot say it was ever a great favourite; but it had its mystery, too, for I never saw it feeding.

It puzzles one to remember the Latin names of birds; and I always prefer home titles, such as the maria, the robin, the ox-eye or yellow yold, to following them up with hard Latin words, such as Troglodyte Sylvia, which I have carefully copied from a book as the name given by naturalists to the katty-wren.

Looking East:

In January 1838.

"Love and friend hast Thou put far from me, and bid me acquaintance out of my sight."

Little white clouds, where are you flying
Over the sky so blue and cold?

Fair faint hopes, why are you lying
Over my heart like a white cloud's fold?

Little green leaves, why are you peeping
Out of the mould where snow yet lies?

Towering west wind, why are you creeping
Like a child's breath across my eyes?

Hope and terror by turns consuming,
Lover and friend put far from me—
What should I do with the bright spring's coming
Like an angel over the sea?

Over the cruel sea that parted
Me from mine—Is't for evermore?

Out of the woful East, whence darted
Heaven's full quiver of vengeance sore.

Day teaches day—night whispers morning,
"Hundreds are weeping their dead, and thou
Wastest thy living! Rise, be adorning,
Thy brows, unbow'd, with smiles."—But h's?

O had he married me—unto anguish,
Hardship, sickness, peril, and pain,
If on my breast his head might languish,
In lonely jungle or burning plain:

O had we stood on the rampart gory,
Till he—ere horror behind us trod—
Kissed me, and killed me, and with his glory
My soul went happy and pure to God!

Nay, nay—God pardon me, broken-hearted,
Living this dreary life in death;
Many are far wider parted
Who under one roof-tree breathe one breath.

But we that loved—whom one word half broken
Had drawn together close soul to soul,
As lip to lip—and it was not spoken,
Nor may be, while the world's ages roll.

I sit me down with the tears all frozen:
I drink my cup, be it gall or wine:
I know, if he lives, I am his chosen;
I know, if he dies, that he is mine.

If love in its silence be greater, stronger
Than hundred vows, or sighs, or tears,
Soul, wait thou on Him a little longer
Who holdest the balance of thy years.

Little white clouds, like angels flying,
Bring the young spring from over the sea:
Loving or losing, living or dying,
Heaven, remember—remember me!

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THE WILD WHITE MAN.

In the year 1808, the British government, observing the successful progress of the convict settlement at Port Jackson, fitted out an expedition for the formation of a similar establishment on the southern coast of Australia. The great inland bay of Port Phillip had been explored during the previous year by Captain Flinders, in the Investigator; and his favourable report of the surrounding country greatly influenced the government in their choice of a locality.

The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Collins. The convicts—367 in number—were all males. Of these, only seventeen received permission for their wives to accompany them; and with the exception of seven little ones, who were too young to be left behind, their children were forbidden to undertake the long and dangerous voyage, which was then regarded with extreme distrust. A detachment of about fifty soldiers, with three lieutenants, formed the military guard; and various civil officers, four surgeons, and a chaplain and seven soldiers' wives, completed the matériel of the new settlement.

In these days of breathless enterprise, when our countrymen hurry to and fro over the whole earth, and undertake a voyage to the antipodes, or an expedition to the north pole, with equal coolness, it is interesting to note the gloomy forebodings of these early voyagers to the southern world. The means of so doing are furnished by the diary of the Rev. Robert Knopwood, chaplain to the expedition.

'The land behind us,' he writes, 'is the abode of civilized people; that before us, the residence of savages. When, if ever, we shall enjoy an intercourse with the world, is doubtful and uncertain. We are leaving the civilized world behind us to enter upon a career unknown.'

The expedition sailed from Plymouth in the month of April, but it was not until October that the shores of Australia were described. Collins and his officers chanced to land on a sterile and desolate portion of the coast; and after sundry disappointments, arising from the absence of fresh water, the barrenness of the soil, and other causes, a spot without the Heads—as the rocky barriers at the entrance of Port Phillip are termed—was selected as the site of the intended settlement. An unfortunate choice could scarcely have been made; it was found impossible to subsist in such a locality; nor were they successful in their endeavours to discover a favourable district. Acting, therefore, on the discretionary powers wherewith he was invested by the government, Colonel Collins decided on abandoning Port Phillip, and steering across Bass's Strait. He eventually founded the penal colony of Tasmania.

But before this removal occurred, eight of the prisoners absconded. Five of these were subsequently recovered; but the others never returned, and were supposed to have perished of hunger, or to have been slain by the natives.

For thirty-two years, Port Phillip remained unsettled, and, in fact, was supposed to be unfit for the habitation of civilized man. In the interval, however, sundry partial explorations had taken place. Hume and Hovell had penetrated overland to the Geelong country; and the Sydney government had failed in a second attempt at convict colonisation. Sturt had discovered the source and embouchure of the Murray River; McKillop had ventured to Lake Omeo, and gazed upon the eternal snows of the Australian Alps; and Henty had established a whaling-station at Portland Bay. But the honour of practically demonstrating the capabilities of Port Phillip belongs to John Batman. In May 1835, this gentleman sailed from Launceston, in Tasmania, and landing on the western shores of the bay, at a point named by him Indented Head, he at once observed that the land in that region was excellently adapted for either tillage or pastoral uses. The natives were also very friendly; and having, by the aid of interpreters, been made to comprehend the object of the white man's visit, they cordially welcomed and granted him a large tract of land.

Delighted with the successful result of his enterprise, Batman returned to Tasmania for seeds and implements, leaving six of his men, with three months' supply of provisitions, in charge of his newly acquired property. During his temporary absence, a strange event occurred.

The natives were so little alarmed at the presence of the whites as to mix freely with them, and often assisted them by various friendly offices, which were required in kind. One day, however, a savage of fiercer aspect than usual made his appearance. He was very tall, and of monstrous bulk; his matted hair hung wildly about his shoulders, and his features were nearly hidden by the profuse growth of his beard. A loose 'rug' or wrapper, made of the skins of the kangaroo, was his sole garment; and in his hand he carried a long and formidable spear, constructed of the close-grained wood of the country, and its point and rows of inverted teeth hardened by the action of fire.

As this uncouth being approached the tents, their inmates perceived with astonishment that his skin
was of a tawny hue; whereas all the natives whom I had seen were black. This caused them to surmise that he might possibly be of European origin; and as he stood before them, evidently labouring under strong excitement, and apparently striving to speak, yet uttering no sound, one of them offered him bread, at the same time pronouncing its name. The poor fellow mechanically seized the proffered food, and endeavoured to repeat the word. After reiterated efforts, and as many failures, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. His eyes brightened, he cast away his bread, and stretching out his arm, with a gesture, invited their attention to something marked thereon. On examination, this proved to be two letters, 'W. B.,' rudely pricked out and stained, in sailor-fashion. These they sought to decipher. 'W,' they pronounced, the vowel of which is best expressed by an almost inarticulate sound. Miss Bateman, the noddy of this party, for Burges. He shook his head. Brown, Bruce, Bell—every name commencing with the second letter of the alphabet that they could think of, was tried, with the like result; till at length, as by a mighty effort, Miss Bateman gave the name of William, and cried it in an accent of genuine English, 'W. for William, B. for Buckley.' Then they knew that it was one of their own countrymen who stood in that wreathed guile before them.

On Batman's return to Port Phillip, he was informed of this discovery, and being a man of kindly disposition and feeling heart, he at once assumed the protection of the white savage. His first care was to save his life. He was saved by his protector—a task which happily appeared to have considerably lessened the daintiness of the latter's complexion. The kangaroo skins were dispensed with, and a more civilised costume substituted; but it was long ere he could walk in shoos without much discomfort. His first shirt—sewn by Miss Batman—was of Brogdignagian proportions, consisting of an incredible quantity of linen; and when he was set on horseback to accompany his rescuer, it was discovered that the stirrups of the settlers could not furnish stirrups sufficiently large to accommodate his huge feet.

By slow degrees, the reigned man recovered the use of his native language, and was enabled to converse as the history and adventures of the Duleliahs of the forest having, in a manner, captured this ungodly Samson, brought him, nothing lost, to the men of their tribe, who, in fact, had seen his footprints on the sand, and were already in search of the man who had rescued him from his bond. His shoes had long since abandoned his feet, which now therefore left their imprint on the soft sand. As he strolled listlessly along, he picked up a few nuts, and with this he wasted amongst the rocks in search of shell-fish, now his principal food. Whilst thus engaged, he was observed by three native women, who, creeping stealthily down to the beach, imagined that they beheld in him their lost chief again. The store of the settlers could not furnish stirrups sufficiently large to accommodate his huge feet.

Of his history, divested of the romance wherewith it has sometimes been clothed, is as follows:

William Buckley—for such was indeed his name—was born near Melbourne in 1780. In early life, he followed the occupation of a stone-mason; but his great height—which is stated at six feet six inches—and stalwart proportions attracting the notice of a recruiting sergeant, he was easily induced to exchange the trowel for the musket, and accordingly enlisted in the 4th regiment. He had served but a short time in his new capacity, when he robbed one of his comrades; for which offence—such was then the severity of our laws—he was sentenced to transportation for life. This occurred in 1803, in the twenty-third year of his age; and it is thus happened that he became an unwilling member of Colonel Collins's abortive expedition to Port Phillip. When the order for removal to Tasmania was issued, Buckley, and two others, named respectively Fye and Marmon, feeling doubtful of their ultimate fate, effectually escaped from the camp, as previously stated; and the vessel sailing shortly after, nothing more was heard of them.

What became of Fye and Marmon has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Buckley himself always evinced great delight in being questioned about them, and seemed to regard the inquirer with much suspicion. It appears that the course taken by the fugitives was around the head of the bay; and Mr. Wedge, in his report to the Geographical Society of Tasmania, dated 1850, says that Buckley assured him, that in their flight, Fye became exhausted, and was left behind at the Yarra River; and that Marmon quitted him at Indented Head, with the avowed intention of returning to the camp. But there are many different versions, which Buckley himself diverged from.

After parting from his companions, Buckley appears to have remained alone some time. One day, however, disgusted alike with his solitary life, and the precariousness of his means of subsistence, he wandered on the beach, anxiously endeavouring to descry some vessel which had rescued him from his vast prison. His shoes had long since abandoned his feet, which now therefore left their imprint on the soft sand. As he strolled listlessly along, he picked up a few nuts, and with this he wasted amongst the rocks in search of shell-fish, now his principal food. Whilst thus engaged, he was observed by three native women, who, creeping stealthily down to the beach, imagined that they beheld in him their lost chief again. The store of the settlers could not furnish stirrups sufficiently large to accommodate his huge feet.

of their pleasures at his fledly condition. A long conversation ensued, during which the man of Murragark was incessantly repeated. It ended, very much to his satisfaction, in their feeding instead of eating him; and he was given to understand, by signs, that thenceforth he was never to quit his savage entertainers.

* The introduction here added to is very prevalent amongst the Aboriginals: who imagine that the whole of the white people are their deceased brethren. As they have no bitter enemy, they often meet it is very pleasant, and not a little dangerous, to be mistaken for a departed enemy.
was scrupulously watched by day and night. He was never suffered to fatigue himself with the exertions of the chase, nor to perform that infinitesimal amount of labour to which the natives of Australia unwillingly submit. His gunyah was reared for him, and his larder stocked with unwooned extravagance, by his savage friends. The daintiest morsels of the kangaroo, the most succulent of his cake, the sweetest portions of the wombat, the whitest grubs of the minma, and the largest of gum-balls, were his. His also the largest eggs and the finest fish—the richest berries and the most delicate roots. The rarest luxury was devoted to his use, and the warmest skins were added to his wardrobe.

Thus, from a state of absolute misery and utter loneliness, Buckley was suddenly elevated to a species of savage royalty, and held in reverential awe as the restored Murragark. For some time, the only perceptible fluctuation of public opinion was the occasional outburst of cannibal propensities, when his wife subjects seemed to survey his colossal form with much peculiar admiration.

Buckley's domestic comfort was also duly considered, and a daisy, but buxom young widow was assigned to him, by the general consent of the tribe, as his lubra, or spouse. For a time the pair enjoyed the highest privileges; but, in the course of time, the essential duties of the marriage bed were suspended, and both rode on.

For, according to Buckley, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when his lust was one night invaded by sundry native gentlemen, who, claiming a prior right, forcibly carried off the bride. Much violence does not appear to have been offered, nor were the husband's feelings greatly lacerated by this stroke of fortune. He acknowledged, indeed, that his lusta went very willingly, and that he did not 'make a fuss about the loss.' But the habit of being left to his own devices, to hold in a widely different view of the affair; for, irritated probably at this practical disregard of their own judgment, at the lady's faithlessness, and the injury inflicted on their white friend, they spared both the frail one and her lover.

But if Buckley's first companion was insensible to his charms, there were other hearts more tender and more true. A gentle damsel, of the same tribe, of her own accord visited his solitary home, and sought to soothe his loneliness. She was a sensible party, and her efforts successful. Buckley, at various periods, had many wives, but he always expressed himself in more favourable terms of his second partner than of any other. On the sea-shore, near Point Lonsdale, she died, and was laid by the sea-side. It is said to have been the abode of the wild white woman and his mate during this portion of his eventful career.

It has been doubted whether Buckley had any children. By those who knew and conversed with him, this point is diversely stated; some declaring positively that he was childless, but others, and the majority of evidence is on this side, speak of sons and daughters. When reclaimed, in 1855, he had with him three boys, and a boy and a girl; but he always spoke of these as adopted children.

Many other particulars were at sundry times extracted from him, and have been worked up by Mr. Morgan of Hobarton, into a long and interesting narrative. In it are numerous details of native feasts and fights, of hunting and corroborees; but, as might be expected, there is a great paucity of actual events. Occasionally, he seems to have lost a portion of the influence he ordinarily exerted over his black friends. Whether their faith in his involuntary condemnation of Murragark sometimes become weak, or was overwhelmed by hunger, we know not; but he averred that for some years he constantly expected death. The young men, he said, were for killing him; but the elders of the tribe always interfered to save his life. He appears to have taken matters very coolly; and if he possessed he certainly never attempted to exert the magic of civilised intellect, nor sought, by the communication of useful arts, to improve the condition of his savage associates; on the contrary, contented apparently with the gratification of his animal appetites, he willingly sunk to the dead and dreary level of Australian barbarism. Like his untutored friends, he fed on raw or semi-roasted flesh, clothed himself in the skins of beasts, and acquiring the native dialect, ceased even to think in his mother-tongue, until, as we have seen, he had totally forgotten its use. Once or twice, he said, he saw ships enter the bay; but he does not appear to have made the slightest effort to attract the attention of their inmates, nor in any way to extort himself from their notice. In position in which he had fallen, until Batman firmly planted his foot upon the soil.

Such was the poor lost creature whom, after thirty-two years of savage life, the early colonists of Port Phillip restored to captivity; and, it is proper to add, that his own delight, when he was enabled to comprehend the change, was unbounded. 'Nothing,' says Mr. Wedge, 'could exceed the joy he evinced at the once more feeling the large turn of his heart, received again within the pale of civilised society.'

However he may have been deficient in other qualities, ingratitude was clearly not one of Buckley's faults. Both Batman and Wedge concur in stating that he exerted himself greatly in maintaining amicable relations between the natives and the colonists.

To the former gentleman—his constant friend and patron—he was much attached; and when informed of his death, it is recorded that he 'threw himself on his couch.'

Buckley's subsequent career is soon told. A free pardon was, at his own urgent desire, procured for him from Colonel Arthur, the governor of Tasmania; and he was appointed native interpreter, with a salary of L50 per annum. In this capacity, his services were in great request; and when Sir Richard Bourke came down from Sydney to survey the new colony, Buckley was selected to accompany him in his tour through the country. But his position soon became uncomfortably exposed, as he was put between the settlers and the native population.

The latter committed many robberies, and at length heaped two of their white neighbours, whose graves, on the Flagstaff Hill, near Melbourne, are still religiously preserved. At the same time, so it is said, there were many blacks on the other side, but doubtlessly the whites were not blameless. Buckley, who could not forget the kindness of his old friends, refused to interpose between the contending parties, declaring that the hostility of the blacks was solely attributable to the misconduct of the colonists. Fearing, therefore, that he might relapse into barbarism, Batman resolved to send him out of Port Phillip; and accordingly, in 1856, he was induced to embark for Hobart-town, where he resided during the remainder of his life. His figure and strength obtained for him the post of constable, which he held many years. Subsequently, he was employed as assistant-storekeeper at the immigrant's Home Ground, later still, as gate-keeper of the Female Nursery.

In his sixtieth year, Buckley, again venturing on matrimony, contracted a union with the widow of an immigrant. In 1850, the Tasmanian government bestowed on him the insignificant pension of L12 per annum; and in the following year, Victoria having been separated from New South Wales, and erected into an independent colony, its legislature voted an additional annuity of L40.
LONG BALL-PRACTICE.

Ten years ago, large guns and small were the glorious thingmen in the infantry on both sides; but at last hour. His death was occasioned by accident. In January 1856, he was thrown from a vehicle, and received such severe injuries in the fall, that in a few days he breathed his last sigh, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

which his wild life no doubt materially assisted to strength. Buckley was vigorous health almost to his latest hour. His death was occasioned by accident. In January 1856, he was thrown from a vehicle, and received such severe injuries in the fall, that in a few days he breathed his last sigh, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

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operation of charging a cavalry carbine by the breech, and one, a breech-loader. The main objection was to the inconvenience; some answering well enough with low charges, others with high charges, in careful hands; but very, very few complying with all the requisitions of common cavalry practice. In the improvement of carbines, no less than of pistols, our American cousins have been foremost. The cavalry carbine of Colonel Greene is a breech-loader. It is charged with an ordinary paper-cartridge, and has the remarkable peculiarity of causing the explosion of the charge to contribute to the tightness of the joint. We hardly know whether we shall succeed in rendering intelligible the manner by which this is done. Firstly, the piece, though one-barrelled, has two stirrup-guards, two pieces, or brackets, with arms of a steel tooth—something like a snake-fang, though straight—into the middle of the cartridge, which is the means to cause it to be a formidable blade that rushes through the tubular orifice of the fang. This is accomplished by the very ingenious contrivance known as the Maynard primer, and universally employed now in all American non-revolving military and police arms. The Maynard primer is a small magazine of some fifty or sixty percussion patches brought successively, by the act of cocking, quite over the nipple, so that the nipping act of capping the piece is obviated. From the Maynard primer let us go to the barrel, which itself, and trace out the destiny of the cartridge. Though placed within the barrel, it does not touch the latter, but is surrounded by a sort of tightly sliding, short internal chamber, larger anteriorly than posteriorly, tapering a little every thousandth of an inch. Outside it, the edge of which will be thrust against the flat iron bearing. We have been thus particular in describing the construction of Colonel Greene’s carbine, because of its approval in British military circles, and its partial adoption by the British cavalry.

Sharpe’s is another American invention in the way of breech-loading carbines. In charging this firearm, an ordinary paper-cartridge is also used, of which the posterior aspect is ripped off in the act of closing the breech-opening. The objects of Sharpe’s American rifle affirm that it nips off an uncertain quantity. And now, before passing on to the consideration of muskets, some few matters must be taken for granted as lying within the sphere of the reader’s cognisance, otherwise we shall never get to the end of our tale. Firstly, we will assume that every reader—except a lady-reader perhaps—is aware of the fact that gun-barrels are either rifled or non-rifled. Secondly, that except for fowling, no person one shade more civilised than a Dahomey grenadier will ever use a non-rifled, alias small-bored, small-arm again. Thirdly, that all our readers have heard of the term ‘cavalry bullet’; but in the few years past, more or less like sugar-loaves in form.

Before passing to fourthly, pause we a while to contemplate our Hibernicism. To speak of a ball shaped like a sugar-loaf, is indeed startling; but surely bullet is no better. One may say projectile, but it is abominably pedantic, and conoid is hardly to be recommended. Cousin Jonathan’s inventive genius is not only strong in gun-making, but in the coinage of new words out of the old tongue. He calls the sugar-loaf shaped projectile to which we have been advertent a yellow. A very good word it is too. We shall adopt it, and commend it to the favourable notices of all dictionary compilers. Fourthly, we take it for granted that everybody knows how a rifle-picket spins through the air, point foremost; whereas a ball proper, fired from an ordinary non-rifled gun, simply rolls whilst flying through the air, as a marble might roll upon the ground. Fifthly and lastly, as it seems, we will assume every reader to be aware that whereas the bullet of a common rifle is a ribbed or rifled rifle-picket, ball, or other projectile must—at least at the moment of discharge—fit its barrel with all possible accuracy and tightness; a rifle bore is, in point of fact, a hollow screw, and the projectile within it is a solid one.

Two distinct principles of facilitating rifle-practice suggest themselves—that is, breech-loading, and expanding pickets. Of these, the Prussians have adopted a variety of the first in their celebrated needle-gun. Our English army have adopted varieties of the second, one or the other of which is now perhaps in course of adoption by every civilised nation. The self-expanding picket system consists in fashioning the picket in such a manner that dropping loosely into the gun at the time of charging, it becomes expanded and tightly fitting by the force of gunpowder discharge, either directly applied, as in Lancaster’s celebrated oval-bore sporting rifle, or indirectly, as in the Mirlah rifle, and the Enfield weapon now adopted by our own service. Into the base of the Mirlah picket an iron thimble is inserted, which, receiving the blow of explosive discharge, is driven far up into the middle of the leaden picket, by the pressure of the fortitudino sometimes too completely indeed, for instances are not unfrequent of the thimble shooting quite through the picket, which latter remains as a leaden tube, filing the gun-barrel. Liability to the accident here adverted to is a weakness up to the crown of the Enfield rifle, which has mainly led to the substitution of the Enfield rifle in our military service. In this latter weapon, a hard wooden plug is substituted for the iron thimble.

The first requisition for a military rifle is, in the opinion of non-military people, extreme length of range; but there are qualities in subservience of which length of range becomes a secondary consideration, and must, if necessary, be abandoned. A good military small-arm must be able to shoot without fouling. This is essential; otherwise the arm, however long its range, is a failure. Now, the conditions for imparting a maximum rifle-range are perfectly well known; they are, maximum length of picket, involving minimum of cylinder of sporting rifles; these conditions are carried out to the extent of diminishing the calibre to half an inch bore. In the construction of military rifles, so small a diameter is not thought expedient. To shew how little advantageous an extremely long range is if shooting is regarded by military judges, the Enfield rifle, which carries more than 1000 yards with accuracy, is only sighted up to 700 yards. There is something ad captandum in the idea of an extremely long range, which may beget wrong impressions. The public have heard a
good deal about rifles which will shoot farther than the Enfield. True; but the Enfield rifle, for reasons mentioned, was limited as to the dimensions of its bore. The public, too, has been startled by the vast penetration of a certain rifle-pickets; but the inveterate riddle to the size of the shell. What this shell, if discharged, would accomplish, may be left to the imagination. One can form a good notion of what 480 pounds of powder would do if ignited some twenty feet or more below the earth's surface. As regards the construction of Mr Mallet's mortar, it resembles that of ancient stone-cannon, with the following difference: The stones of ancient cannon were all in one circular row, as also the hoops which surrounded them; whereas the stones and hoops respectively of Mr Mallet's compound mortar are in more rows than one; and as for the hoops, each concentric layer is slipped not over the one underneath, whereby, on cooling, contractile forces is exerted, and made to count for strength in the general structure of the gun.

PROCEEDINGS IN BREAKNECKSHIRE.

I am very much afraid that the Mudbury Courting Meeting has been of little use to my private business, our friend Mr Robert Jones. He is dog-bitten, and, what is worse, horse-bitten, and there is no little apprehension entertained by his country friends of his going tar-mad. Nothing I could urge could prevent him from doing what the great quadraped Seaman over to Rasperton, fourteen miles away, to see the steeples-chases in the neighbourhood of that town. I could not accompany him myself, having other agricultural business to attend to; but he did me the favour to say that he could get on very well without me, if I would only lend him my horse and gig.

I should like Saggard, his junior partner in the oil- and-colour line, to have seen him; but only thirty minutes after I left my door on Friday last, equipped for this expedition. I am much surprised if he would not straightway have scraped together all he could, and bought the head of the firm out of the business while it was still a flourishing one. A broad-brimmed hat; a Ruquenruff-looking hat; a green cut-away, blossomley into a red scarf, with a silver horse's foot by way of petal; a piece of a buff-waistcoat; a white pair of what you could scarcely call continuations, they are immediately the rugging of the carpet, the riding-boots—the whole viewed through the dim obscur of the smoke of a cigar—made up the sum of what is known in the City as Jones and Company. Perched upon three driving cushions, with his elbows squared, and a long whip flying by his side, he might have sat for a type of the gentlemen who figure most brilliantly in the Insolvent Court. There was a smack of overdrafting and reckless expenditure in the very tones in which he observed, 'Let her go!' to the groom at Seaman's head, as though my favourite brown had been a female. He came back, indeed, from the scene of dissipation in a far different—

But I am anticipating; let him tell his steeples-chase experiences after his own fashion.

I had no difficulty whatever—thanks to your accurate directions and Seaman's exemplary conduct—in arriving at Rasperton; and I put him up, according to your advice, at 'The Wessel Anzler.' I got there at twelve o'clock, but before the first race was advertised to be run, so that I thought I would invest a shilling in a conveyance to take me to the course. The fyars, however, to whom I applied charging the modest sum of a

* See Journal, No. 356.
sorcery for that accommodation, I joined the mighty stream of pedestrians who set towards the scene of action, ceaselessly, like a river to the sea—turbid waves of the lower classes of the sporting fraternity, have been bowed into richly-costumed, fringed with a gayer foam of gipsies, and recruits, and card-sellers, in robes of red-coats and shreds of hunting-caps. To judge by the number of us with a straw in our mouths, we must have carried with us above a couple of richly-colored regrets; but what symbolic meaning may attach to the practice, I do not know. Moreover, it appeared that there was a mysterious something connected with the sports of the day, which made us converse senten- tiosally or in obscure whispers; as though we had a weight upon our minds not lightly to be communi- cated. We had also, for the most part, capudons or bow-legs; and when we stood still, we straddled as much as possible, consistent with our putting both our hands in our pockets, as though we had a care of having them picked; for, although we did not look as if we had so much to lose, we kept up a running- fire of bets of from half-a-crown to half-a-sovereign.

As we neared the racing-ground, the horses' heads were particularly those parts of the course that the horses would have to cross in their career; a ditch and hedge on one side, with a steep bank to be surmounted, and on the other side a 'drop,' as my sporting friends expressiously termed it, but which I should call a precipice. In the field where the grand stand was built, were horseless carriages of all sorts standing outside the ropes, and filled with beauty and fashion, as upon ordinary race-courses; but there were no Bounding Brothers of Byzantium, or portable theatres, or 'Now you have my grandmother's night-cap, and here you have Nicolas the hex-Hemperor of all the Russians, and there you have the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one—all made out of a paper bag, of course, but gay, honest, and businesslike—were all come there in earnest, either to do or to be done. The view from the grand stand was certainly very brilliant, and the shouting and confusion of sounds that came up thither mellowed by a piece of music; the last verse of which rung in my ears, 'As I was going to St. Ives—'

The course lay mapped out before us in a circle of about two miles and a half, by means of white and yellow flags, and included more than a dozen fences. Of these there was but one artificial fence immediately opposite the grand stand, and then there was a mile by fences. There being still considerable time to spare before the races began—one of the peculiarities of proceedings in Breakneckshire being their postponement for at least two hours after the advertised hour of starting—and a desire, I believe, to benefit their principal sub- scribers, the innkeepers—I spent that period in making a tour of the course. The first jump after the hurdles was into the road and out of it; next came some very heavy water-meadows, with a broad brook or two with bad taking-off; a bank of alluvial earth, with a hedge at the top of it; a wall; then another part of the road, with the obstacles, of course, in reverse order, 'the drop' being upon the contrary side; more water-meadows, with ditches and last of all, a broad leap, with tunned bushes growing upon the further bank—the worst place of the lot, perhaps—after which was a flat run to the front of the stand. Of my own free-will, I would not have ridden at one of these impediments for fifty pounds; I would have been among the whole of the course, perhaps, if I had been blindfolded, and securely fastened on to the saddle—and not other- wise—for a thousand pounds; but my son would most probably have enjoyed the money.

The bell for saddling out of thirty horses entered for the first race, twelve only are going to start, whose numbers, as printed on the cards, are published conspicuously upon a black board erected for that purpose. The sun shines upon their glossy coats, as upon a mirror: scarlet, and white, and orange, and blue and yellow, with varie- gated scarfs, and combinations of all these colours, are the riders—a goodly show indeed. One of them, the scarlet, has but one arm to guide his fiery steed over that perilous course! Once, if you please, gentlemen, over these hurdles before you start, that the noble sportsmen in the stand may bank your reverse, according to their judgments. Beautifully ridden, scarlet; if you had been Briareus, instead of single-handed, as you are, you could not have cleared it cleaner! Ah, purple, balking at your first jump; see that you pay your respects truly, and have a good crack in the real race, or you will get the spur indeed! Clumsy yellow, to knock the hurdle down! Nefarious green, to prefer the gap thus offered to him to the fence! Good, orange! agile violet! Now back again, to where the challenge is shortest, and your course is beckoning with his hat; there is your starting- point. 'Fall into line, gentlemen; there is room enough for all.' The murmur of the multitude ceases; the vendors of 'Cigar and filled eight,' of 'Pine-apple toffy,' of 'Three hands at the Chinaman,' and 'a penny,' are for the moment silent; the gipsy has broken off in her splendid promises of an heiress and four in hand to the young man sitting in the gig, and the wheel itself to watch the start. Everything is hushed, except those hoarse cracked voices in the ring, unlovely tones which bespeak the character of their proprietors: 'Three to one that nobody names the winner; five to one against Melomene' (meaning Melomene).

The flag is dropped; the twelve are off upon their rapid but hazardous journey; they near the hurdles; 'You may cover them with a handkerchief,' exclaims my right-hand neighbour—say a carpet, and it really seems as if you must, you so dearly love them, so strangely that we wonder they do not hustle one another; they rise at the fence, and clear it like a flying rainbow. Beautiful sight, indeed! They slacken their speed because they are coming to the leap into the road. Well cleared, agile violet, and well adorned again into the meadows.

The green is down! the scarlet is over him! the rest are safe! See how the dense crowd closes in upon the struggling men and horses! My numerous sporting friends who could not command five shillings for the seat, took there a nearer one by force, but those two fences would afford them some gratification. The one-armed man is in the saddle again and after the others; the green and his unfortunate animal disappear from the public eye altogether. Proceedings in Breakneckshire are becoming unpopu- lar as it is, and the spectacle of shooting a horse had better be, in these mawkish days, a private one. As for the rider, he has only a shattered rib or two, and is accustomed enough to be carried home on shanters and other hard conveyances; he considers himself in luck to-day, for he has met with a straw hurdle. I am forgetting, in these miserable considerations, the continuance of the race itself.

The next brook has been cleared by all; say, there are but ten where there should be eleven competitors; but still there are plenty to look at. Clumsy yellow is leading, and has knocked down the wall for the rest of them. If some inhuman tyrant should have forced me, under pain of death, to support this steeple-chase, I would have stuck behind clumsy yellow like a leech. Another brook, and the field is reduced to seven; and now comes that terrible road again. Agile violet leaping well on to is over the bank and hedge, slips on the muddy path, slides backward as black is about to spring; two horses down, three horses, four horses down! White, how- ever, and orange, are both over, and clumsy yellow
has got upon the right side also, plastered from ears to tail with specimens of every soil in Breakneckshire. Slowly over the heavy meadow-lands, slowly over the brooks, and well in hand and all together at the last fence of all, so tall and so straight and so stern-armed scarlet, by whom a fall rather refreshes than otherwise; and at no great distance comes the agile violet, making up not quite half of the dozen who started. Orange, as well as yellow, swards from the stunted bushes; scarlet, the only one arm to hinder it, must needs sward also, and refuses. "White," says my right-hand neighbour, is bound to be in if he don't ride harder at it than that; and he renews his bond by going in accordingly. Only clumsy yellow of the four gets over it, with the exception of his hind-legs, which, after a struggle, he drags out and connects them with the others in the usual way, and so would have come in an easy winner; but cantering home too carelessly, clumsy yellow is overtaken, headed, and after a sharp struggle, defeated at the post by agile violet. Let us make one of the cheering crowd which accompanies the fortunate mounted rider to the weighing-machine: eleven stone, with saddle and bridle and spurs, as he was before the race, quite regular, and as he should be. What have become of his magnificent moustaches? They are off, and in his pocket; and now that he has changed his clothes, you would never recognise agile violet in the quiet-looking young spectator in black. We are respectable and domestic young gentlemen, who give life and relative life to be known as gentlemen-riders at a steeple-chase, that is all. Nothing, not even a pair of moustaches, is what it pretends to be in these proceedings in Breakneckshire. For instance, are those refreshments under the great tree? Certes, it is a refreshment; Siesta's tail is bent; no gambling is contrary to the law. Only a smiling, smooth-shaven gentleman just lifts a crimson curtain as we enter into the luncheon-tent, and "Roulette, gentlemen?" says he, as innocently as though he were requesting us to partake of ginger-beer. Within the ring, the betting has now commenced in earnest, for the great race of the day, the open steeple-chase, takes place immediately, and the horses, mostly well-known favourites of the sporting public.

"I'll bet against Hycacint," cries a disbeliever in that noble animal, running the three first words into one, so rapidly are they delivered; but accenting the name of horses with the disconcerting "I'll bet against Bluebonnet; I'll back Brimstone against the Field. What anxiety in those roving eyes—what cautionousness in those unsmilng lips! To judge, indeed, from this portion of the tribe of Ihsnael here assembled, whose hand is against every man's, and every man's hand against them, this trade of betting-book-making must be, I fancy, very far from a pleasant one.

Certainly the professional jocks have the advantage of the amateurs in point of appearance; a nobleman may, and often does divert himself of every vestige of his class, in his attempts to emulate his groom; but, after all, the groom looks his own character better than he would play it. Never did I see a finer set of men colour but became of those who started for the open Rasperton. 'Neat, sir; devilish neat, sir,' acquired my right-hand neighbour, as I made this observation; and he looked down upon the half-sovereign which formed the head of his scarf-pin, as much as to add that that was devilish neat also, and rather a happy fancy. After seeing the whole array, fly, of Paradise-like, over the hurdles, I hurried away with this gentleman to a certain position by one of the broadest of the brooks, where 'we were safe,' he said, 'to see a pull or two; and if we had luck, it might be half-a-dozen.' Presently there came a rushing noise and a shaking of the heavy morass about us; then one, two, three apparitions of flying men and steeds; and fourthly, a thud and plunge in the water, that wetted us through, even where we stood. The jock, a mere lad, was upon the bank in an instant, had seized the beautiful animal which he had bestirred in the brook without the power to extricate itself. A crowd closed round it, so that we saw no more; but I heard the shrill, small voice say: 'Well, I'm sorry for it; but get the saddle and bridle off at once, will you, for I have to ride Saladin for the next race.'

As for his late steed, it was all over with him then and there. 'Broke a wessel,' answered a stable-boy carelessly, of whom we inquired what had happened.

'A blood-vessel, I suppose he means,' said I.

'He means you to think so,' replied my astute companion. 'People begins to say them steeple-chase jumps is too much for a horse's stride, as, indeed, they often are; so those that likes the sport to go on, gives out that they break a vessel, when in reality they break their backs.'

Besides being wet through, and therefore destitute of getting home, this piece of information disinclined me to witness any more steeple-chasing; so I hurried away as fast as my exhausted foot could carry me.

When I got to the Wessel Asleep, it was already dusk, and I had to pick trusty Seaaman out from about a hundred other animals; by that uncertain light, all horses not absolutely white were brown, and it seemed to me as if the bright eyes of Seaaman shone into Rasperton. Even in broad noonday, I have always a difficulty in recognising a horse, unless its colour happens to be particularly marked, such as a pie-bald; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that I mistook Lovegall Stilet for Seaaman; and had Seaaman then been put to the post, he would have kicked the old gig to atoms in five minutes, and then Farmer Whityer's colt, which would not have got me home till daybreak, for my borrowed quadruped.

Each of those misfortunes, however, was prevented by the hostler, who, upon bringing out the real Simon Pure, seemed to look at me a little askance, as at one who had made a couple of attempts at felony.

'You sure you've got him right now, sir?' inquired he.

'Yes,' said I, making a little inventory of his principal features: 'short tail, thin neck, bit of gray on his mane. All right this time. Thank you, my man.'

There was a slight fog prevailing, but the moon was large and bright enough to make my road perfectly visible; moreover, I remembered it with great exactness, and was therefore exceedingly astonished when the horse refused to take a turn, to the left hand, about three miles from Rasperton. I conquered him, indeed, but not till after a struggle; and instead of the slapping pace at which he had come hitherto of his own accord, he crawled along without even heeding my frequent applications of the whip. Gig after gig, four-wheel after four-wheel passed me, and when I got to Blewbourne, a village about half-way home, there was a great array of vehicles in front of the public-house—their proprietors were of course drinking whatever the fog was by this time getting down my throat pretty thickly, I thought I would take a little something stronger and warmer to mix with it. There was a jovial company of yeomen in the bar-parlour, and I happened to enter just as one of them was concluding an amusing story.

'So the major is going this way with one pistol, and his brother the other with the fellow to 't. Neither of them are the sort of folks to lose a horse without paying out the chap as took it. His favourite trooper, too, with the white nose.'

'How came the man at the Wessel Asleep to let
the horse go?' inquired one. 'Why, that's a very old trick.'

'Ay, old enough,' resumed the narrator; 'but the accountrid act, it seems, so natural-like—pretended so innocently to be in search of a horse of his own, that poor Jim was clean taken in. Howsoever, it will be the worse for Master Oliver if the major do come up wi' him; he is taking the Downs road, I hear, in a proper passion.'

I swallowed my brandy-and-water at a gulp, and ran to the gig. Good heavens! the horse had a white nose; it did not look in the least like Seaman! No wonder it had not liked to turn to the left.

'I see you have the major's nag, sir,' observed the helper gaily. (How frightfully recognisable some horses are! However, it was clear this man could not as yet have heard of the robbery, and if I could only hinder him from going into the inn, all might yet be well.)

'Yes,' said I coolly; 'he's lent it to me. Look here, my good fellow: I have left a pocket-book at the inn, a mile and a half down the road; here is a sovereign for you if you will start at once and ask for it while I wait here.'

No sooner had the hostler's hobnails ceased to beat pie-pat upon the frosty road, than I was in the driving-seat, and going as some fifteen miles an hour towards home. Three miles beyond Blovembourne, I came upon an empty cart-house, and there I took out the horse, and put up the gig. I rode the animal for a mile further along the highway, and then fastened him to the cart-house, leaving him in a place where he could be easily seen. I did not wish to think that you, who had so kindly lent me Seaman and the gig, were the thief, you know. Then I left the turnpike-road, and ran a little steeply-keeled, all by myself, across the fields, because of the major, to your door.

And that was how Mr Robert Jones came home from the races upon foot, and why I had to send next day for my horse and gig.

NORTHERN SUPERSTITIONS.

In Sweden and Norway, and probably too in Denmark, there are some curious superstitions which the civilisation and enlightenment of the present century have not yet eradicated from the beliefs and memories of the peasantry. They are nearly all of a harmless, somewhat poetical character, though many of them may be traced back to pagan times, and most of the rest to a period when paganism was beginning to give way before the force of Christianity. There is no telling strictly how old they are, nor how they came originally to be believed. No doubt the rugged and massive scenery of the Scandinavian country had something to do with their creation; desolate rocks and mountains, precipices and torrents, lonely lakes and interminable forests, being naturally suggestive of invincible and mysterious powers, and tending to impress beholders with a sense of awe and wonder. Be this as it may, the northern mind, familiar through long ages with awe-inspiring objects and phenomena, has shaped the feeling of dread and mystery so engendered into sprites, fairies, elves, and mountain-monsters, spirits of fells and cataracts, demons of storms and hurricanes, and the wandering ghosts of men and women too sinful to be admitted into heaven.

There are other appearances, of a partly human, and partly monstrous nature, which seem to represent certain spiritual and moral contrasts, and reflect the popular conceptions of the supernatural consequences of good and evil actions. Our information on these matters is not very extensive, but we have gathered lately, from reading Mr Brace's book on The Norse Folk, some few singular particulars which will probably be entertaining to the most of our readers."

One of the most fearful phantoms to a peasant heightened on a lonely mountain road, is the Aasgaarderie, or the 'Wild Riders,' who, should a storm be going on, are apt to gallop by with a horrible gleam, easy to terrify all hearts but the stoutest. These are the spirits of drunkards, and ale-house fighters and pickpockets, who having been considered hardly bad enough for the depths below purgatory, are compelled to ride over the world till doomsday. They are mounted on coal-black steeds, with eyes of fire, and red-hot iron bridles; and the clanking and raking wheel of the stately lakes and mountain, may be heard at the distance of many miles. They appear to be more commonly heard than seen. They ride most at Christmas time, and especially like to frequent scenes of desertion—holdings and forests, where murder is being planned or perpetrated. If they drop a saddle on the roof of a house, the inmates may expect death. Whosoever meets them, should throw himself flat on his face, till the clanking, cursing crew have passed by; in which case he will probably not be hurt. This is said to be one of the oldest beliefs in Norway, existing before the introduction of Christianity. One may suppose it has originated in some one's taking fright during a tempest.

The story of 'Gertrud's Bird' is a curious superstitious legend, which travellers in Norway are apt to inquire about from frequently hearing it alluded to. Thorpe, a writer quoted by Mr Brace, gives it as it has been current among the peasants. 'In Norway,' says he, 'the red-crested, black woodpecker is known under the name of Gertrud's Bird. It came to be so called from the following extraordinary circumstance: When our Lord, accompanied by St Peter, was wandering on earth, they came to a man who had occupied in baking; her name was Gertrud, and on her head she wore a red hood. Weary and hungry from their long journeying, our Lord begged a cake. She took a little dough, and set it on to bake, and it grew so large that it filled the whole place, and the fire ceased to burn, for it was too large for the cake. She then took little dough, and again began to bake, but this cake also swelled up to the same size as the first; she then took still less dough, and when the cake had become as large as the preceding ones. One day some farmers must go without alms, for all my bakkings are too large for you!' Then was our Lord wroth, and said: "Because thou gavest me nothing, thou shalt, for punishment, become a little bird, shalt seek thy dry food between the root and the bark, and drink over when it rains." Hardly were these words spoken, when the woman was transformed into the Gertrud bird, that flew away through the kitchen chimney; and at this day she is seen with a red hood and black body, because she longed to be placed by the root. She constantly pecks the bark of trees for sustenance, and whistles against rain; for she always thirsts, and hopes to drink.'

This is strange enough as a piece of natural history; but it seems to shadow forth a certain moral meaning which is tolerably obvious. The poorest understanding may gather from it that one ought to avoid greed; that in bestowing charity, it is not proper to be stingy, but what is given should be given with a free and ready hand. A significant moral meaning seems also to be figured in the anomalous creature called the Huldra, in whose material existence there is a very widely spread

believe. This creature looks like a beautiful woman, but is disfigured by a cow's tail and winder. Being in the habit of attending country-weddings, it sometimes happens during the dancing that her tail betrays her; and then my poor officious and inquisitive fat Pollock people accordingly avert their eyes as much as possible, but take care not to remain long in her company. She is pictured as a sad and pensive being, with a face of wondrous loneliness; and her song, which is often heard in lonely places among the hills, has a tone of melancholy which excites sympathy and pity. The belief respecting her is very ancient, and seems to personify the moral disfigurement which arises from the inseparable union of the animal nature with the higher spiritual qualities when the propensities have been predominantly developed. The mixture of loathliness with beauty is thought to proceed from, and be a fitting punishment of sin.

The notion of a supernatural influence affecting a person's fortunes, and being the cause of his success or non-success in life, appears to be very prevalent among the northern people. Two peasants, let it be supposed, start in life with equal blessings; each has his rich grain-fields, his patch of wood, his red house, his fine fat cows, and his cattle. One of them thrives from the beginning, and always goes on thriving; his stacks are fuller every day, his crops better, his live-stock healthier, his house constantly protected from storms and the effects of winter. With the other, it is just the reverse. The recollection of his losses, his burnt decay, the wheat mildews, the hay rots, the land grows ever season poorer. What is the reason of this difference? Manifestly, the first has his Tomte, or little attendant spirit. The last has offended this friendly guardian. The Tomte, as every peasant knows, is the spirit of some poor heathen slave, who must work out his salvation by kindly services to human beings before the day of judgment. He is a repulsive, deformed little fellow, hardly larger than a baby, with a shrivelled, shrewish old face, and is fantastically dressed in a red cap, gray jacket, and wooden shoes. The unlucky peasant had seen him at the usual time of his appearance, the broad noonday, dragging wearily along an oaken straw to the stack, or with a stick in his hand, keeping watch over the barn and cattle, and raised him at saying he might as well bring nothing as such trifles. Then the Tomte, feeling hurt at the treatment, has gone over sad to the other, who now becomes rich, while the first sinks into poverty. The Tomte buttresses his household by an anxious care of the barn, he must not be despised. A proverb says: 'The woodman holds the axe, but the Tomte tells the tree.' One sees that the virtue of thrift, the duty of being careful of small things, is here allegorically indicated. Let every man, and no less every woman, take heed to cultivate the favour of the Tomte.

The superstition about the Puck is more commonplace, but may be noticed in passing. He is a kitchen elf, who is apt to leave offensive traces of his presence about the milk-vessels. Certain old peasant women say, it is said, are accustomed to sell themselves to the devil, in order to get possession of these elves, as then they will have as much milk and cream as they desire. If anyone wishes to discover if there are old women, the litter left by the Puck must be collected and burned; with bits of wood from nine different trees, at a spot where three roads meet, and then the old ladies will appear. The Puck, if traced to his hole, might perhaps be found to be a woman; but it is not easy to see how the possession of such a spirit could tend to increase the supply of the dairy's products. Does the faerie point satirically to some ancient practice of adulteration among milk-dealers, presumably now obsolete—to some 'cow with an iron tail,' for instance, whose 'profits,' by judicious mixture with the produce of the more authentic cattle, may be supposed to have occasioned the aug-

mentation? One twereth not. Such a theory would account for the increase of the milk, but how about the cream? There needs another theory to account for that; and so we must leave the Puck in his original state of nature, and not disturb him.

Many of the Swedish superstitions have a specially characteristic tone—a more sober and religious element than the superstitions of other European peasantry. This is particularly true of those which appear to have sprung out of the struggle between heathenism and Christianity. The mysterious aprils of the streams and mountains are not merely fancies—creations of pleasant fancy; they are the unfortunates who did not enjoy, in their mortal lives, the light of Christianity, and are now awaiting the Redemption. They are often mournful, almost despairing creatures; and the passing traveller may wound them bitterly by hinting reckless opinions respecting their condemnation. A plaintive melody is sometimes heard about the shores of lakes, which is attributed to the Necken. This being is described in different forms; sometimes as a young man with bestial extremities, representing the power of animal passion, which has brought him to this deformity; sometimes as a formless and solitary youth playing a harp upon the water. The best offering that can be made him is a black lamb, accompanied by hopeful expressions with regard to his salvation; the matter about which he is understood to be much concerned. To tell him that he can be cut off from all chances in this direction, is the way to overwhelm him with sorrowful consternation. Two boys are reported to have once said to one of them: 'What dost thou profit by sitting here and playing? Thou wilt never gain eternal happiness;' an unfeeling taunt, which threw him into a passion of weeping. Among the stories related of the Neck, Thorpe quotes a beautiful one as follows: 'A priest, riding one evening over a bridge, heard the most delightful tones of a stringed instrument, and on looking round, saw a young man, naked to the waist, sitting on the surface of the water, with a red cap and yellow locks. He saw that it was the Neck, and in his somewhat intemperate zeal addressed him thus: 'Why dost thou so joyously play here? Thou wilt never gain eternal happiness.' The young man, aghast, turned his harp and horse and rode away. The priest continued his journey a short distance further, he observed that green shoots and leaves, mingled with most beautiful flowers, had sprung from his old staff. This seemed to him a sign from Heaven, directing him to preach the consoling doctrine of redemption after another fashion. He therefore hastened back to the mounting Neck, shewed him the green flowery staff, and said: 'Believe how my old staff is grown green and flowery, like a young branch in a rose-garden; so likewise may hope bloom in the hearts of all created beings, for their Redeemer lives!' Comforted by these words, the Neck again took up his harp, the joyous tones of which resounded along the shore the whole night long.' A pretty story, surely, and one suggestive of charitable sympathies and hopeful considerations touching the fate of the fallen and the lost.

There are some curious legends connected with particular localities and striking natural objects, which obtain extensive credence, not only among the northern peasant, but even to some extent among the more refined and educated classes. At a certain old castle in the southern part of Sweden, Mr Bruce was shown an antique drinking-horn and a little bone or ivory whistle, which are reported to have come into possession of the family through a very remarkable circumstance. The legend runs, that there was once
a terrible giant who lived in a mountain at some distance from that neighborhood, and who took great offence at the erection of a church by some pious Christians about fifty miles off near the sea. Though so far off, it seems the giant could not help hearing the singing of the nuns; and it gripped him. Every morning and evening his peal of mind was directed by the holy chantings, until at length he grew very angry, and took up a great stone, as large as a considerable house, and threw it with all his might at the pious edifice. The stone, however, broke in two with each striking, and whirled like the leaves in the aforesaid castle. It lies there in the shape of a large boulder near the village. For a long time, no one observed anything wonderful about this stone, and it was not suspected that the wicked little mountain folk, called the Trolls, had sent it. The course of ages, stories got abroad that these fantastic little elves were in the habit of raising the stone on golden pillars, and dancing under it. A great old lady lived at the castle then, and when she heard of this, she became anxious to know something of the habits of the fairies; so she set her servants afloat to observe and get jewels to show one of her huntsmen who should visit this giant's stone when the Trolls were there. They had often been informed, always dance on Christmas morning, between the two pillars, at the break of day. At first, no one ventured to go, but finally a brave young huntsman volunteered, and on the Christmas- eve rode forth to the stone. When he came near by, he heard the noise of music and dancing, and he saw the great rock raised on golden pillars, and bright lights underneath. And there was a host of beautiful little fairies, dancing and singing, and drinking, as if mad; they wound about among each other and flew and whirled like the leaves in a whirlwind; and there was one of them who was the most beautiful creature ever seen. She had a diamond crown, and a little whistle in her hand; it was the queen of the elves. Seeing the bold huntsman, she ran towards him and welcomed him. He was charmed with her, that he hardly knew what he was doing. Telling her servants to offer him drink, they brought him a hornful of some very pleasant-looking liquor. He was just on the point of tasting it, when the mingling of the two liquids made him sick; so he did not taste it. It became transformed into an elf; so he dashed the drink on the ground, snatched the whistle from the queen, and spurred his horse away. Was not his horse the best? It was his own horse, the horse he rode to war; and his hide was burnt. The elves followed him close, shrieking and crying fearfully, like the witches after Tam o' Shanter. Had they caught him, it may be supposed he would have fared worse than Tam's grey mare. Luckily, the direction he had taken was the way homewards. As he approached the castle, he found the portcullis down, and the lady and her guards standing waiting for him. They knew if he could only get over the most, the Trolls could not injure him. Galloping up with the speed of the wind, he barely escaped being overtaken. At length, however, he sprang upon the bridge, got safely over, and it was drawn up after him. Then there stood on the other side great numbers of the little elves, moaning and crying piteously: 'Give us our horn and our whistle! Oh, oh, do give them back to us!' And the elf queen came forward, and offered countless diamonds and stores of gold to the lady if she would be pleased to give them up. But the lady replied: 'Thou wicked imp! thou incensed being! Why dost thou and thy women refuse what we shall remain here; and thou mayst cry till ye all come to judgment at doomsday!' Thereupon the queen said that if they persisted in keeping those elf things, they must guard them carefully; for should they be at any time taken away, the castle would be burnt down. And the lady answered: 'Begone, ye goblins! In the holy name, begone! But that word vanishing into the air, and were never seen any more; though sometimes now the servants think they hear them round the castle. The horn and whistle were kept and shown to visitors; but in a few days the bold huntsman who got them, and the horse he rode in the castle was burnt down. Subsequently, the things were brought back, and remained in the restored castle a long while; but being objects of great curiosity, they were visited and touched by so many people, that they became away to be mended, when suddenly, through some accident, the castle was burnt down again. A third time, a hundred years later, people forgot the elf queen's warning, and sent away the relics for some unknown reason; and the house was burnt down once more. The family that owned them finally died out; and now they are in the possession of another family, and are kept in a glass case, so that nobody can touch them. The relics are allowed to be genuine antiques, and the date assigned to the story in a printed narration is about the year 1490. Such a legend, however, is likely to have been the product of a much earlier period. Things of this sort require time to grow; and less than four hundred years seems hardly long enough, considering that the ascribed date of the huntsman's foray is more recent than the invention of the art of printing.

There are so many superstitions about the Trolls, and they appear to have reference to so remote an antiquity, that some antiquarian scholars have thought it possible the primeval inhabitants of Sweden might have survived, in some of the deep forests, till modern times. The boulders and rocking-stones, so common on the plains throughout the country, are always attributed to the Trolls. Usually, it is their supposed hatred to Christianity which led them to throw these stones at some newly erected church. There are a number of families still believing they derive their descent from these ancient people. Many of the Trolls are said to be seen on the uninhabited rocks and islands which abound on the coast of Sweden, whither they were driven by the early Christians. Some sailors belonging to Bohuslan," relates Thorpe, "who burnt their ship by a storm, found a giant sitting on a stone by a fire. He was old and blind, and rejoiced at hearing the northmen, because he was himself from their country. He requested one of them to approach and give him his hand, "that I may know" and "be, thank you, there is yet strength in the hands of the northmen." The old man, being blind, was not sensible that they took a great boat-hook, which they had heaved in the fire, and held out to him. He squeezed the hook as if it had been wax, shook it with his hand, and the northmen now have but little strength in their hands compared with those of old." A noble family in Sweden, the Trolls, derive their name from a bold deed of one of their ancestors, who struck off the head of a Trolls queen that offered him magic drink in her horn. This horn, we are informed, was long preserved in the cathedral of West Pr. It is supposed that the offspring of the Trolls are countless, but that they die when 15 thunders.

It would be hardly proper to close this article without noticing some of the ghost-stories which pass current among the Norse Folk. Not only are the lakes, and streams, and mountains infested with a supernatural population, but human habitations and places, are liable to be haunted by the spirits of the departed.
"A lady," says Mr Brace, 'who is descended from the famous family of Oxenstirm, told me that while in her castle at W—,— she observed one day the workmen making some repairs in the walls of one saloon, at the command of her father, and that they had placed a valuable painting on the floor. She was fearful some injury might happen to it, and so directed the workmen to hang it on an unoccupied nail in her chamber. The picture was a portrait of the old Chancellor Oxenstirm. On the other side of her chamber, though she did not then observe it, hung a portrait of Queen Christina, as is well known, as it is well known there was between these two during life a most bitter feud, which was never reconciled. This did not occur to her, however, and she undressed and retired to her bed as usual. In the night, she was aroused suddenly by a curious sound she listened, and it evidently came from the wall where the picture hung. She raised her head, and gazed at the old portrait by the light of the night-lamp, when she heard distinctly proceeding from it a deep hollow groan—then another—and then a third. She was fearfully alarmed, but really had not strength to shriek; and her room was at a distance on one wing of the castle, where she could only arouse people by an alarm-bell. She thought of arising and fleeing to her mother, but suddenly a sigh came from the sepulchral groan. She could not stir; her voice failed, and at length she fell back exhausted to sleep. The next morning, nothing seemed moved or different in the picture; "but I assure you," said she, "I removed the portrait at once to another room, and I have never been troubled with anything of the kind since."'

Any one acquainted with nightmare, will have had experiences which will probably enable him to account for the origin of such stories. The singular thing about them is, that they are readily, and evidently, believed in, by intelligent persons. But such beliefs are so very common in Sweden, as to excite no surprise among any classes of society. 'I do not think,' said a Swedish gentleman to Mr Brace, 'that out of every ten people you meet you could find one who had not encountered such adventures. Before I was in public life, I was a great deal among the peasantry. Many and many a night have I been called up to see or hear the spökte (witchcraft or ghostcraft). The persons would recount that in an upper room they had distinctly heard the spirits throwing the tin vessels and the chairs at each other—then a violent struggle between the demons, and then all would be quiet. At other times, regular steps would be heard passing over the floor at Night, sometimes the cattle and horses are attacked, and they stamp and neigh in an unaccountable manner. I always went at once, no matter what hour of the night, to the place which was haunted, to break up the delusion among the people. Sometimes in an attic I would find a cat sitting quietly in one corner; sometimes rats would run over the floor—more generally everything was still, and there were not the slightest signs of anything being moved. The natural explanations which are sometimes found for the supposed supernatural appearances that occur among the northern people, do not materially tend to weaken the belief in their reality. There is a superstitious tendency in the Norse imagination which, fostered as it has been by nature many ages, is extremely difficult to eradicate. The clergy find it one of their greatest obstacles to the inculcation of rational instruction, and hitherto their teachings appear to have had little or no effect upon it. No doubt, as education advances, and correct knowledge respecting nature and her processes becomes more general among the people, these superstitions will give way; but it is not unlikely they may maintain their ground in many places for another century or two; and, at any rate, we must be assured they will never finally die out, until the general mind of the population shall have reached the stage of cultivation at which superstitions become naturally incredible. In the meanwhile, so long as they last, a certain curiosity may be expected to prevail concerning them; and in the information here collected and presented, a slight effort has been made to gratify it.

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XL.—"SIGHTING GALLAGHER."

The prisoner was confined in a strong, windowless block-house. Access to him would be easy enough, especially to those who wore epaulets. It was my design to visit him; but, for certain reasons, I forbore putting it in execution, so long as daylight lasted. I was desirous that my interview should be as private as possible, and therefore waited for the night. I was influenced by other reasons: my hands were full of business; I had not yet done with Arens Ringgold.

I had a difficulty in deciding how to act. My mind was a chaos of emotions: hatred for the conspirators—indignation at the unjust behaviour of the agent towards Oceola—for the times—now fond and trusting—anon doubting and jealous. Amid such confusion, how could I think with clearness?

Within, one of these emotions had precedence—anger against the villain who intended to take my life at that moment the strongest passion in my breast.

Hostility so heartless, so causeless, so deadly, had not failed to imbue me with a keen desire for vengeance; and I resolved to punish my enemy at all hazards.

He only, whose life has been aimed at by an assassin, can understand the deadly antipathy I felt towards Arens Ringgold. An open enemy, who acts under the impulse of anger, jealousy, or fancied wrong, you may respect. Even the two white wretches, and the yellow runaway, I regarded only with contempt, as tools plant for any purpose; but the arch-conspirator himself I now both hated and despised. So acute was my sense of injury, that I could not conceive of him without some act of retaliation, some effort to punish my wronger.

But how? Therein lay the uncertainty. How? A duel?

I could think of no other way. The criminal was still inside the law. I could not reach him, otherwise than by my own arm.

I well weighed the words of my sable counsellor: but the faithful fellow had spoken in vain, and I resolved to act contrary to his advice, let the hazard fall as it might. I made up my mind to the challenge.

One consideration still caused me to hesitate: I must give Ringgold my reasons.

He should have been welcome to them as a dying souvenir; but if I succeeded in only half killing him, or he in half killing me, how about the future? I should be shewing my hand to him, by which he would profit; whereas, unknown to him, I now knew his, and might easily foil his designs.

Such calculations ran rapidly through my mind, though I considered them with a coolness that in after-thought surprises me. The incidents I had lately encountered—combined with angry hatred of this残酷 villain—had made me fierce, cold, and cruel. I was no longer myself; and wicked as it may appear, I could not control my longings for vengeance.

I needed a friend to advise me. Who could I make the confidant of my terrible secret?

Surely my ears were not deceiving me? No; it
was the voice of my old school-fellow, Charley Gallagher. I heard it outside, and recognised the ring of his merry laugh. A detachment of rifles had just entered the fort with Charley at their head. In another instant we had embraced.

What could have been more opportune? Charley had been my 'chum' at college—my bosom-companion. He deserved my confidence, and almost upon the instant, I made known to him the situation of affairs.

It required much explanation to remove his incredulity: he was disposed to treat the whole thing as a joke—that is, the conspiracy against my life. But the rifle-shot was real, and Black Jake was by to confirm my account of it; so that my friend was at length induced to take a serious view of the matter.

'Bad luck to me!' said he, in Irish accent: 'it's the queerest case that ever came accost your humble friend's experiences. Mother o'Moises! the fellow must be the devil incarnate. Geordie, my boy, have ye looked under his instep?'

Despite the name and 'brogue,' Charley was not a Hibernian—only the son of one. He was a NewYorker by birth, and could speak good English when he pleased; but from some freak of eccentricity or affection, he had taken to the brogue, and used it habitually, when among friends, with all the rich garniture of a true Millesian from the 'eod.'

He was altogether an odd fellow, but with a soul of gold, and his true heart was steel. He was no dunce either, and the man above all others upon whose coat-tail it would not have been safe to 'trid.' He was already notorious for having been engaged in two or three 'affairs,' in which he had played both principal and secondary, and had earned the bellicose appellation of 'Fighting Gallagher.' I knew what Air advice would be before asking it—'Call the schondrel out by all names.'

I stated the difficulty as to my reasons for challenging Ringgold.

'Three, ma boudl! You 're right there; but there need be no trouble about the matter.'

'How?'

'Make the spalpeen challenge you. That's betther—besides, it gives you the choice of waypons.'

'In what way can I do this?'

'Och! my innocent gossoon! Shure that's as say as tambin' from a haycock. Call him a liss; an' if he does not sufficiently disagree, twae his nose, or squirt your tobacco in his ugly countenance. That'll fetch him out, I'll be bail for ye.'

'Come along, my boy!' continued my ready counsellor, moving towards the door. 'Where is this Mister Ringgold to be sarched for? Find me the gins, and I'll shaw you how to scratch his button. Come along wid ye!'

Not much liking the plan of procedure, but without the moral strength to resist, I followed this impetuous son of a Celt through the doorway.

CHAPTER XII.

PROVOKING A DUEL.

We were scarcely outside before we saw him for whom we were searching. He was standing at a short distance from the porch, conversing with a group of officers, among whom was the dandy already alluded to, and who passed under the appropriate appellation of 'Bean Scott.' The latter was aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, of whom he was also a relative.

I pointed Ringgold out to my companion.

'He in the civilian dress,' I said.

'Och! man, ye needn't be so particular in your identication; that sarperint-lok looks for itself. Be my sowl! it's an unwholesome look altogether.

That fellow needn't fear water—the say'll never drown him. Now, look here, Geordy, boy,' continued Gallagher, facing towards me, and speaking in a more earnest tone: 'Follow my advice to the letter! First trid upon his toes, as see how he takes it. The fellow's got courage: don't ye see, he wears a tight boot? Give him a good scrouge; make him sing out. Or, course, he'll ask you to apologise—he must—you won't. Shurely that'll do the bizness without further caremy? If it don't, then, by Jubes! hit him a kick in the latter end.

'No, Gallagher,' said I, disliking the programme. 'It will never do.'

'Bad luck to it, an' why not? You 're not goin' to back out, are ye? Think man! a villain who would murthrer you an' maybe will some day, if you let him escape.'

'True—but—'

'Bah! no buns. Move up, an' let's see what they 're talking about, anyhow. I'll find ye a chance, or my name's not Gallagher.'

Undetermined how to act, I walked after my companion, and joined the group of officers.

Of course, I had no thought of following Gallagher's advice. I was in hopes that some turn in the conversation might give me the opportunity I desired, without proceeding to so rude extremes.

My hopes did not deceive me. Arens Ringgold seemed to tempt his fate, for I had scarcely entered among the crowd, before I found cause sufficient for my purpose.

'Talking of Indian beauties,' said he, 'no one has been so successful among them as Scott here. He has been playing Don Giovanni ever since he came to the fort.'

'Oh,' exclaimed one of the newly arrived officers 'that does not surprise us. He has been a lady-killer ever since I knew him. The man who is irresistible among the belles of Saratoga, will surely find little difficulty in carrying the heart of an Indian maiden.'

'Don't be so confidant about that, Captain Roberta. Sometimes these forest damsels are very shy of us pale-faced lovers. Lieutenant Scott's present sweet-heart, cost him a long siege before he could conquer her. Is it not so, lieutenant?'

'Nonsense,' replied the dandy with a conceited smirk.

'But she yielded at last?' said Roberta, turning interrogatively towards Scott.

The dandy made no reply, but his simpering smile was evidently intended to be taken in the affirmative.

'O yes,' rejoined Ringgold, 'she yielded at last; and is now the “favourite,” it is said.'

'Her name—her name?'

'Powell—Miss Powell.'

'What! That name is not Indian?'

'No, gentlemen; the lady is no savage, I assure you: she can play and sing, and read and write too—such pretty billets-doux, is it not so, lieutenant?'

Before the latter could make reply, another spoke:

'Is not that the name of the young chief who has just been arrested?'

'True!' answered Ringgold; 'it is the fellow's name. I had forgoten to say she is his sister.'

'What! the sister of Oceola?'

'Neither more nor less—half-blood like him too. Among the whites, they are known by the name of Powell, since that was the cognomen of the worthy old gentleman who begot them. Oceola, which signifies "the Rising Sun," is the name by which he is known among the Seminoles; and her native appellation—ah, that is a very pretty name indeed.'

'What is it? Let us hear it; let us judge for ourselves.'

'Maisime.'
munch bepraised, does not find ready credence. A refusal to meet the man who may challenge you is not thus explained. It is called 'backing out,' 'showing the white feathers;' and he who does this, need lose no lady-love: she would 'lose him with her garder.'

More than once have I heard this threat, spoken by pretty lips, and in the centre of a brilliant circle. His moral courage must be great who would provoke such a sentiment.

With such a sentiment over the land, then, I had nailed Ringgold for a meeting; and I joyed to think I had done so without compromising my secrecy.

But at! it was a painful provocation he had given me; and if he had been the greatest coward in the world, he could not have been more wretched than I, as I returned to my quarters.

My jovial companion could no longer cheers me, though it was not fear for the coming fight that clouded my spirits. Far from it—far otherwise. I scarcely thought of that. My thoughts were of Maiseme—of what I had just heard. She was false—false—betraying, herself betrayed—lost—lost far ever!

In truth it was wretched. One thing alone could have rendered me more so—an obstacle to the anticipated meeting—anything to hinder my revenge. On the duel now rested my hopes. It might enable me to discover where my heart of the hot blood that was burning it. Not all—unless he too stood before me—he the seducer, who had made this misery. Would I could find pretext for challenging him. I should do yet. Why had I not? Why did I not strike him for that smile? I could have sought them both at the same time, one after the other.

Thus I raved, with Gallager by my side. My friend knew not all my secret. He asked what I had got against the sid-de-corg.

'Say the word, Georde, boy, an' we'll make a fourth-handed game o' it, Be Saint Patrick! I'd like mightily to take the shine out of that punt-y yack!'

'No, Gallager, no. It is not your affair; you could not give me satisfaction for that. Let us wait till we know more. I cannot believe it—I cannot believe it.'

'Believe what?'

'Not now, my friend. When it is over, I shall explain.'

'All right, my boy! Charley Gallagher's not the man to disturb your saycets. New, let's look to the bull-dogs, an' make sure they're in hankering condition. I hope the scamp won't be a blab at head-quarters, an' disappoint us after all.'

It was my only fear. I knew that stress was possible—probable—certain, if my adversary wished it. Arrest would put an end to the affair; and I should be left in a worse position than ever. Ringgold's father was gone—I had ascertained this favourable circumstance; but no matter. The commander-in-chief was the friend of the family—a word in his ear would be sufficient. I feared that the sid-de-camp Scott, instructed by Ains, might whisper that word.

'After all, he daren't,' said Gallager; 'you drive the nail home, an' clinched it. He daren't do the thingy—not a bit of it: it might get wind, m'sir, thin he'd have the battle of his life, besides being bailif, he wants to kill you anyhow; so he ought to be glad of the fine handy chance you've given him. He's not a bad shot, they say. Never fear, Georde, boy! he won't back out this time: he must fight or he will die. He! I told you so. See, yonder comes Apollo Belvidere! Holy Moses! how Phantomshines!'
A knock—'Come in'—the door was opened, and the door was closed in full uniform.
'To arrest me,' thought I, and my heart fell.
But no; the freshly written note spoke a different purpose, and I was relieved. It was the challenge.
'Lieutenant Randolph, I believe?' said the gentleman, advancing towards me.
I pointed to Gallagher, but made no reply.
'I am to understand that Captain Gallagher is your friend?'

I nodded assent. The two faced each other, and the next instant were as reapers; talking the matter over cool as cucumbers and sweet as sugar-plums.
From observation, I hazard this remark—that the pettiness exhibited between the seconds in a duel cannot be surpassed by that of the most accomplished courtiers in the world.
The time occupied in the business was brief.
Gallagher well knew the routine, and I saw that the other was not unacquainted with it. In five minutes, everything was arranged—time, place, weapons, and distance.
I nodded; Gallagher made a sweeping salaam; the aid-de-camp bowed stiffly and withdrew.

I shall not trouble you with my reflections previous to the duel, nor yet with many details of the affair itself. Accounts of these deadly encounters are common enough in books, and their sameness will serve as my excuse for not describing one.
Ours differed only from the ordinary kind in the weapon used. We fought with rifles, instead of swords or pistols. It was my choice—as the challenged party, I had the right—but it was equally agreeable to my adversary, who was as well skilled in the use of the rifle as I. I chose this weapon because it was the abolitionist.
The time arranged was an hour before sunset. I had urged this early meeting in fear of interruption; the place, a spot of level ground near the edge of the little pond where I had met Haji-Ewa; the distance, ten paces.
We met—took our places, back to back—waited for the ominous signal, 'One, two, three!'—received it—faced rapidly round—and fired at each other.
I heard the crack of the leaden pellet as it passed my ear, but felt no stir.
The smoke plumed upward. I saw my antagonist upon the ground; he was not dead: he was writhing and groaning.
The seconds, and several spectators who were present, ran up to him, but I kept my ground.
'Well, Gallagher!' I asked as my friend came back to me.

Winged, by jaspers! You've spoiled the use of my Dexter arm—beneath broke above the elbow-joint.'

'That all?'

'Arrah, sow! isn't it enough? Hear how the bound whippers!'

I felt as the tiger is said to feel after tasting blood, though I cannot now account for my ferocity. The man had sought my life—I thrilled for his. This combined with the other thought had nigh driven me mad.
I was not satisfied, and would make no apology; my antagonist had had enough; he was eager to be taken from the ground on any terms, and thus the affair ended.
It was my first duel, but not my last.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Our opponents passed silently away—the spectators along with them—leaving my second and myself upon the ground.
Alas! they were evanescent. The memory of those bold meretricious phrases, those smiling innuendoes, dissipated or darkened them, as cumulm darken the sun. 'He had succeeded.' 'She was now his favourite.' 'May certainly come.'—words worse than death. Withal it was a foul testimony on which to build a faith.

I longed for light, that true light—the evidence of the senses—that leaves sought uncertain. I should see it with rapt direction, reckless of the result,

'till it illumined her whole history, proving past a disgrace, the future a chaos of utter despair. I longed for light; I longed for the coming of Haj-Ewa.

I knew not what the maniac wanted—something, I supposed, concerning the captive. Since noon, I had little thought of him. The mad queen went everywhere, knew every one; she must know all, understand all—ay, well understand: she, too, had been betrayed.

I repaired to our place of meeting on the preceding night; there I might expect her. I passed the little ridge among the stems of the palmettoes; it was the direct route to the shadowy side of the tank. I descended the slope, and stood as before under the same outcast of the live-oak.

Haj-Ewa was before me. A single moonbeam, slanting athwart the leaves, shone upon her majestic figure. Under its light, the two serpents glittered with a metallic lustre, as though her neck and waist were encased with precious gems. Hinkelita! pretty mico! you are come. Gallant mico! where was thine eye and thine arm that thou didst not kill the Ite-hulac? *

Ah! the hunter of the deer—

He was stricken so with fear

When he stood before the wolf,

The gaunt wicked wolf,

When he saw the snarling wolf,

He trembled so with fear,

That unharmed the fierce wolf ran away.

Ha, ha, la! was it not so, brave mico? *

'It was not fear that hindered me, Ewa. Besides, the wolf did not go unacquainted.'

'Ho! the wolf has a wounded leg—he will lick himself well again; he will soon be strong as ever. Hulac! you should have killed him, fair mico, ere he bring the pack upon you.'

'I could not help my ill-luck. I am unfortunate every way.'

'Coore, coores—no. You should be happy, young mico; you shall be happy, friend of the red Seminole. Wait till you see.'

'What?'

'Patience, chepawees! To-night, under this very tree, you will see what is fair—you will hear what is sweet—and perchance Haj-Ewa will be revenged.'

This last phrase was spoken with an earnest emphasis, and in a tone that showed a strong feeling of resentment against some one unknown. I could not comprehend the nature of the expected vengeance.

'His son—yes,' continued the maniac, now in soliloquy; 'it must be—it must be his eyes, his hair, his form, his gait, his name; his son and heir. O Haj-Ewa will have revenge.'

Was I myself the object of this menace? Such a thought entered my mind.

'Good Ewa! of whom are you speaking?'

Roused by my voice, she looked upon me with a bewildered stare, and then broke out into her habitual chant:

'Why did I trust to a pale-faced lover?

Ha, ho, ho!'

Suddenly stopping, she seemed once more to remember herself, and essayed a reply to my question.

* Literally, bad man—villain.

Whom, young mico—of him the fair one—the wicked one—the Wymphome hulac.* See! he comes, he comes! Behold him in the water. Ho, ho! it is he. Up, young mico! up into thy leafy bower: stay till Ewa comes! Hear what you may hear—see what you may see; but, for your life, stir not till I give you the signal. Up, up, up!*

Just as on the preceding night, half lifting me into the live-oak, the maniac glided away amidst the shadows.

I lost no time in getting into my former position, where I sat silent and expecting.

The shadow had grown shorter, but there was still enough to shew me that it was the form of a man. In another moment, it vanished.

Scarcely an instant had elapsed, ere a second was flung upon the water, advancing over the ridge, and as if following the track of the former one, though the two persons did not appear to be in company.

That which followed I could trace in full outline. It was the figure of a woman, one whose upright bearing and free port proved her to be young.

Even the shadow exhibited a certain symmetry of form, and the stiffness of motion, incompatible with age. Was it still Haj-Ewa? Had she gone round through the thickets, and was now following the footsteps of the man?

For a moment I fancied so; but I soon perceived that my conjecture was astray.

The man advanced under the tree. The same moonbeam, that but the moment before had shone upon Haj-Ewa, now fell upon him, and I saw him with sufficient distinctness: he was the aid-de-camp. He started, took out his watch, held it up to the light, and appeared to be inquiring the hour.

But I needed him no further. Another face appeared under that silvery ray—false and shinning as itself; it was the face that to me seemed the loveliest in the world—the face of Maiimie.

**AT BELTON, LINCOLNSHIRE:**

**JUNE 18, 1857.**

'Twas night: the crescent moon from out the west,

Over a bank of clouds looked forth, and shed

A gentle brightness o'er the woods and fields;

A lulling murmur from the river came,

And quivering zephyrs toayed with leaf and flower.

When roused by the beetle's birring hum—

Where brooded o'er their young his loving mate,

In covert low edged round with buds and flowers—

Up rose the nightingale: first from his throat

 Came flute-like forth his opening notes,

Then swelling into rapture, fell and rose

In jocund song. Now ringing echo-like,

He note to note replied in octave bright,

'Till in his ecstasy, full forth he poured

His jug, jug, jug. Then lower fell his song,

As if in converse with his mate he spoke,

In tones of fond caress, how warm within

He felt the burden of his love to be.

Catching her quick response, his triumph rang,

In lordly sereno, till the air and trees

Were full of melody and sparkling notes

Caught by the echo near, then bounding back,

 Came leaping into listening ears like hail.

Grendham. **JOHN HAWKINS.**

* The spirit of evil.
MRS. B.'S ALARMS.

Mrs. B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labours, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs. B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name, in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and sick-rooms.

'Henry, Henry, Henry.'

How many times she has repeated this, I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the 'Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe' of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I wake, to view, by the dim firelight, this vision: Mrs. B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her night-cap (one with cherry-coloured ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side like a banner furling; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

'Henry, did you hear that?'

'What, my love?'

'That noise. There it is again; there—there.'

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

'No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that: it's a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry, that it is a file.'

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words, I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing-gown. Mrs. B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

'Stop a bit, Henry,' she exclaims, 'until I have looked into the cupboards and places; which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dissuaded upon my perilous errand, and Mrs. B. looks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that almost catches my retreating garment. My expedition therefore combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of that disturber of Mrs. B.'s repose, which, I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except black beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles.

There is a noise in the cellar such as Mrs. B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipative burglars, but which I recognise in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganisation of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless: a ghostly arm-chair is doing the grim honours of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about—Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No; the warning of the great clock—one, two, three... What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a réunion? They are here even at this moment perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclothed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs. B., again, my great-grandfather 'walks;' in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by guilt from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold—yes, the cold: it is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt
this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. 'Henry, Henry,' she cries in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great-grandfather. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

'Open, open!' shrouded. 'What on earth is the matter?'

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: 'Who are you—what do you want?'

'You very silly woman,' I answer; not from unpoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language recovers and assures her of my identity better than any other—' why, it's I.'

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my sitting-chamber.

'There's a sur—sur—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room,' she sob, 'all the time you were away.'

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humour, and although sympathising very tenderly with poor Mrs B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs B. is all the better for this explosion.

'Consider, my love,' I reason—'consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should be take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather-beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snore.'

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with the boots in them, hanging over the bedside something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at sixes and sevens as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped—to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when 'Henry, Henry,' again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

'Are you certain, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string.'

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no supposition too incompatible with reason for Mrs B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being assaulted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs B., since I was suffering from a quinsey—contracted mainly by my being sent about the house at night in the usual scanty drapery—had to be swarmed in as her own special constable.

'Henry, Henry,' she whispered upon this occasion, 'there's a dreadful cat in the room.'

'Poo, poo!' I gasped; 'it's only this: I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles.'

'No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's a— Ugh, what's that?'

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again at my wife's interjection with extreme agility. I thought Mrs B. would have had a fit, but she hadn't. She told me, dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighbourhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed, after this mishap, to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying the schoolmarm from her eminence to reply to the changeable dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

'Puss, puss, pusey—poor pusey.

'Miaw, miaw, miaw,' was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

'Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Puss, puss, Henry, the horrid beast is going to fly at me! Whist, whist, cat.'

'Pea-s-s-a, pe-a-s-s-a, miaw; pe-a-s-s-s-a, s-a,' replied the other in a voice like fat in the fire.

'My dear love,' cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsey, 'you have never opened the door: where is the poor thing to run to?' Mrs B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovelling, without giving it the opportunity of escape, which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and more than the duty, of an efficient house-lord, which, before that epoch, I understand was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a
courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly paralysed me with the kitchen-spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law’s, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both our nervous systems—as such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot upon a third to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think it entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A.M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs B. had not slept; she was afraid to. When I peeped in at the gate door, she had the Male guardian, that Mrs Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was, going on; as they say they were,” So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her lifetime, by the perusal of these her favourite books, that it was rumoured that she married each of her four husbands at least as much for the distraction as for the protection during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a Doppeltgeist—that there was something going about the world at the same time; and that some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, as last they did so, and in the following manner. Her mamma was reading for a few minutes at Keswick, full of horrors in the German division of the latest Southerly’s library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly fell ill, or thought she was falling ill, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs B.), who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined what a vivid picture would have induced my doppelgänger to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like anybody else. I do not believe I can make any in wolverines of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that the whole room was being invaded by the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of vertu upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. They came from the cellars cautiously toward the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the ‘Henry, Henry!’ still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which nerves knock at the door of the Brain, head which crime marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bull-dog beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bed-chamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the wash-hand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs B. out of her mind with terror that at any hour of the night she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

‘Good heavens!’ I cried, ‘be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last.’

‘My dear Henry,’ she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, ‘I am very sorry; I tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweep!’

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet. It is but fair to state the primary cause to which all Mrs B.’s alarms, and, by consequence, my own little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs B.’s mamma was one of the last admirers of the Old Manor House and Mysteries of the Castle school of literature, and her daughters were brought up in her own faith: that Mrs Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was, going on; as they say they were.” So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her lifetime, by the perusal of these her favourite books, that it was rumoured that she married each of her four husbands at least as much for the distraction as for the protection during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a Doppeltgeist—that there was something going about the world at the same time; and that some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, as last they did so, and in the following manner. Her mamma was reading for a few minutes at Keswick, full of horrors in the German division of the latest Southerly’s library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly fell ill, or thought she was falling ill, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs B.), who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined what a vivid picture would have induced my doppelgänger to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like anybody else. I do not believe I can make any in wolverines of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that the whole room was being invaded by the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of vertu upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. They came from the cellars cautiously toward the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the ‘Henry, Henry!’ still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which nerves knock at the door of the Brain, head which crime marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bull-dog beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bed-chamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the wash-hand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs B. out of her mind with terror that at any hour of the night she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

‘Good heavens!’ I cried, ‘be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last.’

‘My dear Henry,’ she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, ‘I am very sorry; I tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweep!’

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.
inconvenience you, miss. It was only a looking-glass; and as I know pretty young ladies do not object to seeing themselves in looking-glasses, I turned its face towards you.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND RECOGNITION. A SKETCH OF LITERARY HISTORY.

In the latter half of the last century, the university of Leipzig was twice honoured in a way that is seldom the privilege of the same seat of learning: in the year 1765 Wolfgang Goethe, and in 1781 Friedrich Richter, matriculated in it. No further merit, however, belongs to Leipzig, either in the case of Goethe or of Jean Paul. A striking parallel is offered in the academic lives of the two poets at the Saxon university. The son of the Frankfort patrician was designed for the study of jurisprudence, without either choice or opposition on his part; and with just as little personal preference the son of the widow of Hof was devoted to the study of theology. Both, at first, regularly attended certain lectures, rather, however, as critics than as students; both were accustomcd, though yet mere lads, to regard themselves as equal to the men whom age and experience, office and distinction, had placed far above them, and to try their strength with every authority, fearless of an overthrow. Where is the wonder that the religious awe, with its diligence, they ought to have regarded such high dignitaries, had dwindled down to nothing? Both Goethe and Richter quickly separated themselves from all learned circles and companions, their original plans of study were abandoned, their intended professions—law of the one, and the divinity of the other—were renounced in favour of a multitude of other objects; both worked hard in all directions, read books, and wrote poems, excepts, and notices; neither of them received or expected any guidance from the university, but each, labouring, by rigorous self-culture, to lay the foundation of his own intellectual life. Both roamed the fields and the woods, had a seeing eye and a sensitive mind for the beautiful and the living, recognized the grandeur of nature, and on account of the harmony and contentment they derived from it, they greatly preferred the blue heavens, the misty heights at morning dawn, the green forest, and silent nature in her peaceful majesty, to the speaking professors on their wooden chairs, and the choking atmosphere and the noise and tumult which not in truth, but in public opinion, were regarded as bad students. When young Goethe returned to his native city, many a tongue was eager to defame him; and in whatever company he appeared, whispers began to circulate about him as a wild and riotous youth. The scandal-mongers of Hof acted in just the same manner towards Richter, when he fancied he could go on with his writing just as well at his mother's, as in Leipzig, where he met with nothing but hunger and hardship: for years he was regarded as a wild and unbridled genius. Twice ten years afterwards, the best and noblest spirits of the time listen to the words of the sage of Weimar as to an oracle; and ladies of quality are found crowding the ante-chamber of the author of Titan, begging a lock of his hair.

In the features presented, Richter's residence in Leipsic bore a perfect resemblance to that of Goethe; in others, the most striking distinctions are apparent. The university men set up a loud laugh at the Frankforter freshman, on account of his old-fashioned wardrobe; but at the same time they secretly envied him for the large remittances and letters of credit with which he was furnished. Jean Paul met with no ridicule on account of his large wardrobe, but with pleasure; and when, instead of having credit at the bankers, he was only too happy when he could earn his dinner from day to day. Goethe took private lessons of painters and artists for recreation and pleasure; Richter gave them, 'because the prison fare of bread and water depended upon them.' From Goethe's studio Goethe sauntered to the drawing-room of the Breitkopf family, or gossiped at the Clavier with Corona Schröter, or dined and danced at the hotel at Dölitz with mine host's amiable daughter, or wrote songs for Annette Schönkopf, and played them with genius. Jean Paul lodged in an out-of-the-way garret, and the only visits he paid were to beg: if they had only been successful! Bankruptcy was advancing with rapid strides upon the finances of the young theologian, every prop of his house was failing, the widow was alone with her infant children, and under the pressure of extreme destitution, wrote bitter laments. Fato seemed to have left her blood-hounds loose upon our hero. It was not that poverty which Horace admonishes the Roman youth to accustom themselves to look upon, which had burst upon him.

Angustam, amice, pauperiem pati
Robustus sert militia puer
Condiscat—

poverty not in the form of hardship and abasement, but in the shape of ghastly, hollow-eyed destitution. He pressed his suit among the professors, but the professors had amanuenses and fasnacht, native lads of the town, who, with diligent students, whose exemplary virtues secured them the preference. The situations were few, and the applicants many. Strangers coming to Leipsic found the local charities reserved for local purposes.

The battle-field tries the quality of our armour. Weak souls bend before the first storm of adversity; not so, however, the brave spirits that have within them an unconquerable strength and freedom of will, and proud hearts, that nothing can crush. Richter, perhaps, was drenched with some thoughts of ambition when he exchanged the solitude of his quiet village for the driving bustle of Leipsic; dreamy fancies hovered round him when he was in company with distinguished men of science, and a gentle voice whispered to him that he would one day be as famous as any of them. The day of hope had dawned brilliantly on his horizon, but as rapidly as a dream its glow vanished before the rough realities of the world. Jean Paul was not disposed, however, to admit that evening had come to his life, and he was down upon which sect in truth, at what times steal upon him, but a livelier, loftier stoicism taught him to overcome him. He possessed a bold, elastic humour; and all his unsuccessful suits, vain toils, and thick-comining misfortunes, he used to welcome with a quiet and severe irony. 'Misfortune,' he used to say, 'is like a nightmare—the moment you begin to fight with it, or to bestir yourself, it is gone. What is poverty? Where is he that complains of it? The pain is only like the piercing of a madman's ears, in order to hang jewels in the wounds.' A youth who feels and reasons in this way, and who studies his reasonings with such poetry, will find or make a way for himself in the world. 'Viam aut inventam aut faciam!' as his motto expresses it.

He set out with the conviction that the only successful plan of resisting sufferings, destitution, and starvation, was downright uninterrupted work. He began, mindful of his maxim, by preparing for fight. He had now finally abandoned theology; literary labours occupied his mind, and henceforth his books were to be the stay of his life. In his little bow-windowed chamber, the philosopher of nineteen thinks and writes night and day. The Greenland Processes are ready. The manuscript is taken to the nearest bookseller, and in an hour is returned to its author, who sits and writes. Instead of having credit at the bankers, he was only too happy when he could earn his dinner from day to day.
the like invariable refusals. How ignorant of the world this scribbler must be, to fancy that a publisher who knows what he is about, will, in circumstances so unfavourable to the bookselling craft—which indeed always exist!—undertake, as soon as he is asked, the printing of a work whose subject has never been heard of, whom no one patronizes, no one recommends? What prodigious assumption, too, to expect payment! If the work had been of a popular nature, and he had said nothing about twenty louis-d'ors, the case might have been different, but a book like this, and a price!

The *Greenland Processes* continued to wander from one office to another, from this city to that, their author in the meanwhile having to solve the problem, whether it was possible to live upon nothing, and how? At length a Potoci was discovered in Berlin: an adventurous speculator, Voss by name, purchased the right, for sixteen louis—a reduction of four from the twenty—of bringing Jean Paul into the market!

I scarcely know with what to compare the feeling of a young writer who holds his first printed essay in his hands: a joy, a pride overpowers him—an eatacity that swells all the higher from the consciousness (whether he will confess it or not) that he has taken the first step towards immortality. The critics take care to keep a flinty silence of the prospect of disaster, but the author did the work as effectually in the mind of the author of the *Greenland Processes*. The good woman, hearing that her son had published a book, began to believe it at last possible that he might actually produce a sermon; she was delighted with the name, and desired him to come to Hof, where there was a chance of his being permitted to preach in the Hospital Church. Such a proposal operated like a cold bath on any remains there might have been of the author's self-satisfaction. Jean Paul's answer shows how little better of his private criticism than modern writers do of official reviewers. 'What is a sermon, returned he;  

'but something every student can make and deliver? Do you suppose that all your clergymen in Hof can understand a line of my book, to say nothing of being able to write it?'

Unfortunately for Richter, the speculation Voss embarked in did not succeed: the *Greenland Processes* was printed, but nobody bought or read the book. The paper and the vellum, with the embryo greater man's tritest claimed its attention. The Cagistriani and Rosicurcians occupied the attention of politicians; the fashionable world was just then horrified at the wife of one of the court-councillors passing the lady of the presses by. 'That was all right,' says the monk, 'but the dreadful tale was going the round of the tea-tables: the comptroller's wife, forgetful of her station, had given orders for a new velvet mantle with a broad fringe! A new actress had appeared in one of the theatres, or some syren's bell-like voice was to be heard to-day there was to be a procession, and to-morrow a deserter was to be shot. How, in the face of so many comedies and tragedies, could time or inclination be found for reading the *Greenland Processes*? Just as the public ignored the works, so did the critics. Editors and reviewers disdained to notice a writer who had neither contributed to nor corresponded with them. A solitary scribe in Leipzig censured, with an undisguised sneer, to notice the work in these terms: 'Much, perhaps all, the author has written with great bitterness against literature, theology, wives, coxcombs, &c., may be true, but we have no doubt whatever that the attempt at wit, which is evident on every page, will excite disgust in the mind of the rational reader, and Paul lead him to throw the book aside with contempt.'

A potest of sixteen louis-d'ors is very soon exhausted; a fresh meat must be sunk. The *Selections from the Papers of the Devil* was tried; but Voss declined the publication, vehemently protesting that he had suffered quite enough loss by the *Greenland Processes*. The manuscript travelled over all Germany, and from every journey returned with the invariable reply: 'We thank you for your esteemed offer, but regret that our time and resources are fully engrossed by other undertakings.'

A ship is dashed to pieces on a rock; the crew are drowning; boards and planks, spars and masts, are drifting about amid the waves; from the surging flood a hand is thrust up; it grasps a beam, and holds it fast by it, and the name is last one of their victims. The demons of the sea are laughing; sure of their prey, they mock the struggle of the swimmer: 'Look, poor wretch; stare your very eyes blind; wave your white signal in the wind, and burst with your wail of anguish: but no sail comes in sight. Tremble, and say your last prayer, if you can; for see, there swims the shark: a moment, and all is over with you!' The situation has often been represented in smaller or larger paintings: it was the situation of Richter. He had shouted himself hoarse, and the only answer to his cry had been the murmur of the waves; he had looked himself blind, and the white sail—the letter that announced the acceptance of his manuscript—had never hove in sight. The shark swims towards him—no!—only more distant, uttering their last prayer? No! Richter will fight with the shark for life or death.

Weeks and months rush past us like the wind; we see not from whence the whirlwind comes nor whither it goes. A new spring and make from yesterday to-day replaces yesterday; we complete another year, we know not how, we whose lives are happy, or even tolerably so. But the poor, the unfortunate? Time flies with rapid wing over plenty and enjoyment, but slowly and days and hours of poverty drag and find that it has nothing maddening for him. His philosophy consoles him with the assurance that hunger and nakedness, perils and contempt, yeo oftimes the cross and the poisoned cup, have been the reward the world has given for wisdom. In all ages and countries the world has neglected its benefactors and persecuted its poets and instructors: Roger Bacon and Galileo pined away in the prisons of the inquisition; Torquato Tasso was confined in the cell of a madhouse; Camoens died in the streets of Lisbon, a beggar; and Burns, a thrumming per- bided steed of Phoebus, was compelled to drudge all his days in the gear of a cart-horse. But the gold that is thrown into the hottest melting-pot comes out the purest, and the canary-bird sings all the sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage.

Jean Paul betook himself to literature, in the first instance, as the only means of providing himself with a living; he wrote, in fact, to get money—to live. In the further prosecution of this course, the material aim gradually began to dissolve, and the labour on, and think and feel, and will still demand, and at length receive recognition; literature ceases to be a means, and becomes an end with him; the struggle for existence merges in a struggle for recognition.

Many years ago, at Paris, in the early dawn, a young
man was discovered hanging under the eaves of a house, close by the trellis of a window. A thin silken cord tightly twisted round his throat, had done the hangman's work. The scene quickly attracted all the curiosities and the idle. The noble, aristocratic features of the dead, the delicate white hands, plainly showed that the unfortunate man had at one time occupied a higher position than the tattered clothes in which he was concealed would lead one to suppose. His person was searched for papers that might throw some light upon the event; nothing was found, however; he had kept everything to himself like a true philosopher. Passers-by at length identified him.

This suicide in rage was one of the most distinguished and brilliant geniuses of modern French literature, whose wit threw every saloon and boudoir into ecstasies—Gerhard de Nerval. In order that he might live, he also had grasped the pen, and had looked hopefully forward to recognition and distinction. He had been living a long while dissatisfied and miserable; by night, he roamed through the streets of the great city like a runaway dog: his desk and seat were the table and bench of the commonest tavern; he freqently sought sleep and oblivion in the most wretched dens, side by side with thieves and the most revolting beggars, that his vanity. Thus he had been thrust about till, all hopes being now at an end, he bethought him that dying was perhaps a little better than living. He had looked for a home, and now the great quartermaster, death, had at length agreed to his terms. Whatever may be thought of this suicide, it is unquestionably the noblest heroism which enables a man to endure, without rest or weariness, to the last. That Jean Paul, in his darkest hours when crushed to the very core by the necessities of the world, never lost faith in himself, never listened to the gloomy tempter, but 'laughed so long in the face of fortune that it began to smile upon him in return'—this indeed commands admiration as a rare and worthy heroism.

He left Leipzig in 1874, and went to live with his mother, in Hof: here he found a night's lodging, at least free of cost, and here he could go about without being pointed to as a beast broken loose from a menagerie, on sufferance by the majesty of the world. He never lost faith in himself, never listened to the gloomy tempter, but 'laughed so long in the face of fortune that it began to smile upon him in return'—this indeed commands admiration as a rare and worthy heroism.

A student has to accommodate himself to his needy circumstances as well as he can. 'Nowhere,' as we read in Richter's own day-book, 'does one collect poverty's slege-coins more merrily and philosophically than at the university. The academic citizen proves how many humorists and cynics Germany contains.' But it is doubly painful when the man of mature age has to pass year after year enduring the ignominy, without a wig, with open breast, and no neck tie. In this respect, the people of Hof were more tolerant than a certain Leipzig magister, who—probably not remembering how the cynic Diogenes, in tattered garb, had trodden the path of life with dignity, written to the wigged and collarless youth in peremptory terms, demanding the immediate discontinuance of the public nuisance.

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underlined. I am perfectly enraptured at the genius from which these streams, these rills, these Rhine-fails, these Blandusian springs issue and irrigate humanity, and if I am displeased to-day at some sentences such as the masses have not inspired, or even with the plan itself, I shall not be so to-morrow.' The fight for existence and recognition is fought out; sunshine breaks through the clouds; henceforth the star of Jean Paul shines brightly in the heavens.

YOUNG BENGAL.

Amidst all the shortcomings of our western civilisation in British India, but more especially in Bengal—amidst all our disappointments, and our regrets at the barren crop of results from the labours of a century, we may point to one small section of the native community, who, if they be not with us, are certainly not against us: we allude to 'Young Bengal.' Readers who have heard of 'Young England,' of 'Young France,' and other juvenile embodiments of national movements, will at once perceive who are intended by the term Young Bengal; though they may hitherto have been in complete ignorance of the existence of such a class of persons in this part of British India.

Amongst the natives of Hindostan, whether Hindu or Mussulman, we find men of all ages who are advanced in their ideas, who have imbued certain notions more or less tainted by civilisation, who possess a certain taste for European things. There are many rajahs of Bengal who ape European life and habits, who are driven by English coaches, furnish their mansions in English style, read English books and newspapers, and seek English society. The rajah of Bilhooor, the Nena Sahib of infamous notoriety, was one of this class of men. Civilisation had indeed reached him, but it had come too late; it had exerted no softening influence on his heart or his mind: he was the same fanatical, bigoted Mussulman as ever. Civilisation had not even taught him worldly wisdom, or he must have felt how unequal, how hopeless the contest with British power.

Such as these are not comprised in the term Young Bengal. The class of Hindoos we allude to, though perhaps not of more promise to a superficial observer than such as the above, are, in our opinion, the men who shall hereafter do much for India; men who cannot stand still, who must progress, even though not in the true path. This class of young men is by no means small, nor contemptible; and though they have as yet made but small demonstration, though they must be sought for if to be found, it is beyond a doubt not an unimportant part they will enact at no distant day.

Whence come they? Of what class are they? They have sprung from the class-rooms of the government colleges. They are of no particular caste, or class, or section of native society; amongst them may be found the sons of rajahs, of zamindars, of baboons, of shroffs, of brokers and traders. But this one fact must be borne in mind—they are all descended from the Brahminical race. Not one Mussulman, not a single follower of the Prophet of Mecca is to be found in their ranks. Those stiff-necked, stubborn disciples of the Koran remain as they were a thousand years ago, and as they will be born, not in our system, but in the court of the Prophet, where they never change or progress; they are neither softened nor civilised; they have still the same undying hate for every 'dog of a Christian,' for every unbelieving Perringies, as of old; and though they may seldom find it convenient or prudent to make manifestation of their true feelings, we must not the less be on our guard against these fanatics, who deem it a matter of high and holy merit to murder an unbeliever. There are scores, nay, hundreds of such men as these who have gained much learning at the government expense, who are tolerably deep-read in much of our literature, and to some extent in science; but all this is coveted merely as a means of obtaining employment in official positions. In this they have been wondrously successful, and the Indian executive have for a long time past omitted no opportunity of promoting these fluent plausible Mohammedans even to the exclusion of Christians. Well, the government have sown the storm, and they have reaped the whirlwind. The foremost men in the present miserable rebellion are Mohammedans. Every Mussulman official in Upper Bengal and in the North-west Provinces has turned against us, has obeyed the dictates of his faith and drawn his sword upon us; 'dogs of unbelievers.' We shall look in vain amongst this class of men for one to join the swelling ranks of Young Bengal.

The government of the East India Company found themselves assailed, some time since, for sluggishness in the cause of education. They resolved that the reproach should no longer attach to them, and accordingly an order went forth for large grants for educational purposes. Colleges were built, philosophical 'chairs' were established, professors with strange names and huge beards were imported, highly paid inspectors were appointed, and annual reports drawn up and placed in type for England's satisfaction; and the cry is now: 'See what we have done!' Well, they have at least succeeded in rearing Young Bengal; but beyond that one first result, it is hard to lay one's hand upon any perceptible effect upon the vast masses of the people of India. The bulk of the population, indeed, has not been reached; we, and our schools, and our books, are as much strangers to them as we were fifty years since.

But what of Young Bengal? The government colleges and their professors have between them wrought a great change in the thoughts and dispositions, and even in the career of most of the young students. At a cost of about eighty or ninety pounds sterling per annum for each pupil, the Company has managed to instil large quantities of classical and British literature into the minds of the Hindoo scholars. An acquaintance with pure science has been less general, very many young lads contenting themselves with a knowledge of general literature, devouring with much zest Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Moore, and our long range of prose writers, from Dr Johnson to Douglas Jerrold. Anything more solid than this they appear to have systematically eschewed as indigestible food. They were content to catch ideas, to be able to quote freely high-sounding sentences, without any practical application.

The peculiar qualities of the Bengalee mind—its elasticity, its pliability, its susceptibility—fits it especially for the reception of theories, for the appreciation of poetical adornments; and thus at the end of a student's career in the chief Calcutta college, he came out in no way fitted for an active career,
in no way prepared to become a useful member of society, even as so-called society there exists, but replete with much to render him discontented, and too frequently unhappy.

Nothing could possibly exceed the magnificence and extent of the government educational establishments in Calcutta for rearing Hindoo atheists. The ease, the comfort, the luxury of the spacious apartments and halls of these 'godless colleges,' cannot by any means be excelled. The audience-chambers of the ancient Mogul courts of Delhi, the spacious courts of the old Asiatic palaces, the dwelling-places of Belus and Niamrod, the amphitheatres of Athens and Rome, were not more noble than the great halls and lecture-rooms of the City of Palaces. They have even, in part, been removed from the glare, the dust, and the scorching heat of a Bengal day in September, the young rajahs and incipient baboos reclined beneath grateful pankhas, upon soft inviting cushions, listening with half-closed eyes to the scarlet-tipped nodding head, to the oft-repeated verses, the well-conned chapter, but too glad when the hour approached for their departure, when the evening drive and the nightly carouse came to wind up the daily routine of their listless student-life.

Young Bengal is not so very young but that he has a wife. In India, however, marriages take place at about the age at which in England young gentlemen would be breaching; and young Hindoo ladies are not unfrequently betrothed immediately after cutting their last teeth, so that it does not amount to much to say that all our college students of the first and second classes are married. Most of them drive to college in carriages that would not discredit Hyde Park; some few drawn by valuable 'pairs;' but some also borne along by the real Hindoo hack, all bone and skin, whilst tattered red curtains are fluttering wildly from the windows. With this singular race, there is the usual difference, listening to the evening discourse; the lamp-lit meal, the music and gay female company, the late wine-cup and midnight song—such is but a faint though truthful picture of the everyday life of Young Bengal.

But let any one attempt to except some few more honourable men than such as these. We can count up half a score of names of Hindoos who, amidst all their learning, have not run wild, nor rushed into vicious excesses, who ply their pens, and though not richly rewarded, neither are they found to want for them honestly and vigorously. Of the most able weekly journals of Calcutta is not only conducted, but written throughout by a young Hindoo pupil of the government college. The articles from his pen, though sometimes errant, are, on the whole, able and instructive. He is a Brahmin of high family, and has to this time remained true to his family faith.

It is impossible not to regard this enlarging class of young men with interest. It remains to be seen what their children, and the educated tastes of the frequenter of the gay mansions in Durnattollah and the Circular Road. The wife who was good enough for one of this class of Hindoos before education lifted him to his former place in native society, is no longer to be tolerated; hence a wide schism in the houses of the race, where the evenings and the nights of Young Bengal are but too seldom passed.

It is not difficult to ascertain the creed of this school of Hindoos. Amongst their own families and friends, the head of the Brahma and Vishnu. The Rhat Jattra, the Doorga Poojja, and other great Hindoo festivals, find them foremost in the ranks of devotees: they are still the same faithful, constant attendants at the temples of their forefathers. But question them on their belief in the scenes and ceremonies they are taking a part in, and they will not hesitate to tell you how completely they despise the old creed of Siva and Vishnu; how thoroughly their European studies have taught them the folly and absurdity of faith in any such vain religion; and that they attend the Hindoo festivals merely to please their mothers or their wives.

No member of the fraternity of Young Bengal has yet found courage to speak out boldly before the world and tell their unbelief. They shrink from the consequences; but not one takes a step which might it would assuredly entail upon them the anathemas of their families, and banishment from all Hindoo society, would at the same time procure them no admission within European circles. In British India, the line of demarcation between the Hindoos and Europeans, has been so unmistakably drawn, so rigidly enforced, as to be impassable. There is something, however, more fatal even than colour or caste tending to exclude Young Bengal from the upper ranks of European society. It is the unassuming, the modest, the pure, the unspotted, the young men are atheists, and to us openly, avowedly so. The teachings of the government professors have indeed destroyed the old superstitions of the land, but they have also failed in replacing them with anything more worthy of belief. They have learned so thoroughly to despise the ancient creed of their ancestors, that knowing nothing of the one living faith, they have flung themselves into the arms of unbelief, swaying by the words of Voltaire and Tom Paine.

No Epicureans of the ancients ever revelled in more energetizing luxury and voluptuous ease and idleness than the upper rank of Young Bengal. Their private lives read like the chronicles of Ninmere, the diary of some imperial Roman. The early inaudience of the morning; the late and costly breakfast; the mid-day bath; the lounging on soft couches, and basking in the sunshine; the evening drive through Hyde Park; the bandit's meal, the music and gay female company, the late wine-cup and midnight song—such is but a faint though truthful picture of the everyday life of Young Bengal.

But let any one attempt to except some few more honourable men than such as these. We can count up half a score of names of Hindoos who, amidst all their learning, have not run wild, nor rushed into vicious excesses, who ply their pens, and though not richly rewarded, neither are they found to want for them honestly and vigorously. Of the most able weekly journals of Calcutta is not only conducted, but written throughout by a young Hindoo pupil of the government college. The articles from his pen, though sometimes errant, are, on the whole, able and instructive. He is a Brahmin of high family, and has to this time remained true to his family faith.


DIPSOMANIA.

In the progress of events, new scientific terms are continually making their appearance; the last is perhaps Dipsomania—a craving for intoxicating liquors which partakes of the character of insanity, the term being compounded of the Greek words for thirst and madness. Whether thirst, in the usual meaning of the word, has anything to do with the maddened propensity for drinking, is of no consequence. The same bond is not the coincidence that government may deal with insanity, it seems to be equally within its province to deal with dipsomania. Surely, viewed in the light of common sense, and sifted and scrutinized by the strictest rules of induction, the confirmatory evidence that the two are distinct is as of "unsound mind," or, as I would rather call it, "diseased mind," non compos mentis, and should be taken care of for his own sake, for the welfare of his family, and for the good of society.

The remarkable fact is that the dipsomaniac is his want of power to restrain himself. With certain faculties still active, he knows that he ought not to drink, yet he cannot help drinking. In medical language, the curse is upon him. The main desideratum of his life is how to obtain liquor; his capacity for business is confined to the means of gratifying his leading desire; moral control has lost its sway over him; he has no power to resist the propensity whenever gratification is within his reach; he has, in fact, become the involuntary slave of the vice, and would sacrifice his last sixpence or his shirt, or sell his soul to the devil, for one drop more, rather than be disappointed.

Yet, strange to say, the poor creature, in this condition, has no pleasure in drinking. He drinks higglishly and with gusto, enjoying it as the bon vivant does, socially or convivially, but gulps it down in large quantities, away from society and observation, and even as it were a drug; and the only satisfaction derived from the act is that of being the involuntary slave to the wretched state of mind which prompts the desire, and an escape from the fancied miseries of his existence. When this has gone on for some time, although a suspension of the use of stimulants be imposed by the interference of friends, or by the occurrence of an attack of either of the two resulting forms of delirium, yet his mind has suffered so materially, that, unless continued control be exercised over him, and this for a very considerable time—which is not often practicable. It is surely the duty of society to see that they are restrained from committing grievous wrong, and subjected to a humane and remedial mode of treatment.

A perusal of the lately issued pamphlet of Dr. Alexander Peddie of Edinburgh on the subject of Dipsomania, will remove, or, at least, it will greatly diminish any doubts which may be entertained respecting the actual nature of the drinking insanity. Speaking of the diseased state of the dipsomaniac, this writer observes: 'I consider that his condition is strictly one of isolated moral and mental insanity, and the consequence of a vicious impulsive propensity—for I cannot in such a case denominate it simply as a vice; and I regard it as rendering him incapable of the exercise of social duties and civil rights not merely so, but as lessening and altering the nature of his culpability in reference to crime, and thereby his liability to punishment of the same kind, or to the same extent, as the other members of the community. That the excessive insatiable desire for intoxicating drinks is a disease, and that it is symptomatic of some abnormal cerebral condition which gives it the character of a form of insanity, cannot be doubted; and it should be always kept in mind that this condition is not so much produced by intoxicating drinks, as it is by that which created the desire for them.' As to the manifestation of insanity, it may be 'addictedness to drinks, as well as to hallucination of ideas. To declare whether it is so, or not, is as much a question for medical as for legal examination. But medical observation has declared that dipsomania is a physical proof of mental disorganization, and therefore it appears to me that such cases stand exactly on the same footing as other forms of insanity; and that, as there is nothing in the character of the disease, that government may deal with insanity, it seems to be equally within its province to deal with dipsomania.

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disease of the brain may precipitate him. That such, more or less, is the condition of the dipsonomiac, and that these consequences may, and do, frequently result, cannot be disputed. And yet, because the unhappy victim of this disease does not fall strictly under the present legal definition of unsoundness in mind, he is permitted to go at liberty; any interference in the shape of control is illegal, and his nearest and best friends, and he himself, are deprived of the only means by which his cure could be effected, and his restoration to a useful member of society accomplished. He is thus permitted, without any barrier being placed, or allowed to be placed, in the way, to hurt himself on to ruin, reducing his own family, it may be, to beggary, perhaps even to disgrace, and at last to accomplish his own sad death, or be convicted and punished for some criminal act committed in an hour of intoxicated madness, for which he is nevertheless held responsible in the eye of the law. In the latter case, indeed, the total neglect of his friends and for this humiliating disease, is well illustrated by its viewing that very circumstance, which had deprived the criminal of self-control, to be, not a palliation, but an aggravation of his guilt.

What already proposed for this deliberate injustice and inhumanity, is the establishment of asylums, distinct altogether from those for ordinary lunatics, to which, by medical certificates under proper authority, the unfortunate class of dipsonomiacs may be committed. It is believed that in a variety of instances, a short retirement would have the effect of restoring a healthy state of brain that the maniacal appetite for liquor would disappear, and the patient be either sent home effectually cured to his friends, or discharged by the Asylum's Board, according to the circumstances of his case, within the limits of the asylum. When the public mind is more fully awakened to the benefits of this mode of treatment, we may expect that legislation will be brought to bear on the subject.

OÇÉOLA:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN ECLACRIMEMENT.

There were the shadows upon the water promised by Haj-Jawa.—black shadows upon my heart.

Mad queen of the Micosauns! what have I done to deserve your curse? Do you love me?—have I been thy deadest foe, thou couldst scarcely have contrived a keener sting for thy vengeance.

Face to face stood Mauimee and her lover—seduced and seducer. I had no doubt as to the identity of either. The moonbeam fell upon both—no longer with soft silvery light, but gleaming red and red, like the chandeliers of a bagnio. It may have been but a seeming—the reflection of an inflamed imagination that influenced me from within; but my belief in her innocence was gone—entirely gone; the very air seemed tainted with her guilt—the world appeared a chaos of debauchery and ruin.

I had no other thought than that I was present at a scene of assignation. How could I think otherwise? No signs of surprise were exhibited by either, as they came together. They met as those who have promised to come—who have often met before.

Evidently each expected the other. Though other emotions declared themselves, there was not the slightest sign of novelty in the encounter.

For me, it was a terrible crisis. The anguish of a whole life compressed into the space of a single moment could not have been more unendurable. The blood seemed to scald my heart as it rushed through. So acute was the pang, I could scarcely restrain myself from crying aloud.

An effort—a stern determined effort—and the three was over. Firmly bracing my nerves—firmly grasping the branches—I clung to my seat, resolved to know more.

That was a fortunate resolution. Had I at that moment given way to the wild impulse of passion, and sought a reckless revenge, I should in all likelihood have carried out for myself a long lifetime of sorrow. Patience proved my guardian angel, and the end was otherwise.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My situation was like his of the suspended sword. On second thoughts, the simile is both trite and untrue: the sword had already fallen; it could wound me no more. I was as one paralysed both in body and soul—impervious to further pain.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

The light is full upon Mauimee; I can see her face from head to foot. How large she has grown—a woman in all her outlines, perfect, entire. And her loveliness has kept pace with her growth. Larger, she is lovelier than ever. Demon of jealousy! art thou not content with what thou hast already done? Have I not suffered enough? Hast thou not punished her in such witching guise? O that she were scarred, hideous, bag-like—as she shall yet become! Even thus to see her, would be some satisfaction—an atonement to my chafed soul.

But it is the face is sweetly beautiful—never so beautiful before. Soft and innocent as ever—not a line of guilt can be traced on those placid features—not a gleam of evil in that round, rolling eye! The angels of heaven are beautiful; but they are no good. O what could I believe in crime concealed under such loveliness as hers?

I expected a more meretricious mien. There was a incipient sight of cheer in the disappointment.

Do not suppose that these reflections occupied me. In a few seconds they passed through my mind, for thought is quicker than the magnetic shock. They passed while I was waiting to hear the first words that, to my surprise, were for some moments unspoken. My surprise: I could not have met her in such fashion. My heart would have been upon my tongue, and my lips—

I see it now. The hot burst of passion is past—the spring-tide of love has subsided—such an interview is no more to my enemy—nay, not the least of her, honest libertine that he is! See! they meet with some shyness. Coldness has arisen between them—a love quarrel—fool is he as villain—fool not to rush into those arms, and at once reconcile it. Would that his opportunities were mine—not all the world could restrain me from seeking that sweet embrace.

Bitter were my thoughts, they were less bitter on observing this attitude of the lovers. I fancied it was half-hostile, half-friendly.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My suspense came to an end. The aid-de-camp at length found his tongue.

"Lovely, Mauimee! you have kept your promise."

"But you, sir, have not yours? No—read it in your looks. You have yet done nothing for us!"

"Be assured, Mauimee, I have not had an opportunity. The general has been so busy, I have had no chance to press the matter upon him. But do not be impatient. I shall be certain to persuade him; and your property shall be restored to you in due time. Tell your mother not to feel uneasy: for your sake, beautiful Mauimee, I shall spare no exertion. Believe me, I am as anxious as yourself; but you must know the stern disposition of my uncle; and,
Moreover, that he is on the most friendly terms with the Stingyford family. This will be the main difficulty, but I fear not that I shall be able to surmount it.

"O, sir, your words are fine, but they have little worth with us now. We have waited long upon your promise to befriend us. We only wished for an investigation; and you might easily have obtained it ere this. We no longer care for our lands, for greater wrongs make us forget the less. I should not have been here to-night, had we not been in sad grief at the misfortune—i.e., rather say outrage—that has fallen upon my poor brother. You have professed friendship to our family. I come to seek it now, for now may you give proof of it. Obtain my brother's freedom, and we shall then believe in the fair words you have so often spoken. Do not say it is impossible; it cannot even be difficult for you who hold so much authority among the white chiefs. My brother may have been rude; but he has committed no crime that should entail severe punishment. A word to the great war-chief, and he would be set free. Go, then, and speak that word."

"Lovely Maisime! you do not know the nature of the errand upon which you would send me. Your brother is a prisoner by orders of the agent, and by the command of the chief-chief. It is not with us as among your people. I am only a subordinate in rank, and were I to offer the counsel you propose, I should be rebuked—perhaps punished."

"Oh, you fear rebuke for doing an act of justice?—to set free your own deserted friend's offended friend? Good, sir! I have no more to say, except this—we believe you no longer. You need come to our humble cabin no more."

She was turning away with a scornful smile. How bewitching those eyes! And yet all those charms!

"Stay, Maisime!—fair Maisime, do not part from me thus—doubt not that I will do all in my power—"

"Do what I have asked you. Set my brother free—let him return to his home."

"And if I should?"

"Well, sir."

"Know, Maisime, that for me to do so would be to risk everything. I might be degraded from my rank—reduced to the condition of a common soldier—my life might be endangered, perhaps, by imprisonment worse than that which your brother is likely to endure. All this would I risk by the act."

The girl paused in her step, but made no reply.

"Yet all these chances shall I undergo—say, the danger of death itself—if you, fair Maisime—here the speaker waxed passionate and insinuating—"

"If you will only consent."

"Consent—to what, sir?"

"Lovely Maisime, need I tell you? Surely you understand my meaning? You cannot be blind to the love—to the passion—to the deep devotion with which your beauty has inspired me."

"Consent to what, sir?" demanded she, repeating her former words, and in a soft tone, that seemed to promise compliance.

"Only to love me, fair Maisime—to become my mistress."

For some moments, there was no reply. The grand woman seemed immobile as a statue. She did not even start on hearing the fourfold proposal, but, on the contrary, stood as if turned to stone.

Her silence had an encouraging effect upon the ardent lover; he appeared to take it for assent. He could not have seen her eye, or he would then have read an expression that would have hindered him from pressing his suit further. No—he could not have observed that glance, or he would hardly have made such a mistake.

"Only promise it, fair Maisime; your brother shall be free before the morning, and you shall have everything."

"Villain, villain, villain! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

In all my life, I never heard aught so delightful as that laugh. It was the sweetest sound that ever fell upon my ears. Not all the wedding-bells that ever rang—not all the lutes that ever played—not all the harps and hautboys—the clarions and trumpets—in the world, could have produced such melodious music for me.

The moon seemed to pour silver from the sky—the stars had grown bigger and brighter—the breeze became filled with delicious odours, as if a perfumed caspar had been spilled from heaven, and the whole scene appeared suddenly transformed into an Elysium.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO DUELS IN ONE DAY.

The crisis might have been my cue to come down; but I was overpowered with a sense of delightful happiness, and could not stir from my seat. The arrow had been drawn out of my breast, leaving not a taint of its poison. I was cheered pleasantly through my veins—my pulse throbbed firm and free—my soul was triumphant. I could have cried out for very joy.

With an effort, I held my peace, and waited for the dénouement—for I saw that the scene was not yet at an end.

"Mistress, indeed!" exclaimed the bold beauty in scornful accent. "And this is the motive of your professed friendship. Vile wretch! for what do you mistake me? a camp-wench, or a facile squaw of the Yemassee? Know, sir, that I am your equal in blood and race; and though your pale-faced friends have robbed me of my inheritance, there is that which neither they nor you can take from me—the honour of my name. Mistress, indeed! Silly fellow! No—not even your wife. Sooner than sell myself to such base love as yours, I should wander naked through the wild woods, and live upon the scorces of the oak. Rather than redeem him at such a price, my brave brother would spend his life in death. Oh, in death, that he were here! Oh, that he were witness of this foul insult! Wretch! he would smite thee like a reed to the earth."

The eye, the attitude, the foot firmly planted, the fearless determined bearing—all reminded me of Opeca while delivering himself before the council. Maisime was undoubtedly his sister.

The soli-viant lover quailed before the withering reproach, and for some time stood shrinking and abashed.

He had more than one cause for abashment. He might feel regret at having made a proposal so ill received; but far more at the disappointment of his hopes, and the utter discomfiture of his designs.

Perhaps, the moment before, he would have smoothed his chagrin, and permitted the girl to depart without molestation; but the scornful apostrophe had roused him to a sort of frenzy of recklessness; and probably it was only at that moment that he formed the resolve to carry his rudeness still further, and effect his purpose by force.

I could not think that he had held such design, anterior to his coming on the ground. Professed libertine though he was, he was not the man for such extravagances. He was but a speck of vain conceit, and lacked the reckless daring of the raverish. It was only when stung by the reproaches of the Indian maiden, that he resolved upon proceeding to extremities.
She had turned her back upon him, and was moving away.

'Not so fast!' cried he, rushing after, and grasping her by the hair. 'Not so fast!' his brown-skinned charger! Do not think you can cast me so lightly. I have followed you for months, and, by the god Phoebus, I shall make you pay for the false smiles you have treated me to. You need not struggle; we are alone here; and ere we part, I shall—'

I heard no more of this hurried speech—I had risen from my perch, and was hurrying down to the rescue; but before I could reach the spot, another was before me.

Haj-Ewa—her eyes glaring fiercely—with a wild maniac laugh upon her lips—was rushing forward. She held the body of the rattlesnake in her extended hands, its head projected in front, while its long neck was oscillating from side to side, showing that the reptile was angry, and eager to make an attack. Its hiss, and the harsh 'skirr-rr' of its rattles could be heard sounding at intervals as it was carried forward.

In another instant, the maniac was face to face with the would-be ravisher—who, startled by her approach, had released his hold of the girl, and falling back a pace, stood gazing with amazement at this singular intruder.

'Ho, ho!' screamed the maniac, as she glided up to the man. 'His son! his son! Ho! I am sure of it, just like his false father—just as he on the day he wronged the trusting Ewa. Hubek! It is the hour—the very hour—the moon in the same quarter, horned and wicked—smiling upon the guilt. Ho, ho! the blademaker's son! The hour of vengeance! The father's crime shall be atoned by the son. Great Spirit! give me revenge! Chitta mico! give me revenge!'

As she uttered these apostrophic appeals, she sprang forward, holding the snake far outstretched— as if to give it the opportunity of striking the now terrified man.

The latter mechanically drew his sword, and then, as if inspired by the necessity of defending himself, cried out:

'Hellish sorceress! If you come a step nearer, I shall run you through the body. Back, now! Keep off, or, by ——, I shall do it!'

The resolution expressed by his tone proved that the Ewa was in earnest; but the appeal was unheeded. The maniac continued to advance despite the shining blade that menaced her, and within reach of whose point she had already arrived.

I was now close to the spot; I had drawn my own blade, and was hurrying forward to ward off the fatal blow which I expected every moment would be struck. It was my design to save Haj-Ewa, who seemed recklessly rushing upon her destruction.

In all probability, I should have been too late, had the thrust been given; but it was not.

Whether from terror at the wild unearthly aspect of his assailants, or, what is more likely, fearing that she was about to fling the snake upon him, the man appeared struck with a sudden panic, and retreated backward. A step or two brought him to the edge of the water. There were loose stones strewed thickly along the shore; among these his feet became entangled; and, backing backward, he fell with a splash upon the pond!

The water deepened abruptly, and he sank out of sight. Perhaps the sudden immersion was the means of saving his life; but the moment after, he rose above the surface, and clambered hastily up on the bank.

He was now furious, and with his drawn sword, which he had managed to retain hold of, he rushed towards the spot where Haj-Ewa still stood. His angry oaths told his determination to slay her.

It was not the soft yielding body of a woman, nor yet of a child, that my brown-skinned charger! Did you expect to encounter it? It struck against steel, hard and shining as his own.

I had thrown myself between him and his victim, and had succeeded, in restraining Haj-Ewa from carrying out her vengeful design. As the assailant approached, his rage, but more, the water half-blinding him, hindered him from seeing me; and it was not till our blades rasped together, that he seemed aware of my presence.

There was a momentary pause, accompanied by silence.

'You, Randolph!' at length he exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

'Ah, Lieutenant Scott—Randolph it is. Pardon my intrusion, but your pretty love-scene changed so suddenly to a quarrel, I deemed it my duty to interfere.'

'You have been listening?—you have heard!—and pray, sir, what business have you either to play the spy on my actions, or interfere in my affairs?'

'Business which all men have to protect weak innocence from the designs of such a terrible Blue Bead as you appear to be.'

'By ——, you shall rue this.'

'Now?—or when?'

'Whenever you please.'

'No time like the present. Come on!'

Not another word was spoken between us; but, in the instant after, our blades were clicking in the fierce game of thrust and parry.

The affair was short. At the third or fourth lunge, I ran my antagonist through the right shoulder, disabling his arm. His sword fell jingling among the pebbles.

'You have wounded me!' cried he; 'I am disarmed,' he added, pointing to the fallen blade.

'Enough, sir; I am satisfied.'

'But not I—not till you have knelt upon these stones, and asked pardon from her whom you have so grossly insulted.'

'Never!' cried he; 'never!'—and as he uttered these words, giving, as I presumed, a proof of determined courage, he turned suddenly; and, to my utter astonishment, commenced running away from the ground!

I ran after, and soon overtook him. I could have thrust him in the back, had I been singularly inclined; but instead, I contented myself with giving him a foot-salute, in which all Gallaher would have termed his 'posturiers,' and with no other aid, left him to continue his shameful flight.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A SILENT DECLARATION.

'Now for the love, the sweet young love,
Under the tala tree,' &c.

It was the voice of Haj-Ewa, chanting one of her favourite melodies. Far sweeter the tones of another voice pronouncing my own name:

'George Randolph!' &c.

'Maitimee!' &c.

'Ho, ho! you both remember?—still remember? Hinkia! the island—that fair island—his fair to you, but dark in the memory of Haj-Ewa. Hubek! I think of 't no more—no, no, no!'

'Now for the love, the sweet young love,
Under ——'

It was once mine—it is now yours: yours, mine! yours, kauntikia! Pretty creatures! enjoy it alone; you wish not the mad queen for a companion? Ha,
But the past was past, and could not be re-enacted. A more righteous fate was opened before me; and silently in my heart did I register vows of atonement. Never more should I have cause to reproach myself—never would my love—never could it—wander away from the beautiful being I held in my embrace. Proudly my bosom swelled as I listened to the ingenious confession of her love, but sadly when other themes became the subject of our converse. The story of family trials, of wrongs endured, of insults put upon them—and more especially by their white neighbours, the Ringgold's—caused my blood to boil afresh.

The tale corresponded generally with what I had already learned; but there were other circumstances unknown to public rumour. He too—the wretched hypocrite—had made love to her. He had of late desisted from his importunities, through fear of her brother, and dared no longer come near. The other, Scott, had made his approaches under the guise of friendship. He had learned, what was known to many, the position of affairs with regard to the Indian widow's plantation. From his relationship in high quarters, he possessed influence, and had promised to exert it in obtaining restitution. It was a mere pretext—a promise made without any intention of being kept; but, backed by his influence, he had deceived the generous trusting heart of Opeola. Hence the admission of this heartless cur into the confidence of a family intimacy.

For months had the correspondence existed, though the opportunities were but occasional. During all this time he had the soi-disant seducer been pressing his suit—though not very boldly, since he too dreaded the frown of that terrible brother—neither successfully: he had not succeeded. Ringgold well knew this when he affirmed the contrary. His declaration had but one design—to sting me. For such purpose, it could not have been made in better time.

There was one thing I longed to know. Surely Maimee, with her keen quick perception, from the girlish confidence that had existed between them—surely she could inform me. I longed to know the relations that had existed between my sister and her brother.

Much as I desired the information, I refrained from asking it.

And yet we talked of both—of Virginia especially, for Maimee remembered my sister with affection, and made many inquiries in relation to her. She was more beautiful than ever, she had heard, and accomplished beyond all others. She wondered if my sister would remember those walks and girlish amusements—those happy hours upon the island.

"Perhaps," thought I, "too well!"

It was a theme that gave me pain.

The future claimed our attention; the past was now bright as heaven, but there were clouds in the sky of the future.

We talked of that nearest and darkest—the imprisonment of Opeola. How long would it last? What could be done to render it as brief as possible? I promised to do everything in my power; and I purposed as I promised. It was my firm resolve to leave no stone unturned to effect the liberation of the captive chief. If right should not prevail, I was determined to try stratagem. Even with the sacrifice of my commission—even though personal disgrace should await me—the risk of life itself—I resolved he should be free.

I needed not to add to my declaration the emphasis of an oath; I was believed without that. A flood of gratitude was beaming from those liquid orbs; and the silent pressure of love-burning lips was sweeter than words could have uttered.
It was time for parting; the moon told the hour of midnight.

On the crest of the hill, like a bronze statue outlined against the pale sky, stood the mad queen.

A signal brought her to our side; and after another embrace, one more fervid pressure of sweet lips, Maimée and I parted.

Her strange but faithful guardian led her away by some secret path, and I was left alone.

I could scarcely take myself away from that consecrated ground; and I remained for some minutes longer, giving full play to triumphant and rapturous reflections.

The declining moon again warned me; and, crossing the crest of the hill, I hastened back to the Fort.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Among the Friday-evening lectures which have been delivered at the Royal Institution, there is one especially worthy of notice. Those lectures, by the way, are more or less popular expositions of the progress of science, highly interesting to those who have the good fortune to hear them; but the two in question are of the kind not easy to be followed by a general auditor. Neither can we do more here than make brief mention of them; but that will answer our purpose of recording the advances made by science. One on "Molecular Impressions by Light and Electricity," was by Mr. Grove, who is well known as a philosophical savant of a high order; and it demonstrates that the science of molecular physics, though rich in results gained within the past fifty years, is yet richer in promise for the future. In the case of light and electricity, their effect on bodies with which they come in contact depends on the molecular structure of those bodies. ‘Carbon, in the form of diamond, transmits light, but stops electricity. Carbon, in the form of coke or graphite, into which the diamond may be transformed by heat, transmits electricity, but stops light. All solid bodies (approximately speaking) which transmit light freely, or are transparent, are non-conductors of electricity, or may be said to be opaque to it; all the best conductors of electricity, as black carbon and the metals, are opaque or non-conductors of light.’ Every one knows the effect of insulation, or exposure to the sun, on colours and on plants—one is bleached, the other becomes green; and Mr. Grove thinks that had he given his lecture in the summer, he could have shewn that it was really possible to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. The science of Laputa is therefore not all fallacious.

The old philosophers would have scouted the idea of the imponderables materially affecting the ponderables; but modern science finds reason to believe that all bodies are, in a greater or less degree, changed by the impact of light. Here a hygienic question comes into play, and an important one, looking at the registrar-general's bills of mortality, and the recently published report upon the health—or rather the neglect of it—of the army; and the means whereby barricage-life in England has been rendered more fatal than service in the field. Mr. Grove says: 'The effect of light on the healthy growth of plants is well known; and it is generally believed that dark rooms, though well heated and ventilated, are more close or less healthy than those exposed to light. When we consider the invisible phosphorescence which must radiate from the walls and furniture—when we consider the effects of light on animal tissue, and the probable oxidating or other minute chemical changes in the atmosphere effected by light—we are enabled to believe that it is far more immediately influential on the health of the animate world than is generally believed.'

Then, as regards electricity: gaseous atmospheres are changed by passing a current of electricity through them: letters cut from thin paper, placed between two sheets of electrified glass, leave an impression which becomes visible by breathing on them, or permanently fixed by exposure to the vapour of hydrofluoric acid. A proof that some substance is produced on the surface of the glass. In connection with these phenomena, Mr. Grove suggests an important application of photography to astronomy, derived from the fact that, by means of the electric lamp, photographs of the moon may be made to give an image six feet in diameter, with details and lights remarkably distinct. Observers, even with the best instruments, are always baffled in making out the minute features of a distant object of sufficient light. Mr. Grove's suggestion is, that if a photograph of the object were taken, and illuminated indefinitely by adventitious light, the image might then be examined microscopically. 'In other words, is the photographic eye more sensitive than the living eye, or can a photographic recipient be found which will register impressions which the living eye does not detect, but which, by increased light or by developing agents, may be rendered visible to the living eye?' There is something highly suggestive in all this; it creates quite a new world of thoughts concerning the operations of nature.

Mr. Russell is finishing a forty-feet reflecting telescope, which he intends to take to Malta, and there devote himself to three or four years' observations of the nebulae. He has already explored the sky from that island with a twenty-feet reflector, and to good purpose; but we shall hear of yet greater achievements with the forty feet. As for little planets, we will soon become a part of the astronomical market: the number is now fifty-two; and no sooner are they noted, than their orbits are calculated, and their movements accurately determined; and yet a certain rector in Saxony declares the Copernican system to be false, and maintains that the earth does not move round the sun.

There is something to record of photography which can hardly be described as otherwise than wonderful. It is a discovery made by that skilful pioneer of photographic art, Niepce de St. Victor, some four or five months ago, and now that there is no room to doubt, we give an outline of it. Mr. Grove mentioned it in his lecture, as a striking example of the effect of light. Marvelous as it may appear, light can actually be settled up for use. Take an engraving which has been kept for some days in the dark; expose it to full sunshine—that is, insolate it—for fifteen minutes; lay it on sensitive paper in a dark place, and at the end of twenty-four hours, it will have left an impression of itself on the sensitive paper; the whites coming out as blacks. If insolated for a longer time, say an hour, till thoroughly saturated with sunlight, the image will appear much more distinct. Thus there seems to be no limit to the reproduction of a picture. Take a tin tube lined with white, let the sun shine into it for an hour, place it erect on sensitive paper, and it will give the impression of a ring, or reproduce the image of a small engraving and of a variety of objects at pleasure—feathers, figured glass, porcelain, for example. Take, moreover, a sheet of
paper, which has been thoroughly exposed to the sun, and, if used homestly in a dark room, and paper will retain the light so effectually, that, after two weeks, perhaps longer, it may be used for taking photographs. The Lord Chief Baron, President of the Photographic Society, in his recent anniversary address to its members, might well say of these facts, that 'hardly anything can be more extraordinary.' It is satisfactory to hear that the Society is flourishing, gaining strength as well as experience, fruits of which appear in their Journal. We take the opportunity of congratulating the Officers of this Exhibition, held at the South Kensington Museum, where ample space and light are available, and not at Covent Street, as inadvertently stated in our last.

Photography is now applied to the reduction of the Ordnance Survey, and we understand that, as the officers of the corps of engineers are instructed in the art, a considerable saving of expense will accrue to the nation. Apropos of this subject, a commission has been appointed to take the Ordnance Survey of the饼干(Proverbs) of England. A large establishment of men will be required to execute this important service; and the names of the commission—Fay, Wrottesley, Rosse, Brunel, Vignoles, &c.—are a guarantee that the service will be efficiently performed. After a thorough description of the art, we can safely say that no ignorable member of parliament will be allowed to set aside a hasty vote the conclusions of men wiser than himself.

A paper by Captain Moorson, 'On the Practical Use of the Aeroid Barometer,' read before the Royal Society, is worth notice, because of its shewing that the instrument—the aeroid barometer—is still used and in certain cases with manifest advantage. Captain Moorson used it in a surveying for several lines of railway in the interior of Ceylon, and found that up to about six thousand feet—this being the highest points of his survey—and indications might be regarded as trustworthy. As manufactured in London, the aeroid prices two guineas. The Marine Department of the Board of Trade have had the instrument under careful scrutiny for some years with a view to its adoption; and, at present, it can only be regarded as not very capricious journeyman to a mercurial barometer.

The Society of Arts announce their tenth annual exhibition of inventions for the month of April; and the catalogue is replete with novel and valuable improvements. 'For a writing-case suited for the use of soldiers, sailors, emigrants, &c., which can be carried with the uniform at any time; and being made of leather, it is durable, cheap, and the avoidance of fluid ink.' Mr Grace Calvert's paper 'On Recent Scientific Discoveries and Inventions applied to Arts and Manufactures,' was especially interesting from its practical applications. Coal-tar has been of late a fertile mine of discovery to the chemist; and now from the alkaloids of coal-tar and from naphthaline, substances are obtained which, in dress and toilet goods, give a beautiful purple. They are called nitroso-phenyl and nitroso-naphthol; and their colour has the invaluable property known to economical housewives as 'fast.' But this is not all; the coal-tar yields also safflower pink and cochineal crimson, with variations into violet, chocolate, and red; and here again the imitation of safflower colour stands soap and light, whilst safflower colours do not. Next, we hear of 'a magnificent crimson colour,' called madder, obtained from—no, the reader will hardly guess—from guano! This remarkable result may be said to have been initiated by Prout's discovery of purpurin of saffron in the feces of serpents; hence years of patient research by the expert of chemists have been spent in working it out. And for green, dyes are no longer to be dependent on combinations of blue and yellow, but on substances native to the English market, imported as 'green indigo,' from China, and in the use of the green colouring matter of plants—chlorophyll, as botanists call it. This product is actually obtained from grass by boiling, and a course of chemical treatment which causes a green pigment to precipitate to fall. Another product is 'patent gum,' also for the use of dyers, to be employed instead of the flour and other farinesubstances which they now have recourse to for thickening their mordants, consuming annually several hundred tons. This patent gum is manufactured by adding to one ton of dry farina sixty gallons of buttermilk, and calcining the whole in the ordinary way.' Mr Calvert further made public a process for preparing sulphurous acid on a large scale with the following advantage. 'The rate at which the rate of production of sulphuric acid increases with the rate at which the rate of production of this gas is increased; and for part we cannot help hoping that nobody ignorant of parliament will be allowed to set aside a hasty vote the conclusions of men wiser than himself.

The question of steel railway bars is still under discussion; iron rails wear out much too fast; but, except for the 'points' or switchers, the harder metal has not come into use. Some engineers contend that its introduction would effect a great economy, as it is shown by instances of another kind. A peculiar sort of steel made in a painting shop, acetone being used for the steam-boilers, under the name of ' boiler steel' and 'homogeneous metal.' Made into boiler-plates, it is much lighter and stronger than iron; and having been satisfactorily tried on board a war-steamer, three sets of boilers for one of the largest merchant vessels were constructed at Woolwich. Where quick action is required, the 'homogeneous metal' has a decided superiority; moreover, it does not rust. We hear that the plate for Dr Livingstone's steam-launch are made of it.—Concordia cables. The German naturalista, a piece of fossil iron was shown; and a fossil tree, found in a floating island off the coast of Sweden, in which the minute cells were replaced by native iron. These facts of high interest to geologists suggest the theory, as it furnishes additional evidence that iron is an aqueous deposit.

Professor Bailey (United States) brings forward new facts to the continent that green-sand is a formation produced by shells of minute animals, giving rise to a beautiful green sand, and in the course of the oceanic survey, it has been discovered that a similar formation is now going on at the bottom of the Atlantic, chiefly in the line of the Gulf Stream. Hence, like coral, green-sand is of organic origin. Another geological fact from the same quarter is that artesian wells have been bored by the army-engineers in the great arid plains between the Mesilla Valley and New Mexico, and with perfect success. When Congress can be persuaded to vote a sufficient sum, wells will be opened all along the line of travel, and the 'manifest destiny' will cease to fear peering by thirst while accomplishing itself in that direction.

The culture of the vine—viniculture, as some call it—is spreading in the States. There are more than...
2000 acres of vineyards in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati alone; and Ohio now produces yearly 500,000 gallons of wine. The most esteemed grapes are the Catawba and Isabella. The Academy at Paris offers a prize for an essay on 'Experiments and Observations on the Influence exerted by Insects on the Production of Diseases in Plants.' It is wanted for the year 1860.—The setout eaten by the Arabs in Algeria, is said to be the bulb of Iris japonica, and fifty times more nutritious than the potato. The Société d'Accli- mation have introduced it into France, and are trying to cultivate it to a larger size than it arrives at in African soil.—The council of the Royal Agricultural Society state in their Report just published that their last year's exhibition at Salisbury was 'one of the most remarkable assemblages of live-stock ever held in this country.' Chester is to be the place of meeting this year, and it will be characterised by the distribution of a considerable number of local prizes; among which are sums from L1 to L10 for dairymaids and cheese-makers. The Society's Journal contains a continuation of Mr Henfrey's paper on Vegetable Physiology; and a report by Prof. Simpson on the Steppe murrain, or Rinderpest—the cattle disease which has for some time past been much dreaded by farmers and graziers. The author suggests an origin in the plague of cattle in Egypt, mentions the murrain of which nearly all the cattle in Chitral's dominions died in 1840, treat of the symptoms and effects of the disease, and of the precautions to be taken to prevent its importation; and concludes by saying, that 'no definite plan of treatment can be laid down, except it is that of supporting the fluids of vital power. The nature is attempting to rid the system of the poison, and then endeavouring to counteract the ill effects which ensue.'

Dr Stark's address to the Meteorological Society of Scotland bears encouraging testimony to the progress of the science of the weather north of the Tweed. The doctor believes that our prevalent winds have much more to do with the temperature of the island than the Gulf Stream has; he traces the phenomena of atmospheric waves, and discovers the storm period which is one part of their manifestations, from November to March inclusive. Storms, as experience shews, may be looked for about the 20th of November; storms again in February; for the other months, the data are not yet fully made out. He recommends that a barometer should be set up at every fishing-port, under charge of one person competent to note its indications, and advise fishermen accordingly. A fall always tells the passing or approach of the hollow of the atmospheric wave; and it is the hollow, and not the crest, which brings storm and tempest. He touches, too, on the theory of storms, and with a practical application to the seas around our own coasts, and to the Atlantic; we quote the passage for its obvious utility: 'As our winter-storms,' says the doctor, 'seem chiefly dependent on an atmospheric wave stretching in a line from north-east to south-west, and moving with very great velocity from the north-west to the south-east, all our great winter-storms will come in the direction of the line of this wave—that is, either from the south-west or north-east. If the mariner, therefore, with a falling barometer, finds the wind setting in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veering towards the north, he may expect the storm to burst over him from south-east. If, on the other hand, with the falling barometer, the wind sets in from the south-west, and as it increases in strength, veers towards the east, then he may expect the storm to burst on him from the north-east. In both cases, therefore, he will be brought most speedily out of the storm if he put the head of the ship to the north-west. In every other direction he would only be driving before the storm.'

MY FRIEND.

Mr Friend has a cheerful smile of his own, and a musical tongue he has, We delight in each other's face, And are very good company. A heart he has, full warm and red As ever a heart I see; And as long as I live I love him, Why, he'll keep true to me. When the wind blows high, and the snow falls fast, And the wassailers jest and roar, My Friend and I, with a right good-will, We bolt the chamber door: I smile as he and he smiles at me In a dreamy calm profound, Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin gray hair, And reddens my ash cheeks; He knows me better than you, or I know, Though never a word he speaks; Knows me as well as some had known, Were things—not as they be: Be hey, what matters? My Friend and I Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still, He opens his pictures fair, Faces that are—that used to be— And faces that never were. My life sits sewing beside the hearth My little ones frolic wild: Though—Lillian's wedded these twenty year, And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh May weep to—nor—: and they Who weep be as those that wept not—all It is so long since. Let us burn out, like you, my Friend, With a bright warm heart and bold, That flickers up to the last, then drops Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my Friend, In the old man's elbow-chair, Or—in something quieter still, where we Lie down, to arise all fair, And young, and happy—why then, my Friend, He says no little word, and I little hear Tell him, I lived, and loved, and died In the best of all company!

UNNATURAL DEATHS IN ENGLAND.

The registrar-general, in his last quarterly return, shows that the mortality for all England and Wales is 22 in the thousand, while in 64 districts throughout the country in which the sanitary conditions are the least unfavourable, it is only 17 in the thousand. 'Without affirming, on physiological grounds, that man was created to live a destined number of years, or to go through a series of changes which are only completed in eighty, ninety, or a hundred years, experience furnishes us with a standard which can only be said to be too high. It is 1000 is supplied as a standard by experience. Here we stand upon the actual. Any deaths in a people exceeding 17 in 1000 annually are unnatural deaths. If the people were shot, drowned, burned, poisoned by strychnine, their deaths would not be more unnatural than the deaths wrought clandestinely by disease in excess of the quota of natural death—that is, in excess of seventeen deaths in 1000 living.' By this calculation, it would seem that the number of unnatural deaths last year was 60,920.

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ON SQUINTING AS ONE OF THE ARTS.

Occasionally in the world's history arts have been left. Thanks, however, to man's ingenuity, their number is, on the whole, upon the increase. Sometimes they spring up in a night, invented and patented before morning; sometimes they have a long struggle for existence, but win it in the end. Perhaps the most interesting cases are those where despised merit at length makes good its claim, asserting itself until the Society of Arts is forced to open its ranks for a new member. It seems to us that the claims of squinting, to be considered as such, have never as yet been recognised nor even examined. At the best, it has never taken higher rank than as an accomplishment, giving a very limited pleasure to very few, and utterly barren of other results. Certain new ideas, however, have at length brought it into repute, and made it prominent in society as an intellectual relaxation. Not only so, but the power of judicious squinting—a power susceptible of a high degree of cultivation—has become, in the eyes (how we miss the usual phrase, 'in the hands') of the philosopher, a valuable instrument of scientific investigation.

These are not paradoxes, but simple matters of fact. If we were not continually being reminded, by the history of science, that the simplest secrets are the last to be discovered, it would astonish us to reflect for how long a time men lived in ignorance of the advantage of having two eyes. They would realise, of course, under the contingency of losing one, the convenience of having the other to fall back upon; but not until the second quarter of this century was it clearly seen what other specific purpose was served by a double organisation; or in what respect, except that of beauty, which is after all conventional, the perfect man was superior to the Cyclop. The history of this discovery is wonderfully interesting. It may thus be shortly written: A few ingenious gentlemen squinted thoughtfully and knowingly for a few evenings, and the problem was set at rest. Science was satisfied, but the art of squinting had yet to be popularised. Science, out of gratitude, lent her aid, and invented a stereoscope; thus making a repetition of the original experiment, to which she was so much indebted, to become a charming recreation for all, and teaching, amongst other things beautiful and instructive, how much is gained by the power of judiciously converging our optic axes.

When a one-eyed man looks, as we have seen one look, into a stereoscope, and declares the effect to be wonderful, we feel for him; but delicacy forbids us to expound to him that he has missed the purpose of the instrument, nor can ever see its true wonders. When a lady, on the other hand, naively declares that the effect is to her improved by closing one eye, we see that she is one who is not living up to her privileges, and proceed gently to shew her that she is sacrificing one of her most important optical advantages. 'Madam,' we say, 'you cannot squint with one eye; and this little instrument was invented simply to assist you to squint—nothing more.' Having startled her to attention, we explain to her that with one eye she was simply looking at a photograph slightly magnified, the objects in which were rendered apparently solid only by the distribution of light and shade, as in an ordinary picture; but that there are two pictures on the slide, which are dissimilar, and that both of these must be seen together, before any real solidity is given. That the lenses do combine these dissimilar pictures into one, is perhaps most simply shown by covering them over alternately with a piece of white paper on which cross-lines have been drawn; the cross is then seen, on looking into the instrument, to be lying upon the uncovered picture. 'You see then, madam, that one must be placed on the other.' She evidently thinks it in a double sense an imposition.

However, our present purpose is not with the stereoscope, except in so far as it is an appliance which enables thousands daily, without their knowing it, to practise an art whose claims we happen now to be taking under our especial patronage. Squinting, in fact, opens a new source of pleasure, and puts us in possession of a new power absolutely unattainable by any other process. It was invented long since, this art of seeing double; but probably, from being known to be a power often developed under discreditable circumstances, and obtained, it would seem, only in exchange for other more valuable faculties, it has fallen into disrepute, and is rarely practised in sober society. Now, however, that in these our times its practice has become with artificial aid an almost universal recreation, its advocacy can be open to no suspicion.

We are familiar, and men have long been so, with the idea of machinery superseding manual labour; but few realise the fact, that the purpose of an optical instrument can be to save muscular exertion; and yet we may reasonably enough imagine what would have been the consequences of the non-invention of the stereoscope. The wonderful results brought to light by squinting would for a time have remained known only to the philosophers. Those few who could appreciate the scientific import of those experiments, to which we have before made reference, would
have repeated them with their proper eyes, and communicated the results to one another. Soon, however, the general world would have caught up the interest; a mania would have set in, and the optic muscles of society at large would have had a hard time of it. Fortunately, a philosopher appeared as a Deus ex machina, and saved them; so that now those who want only to enjoy the results, and are content to wonder, are spared the necessity of subjecting their optic muscles to a sedentary duty.

In this case there is a royal road, cheap and expedientsious enough. But it is, as it were, a railway cut through a tunnel and between close embankments, and those who travel by it see nothing by the way; so that, for so short a distance, we advise those who like exercise and roadside interest, to walk it.

It was announced, at the time of the first introduction of the stereoscope, that the same results might be produced without the instrument as with it, by the simple convergence of two stereoscopic diagrams. There were few, however, who tried the experiment with success, and fewer still who arrived at any conclusion as to how the details were com­posed; and so, all the other arts presuppose the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical dexterity. If any posses, or have eighteempeence to spare upon, the well-known stereoscopic slides which consist of mathematical figures in which the objects are to be viewed, by placing them under the stereoscope, will, as before, be found to be a substitute for the real thing, and do very well, but if you are the same sort of person as I am, you will not be satisfied with any other sort of test. So the idea was certainly a good one, and the public is always ready to be duped. But the public is also a very fickle one, and very apt to have a change of heart. So the idea was certainly a good one, and the public is always ready to be duped. But the public is also a very fickle one, and very apt to have a change of heart.

A small cardboard box about the size and shape of an ordinary stereotype, with such a screen as we have described fixed permanently in it at the proper distance—which may easily be found by experiment—and two candles at the top of the eye, will, we may promise our readers, fully repay the small investment of ingenuity and trouble required for its construction. If across the aperture of the screen a thread is stretched with a small knot in the centre, it will generally direct the eye to the precise point at which the stereoscopic effect starts into view. We have thus not only put ourselves out of all obligation to lenses, but we have obtained a most curious and interesting result. The solid image we now see is, as we have said from that which the same diagrams produce for us when looked at through the ordinary stereoscope. It seems nearer to the eyes, and smaller than before, and is, besides, reversed, concaveities having become convex, a raised corner of a table into a hollow one, and a wavy line being turned inside out, as one might serve a stecking. Does any one ask the reason, he is in a fit state to receive further instruction. Punish the chance, to the end the idol was procured by these means. Squinting, in fact, with precision is a difficult matter. With most persons, to attempt to bring the eyes to a point at a distance of eight inches in front of the nose, would probably be not attended with success; and to bring that point back or throw it forward an inch at the word of command would require some practice. The fingers, however, must learn to measure on the violin lengths which are calculable with mathematical nicety, before the right note can be sounded; and so, all the other arts presuppose the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical dexterity. If any possess, or have eighteempeence to spare upon, the well-known stereoscopic slides which consist of mathematical figures in which the objects are to be viewed, by placing them under the stereoscope, will, as before, be found to be a substitute for the real thing, and do very well, but if you are the same sort of person as I am, you will not be satisfied with any other sort of test. So the idea was certainly a good one, and the public is always ready to be duped. But the public is also a very fickle one, and very apt to have a change of heart.

There are, we imagine, for persons who can readily converge their eyes to a point further from themselves than two objects, two candles, so as to see an image of a third candle between them. It is not, however, by any means an unattainable feat. The first condition of success is that the two objects be not so near as the two eyes. The ordinary stereoscopic slides are unfit for the purpose of these further experiments, corresponding points upon them being not closer to one another than two inches and a half. Some of those geometrical diagrams which we have described, however, as simple that they may readily be drawn to a diminished scale. With a pair so drawn, the attempt may be made. A hint to success may be furnished from these considerations. We shall want, as before, to finish the two side-images; but, as the eyes are now not to cross in front of the diagrams, the left-hand diagram must be concealed from the right eye, and conversely, so that the eyes may look straight forward at the pictures in front of the stereoscope, and not diagonal, as they usually do, this will, we think, fore­more simplify the problem. Place the two diagrams nearly close together upon the table; hold a card vertically as a wall of partition between them, so that the eyes may look each down a different side of the card. Soon a single picture will be seen, as before, and the same end. If, however, we should say, a solid image produced by the combination of the two pictures. This image will be the same as is produced in the ordinary stereoscope by the same diagrams placed in the same way; so that if we can turn the card over, and let the left eye again, though it is looking at the other picture, still sees out of its corner that which is immediately in front of it. To shut the obtrusive images out, all that is wanted is a card with a hole in it about an inch square; this held with the middle point of the hole where the pencil was before it was withdrawn, will let the stereoscopic image through, and stop the two others.
were greater than it is, distract them. The lenses of a stereoscope, therefore, aid us in two ways: they give us the advantage of viewing larger pictures; and, again, save us the trouble of finding the right point at which to look, by artificially placing the two pictures together, and leaving us to look at them at our leisure. For our part, gratefully acknowledging this assistance, we yet contend that as long as the optic axes remain unadulterated, men will not appreciate at its true value a discovery which throws clear light on part of the mystery of vision, and distinctly gives the nineteenth century a better idea. That we obtain our perception of solidity from the fact, that the two images of a solid body formed in the two eyes are dissimilar, could not be demonstrated otherwise than by reconciling two such dissimilar plane images, and obtaining thereby a perception of solidity. Herein was the art of asquinting the handed-sides in science. Most persons, regarding the stereoscope as belonging to the genus "optical instrument," are content to let its wonders drop to natural magic, or say generally that it is an illusion of the eyes. True; but as it is an illusion which any one, with ten minutes' practice, may reproduce at pleasure without any instrument whatever, and helps, moreover, the inured to see things as they really are, it is well to try our own powers, and reflect upon what they make manifest to us. Therefore do we advocate an art, through the practice of which a few minutes in the present generation may obtain a sight of the interesting truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

**THE SANTA CASA OF LORETO.**

Encouraged by a night of well-earned sleep, the morning following our arrival in Loreto found us assembled in the general salle de la, waiting for breakfast and the return of the V—— family, the servants told us, had gone out soon after dawn. They speedily came in with cheerful faces, having fulfilled all the devotional exercises prescribed to devout Roman Catholics on their first visit to the Santa Casa, and, after a brief explanation of sight, interested truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

*See Journal No. 90, From Ancona to Loreto.* The present article forms the sequel of a somewhat remarkable series of pages, which have been long looked for by the English lady described in an English family, but in the heart of native society. In the preceding one, the authoress, accompanied by a party of ladies already introduced to the wonders of the Holy House of that place. Another article, giving an amusing account of a notable Charitable concert, will conclude the series.

packet of sugar-plums, in the discussion whereof all controversial bitterness was soon for ever banished.

These amiable relations had for some time been suspended, owing to his prospering in the world, and having been translated to a canon's stall at Loreto—identity an easy and thriving poet. As soon as the first expressions of pleasure at the unexpected meeting were over, the canonico was introduced in form to the V——, the officers, and the cupida forestiera, and had a varied compliment for each member of the party; after which, without the slightest modulation of voice, but rather in a thrilling pianissimo, he proceeded to knock at the door. But on recovering his breath, insisted that, although it was certainly too late to think of preparing a dinner, they should not be left off so easily as they expected, and must enter a house of worship, in seeing things as they really are, it is well to try our own powers, and reflect upon what they make manifest to us. Therefore do we advocate an art, through the practice of which a few minutes in the present generation may obtain a sight of the interesting truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

This important business being satisfactorily adjusted, he took his leave, and we set forth to visit the shrine where pilgrim-kings have worshipped.

Strangers were evidently no rarity in Loreto, and the admiring gaze of the population did not greet our appearance as at Umans. Simply looked upon as travellers, and legitimate objects of prayer, we were soon beset by the vendors of the trinkets peculiar to the place, and imposed upon without mercy. I have no hesitation in saying that the corse, or chapslets, with which the middlemen persisted in filling their pockets, and the bracelets of ten beads called corone nila seeds—an infinite supply whereof l'officier marit seemed to consider it his duty to charge them at least three times their value. The main street, already noticed, opens upon a spacious square, adorned by a fountain and two handsome colonnades, and flanked by the palace of the bishop and the Jeunet's College at the upper end, on a raised ground, stands the church of the Santa Casa, a large and commanding edifice.

The interior is profusely decorated, and contains numerous side-chapels enriched with pictures in mosaic; but the object on which the eye first rests on entering is a structure of an oblong form of white Carrara marble, completely incrusted with statues, Corinthish columns, and exquisite bas-reliefs, placed on a platform accessible by three or four broad steps, immediately beneath the altar. This is the Holy House, or, more properly speaking, the costly building raised over the reputed cottage of Nazareth, at once to impede its future migrations, and preserve it for the everlasting of the faithful. Entering into the sacred tabernacle, a gorgeous vision strikes upon the senses—golden lamps suspended from the ceiling, shed a mellow but subdued light upon an altar, where jewelled chalices, crucifixes, and candelabras are arrayed in glittering profusion, surrounded by an image, whose literally a blaze of diamonds is radiating. Here prostrate forms are always seen, and bowslent in pensive adoration; and here many a guilt-worn wretch, coming from distant realms, in penury and toil, has sunk rejoicing on his knees, and deemed his pardon won!
Above, around, on every side, are evidences of the piety and liberality of the princely votaries to the shrine, whose offerings were pointed out with conscious pride by the young priest who had attached himself to our party. The figure of the Madonna and Child, rudely carved in cedar, and said to be the workmanship of St Luke, is absolutely covered with gems. The two heads are encircled with tiaras of immense value, and the black velvet in which the shapeless trunk of the image is unwashed, is scarcely discernable amid the clouds of gold, silver, and other precious jewels of the most sparkling brilliants overlying it. Each jewel, and candlestick, and lamp, has its donor and its history, and all duly registered in printed catalogues annexed to the authenticated relation of the house and its mysterious fittings. This book sets forth how, in the year 1294, the Santa Casa, where the Virgin had meekly dwelt, and watched the childhood of her son, was first lifted from its foundations by angel hands, and borne from the pavement immediately surrounding the Holy House, by the knees of pilgrims, in the most magnificent pageant the imagination can conceive. Divine apparitions transported it across the Adriatic to a hill in the vicinity of Ancona; thence, after one or two brief haltings, it was finally conveyed to Loreto, where the speedy erection of a church over the spot here stood and adorned the piazza of the inhabitants, and secured them the continuance of its presence.

From that time the cottage of Nazareth went on increasing in fame and riches; miracles were wrought by means of relics, and prayers of the pontiffs contended who should do it honour, until 1379, when the sun of its prosperity became clouded. The pitiless exactions of the French compelled Pius VI. to have recourse to the treasures of the Madonna di Loreto to meet his compulsory demands; and in the fierce invaders captured the town, and sent the venerable image to Paris. It was restored, however, a few years afterwards, to the joy of all sincere adherents to the church, and was solemnly crowned by Pius VII. with those same diadems whose rainbow lustre dazzles the beholder. The internal dimensions of the Santa Casa are those of a mere hut—27 English feet in length, 12½ feet in breadth, and 10½ feet in height. The ceiling is blackened by the smoke of the many lamps which are perpetually burning; the lower walls are covered with plates of silver, gilded and wrought into bas-reliefs, except on one side where a portion of the original masonry is left exposed. It is of course brick-work, discoloured by time, and worn smooth by the kisses continually pressed upon it. The priest pointed to a rude sort of recess, which he told us was the fireplace of the Holy Family, and then produced a cup or bowl called La Scodella Santa, from which the Madonna used to drink. All the faithful reverently press their lips to this relic, and then place in it their chaplets, crosses, or medals, to be blessed.

The well-known story of a channel being worn on the pavement lately by the Holy House, by the knees of pilgrims, is not in the least exaggerated. There are two distinct furrows in the marble, traced there by the thousands who have yearly dragged themselves, in this attitude of devotion, for the number of times around its walls. At the moment of our visit, several peasant-women were thus shuffling along, seemingly without much inconvenience, with the exception of one, whose attitude and appearance produced a painful impression on my mind. She was working her way round on her hands and knees, drawing as she went a line with her tongue upon the pavement. I know not how long she had been in that position, but it was horrible to view: her face was black and swollen; her eyes starting from their sockets; the veins on her forehead standing out like tight strained cords, and mingled blood and saliva flowing from her mouth. Our conductor looked unconcernedly at the poor wretch as we passed, and said in answer to my appealing glances: 'It is only a great pain you may be sure she richly deserves it: there are many who come here in this way to expiate their sins,' and then he stalked on, leading the way to the treasury, as if the subject were too commonplace for further consideration.

The Sala del Tesoro is a magnificent hall richly painted in fresco, the ceiling representing the death of the Madonna, surrounded by the apostles, and the walls adorned with bas-reliefs, and adorned with glass doors, in which are deposited the numerous and yearly increasing offerings to the shrine. Many of these are of great value, although of course not equaling the splendor of those displayed upon and around the image. Some evidence considerable eccentricity is the donors, such as the king of Saxony's wedding-suit, a full court costume of gold and silver brocade, estimated at I forgot how many thousand crowns; others, a papal type—silver statues of saints, crucifixes, and church vessels; but the majority of gifts comprise necklaces, gold chains, rings, brooches, watches, cups, flagons, silver hearts—contributions from every nation and every class—from the sovereigns, the nobility, and the peasantry. About the quarter St Germain, to the coral pendants a por contadina has proffered in gratitude for last year's vintage.

At a moderate computation, the present collection would amply stock a score of jewellers' shops; nevertheless, as a gray-haired sacristan informed us with a sigh, it is not worthy to be named in the same breath with the glories of the ancient treasury.

Thence we were re-conducted to the church, to see the most splendid of the chapels, the soberly coloured, full-sized admirable copies of celebrated masters, and of course most valuable from the tedium and minuteness requisite in their execution. Besides these there are some originals by Guercino, which other collectors, artists, their subjects mostly referring to different passages in the life of the Virgin, as supplied by legends of the east, the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and other traditional sources. But of all the monuments of the pontiffs or pontificate of the Roman pontiffs, who for centuries lavished large sums on the adornment of this edifice, nothing can compete with the marble casing that encloses the Santa Casa. This costly monument of the best times of Italian art, projected in July II., was commenced under Leo X. and in its execution the most eminent sculptors seem to have vied in leaving worthy memorials of their skill. Designed by Bramante—Sassovino, Bandinelli, Giovanni da Bologna, besides others scarcely less illustrious, were employed on the bas-reliefs, and those groups of prophets and sibyls, which in majestic beauty still rivet the admiration of the beholder.

There is a figure of Jeremiah, by Sassovino, at the angle of the western façade, the sublime mournfulness of which haunts me even now.

We were still engaged in our survey, when we were joined by my cousins' friend the canonico, panting for breath, who had come to remind us of our engagement. Accordingly, we adjourned en masse to his habitation, situated in a veritable alley, a narrow street, or rather lane; and climbing up a steep, dark, and indescribably dirty staircase, arrived at last at the ultimo piano, where the door was opened with many courtesies by a middle-aged, demure-looking personage, introduced by the canonico as La Signora Piacida, his niece and housekeeper.

The entrance-hall was in the usual style of dwellings of this description, with four carved-back settles or benches, some indistinguishable oil-paintings in frames that had once been gilded, a clothes-horse, a brown and dust-pan—whose offices were mere sinecures, to judge by the appearance of the floor—and so on.
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From this we were ushered into the sala, which contained a horse-hair sofa, so hard and high that one was spiritually slipping off, and six chairs to correspond: a folded card-table whereon stood a silver lacern, and a press with glass-doors, in which a set of cups and saucers was displayed.

To accommodate their numerous guests, our host and his niece brought in a number of chairs from adjoining rooms, and seated us with great bustle and ceremony; an operation diversified by the Signora Piaccida's continuously darting into some obscure region of the house, whence she could be overheard disputing with a shrill-voiced servant, and then coming out, all eyes were on her and plates, in a manner that singularly belied her name. Meantime, the canonico talked and gesticulated, patted the youngest midshipman on the head, to his evident disgust, entertained Madame V——, with the history of his relative, on whose virtues he pronounced a glowing panegyric, and recounted to the consul the latest miracles performed at the Santa Casa, while he shook his finger playfully at my cousins, as if to show, that on the altar, dedicate the ancient hostilities. Presently the circle received an addition in the shape of another priest, Don Antonio, a great friend of our canonico's, and almost as roxy, and purry, and jovial as himself, who now came to his own care of the good, and see the family.

This was one of those quaint Italian friendships I have so often noticed. It commenced in boyhood at the seminary, had been renewed on our host's establishing himself at Loreto, and would probably continue as long as they both lived. Regularly as clock-work used Don Antonio to come every evening to make la società—limited to himself, I believe—play at cards, and discuss the petty scandal of the day. I asked him if they ever read, at which he smiled and said, the idle talk of people going through the daily office in the breviary, for his part he must own he had had enough of study. This facetious response was loudly echoed by the canonico, and they laughed over it in chorus with a sound more resembling the shaking of stones in a barrel than any human manifestation of hilarity.

The chocolate was now brought in by the servo, and handed to us by the two friends and the niece. It was made thick, and served in cups without handles, and tea-spoons not being considered requisite, the unintoxicated found some difficulty in discussing it with propriety; but after watching our entertainers, we perceived that the approved method was to steep it in morsels of rusks which had been distributed at the entrance of the room, which was left open to a slight draught through the medium of the thumb and forefinger.

This was followed by trays of ices and sweetmeats from the cafè, the canonico observing significantly, he well remembered the signorina were always fond of dolci; and when, to please him, every one had eaten as much as he possibly could, he insisted on pouring all the remaining bon-bons into our handkerchiefs, to amuse us, as he expressed it, on our way home.

When mentioning this to a later guest, and being asked if he thought the house and rooms were in such a small adjoining room, containing a writing-table with a dried-up inkstand, and two or three shelves adorned with some very dusty dry-looking folios in parchment covers, the good Don told us, he retired to when he studied or had letters to write—both rare occurrences, it was evident. Next we were shown the dining-room, with no furniture but a table and rush-bottomed chairs, and opening into the kitchen—a custom also generally followed in houses of higher pretensions, but opposed to all our notions of quiet or refinement; and, lastly, into his and the niece's sleeping apartments, in each a clumsy wooden bedstead, rickety chest of drawers—on which, under a glass shade, stood a figure of the Infant St John in wax, with staring blue eyes and flaxen curls—two chairs, the usual tripod-shaped washing-stand, and an engraving of some devotional subject, with a crucifix, a little receptacle for holy-water, and a palm that had been blessed at Easter, hanging near the pillow. You may enter a hundred bedrooms in families of the middle class in this part of Italy, and see them fitted up after the same pattern; those of the provincial nobility have a little more display in mirrors, or pictures, but no greater comfort.

The introduction of all the visitors into the canonico's chamber was not, I suspect, wholly without design; for our attention was speedily attracted to a cotta or slab of fine white marble lying upon the bed, talking of an elaborate specimen of the art of crimping it was possible to behold. The niece immediately held it up for our closer inspection, while the uncle stood by smiling; and in answer to our praises of the exquisite designs of flowers, leaves, &c., with which it was wrought, entirely by a manual process, told us it was the work of the nuns of a particular order—I forget the name—a very strict one, moreover, who, by way of serving the Lord, spent all the rest of their time in this part of the priestly vestments. This marvellous example of fine plaiting, however, was but the least recommendation of the ephod, which was trimmed with a deep flounce of the most magnificent point-fringe.

'Look at that, look at that!' chuckled the canonico, rubbing his hands with glee; 'that is the lace which all the ladies of Loreto, and Recanati, and Macerata——yes, all of them together—are envious of, when I walk in the procession of the Festa maini! I have been offered five hundred dollars for it by a Russian princess who came here on a pilgrimage; but I could not make up my mind to part with it. Look at that tracery—look at that ground, it is perfect—not a single thread broken;' and he descended on it with the zest of a connoisseur.

When he paused in his raptures—Signor Canonico,' meekly suggested the Signora Piaccida, 'may I fetch the stool you have just had worked?'

'Ah, the little vain thing!' was the rejoinder; 'she is so proud of my vestments! It is a trifle though——Well, well, bring it out.' And from a long pasteboard box, duly enveloped in tissue-paper, the Signora Piaccida drew forth a gorgeous stole, the original texture cloth of silver, but almost concealed by raised embroidery in gold.

'The canonico has not worn this yet; it is for the great funzione—that is, church-ceremony—of the Madonna in August,' said the niece, with as much earnestness as if she were to meet the mistress of her master's preparations for a ball, and disposing it so that it might be viewed to the greatest advantage. It really was beautiful as a work of art, due to the skill, as Don Antonio informed us, of another set of nuns, who exclusively applied themselves to needlework in gold and silver.

The pleasure this good man took in the display of his friend's possessions, impressed me very favourably. 'Per Bacco!' he exclaimed, handling the vestment with respect—'each time I see it, it strikes me more! It is worth——as——as——as——emitting a long sobbulousitory whistley, expressive in the Marche of something unlimited, whether of good cheer, astonishment, money, or so forth.

'Fie, vie,' said the canonico modestly, 'it is not much a poor priest can do. Still, we may place it at the same value as the lace, and be within the mark.'

Our reiterated admiration evidently enchanted the trio; in fact, it was altogether with the most amicable feelings, and with mutual thanks and protestations, we took our leave, the politeness of our entertainer and Don Antonio leading them to give us their company in visiting the bishop's palace and the Farmacéa, or pharmacy of the Santa Casa, the last
renowned for its collection of majolica, consisting of five hundred vases coloured from designs by Raphael and his pupils.

No adventures befell us in these perambulations, except that we were more beset and pestered than before, if possible, by the beggars, who followed us in groups and for whom, I felt, something, no alms-house or refuge of any kind existed. Concluding our sight-seeing with another visit to the Santa Casa, there remained but time for a hasty dinner, ere we set out on our return to Ancona, where, as we were repeatedly reminded, necessitated our departure in broad daylight.

The usual scene of clamour, begging, imprecations, and blessings attended our exit from Loreto, a place which presents the strongest contrasts of wealth and poverty it has ever been my lot to witness, or entered my imagination to conceive.

A VOICE FROM BAKER STREET.

"I come from Alabama," but my father's name being of no sort of importance to the public, I reserve it. Suffice it to say that I am an American citizen who has tasted the spirit of his age as a transcendentalist, but a spirit-rapper; not only a spirit-rapper, but a clairvoyant; and clairvoyance, comprehending of course the well-known faculty of understanding the thoughts of animals, is all that at present I have to offer. I have addressed to judges for myself upon every institution of which the old country boasts. I was present at the Smithfield show this year, in Baker Street, and observed narrowly — and marvellingly — can be applied to such animals — the fat cattle, and among the most interesting results. I here subjoin an account of a conversation held, upon the evening of the last day of the show, with an enormously obese, but nevertheless exceedingly intelligent pig. Almost all his brushers had been removed to a place remote, from motives of delicacy. I am not only a clairvoyant myself, but have tacitly agreed to call elsewhere, so that our discourse was quite uninterrupted. I had been getting some leading questions to the animal regarding his personal history, and nothing, or nothing, as he termed it, exceed the candour and openness of his replies. The following is the substance of his experiences, which — as he is, alas! now no more — I feel no hesitation in giving to the public. On my remonstrating with him, at the request of the profession, upon his perpetual use of the monosyllabic 'Umgh, Umgh,' he repeated it with some solemnity, and continued as follows:

'Umgh, Umgh! I wish I could set down in writing the sentiments which that expression in the mouth of any one of our much-suffering fanny conveys to porcine ears. No sigh of lover was ever heard so affecting, or cost its utterer more pain than the effort, believe me. I am a swine myself, a porker, a Baker Street prize-pig, and I ought to know. Umgh, Umgh. I don't say it comes from the heart, because, like some other over-fed people I might name, I have no heart worth mentioning; but it comes from that spot which the organ of my softer affections, the home of my love once was, his house. The idolised of the Royal Free Hospital, who saw the very last of my dear brother-in-law, who was at my side but the other day.'

'Was Mr Gant?' said I, with feeling.

'Mr Gant,' replied the pig, 'is a medical gentleman who has most humanely given a good deal of his time to an investigation of our woes. You may have seen some of his letters, perhaps, in the daily papers. In reply to a post-mortem examination by this same Mr Gant, it transpired, that my stout connection, or a celebrated Berkshire family, and highly esteemed — had been going about, or at least had been lying down upon one another for the last six months "with a hypertrophied left ventricle, and a liver of a dark ural colour;" besides which he enjoyed "congestion of the hepatic veins of the left lobes." I overheard this as being the "Post, one moment among the rest of the fashionable intelligence, and it made me return; which, considering that I weigh one-and-twenty stone, is not, as you may imagine, a very easy thing to do. What did Mr Gant want there in illustration of the pathogenetic condition of my brother-in-law, and other of his Berkshire relatives, while exhibiting in the Baker Street Bazaar? Why this: "They lay helpless on their sides, with their noses propped up against each other's backs, as if endeavouring to breathe, or so easily; but their respiration is laboured, suffocating, and at long intervals. Then you hear a short catching snore, which shook the whole body of the animal, and passed with the motion of a wave over its fat surface, which, moreover, furls cold." I protest, sir, that I have not heard of a fat waistband, or the motion of a wave over my surface, and I dare say, had you put your hand on me just then, that I should have, moreover, furls cold. Why, this boils anything that one ever heard of a swine. They have laid their heads on their heels, and their waists, and their heads. The fat waistband — that of making wooden pavements, for one — but not "with their noses propped against each other's backs," I do believe.

'They do breathe rather stertorously under the pocket-coat, and after dinner, perhaps, but — Umgh, Umgh — the most appallingly of them has the inspiration of a sleeping infant compared with mine. Turtle even twice a day is no match for oil-cats, you may depend upon it. A certain Devon cow, so acquaintance of my deceased brother-in-law, attracted the benevolent surgeon's attention in this exhibition by looking extremely ill, and "laying her head and neck flat upon the ground like a greyhound." He asked an attendant what was the matter with her, and who replied: "I knows nothing of them beasties in particular; but it's the case with many on 'em, I knows that." He might have said, with very little exaggeration, "with all on 'em." There was, for instance, his Great Riding Pig. I am not making a pike for my own kind only, but for sheep or what not, wether or no, in one common cause — had a heart weighing two and a half ounces. Its external surface was very soft, greasy, and of a dirty brownish-yellow colour; observes the doc — on opening the two ventricular cavities, their external surface and substance were equally soft, greasy, and yellow throughout; an appearance due to the infusion of fat between the muscular fibres of which the heart should chiefly consist. The wedging in of fat for muscle is proved (by the microscope) to have ensued; for when examined, the muscular fibres so long presented the characteristic cross-markings, but the fibroïds within the fibres were entirely broken up by the globules of fat. The fullness and weight of the beast had therefore thoroughly degenerated by its conversion into fat." The heart of the Prince-consort's Devon heifer had both ventricles completely turned into fat. "Did you ever?" as my poor master used to observe to the general company when examine at some proof of my superporcelain sagacity. It was through his good offices — severe as they at the time appeared to me — that I became a scholar.

'I was once the learned pig of Grosewich and other fairs, too numerous to mention. Those fairs have long been abolished. Those days have fled for ever;"
but the remembrance of them is still to me most sad, most sweet. "Threw from the depth of some diviner despair," well up as I think of them, from the fusty ventricle about my heart, glimmer at those eyes whose hide I am unable to raise without the aid of my friendly feeder, and trickle down my brown pig's cheek. Henceforth little will that glint of Kent, in the same caravan with whom I had the honour to travel, imagine that I should ever come to rival her in weight and bulk. I think I see, even now, that magnificent arm of her, hanging, as if impossibly out of the open frame window, so that the people outside were induced to rush in in crowds to pay their pennies. I should have admired it more myself, had it not been for its extreme resemblance in size and colour to a Bologna sausage—a delicacy which, I understand, to have at least the flavour of pig-meat. Our very dancing-dog was at that time but little thinner than it. We were at feud with one another from first to last. I bit one of his dog's ears, I remember, during a little difficulty we had concerning the ends of the distaff and the reeling of the yarn—speedily, that is, for I have no bowels that can be called such, says Mr. Gogart, towards my sprightly companion of other days. Hence, Padmore; not so we, his last mates, were wont to call him, Happy Pig! Though thou wast half shaven as to thy body, in fanciful and even ridiculous resemblance to the king of beasts, and rather as to thine eyes than the very albino whose rival attractions excited our old master to frenzy at every fair, thou art yet at least as safe from Baker Street. Be content with thy lot. Whatever hap to thee, it is not likely that "the sper of thy left ventricle has given way" through extreme obesity, or that "the thin lining of the cavity thus produced alone prevents thy death occurring instantaneously."

When I was a learned pig, and wise in mine own conceit, I was wont to murmur: "Umph, for a life of tongue, and hair, and blood, and bones, and all the rest, to lie in the sunshine all the day long, with plenty of food to be got at without the trouble of rising!" At that time, I despised intellect. My occupation of trotting about in a literary circle—that is to say, in a circle of the educated—gave me no joy then, and it is to a round of existence tedious enough. The stopping sagsiously opposite to the young lady who was to be married within the year, and to the young gentleman who had not paid for his boots, and the guessing at the number of ciphers which should bless their union, seemed very hard work indeed. Shaking hands with my proprietor at the conclusion of the performance was to me a most painful manifestation of friendly feeling: bowing to the companion of the moment, and sitting down upon my hind-legs was perfect agony. But what were such slight personal inconveniences to the miseries I suffer now? It is only when my friendly feeder lifts my eyelids that, as I have before mentioned, I possess any evidence of having either hind-legs or fore-legs. The notion of my now standing up on two—nay, upon any, however great a number of legs—would set me laughing, only that I am fully aware that the slightest cacklation would cause my immediate death. Any attempt at a bow would now be indeed a comical, and shaking hands, my final farewell to the world. Judges (sic) of what is excellent in pigs, connoisseurs in cattle, umpires of this Baker Street abomination (held, as is most fitting, by the by, under the floor of the Room of Horrors itself), have gloated over me admiringly. They have punched and soundled that delicate ground which lies upon either side and above the spot where my little tail once was gracefully curled. (It is a comfort to reflect that even if this had been spared to me, I could certainly have never turned round so far as to catch a view of it.) They have highly commended me as "Improved Blakshaire Breed;" by way of recompense, perhaps, as they fondly imagine, for my "month lying open, and nostrils dilating at each painful inspiration."

They have given me a gold medal to wear at my breast, as if to hide that spot beneath which play—play indeed? work, and work very hard—my congested lungs.

They have called me with their flattering tongues "a picture," but never bestowed one thought as to what it cost me to put in such a frame. With my spoiled heart, with my labouring chest, with my vitiated life-fluid, I must be a healthy article of food truly; don't you think so, Brother Jonathan?"

Poor feeble pig! I, too, have hurts, curiosities, institutions, and forms of government. This is admirably illustrated by the general and popular notion the English and French nations have of each other. Nothing can be more opposite to the true natures of each than this popular judgment. To Frenchmen, we are in general a rough, barbarous, wife-selling, beer-drinking, and beef-eating nation; while to us the French are a light, fickle, grimacing, frog-loving, bowling, fiery, restless, volatile race. Now, both people have in a greater or less degree all these characteristics, and are what these adjectives designate; but these are not their abiding natures, the things which have made it possible for each to become the great and mighty nation it is: we must seek for these below the surface, and find out what is permanent, high, and noble in the hearts of them both before we can understand the causes of their greatness, and read the lessons of their histories aright.

It is not, however, to enter into the philosophical inquiry we were at present upon; our object is not so large and ambitious a character; nor, if we were inclined to pursue this most interesting course, would our space permit of any analysis that would lead to a profitable result. We confine ourselves to the more pleasing process of showing our readers what one or two of the noted living ones of France are doing to make their countrymen understand Shakespeare—a labour in which we are sure every Englishman will wish them boundless success.

Times have changed since Voltaire called Hamlet the best of 'those monstrous farces they call tragedies;' and since he was astonished 'how men's minds could have been elevated so as to look at these plays with transport; and how they are still followed after in a century which has produced Addison's Cato!'
Our French philosophers thus sum up the reason for this extraordinary fact. 'The English chairmen, the sailors, hackney-coachmen, shop-porters, butchers, clerks even, are passionately fond of shows: give them cock-fights, archery, shooting-matches, buffoons, gilberts, witchcraft, apparitions, they run thither in crowds; nay, there is more than one patrician as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found in Shakespeare's tragedies satisfaction enough for such a tone of mind. The couriers were obliged to follow the torrent: how can you help admiring what the more sensible part of the town admires. There was nothing better for a hundred and fifty years; the admiration grew with age, and became an idolatry. Some touches of genius, some happy verses full of force and nature, which you remember in spite of yourself, stoned for the remainder, and soon the whole piece succeeded by the help of some beauties of detail.'

Since Voltaire wrote, a new race of critics have arisen in France. They have loved, admired, and in a French fashion, idolized Shakespeare. Some of his best plays have been translated, and (alas!) adapted to their stage. Hamlet has been performed without a ghost, and Banquo's has been banished from Macbeth. Still, the French are trying to understand and appreciate our great poet. Dumas has played with him; and a greater than Dumas, George Sand, has given a condensed and arranged French version of As You Like It. Victor Hugo has translated the sonnets into French prose, and has preceded them by a theory which we shall explain by and by. M. Ernest Lefond has translated into French the verse of some of the sonnets; and a recent number of the Revue des Deux Mondes has had an article upon Shakespeare, by one of the most learned of modern French pens. In time, we may hope with something of confidence that the French may know a little more about Shake- speare than M. Voltaire taught them.

Place aux dames; and first we pay our devoirs to George Sand. This author's notions of poetic (and dramatic) justice are sadly outraged at the issue of the delightful comedy, As You Like It. In a long preface to M. Regnier, she explains her notions in detail. Her ladylike sensibility is shocked at the union of the sweet Audrey with the sprightly Touchstone, and the devoted Celia with the detestable Oliver. She in nowise approves of this, and so alters it altogether. Of course no real like Celia ever loved Oliver, and Oliver shall now or at least not on George Sand's stage; she therefore makes our old favourite, the melancholy Jaques, marry the devoted Celia. We shall quote this curious love-scene, and recommend the perusal of the whole play to our readers. They will see what it is possible for such glorious poetry as the speech, 'All the world's a stage,' to become in French prose. But for the last scene of As You Like It by George Sand:

**SCENE XIII. — CÉLIA AND JAQUES.**

*Célia* (to Jaques, seated on her right hand). Adieu, Jaques!

*Jaques* (trembling). Adieu, madame!

*Cel* (retreating, but always looking at him). Adieu!

*Jaq.* (without regarding her). Adieu. (He buries his face in his hands.)

*Cel.* (pausing). You then will remain here all alone!

*Jaq.* And, I ask of you, what should I do elsewhere? Yes, this cabin which you leave is mine. I shall remain there, on the spot where, for the rest of my life, and I shall love nothing but the trees which have seen your pass under their shade, and the grass on which your feet have trod.

*Cel.* But ere three months have passed, the trees will lose their shade, and the grass will not preserve for three days the traces of my steps.

*Jaq.* Go; it is well as it is: I wish to see you no more. (Célia comes softly behind him, and puts her two hands upon his shoulders—with passionate despair.)

What do you want with me?

*Cel.* Let us go; let us return our steps. Give me this hopeless heart, and follow me.

*Jaq.* No, madame, I have not sold my soul to you: it was dead! But it is reanimated—it lives—it suffers! It would perish bound to your caprices. It belongs to me: I retake it: What does it matter to you? (He paces to the left.)

*Cel.* What, then, shall I do with mine, if you abandon me?

*Jaq.* What say you?

*Cel.* I say that a loyal woman would not take without giving, and that in wishing to take you, I have delivered up myself.

*Jaq.* Célia! No—your joke! I am no longer young.

*Cel.* Do you love?

*Jaq.* I am poor, melancholy—discontented with all things—

*Cel.* You do not love then?

*Jaq.* (transported). Ah! hold! you are right. I am young, I am rich, I am gay, I am happy. Yes, yes; the firmament glows above, and the earth flowers below. I breathe with love a new life, and my eyes open to the heavens. Who would believe it? Heaven is good, men are gentle, the world is a garden of delight, and woman is the angel of pardon (he falls at her feet), If I do not dream that you love me?

*Cel.* He still doubts. Jaques, by the poet of spring, by the virginity of the lilies, by youth, by faith, by honour, I love you! Now, will you leave me?

*Jaq.* Never! for I love thee also. Oh! the most beautiful word that man can say: I love thee!

*Cel.* Ah, well! since my father is neither rich nor powerful—then, thanks to Heaven, I can be yours—am I!

Let our readers compare this sentimental passage with Shakespeare's termination of the play, and say which he likes best—the French or English poet's notion of poetic justice?

We now turn to M. Victor Hugo's translation of the sonnets. We said above that the translator had a theory. He enters into a careful examination of the sonnets—studies them thoroughly—until, as he thinks, he gets their secret from them; and in accordance with his own view, he makes a complete change in their existing arrangement. He finds in the sonnets a complete drama, 'in which figure three personages—the poet, his mistress, and his friend.' There the stage is set, the actors put on the stage, the names which the human race gives him, but under that which he received in private life. It is no more William Shakespeare: it is Will whom we see. It is no more the dramatic author who speaks; it is the friend—the lover.' He finds that Shakespeare loved the woman to whom many of these sonnets are addressed, that for a time she coquetted with him, and then, upon the poet's turning round upon her, and threatening her with a declaration of war,' she bends to his will; but in the very moment of his victory, he finds that she has another lover, and that that lover is his own bosom-friend. To him the remainder of the sonnets are addressed. He admits that this friend, the W. H. of the dedication, was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; and this once acknowledged, our translator says: 'The mystery with which the sonnets were written is easily explained. The Virgin Queen is brought in to make up the dénouement. She had forbidden the earl to marry, and the earl must urge him to marry.' Shakespeare, shewing to Southampton how charming is the woman, said to him: 'Marry!' But the queen, shewing him the Tower of London, said to him: 'Marry not!' Here, then, is the knot of the difficulty untied; here is the key to the mystery furnished. We translate M. Hugo's concluding remarks upon this curious view: 'We understand
now why the publishers, in general rather timid, chose to put the sonnets in which this fatal union had been advised, and in which Shakespeare attacked with so much audacity the celibacy commanded by the queen. It was only after the death of Elizabeth, when the terror inspired by the death of the Emperor of Henry VIII. had passed away, that the sonnets of Shakespeare found an editor. But then the high position which Southampton held, and many family considerations, would prevent them from giving to publicity without reserve, the intimate dramas in which one of the first personages in England figured. To direct the attention of his contemporaries, the editor imagined the mysterious dedication in which the initials of Henry Wrothelso, Earl of Southampton, were preserved, but inverted: he did better still; he published the sonnets in premeditated disorder, which broke their logical unity, and rendered them almost incomprehensible, leaving to patient posterity the care of dividing the enigma. This is the secret which we have now the indiscretion to betray.

This theory of M. Hugo requires a new arrangement of the relation of the sonnets to each other. We shall indicate the complete change this made, when we state that the first sonnet in the French edition is the 156th in the English; and the 156th in the French answers to the 55th in the English.

The following one, which we copy as a specimen, is the 60th in our editions, and is represented by the 156th in the translation of Victor Hugo.

**Comme les vagues qui se jettent sur les galets de la plage, ses minutes se précipitent vers leur fin, chacune prenant un peu de celles qui la précèdent; et toutes se présent en avant dans une pénible procession.**

La naivété, une fois dans les flots de l'innocence, monte jusqu'à la maturité et y prend sa couronne. Alors les éclipses tortueuses s'acharnent contre sa gloire et le temps detruit les dons dont il l'avait comblée.

Le temps balafre la fleur de la jeunesse et creuse les parallèles sur le front de la beauté: il ronge les merveilles les plus pure de la création.

Et rien ne reste debout que sa fausse tranche. Et pourtant dans l'avenir mon vers restera debout, chantant tes louanges, en dépit de sa main cruelle.

And now for Shakespeare.

**Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore, So do our minutes to the palace of our date;**

Each changing place with that which goes before
In sequent toll all forwards do contend.

Naivety, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses against his glory flight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;

Fed on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to now,

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

We cannot conclude this paper more appropriately than by translating the admirable words of M. Lafond, whose introduction contains some of the best things which any Frenchman has ever written upon Shakespeare. He says: 'If there be a man who has painted humanity with all the shades of passion which agitate and attract it whether for good or evil, it is indeed Shakespeare. He is the confessor of human society, Love, jealousy, friendship, hatred, cold policy, ambition, the intoxication of power, the baseness of the courtier, envy, grandeur of soul, the ignorance of the masses, and their inconstant caprices—whatever has made the heart of man beat in all times, unfolds itself under our eyes in the most vital and striking tableau,' and if we wished to attach a proper name to each of these passions, this name would be that of one of the persons of his dramas.'

Surely, after this, it cannot be said that no Frenchman can understand Shakespeare.

**O C E O L A:**

**A ROMANCE.**

**CHAPTER XLVIII—THE CAPTIVE.**

Late as was the hour, I determined to visit the captive before going to rest. My design would not admit of delay; besides, I had a suspicion that, before another day passed, my own liberty might be curtailed. The captives in one day—two antagonists wounded, and both friends to the commander-in-chief—myself comparatively friendless—it was hardly probable I should escape scot-free. Arrest I expected as certain—perhaps a trial by court-martial, with a fair chance of landing cashiered.

Despite my lukewarmness in the cause in which we had become engaged, I could not contemplate this result without uneasiness. Little did I care for my commission: I could live without it; but whether right or wrong, few men are indifferent to the concern of their fellows, and, no man likes to bear the brand of official disgrace. Reckless as one may be of self, kindred and family have a concern in the matter not to be lightly ignored.

Gallagher's views were different.

'Let them arrast and caahar, an' be hanged! What need you care? Divil a bit, my boy. Sowl, man, if I were in your boots, with a fine plantation and a nice regiment of black nagers, I'd snap my fingers at the service, and go to rainin' shugar and tobaccy. Be St Patrick! I that's what I'd do.'

My friend's consolatory speech failed to cheer me; and, in no very joyous mood, I walked towards the quarters of the captives to add still further to my chances of cashierment.

Like an eagle freshly caught and caged—like a panther in a penetr—furious, restless, at intervals uttering words of wild menace, I found the young chief of the Bates House.

The apartment was quite dark; there was no window to admit even the gray lustre of the night; and the corporal who guided me in carried neither torch nor candle. He went back to the guard-house to procure one, leaving me in darkness.

I heard the footfall of a man. It was the sound of a moccashed foot, and soft as the tread of a tiger; but mingling with this was the sharp clanking of a chain. I heard the breathing of one evidently in a state of excitement, and then an exclamation of fierce anger. Without light, I could perceive that the prisoner was pacing the apartment in rapid irregular strides. At least his limbs were free.

I had entered silently, and stood near the door. I had already ascertained that the prisoner was alone; but waited for the light before addressing him. Preoccupied as he appeared to be, I fancied that he was not conscious of my presence.

My fancy was at fault. I heard him stop suddenly in his tracks—as if turning towards me—and the next moment his voice fell upon my ear. To my surprise, it pronounced my name. He must have seen through the darkness.

'You, Randolph!' he said, in a tone that expressed reproach; 'you too in the ranks of our enemies! Armed—uniformed—equipped—ready to aid in driving us from our homes!'

'Powell!'

'Not Powell, sir; my name is Ocelia.'

'To me, still Edward Powell—the friend of my
youth, the preserver of my life. By that name alone do I remember you.'

There was a momentary pause. The speech had evidently produced a consolidating effect; perhaps memories of the past had come over him.

He replied: 'Your errand? Come you as a friend? or only like others, to torment me with idle words? I have had visitors already; gay gibbering fools with forked tongues, who would counsel me to dishonour. Have you been sent upon a like mission?'

From this speech I concluded that Scott—the pseudo-friend—had already been with the captive—likely on some errand from the agent.

'I come of my own accord—as a friend.'

'George Randolph, I believe you. As a boy, you possessed a soul of honour. The straight sapling scarcely grows to a crooked tree. I will not believe that you are changed, though enemies have spoken against you. No—no; your hand, Randolph—your hand! I forgive me for doubting you.'

I reached through the darkness to accept the proffered salute. Instead of one, I grasped both hands of the prisoner. I felt that they were manacled together: for all that, the pressure was firm and true; nor did I return it with less warmth.

Enemies had spoken against me. I needed not to ask who these were: that had been already told me; but I pressed the hands of the prisoner, for reasons that were my secrets.

I needed his full confidence to insure the success of the plan which I had conceived for his liberation; and to secure this, I detailed to him what had transpired by the pond—only a portion of what had passed. There was a portion of it I could not intrust even to the ears of a brother.

I anticipated a fresh paroxysm of fury, but was agreeably disappointed. The young chief had been accustomed to harsh developments, and could outwardly control himself; but I saw that my tale produced an impression that told deeply, if not loudly, upon him. In the darkness, I could not see his face; but the grinding teeth and hissing ejaculations were expressive of the strong passions stirring within.

'Fool!' he exclaimed at length—blind fool that I have been! And yet I inspected this smooth-tongued villain from the first. Thanks, noble Randolph! I can do nothing for you from this day forward.'

'Say no more, Fowell; you have nothing to repent: it was I who was the debtor. But come, we lose time. My purpose in coming here is, to counsel you to a plan for procuring your release from this awkward confinement. We must be brief, else my intentions may be suspected.'

'What plan, Randolph?'

'You must sign the treaty of the Ocklawaha.'

CHAPTER LVIII

THE WAR-OUT

A single 'Ugh!' expressive of contemptuous surprise, was all the reply; and then a deep silence succeeded.

I broke the silence by repeating my demand.

'You must sign it.'

'Never!' he answered, in a tone of emphatic determination—'never! Sooner than do that, I will linger among these logs till decay has worn the flesh from my bones, and dried up the blood in my veins. Sooner than turn traitor to my tribe, I will rush against the bayonets of my jailers, and perish upon the spot. Never!'

'Patience, Fowell, patience! You do not understand me—you, in common with other chiefs, appear to misconceive the terms of this treaty. Remember,

it binds you to a mere conditional promise—to surrender your lands and move west, only in case a majority of your nation agrees to it. Now, to-day a majority has been signed, nor will the addition of your name make the number a majority.'

'True, true,' interrupted the chief, beginning to comprehend my meaning.

'Well, then, you may sign, and not feel bound by your signature, since the most essential condition still remains unfulfilled. And why should you not adopt this route? Ill-used as you certainly have been, no one could pronounce it dishonorable in you. For my part, I believe you would be justified in any expedition that would free you from so wrong a imprisonment.'

Perhaps my principles were scarcely according to the rules of moral rectitude; but at that moment they took their tone from strong emotions; and is the eyes of friendship and love the wrong was not apparent.

Oceola was silent. I observed that he was meditating on what I had urged.

'Why, Randolph,' said he, after a pause, 'you must have dreamed of this, Fowell, that famed city of lawyers. I never took this view before. You are right; signing would not bind me—it is true. But think you that the agent would be satisfied with my signature? He hates me; I knew it, and his reasons for hating me, for good reasons; for this is not the first outrage I have suffered at his hands. Will he be satisfied if I sign?'

'I am almost certain of it. Simulate submission, you can. Write your name to the treaty, and you will be at once free.'

I had no doubt of this. From what I had learned since Oceola's arrest, I had reason to believe that Thompson repented his conduct. It was the opinion of others that he had acted rashly, and that his act was likely to provoke evil consequences. Wishes of this nature had reached him; and from what the captive told me of the visit of the aid-de-camp, I could perceive that it was nothing else than a mission from the agent himself. Beyond doubt, the latter was tired of his prisoner, and would release him on the easiest terms.

'Friend! I shall act as you advise. I shall sign. You may inform the commissioner of my intention.

'I shall do so. The earliest hour I can see him.'

'It is late; shall I say good-night?'

'Ah, Randolph! it is hard to part with a friend—the only one with a white skin now left me. I could have wished to talk over other days, but alas! this is neither the place nor the time.'

The haughty mien of the proud chief was thrown aside, and his voice had assumed the melting tenderness of early years.

'Yes,' he continued, 'the only white friend left—the only one I have any regard for—one other when I—'

He stopped suddenly, and with an embittered air, as if he had found himself on the eve of disclosing some secret, which on reflection he deemed it imprudent to reveal.

'I awaited the disclosure with some uneasiness, but it came not. When he spoke again, his tone and manner were completely changed.

'The whites have done us much wrong,' he continued, once more raising himself into an angry attitude—'wrongs too numerous to be told; but by the Great Spirit! I shall seek revenge. Never till now have I sworn it; but the deeds of this day have turned my blood into fire. Ere you came, I vowed to take the lives of two, who have been our especial enemies. You have not changed my resolution—only strengthened it; you have added a third to the list of my deadly foes: and once more I swear
—by Wykome, I swear—that I shall take no rest till the blood be avenged, and the lives of the foremost of the forest—those white villains, and one red traitor. Ay, Onastea! triumph in your tears—it will not be for long—soon shall thou feel the vengeance of a patriot—soon shalt thou shrink under the steel of Opeola.

I made no reply; but waited in silence till this outburst of passion had passed.

In a few moments the young chief became calm, and again addressed me in the language of friendship.

‘One word,’ said he, ‘before we part. Circumstances may hinder us—it may be long ere we meet again. Alas! our next meeting may be as foes in the field of battle—for I will not attempt to conceal from you that I have no intention to make peace. No—never! I wish to make a request; I know, Randolph, you will accede to it, without asking an explanation. Accept this token, and if you esteem the friendship of the giver, and would honour him, wear it conspicuously upon your breast. That is all.’

As he spoke, he took from around his neck a chain, upon which was suspended the image of the rising sun—already alluded to. He passed the chain over my head, until the glittering symbol hung down upon my breast.

I made no resistance to this offering of friendship, but promising to comply with his request, presented my watch in return; and, after another cordial pressure of hands, we parted.

As I had anticipated, there was but little difficulty in obtaining the release of the Seminole chief. Though the commissioner entertained a personal hatred against Opeola—for causes to me unknown—he dared not indulge his private spite in an official capacity. He had placed himself in a serious dilemma by what he had already done; and as I communicated the purposed submission of the prisoner, I saw that Thompson was but too eager to adopt a solution of his difficulty, easy as unexpected. He therefore lost no time in seeking an interview with the captive chief.

The latter played his part with admirable tact; the fierce, angry attitude of yesterday had given place to one of mild resignation. A night in the guard-house, and a threat of execution and mutilation, had tamed down his proud spirit, and he was now ready to accept any conditions that would restore him to liberty. So fancied the commissioner.

The treaty was concluded. Opeola signed it with- out saying a word. His chains were taken off—his prison-door thrown open—and he was permitted to depart without further molestation. Thompson had triumphed, or fancied so.

Had he noticed, as I did, the fine satirical smile that played upon the lips of Opeola as he stepped forth from the gate, he would scarcely have felt confidence in his triumph.

He was not allowed to exult long in the pleasant halting-place.

Followed by the eyes of all, the young chief walked off with a proud step towards the woods.

On arriving near the edge of the timber, he faced round to the fort, drew the shining blade of his belt, waved it above his head, and in defiant tones shouted back the war-cry: 'Yo-ho-ehe!'

Three times the wild signal pealed upon our ears; and at the third repetition, he who had uttered it turned again, sprang forward into the timber, and was instantly lost to our view.

There was no mistaking the intent of that demonstration; even the self-conceited commissioner was convinced that it meant 'war to the knife,' and men were hurriedly ordered in pursuit.

An armed crowd rushed forth from the gate, and flung themselves on the path that had been taken by the former captives.

The chase proved fruitless and fruitless; and after more than an hour spent in vain search, the soldiers came straggling back to the fort.

Gallagher and I had stayed all the morning in my quarters, expecting the order that would confine me there. To our astonishment, it came not: there was no arrest.

In time, we obtained the explanation. Of my two dwelling antagonists, one had not returned to the fort after his defeat, but had been carried to the house of a friend—several miles distant. This partially covered the scandal of that affair. The other appeared with his arm in a sling; but it was the impression, as Gallagher learned outside, that his horse had carried him against a tree. For manifest reasons the interesting invalid had not disclosed the true cause of his being 'crippled,' and I applauded his silence. Except to my friend, I made no discharge of what had occurred, and it was long before the affair got wind.

Upon duty, the aid-de-camp and I often met afterwards, and were frequently compelled to exchange speeches; but it was always of an official character, and, I need not add, was spoken in the severest reserve.

It was not long before circumstances drove us to separate us; and I was glad to part company with a man for whom I felt a profound contempt.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

For some weeks following the council at Fort King, there appeared to be a truce in the land. The hour of negotiation had passed—that for action was nigh; and among the white settlers the leading topic of conversation was how the Indians would act? Would they fight, or give in? The majority believed they would submit.

Some time was granted them to prepare for the removal—runners were sent to all the tribes, appointing a day for them to bring in their horses and cattle to the fort. These were to be sold by auction, under the superintendence of the agent; and their owners were to receive a fair value for them on their arrival at their new home in the west. Their plantations or 'improvements' were to be disposed of in a similar manner.

The day of auction came round; but, to the chagrin of the commissioner, the expected foibles did not make their appearance, and the sale had to be postponed.

The failure on the part of the Indians to bring in their cattle was a hint of what might be expected; though others, of a still more palpable nature, were soon apparent.

The tranquillity that had reigned for some weeks was but the ominous silence that precedes the storm. Like the low mutterings of the distant thunder, events now began to occur, the sure harbingers of an approaching conflict.

As usual, the white man was the aggressor. Three Indians were found hunting outside the boundary of the 'reserve.' They were made captives by a party of white men, and fast bound with raw-hide ropes, were confined in a log-stable belonging to one of the party. In this situation they were kept three days and nights, until a band of their own tribe hearing of their confinement, hastened to their rescue. There was a skirmish, in which some Indians were wounded; but the white men fled, and the captives were released.

On bringing them forth to the light, their friends
beheld a most pitiable sight—‘I am quoting from a faithful history—‘the rope with which these poor fellows were tied had worn through the flesh; they had temporarily lost the use of their limbs, being unable to stand or walk. They had bled profusely, and had received no food during their confinement, so it may readily be imagined that they presented a horrible picture of suffering.’

Again: ‘Six Indians were at their camp near Kapama Pond, when a party of whites came upon them, took their guns from them, examined their packs, and commenced whipping them. While in the act, two other Indians approached, and seeing what was going on, fired upon the whites. The latter returned the fire, killed one of the Indians, and severely wounded the other.’

Exsanguination was natural—retaliation certain. On the other side, read:

‘At the 11th of August, Dalton, the mail-carrier between Fort King and Fort Brooke, was met within six miles of the latter place by a party of Indians, who seized the reins of his horse, and dragging him from the saddle, shot him dead. The mangled body was discovered some days afterwards concealed in the woods.’

‘A party of fourteen mounted men proceeded on a scout towards Wachapnee—the plantation of Captain Gabriel Priest—and when within one mile of the place, they came upon a seminole camp, through which some of the party declined passing. Four of them, however, dashed into it, when the Indians suddenly arose from ambush, and fired upon them. The two in advance were wounded. A Mr. Foulke received a shot in his neck, but was picked up by those in his rear, and borne off. The other, a son of Captain Priest, had his arm broken, and his horse shot dead under him. He fled, and sinking his body in a swamp, succeeded in eluding the search of the pursuers.’

‘About the same time, a party of Indians attacked a number of men, who were employing cutting live-oak timber on an island in Lake George. The men escaped by taking to their boats, though two of their number were wounded.’

‘At New River, on the south-east side of the peninsula, the Indians attacked the house of a Mr. Cooley—murdered his wife, children, and a tutor engaged in the family. They carried off twelve barrels of provisions, thirty pig hogs, three horses, one keg of powder, over two hundred pounds of beef, seven hundred dollars in silver, and two negroes. Mr. Cooley was absent at the time. On his return, he found his wife shot through the heart with her infant child in her arms; and his two oldest children also shot in the same place. The girl still held her book in her hands, and the boy’s lay by his side. The house was in flames.’

‘Spring Gordon on the St Johns, the extensive plantation of Colonel Rees was laid waste, and his buildings burnt to the ground. Sugar-cane, sufficient to manufacture ninety hogheads, was destroyed; besides thirty hogheads of sugar, and one hundred and sixty-two negroes were carried off. The mules and horses also were taken. The same Indians destroyed the buildings of M. Depyster, with whose negroes they formed a league; and being supplied with a boat, they crossed the river, and fired the establishment of Captain Harrison. Major Heriot’s plantation was laid waste; and eighty of his negroes moved off with the Indians. Then on towards San Augustine, where the extensive plantations of General Hernandez were reduced to a ruin—next Bulow’s, Dupont’s of Buen Retiro, Dunham’s, M’Kee’s of Tomoka Creek, the plantations of Bayas, General Herring, and Bartalone Solano, with nearly every other from San Augustin southward.’

Simple historic facts. I quote them as illustrating the events that ushered in the Seminole war. Barbarous though they be, they were but acts of retaliation—the wild development of vengeance long past—a return for wrongs and insults patiently endured.

As yet, no general engagement had taken place; but marauding parties sprang up simultaneously in different places. Many of those who had inflicted outrage upon the Indians were forthwith reported as having barely escaped with their lives. Confusion succeeded confusion until the whole country was on fire. Those who lived in the interior, or upon the borders of the Indian reserve, were compelled to abandon their crops, their stock, their implements of husbandry, their furniture, and indeed every article of value, and seek shelter within the forts, or concentrate themselves in the neighbouring villages, around which stockades were erected for their better security.

The friendly chiefs—the Omatlas and others—with about four hundred followers, abandoned their towns, and fled to Fort Brooke for protection.

The strife was no longer hypothetical, no longer doubtful; it was declared in the wild Yee-hoho! that night and day was heard ringing in the woods.

CHAPTER I.
TRACING A STRANGE HORSEMAN.

As yet but few troops had reached Florida, though detachments were on the way from New Orleans, Fort Moultrie, Savannah, Mobile, and other depots, where the soldiers of the United States are usually stationed. The great bodies of men were hastily levied in the larger towns of Georgia, Carolina, and Florida itself; and every settlement was mustering its quota to enter upon the campaign.

It was deemed advisable to raise a force in the settlements of the Seminole—my native district—and on this duty my friend Gallagher was despatched, with myself to act as his lieutenant.

Right gladly did I receive this order. I should escape from the monotonous duties of the fort service, of which I had grown weary enough; but what was a still more pleasant prospect, I should have many days at home—for which I was not without longing.

Gallagher was as overjoyed as myself. He was a keen sportsman; though, having spent most of his life within the walls of cities, or in forts along the Atlantic seaboard, he had found only rare opportunities of enjoying either the fox-chase or deer-drive.

I had promised him that, when the game was off, both the game and the ‘vermin’ were plentiful in the woods of the Seminole. Not unwillingly, therefore, did we accept our recruiting commission; and, bidding adieu to our comrades at the fort, set out with light hearts and pleasant anticipations. Equally joyful was Black Jake to get back once more to the ‘ole plantayshun.’

In the quarter of the Seminole settlements, the Indian marauders had not yet shown themselves. It lay remote from the towns of most of the hostile tribes, though not too distant for a determined foray.

In a sort of lethargic security, the inhabitants still remained at their houses—though a volunteer force had already been mustered—and patrols were kept in constant motion.

I had frequent letters from my mother and Virginia; neither appeared to feel any alarm: my sister especially declared her confidence that the Indians would not molest them.

Withal, I was not without apprehension; and with so much the greater sacriety did I obey the order to proceed to the settlements.

Well mounted, we soon galloped over the forest
road, and approached the scenes of my early life. The coming up of the sun, and the dawn, though I was not without caution. But the orders had been given us within the hour; and having almost immediately set forth, my assassins—enemies could have had no warning of my movements. With the brave Gallager by my side, and my stout henchman at my back, I dreaded no open attack from white men.

My only fear was, that we might fall in with some straggling party of red men—now our declared enemies. In this there was a real danger; and we took every precaution to avoid such an encounter.

At several places we saw traces of the Indians nearly fresh. There were moccasin prints in the mud, and the tracks of horses that had been mounted. At one place we observed the debris of a fire still smouldering, and around were signs of the red men.

A party had there bivouacked.

But we saw no man, red or white, until we had passed the deserted plantation upon the creek, and were approaching the banks of the river. Then for the first time during our journey, a man in sight.

He was a horseman, and at a glance we pronounced him an Indian. He was at too great a distance for us to note either his complexion or features; but the style of dress, his attitude in the saddle, the red jacket and leggings, and the ostrich-plumes waving over his head, told us he was a Seminole. He was mounted upon a large black horse; and had just emerged from the woods into the opening, upon which we had ourselves entered. He appeared to see us and the fugitives, yet said not a word, and was evidently desirous of avoiding us.

After scanning us a moment, he wheeled his steed, and dashed back into the timber.

Inexplicably enough, Gallager put spurs to his horse and galloped fast. I thought we should have counselled a contrary course; but that the belief was in my mind that the horseman was Oceola. In that case, there could be no danger; and from motives of friendship, I was desirous of coming up with the young chief, and exchanging a word with him. With this view, I followed my friend at a gallop—Jake coming on in the rear.

I was almost sure the strange horseman was Oceola. In the fall, when the horses and Jake had told me that the young chief rode a fine black horse. In all likelihood, then, it was he; and in order, to hail, and bring him to a halt, I spurred ahead of Gallager—being better mounted.

But the moment, where the horseman had disappeared. I saw the fresh tracks, but nothing more. I shouted aloud, calling the young chief by name, and pronouncing my own; but there was no reply, save the echo of my voice.

I followed the trail for a short distance, continuing to repeat my cries; but no heed was given to them. The horseman did not wish to answer my hail, or else had ridden too far away to understand its intent.

Of course, unless he made a voluntary halt, it was vain to try to catch him. We might ride on his track a week without coming up with him. Gallager saw this as well as myself; and abandoning the pursuit, we turned once more towards the road, with the prospect of soon ending our journey. I remembered, would bring us by a shorter route to the landing; and for this we now headed.

We had not ridden far, when we again struck upon the tracks of a horse—evidently those made by the horseman we had just pursued, but previously to our having seen him. They led in a direct line from the river, towards which we were steering.

Some slight thought prompted me to an examination of the hoof-prints. I perceived that they were wet—water was coming into them from the edges; there was a slight sprinkling of water upon the dead leaves that lay along the road. The horseman had been swimming—he had been across the river!

This discovery led me into a train of reflection. What could he—an Indian—want on the other side? If Oceola, as I still believed, what could he be doing there? In the excited state of the country, it would have been risking his life for an Indian to have approached the Settlement—and to have been discovered and captured would have been certain death. This Indian, then, whoever he was, must have some powerful motive for crossing the other side. What motive? If Oceola, what motive?

I was puzzled—and reflected; I could think of no motive, unless that the young chief had been playing the spy—no dishonourable act on the part of an Indian.

The supposition was not improbable, but the contrary; and yet I could not bring myself to believe it true. A cloud had swept suddenly over my soul, a presentiment scarcely defined or definable was in my thoughts, a demon seemed to whisper in my ears: It is not that.

Certainly had the horseman been across the river?

Let us see!

We rode rapidly along the trail, tracing it backwards.

In a few minutes it guided us to the bank, where the tracks led out from the water's edge. No corresponding trail entered near. Yes, he had been across.

I paled the spur, and plunging in, swam for the opposite shore. My companions followed without asking any questions.

Once more out of the river, I rode up the bank.

I soon discovered the hoof-marks of the black horse where he had sprung off into the stream.

Without pausing, I continued to trace them backwards, still followed by Gallager and Jake.

The former wondered at my eagerness, and put some questions, which I scarcely answered coherently. My presentiment was each moment growing darker—my heart throbbed in my bosom with a strange indescribable pain.

The trail brought us to a small opening in the heart of a magnolia grove. It went no further. We had arrived at its end.

My eyes rested upon the ground with a sort of mechanical gaze. I sat in the saddle in a kind of stupor. The dark presentiment was gone, but a far darker thought occupied its place.

The ground was covered with hoof-tracks, as if horses had been halted there. Most of the tracks were those of the black horse; but there were others of not half their dimensions. There was the tiny shoe-mark of a small pony.

'Golly! Massr George,' muttered Jake, coming forward in advance of the other, and bending his eyes upon the ground; 'lookee dar—that am this track ob de leetle white Fox. Missa Vaginy's been bya for sartin.'

THE CITY OF LONDON.

The long-promised measure for the reform of the corporation of the city of London has recently been brought forward in the House of Commons; and perhaps this may be a suitable time for giving to our readers a sketch of that great corporation, which has hitherto successfully resisted all the attempts that have been made for its reformation, and which has had influence enough, even at the last, to turn away, in a great measure, the destruction which threatened its cherished privileges.

The antiquity of London is undoubtedly very great; it is mentioned by Tacitus as a 'great mart of trade and commerce;' but the corporation, unlike most of the other municipal corporations of the
The City of London is governed by a lord-mayor, a court of aldermen, and a court of common council, whose full title is, 'The Lord-mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of London.' The lord-mayor is elected annually, and the form of his election is for the livery in common hall assembled, which is composed of the members of the different city companies, who are also citizens, to nominate two of the aldermen who have served the office of sheriff—usually the two senior ones below the chair—and for the court of aldermen to select one of those presented by the livery. The lord-mayor is the chief magistrate of the city, a member of the privy council, though it is doubtful whether he can take his seat, except upon the demise of the crown; and he has an allowance of £10,000 assigned to him out of the revenues of the city, together with the official residence of the Mansion House, to enable him to keep up the accustomed state and dignity of the city. The court of aldermen, in seventeen years, is renewed by the election of the commoners. The court of common council consists of two hundred and six members, also elected by the different wards, though only for one year, like the popular representatives under every constitution. This court is now the most important part of the corporate body, being their unlimited command over the funds of the city. The court is presided over by the lord-mayor, who has power to dissolve a meeting at any time, by ordering the sword-bearer to take up the sword. The sheriffs are two in number, the city of Middlesex being united in one office. They are elected by the livery in common hall, and not appointed by the crown, as is the case in all other counties. A fine of £600 is imposed on a person refusing to serve the office; but fines during the first fifty years of the present century, amounted to more than £66,000. The corporation has several important officers of its own, the recorder being the chief: his duties are chiefly judicial; and he is retained at his own charge. The sheriff's steward and other officers, including the high bailiff and coroner. They also go through the form of holding quarter-sessions. A grand jury is impanelled, and are addressed to this effect: 'Gentlemen, by your city charters, we have been obliged to call you together; we are happy to tell you there is nothing for you to do.' Then the jury say: 'Why did you then call us together?' The answer given by the late recorder, Mr. Law, was: 'Surely it is better to call you together and say: "Now you may go home," than to keep you here two or three days.'

The jurisdiction of the new bill proposes entirely to do away with, and for the future the borough of Southwark will be constituted comprises little more than a square mile; while that of the latter is from, north to south, about eleven miles; and from east to west, about sixteen miles, or about 176 square miles. Within the last fifty years, the metropolis has nearly doubled the limits of the city. The remaining almost stationary. Besides the city, properly so called, the corporation has exercised a certain jurisdiction over the borough of Southwark. This was granted in the year 1227, in consideration of a yearly rent of £10.

The chief of the city is the Lord Mayor, the next in order being the steward and other officers, including the high bailiff and coroner. They also go through the form of holding quarter-sessions. A grand jury is impanelled, and are addressed to this effect: 'Gentlemen, by your city charters, we have been obliged to call you together; we are happy to tell you there is nothing for you to do.' Then the jury say: 'Why did you then call us together?' The answer given by the late recorder, Mr. Law, was: 'Surely it is better to call you together and say: "Now you may go home," than to keep you here two or three days.'

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within a circle of twenty miles from the General Post-office, of the several amounts of one penny, fourpence, and eightpence per tome, and yet one of the three branches of coal-duty in 1829 was L.179,657; but upon this some heavy charges exist, and in the same year the city only was able to apply L.15,305 to its own use. All persons acting as brokers within the city must be admitted by the court of aldermen; and an annual payment of L.5 from each is required; also, no one can exercise any retail trade who is not free of the city; and upon admission to the freedom, a fine is imposed. These are some of the principal rights and privileges now exercised by the corporation of London; and with the exception of the coal-tax, which it is proposed to retain at present, they are all abolished by the new bill.

Some great changes will also be introduced into the constitution of the corporation itself: the number of aldermen will be reduced to sixteen, and their separate court altogether abolished; the number of common councilmen will also be lessened, and they with the aldermen will form only one court; but to them will be intrusted the election of all officers including the lord-mayor; and for that office all citizens with a small property qualification will be eligible. The aldermen still retain their places as police magistrates, but they and the lord-mayor will continue to sit in the central criminal court.

These are the most important provisions of this bill, the object of which is to administer to the city of London that measure of reform which the other municipal corporations of the kingdom underwent in the year 1835, but was in accordance with the wishes of London at the time avoided. At present, nothing seems to have been attempted but the remedy of its most pressing defects.

NANA SAHIB.

As we have no doubt that many of our readers would be glad to be acquainted with the parentage and other antecedents of the man who bears this blood-stained name, we propose, in the present article, to give a brief sketch of him.

Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor—whose correct name is Sree Mant Dhoondoo Punt—is the eldest son, by adoption, of the late Badjee Rao, ex-Peshwa of the Maratha empire.

For many years previous to his death, Badjee Rao had been a dethroned pensioner of the East India Company. When in the fulness of his power, he had, as a native prince, assisted the East India Company in their war against Tipoo Sahib, the tiger of Seringapatam; and, as a reward for his doing so, the Company, after years of strife with him—after negotiations and exactions, and treaties, and violations of these treaties on the part—mentioned in 1817, to get hold of his dominions. After numerous and fierce conflicts, Badjee Rao, at the head of 8000 men, and with an advantageous post, was prepared to do battle for the sovereignty of the Deccan; when Brigadier-general Sir John Malcolm, who commanded the British army, sent a flag of truce to him, with proposals for a surrender.

The proposals made on the part of Sir John Malcolm were, that Badjee Rao, the Peshwa of the Marathas, should renounce his sovereignty altogether; that he should come, within twenty-four hours, with his family and a limited number of his adherents and attendants, into the British camp; that they should then be received with honour and respect; that he should be located in the holy city of Benares, or in some other sacred place of Hindostan; that he should have a liberal pension from the East India Company for himself and his family; that his old and attached adherents should be provided for;

and that the pension to be settled upon himself and his family should not be less than eight lacs of rupees—that is, L.80,000 per annum.

After long and anxious deliberation with his prime minister and other great officers of state, the Peshwa accepted these proposals—went with his family and adherents into the British camp—and Bithoor was afterwards assigned as his residence. The East India Company, with their usual, grandiose and illiberal spirit of covetousness, were displeased with Sir John Malcolm for his granting these terms. But they, and the governor-general, Lord Hardinge, could not recede from them, and the hook came to limit the stipulated allowance to the smallest sum mentioned in the treaty—namely, eight lacs of rupees, or L.80,000 per annum.

We have stated that the pension was to be conferred upon Badjee Rao and his family. Now, before we proceed further, we must mention, that by the Hindoo Shastras, or scripture, there is a fearful doom awarded against those who die childless; that doom is, being consigned, after death, to 'a place called Pit, a place of horror, to which the manner of the childless are supposed to go, there to be tormented with hunger and thirst, for want of these oblations of food and libations of water, at prescribed periods, which it is the pius, and indeed indispensable duty of a living son to offer.'

Such are the principles of the Hindoo religion with regard to the want of natural male issue. Now, the same principles, in order to remedy the defect, permit the system of adoption where natural issue fails. It was this that Bithoor Rao, in his old age, finding himself naturally childless as to male issue, by his will declared Nana Sahib to be his eldest son, heir, and representative.

In his day, Badjee Rao, as chief of the powerful Maharrata nation, had on a great sovereign. He survived his downfall—exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction, on a limited scale, at Bithoor—thirty-five years. On the 28th of January 1851, he died.

No sooner was his death made officially known, than Lord Dalhousie tabled a minute at the council board of Calcutta, ruling that the pension, expressly guaranteed to the great Badjee Rao, and his family, should not be continued to the latter. Nana Sahib, Badjee Rao's widow, and the other members of his family, were naturally stricken with grief and terror. They saw themselves reduced to poverty. They had no other pecuniary resource than some trifling sum which Badjee Rao had left behind him.

On the 24th of June 1851, Nana Sahib forwarded a memorial to the lieutenant-governor of the North-west Provinces of India on the subject. In reply, he was told that the pension could not be continued, but that a certain tract of land would be his for life. The commissioner of Bithoor, a public officer of high rank and standing, and who knew the circumstances and claims of the ex-Peshwa's family, forwarded an urgent appeal on their behalf; but, in a letter from the secretary of the governor-general, dated of date September the 24th, 1851, he received a severe reprimand for so doing. His recommendation was stigmatised as 'uncalled for and unwarrantable.'

After some further efforts in India, Nana Sahib addressed the Court of Directors, at Leadenhall Street, in England. His appeal to them was dated the 25th of December 1852.

In the eyes of the East India Company, the appeals of native princes of India do not seem to have been matters of much consequence. The Company appears to have considered that it added to their dignity to have the advocates of such princes waiting in their
anterooms. Somewhere about December 1853, the Company sent back Nana Sahib's memorial to the government in India, and the result was, that nothing was done.

It would appear that Nana Sahib, with smooth and gentlemanly manners, united superior abilities; and that to these abilities he adds passions of the strongest and most vindictive nature. His spirit is high, and his vehemence of the most determined character. At the period of the breaking out of the mutiny which has rendered his name infamous, he seems to have become a monomanic on the subject of what he believed to be his wrongs.

In the preceding sketch, subject, of course, to correction, we have endeavoured to state facts, not with a view to advocating any cause, but simply for the purpose of communicating to our readers information as to some of the numerous causes which have led to the dreadful events which have recently occurred in the East.

We have been informed that an Oriental named Azimullah was in London in 1855, for the purpose of making a last appeal in behalf of his employer, Nana Sahib. He lodged in a respectable private hotel in George Street, Hanover Square, where a friend of ours lived. In the same house, formed his acquaintance, was entertained by him in gentlemanlike style at dinner, and found him a well-bred, agreeable person, of good intelligence about English matters. Our friend, on lately revisiting the house, learned from its proprietor that the polite Azimullah, before departing from England, shewed symptoms of a moody and sordid feeling, and let fall several hints to the effect that England would yet regret the manner in which it had used his master. This same Azimullah has since appeared in the dismal transactions connected with the destruction of the Cawnpore garrison.—Ed.]

AN EXECUTIONER'S LITTLE BILL.

The following notice of the doings of the hands of justice, in a neighbouring country, in the year 1712, may not be without some historic interest; and certainly it is calculated to make one rather contented than divided with the state of Europe in 1855. In the year 1712, it was the custom in Amsterdam to make use of the services of an executioner from the neighbouring town of Haarlem; and in order to avoid the expense of repeated journeys, the worthy magistrate resolved that the various sentences of the criminal law should be carried out as much as possible on the same day. The following is the little bill of the Haarlem Calcraft for the work of a single day:

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 17, 1712.

To account for business done.

Plastic.
To one beheaded, ....... 6
Item for the use of the sword of justice, ....... 3
Item for the cloth, ....... 3
To one strangled, ....... 3
Item for the coffin, ....... 3
To one taken down, and put into the coffin, ....... 3
To one put on the wheel, with nine strokes, at 3
golden the stroke, ....... 27
For the strangling, ....... 6
To one taken down, and carried out of the town, ....... 9
To two hanged with a sword over their heads, ....... 18
One taken down, and carried out of the town, ....... 9
One taken down, ....... 3
To four hung on the gallows, at 6 golden apiece, ....... 24
One with a sword over the head, ....... 3
Two with letters on their breast, ....... 12
To four-and-twenty scourged, at 3 golden apiece, ....... 72
Three with the sword over their heads, ....... 9

One fettered, and set in the pillory, ....... 6
One branded on the back, ....... 6
Item road-money, ....... 13
Item for the use of the rope, ....... 12
Item for the assistant, ....... 13

Amount, ....... 284

All this, we repeat, was the work of a single day, and it came off in one public place—before the town-house of Amsterdam. The account seems to have suggested to the citizens of the time merely that the hangman-business was a thriving one (dat zulk een executie eene goede goede meting was). To us in our day and generation, it is an interesting document, a fragment, and a genuine one, of the history of those days which people in Holland and Germany, and some other parts of the world too, are wont to call 'the good old times.'

AN OLD MAID'S RETROSPECTIONS.

I look into the dreamy past, and see—what do I see?

They look like visions now, but then, how real were they to me!

I see my girlhood full of hope, my lover true and brave;
In fancy I still hear his vow, as a pledge of truth he gave.
It was a ring: he smiling said: 'Twill serve to guard the space
Upon thy finger, till I put another in its place.'

That first love-gift, see, here it is—Oh, what a slender band
Though tethered by a golden chain to this poor wither'd hand.

And it was in that girlish time when I perceive might see
A youthful mother's glance of pride at the babe upon her knee,
I envied her that happiness, and oh, my heart best will
That I might one day be the matron mother of my child.
'Twas woman's nature in me spoke; but scarcely had the thought
Been formed, ere maiden pride and shame a mingled colour brought:
Vain was the guiltless blush, for though these hopes of mine might seem
So near fulfilment then, alas, they proved indeed a dream.

Too poor to wed, my lover true, left his own native strand,
Thinking to win a home for me in a far distant land.
Years went, and he, who wrote that silver threads were mingled with his hair,
They were in mine—those fruits, from seed sown by the hand of Care.

Now, whiter than the snow-clad hill, or foam that rests the wave.
Are my thin locks; his weary head rests in a foreign grave.
Ay, maiden, you may sigh; God grant that happier be your lot;
For me, no power could make me wish this transitory dream forgot.

But after all my pains, my fears, my visions of the past,
One over-present hope of mine will be fulfilled at last;
And I am happy, for I know my bridal dress will be
A union, purer, holier far in realms beyond the sky.
In every dream by night and day I hear again his voice;
I fancy that he beckons me, and calls me to rejoices;
That, when my eyes to earth are closed, my truly-loved will be
The first by the Eternal sent to meet and welcome me.

Grimsby.

Ruth Beck.
POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Max of science are rarely popular characters. Without incurring, as a general rule, much dislike or ill-will from their neighbours, they are not usually favourites, either individually or as a class. They are sometimes objects of a not very friendly curiosity, sometimes of very nearly approaches to contempt, on the part of the vulgar. The gentleman whose days are spent in roam ing over hill and dale in search of a small fern or a rare species of grass, is considered by the wondering rustics to be wasting his time in a strange kind of busy idleness. The chemist's housemaid can barely refrain from despising, while she pities, the master whose life is spent in a close room, amid glass bottles and bad smells. The conventional type of the scientific student, as we find him in novels and in the minds of novel-readers, is generally a subject for good-humoured pity of sarcastic ridicule. Spectacles, a shabby coat, and an unclean shirt-collar, are his outward apparel; the inner man is clothed in stolid indifference to the fate of mankind, and wrapped in devotion to the study of butterflies or the calculation of logarithms. But certain classes of scientific men are liable to yet worse treatment. As each department of knowledge is rescued from the domain of prejudice and conjecture, and made the subject of systematic inquiry, a persecution, social if not legal, is sure to be the doom of the adventurous investigator. So it was in the days of Galileo with the astronomers; so it has been, in more recent times, with the anatomists, whose practice of dissection drew down upon them a storm of popular execration which has hardly yet subsided. But perhaps no science was ever more unpopular, and no body of philosophical writers over so heartily abused and decried, as political economy and the political economists. Among the vulgar and ignorant of all ranks, indeed, the very name of political economy excites a shout of ridicule or a smile of contempt. Among more earnest and more observant people, there is often found a spirit of bitter and irrational hatred towards this obnoxious science, which argues a strong though unacknowledged suspicion of its truth and importance. The wholly ignorant may indeed sneer at what they cannot understand; but men revile generally what they fear. And there is a certain class of men, prejudiced, obstinate, ill-informed, but earnest and philanthropic withal, to whom the name of economical science is indeed a sound of terror, and in whose eyes an economist is an intolerable abomination. They hate the science, because it reveals to them stern laws and stubborn facts: laws, to which their systems must, on pain of failure, conform; facts, by which their best laid schemes for the improvement and elevation of mankind must often be baffled and overthrown. Starting in horror from the vision, they turn indignantly upon the prophet, and charge him with an attempt to deceive them—not because they have detected any error in his demonstrations—not because they can convict him of ignorance or misrepresentation—but simply because he would not 'prophecy unto them smooth things.' They accuse him of harshness, selfishness, cruelty, as if he had created the laws which he explains. They denounce him as indifferent to human wretchedness, because he points out the sources from which wretchedness has arisen, and from which, so long as they are suffered to exist, it must continue to arise. And their outcry is echoed by thousands, who are too ignorant to know what it is they are criticising, and too indolent for the labour of mastering a new and difficult study. It does not seem to strike these gentlemen, that, after all, they are only, as the American critic says, 'screaming at the calm facts of the universe.' As little does it occur to the herd of clamours to inquire into the nature, the purpose, and the sources of the science they denounce and reject.

Political economy is, in very truth, the science of philanthropy. It is the study of human welfare, so far as that welfare depends upon material prosperity—the investigation of the means by which nations attain to wealth, and classes to comfort. It is the exposition, in a word, of those laws of nature which regulate the material condition of communities and individuals—of the causes on which depends the question, whether this man or that body of men shall or shall not have enough to spare of this world's good—shall or shall not enjoy their fair share of this life's blessings. It is the science which shews how material good may be wrought, and social amelioration effected—which teaches us what objects can be achieved for mankind by human efforts, and in what manner and by what means those objects can be attained. It is perfectly true that it deals only with the grosser conditions of happiness. Except in so far as they bear on those conditions, it leaves education to the schoolmaster, and morality to the pastor. These are no more within the province of the economist, than within that of the physician or the astronomer: his business is simply to explain what are the laws of nature relative to the material wellbeing of mankind, not to discuss the comparative importance of material and moral advancement, or the effect of wealth upon
the intellect and virtue of men and nations. His
office is not to teach how men are to be made wise
or good, but how they may be supplied with food
and raiment. It is not his function to aid and to
support the industrious poor, the careful and
enlightened professional philanthropist, but to guide
the labours and enlighten the path of the practical
philanthropist and the social reformer.
Such being the nature and such the functions of
political economy, it is obviously incumbent on every
one who aspires to confer immediately solid benefits
on his fellow-men, to improve their material condition,
study carefully the laws upon which that condition
depends. The physician does not attempt the
cure of physical suffering without cautious study,
not merely of the individual disease, but of all the
ills that flesh is heir to. His youth is a long train-
ing in the knowledge of the human frame; he has
made himself acquainted with every part of its
wonderful mechanism; he has made himself
familiar with all its operations; he knows the laws
which regulate those operations, and the disturb-
ances to which they are liable. Not until he has
acquired this knowledge, not until he has been
qualified for the task by this course of laborious
study, is he admitted into the care of patients
and the cure of disease. The empiric who disdains
this preparation or shrinks from this toil, lays
hold of some nostrum, and vannts it to the world
as an infallible remedy for all corporeal diseases.
His name and address, proud as his marks;
he manages to kill a few of them; but for so doing he is liable
to severe legal punishment, if his victims have
friends more sceptical than themselves. Unhappily,
the quack who practices on the social body, is
liable to no punishment at all; a certain species of sury
thought necessary for him; to see evil, and to be
anxious to redress it, is esteemed a sufficient qual-
ification. The results of this empirical philanthropy
are every day made manifest in some new form of
disastrous blundering. The zealous friends of some
distressed class are anxious to alleviate their suffer-
ings—often intolerably severe—sometimes aggravated
by gross oppression or neglect on the part of others.
Work is terribly hard; wages are shamefully low.
The poor man is not ashamed to appeal to the
workmen are not shamed, and public meetings are called
on behalf of the sufferers. Facts and incidents of appalling
distress are brought to light, and humanity is shocked,
and benevolence terrified by the revelation. Sub-
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improvement in the condition of any class or community; and while they are disregarded, the more good is done, the more mischievous the evil which results. Truth is strong, however; and the economists may appeal with confidence to Time for the justice which popular caprice now denies them; and for the respect due to those who have conscientiously laboured at a task which is, to a great extent, the result of a material prosperity which could only reiterate mere words— I venture to submit to a discerning public the grievance under which I now alone, but the vast majority of my fellow-infants are labouring. Few and favoured are those children-in-arms who have no cause to rest, to feel safe and happy, to feel untrammelled by the middle-class democracy which makes of me a brand. Blessed is the babe whose parents have preserved the unities in never associating with it a rival and a usurper. Happy indeed is that exceptional infant who has never yet been stigmatised and marked for life. I was born of the masculine gender, with a bald head, like Sir John Falstaff, and party-coloured, precisely three hundred and sixty-four days ago. To-morrow, at 4:30 in the morning, to an instant, I shall have arrived at a year, if not of discretion, at least of human experience. I shall be 'going on' for two years old. This consideration by no means intoxicates me with a boastful joy. To live, as I have already learned, alas! is but another name for to suffer. In this little speck of life, what variations of fortune have I even now endured! How Time's inevitable yoke has bowed my little neck and pressed my chin into my bib! I would that it had been permitted to me to remain for ever lobster-red, spotty, fishy-eyed, habitually or with the rarest exceptions naked, cross, smiling (with the wind, and not with joy), exclusively confined to a milk-diet—rather than have grown to what I have become. Where are the comforts of my youth?—the warm soft sponges which were wont to bath me with powder, which were scattered over my then respected person, the bottles with soothing liquids that welled through the softest channels to my toothless but far from unappreciating gums. 'Whither are they fled, the glory and the dream?' Where are now the genuine habiliments, in which, upon festive days, I was then arrayed?—the Brussels lace, the bishop's lawn, the lily train which kept my baby legs so delicately snug, so decently concealed, the embroidered cap, the endless folds of flannel. Where are the troops of young lady friends who were once so eager to dandle, to caress me, to lay their soft fair cheeks to mine as they replaced me in my coffin after these endeavours? Did I sob?—they kissed me; did I yell?—and did I drool a bit sometimes, I fasten myself—no; they kissed me; did I grow?—which was my infant method of expressing satisfaction—they kissed me all the same. My career was, in a word, luxurious, but, alas! it was but brief. Another reigneth in my stead, and I am denounced now, with bitter dis- respect, the Old Baby. The late lord mayor, sunk to a nameless alderman; the ex-minister of state, with nothing to give, and despised by every patriot; the last year's Bradshaw's Railway Guide; the shoes with which one grows out of, and that through the upper leathers; the type of all things that have seen their day, and will never see another—the Old Baby! Is it, then, a sin to be old? Is it wrong to have hair, to be of a flesh-colour, to cease to stare like a stuffed fish, to devote the hours of the night to sleep, and not to gormandising? If not—since in these things I am already a little boy—why not? I thus been punished? I am no longer the idol of my once dotting mother, the pride of my father, the boast of my nurse.

The conversation which is now addressed to me ceases to be distinguished by those endearing epithets with which it was so liberally garnished, and is no longer studiously couched in terms supposed to be especially suitable to the infant ear:—

'Darling, warling; did it dribble then? Dribblely dribble, dribblely livery, dribblely libby; tum and look out at the window pignon, and see the red soldiers go by on their gee-gees; ook at the gee-gees! Did they frighten it? (pathetically.) Was it then? Naughty soldiers, naughty naughty, they shall be popped (with vinegar) into the pot, for they are hungry, and would be here his dindin (two courses of milk, over the second of which I used to get uncommonly drowsy); dindin, dindin (singing), wrap him in a rabbit-skin; baby go to byby, byby, byby.'

Thus was I wont to be apostrophised in the first days. Gorgeous spectacles, always of a novel char-acter, were perpetually being submitted to my notice; food was administered to me, if I did but open my mouth; sleep stole upon me, to the music of a slow music and soft Lydias (or other) airs, and, in particular, with a delicious sideways motion which I miss now extremely. It is remarkable how, as we grow older, we lose not only the pleasures of our youth, but even the capacity for enjoying them. It is sad to reflect, for instance, that that rocking of the human frame, which to the tune of 'Hushaby poshy, Baby Bunting,' was once so soothing to it, produces, when attempted at a later period, a feeling akin to sea-sickness!

The same venerable female visitors who were wont to call so often about luncheon-time, and at whose arrival I was at once equipped in my most splendid attire, call now—but it is to see the other, the new arrival; a most grasping and pugnacious baby, with no nose at all, so far as I can see, and a face, indeed, altogether, which, if it were mine, I should be downright ashamed to let people look at. And yet to hear them talk!

'Oh, what a bew-w-tiful baby! What a char-r-ming baby! Only six weeks old! Is it possible, nurse? What notice it takes! [This is when it shrieks with terror and bad temper.] What an eye it has! [This is very true; its left eye is always at the western angle of the lid, trying, as it seems to me, to discover a passage under its blob of a nose, by which it may join the other one.] What a duck of a mouth! [It's much more like an oyster.] I suppose its nose will get all right in time. It's rather small at present, is it not? [Rather.] What a chin! [They might just as well say: 'What a couple of chins!' for there are two of them. One of the foolish women perhaps lays down her parasol, and offers to take up the little person, who resists franto- nicly.] Won't it come to its ———? Never mind, then, my loveliest one! [Oh, to see its wrinkled, crabbled, screaming, variegated countenance, at the moment when this epitaph is conferred upon it!] Frigging out at the bonnetty pinnerty, is it not? Now then: now she has taken her bennonit, now it will come to its Margery Pargery! Lor bless me, nurse, if it does not think that I am its mamma! Now, ain't that strange? And if the reader could see Miss Margaret Crabappel, he would think it incredible too. It may require some wisdom in a child to know its own papa; but not to know one's own mother is, in my humble opinion, little short of idiotic. Yet I remember when I was young myself—that is to say,
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younger—Uncle George's playing off a trick upon mamma, the humour of which I was at that time unable to appreciate. My dear mother was for ever vowing—for ever, that is, until within the last two months—that I was the most extraordinary infant that had come into the world from the earliest times unto the present, and it should never be such another in the revolving ages that were to come, and for ever boasting, in particular, of how she should be able, on account of my distinguished appearance, to pick me out from among a hundred others at a baby-shower. Now, this latter assertion Uncle George denied; and in order to prove himself in the right, he hit upon this device. Upon my being taken out for a constitutional upon a certain morning, he caused me to be equipped in an entirely new suit of reaiment, secretly procured at his own expense, and then to be brought back again to my mother in some quarter of an hour's time by the nursemaid of Mrs Brown, our neighbour, who had been herself confided almost simultaneously, in the character of her son Undecimus Brown. I was accordingly presented to the amazement of onlookers with a compostion of quite so intelligent, quite so clear complexioned, quite so sweet tempered. No, it was not her fancy; there was a marked difference: there was a certain flabbiness about my flesh, and a lack of that healthy firmness about the calves, which are indeed a peculiar thing and treading splendidly about her own darling son. When Uncle George burst out a laughing, and disclosed the trick, it was Falstaff and Prince Hal in Henry IV, again, and The Devil to Pay as well. My mother insisted upon it that she had known it all along. What an absurd idea that she, a mother, should not know her own dear darling child! What a cruel and unnatural unde the man must be who could thus trifle with the tenderest feelings of our nature; and then hysterics and the governor sent for, and a regular scene.

My uncle is a bachelor, and did not understand that women will bear anything better than a practical joke. I never was deceived, mind. Even at that period, when I was of course comparatively without experience, it was not easy to take me in. In what is the use of intellect to one in my present state? It would be far better for me, indeed, if I had a less keen appreciation of the position in which I now stand. I use that expression advisedly; I cannot stand yet, even while holding on to the chairs by the tips of my small fingers. This is, however, the accomplishment to attain which I am directing all my infant energies. I find that crawling brings me into currents of cold air from under doors and elsewhere, and that a higher elevation would partly obviate this; besides which, I am apt to get trodden upon, and when I utter my indignant protest against such conduct, the iron of that sarcasm, long since rusted with my tears, is driven into my infant spirit by the remark: Oh, never mind; it's only the Old Baby! It will scarcely be credited, perhaps, that the principal staple of my present nutriment consists of gravy, saved—that is to say, left—from the mutton or beef of the family dinner of the day. I did not mean to say, however, that I was asleep, as when asleep my fingers are almost completely cleansed of bread swept off on the same occasion from the table-cloth—leavings, offal, garbage, in fact, that is my daily food!

I have seen with my own eyes the Other going out for her perambulation in her perambulator (once my property) attired in my private embroidered pelisse, and sheltered under my particular umbrella from the rays of the sun. My complexion is now of no sort of consequence. I may get black and tan—'tis rather be that than red and yellow as the Other is—for all they care, and be exhibited to the public in a cotton dress without the least ornament of fancy. Deprivation of necessary milk-diet, neglect, and robbery, are the three simple charges which I have to make against the members of my family and household. Also, inhumaity in short-coating me before my time, through which I have suffered severely in my extru- mities from the loss. And lastly, cruelty in not providing me with anything to sit upon, or, more correctly, with any place where I can sit with comfort and satisfaction, now that there is no more room for me upon the nurse's knees. That generation after generation should push us from our stools,' as each grows old, is, as the poet has told us, an event to be expected; but to be pushed about from one article of furniture to another, discredowed, throneless, a very Lear of the nursery, is, I think, rather hard upon a superannuated infant. At present, my existence may be said to be, like any approaching marriage in high-life, upon the topis, or Kidder- minister only, from which nobody, save Uncle George, ever takes the trouble to pick me up. In a word, out of revenge for the snare at once, he sets out to catch on the fingers of his fellow, then to flaunt in motion, and to boast of, the Other has put my nose out of joint. I'm the Old Baby.

THE CARMELITES OF JESI. *

A few days after my excursion to Loretto, I had my last glimpse of real Italian scenes and Italian life, in a visit to Jesi, a small city of great antiquity, about twenty miles distant from Ancona. The circum- stances that impelled me to this visit were the fame of the Carmelites in Jesi, which young and gifted lady, Miss Green, had so kindly recommended to me. I accordingly called upon Father O'Grady, who was then at the convent of the Carmelites in Ancona, who recommended me to a Carmelite at Jesi, who was to receive me with hospitality and pleasure. Father O'Grady was a jovial, burly personage, with a round bulb-head, an athletic frame, and a stern tonsorial voice, that always reminded me of the holy clerk of Coppedehurst in Toombe. His great delight in his occasional visits to Ancona, where he always indulged in a monastery of the same order, was to be invited to our house to have 'a real English dinner,' as he termed it, which he dolorously contrasted with the fare provided by the cook at the Jesi convent. Once, too, the provincial of the order, a fine, dignified old man of seventy-five, with a silvery fringe of hair and regular impressive features, like one of Perugino's saints, came to dine with us, attended by another monk, a certain Padre Fiorenzo, as well as Father O'Grady—both of them very much subdued in his presence. Our Hibernian friend, however, always protested to the Carmelites that he was not only superior, but as the spring advanced, was urgent that we should test the hospitality of Jesi in return.

Some English travelling friends, waiting for the steamer to Trieste, were comprised in this invitation, which my uncle, though not without some signs at the long hours of conversations, and making the amiable with the brotherhood, which lay before him, was coaxed into accepting; and a beautiful morning in the latter part of June saw the two families of Jesi on a fine day in motion. After following the high road towards Senigallia along the curve of the bay for some miles, the way to Jesi turns inland in a westward direction. Long rows of mulberry-trees, connected by ample festoons of twisting vines, with crumbs of bread sprinkled over them, and scattered with plantations of young maize, beans, and olives, equally indicated the fertility of the country and its staple productions. Less hilly and romantic than the scenery near Loretto, it still had no lack of beauty; a background of mountains was never wanting, and gifted with that marvellous brightness and diversity of colouring peculiar to this clime, the landscape rarely sank into monotonoty.

* See Journal, No. 227—The Santa Casa of Loreto.
Jesi is an interesting little town, of some 5000 inhabitants, that has been a number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle ages as the birthplace of Frederick II., the great emperor of Germany, whose constant wars with the Roman pontiffs and encouragement of literature rendered his name very popular among the Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the Marche; and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches, that of the Carmelites being amongst the principal.

Father O’Grady, radiant with joy, was awaiting us in the street, to shew the way to the hotel where we were to take up our quarters—for within the cloister itself no woman may set her foot—until two rooms adjoining the church and sacristy were prepared for the day’s festivities. They had been up since daybreak, the good man said, but ‘the last touch was still wanting.’

The last touch being a lengthy process, and the inn barren of resources, a walk was proposed. We were conducted by the father and Padre Fiorenzo, his great friend, through the market, the principal square, and the main street called the Corso, the worthy pair being evidently more than ordinarily engaged to do their share in the novelty of the presence of strangers, for the town, lying out of the general route of travellers, is very rarely visited. After this promenade, somewhat fatiguing under a noontide sun, we went over the museum, the library, and the palace of the bishops, all well arranged, and in good taste, incomparably superior to any corresponding establishment in towns of far higher pretensions in England; but then, as Lucy was as hand patriotically to remark, had we not our museums, libraries, and schools, and charitable institutions, to stone for this deficiency? Admitting all this to its fullest extent, I cannot see why casinos, on the same simple footing as those so common in Southern Italy, should not be advantageously grafted on English county society. In towns too small to have a casino dé nobles to themselves, the higher and middle classes are content to waive questions of caste, and meet, as at Ancona, or Macerata, or Jesi, on this neutral territory. Once a week, during Lent or Advent, there were no opposers to serve a rally point, reunions for music and cards draw together the subscribers, without any extravagance in dress on the part of the wealthier ladies, provoking the less affluent to foolish emulation. Two or three times in the course of the year, halls are given, where a greater display is permitted, yet still without the inequalities of fortune thus rendered more apparent leading to any offensive airs of superiority. No refreshments are supplied on these occasions, the low amount of the subscription, twelve dollars a year for each member—exclusive of his family, however numerous—not furnishing funds beyond those necessary for attendance, lights, and music, and keeping up the establishment for the old bachelors and heads of houses, who frequent it regularly every day and every evening the whole twelvemonth round.

We concluded our peregrinations by the inspection of the theatre, Padre Fiorenzo having an acquaintance with the上演 engineers, who should assist to see it obtained. Even with the disadvantages of being seen by daylight, it might be pronounced a very elegant little structure; the columns and ceiling ornamented in white and gold, and the three tiers of private boxes draped with blue silk. Father O’Grady trod the stage with a mock-heroic air, and favoured us with two or three roulades of so much effect, that we protested he must often be hearing operas, and hinted he perhaps occasionally ventured there in disguise. At this insinuation, he shook his portly sides with laughter; but Padre Fiorenzo treated us with a compliment that in fact one night the previous Carnival, they and several hundreds of the brotherhood had been present at a concert given in that same theatre on behalf of the poor, which the bishop permitted all the clergy and religious to attend; and dwelling with the simplicity of a child upon the great enjoyment this had afforded them.

From these mundane resorts—a messenger having come to say all was now in readiness—we adjourned to the church of the Carmelites, where a side-door gave admission to the sacristy, and through the dark, low-ceiled room, lined with massive walnut-wood presses, in which all the vestments and ornaments for the great religious solemnities were deposited. An iron-barred window looked into the inner quadrangle of the monastery; and through a half-opened door we had glimpses of a long table spread for dinner; around which several dark-robed figures were hovering, the silvery head of the provincial himself now and then discernible as he directed the arrangements.

Father O’Grady being about a certain plum-pudding, on the manipulation of which the dawn of morning had found him engaged, now ceded his post as chief spokesman and squire to Padre Fiorenzo, who, with two other elderly monks, very gladly devolved the remainder of their duties upon the young visitors, for whom the idea of transgressing convent etiquette was irresistibly attractive. A door from the sacristy temptingly stood open, leading down by two or three steps into the court, of which the church and the rooms we occupied formed the southern extremity and barrier. Under pain of the severest excommunication, the monks repeatedly assured us, females were interdicted from proceeding further; the threshold on which we crowded on hearing these particulars, being the utmost boundary. The two blooming, joyous sisters, just out of the school-room, who had accompanied us from Ancona, with a mother too indulgent to act as any check on their spirits, and an elder brother, a barrister, almost as full of sports as themselves, who, when they found the church closed, remained behind to form the southern extreme again by the terrified Padre Fiorenzo, and rebuked by Father O’Grady, who evidently enjoyed the joke, though he tried to look serious upon it, with: ‘Children dear, why can’t you remain at home? Shame, now, it’s excommunicated ye’d be! Ah! more’s the pity that ye don’t care for that! Now jist be say, and don’t turn the house out of windows.’ But as the ‘children’ would not be ‘say,’ after one or two more escapades, the door was locked; and they were troubled in their turn to postpone new devices to beguile the time. Visible from the iron-barred window were some of the younger brethren walking up and down the prohibited quadrangle, trying to get a glimpse of the English heretics, whose visits had thrown the whole country into such plausible excitement. With black silk caps and white handkerchiefs, the delighted mad-caps extemporised some nuns’ costumes, in which they took their stations at the window, and confronted Father O’Grady as he was crossing the enclosure on his return from one of his expeditions to the kitchen.

The admiration of Mother Hubbard, in that renowned epic of our infancy, on finding her faithful canine attendant travestied in a court-suit, has its parallel in the father’s astonishment and laughter at
this apparition, in which he was choused by Padre
Florenzo and the others; until hearing the provincial
approaching, they wiped their eyes, and entreated
them to remove their impromptu attire; while to keep
them out of further mischief, and provide some
employment for the more sober members of the party,
they asked the superior’s permission to show us the
church vestments. This was graciously accorded; and
one after another the presses were opened by the
monks; and rich brocades, tissues of gold and silver,
silk embroidery in various colours, were successively
drawn forth, the provincial himself deigning to explain
for what they were designed.

The welcome announcement of dinner still found us
thus engaged. We were ushered with great glee—for I
cannot repeat too often that, with the exception of the
provincial, they all seemed as easily set laughing as a
parcel of school-boys—into the next room, where our
venerable host and the fathers who had previously
been making conversation, took their seats with us at
the table. As we were aware that in Latin it would be a
flower of speech; neither was there anything peculiarly
droll in the ballies with which Padre Alberto, the bel
esprit of the convent, sustained, or, in Father O’Grady’s
opinion, enhanced his reputation; but there was some-
thing in the interest that the monks of these good Carmelites, that it would have been
invidious to scan their intellectual attainments at
such a moment. Dr Primrose’s oft-quoted words
were exactly applicable to that party: ‘I can’t say whether
we were more amusing us than usual, but certainly
we had more laughing.’

Of the dinner itself, I shall say but little; the readers
of these sketches must be by this time familiar with
Italian bills of fare. The soup of clear broth, wherein
flotted little squares of a compound resembling hard
custard; the unfailing lessa; a frittura of brains and
bread-crumbs, sprinkled with powdered sugar; larded
capsone; a dish of femel-root, dressed with butter
and cheese; roast kid; a riso, of which cockscobs were
the principal ingredients, with a sweet curd
Ingless, cake steeped in rum and covered with custard;
‘on purpose,’ the provincial said, ‘for the English
ladies, accustomed from childhood to mix spirits with
their food; and, lastly, Father O’Grady’s plum-
pudding, but, alas! served in a sort of sixteen, as the
flour had been forgotten in its composition, and no
amount of boiling had availed to give it the desired
consistency. Still the innumerable jokes this fur-
nished, supply compensation for its partial failure: the
young barrister told them it was exactly like the plum-
broth served out at Christmas at St Cross’s Hospital,
one of the most famous institutions in England, he
asserted, for good cheer, and invited every one by
example, as he was accustomed with Attie salt, would be
a plum pudding of sixteen, as the flour
already shown himself emulous of a box constrictor’s
capacity, he now sent his plate for a second supply,
compelling Padre Florenzo, as a tribute to friendship,
to have another.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Fra Carmelo, the
old cook of whom we had heard so much, and who was
declared to have acquitted himself right manfully,
was summoned to receive the thanks of the company.
The messenger found him playing the guitar, with
which he was wont daily to solace himself at the com-
pletion of his duties in the kitchen, and triumphantly
led him forward. In his brown Carmelites dress, he
certainly looked a most interesting cook. Though
past eighty, his tall figure was only slightly
bowed; and there was a vivacity in his light-blue
eyes and ruddy complexion, which led to the con-
clusion that his alleged occasional shortcomings in his
art were more the result of inattention than incapacity.

On rising from table, the provincial offered to fare
due passi, a great distinction, which was of course
accepted. Again the whole party saluted forth. In
my uncle—who won golden opinions, though suffering
martyrdom throughout the day—leading the van. We
went to see two or three churches, and then, at Father
O’Grady’s suggestion, were taken to a nunnery, which
he knew would be a treat for us. All the sisters
crowded to the porlaroto to see the strangers. It
was not a grating, as in the stricter orders, but simply a
large aperture like a wide unglazed window, at which
they clustered, talking eagerly to the monks, asking
questions about the little world of Jesi, and gazing
with unrestrained and delighted curiosity upon us.

Amongst fifteen or sixteen thus assembled, little
beauty, less mind, was discernible. I saw but one
interesting face—a face that had, or might have had,
a history written upon it. A thin, hollow-eyed, yet
amusing friar, whose broad smiles and occasional remarks, shewed
they participated in the general hilarity; the provin-
cial himself playing the courteous attentive host to
perfection, seeming to sanction and approve it. To
say that there was a certain sadness in the spectator’s
mind, would be a flower of speech; neither there anything peculiarly
droll in the ballies with which Padre Alberto, the bel
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flour had been forgotten in its composition, and no
amount of boiling had availed to give it the desired
consistency. Still the innumerable jokes this fur-
nished, supply compensation for its partial failure: the
young barrister told them it was exactly like the plum-
broth served out at Christmas at St Cross’s Hospital,
one of the most famous institutions in England, he
asserted, for good cheer, and invited every one by
example, as he was accustomed with Attie salt, would be
a plum pudding of sixteen, as the flour
already shown himself emulous of a box constrictor’s
capacity, he now sent his plate for a second supply,
compelling Padre Florenzo, as a tribute to friendship,
to have another.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Fra Carmelo, the
old cook of whom we had heard so much, and who was
declared to have acquitted himself right manfully,
was summoned to receive the thanks of the company.
The messenger found him playing the guitar, with
which he was wont daily to solace himself at the com-
pletion of his duties in the kitchen, and triumphantly
led him forward. In his brown Carmelites dress, he
certainly looked a most interesting cook. Though
past eighty, his tall figure was only slightly
bowed; and there was a vivacity in his light-blue
feel as if the pain of parting were renewed, while many unrecorded traits of courtesy, sympathy, and friendship crowd upon me. If such omissions have arisen, it has been from no spirit of depreciation. In reminiscences like the foregoing, the peculiarities a stranger cannot but fail to remark must be prominently brought to light; those go for nothing. The observer can never be led to the national character being often left in the background, simply because offering less scope for comment or description.

The sole merit of what I have written is its truth. Nor was this anecdote not an incident, is here given but what is scrupulously authentic. With a little exaggeration, I might have been much more amusing, but I preferred delineating these things as they really are—in their light and darkness, in their faults and deformity—in what our pride might stoop to imitate, or our gratitude make us thankful that we differ.

A REMINISCENCE OF FIELD LANE.

FIELD LANE is now a thing of the past. That odd-looking bower of dangling silk-banners, beneath which a colony of filthy Jew-fences with villainous faces, and fat Jewesses tinted in skirt and bare of elbow, bowed and sweltered in darkness and foul vapours, has at length vanished. London has lost something by the loss of Field Lane. It has not a single atom left to compare with the commercial grandeur of Gracious Garden or the Grand Cafe. As Field Lane did, rivalling them in its mingled aspect of brilliancy and squalor, its shabby sunlessness, even in the dog-days, and its colours so genuinely Asiatic. But nobody need regret that that respectable Goose has disappeared. I am on the mark of London unless it is in the pickpockets, whose bazaar and sanctuary it was, and who made it so picturesque a garner of their spolia opima as to compensate in some degree to the public eye for the absence of which they deprived the public nose. A hundred thousand handkerchiefs per annum, it is said, were bought and sold in Field Lane—all extracted from the pockets of the public by rule of thumb, and all hung up as trophies in that infamous gallery of ban-

ners for the said public to admire, and purchase if they chose. And the public did admire, in their way; that is, they laughed at the impudence of the thing—made of the thief's market a standing joke—in some sense, took a sort of pride in it, and commended it to strangers and country-cousins as a lion of a peculiar species: not the real British animal, of course, but yet a smart, plucky beast that scorned to carry his tail between his legs.

I confess, for my part, I never relished the jokes of which this den of rascality was the standing occasion. I had a reason for it. For more than five-and-twenty years I never came within sight of it without a shudder; and never passed, in all that time, its Holborn outlet without involuntarily quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it razed to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

In the summer of 1830 I was a young blockhead just turned twenty-one: to be sure, what an ass I was, half flop and all fool! I had served my time down in Suffolk (I shan't say where), and had learned my trade as a hair-dresser, by dint of seven years' practice, tolerably well. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, I came up to town with all my fortune—above a hundred pounds—in my pockets, intending to see the world and enjoy myself before I settled down to business. I bought a fashionable suit, a pair of coloured gloves, a gold guard-chain that cost me ten guineas round my neck, cocked my Paris beaver on one side, and strutted the streets with a tasseled amber-headed cane. Ha! I almost deserved what I met with.

Well, I did enjoy myself, notwithstanding. Everything was a pleasure to me in those days—and then, as to Vauxhall, the theatres, the dancing-rooms, the free-and-easies, the music—the only joy the Parisian himself. I made friends with some young fellows as silly as myself, and together we flattered ourselves—we 'did the thing'—and many a preposterous and senseless thing we certainly did.

One day, having made an appointment to dine with one of these chance acquaintances, I was proceeding in full costume along Holborn towards the place of assignation, when a mop-headed, ragged urchin ran against me, and nearly tripped me up; and the next moment, I discovered that I had lost my handkerchief from my pocket. I was too green to suspect the little vagabond of having taken it—besides, he had disappeared. The loss was nothing; it was only the trouble of purchasing another. I turned back on the look-out for a shop, where I came suddenly upon the entrance to Field Lane, which disclosed to my view thousands of handkerchiefs dangling from walls, and lines, and open windows: and up I walked to make my selection. The queer aspect of the queer urchin tickled my fancy, and amused me much—the chaffering, squabbling, and bawling—the coarse jokes I heard, the odd faces that peeped out on all sides—the myriad silken spools that fluttered around and alight—all struck me with a sort of novelty, and, being in no hurry, and thinking I might as well see the whole of it, I wandered from end to end of the lane before troubling myself about the business in hand. The strenuousness of the place, plump and unctuous, paid for attention; I was glad; I had an entrapped me into a bargain, but I was callous to their compliments, and held on my way. Having at length satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and entering a shop at hazard, demanded to be shown some of the best of the wares. The shop was a sort of shed-looking chamber, which was almost empty; the whole of the merchandise having been transferred to the lines and poles without, where, as it hung thick as leaves on a tree, it completely obscured the view of what was passing in the lane. The urchin, who rose up from behind the counter in answer to my challenge, seemed to my first view all nose and scrubby hair; but a pair of dark-black eyes twinkled beneath a broad bush of brow that covered them, and his bristly jaw contorted with a grin as he asked: 'Didd' yer vant de verra pest, ma tear?'

Of course I wanted the best, and was not particular as to price. The fellow eyed me leisurely all over as I gave him to understand that much, and no doubt he took my measure to a hair. 'Den vill de shenileman sthupp inte de vareus, an' look at some vot is fust-rate?'

He opened a whitewashed door at the end of the shop, and beckoned me to follow. I obeyed; and threading a dark narrow passage some few paces in length, was shewn into a chamber not more than ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof, and totally empty, with the exception of what seemed a huge man's chair of the pitch, and some tools and billets of wood lying about, together with a dozen or so of big square paving-stones, which seemed to have been brought in from Holborn, which was then undergoing repair.

The Jew produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and ejaculating: 'Ha, ha, ma tear! I shall shew yer do pootiful gootah!' began fumbling at the lock of the chest, to open it. But somehow it would not open, and defied all his efforts, till the fellow began to curse the lock, and work himself into a passion with it. He stamped and bawled, and anathematized some
absent old woman, who, he swore bitterly, had been meddling, and had hampered the lock.

At first, the fellow's antics amused me: but all at once it struck me that the passion was unnatural and feigned; and now the queer reports I had heard of London traps and villainies rushed to my recollection: and I began immediately to suspect that all was not as it should be. I turned towards the door, intending to regain the shop, when suddenly flew open, and flew from the guidance of an old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, barred the way.

I say, in the guise of an old woman; for if that apparition was of the female sex, then I am the man in the moon. I had mown too many masculine beards during the last seven years to be mistaken on that point: the seeming old woman was a sturdy ruffian of forty, not two hours shaved—I saw it at a glance; and the sight sent all the blood in my veins bounding back to its source.

The Jew launched a torrent of abuse at his confederate, and demanded the key of the chest. I was too much prepossessed to note his acts or to hear much he said. I endeavoured to maintain a careless mode of manner—I could not gain the pretended old woman. I heard the box lid thrown back, and the voice of the Jew extolling the wares within. I made a feint of turning to look at them; and at the same moment I saw the petticoated ruffian face me with his left hand for what seemed a fragment of a broomstick, which leaned against the wall behind the door. Something—perhaps my better angel—gave me courage. I dashed at the object myself, and seized it firmly in my grasp—it was a painted bar of top. I held it with both hands, and aimed a savage blow, which luckily caught on the iron bar, and which showered the crutch to fragments. Almost at the same moment the Jew grabbed me by the throat. I dashed the heel of the bar into his face, and he flew to the end of the room, carrying my lavender-silk neck-tie and diamond pin in his hand. I expected the bulky assassin would close; but, instead of that, he planted his back against the door—now firmly shut—and shielded himself with the remnant of his crutch. No time was to be lost—the Jew would recover himself, and return to the attack in a moment, his heavy tools were at hand for the first blow. I heard the low sound of a clog in the air; the last thing I saw was the fire-flashing eye and demoniac grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.

Men of genius talk and write very fine things about the wondrous celerity of thought, and the freaks of imagination and memory under certain circumstances. I don't understand that kind of subject myself; but it's all true they say, nevertheless. In those most horrible moments I saw myself dead and dashed to pieces at the bottom of a frightful dungeon, and my mangled body stripped and planted, then pitched away in a hole, out of the world for ever.

But this terrible vision was not destined to be realised. Instead of dashing on the floor of a dungeon, I fell source into a mass of filthy fluid, the odour of which informed me at once that I had been hurled into the common sewer. The drain was deep, and I had to exercise some skill as a swimmer before I found my feet. Even then I stood up to the armpits in the vile liquid, the effluvia of which threatened to poison me with every breath I drew. Happily, I had suffered no serious bodily injury by my fall, the force of which had been neutralised by the water. I looked up just as a trap-door through which I had descended was in the act of closing—saw it raise to its level, and heard the villains slipping the bolt that secured it. What was to be done? I was myself up for lost.

If I cried out, none were likely to hear me; my friends who had accompanied me determined, which any alarm on my part would only goad them to complete. I had not relinquised the iron bar, but still clutched it mechanically, and I now began groping with it in the dense darkness, to ascertain, if possible, in what direction to proceed, to escape if it be from the ruffians' power. I found that I stood in the centre of the channel, in which a slow current ran in one direction, as I judged towards the river. The water shallowed towards the sides. I crept involuntarily to the side furthest from the trap above my head, where the flood scarcely reached to my knees. A deadly shiver came over me, and I felt about with my hands for some place of rest, as I fancied my own knees were small, and I would not dare to take place. A rough sort of buttress of old brickwork projected from the bank, and in the angle of that I crouched half in the water, and tried to collect my wandering faculties. I was hardly rescued conjecturing that it was not to be smothered faintly on the surface of the filthy water. I knew it must come from the trap-door overhead, and waited in horror for what it might portend—half-expecting to see the ruffian masquerader descend, knife in hand, and confine me in my turn. I held my breath, for I knew that the villains were listening, and that the slightest sound from me would seal my doom. Then I heard a lumbering noise above, and the next moment down came a shower of the monster paving-stones, which would have covered the life out of an ox had they fallen upon him. Then the trap closed once more, and again all was darkness.

How long I crouched there, desolated with terror and apprehension, I cannot say. To me it appeared an age; it may not have been a dozen minutes. I had come to the conclusion that there I should die, and rot piecemeal, and never be discovered; and there I should have died, it is my opinion, if a new cause of apprehension had not roused me. While I was in the lowest stage of destitution, I should be beaten down and slain. Madly I rushed towards the door, and in the act of seizing my weapon for a blow which should crush the skull of the burly ruffian, sprite of his fence, when suddenly the whole scene shot upwards into the air; the last thing I saw was the fire-flashing eye and demoniac grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.
was nothing—the flow rippling over stones and offal that lay in its course. Therefore, as soon as the Jew had disappeared, I rose to a higher position than I had originally occupied, and groped my way through the reedless groma against the current of the current. I still retained my weapon, and it stood me in good stead as I held it above my head, by warning me when to stoop and save my bare scalp from the impending brickwork. When once fairly out of bearing and sight-range of my persecutors, a fact of which I was aware from the angular course I followed, my spirits began to revive within me, and something like hope once more dawned upon me.

To my great relief, I found as I proceeded that the horrible groma grew less dense, partly, perhaps, because my sight was becoming habituated to it, but partly also because a few rays streamed in here and there through some of the side-gullies of the drain, the ends of which were separated but by a grating from the street, but which were all too narrow to admit the passage of my body. At first, all I cared for was to hasten on and on, away and still further away from the bloodthirsty assassins. Once or twice the main channel, or what appeared to be such, had branched off into other channels as large or nearly so. This gave me some comfort, as in the case of pursuit my pursuers might elect the wrong track, and thus be lost to me. For hours, and left the murderous den some miles behind before my limbs began to fail me, and I found myself compelled to stop to recruit my strength by rest. I sat down by a side-drain whence a few rays of light shone in, up by which I might lay my weary head and allowed the current to flow under my legs. I could hear above my head the noise of the traffic that rolled along the streets, the rattle of wheels, and the pat, pat of innumerable feet—and the tears now for the first time started in my eyes, as I wondered whether I should ever again be restored to the busy world above. This melancholy temper of mind was, however, put to flight by the teeth of a huge rat, which had fastened on my ankle with the grip of a vice. I had to crush the fellow with my weapon before he would let go, and the next minute had to do battle with hundreds more, which swarmed upon me from all quarters, darting at my face and hands, and falling on my neck from the roof, which was too low to prevent them. I had speedily disposed of them at least before the troop withdrew from me to regale themselves on their dead companions, and allowed me to pursue my way.

This assault deterred me from proceeding further in the same direction, and I resolved to retrace my steps, and try another turning which I had marked about an hour before. One hope had haunted me all along, since I had shaken off the fear of being murdered. I had some of the side-gullies in that neighbourhood a part of the street ripped up for the repair of the main sewer. If I could find that spot, my deliverance would be effected. I could think of no other chance, and naturally cling to that with the tenacity of despair. Within a part of an hour I made sure of the place I sought, and groped along as fast as I could. From the increased noise overhead, and the almost utter absence of light, owing to the length of the side-drains, I gathered that I was traversing a part of the city. Several times I halted, and shouted at the top of my voice at the embouchure of the tributary drains; but no reply ever reached my ears, and I desisted at length in utter hopelessness of making myself heard. I knew by this time, from the hours I had been under ground, that the evening must be drawing in, and I looked for nothing less than passing the night, which, I was convinced, would be the last of my existence, in this living tomb. I knew that as soon as I succumbed to fatigue, I should be devoured by the swarms of rats; and already I felt exhausted in every faculty of my body.

Conceive my joy, if you can, when, on a chance look backwards in the direction I had come, I perceived at no great distance, and framed in the black circle of surrounding darkness, the figure of a man carrying an old horn-lantern swung from his neck, with a basket at his back, a bag at his girdle, a cage full of live rats in one hand, and a staff in the other. He was attended by a savage-looking bull-terrier, which came scurrying towards me open-mouthed, and seemed inclined to resent my trespass on his Warren. Never, perhaps, did mortal man rejoice more devoutly than I did at the presence of this strange and unlooked-for apparition. The man, bare to the hips, was a mass of filth and rags: yesterday, I would not have spoken to him on any consideration to be mentioned; but now, I could have pressed him to my heart, or kissed the tattered hem of his garments. I am not sure I did not do something as foolish the moment my trembling limbs had carried me to his side.

The honest fellow did not at all reciprocate my earnestness. Holding me off at arm's-length, he held up his lantern for a good view, and deliberately surveyed me from head to foot.

'Blow if 't ain't a regular ratcatcher!' he ejaculated at length. 'Why, what the dooce makes the likes of you down in the shore? an' where's yer dog, man alive?—Come into the shore without ne'er a dog! it's a wonder the rats hasn't a cat ee hup!'

'If I didn't come home to see you I wouldn't be where I am now accord,' I said.

'Shew me the way out, and I'll pay you well.'

'Well, hang me if I knows what to make on it. Not come in o' yer home accord! How was it then? You've a been here ever since one o'clock, anyhow.'

'No, I have not—it was after three o'clock when I got here.'

'That's impossible. Tide was a-comin' in then, an' it ain't gone down yet.'

'Will you guide me out, and take a guinea for your trouble?' I said impatiently.

'In course I guides you out, whether I will or no—coo if you follows me, you gits out when I do; but we can't go out till the tide's gone down, an' that won't be for this hour, I reckon. What I wants to know is how you got in—and it looks queer, yer see. Here, take a swig o' this here, an' tell us all about it.'

He produced a pocket-flask as he spoke, and glad enough I was to take a pull at the fiery spirit it contained, and which almost in a moment gave me new life.

'That's the sort to keep the stench out of a feller's stomick, ain't it?' he said with a grin as he followed my example. 'Now first, Len's sit down here—my basket's seat enough for two—an' tell us how the dooce a gemman like you comes a shorin' of it.'

Without more ado, I told my story as the reader already knows it, to the unqualified amazement and indignation of the hearer.

I shall not repeat his comments on the narrative. 'The bloody-minded villains!' he concluded; 'won't you hang 'em?'

'That I certainly will, if I can lay hold of them,' was my reply.

'An' I'll go an' see'em swing—blow if I don't.'

'And you,' said I—'how came you here? You seem to be quite at home in this horrible place.'

'Oh,' said he, 'the place is well enough, if that's all—only wish I had it all to myself, an' no hincte-lopers. Yer see, I'm a shore-hunter for many a long year. All a feller finds down here is his own, an' nobody thinks of claiming it again—wouldn't git it if they did, I reckon.'
'But what can you possibly find here besides the rats—and what use are they?'

'Ah, that's your hig'rant's! What can I find! Hevery think as comes down—leave me alone to find it—spoons, cheese, money, silver thimbles. I've found a shillin' an' four sixpences to-day, only three on e'm's bad uns. I've found many a good sovring in my time, an' more bad uns. Then I snares the rats, an' them's eightpence a dozen for killin' w' the dogs. Then there's the rags an' linen, lote o' that—an' what d'y think o' plates? Many's the table-spoon I've had, an' tea-spoons too, an' many a silver snuff-box. I know'd a chap as found a gready-spoon as weighed six ounces, an' a gold lady's watch worth seben pound.

Poor crow, he was too greedy, he was—he got shut in here w' the tide one night without his dog, an' hanged if the rats didn't eat him up all but his bones. It's the truth I'm a tellin' yer. I helped to git all that was left of him out myself, an' we had to put the bones in a basket: they was all picked clean in a single night. There! I can't abear to think on it. Poor Bill.'

This sort of revelation did not tend to reanimate my courage, and I was glad when the man rose, and whistling to his dog, proposed to go.

'Will you be kind enough to let us out,' he said, 'by the time we git to the Thames, so we may as well be trackin' it.'

'And which way do you go?' I inquired.

'The way you came,' he said; 'there is no other way.'

'I can't, I can't attempt it,' I cried—and I really could not; my flesh crept with horror at the idea.

The man lifted his lantern to my face, and marking my evident terror, began to scratch his head and mutter to himself.

'There is another way,' I said: 'they are repairing the sewer somewhere thereabout—surely you can find the place.'

'Them repairs is done, an' closed up last night. But never say die! You said a guinea, didn't yer?' he asked in a decided way.

'Yes, two. Put me above ground, and the money is yours.'

'I'll go along then,' he rejoined. 'Step out arter me, an' I'll make it all right.'

He held up his lantern, and struck into a sort of ambling run. I kept close to his heels, and the dog ran yelping before. We soon came to the main drain—descended it some quarter of a mile, then entered an alley, and soon came to a traverse which we had to stop to a sitting posture. After a course of more than half an hour at the best speed we could make, my guide stopped at a low outlet not more than twenty inches in diameter, and diverting himself of his various burdens, began to crawl up the orifice, telling me not to follow him, but to wait his return. In less than a minute he bawled out: 'It's all right; and the moment after, to my indescribable satisfaction, I heard him talking with some one above ground. I waited with what patience I could, but thought the conference would never have an end. At length my deliverer came sliding back again, heels foremost. His reappearance was followed by the sound of blows and the clang of a crowbar on the grating above. My guide now held out his hand for the promised reward.

'Will you not also escape this way?' I asked.

'No,' said he; 'couldn't git my traps through. Besides, the old coon'll be lookin' out for me at the river. Ain't it honest to warn her o' the trap? I'm got to. You're all right now. Just crawl up the drain, an' there you are: there's enough on 'em, I reckon, up there to fish yer out.'

Having recompensed my deliverer beyond his expectations, I followed his directions, more in a dream than with any real consciousness of what I was doing. I was hauled out, more dead than alive, at the corner of a narrow lane, among a crowd of people assembled to witness my resurrection. I had barely sense enough to make known the address of my landlord, to whose house I was conveyed, I believe, in a cart upon a bed of straw, after several drivers of cabs and hackney-coaches had declined the honour of my custom.

It was night before I reached home; and from that hour until full two months after, the day and the night were all alike to me, for I was raving in the delirium of fever, and declining horrible narratives of murder, and darkness, and skeleton victims, and rats, and gravy-spoons. My poor old mother had come up from Sudbury to take possession of me. But at last I got well again, in spite of the doctor who dosed me six times a day, and of the nurse, who cramped my mother with the notion that, because in my delirium I talked of rats, I was doomed to death.

The first thing I did when I recovered was to hunt up the ruffians who had thought to murder me. I got officers from Bow Street, and invaded Field Lane with the authority of the law. It was all to no purpose. Not only could I not find the villains themselves, but I could not identify even the footprints of the atrocity. A perfect stranger to the place, I could only guess at its precise locality—of course could not swear to it. There was no such inner apartment as I described to be found—not trap-door to be discovered in any of the floors; in fact, the whole thing, of which my terror had indelibly imprinted on my memory, had all vanished together, and the search had to be given up.

The explanation of this seeming mystery must be referred to the time I had lain on a sick-bed, during which the report of my escape may have reached my intending murderers—and it is likely enough that my deliverer may have talked of his adventure, and so put the assassins on their guard. Thus they had time, and to spare, to affect the metamorphosis of their premises, which deceived the officers of justice, and thus facilitated their escape from the gallows so richly deserved.

Since then, the dumb has often crossed my mind whether the office of Bow Street really believed the strange story I told them. Be that as it may, the reader may rely upon its accuracy so far as my memory serves me at this distance of time—and he will hardly wonder that I do not regret the final tenure of Field Lane from the list of metropolitan lions.

CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE-BURNING.

INDEPENDENTLY of the desired solution of the smoke-consuming problem as regards our private dwellings, a great interest attaches itself to the progress making in the same direction by those who burn coals on a grand scale, as it will be their experience which ultimately will guide the world at large in getting rid of what may be well called a monster nuisance.

But, in a scientific point of view, and as connected with several important branches of economics—as the supply of fuel from the mines, and the greater cheapness of steam-travelling, &c.—this question of perfect combustion and avoidance of smoke must be watched with intense interest by all reflecting and educated minds; and it is with sincere pleasure that we bring before our readers the new facts which are now being to form the subject of this matter. We shall only premise that space admits of no more than a cursory view of the details connected with the experiments, by which, as it should seem, this grand and important object has been at last achieved with perfect success in all respects. Some time since, a premium
of £1,500 was offered by a body, entitled the 'Steamcoal Collieries Association,' for the best method of applying fuel to a grate, in such a manner as to ensure that the fuel, and leave no visible smoke to escape into the atmosphere. The question of breadth of fire-grate was left an open one to each competitor; a drawing of the boiler was furnished to each; the cost of the grate was to be drawn from the same pit; the results of each stage of the experiments carefully recorded; the residuary portions accurately weighed, and, in short, everything done so as to insure the most perfect fairness in the trials.

From the Hope we now begin, we should conclude that the four plans selected for actual trial were considered the most likely, a priori, to meet the required conditions; and, as such, were tried at the expense of the Association. The other candidates, to the number of ninety-nine, refused to avail themselves of the opportunity which was given them of testing their plans at their own expense. We have, therefore, only to do with the four selected ones—namely, those of Messrs Hobeon and Hopkins, Holderness; Mr C. W. Williams of Liverpool; Mr B. Stoney, Dublin; and Mr Robson, South Shields. Of these four, the competitor who was declared by the judges to have satisfied the conditions laid down by the Association, was Mr Williams, a gentleman to whom the public are deeply indebted for his researches on subjects of this nature; and who is said, in fact, to have taught us all we know of any moment as to the consumption of fuel upon useful and scientific principles in steam-furnaces.

We are forced to pass through an air-jet some twenty-five years ago, which it was said at the time had been found to produce a conversion of the dense smoke of the marine-boiler furnace into a volume of bright flame, and thus to have achieved a great and double advantage. That steamsters at the present day continue to announce their approach, while still far in the 'offing,' by the characteristic cloud of smoke, is no proof that Mr Williams was given in that case more credit than he deserved; for, of all slow-coaches in adopting improvements, steam-companies seem to be the very slowest.

Before explaining the different plans brought to trial, and the causes of Mr Williams's success, we shall dwell a moment on some curious and important scientific facts, connected with boiler-furnaces.

It would seem that the question of perfect combustion is not set at rest by the absence of smoke; invisible gases may be passing away unconsumed from want of oxygen—that is, from want of air; and when air is supplied only through the face of the fire-grate, this, on the production of visible smoke, will be the result. Air, then, must be largely admitted; some think it should be heated for the purpose, but the judges very properly observe that the heating of air involves so many inconveniences, that it is in no way to be recommended unless absolutely indispensable. It considerably enhances the merit of Mr Williams's system, that it has nothing to do with heated air, or any other troublesome or expensive complications. Its simplicity, indeed, taken in connection with its perfect success, is one of its greatest merits; for it is evident, upon a moment's reflection, that an object may be attained in the laboratory of the chemist by the application of a certain portion of a batch of the same substance, which may be quite inadmissible on a grand scale.

It further appears that the mere passing of gases through a body of burning fuel will not of itself destroy the smoke. On this account, it has been supposed to supply a jet of air to the gases just as they are entering the fire from below. The judges remark upon this, that the destructive effect upon the bars supporting this fire has not been sufficiently considered by projectors. The intense heat generated by the process speedily destroys these bars; and it has been proposed to obviate this difficulty by substituting for them hollow tubes, filled with air or water. From this, it is replied, even if successful to a certain extent, might arise too many inconveniences, in regard of sea-going ships, to render its adoption desirable. The failure of one such tube—and, in spite of all that can be said, we know that, exposed to an intense heat, failure would be extremely probable—might render the whole boiler useless, and stop the voyage.

Again, the judges disapprove of the introduction of steam with air into the furnace, which has likewise been proposed; and, without going into a deep science of the matter, it must be obvious that this method would be highly objectionable on the ground of expense and complication.

We now come to a brief description of the competing systems, beginning with that of Mr Robson, which was the first brought to trial.

The principle of this plan is to divide the furnace into two fire-grates, the one at the back being shorter than the other; and at a lower level. This back-grate is quite a separate affair, furnished with separate doors for cleaning and the supply of fuel; this door has a valve in it for the admission of air; and there is also what is called a 'distributing tube,' perforated with holes, to allow air to get at all parts of the fire at once.

The plan of proceeding is, to burn coal in the front-grate, and coke or cinders in the second. It was expected that the gases generated in the outer, and passing through the back were to enrich the gases in the inner, grate, would be all consumed; but in this the judges found that the object was 'only partially accomplished.' The idea, however, is ingenious and interesting; and very probably may contain the germs of success, although some further improvements, likely enough to be suggested in practice. It appears that air is not admitted directly to the fire in the front-grate, and consequently it can excite no surprise that the mass of fuel there burns slowly, with a loss of effective force in the boiler. This is one of the weak points which may be strengthened in time.

The next plan was that of Messrs Hobeon & Co. & Co.

In this, air is freely admitted in various ways, which we shall not pause to describe. There is here a complicated and elaborate system of brickwork and over the height clear fire in the inner grate, would be all consumed; but in this the judges found that the object was 'only partially accomplished.' The idea, however, is ingenious and interesting; and very probably may contain the germs of success, although some further improvements, likely enough to be suggested in practice. It appears that air is not admitted directly to the fire in the front-grate, and consequently it can excite no surprise that the mass of fuel there burns slowly, with a loss of effective force in the boiler. This is one of the weak points which may be strengthened in time.

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purpose. The coal is pushed forward to supply the furnace as required; but, as it is declared not to have prevented smoke, we shall not dwell longer on its details.

The successful competitor, Mr. Williams, admits air in front, at the angles, and also by small apertures elsewhere, in order to its complete diffusion, in streams and jets, among the gases. In the plan adopted in the present instance, Mr. Williams introduces the air only at the front, by means of cast-iron casings furnished with shutters, so as to vary the area as will, and perforated on the inside with a great number of small holes. 'The mode of firing consists in applying the fresh fuel alternately at each side of the furnace, so as to have one side bright while the other is black.' The results obtained by this method shew a large increase above the standard in every respect. 'The prevention of smoke,' say the judges, 'was, we may say, practically perfect, whether the fuel burned was 15 pounds or 27 pounds the square foot per hour. Indeed, in one experiment the extraordinary quantity of 37½ pounds of coal per square foot per hour was burned in a grate of 16½ square feet, giving a rate of evaporation of 2½ cubic feet of water per hour, per square foot of fire-grate, without producing smoke.' All readers may not exactly understand this; but it will serve to shew, that according to some of the most competent judges in England, Mr. Williams has succeeded, not only in producing the standard quantity of steam in relation to the size of the grate employed, but in very much more than this—invoking a much greater consumption of coal, and this without producing smoke; or, on the other hand, without leaving any portion of the valuable gases contained in the coal unused.

One short quotation more: 'Of particular attention is required from the stoker; in fact, in this respect, the system leaves nothing to desire, and the actual labour is even less than that of the ordinary mode of firing.' Mr. Williams's system is applicable to all descriptions of marine-boilers, and its extreme simplicity is a great point in its favour. It fully complies with all the required conditions.

The substance of this last quotation is, in our view of it, most important. We know quite enough of steam and firemen to be well aware that, if the effect depended on any extraordinary care on their parts, a few only could be counted upon for such attention. It is a well-known fact that, even in the ordinary furnaces, a continuous and moderate supply of air isurnished almost without smoke; but it was always heaped on in large quantities at a time, and so distilled, to the injury of the proprietors, and the annoyance of the neighbourhood.

The general applicability to marine purposes holds out a hope that, 'at long last,' a characteristic feature of a voyage by steam will no longer be the intrusive presence of small balls of lamp-black upon the cheek and forehead of beauty, and that, on the approach of a steamer, we may look out for her hull, and not her unsavory exhaust.

Again, we feel tempted to ask: 'Is there any chance that Palmerston's act will now be something more than a "flash in the pan," puffed into our faces by that astute and experienced political engineer?' At present, every proprietor of a volcano claims a legal fifteen minutes for smoking; and what with one difficulty, and what with another, it requires a more experienced eye than ours to distinguish the difference between 'smoky Brunswig,' Manchester, and Leeds, before the passing of the paper. The peculiarities of 'natives' will have only themselves to blame if they do not owe their deliverance to this 'excellent device' of Mr. Williams.

We trust they will see this clearly—if they do, it will be the first thing they have ever seen clearly in their own localities—and that they will bestir themselves accordingly.

If, after this notice, they remain indifferent, wrapped up in 'their sulphurous canopy,' we shall quite despair of the case; and say, as the Yorkshirewoman said when depriving the eels of their external cuticle: 'Let 'em alone; they like it.'

It would be unfair to Mr. Williams to omit that he has manfully devoted the sum awarded to him as a prize—nay, to the use of an association of a scientific kind connected with the combustion of fuel on scientific and economical principles. This is justly observed upon as highly honourable to his liberality, since he must have been at great expense in the prosecution of those researches, the result of which promises such extensive advantages to the public—indeed, we might have said the world—at large.

[We have now had smoke-prevention in our own premises, with entire and unflinching success, for nine years, by means of Jukes's patent—gradual introduction of coal by means of revolving bars.—Ed.]

O Ç E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LI.—WHO WAS THE RIDER?

I felt faint enough to have reeled from the saddle; but the necessity of concealing the thoughts that were passing within me, kept me firm. There are suspicions that even a bosom-friend may not share; and mine were of this character, if suspicions they could be called. Unhappily, they approached the nature of convictions. I saw that Gallacher was mystified; not, as I supposed, by the tracks upon the ground, but by my behaviour in regard to them. He had observed my excited manner on taking up the trail, and while following it; he could not have failed to do so; and now, on reaching the glade, he looked upon a pallid face, and lips quivering with emotions to him unintelligible.

What is it, Geordie, my boy? Do you think the riskman has been after some thirty game? Playing the spy on your plantation, eh?

The question aided me in my dilemma. It suggested a reply which I did not believe to be the truth.

'Likely enough,' I answered, without displaying any embarrassment; 'an Indian spy, I have no doubt of it; and I have found him. He is one of the negroes, since this is the track of a pony that belongs to the plantation. Some of them have ridden thus far to meet him; though for what purpose, it is difficult to guess.'

'Maser Georgie,' spoke out my black follower, 'dar's no one eebre ride da White Fox, 'ceptin'—'

'Jake!' I shouted, sharply interrupting him, 'gallop forward to the house, and tell them we are coming. Quick, my man!' My companion was too positive to be obeyed with hesitation; and, without finishing his speech, the black put spurs to his colt, and rode rapidly past us.

It was a manoeuvre of mere precaution. But the moment before, I had no thought of despatching an exact courier to announce us. I knew what the simple fellow was about to say: 'No one eebre ride da White Fox, 'ceptin' Missa Vaginny;' and I had adopted this ruse to stifle his speech.

I glanced towards my companion, after Jake had passed out of sight. The man of open heart and free tongue, with not one particle of the secretive principle in his nature. His fine florid face was seldom marked by a line of suspicion; but I observed that it now wore a puzzled expression, and I felt uneasy. No remark, however, was made by either
A locust-tree grew by the side of the path, with its branches extending partially across. A strip of ribbon had caught on one of the spines, and was waving in the breeze. It was silk, and of fine texture—a bit of the trimming of a lady's dress torn off by the thorn.

To me it was a sad token. My fabric of hopeful fancies fell into ruin at the sight. No negro—not even Viola—could have left such evidence as that; and I shuddered as I spurred past the fluttering relic.

I was in hopes my companion would not observe it; but he did. It was too conspicuous to be passed without notice. As I glanced back over my shoulder, I saw him reach out his arm, catch the fragment from the branch, and gaze upon it with a puzzled and inquiring look.

Fearing he might ride up and question me, I spurred my horse into a rapid gallop, at the same time calling to him to follow.

Ten minutes after, we entered the lawn and pulled up in front of the house. My mother and sister had come out into the verandah to receive us; and we were greeted with words of welcome.

But I heard, or heeded them not; my gaze was riveted on Virginia—upon her dress. It was a riding-habit: the plumed chapeau was still upon her head!

My beautiful sister—never seemed she more beautiful than at that moment. Her cheeks were crimsoned with the wind, her golden tresses hanging over them. But it joyed me not to see her so fair; in my eyes, she appeared a fallen angel.

I glanced at Gallagher as I tottered out of my saddle: I saw that he comprehended all. Nay, more—his countenance wore an expression indicative of great mental suffering, apparently as acute as my own. My friend he was—tried and true; he had observed my anguish—he now guessed the cause; and his look betokened the deep sympathy with which my misfortune inspired him.

CHAPTER LII.

COLD COURTESY.

I received my mother's embrace with filial warmth; my sister's in silence—almost with coldness. My mother noticed this, and wondered. Gallagher also showed reserve in his greeting of Virginia; and neither did this pass unnoticed.

Of the four, my sister was the least embarrassed; she was not embarrassed at all. On the contrary, her lips moved freely, and her eyes sparkled with a cheerful expression, as if really joyed by our arrival.

'You have been on horseback, sister?' I said, in a tone that affected indifference as to the reply.

'Say, rather, pony-back. My little Foxsey scarcely deserves the proud title of horse. Yes, I have been out for an airing.'

'Alone?'

'Quite alone—soleus bona, as the black people have it.'

'Is it prudent, sister?'

'Why not? I often do it. What have I to fear? The wolves and panthers are hunted out, and White Fox is too swift either for a bear or an alligator.'

'There are creatures to be encountered in the woods more dangerous than wild beasts.'

I watched her countenance as I made the remark, but I saw not the slightest change.

'What creatures, George?' she asked in a drawing tone, imitating that in which I had spoken.

'Redskins—Indians,' I answered abruptly.

'Nonsense, brother; there are no Indians in this neighborhood—at least,' added she with marked hesitation, 'none that we need fear. Did I not write to tell you so? You are fresh from the hostile ground, where I suppose there is an Indian in every bush; but remember, Geordy, you have travelled a
long way, and unless you have brought the savages with you, you will find none here. So, gentlemen, you may go to sleep to-night without fear of being awakened by the Yo-ho-chers.'

"Is that so certain, Miss Randolph?" inquired Gallagher, now joining in the conversation, and no longer 'broguing' it. 'Your brother and I have reason to believe that some, who have already raised the war-cry, are not so far off from the settlements of the Suwanese.'

"Miss Randolph! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Mister Gallagher, where did you learn that respectful appelleative? It is so distant, you must have fetched it a long way. It used to be Virginia, and Virginie, and Virginny, and simple 'Gin—for which last I could have spit you, Mister Gallagher, and would, had you not given up calling me so. What's the matter? It is just three months since we—that is, you and I, Mister Gallagher—met last; and scarcely two since Geordy and I parted; and now you are both here—one talking as solemnly as Solon, the other as soberly as Socrates! George, I presume, after another spell of absence, will be styling me Miss Randolph—I suppose that's the fashion at the fort. Come, fellows," she added, striking the balustrade with her whip, 'you may laugh, and your wantonness, and give up the reason of this wonderful 'transmogrification,' for by my word, you shall not eat till you do!"

The relation in which Gallagher stood to my sister requires a little explanation. He was not new either to her or her father. During the Indian wars in the north, he had met them both; but the former only. As my almost constant companion, he had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with Virginia; and he had, in reality, grown well acquainted with her. They met on the most familiar terms—even to using the diminutives of each other's names; and I could understand why my sister regarded 'Miss Randolph' as a rather distant mode of address; but I understood, also, why he had thus addressed her.

There was a period when I believed my friend in love with Virginia; that was shortly after their introduction to each other. But as time wore on, I ceased to have this belief. Their behaviour was not that of lovers—at least, according to my notion. They were too fond of each other to be in love; they used to romp together, and read comic books, and laugh, and chatter by the hour about trivial things, and call each other Jack-names, and the like. In fact, it was a rare thing to hear them either talk or act soberly when in each other's company. All this was so different from my ideas of how two lovers would act—so different from the way in which I should have acted—that I gave up the fancy I had held, and afterwards regarded them as two beings whose characters had a certain correspondence, and whose hearts were in union for friendship, but not for love.

One other circumstance confirmed me in this belief: I observed that my sister, during Gallagher's absence, had little relish for gaiety, which had been rather a characteristic of her girlish days; but the moment the latter would make his appearance, a sudden change would come over her, and she would enter with abandon into all the idle bagatelle of the hour.

Love, thought I, does not so exhibit itself. If there was one in whom she felt a heart-interest, it was not he who was present. No—Gallagher was not the man; and the play that passed between them was but the fond familiarity of two persons who esteemed each other, without a spark of love being mixed up in the transactions.

The dark suspicion that now rested upon my mind, as upon my own, had evidently saddened him—not from any feeling of jealousy, but out of pure friendly sympathy for me—perhaps, too, for her. His bearing towards her, though within the rules of the most perfect politeness, was changed—much changed; so wonder she took notice of it—no wonder she called for an explanation.

'Quick!' cried she, cutting the vine-leaves with her whip. 'Is it a trystery, or are you in earnest? Unbosom yourselves both, or I keep my vow—you shall have no dinner. I shall myself go to the kitchen, and countermand it.'

Despite the gloomy thoughts passing within, her manner and the odd menace compelled Gallagher to break into laughter—though his laugh was far short of the hearty cackling she had been accustomed to hear from him.

I was myself forced to smile; and, seeing the necessity of smothering my emotions, I essayed forth what might pass for an explanation. It was not the time for the true one.

'Verily, sister,' said I, 'we are too tired for mirth, and too hungry as well. Consider how far we have ridden, and under a broiling sun! Neither of us has tasted a morsel since leaving the fort, and our breakfast last was none of the most sumptuous—corn-cakes and weak coffee, with pickled pork. How I long for some of Aunt Sheba's Virginia biscuits and "chicken fixings." Fray, let us have our dinner, and then we shall see a change in us! We shall both be as merry as sand-boys after it.'

Satisfied with this explanation, or affecting to be so—for her response was a promise to let us have our dinner—accompanied by a cheerful laugh—my sister retired to her chamber to change her costume, while my friend and I were shewn to our separate apartments.

As dinner, and afterwards, I did my utmost to counterfeit ease—to appear happy and cheerful. I noticed that Gallagher was enacting a similar matter.

Perhaps this seeming may have deceived my mother, but not Virginia. Ere many hours had passed, I observed signs of suspicion—directed equally against Gallagher as myself. She suspected that all was not right, and began to shew pique—almost spitefulness—in her conversation with us both.

CHAPTER LII.

M Y S I S T E R ' S S P I R I T.

For the remainder of that day and throughout the next, this unsatisfactory state of things continued, during which time the three of us—my friend, my sister, and I—were kept in a state of continual uneasiness. Gallagher was triangular, for I had not made Gallagher my confidant, but left him entirely to his conjectures. He was a true gentleman; and never even hinted at what he must have well known was engrossing the whole of my thoughts. It was my intention to unbother myself to him, and seek his friendly advice, but not until a little time had elapsed—not till I had obtained a full éclaircissement from Virginia.

I waited for an opportunity to effect this. Not that she might offer to me—many a time might I have found her alone; but on each occasion my resolution forsook me. I actually dreaded to bring her to a confession.

And yet I felt that it was my duty. As her brother—the nearest male relative, it was mine to guard her honour—to preserve the family escutcheon pure and un tarnished.

For days was I withheld from this fraternal duty—partly by a natural feeling of delicacy—partly by a fear that the disclosure I might dread to know the truth. That a correspondence had passed between my sister and the Indian chief—that it was in all probability still going on—that a clandestine meeting had taken place—more than could be told—this I knew well enough. But to what
gentleman may marry an Indian wife; she may enter society without protest—if beautiful, become a belle.

All this I knew, while at the same time I was slave to a belief in the monstrous anomaly that where the blood is mingled from the other side—where the woman is white and the man red—the union becomes a servitude, a disgrace. By the friends of the former, such a union is regarded as a misfortune—a fall; and when the woman chances to be a lady—ah! then, indeed—

Little regard as I had for many of my country's prejudices regarding race and colour, I was not free from the influence of this social maxim. To believe my sister in love with an Indian, would be to regard her as lost—fallen! No matter how high in rank among his own people—no matter how brave—how accomplished he might be—no matter it were Oceola himself!

CHAPTER LIV.

ASQING AN EXPLANATION.

Suspense was preying upon me; I could endure it no longer. I at length resolved upon demanding an explanation from my sister, as soon as I should find her alone. The opportunity soon offered. I chanced to see her in the lawn, down near the edge of the lake. I saw that she was in a mood unusually cheerful. 'Ah! I thought I, as I approached full of my resolutions—these smiles! I shall soon change them to tears. Sister!'

She was talking to her peta, and did not hear me, or pretended she did not.

'Sister!' I repeated in a louder voice. 'Well, what is it?' she inquired drily, without looking up.

'Pray, Virginia, leave off your play, and talk to me.'

'Certainly that is an indication. I have had so little of your tongue of late, that I ought to feel gratified by your proposal. Why don't you bring your friend, and let him try a little in that line too. You have been playing double-dummy long enough to get tired of it, I should think. But go on with the game, if it please you; it don't trouble me, I assure you.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,

Tally ho! ho! you know!

Won't strike to the foe while the sky is blue,

And a tar's aloft or aw.

Come now, little Fan! Fan! don't go too near the bank, or you may get a ducking, do you hear?'

'Pray, sister Virginia, give over this badinage: I have something of importance to say to you.'

'importance! What! are you going to get married? No, that can't be it—your face is too portentous and lugubrious: you look more like one on the road to be hanged—ha, ha, ha!'

'I tell you, sister, I am in earnest.'

'Who said you wasn't? In earnest? I believe you, my boy.'

'Listen to me, Virginia. I have something important—very important to talk about. I have been desirous of breaking the subject to you ever since my return.'

'Well, why did you not?—you have had opportunities enough. Have I been hidden from you?'

'No—but—the fact is—'

'Go on, brother; you have an opportunity now. If it be a petition, as you always look to present it; I am ready to receive it.'

'Nay, Virginia; it is not that. The subject upon which I wish to speak—'

'What subject, man? Out with it!'
I was weary with so much circumlocution, and a little piqued as well; I resolved to bring it to an end. A word, thought I, will tame down her tone, and render her as serious as myself; I answered:

"Occola,"

I looked to see her start, to see her cheek turn alternately red and pale; but to my astonishment no such symptoms displayed themselves; not the slightest indication of any extraordinary emotion betrayed itself either in her look or manner.

She replied almost directly, and without hesitation:

"What! the young chief of the Seminoles? our old playfellow, Powell? He is to be the subject of our discourse? You could not have chosen one more interesting to me. I could talk all day long about this brave fellow!"

I was struck dumb by her reply, and scarcely knew in what way to proceed.

"But what of him, brother George?" continued my sister, looking me more soberly in the face. "I hope no harm has befallen him?"

"None that I know of: the harm has fallen upon those nearer and dearer."

"I do not understand you, mysterious brother."

"But you shall. I am about to put a question to you—answer me, and answer me truly, as you value my love and friendship."

"Your question, sir, without these inaudinances. I can speak the truth, I fancy, without being scared by threats."

"Then speak it, Virginia. Tell me, is Powell—is Occola—your lover?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Nay, Virginia, this is no laughing matter."

"By my faith, I think it is—a very capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

"I want no trifling, Virginia; an answer."

"You shall get no answer to such an absurd question."

"It is not absurd. I have good reasons for putting it."

"Reasons—state them, pray!"

"You cannot deny that something has passed between you. You cannot deny that you have given him a meeting, and in the forest too? Beware how you make answer, for I have the proofs. We encountered the chief on his return. We saw him at a distance. He shunned us—no wonder. We followed his tracks we saw the tracks of the pony—oh! you met: it was all clear enough."

"Ha, ha, ha! What a pair of keen trackers—you and your friend—astute fellows! You will be invaluable on the war-path. You will be promoted to be chief spies to the army. Ha, ha, ha! And so, this is the grand secret, is it? this accounts for the demure looks, and the old-fashioned airs that have been puzzling me. My honour, eh? that was the care that was causing you. By Diana! I have reason to be thankful for being blessed with such a chivalric brace of guardians."

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By the dragon of prudery, placed within call;
But o’er this unmable dragon has slept,
That the garden was carelessly watched after all.

And so, if I have not the dragon prudery to guard me, I am to find a brace of dragons in my brother and his friend. Ha, ha, ha!

"Virgie, you madden me—this is no answer. Did you meet Occola?"

"I’ll answer that directly: after such sharp espionage, denial would not avail me. I did meet him."

"And for what purpose? Did you meet as lovers?"

"That question is impertinent; I won’t answer it."

"Virginia! I implore you."

"And cannot two people encounter each other in the woods, without being charged with love-making? Might we not have come together by chance? or might I not have had other business with the Seminole chief? You do not know all my secrets, nor do I intend you shall either."

"Oh, it was no chance encounter—it was an appointment—a love-meeting: you could have no other affair with him."

"Is it natural for you to think so—very natural, since I hear you practise such duetto yourself. How long, may I ask, since you hold your last title-s-tue with your own fair charmer—the lovely Maline? Excl. brother?"

I started as if stung. How could my sister have gained intelligence of this? Was she only guessing; and had chanced upon the truth?

For some moments, I could not make reply, nor did I make any to her last interrogatory. I paid no heed to it, but becoming excited, pressed my former inquiries with vehemence.

"Sister! I must have an explanation; I insist upon it—I demand it!"

"Demand! Ho! that is your tone, is it? That will scarcely serve you. A moment ago, when you put yourself in the imporing attitude, I had well-nigh taken pity on you, and told you all. But, demand indeed! I answer no demands; and to shew you that I do not, I shall now go and shut myself in my room. At any good fellow, you shall see no more of me for this day, nor to-morrow either, unless you come to your senses. Good-bye, George—and a resour, only on condition you behave yourself like a gentleman."

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally high ho, you know! Won’t strike to the foe, &c. &c.

And with this catch pealing from her lips, she passed across the parterre, entered the veranda, and disappeared within the doorway.

Disappointed, mortified, sad, I stood riveted to the spot, scarcely knowing in what direction to turn myself.

B U R I E D T O D A Y—
F E B R U A R Y 2 3 , 1834.

Buri d to-day!
When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes the shout
Of the village boys and girls at play,
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low, underneath the clay,
In his spring—upon this spring-day.

PASSES TO-DAY
All the pride of young life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith 'Nay!'
Murmur not! Only pray.

Enters to-day
Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God.
His Christ was buried, yet lives alway—
Trust Him, and go your way.
THE SPORTING WORLD.

We who live cleanly, and have eschewed, perhaps, never been, a sack, should nevertheless, it is fitting, turn our attention sometimes to the publicans upon whom the sun is yet permitted to shine, and for whom—rather superfluously—the waters flow; if even with no other purpose than enjoying a pleasant Pharisian comparison. These publicans are positively very numerous, and form a considerable, and unhappily by no means unimportant portion of society. Let us with delicate hand, then, lift a corner of the hanging bar-curtain which conceals them, and let in upon them the pure ray serene of our intelligent observation. The Canadian philosopher has observed that 'Life is not all beer and skittles,' but it is quite clear that he did not comprehend in that remark the well-known and popular journal called *Bella's Life.*

There is a number of that accredited organ of the sporting world now lying before us, and it is our purpose—having not so much the interests of science (the culture of the flatic art is there so denominated) as the amusement of the public in view—to dissect it.

We find, then, in these annals of a single week, information concerning no less than forty-eight fights, recent or to come; notices of fifty-two pedestrian matches; of fifteen pigeon-shooting engagements; of twelve 'shows' of a canine character; of three ratings; of five matches at quoits; of seven wrestling-matches; of twenty-eight boat-races; of four performances at bowls; of two rabbit coursings; of three swimming-matches; of one effort of bird-fancy; and of five encounters at a game called Narr and Spell besides many score descriptions of yachting, of steeple-chasing, of cricket, of chess, and of racing. With these last more legitimate sports, almost all of us, including the ladies, are acquainted. Scarcely a Quaker sister of us Britons but must have heard, for instance, that *Blakieeany* won the Derby of '57 with plenty in hand; she must surely have some 'wet' Quaker cousin, or cousin no Quaker at all, who is as interested in the spring meetings at Newmarket as her respectable papa is in those at Exeter Hall. Perhaps no well-regulated middle-class family in the metropolis is so fortunate that no single member of it at any period has ever had a bet upon some 'coming event,' even if he may have never dropped into Tattersall's to pick up a thing or two upon a Sunday. We are confessedly a racing nation, from the aristocratic followers of the head of the 'great Conservative party,' down to the no less credulous professional gentrity of the ring, who call *Aphrodite, Aphrodithe,' because Mr Davis says so, and he must know.'

We must study *Bella's Life* where it treats of other topics than these familiar ones, to be made aware how numerous and influential—for it has lots of money—the sporting world, the beer-and-skittle population, really is. What enormous concourses of people, it seems, assemble nightly at the Spotted Horsie, or the *Weasel Asleep,* to see, not a pugilistic encounter (for on an occasion of that sort whole towns are covered with a locust flight of 'the fancy,' and special trains break down with the weight of them), but the mere 'posting' of the third or fourth deposit-money of twenty-five pounds for the great fight for two hundred pounds, between the Lively Butcher and Young Sambo. How much more crowded we read the great room at the Lower Welsh Harp is sure to be, on Wednesday next, at the scaling, which is to take place between twelve and one, and whereas neither man must exceed in weight ten stone; where the venue or whereabouts of the forthcoming mill will also be disclosed, which may, however, be learnt even now by safe hands at the Bell and Cauliflower, Barbican, or at Jimmy Durcan's, Crown. What really large sums of money seem to be betted upon these events! How flush of the 'needful,' the 'Californian,' the 'stumpy,' our sporting friends appear to be! How great must be the aggregate amount of deposits in the hands of the editor of *Bella's Life* alone, for all these matches, in which the total sums contended for vary from four pounds to five hundred. Possessing, thus, considerable wealth, the sporting world, however, is far from being proud or exclusive, the most distinguished members of it being almost invariably referred to by familiar titles, such as these—Billy Duncan, Young Reed, Doe of Paddington, Nat Langham, and Jim Ward. Of this latter gentleman, we read: 'Jim Ward is again sparkling in his old horizon (King's Arms, Whitechapel Road); he has painted a picture which he has challenged the world for colour, and can be seen at his house.' We do not consider ourselves capable, nor are we desirous, of criticizing this passage, only, with the greatest humility, we should so very much like to know what it means.

One great peculiarity of the ring is the anonymous character of almost all its heroes at the commencement of their profession; they seem to be quite content to lose all individuality in a name such as 'the Novice,' or even to do without a name at all. For instance: 'Alec Keene has an old man, fifty-eight years of age, he will back to fight Jesse Hatton for ten pounds, or twenty pounds, a side, at catch-weight.' Our own weight, although we are far from stout, is certainly not what we should understand by 'catch-
head and eyes pointed to excess in the previous rounds. The weakness of the Nigger was much, we are told, that he 'could not make a dint in a pound of butter'—also a pugilistic phrase, and not, as might be supposed, the result of an ingenious experiment proposed by his seconds or other interested persons. He 'had his brain knocked out of his head,' was knocked clean out of time by a hit under the left ear. Does this fearful sentence mean that the younger of the two antagonists destroyed the other's power of resistance to state that he killed, launched into eternity, as the chronicles of the executions have it, this poor black person? who, never let us forget, is a man and a brother, when the hat is going round for the beaten man—beaten because he was knocked out of time—and hence perhaps the expression 'knocked into the middle of next week,' or, more poetically, 'wrapped into future tides,' and could not recover in the minute allowed between the rounds. The Young N. who was the favourite from the first, must, it is written, have rocked the gold cradle to some purpose, so many of his handkerchiefs having been distributed before the fight began, upon the usual terms—a sovereign if he won, and nothing if he lost.

This, we suppose, must be the somewhat illegitimate offspring of that chivalrous custom of the knights of old, who always got possession, if they could, of their fair ladies' kerchiefs to wear upon their helmets; but a pound piece seems certainly a very long price to pay for such an article, and we are not aware of what, we are distressed to say, are elsewhere denominated 'wipes,' there is another curious piece of delicacy in this account of the late fight between Mr Benjamin Caunt and Mr Nathaniel Langham. 'Ben,' writes one of which the Bibliotheca Pugilistica is kept for reference; and where Fifteen and the Fights for the Championship are to be had at the bar. Tedium, too, to tell where the best songs at the east-end are held nightly, and where are the snuggest snuggeries at the west; where the Lancashire champion stop-dancer holds his harmonic meetings; or where the Indian club and Sir Charles Napier fest are imparted upon moderate terms. Let us rather take a glance, once for all, at the ring itself, to which these others are but mere appendages—what a peculiar phraseology it has, and yet how thoroughly understood of the people! Neither foot-note nor marginal reference is considered necessary to elucidate a statement of the following kind: 'Seventh round—the Nigger came up looking five ways for Sunday.'

Now, what was Sunday to the Nigger, or the Nigger to Sunday, that he should be so superfluous as to look for it in five several directions? One would have thought it would be looked a thing with which this gentleman would have concerned himself, and that which he would know least what to do with when he had found! But the phrase is in common use, it seems, to express the confusion and 'all abroadness' consequent upon having
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

Certainly be a 'Fancy Rabbit Society,' whereof, it appears from Bell's Life, there are scores all over Eng-

land. The late Mr. Chatham R.R.S., is happy to observe, at the last numerous and harmonious

meeting of his club, that 'an infusion of new life has entered into the breeders of this society;' and, cer-
tainly, these are scarcely too strong terms to apply to its productions—'sooty fawns,' 'blue and whites,' and
'tortoise-shells'—which were placed upon the table for inspection. One female, with her four young

ones, was exhibited, 'whose united measurement of ears was no less than 108 inches; the mother's own ear

being nearly two feet long.' Even Mrs. Candie could scarcely have objected to her husband belonging to a

club of this description—it must surely be the very mildest form of rakishness that ever broke out in a

domestic man. We cannot but think that a long course of attendance at the meetings of a Fancy

Rabbit Society would be the very thing for softening character and removing asperities.

What a strange but significant communication has our friend Bell in his very first page, addressed to a

Mr. De C—: 'Unless Mr. De C— pays certain bets lost by him on the Liverpool and Goodwood

Cups, without further application, full particulars of the same will be advertised next week.' Again,

what delicate evasions of the laws against betting—betting, indeed, seems to be the true phrase

source alone; which is, of course, H. J. himself, who has 'several ready hints for the coming Cessarewich

and Cambridgeshire.'

A number of these gentlemen also 'exorbitant com-

missions to any amount,' the position of whom in the

sporting world is such that they must needs be

always in possession of the very latest intelligence.

Crossed cheques or Post-office orders are received

indefinitely, only, 'N.B.—No personal interviews

can be granted.'

What is Nutt and Spell, at which Tommey

Stephenson of Wortley is open to play any man sixty

years of age for five pounds a side, providing he will

give him ten score in thirty-one rises? Also, is there

more money at play in the recent race at York, and
this? 'J. Arnold, of the Rising Sun, Stoke Newington,

will match his goldfinch against any other for five

pounds, for the best and most slaming of a goldfinch,

also male one in the month for the same sum.' Male

one in the month! What possible misprint or assem-

blage of misprints could have produced this? Here

is something like a pigeon: 'Thomas Miller's checker-

cock will fly E. Wall's black cock, Pogger's sandy
cock, or John Dawson's white cock, or will take a

quarter of minute's start of Thomas Lesh's blue
cock, all from North Shields station.' Also: 'Samuel

Birns of Bradford is surprised after what has occurred

at seeing John Shannick's challenge of Lamberhead

Groom: if he really means flying, let him send a

deposit to Bell's Life, and articles to Davy Dawson's

at once.'

There are scores upon scores of other sporting

matters here referred to, with the very nature of

which follows of the different 'fancies' can know

nothing, each evidently exciting considerable interest,

and having large sums depending on it. Those who

concern themselves with these exploits, seem to be

almost as numerous as the fast men, within every-

body's observation, who restrict themselves mainly to

the turf, and go about whispering solemnly of good

things and certainties. Are they then publicity?

Are they small trades-people? Are they gentleman's servants? or are they the collected

edition of that Zidler whom we see at every street-

corner with a straw in his mouth?' Here, again, is quite

or anybody unversed in the mysteries of Bell: 'James Carey, alias Merry-

man, will run James Jones, alias Titler, a hundred

yards level, and take two yards of Edwards, alias

Bake, in a hundred.' How many people are there,

and how many run? Hasn't a few of the names of the correspondents of the sporting journal,

had we not read already what we have, we should have pronounced them at once to be fictitious; as it

is, we know not what to think. Diddeleum Dumps,

Happy-go-lucky An Old Lady Cousin, Ipe Dixit,

Bolus, Pickaxe, and Campus Martius.

Even the advertisements are not the least like the

advertisements of other papers. Who out of the

sporting world ever had a fashionable tailor recom-

mended to him in such a manner as this? 'Do you

want a well-built pair of Kickseys?' Whoever saw

elsewhere such headings to medical advertisements

as these: 'Given away for the good of nervous sufferers,' or, 'For the benefit of suffering humanity, gratis?' What a compliment to the taste of our military is

presented in this little paragraph: 'In consequence of the interest excited by gentlemen in the army

(many of whom are now quitting this country, unhappily, for India), the great case in fashionable

life before Chief Baron North at the Cock Hole

Tavern, will be repeated every evening for another

week.'

The advertisements conclude with the information

that 'Mr Thomas Senn can be seen in Arthur Street,

BLOOMSBURY, DAILY.' Is this gentleman, a beast with a bill, an albino, a lawyer, or a

physician? Can he be seen gratis? or if we pay for

it, is his appearance worth the money?

Among the answers to correspondents, which vary in

subject from dynamics to toasting, are the following:

'W. H., Reading.—Yes, you idiot.'

'Blinky must have been drunk to ask such questions.'

'J. B.—The accent is on the a.'

'W.—Her depth is sixty feet.'

'We do not know what you mean by "Bar the Bottle."' (Think of the editor of Bell's Life not

knowing an expression of that kind!)

And J. K. P. informs us that by a solution of

soda, frequently applied, he may get rid of all his

warts.'

Finally, where desthia would occur in most journals,

the place is occupied in Bell's Life by 'scrathcings.'

'On the 4th instants, at eight p.m., Diggers,

Daughter, Star of the East, and Cock-a-doodle-do,

out of the Triennial.'

Instead of births we find only 'greyhound produce:

'At Newry on the 20th inst, Mr Savage's black

bitch Nameless, whelped nine puppies—namely, four
dogs and five bitches, all black, to Mr Reley's

black dog, Master Charles, by Bedlamite out of

Perseverance.'

While the nearest approach to a marriage seems to us

like the breaking off of one: 'On the 1st instants,
at eleven A.M., Miss Harkaway, out of all her engage-

ments at Chester.'

Many of our readers will perhaps be surprised to

find by the foregoing account how thriving and

populous the sporting world' still is. They have

supposed, and hoped, no doubt, that the particular

classes to which we have been referring belonged to

the far-off dawning of the other era, and had died out a quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, there is balm in Gilead for this

matter. It is satisfactory to reflect that this portion

of the sporting world is now confined to certain

limits, represented only by particular organs, and is
not, as was heretofore the case, suffered to intrude itself through countless channels upon respectable society.

MECHANICAL SELF-CONTROL.

There is scarcely a spectacle on this round mechanical world more interesting than a huge steam-engine bending its pivot-joints, and plying its iron limbs with a giant's power. The circle of the writer's familiar acquaintance includes a grim Bolton-and-Watt framed Titan of this species, and it is particularly pleasant to be on terms with. The writer has long been free to lounge into this grim giant's reception-room whenever it pleases him, and has often stood there entranced in gazing at the monster as he heaves his massive spine up and down, and turns a huge twentyside fly-wheel, weighing, Messrs Bolton and Watt only know how many tons of iron, by the unceasing pressure of his cranky hand. The strength he puts upon his whirling task, is altogether as prodigious as it seems. The relentless sweep of the rim of that colossal wheel, as it rushes past the eye with a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, amply tells how fearful a task it would be to have to arrest its progress. The strength of a hundred horses concentrated in the effort, that is of no avail.

The steam-giant under notice is a very contented workman, in his way. When he has been once set going, he does not at all care how long he is kept at his labour; minutes or hours, weeks or years, are all the same to him; he is merely indolent about holidays and sleep. All he requires is, that his employers shall feed him well while his limbs are exerted in their service. He never strikes for wages, but he will strike at any time if food is withheld from him when he ought to receive it, and then not another turn can be extracted from his mighty and otherwise willing arm. He is by no means either an epicure or a gourmand, but it has been found to be good policy to have him treated with great consideration in the matter of diet. A trusty and experienced attendant is kept to watch the indications of his appetite, and to serve his meals at proper times. If the curious observer goes round into his dining-room, he will see this attendant shovelling food into the giant's yawning mouth, for he devours it, to take of his own accord and from his labour even whilst at his meals. It will be noticed, too, that his food consists of black glistening lumps, and the giant will be heard to roar with satisfaction as each mouthful is pitched into his capsacious gullet, and gulped down. All the energies of the Titanic labourer come, in fact, out of that black, glistening food. Having swallowed it, he digests it in his furnace-stomach, and there assimilates it into fervid power. Since he thus knocks off such a quantity of work, it will be readily conceived that he is somewhat of a hearty feeder. He eats at least three tons of solid food every day!

There is one peculiarity about this Titanic labourer of the iron thaws which is worthy of remark. A giant by nature, of noble extraction, he nevertheless condescends to bury himself with operations that seem to be more appropriate occupations for spiders and caterpillars than for his mighty energies. He expends his gigantic force upon a myriad of piggym movements, which are individually of the most trifling character. His least blow has been cast in the yarn-factory of the Messrs Blake of Norwich. It is those gentlemen who feed him, and it is for their advantage that he labours. Those who would see what it is that he is doing for his board, must pass round to the further side of the public. The public, while the giant receives one end, will observe that the axle of the great fly-wheel passes through the wall, and moves a vertical shaft by the agency of a sort of caged pinion, which, in its turn, sets a series of horizontal shafts revolving in a number of long rooms packed one over the other.

These shafts whirl round other wheels innumerable. The final result is, that the movement of the great wheel is diffused into that of 10,000 spindles, which wind upon themselves fine filmy threads of woollen yarn after they have been duly drawn out and slightly twisted. The machinery accomplishes a few other subordinate tasks; but the great item in the account of work done is still the rotary evolutions of the almost countless spindles. Placed in the form of an equation, the statement would be: 100 horses=10,000 spindles. That power of the 100 horses draws out and winds 10,000 catarpillar-like threads of filmy wool.

The scattering of great effort into diffused gentle movement, is a notable affair. In mechanical concerns, there is no such thing as the creation of force; all motory effects are merely mutations of exertion. The stream of power may be dammed up until it breaks forth as a cataract, or it may be spread out into a wide, smooth, lake-like reservoir; or it may be twisted and turned into new channels; but it cannot be absolutely originated out of nothing. The 100 horse-power of the steam-engine was primarily accumulated in the black coal, being communicated to it from the atmosphere when the wood, out of which the coal was made, was growing. That horse-power suffices to drive 10,000 spindles, and would, perchance, turn some few hundred more; but if successive additions were made, there would surely at last come a time when yet another piggym spindle would be all that was required to arrest the beating of the mighty giant—when a minute spindle would indeed be the final straw that broke the camel's back. An instructive illustration of this principle of transmutation of power could be seen until recently at the factory of Messrs Burton & Co. A small side-winder of the factory needed to be stopped at once, without arresting the movement of the rest of the machinery. When this was done, the force which had been previously devoted to the driving of those spindles was immediately left in the arm of the giant as redundant strength. In an instant, this redundant power was transferred to the machinery, which still remained at work, and its spindles began to rattle round with a mad speed, until the conductors of the factory found out the secret of the matter. Every casual inequality in the rate of a powerful steam-engine, whose proper work is of this diffusive kind, is attended not only with inconvenience, but also with absolute loss to the proprietors of the concern, from breakage of yarn, and from other analogous results. It hence becomes an affair of the utmost moment that some means should be contrived whereby an even and steadily regulated movement of the engine may be insured. The ordinary rotating governor, composed of the pair of balls on the divergent rods, does act as a bridge upon the machine, but unfortunately this bridge only comes into action when the increased speed has been entered upon; it is the increased speed that causes the centrifugal divergence of the balls. The engine must be treading on too fast, before the rise of the more rapidly rotating balls can close the throttle-valve which admits steam to the steam-chests; and then it will be observed that the axle of the great fly-wheel passes through the wall, and moves a vertical shaft by the agency of a sort of caged pinion, which, in its turn, sets a series of horizontal shafts revolving in a.
Messrs Child and Wilson have recently actually furnished. They have contrived a sensitive hand of brass and iron, and have been under the name of the ‘Differential-action Governor.’

The steam-engine in the Messrs Blake’s yarn-factory at Norwich, now works under the tutelage of this controlling hand; and the grim Bolton-and-Watt framework. Titan may be there seen comporting itself with a singularly reformed and equable demeanour, under provocation which before would have driven him altogether wild.

The differential-action governor consists of a cogged pinion, with two toothed racks, one at each side, the teeth being pressed against the cog of the pinion. One rack, which we will call A, comes down from the centrifugal governor balls of the steam-engine, and turns the pinion on a central pivot as it travels down below it; it also affects a valve beneath, as to let water into a pressure-cylinder beneath, turning it either above or below a piston-plate which traverses there; the water comes from a high cistern, and acts upon the piston by hydrostatic pressure, driving it up or down. The extra twenty horse-power on the second rack, which we will call B. The rack B also turns the cogged pinion as it rises or falls. The pinion itself is on the lever-handle of the throttle-valve, and opens or closes the valve, letting steam in or shutting it off from the steam cylinder of the engine when it is lifted or depressed. When the rack A runs down without B being moved, the pinion is rolled on the rack B, and the throttle-valve narrowed. When the rack B runs down without A being moved, B is rolled on the rack A, and the throttle-valve diminished.

When A goes up, and B down, pari passu, or the reverse, the pinion is rotated on the pivot, and the throttle-valve is neither opened nor closed. The decrease or increase of the governor acts on rack A and the upward pressure of the water on rack B, and this constitutes the ‘differential action.’ By this very clever contrivance, the steam is cut off at once, when the speed of the engine’s movement is increased in the slightest degree: the instant sufficient steam is cut off from or admitted into the cylinder, the centrifugal force of the gyration governor, and the pressure of the water, neutralise each other, and twist the pinion round on its pivot, without producing any change in the pressure or the revolution of capacity in its aperture. The two racks act upon the throttle-valve together, or separately, or even simultaneously in opposite directions, and so the movements of the throttle-valve are practically determined by the ‘difference’ between the hydraulic pressure and the centrifugal force; that is, by ‘differential action’ in the phraseology of the patentees. This is how Messrs Child and Wilson have contrived to endow stubborn and strong-willed steam-machinery with the power of self-control.

To illustrate the capabilities of this ingenious little piece of apparatus, the frames of one of the large rooms of the factory were thrown out of gear, while the writer stood, watch in hand, in the engine-room to note the effects. When the extra twenty horse-power was in this way thrown back upon the engine, the hydraulic rack was seen to lift itself through about the third of an inch, as its opposite neighbour was convulsed by a slight tremor, but this was the only discernible effect. The huge fly-wheel, in perfect unconcern, travelled on in its twenty-five revolution per minute pace. The twenty horse-power revulsion was no more to it than a break of wind. It was all expended in causing the hydraulic pressure to narrow the opening of the pin in the governor: the effect in the rooms containing the still effective machinery, were entirely unconscious of any change having taken place in the operation of the mill, with the exception of a single individual, who conceived himself to have a keener perception than his fellows. He declared that he was conscious of the extra strain having been thrown upon the engine. And, unfortunately for his reputation, it proved that when he fancied the frames were thrown out of gear, they were really in the act of being connected with the engine again.

The working of the factory under the superintendence of this beautiful piece of mechanism, is indeed absolutely regular; the revolutions of the fly-wheel are registered upon a dial-plate by the agency of hands, which serve the further purpose of indicating the precise time of the day. The steam-giant now drives the hands of a clock as well as the 10,000 spindles—he is now a chronometer as well as a spinner of wool.

SIBERIA AND CHINESE TATARY.*

The usual idea attaching to Siberia is that of a place of frightful exile in one of the most inhospitable parts of the globe. Now, there is no doubt of the winter being intensely severe, and of the great length of time requisite for cultivation; but in summer, a great deal of it is a land flowing with milk and honey, full of vast mineral and vegetable wealth, and abounding in the most romantic and beautiful scenery. In the penal settlements there is a severe discipline for the convicts, but the convivial society. The population of Siberia is the most comfortable and best provided for in the Russian Empire, and this region now contains several towns that have the comforts and luxuries of European civilisation.

But the region to the south-east of Siberia, and on the north-western frontiers of China, was, until the travels of Mr Atkinson, a terra incognita to the European geographer, and even the volume actually published by him comprises only a portion of his vast seven years’ exploration of regions concerning which our geographical data are surmise and hearsay of inaccurate Tartars and Chinese. We learn from this interesting traveller, that it was only by being well armed that he overcame opposition, that he daily practised the rifle, and, on one occasion, had to hold his musket for ten minutes to a chief’s breast before he could proceed. An examination of the sketches in his portfolio procured us one of the pleasantest days we have passed for a long time. Mr Atkinson persuaded that what we now follow will prove fully as important and curious as what has already appeared.

In the meantime, the volume actually published was taken from the Ural to Lake Balkal on the east; and on the south, through the Kirghiz Steppes and the Gobi or Desert to the Chinese town of Chin Si, at the foot of the Syan Shan Mountains, which never had been seen by any European. Looking anxiously forward to the account of the further prosecution of his journey, we will, in the meantime, give some account of the ground already traversed.

Mr Atkinson says in his preface: ‘I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hairbreadth escapes, when riding and sketching for communication with Europe; but with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me. With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 580 sketches of the scenery, executed with the most colours made by Mr W. H. Bartlett. The whole is so accessible to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50 degrees Résumur (144 degrees Fahrenheit), and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 45 degrees Résumur of frost, 11 degrees below the

* Atkinson’s Oriental and Western Siberia. Hurst & Blackett. 1826.
point where the mercury became solid, and when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colours that have stood those severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone, have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufacturer. With cake-colours will a colourist would have been useless.'

Before we begin with a condemnation and analysis of selected portions of the work of Mr Akin, it may not be amiss to call attention to the more prominent features of the physical geography of the region. West of the Ural, we find Russia in Europe to consist of the vast region lying between the Black, the Baltic, and the Caspian Seas, the greater part of it being level, and intersected by noble rivers, adjoining corn-producing alluvial regions, and populated by a great variety of races, mostly Slavonic in national sentiment, Lityug. The mountain chain of the Ural separates Russia from Siberia, and the whole of the territory to the east differs essentially from Russia Proper. The rivers Ob, Yenisei, and Lena drain the back-bone of Asia, and are lost in the Frozen Ocean. The plains on the north, in the vicinity of the sea, are inhospitable, and unfit for habitation; but all the mountain-regions are full of the most valuable minerals. The Ural abounds in iron and precious stones, and the Altai in gold and silver.

Ekaterinburg, or the City of Catherine, is the capital of the Ural; and here are the vast mechanical works and manufactories established by government for utilising the minerals of the district. They are built upon an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery from the best makers in England, under the superintendence of an English mechanic. Precious stones are submitted to the test of the lapidary in another department. The jaspers are found in a great variety of colours—the most beautiful deep green, dark purple, dark violet, grey and cream-colour, also a ribbon-jasper, with stripes of reddish brown and green. The porphyries are also of the most brilliant colours. Orilite of a deep pink colour, with veins of yellow and black, but he produced those when made into vases. Here, also, the beautiful malachite vases and tablets are cut and polished. Those who remember the Great Exhibition of 1851, can have an idea of the beauty of this material and manufacture. Magnificent jasper vases are inlaid with different coloured stones, in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. Several men are employed in these for six successive years, but the wages are exceedingly low: a man engaged in carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled in Europe, did not receive more than 8s. 6d. per month, with thirty-six pounds of rye-flour per month, to make it into bread. Meat he was never supposed to eat. A married man with a family receives two pounds of black flour for his wife, and one for each child, on which they look well. Mr Akin saw another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colours—the ground dark green, and the head yellowish cream-colour, in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. The traveller, being an admirable artist, was a judge of such works. He pronounces it to have been a splendid production of art, such as would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia; and yet his pay was 8s. 6d. per month, with bread.

The greatest wealth of the Russian family comes chiefly from the Ural; their estate there is as large as Yorkshire, and full of iron of good quality. Of course, the population is scanty, and this accounts for the wealth of the Demidoffs not being fabulous. Foreigners talk much of the contrast of wealth and poverty in England; but the 8s. 6d. per month to the admirable artist-lapidary, and the Demidoff estate as large as Yorkshire, is a contrast still more striking than any we have in England.

English mechanics have been employed in the Ural from a very early period. Many years ago, a mechanic of the name of Stockwell sent to Ekaterinburg, when the Emperor Alexander I. visited the mountain, he was greatly pleased with the works Major had established; and, as a token of his satisfaction, presented him with a piece of land containing about twenty acres with half the mineral gold was known to be deposited there. He then began to excavate it, and wash the gold-sand, which proved lucrative, and the amount was weighed and entered in a book, and delivered to Major, every evening, who deposited it in an iron box, which stood in his cabinet, the key of which he carried in his pocket. One Sunday evening, Major and his old housekeeper were alone in the house; he occupied in his cabinet, and she sitting in her own room, not far from the entrance-door. Suddenly her attention was drawn to a noise in the outer lobby, which induced her to leave the room. The moment she got into the entrance, she was seized, and thrown down a staircase, which led to the leading room of the Frozen Ocean. The noise reached Major in his cabinet, who rushed out with a candle in his hand; a blow from an axe fell upon his head, and he never breathed again. After this the murderers possessed themselves of the box and gold, and left the place in search of other treasure, and then departed, closing the doors after them. All this time the old woman was lying at the foot of the stairs in a state of insensibility, quite unconscious of the tragedy which had been enacted in the rooms above. It was not until the morning of the third day after, that one of the officers from the machine-works went to consult Major on some matter of importance, when the murder was discovered.

A strict investigation was commenced. The housekeeper, who was long unconscious, began to revive, but nothing clear could be got out of her, and the police were baffled. She had been seized so suddenly that she could not tell how many men were in the lobby. A merchant was suspected from his dealings in gold, but he proved innocent, and the thieves made their way into the spot at six o'clock on the morning of the murder. Years passed on without a discovery; but the quantity of gold stolen from the mines, and sent into Tatar and Bokhara, had become so enormous, that the British and Russian government-coloured stones, which were in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. Several men are employed in these for six successive years, but the wages are exceedingly low: a man engaged in carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled in Europe, did not receive more than 8s. 6d. per month, with thirty-six pounds of rye-flour per month, to make it into bread. Meat he was never supposed to eat. A married man with a family receives two pounds of black flour for his wife, and one for each child, on which they look well. Mr Akin saw another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colours—the ground dark green, and the head yellowish cream-colour, in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. The traveller, being an admirable artist, was a judge of such works. He pronounces it to have been a splendid production of art, such as would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia; and yet his pay was 8s. 6d. per month, with bread.

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the receiver said: 'What, thief! thou art not content with robbing thy employers, but thou wallest to cheat me. I shall soon hear of thee in the mines of Siberia.' He then offered an insignificant amount for the gold, saying that he gave him five minutes to consider whether he would take the money or be handed over to the police. The arrest of the gang then took place by the agents of the police who had been called upon by the spy, who, having accomplished his mission in Omsk, started for Ekaterinburg, and procured the arrest of the man who had been previously taken up, but acquitted of the murder; his wife now revealed where the gold was buried, and on searching for it, they found the axe with which the murderer had been committed. This man had long been engaged in gold-smuggling; he associated with those who stole it from the mines. For this purpose, he required good horses, and possessed one of extraordinary power and speed. As soon as the gold had been secured after Major's murder, he mounted his horse, and in about four hours, rode ninety versts, presenting himself to the director at Kamenakoi. The murder was now proved against all who had been engaged in it; they were sentenced 'to run the gantlet' (that is, to walk between the lines formed by a number of armed officers, each man striking the victim with a rod), and died immediately after the punishment. The bands of gold-stealers were broken up; some were sent to the mines in Siberia, and the gendarmes returned to St Petersburg to resume their usual duties.

The Altai is the mountain-range in the south of Siberia, in which the Yenisei, and other large rivers of Siberia, flowing into the White Sea, have their source. Parts of it are covered with dense forests of cedar, which is thick underwood in places, and renders the journey slow; other parts are clear of bushes, the ground being covered with grass and plants, and above, gigantic cedars, their gnarled and twisted branches forming a canopy through which the sun scarcely penetrates. This is on the northern slope of the Altai; but the southern slope has very little forest. Here are seen in summer the skeletons of Kamock winter-dwellings—the birch-bark is stripped off these conical houses, and only the bare poles remain. At this season they return to the lower grounds, cover their yurts with new bark, and, in a few days, their winter quarters are nearly complete. Arakym, Atkinson saw many black squirrels, skipping about in the branches; they enlivened the scene, sitting among the foliage. Their fur is a dark gray in winter, at which season Kamucks kill them for the fur is good in summer. Stags are numerous in these mountains, and the Arakym Valley is a great battle-field of bucks in the rutting season. In summer, they are all in the higher regions near the snow, where the mosquitoes and flies cannot follow them. Even the bears, with their round, shaggy coats, cannot remain in the valleys in summer, where these insects are extremely numerous.

Bear-hunting exploits are common in these mountains. One afternoon, a Cossack officer was quietly strolling through the forest alone and unarmed, when he observed a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. When she became aware of his presence, she growled, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them. The Cossack's bow was left hanging from his saddle, and selected a birch club, four feet long, the quality of which he tested by blows on a tree. When the old bear saw him, she began to growl and pace about uneasily; but the man advanced over a fine grassy turf, with no shrubs or bushes to entangle his feet. The bear then made a rush at him, and rising on her hind-legs, intended to give him a settler with her powerful paws, or hug him to death; but he made a sweep with his club, and dealt such a blow that she toppled over. Many rounds were shot, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. She endeavoured to get behind him, but a heavy cudgel drove her back, until at last she began a retreat towards the forest; but the moment the Cossack moved to the tree, the bear would rush out, taking care not to come within his reach, the cubs remaining in the branches as spectators. At this time, a woodman, returning to the gold-mines, rode into the glade; his first impulse was to run, but the Cossack ordered him to dismount, took off his saddle-bags, and secure the cubs in them. They then started for the village, followed by the bear, that charged repeatedly, and was as often beaten back by the Cossack with his club, who covered the retreat; each time the bear was laid prostrate, and finally would not approach within striking distance: she returned to the forest, and was never seen again. This was a feat of extraordinary daring, skill, strength, and activity; but, after all, our sympathies are with the poor inoffensive bear.

The bear, however, it must be admitted, is not always the injured party. When at the Lake Baikal, Atkinson mentions that three villagers went to hunt in a forest. His informant lost sight of his two companions, lighted a fire, took his evening meal, and was soon fast asleep. The bear rushed to the fire, and when he was awakened by something near him, and, turning his head, he observed by the light of his fire a large bear going down the bank to the little stream. He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Brain was going for water to put the fire out, and the bear might then devour his victim; for it is an ascertained fact that a bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water and saturate his fur, to put out the fire. It was but the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle, and stop the proceedings of the animal with a bullet as it was ascending the bank.

The adventures in Mongolia, particularly in the Gobi, lying between the Siberian Altai and the Chinese mountains, are full of interest, and we are introduced to the nomade Kirghiz saltans, who appear to be the purest orientals of the Turkish race, having no tincture of European civilization, like those of Persia, Siberia, or Turkey proper. Every Kirghiz has a horse and a Spanish saddle, as in the days of Genghis Khan; and these so-called saltans live like the patriarchs of the Old Testament, estimating their power by their sheeps, their goats, and cattle. There was a commotion as Mr Atkinson approached the saltan of Sultan Baspasathan; and the escort guided him to a large cattle enclosure, with a tall spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horsehair hanging beneath its glittering head. This is an old Turkish custom, whence the dignity of a pacha of one, two, or three tails, who, since the modern reforms in the Ottoman Empire, are called aina, ferik, and musair, corresponding with the ranks of major-general, lieutenant-general, and full general.

Sultan Baspasahan, who welcomed Mr Atkinson, was a strong ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet tunic edged with saffron, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist. On his head was a red cloth conical cap trimmed with fox-skin, with an eagle's feather hanging from the tassel, showing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokhara carpet was spread, and two boys entered, bringing in tea and fruit. These were his two sons. Silk curtains hanging on one side covered the sleeping-place, and near this a bear-skin, or large black eagle, and falcon were
chained to their perches, every person keeping at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side, kids and lambs were secured in a pen; and outside the door was a group of women, with the usual garments of the country, over the stranger.

Mr. Atkinson says: 'My belt and pistols formed a great attraction. The sultan wished to examine them. Having first removed the caps, I handed one to him, he turned it round in every direction, and looked down the barrels. He did not examine them; he wished to see them fired, and wanted to place a kid for the target, probably thinking that so short a weapon would produce no effect. Declining his kind, I tore a leaf out of my sketch-book, made a mark in the sand, and gave it to the Cosacks. He understood my intention; split the end of a stick, slipped in the edge of the paper, went out and stuck the stick in the ground some distance from the youth. The sultan arose, and all left the dwelling. I followed him in front, and the boy in the rear. Knowing that we were among a very lawless set, I determined they should see that even these little implements were dangerous. Stepping out fifteen paces I turned round, cocked my pistol, fired, and made a hole in the paper. The sultan and his people evidently thought this a trick; he said something to his son, who instantly ran off to the youth, and brought to his father a Chinese wooden bowl. This was placed upside down on the stick, by his own hand, and when he had returned to a place near me, I sent a ball through it. The holes were examined with great care; indeed, one man placed the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. This was sufficiently dangerous. The people we were now among I knew to be greatly dreaded by all the surrounding tribes; in short, they are robbers, who set at naught the authority of China, and carry on their depredations with impunity. On looking round, I noticed a knot of matter hunting fellows had been watching my movements.'

The banquet then followed. A small space in front of the sultan was left cleared, the male elders near him, and fifty men, women, and children assembled in front, the boys in the rear. The women and girls, in accordance with a custom in the East, seated themselves without the doors, and behind them successively, the women, girls, and dogs.

After ablutions with warm water, the cooks brought in long wooden trays, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton, garnished with rice, when each man drew his knife and divided the meat. The sultan selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind; when again diminished, this was passed to a third; then to the boys; and having run the gauntlet of all these hands and mouths, the bone reaches the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs."

A hunting excursion then followed in a day or two, the sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by eagle-bearers. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was under the charge of two men. They had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jetting point of reeds, and bounded over the plain. In an instant, the bearcote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared up in the air. Mr. Atkinson watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this he was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seeming to poise himself for a minute, gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line to his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell, the bearcote having struck the victim square on his neck, and the other into his back, while he tore out with his beak the animal's liver. Wild goats, wolves, and even foxes are hunted in this way. The bearcote is unerring in its flight, unless the quarry can escape into holes in the rocks.

We have many other lively descriptions of life in the Mongolian Steppes, and of sublime scenery in the middle of the Altai. The sultan's messenger, the chief of the mining-engineers, is at the head of the department. He resides three or four months of the year at Barnaul, and under him is the chief director of the mines, who must visit every smelting-work in the district once every year, travelling seven or eight weeks in a mountainous country, or descending rivers in rafts. His power is extensive, and he has a population of about 60,000 miners, peasants, and officers under his charge. It appears that carrots have not yet been sent to work in the mines of the Altai. Every summer, eight or ten tons of coal are sent into the mountains, each with a party; and the chief in Barnaul assigns to him the valley to be examined by his company. They start in May, with provisions of bread, sugar, tea, and brandy, their animal food being the game they kill. The officer receives a map, and then the experiments commence—the officer noting how many yolokus of gold can be obtained from the surface of sand. Several places are tried, and on this the director in Barnaul decides what gold is to be worked. While one party are seeking gold in the sand, another party are seeking silver in the rocks. These operations are usually concluded by the middle of October, when they return home to Barnaul.

Barnaul is well stocked with smelting-works, chemical laboratories, public offices, and private dwellings, all connected with the mining operation; and during the winter, which is so severe and severe in point of climate, balls, soirees, and concerts are given. It has also a bazaar, where European articles, fashions, French silks and bonnets, are sold, besides delicacies of the table, comprising English porter, Scotch and French wines. There is also a museum at Barnaul, comprising choice specimens of Siberian minerals, and stuffed Siberian animals, including four tigers, which came from the Kirghisian Steppes; their capture having, in two instances, caused the hirelings engaged, who had thought to expel the intruder from their farms by pea-rifles and hay-forks. To conclude, such is Barnaul, the capital of the most productive mining district of Siberia.

THE BONSPIEL.

Can our English readers imagine a Scottish loch or lake in the winter season after four or five days' hard frost—a beautiful white plain surrounded by snow-covered heights, and all under the stillness which allows of an ordinary sound being heard at a great distance? The existence of such circumstances in nature has given birth to an appropriate game which might be described generally as bowls played on ice, though with certain peculiarities, the chief being the use of flat-bottomed stones to slide, instead of bowls to roll, said stones being furnished with handles to grasp by, much is the manner of smoothing-irons.

The frost having set labour free in some degree, men assemble at the loch, and give the day to this ancient national sport, usually wakening into vivid excitement and glee a scene which would otherwise wear the torpor of death. To stand on a height near by, and see the bustle going on below; to hear the
year of the stones careering along the icy surface, and the shouts and expletions of the players as these knock against each other and settle in their respective destinies, &c, we can assure our friends, no commonplace amusement. To be, however, an actual player—a curler—\textquotedblleft a keen, keen curler,\textquotedblright as the natives phrase it—is something far beyond all this; for there are joys in curling that none but curlers know. How else could it be that there are local clubs, county clubs, and a national association of clubs, binding all men together in one great family of people for the enjoyment of this game? How else could it be that curling has its annuals, in annual, its literature; that, curling is a kind of second Freemasonry in Scotland?

There is a kind of piquancy given to this game by the very uncertainty of the means and opportunities of playing it. The curlers watch for a hearty frost, woo it as mariners do a wind, and when it comes, \textquotedblleft snatch a fearful joy.\textquotedblright That no time may be lost in making an appointment, a flag hoisted on a hill-top sometimes informs a district of ten miles' radius that the loch will bear, and the game hold. Then are seen farmers, lairds, village tradesmen, ministers, ploughmen, and shepherds, converging to the rendezvous, all full of charming anticipation. Society is at once convulsed and cheered by the affair. No great regard is paid to common distinctions in making up the game. The laird is glad to have a clever ploughman on his side. Masters and servants often play together. The distinctions most thought of are local; the people of one estate or parish will often go against each other—or it may be county against county—in which cases the match is termed a \textit{bonspiel}. Each man requires at the ice two curling-stones and a broom wherewith to sweep. Two marks, called \textit{tee}s, being made on the ice at the distance of thirty-eight yards, and several rings drawn round each, the players arrange themselves, perhaps four, six, or eight on a side; each with two stones to play, and each side having a director or chief called a \textit{skip}. The space of ice between the tees is called the \textit{rink}. The object of the game is to have as many of the stones as possible in positions as near to the tee as may be. When a stone fails to reach a certain limit, called the \textit{hog-score}, it is laid aside. On any one, therefore, appearing likely to be laggard, all the players on that side busy themselves in sweeping the way before it.

\textit{\textquote{Soop, soop!}} becomes a great cry among the curlers. An English stranger once remarked that he heard them always crying for soup, but no soup ever came; much, no doubt, to his disappointment. When one side counts thirteen, twenty-one, or thirty-one, as may be, before the other, it has gained the victory.

There was lately a bonspiel in a well-known district of the southern Highlands of Scotland, and a characteristic account of it having been obligingly sent to us by one of the players, we hasten to insert it, as perhaps the best means of conveying an idea of this national game. The original language is so appropriate that, notwithstanding its being possibly obscure to some readers, we have left it almost unchanged.

\textit{\textquote{You remember,}} says our correspondent, \textquote{I prepared to send you something of our bonspiel with the Mitchell-hill lairds, whenever it should be played. Well, it was a bad winter for frost: not above two or three days of it till Candlemas; but at last we got a hard one for about a week, and a\'} was right. So, one afternoon, two of the Mitchell-hill laids came to us at Blendewam, and asked if we had any objections to meet them next day, providing the frost held. They said they had been at the laird's, and that he was willing to come out, and bring a guest of his—Sir Alexander Gordon—along with him; that the herds of Stanhope and Eldion were to be there; and that Wully Wilson, the wright, and Andrew Blair, the smith, were both keen to give us our revenge for last year's drubbing. So I mentioned that if I could get our side made up in time, we would meet them on the ice by ten o'clock next morning. The two lads were rather crouse about the match, and said they hoped we would not let them win so easy a victory this year as last. I said nothing; but, thinks I, wait a wee, my lads, and we'll see who will claw the loudest the morn. So away went Johnny Armstrong and Peter Blackstocks back to tell the laird and the rest o' their folk that we would meet them, on the understanding that if anything happened to interfere, I was to send them a line not to come.

\textit{\textquote{Well, Mr Editor, I ken ye like particulars; so ye see I threw my work bye, put on my cap, and went through the village, speering at the folk if they would be ready to come forrit next morning; and I must add that I was very fortunate too: but who could refuse the chance o' playing a bonspiel for the honour o' Blendewam? I soon got the minister to promise, and the preacher too (Jamie Forgrieve, the miller, could not be spared from home); Adam Fumison, the old herd, said he would be our man; Sandy Grievie, the tailor, swithered a wee, but promised at last; so there was five, and we wanted other three—but these I ken where to find. I gaed the length o' the Fairy Knowe, and secured Mr Thompson—a keen hand—and a boarder of his, who was learning farming—another keen hand, and a great wag; and I made up the number with Isaac Melrose, the cadger. Isaac's horse was not sharp enough for the frost, and was sair fatigued forbye; so the carrier was glad of the opportunity o' joining us against the Mitchell-hill curlers.}

\textit{\textquote{It was late before I got our side made up, and my wife was beginning to get me up for bed. But ye'll mind Nancy, sir, and ye ken she's no ill to temper down! Well, everything was settled, and I sent two lads to the pond early in the morning, to sweep it clean and make the rink; and just as I was getting my stones ready, the laird and Sir Alexander drove up to my door. I went out and gave them time o' day, and the laird speered at me if we were prepared, as the players on his side were just coming down the road in a cart. I told him we were all ready, and that our chaps had gone down to the pond with the minister a few minutes before. Wi this, up drove the Mitchell-hill cart with the six rival players; but when they saw the laird and Sir Alexander cracking with me, they never hailed, but drove straight on. The laird got me in his dog-cart, and gave me a lift down; and when we got to the ice, his servant drove the gig back to the nearest farmhouse, where the beast was put up.}

\textit{\textquote{Well, Frank,}} says the laird, \textquote{what sort of trim are you in?} \textquote{Oh, sir,} says I, \textquote{I'm thinking I'm in kind o' guid trim.}

\textit{\textquote{That's right, Frank. See and don't let us run away with the match, as we did last year.}} \textquote{Well, I think, sir, it will tak a yon pouther to master us this time.}
"Think so, Frank? Why, here’s Sir Alexander Gordon on our side, and he’s one of the best curlers in the country."

"That may be, sir, but he’ll maybe find his match in the cadger."

"In the meantime the minister and two gentle-
men were holding a preamble about which side was to be the winner, and I must say the gentry were just as keen as us chaps. But you will better understand how the match was made up if I give you the players’ names on each side, in the order of their playing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Our Side</th>
<th>Their Side</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. Rev. Mr Montgomery.</td>
<td>1. Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Adam Preston, the sub herd.</td>
<td>2. Tam Anderson, the Eibdon herd.</td>
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| 3. John Donaldson, the pre-
| centor. | 3. Wully Wilson, the wright. |
| 4. Sandy Griewe, the tailor. | 4. Andrew Blair, the smith. |
| 5. "Cock o’ the Fairy Knowe. | 5. John Armstrong, the laird’s overseer. |
| 6. Mr Robert Stobhead, his boarder. | 6. Mr Dalrymple, the laird. |
| 7. Isaac Melrose, the cadger. | 7. Sir A. Gordon, a guest at the "H." |
| 8. Myself, Francis Baldwin, souter (skit). | 8. Peter Blackstockis, the laird’s forcaster (skit). |

"Well, sir, in about a quarter of an hour the rink was ready, the stones lying a’gether about the brugh (the brugh, ye’ll remember, is the ring round the tee). Every man had his besom in his hand. Just to try the keenness o’ the ice, we sent our stones to the other end—of course not counting. Sir Alexander, I must admit, laid on his stones well, and, faith, I began to think he was like to be fashious a wee, from his easy style and curler-like appearance. In driving his two trial-shots, the laird asked him to tak the wick—which means to strike the stone on the side, and glance off at an angle—o’ one o’ Tam Anderson’s stones; which, faith, he managed; and his second one he drew to the laird’s besom, and lay. I saw our chaps looking rather queer when they saw the shots played, but I counselled them never to mind that, for he couldn’t eye play the same."

"Now, Frank," says the laird, "when I was about to play my trial-shots down the rink, "here’s a chance for you; raise that stone."

"I played a fine shot; but being out o’ practice, I couldn’t be expected to do very well at first, so, instead of the raising shot (which, as you know, means just striking it fair—your own stone lying) the stone at the laird’s besom, I missed it, and took an outwrick on another stone, which sent it close to the tee. Though the laird nicherled and laughed at my miss, he wanae sae ready to laughi a while afterwards.

"For the first two or three hours, the spirit of the game was never very high; both sides played tolerably well, but without that roaring fun which I have known to accompany every end at curling—matches like ours; in fact, the company was beginning to get a thought dull, though the scoring was even enough to have excited more enthusiasm between rival parties, when a halt was called, the besoms flung down, and half an hour was allowed for bread and cheese. There was a good deal of sport going on while we sat on the banks of the pond, all mixed throughthither; the laird and the cadger were holding a confab about something I couldna hear, and Sir Alexander and old Alick Blair were smoking their pipes thegither as honest as ye like.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, "we’ll have a dram together. I know that’s what you want."

Weel, laird, may be if we had had one sooner, we might have shown you more sport; but better late than never, if it’s your pleasure!"

"So we all got a dram—a gaud ane too, which I must say improved the spirits of the company most wonderful, and then we commenced to curl in earnest. It was but child’s play before: we begot to play like men now.

"I will not take up your time by alluding to the various scans and ins of the game either before the mid-day halt, or up till nearly the finish; but I will go on to relate how we gained the bonuspail after a tough contest as the Mitchell-hill players would ever wish to have.

"At 3 o’clock, p.m. the game stood thus: Mitchell-
hill, 24; Blendewan, 29—the latter wanting but two to be game.

The closing shots were lost and won thus: Mr Thompson o’ the Fairy Knowe played uncommonly well, and his hearer chiel nit amiss; and John Armstrong, the forester, and Wully Wilson, the wright were bye-ordinal guid. Wully played his first stone a perfect pat-lid on the tee, and with his second guarded it within two feet. The first remained a pat-

lay till the second was played out, though his guard was chipit frae its place. They were unco near getting other two forbye this one, and indeed they were three shots in, till my last stone invicked from one and curled in second. They were now twenty-five to our twenty-four.

"We’re gradually making up on you, Frank," the laird quietly observed. "You’ll have to play your best, or we’ll be upsides with you yet.

"That’ll be seen next end, Mr Dalrymple, or I’m cheated."

"And the next end began by Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd, making a hog. ‘That’s one off the ice, at any rate, says I to our side; and you’ll see more o’ the same kind before the end’s played out, for the ice is beginning to be dour. Now, lad," says I, ‘this end must decide it; there’s nae use in hinging on or saying any mair about it: we want but two; the minister’s to be first shot this time, and, faith, I’ll be second myself.

"And up comes the worthy minister’s stone, finds howe-ice—that’s straight along the centre o’ the rink, as you know, sir—and lies within three feet o’ the tee. The herd’s second stone was better than the first, and a goodish side-shot. They were on their metal, and playing their very best; sometimes putting in plenty o’ pouter when it was needed, and while playing gently for a draw when it was needed. Three lads had been already played through over-caution. Adam Blair and his boarder proved themselves curlers o’ the richt sort, and played every shot in grand style. On the other side, the players were just as good—not a hair to judge by, and each man following the skip’s direc-

tion terrible weel. Well, sir, the stones were lying well about the brugh, and they were two shots in. It was Sir Alexander’s turn to play, and fortunately for us, he unintentionally opened up a port—which you know means a clear passage between stones—the very thing they should have avoided, but just what we wanted; and then the cadger stood ready to play.

"Now, Isaac," says I, ‘ye ken as well as I, what to play for. The port is open, and they are two shots in.

"The cadger’s stone is delivered, and, for a wonder, he misses it—cold as a horse. Notice were however, ‘Sic stones are well enough, lad," says I; ‘soop her up, soop her up, soop her well—there now—come: that’s as good as the port yet. You’ve positively brought one of the minister’s stones in for shot."

And great was the congratulation on their side at this unlocked-for turn in our favour. However, Peter the skip told them not to mind that, for the port was still open for Sir Alexander’s second and last stone. And to that
gentleman's praise I will say, he took the port in first-rate style; and had he given his stone a little less pouther, he would have retrieved: but his stone curied away to the other side o' the brugh, and lay outside.

"Iass, man, I want you to close that port—draw to my bosom; and if you do touch any of the stones, break an egg, and no more, for they're both against us."

"Put your bannet on the ice, where ye want me to lie, Frank."

"I'll do that, my man: there's the verra bit."

And by one of the cadger's best strokes, the port was filled.

"I was now Peter Blackstock's turn to play, so the laird acted skip for him.

"Peter, if you'll take an inwick on this stone at my bosom, I'll make your wife a present of a new gown."

"I saw the stroke fine, for I stitted [intended] to play it myself when my turn came; and says I to myself:"

"Oh, for a miss from Peter, though it should lose a gown to the wife!" Peter's hand was trembling with anxiety, and he fairly bungled the stroke and missed.

"Oh, laird," says I, "ye shouldn't have spoken about the gown till after the stroke was played, for you've fairly dumsounded the forester's nerves!"

"Now, Frank," says the cadger, "I wanna fear for anything the forester could do, for I know it won't take one of his kind; but that's not to say I'm frightened for you. Try for the verra same stone; and if ye tak the wick at my bosom, we're game."

"Stand awa' from the stone, Isaac, my man. I ken what ye want, hence go!" And up comes the stone.

"I believe she has it—no, yes, she has it. Dinna say, callants—she's there, she's there, she's there!"

"Frank, you're a gentleman (the first time I was ever called that before, Mr Editor), and no mistakes!"

A kind of unatural calmness now spread over the laird's countenance; and after the bursts of enthusiasm had subsided on our side, a perfect silence reigned over the rink, for on the forester's last stone depended all their hopes of cutting us out yet; twenty-nine before, we were now up twenty-one, or game, unless the forester's last stone should render his side a service by knocking out one, or maybe both, of ours. In a calm, clear voice, the worthy laird informed Peter what he, poor chap, already knew too well; the meaning of the terminal things with its diamat flake, while the very mud, scot-tampered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, olfact, apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartificial and unattractive whole. It is a disappointment, too, to see the coal-born base ever shutting out heaven's sunshine, and sputtering all things with its diamat flakes, while the very mud, scot-tampered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, olfact, apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartificial and unattractive whole. It is a disappointment, too, to see the coal-born base ever shutting out heaven's sunshine, and sputtering all things with its diamat flakes, while the very mud, scot-tampered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, olfact, apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartificial and unattractive whole. It is a disappointment, too, to see the coal-born base ever shutting out heaven's sunshine, and sputtering all things with its diamat flakes, while the very mud, scot-tampered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, olfact, apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartificial and unattractive whole.

There is something repulsive in shops of inferior dimensions, and generally shabby appearance, announcing their ownership and wariness in colossal inscriptions, lettres three or four feet high, while the legends of vast warehouses and factories, in the modesty of conscious worth, lurk upon door-posts, or peep in smallest type from beneath some deep-arched portal. Yet Manchester streets may be irregular, and its trading inscriptions pretentious, its smoke may be dense, and its mud may be ultra-muddy; but not any nor all of these things can prevent the image of the great city from rising before us as the very symbol of civilisation, foremost in the march of improvement, a grand incarnation of progress. That commerce has...
had no unduly materialising influence upon those engaged in it here, that vast building at Old Trafford which rose at their bidding, and whose glorious content was collected under their auspices, presents sufficient proof; but there is no lack of minor evidence. "When any of these great cotton-lords gives me a call to ask for a picture," observed an artist, a Londoner by birth, but now resident in Manchester, "they always speak and seem to feel as if it were they who were the obliged party." There is nothing among them of the common vulgarity of the petty tradesman; none of that demand for a servile gratitude so often one of the trials most galling to genius. Again, in the rooms of the Royal Institution hangs a picture of an old French abbé, equally attractive on the grounds of its merit and its history. It is the work of a French lady who devotes all the produce of her art to purposes of benevolence, and was originally sent here to an exhibition by native and foreign artists. A gentleman delivering a lecture on this exhibition, commented on the extraordinary excellence displayed in the picture, and regretted, as it was still unsold, that it should be allowed to leave the country. He had no sooner ceased than the appeal was responded to; the picture was at once purchased, and at rather a higher price by one of his household, who then observed that he thought he could not do better than present it to the Institution with which they were connected: and, accordingly, there it hangs at this moment on the walls of that noble building. Nor is this spirit confined to the upper classes. On the recent exhibition of the competition-works of students in the schools of art, it was truly gratifying to see what flocks of rough-looking, ill-dressed people crowded in the evening to the rooms, and to observe with what attention they examined the various merits of even the chalk-shadings and pencil-outlines; and people like these are hardly to be suspected of affecting an interest they do not feel.

Much has been said—perhaps too much—about the humanising influence of art; but, simultaneously with the fine feeling we have alluded to, the men of the City of Men are unquestionably more than usually devoted to the small amenities of life. An illustration of this may be met with in every street in the polite and elegant quarters of the city, by directing a stranger on his way. The minute directions, patiently repeated when not understood, will even sometimes be followed up by a long walk out of the way, in order to make sure that the road shall not be mistaken; and not an infrequent instance of this kind at the end of the journey imply that 'your honour's health' was the expected conclusion. The general intelligence, also, of the lower classes is remarkable. A boy in a warehouse, a lad from the factory, will not only readily reply to any inquiries as to the processes going on in his own department, but will shew himself equally conversant with the general details of the business, and in respect to the materials employed, the amount of trade, and the average of wages. Returning once from an excursion to inspect a mill a short distance from Manchester, I happened to remark to one of my companions that a medical friend of mine had been noticing the prevalence of female labour in the factories, on the ground that the feminine character was exclusively adapted for domestic seclusion, and invariably deteriorated in congregations even of her own sex, when a clear though somewhat feeble voice behind begged to be permitted to make a remark upon the subject. I was then in a third-class carriage, for the very purpose of studying the character of the masses, and I turned quickly, and saw the pale thin face and sightless eyes of a man about thirty, neatly but very mealy clad, and evidently of the lower rank. "You are speaking," said he, "of the way the female character is injured in factories; the causes may be easily traced. The children are the chief workers in a family here; they are regarded according to what their labour will fetch, and as soon as they are old enough, are sent forth to earn. The money-power must always be the ruling power: the parents, therefore, who are often idle, are subordinated to the children, on whose wages they mainly depend; parental authority is overridden; the harmony of family-life broken up; and the female character of course injured in proportion."

This was the least of the substance of the speech, though it gives but an imperfect idea of the clearness of his argument, or the felicitous language which conveyed it. Our pleased surprise was not lessened when an individual, of equally humble appearance, in another compartment, made some remarks on the comparative characters of the factory-worker and agricultural labourer, and in words more homely than those of the blind speaker, but not less fluent, maintained his view of the question. The subject veering round to the physical development of the noblest effete, led to a discovery of his occupation, for on my mentioning having heard that keepers kept assorted sizes of hats for the various classes of society—gentlemen, servants, mechanics, &c.—and that the gentlemen's were usually the largest, I was informed that at least the gentleman's servants were invariably the smallest; adding—'And my opinion may be received as something worth on this subject, for I am a hatter.'

And how is this general intelligence and cultivation to be extended? On this subject some important advances have been made in the cause of human culture, the Camp Field Free Library. Here a large and handsome ground-floor hall is filled with desks and tables devoted to periodical literature; and the poorest wanderer may drop in and acquaint himself with the chief events and great discussions of the day. Here, if it be washing-day at home, and the wet linen still hangs in the one room, or the workman is weary with his labour, and his children are ill or noisy, what a resource is within his reach that he can repair to a lofty, well-lighted room, with its comfortable seats and unfailing store of amusement! Here, too, is a circulating library for home-reading, available on presenting a recommendation; while a staircase, profusely adorned with excellent subjects, leads to the top of the building, the upper library of reference, the valuable books of which can be perused only within the room, but are freely handed to any applicant without question or introduction.

But, in addition to the kind of intelligence alluded to, there is a certain completeness in the mind of Manchester, which recognises the mutual dependence of the physical and intellectual nature. Here, for instance, public baths and wash-houses were founded some time before its factories were built. Even swimming-baths for female workers have been made some progress, at least in principle: at Peel Park, the Gymnasium affords not only to sedentary men and boy-workers an opportunity of healthful exercise, but is a contrast to the great contrast apart for girls, to allow them also some small chance of proper muscular development. Might not the authorities of the London Parks take a hint from this great charity, and so enable many a poor girl who sits all day working before a blanket loom or making artificial flowers, to enjoy the means of obtaining stronger limbs and a straighter spine?

Leaving Peel Park, the eye is caught by an announcement at its gates concerning a school in connection with the Salford Institute, and here again a striking fact presents itself. Not only is general
education offered at a very moderate rate, but there are also special classes for instruction in various arts; and among these one, at five shillings a quarter, a class for dress-making. Now, any one who has kept servants can hardly have failed to remark, how important an influence the being able to make a dress for herself, has upon the female domestic—how much nearer an appearance she can maintain—how much better able she is to restrict her expenditure to something less than her earnings—and how, besides, as an interesting occupation for her leisure hours, it tends to prevent their being wasted, as is too often the case, on a debasing literature, if it be lawful to give the name. And the visitor of the poor sees, still more strikingly, the vast difference this knowledge makes in a poor man's home, when his wife is 'handy at her needle,' and out of one old gown can make two new frocks.

As another educational effort pointed out by social science, one mill-proprietor mentioned, that as soon as the buildings for the purpose were completed, he intended to open a school for teaching cookery to girls. This, it is true, has been done in London; but the idea was not born there, for local history informs us, that as long ago as 1720, 'in order to perfect young ladies in the general, but at intervals, to perform some useful operation, such as joining the threads, &c.' His remarks apply especially to the children, of whom three-fourths of the number employed are engaged in piecing; at which he computes that a child working from seven to twelve hours in the day, and spending two months would yet have six hours of inaction, occurring at periods of three-quarters of a minute or more at a time, and mentions that 'spinners sometimes dedicate these intervals to the perusal of books.' This, one would suppose, can scarcely be generally or easily done, but at least such snatches of leisure occurring so largely and regularly, must afford favourable opportunities for cultivating the reflective faculties; and that they are thus made use of, seems to be proved by the general intelligence which prevails.

While, then, this wondrous city, this giant of the English north, is thus advancing with seven-leagued strides in the path of progress, let no mere adventurous circumstances cause it to be viewed unfavourably; let no unworthy jealousy prevent the full realisation of that foremost position it is pressing forward to. That it is a powerful rival in the race, even compared with the proud metropolis, must be admitted when we consider all it has done and is doing for social amelioration. From the moment of its opening, at once to commerce and industry, to science and art; its fostering of kindly feeling and cultivation of intellect; its attention to the requirements of those who can afford to purchase comfort, and the wants of those who have nothing to pay; its provision for every bodily demand, and every mental and moral need. Herein, indeed, in this universality of genius which cares for everything, and overlooks or neglects nothing, lies the great secret of its success. One of the most eminent inhabitants of the city, accompanying a party in the inspection of one of its great establishments, introduced them to the steam-engine which keeps in motion all the machinery on the premises, with the exclamation: 'Here is the true Manchester spirit!' Its making its energy felt throughout every part, its influence as active in the remotest corner as in its immediate neighbourhood; not putting forth its efforts in one mode of operation only, but doing whatever is to be done, lifting or pressing in one place, rolling or stamping in another, taking in here, sending out there, just as need may require; and with no capricious intermittent exertion, but in steady, unwearied diligence moving all, regulating all, the tiniest pin not eluding its grasp, the largest wheel not beyond its capacity; this mighty worker is indeed

universal in factories, of piece-work payment, as giving the workmen an interest in industry, and an inducement, to execute the greatest amount of work in the least space of time; such an influence even reacting upon day-labourers by rounding their emulation, and inducing them, in order to avoid injudicious comparisons, to make exertions unknown in our country, and cut off the old custom by which they are not; the exercise of the mind being then partially substituted for that of the muscles constituting skilled labour; and this, as he adds, is always paid more highly than unskilled. He also observes, that 'of all the common prejudices with regard to factory-labour, there is none more unfounded than that which ascribes to it excessive tedium and irksomeness above other occupations, owing to its being carried on in connection with a system of steam-engines, require for the most part a higher, or at least a stouter species of operation, that is not so easy as the exercise of the mind being then partially substituted for that of the muscles constituting skilled labour; and this, as he adds, is always paid more highly than unskilled. He also observes, that 'of all the common prejudices with regard to factory-labour, there is none more unfounded than that which ascribes to it excessive tedium and irksomeness above other occupations, owing to its being carried on in connection with a system of steam-engines, require for the most part a higher, or at least a stouter species of operation, that is not so easy as

In regard to the landwork itself, Mr Stevenson, in the article on 'English Statistics,' in the Edinburgh Encyclopaedia, says much stress on the practice, almost
no inapt image of those who evoke its powers, and who, not only by using its service, but by imitating its action, have obtained the present high place, and the prospect of a yet loftier future, for the City of Men.

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LV.—THE VOLUNTEERS.

My sister kept her word. I saw no more of her for that day, nor until noon of the next. Then she came forth from her chamber in a full riding costume, and ordered White Fox to be saddled, and, mounting, rode off alone.

I felt that I had no power over this capricious spirit. It was idle to attempt controlling it. She was beyond the dictation of maternal authority—her own mistress—and evidently determined upon having her will and her way.

After the conversation of yesterday, I felt no inclination to interfere again. She was acquainted with my angry ways; and knowing this, any counsel from me would come with an ill grace, and be as ill received. I resolved, therefore, to withhold it, till some crisis should arrive that would render it more imporrtant.

The days coolness continued between us—at which my mother often wondered, but of which she received no explanation. Indeed, I fancied that even her affection towards me was not so tender as it used to be. Perhaps I was wronging her. She was not very angry with me about the duel with Ringgold, the first intelligence of which had gravely affected her. On my return I had received her reproaches, for it was believed that I alone was to blame in bringing the affair about. 'Why had I acted so wildly towards Aruns Ringgold? And all about nothing? A trumpery Indian belle? What mattered it to me what may have been said about the girl? Likely what was said was nothing more than the truth. I should have behaved with more prudence.'

I perceived that my mother had been informed upon most of the material points connected with the affair. Of one, however, she was ignorant: she knew not who the 'trumpery Indian belle' was—she had not heard the name of Maunese. Knowing her to be ignorant of this, I listened with more calmness to the aspersive remarks.

For all that, I was somewhat excited by her reproaches, and several times upon the point of declaring to her the true cause why I had called Ringgold to an account. For certain reasons I forbore. My mother would not have believed me.

As for Ringgold himself, I ascertained that a great change in his fortunes had lately taken place. His father was dead—and had died in a fit of passion, whilst in the act of chastising one of his slaves. A blood-vessel had burst, and he had fallen, as if by a judgment of God.

Arunse, the son, was now master of his vast, ill-gotten wealth—a plantation with some three hundred slaves upon it; and it was said that this had only made him more avaricious than ever.

His aim was—as it had been of the older Ringgold—to become owner of everybody and everything around him—a grand money-despot. The son was a fit successor to the father.

He had played the invalid for a while—carrying his arm in a sling—and, as people said, not a little vain of having been engaged in a duel. Those who understood how that affair had terminated, thought he had little reason to be proud of it.

It seemed the hostility between him and myself had brought about no change in his relations with our family. I learned that he had been a constant visitor at the house; and the world still believed him the accepted suitor of Virginia. Moreover, since his late accession to wealth and power, he had grown more than ever a favourite with my ambitious mother. I learned all this with regret.

The old home appeared to have undergone a change. There was none of the same warmth of affection as of yore. I missed my kind, noble father. My mother at times appeared cold and distant, as if she believed me undutiful. My uncle was her brother, and like her in everything; even my fond sister seemed for the moment estranged.

I began to feel as a stranger in my own house, and, feeling so, stayed but little at home. Most of the day I was abroad, with Gallagher as my companion. Of course, my friend remained our guest during our stay on the Susquehanna.

Our time was occupied, partly with the duties upon which we had been commanded, and partly in following the amusements of the chase. Of deer-hunting and fox-running we had an abundance; but I did not enjoy it as much as I might. I was an ardent sportsman though he was—seem to take the delight in it which he had anticipated.

Our military duties were by no means of an arduous nature, and were usually over before noon. Our orders had been, not so much to recruit volunteers as to superintend the organisation of those already raised; and 'muster them into service.' A corps had already advanced some length towards formation, having elected its own officers, and enrolled most of its rank and file. Our part was to inspect, instruct, and govern them.

The little church, near the centre of the settlement, was the head-quarters of the corps; and there the drill was carried on.

The men were mostly of the poorer class of white settlers—small renting planters—and squatters who dwelt along the swamp-edges, and who managed to eke out a precarious subsistence partly by the use of their axes, and partly from the produce of their rifles. The old hunter Hickman was among the number; and what did not much surprise me, I found the worthies Spence and Williams enrolled in the corps. Upon these scamps I was determined to keep a watchful eye, at a wary distance.

Many of the privates were men of a higher class—for the common danger had called all kinds into the field.

The officers were usually planters of wealth and influence; though there were some who, from the democratic influence of elections, were but ill qualified to wear epaulettes.

Many of these gentlemen bore far higher official titles than either Gallagher or myself. Colonels and majors appeared to be almost as numerous as privates. But for all this, they did not demean to our exercising authority over them. In actual war-time, it is not uncommon for a lieutenant of the 'line,' or the lowest subaltern of the regular army, to be placed in command of a full colonel of militia or volunteers.

Here and there was an old character, who perhaps, in earlier life, had 'broken down' at West Point, or had gone through a month of campaigning service in the Creek wars under 'Old Hickory.' These, fancying themselves as 'foot' in the military art, were not so pleasant to deal with; and at times it required all Gallagher's determined firmness to convince them that he was commander-in-chief upon the Susquehanna.

My friend's reputation as a 'fire-eater' which had preceded him, had as much weight in confirming his authority as the commission which he brought with him from 'head-quarters.'

Upon the whole, we got along smoothly enough with these gentlemen—most of whom seemed desirous of learning their duty, and submitted to our instructions with cheerfulness.
CHAPTER LVII.
M YSTERIOUS CHANGE.

Not many days had elapsed before I observed a sudden change in the conduct of Gallagher; not towards myself, or my mother, but in his manner towards Virginia.

It was the day after I had held the conversation with her, that I first noticed this. I noticed at the same time that her manner towards him was equally altered.

The somewhat frosty politeness that had hitherto been observed between them, appeared to have suddenly thawed, and their old genial friendship to become re-established on its former footing.

They now played, and sang, and laughed together, and read, and chatted nonsense, as they had been used to do in times past.

"Ah! thought I, 'tis easy for him to forget; he is but a friend, and, of course, cannot have the feelings of a brother. Little matters it to him what may be her secret relations, or with whom. What need he care about her impurities? She is good company, and her winning way has beguiled him from dwelling upon that suspicion, which he must have entertained as well as myself. He has either forgotten, forgiven, or else found some explanation of her conduct that seems to satisfy him. At all events, I appear to have lost his sympathy, while she has regained his confidence and friendship."

I was at first astonished at this new phase in the relations of our family circle—afterwards puzzled by it. I could not account for the change, and I asked for an explanation; and, as he did not volunteer to give one, I was compelled to abide in ignorance.

I perceived that my mother also regarded this altered behaviour with surprise, and also with a feeling of a somewhat different kind—suspicion.

I could guess the reason of this. She fancied that they were growing too fond of each other—that, notwithstanding he had no fortune but his pay-roll, Virginia might fancy the dashig soldier for a husband.

Of course my mother, having already formed designs as to the disposal of her daughter, could not calmly contemplate such a destiny as this. It was natural enough, then, she should look with a jealous eye upon the gay confidence that had been established between them.

I should have been glad if I could have shared my mother's suspicions; happy if my sister had but fixed her affection upon the soldier, and have been welcome to call me brother. Fortuneless though he might be, I should have made no opposition to that alliance.

But it never entered my thoughts that there was aught between the two but the old prevailed friendship; and love acts not in that style. So far as Captain Gallagher was concerned, I could have given my mother assurance that would have quieted her fears.

And yet to a stranger they might have appeared as lovers—almost to any one except myself. They were together half the day and half the night; they rode together into the woods, and wore sometimes absent for hours at a time. I perceived that my comrades began to care little for my company, and daily less. Stranger still, the chase no longer delighted him! As for duty, this he rapidly neglected, and had not the 'lieutenant' been on the ground, I fear the 'corps' would have stood little chances of instruction.

As days passed on, I fancied that Gallagher began to relapse into a more sober method. He certainly seemed more thoughtful. This was when my sister was out of sight. It was not the air he had worn after our arrival—but very different.

It certainly resembled the bearing of a man in love. He would start on hearing my sister's voice from without—his ear was quick to catch every word from her, and his eyes expressed delight whenever she came into the room. Once or twice, I saw him gazing at her with an expression upon his countenance that betokened more than friendship.

My old suspicions began to return to me. After all, he might be in love with Virginia?

Certainly, she was fair enough to impress the heart even of this damnable soldier. Gallagher was no lady's man—had never been known to seek conquests over the sex—in fact, felt some awkwardness in their company. My sister seemed the only one before whom he could converse with facility or freedom.

Notwithstanding, and further all, he might be in love? I should have been pleased to know it, could I only have insured him a reciprocity of his passion; but alas! that was not in my power.

I wondered whether she ever thought of him as a lover; but no—she could not—not if she was thinking of—

And yet her behaviour towards him was at times of such a character, that a stranger to her eccentricities would have fancied she loved him. Even I was mystified by her actions. She either had some feeling for him, beyond that of mere friendship, or made show of it. If he loved her, and she knew it, then her conduct was cruel in the extreme.

I indulged in such speculations, though only when I could not restrain myself from dwelling upon them. They were unpleasant; at times even painful.

I lived in a maze of doubt, puzzled and perplexed at what was passing around me; but at this time there turned up a new chapter in our family history, that, in point of mystery, eclipsed all the others. A piece of information reached me, that, if true, must sweep all these new-sprung theories out of my mind.

I learned that my sister was in love with Arne Ringgold—in other words, that she was 'listening to his addresses."

CHAPTER LVIII.
M Y INFORMANT.

This I had upon the authority of my faithful servant, Black Jake. Upon almost any other testimony, I should have been incredulous; but his was unimpeachable. Negro as he was, his perceptions were keen enough; while his earnestness proved that he believed what he said. He had reasons, and gave them.

I received the strange intelligence in this wise: I was seated by the bathing-pond, alone, busied with a book, when I heard Jake's familiar voicé pronouncing my name: 'Masaar George.'

'Well, Jake? I responded, without withdrawing my eyes from the pages.

'I see wanted all de mornin' to git yu Tone by yourself; I see want to hab a little bit ob a convassayshun, Masaar George.'

The solemn tone, so unusual in the voice of Jake,
awoke my attention. Mechanically closing the book, I looked up in his face: it was solemn as his speech.

A conversation with me, Jake?

'Ye, masser—dat am if you isn't ingage'

Oh, by no means, Jake. Go on: let me hear what you have to say.

'Poor fellow! I thought I—he has his sorrows too. Some complaint about Viola. The wicked coquette is torturing him with jealousy; but what can I do? I cannot make her love him—no. ‘One man may lead a horse to the water, but forty can't make him drink.’ No; the little jade will act as she pleases, in spite of any remonstrance on my part. Well, Jake?'

'We, Massa George, I doant meeselk like to inta-
fere in tha' fairs ob da family—dat I doant; but ye see, mass, things am a gwine all wrong—all wrong, by Golly!

'In what respect?

'Ah, masser, dat young lady—dat young lady.'

Polite of Jake to call Viola a young lady.

'You think she is deceiving you?'

'More dan me, Massa George—more dan me.'

'What a wicked girl! But, perhaps, Jake, you only fancy these things? Have you had any proofs of her being unfaithful? Is there any one in particular who is now paying her attentions?'

'Yes, masser; berry particler—neber so particler before—neber.'

'A white man?

Gerramighty, Massa George!' exclaimed Jake, in a tone of surprise; 'you do talk kewrious; ob course am a white man. No odder dan a white man dar show tention to tha young lady.'

I could not help smiling. Considering Jake's own complexion, he appeared to hold very exalted views of the unapproachability of his charm among those of his own race. I had once heard him boast that he was the 'only man ob colour dat could shine dar.' It was a white man, then, who was making his misery.

'Who is he, Jake?' I inquired.

'Ah, masser, he am dat ar villain debbil, Arruns Ringgold!'

'What! Arruns Ringgold?—he making love to Viola?'

'Viola! Gerramighty, Massa George!' exclaimed the black, staring till his eyes shone only the whites—Viola! Gerramighty, I neber say Viola!—neber!'

'Of whom, then, are you speaking?'

'O masser, did I not say da young lady? dat am da young lady—Miss Vaginny.'

'Oh! my sister you mean. Poh, poh! Jake. That is an old story. Arruns Ringgold has been paying his addresses to my sister for many years; but with no chance of success. You needn't trouble yourself about that, my faithful friend; there is no danger of their getting married. She doesn't like him, Jake—I wonder who does or could—and even if she did, I would not permit it. But there's no fear, so you may make your mind easy on that score. By barangue seemed not to satisfy the black. He stood scratching his head, as if he had something more to communicate. I waited for him to speak.

'Scoose me, Massa George, for da freedom, but dar you make mighty big mistake. It am true dar war a time when Missa Vaginny she no care for dat ar snake in da grass. But de times am change: him father—da ole thief—he am gone to da udda world; tha young un he now rich—he big planter—tha biggest on da ribber: ole missa she 'courage him come see Miss Vaginny—cause he rich, he good spec.'

'I know all that, Jake: my mother always wished it; but that signifies nothing—my sister is a little self-willed, and will be certain to have her own way. There is no fear of her giving her consent to marry Arruns Ringgold.'

'Scoose me, Massa George, 'scoose me 'gain—I tell you, masser, you make mistake: she am most consent now.'

'Why, what has put this notion into your head, my good fellow?'

'Viola, masser. Dat ere quadron tell me all.'

'So, you are friends with Viola again?'

'Ye, Massa George, we good friend as ebber. Twar only my spicjon—I war wrong. She good gal—she true as de rose. No more spicjon o' her, on de part ob Jake come.'

'I am glad of that. But pray, what has she told you about Arens Ringgold and my sister?'

'She tell me all: she see somethin' ebber day.'

'Every day! Why, it is many days since Arens Ringgold I was visited here.'

'No, masser; dar you am mistake: gaar Arruns
he come to da house ebber day—a most ebber day.'

'Romance; I never saw him here. I never heard of his having been, since my return from the fort.'

'But, missa, missa, missa, missa. I am no messef. He come when he went out. He be here when we go a huntin'. I see um come yestad. When you an Mass Gargar war away to da bontoon—deh he war sabn.'

'You astonish me, Jake.'

'Dat's no all, misser. Viola she say dat Miss Vaginny she have differnt from what she used to: he talk love; she not angry no more; she listen to him talk. Oh, Massa George, Viola think she give her consent to marry him: dat would be a dreadful thing—berry, berry dreadful.'

'Jake,' said I, 'listen to me. You will stay by the house when I am absent. You will take note of every one who comes and goes; and whenever Arens Ringgold makes his appearance on a visit to the family, you will come for me as fast as horse can carry you.'

'Gollys! dat I will, Massa George: you neber fear, I am fase effitt—like a streak ob de great lightning.'

'And with this promise, the black left me.

With all my disposition to be incredulous, I could not dismiss the information thus imparted to me. Beyond doubt, there was truth in it. The black was too faithful to think of deceiving me, and too astute to be himself deceived. Viola had rare opportunities for observing all that passed within our family circle; and what motive could she have for inventing a tale like this?

Besides Jake had himself seen Ringgold on visits—of which I had never been informed. This confirmed the other—confirmed all.

What was I to make of it? Three who appear as lovers—the chief, Gallagher, Arens Ringgold! Has she grown wicked, abandoned, and is coqueting with all the world?

Can she have a thought of Ringgold? No—it is not possible. I could understand her having an affection for the soldier—a romantic passion for the brave and certainly handsome chief; but for Arens Ringgold—a squawking, conceited swab, with nought but riches to recommend him—this appeared utterly improbable.

Of course, the influence was my mother's; but never before had I entertained a thought that Virginia would yield. If Viola spoke the truth, she had yieldeed, or was yielding.

'Ah, mother, mother! little knowest thou the fiend you would introduce to your home, and cherish as your child.'

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SIR.

It is doubtful whether there be another mono-syllable in the language which admits of such delicate distinctions as that most common one which heads this paper—Sir. Not the trembling 'No!' of the bashful maiden, whose command of verbal infection is so perfect that she makes it to fill the place of 'Yes,' could be more significant: not the emphatic 'There' of the dined alderman, who pushes his last plate an inch or two from his encroaching stomach with a satisfied sigh, and a comfortable and firm belief in his own mind that he has, in the highest and noblest sense, said Grace: not the 'Well?' of the rival conversationalists, interrogatively fitted in at the conclusion of your very best narration, as though the point were yet to come: not the facile 'Ah!' of the debt-hardened borrower, when he is reminded of the little account which, with the utmost delicacy, you have forborne to speak of until it has almost run clean out of sight for ever underneath the statute of limitations: not the 'Bah!' of the attorney, so different from the same expression in the mouth of the innocent wearers of his sheepskin, when you inadvertently let fall some moral axiom or some tender sentiment, forgetting in whose presence you stand: not even the 'Chur-r-r-ch,' 'Chur-r-r-ch?' of the Hyde Park democracy, when they flung, some months ago, that elongated mono-syllable, with so great distinctness of meaning, at the titled Sabbath-breakers and miserable sinners of 'carriage-people' in the Ring; nothing equally brief had ever such variety of meaning as this 'Sir.'

Even in writing, and when it stands apart and unrelished by 'My dear,' or 'Dear,' it has a certain unpleasant significance. It shows that the writer has no acquaintance, and far less friendship with the person he addresses; that, for certain, he does not know anything about him, and that, in all probability, he does not care. There is not only a stiffness and reserve, but an absolute antagonism in a 'Sir' of this sort. It is more than possible that it may be followed by, 'As the legal adviser of Messrs Harpy,' &c., and that the whole may be concluded—like an unprepossessing scorpion, whose worst has yet to come in the tail of it—by the signature of a legal firm. One has, in this case, to write back 'Gentlemen,' too, in return for it, which, it may be, is as tremendous a sacrifice of truth as of inclination. The editor of the Moral Leseur—by no means the talented Irish novelist of that name—begins with the 'Sir' indignant, when he writes that he is in truth astonished at his once esteemed contributor requiring compensation in doses for that blessed privilege of elevating the masses which has been afforded to him by the publication of his article; and the once esteemed contributor has made previous use of it, apologetically, in demanding modestly to know whether the Leseur was accustomed to balance its accounts at the end of every six months or of a year.

This 'Sir' epistolary may be the herald of a compulsory marriage (when it emanates, for instance, from one of the big brothers of the three Miss Malonies, denominated, for certain reasons, 'Plague, Pestilence, and Famine'); of unexpected offspring of a doubtful paternity; of death, itself, even—provided, at least, that there is no property bequeathed to us, in which case we may be sure it would become 'My dear Sir,' or 'My very dear Sir,' in proportion to the sum; but it is never by any chance the harbinger of anything satisfactory, except perhaps in the extremely mitigated form of a receipt for the second payment of a disputed bill. 'Sir' never asks you to dinner, nor even pays you a compliment, except of the most artificial character, such as that of representing somebody as your most obedient and humble servant, who, if not an utter stranger, is a foe determined upon your ruin. 'Sir' is the dogged submission which the most savage hand is compelled to pay to the laws of civilisation, the transparent veil through which it strikes with undiminished power. The only social invitation which it ever heralds is that which belongs to the duello, the pressing summons to 'pistols for two in the sawpit,' or other unfrequented meeting-place; nor has it anything to do with love, except at the extreme rag-end of it, when it sometimes announces Cupid's death and the birth of mammon coincidently, in the notice of action for breach of promise of marriage. It is the sign that the chain of friendship is broken, and that the remaining life-links which connect us and the writer must needs be formed of a far baser metal. Indeed, the only sort of excellence which the 'Sir' epistolary possesses, is of a decidedly negative character; it does not, as far as we are aware, form part of the formula of a writ.

The 'Sir' colloquial, on the other hand, may be urbane and graceful enough; the tongue can express by infection what it is not in the power of the pen through the same term to convey. A trivial and common-place remark of ours—for we do make such things on rare occasions, and at very long intervals—to a fellow-traveller in a railway-carriage, has been sometimes replied to by this little word, in a manner (before our-marriage, that is) which has set our heart beating, and our cheeks alight; our youth and beauty were remarkable at one period, and we have...
now and then been forcibly recalled to a sense of
them by the slavish softness of this monosyllabic
'Sir,' expressed with all the adoring modesty of
sweet seventeen. What a totally different signif-
cance has the very same word in the mouth of our
friend, Bullion of the Exchange!—Bullion, who sits
opposite to us in church, and annoys us by his conde-
scension and assumption of supercerebral dignity—
Bullion, whom one wonders the clergyman does not
rebuke for the malapropism, saying: 'Miserable sinner,
behave yourself as such,' instead of giving a piece
of his mind to the charity-boy asleep in the aisle, who
does not want it. You should hear his 'Sir' in a
railway-carriage. Ask him what's o'clock, offer him
a newspaper, tread upon his goaty toe, (bore him, be
polite to him, or insult him, the result will be all the
same,) and if he does not happen to know that you
also are a very rich man indeed, what a terrible
monosyllabic he will make of it! 'Do you know to
whom you are addressing yourself?' 'Confound
your impertinence!' and 'Who in the name of all
first-class passengers may you be?' are all implied
in his enunciation of 'Sir!' 

Alone, this word is absolute and of the greatest
consequence, like any rich bachelor uncle; like him,
too, married to another, it loses all importance, and
becomes of quite fifth-rate account. The snarling
'Tessir,' the mendacious 'Comingsin,' of the hotel
waiter, express only respects with the chill off, and
very little even of that. The 'By-your-leave-sir,'
of the luggage-porter, so far from being a homage to
his rank and character, is the prologue, and some-
times even the epilogue, to your being run over by
a cast-iron truck. The 'What, Sir!' 'Mr, Sir!' of
offended dignity, instead of being relieved and palli-
ated by this respectful monosyllable, is sharpened
and rendered all the more ferocious by it; while
the phrase 'You, Sir,' possesses all the sombre signif-
cance of the ancient 'Sirrah,' and is commonest
in the mouth of the angry pedagogue, with case in
hand. Lastly, what a world of meaning, deep and
wide, is conveyed by the 'Sir' oratorio! While it
appears to refer solely to some august personage
in a wig and other superfluities, who may happen for
the nonce to be the Speaker of the House of Com-
mons, it in reality typifies the whole civilised world,
and sometimes (when an honourable member gets
impassioned) even the starry firmament in addition.
Heaven itself is called to witness to the shameful
treatment of the independent electors of Ballybrann,
to their having been spirited under the harrow of the
Saxon, by the aid of this unconscious 'Surh-rah-rah.'
By 'Sir-r-qq,' too, a treacherous and perfidious
government is warned that, though it may not be placed
in an ignominious minority that night, a day will come
when the vials of wrath will be poured out upon it,
and when not a place above the value of two thousand
a year will be left among its dissipated atoms; and—
by, the same word, a factious opposition is solemnly
advising, as by the still smaller voice of conscience it
was to assist by their unscrupulous and obstructive
policy, the foreign invader and the domestic
anarchist. By this, too, the country is informed,
amidst tumultuous cheering, that its state of pro-
spersity is unexampled, and its present height of
social happiness the greatest which it has ever yet
attained; and, by this, it is adjudged to hesitate, amidst
tumultuous cheering likewise, lest the smallest end of
the wedge be introduced, and the flag which for a
thousand years has hung in the battle and the breeze
be hoisted half-mast high, because England's glory
has set. It is indeed the unsalutary opinion of the
writer of this paper that, should this term of 'Sir'
be eliminated from our language, the destruction of the
constitution would follow as a matter of course.

THE PURGATORY OF PRISONERS.

There is a class of men in the world the fundamental
doctrine of whose gloomy creed appears to be dis-
belief in social progress. The ray of new light in
which more cheerful and temperate men are pruning
serves for them only to deepen the shadow. Their
vocation is to state and re-state each social problem,
and to ignore or denounce all attempts at its solution.
When the philanthropist talks of decrease in the
amount of evil, they suspect mere variety of develop-
ment: the change, they say, is but in kind, the degree
is as high as heretofore. Let an enterprise be ever
so noble in its aim, no throng of sanguine sympathies
prevent them from coolly calculating the retarding
force which, with sufficient power, will always keep
its impetus, and diminish its results. Talk to
them of preventive or reformatory measures, they
answer you with a shrug and a sigh. 'Once bad,
always bad' is a dogma of minds of this desponding
cast. Yet, once facts are stubborn enough to
make the public feel that they are inclined to put into the hands of such men certain terri-
tories on Irish convict-prisons at this moment before
us. We think they would find it difficult to deny that
these report a very remarkable amount of success in
solving some of the vital questions of the system. It
times keeps putting to society, and which society must
reply to properly, or we beseech them—'the question,
that is, What is to be done with our criminal popula-
tion? Or, rather, since in theory it is universally
allowed that criminals are to be deterred by pressur-
agement, and reformed by discipline, the Sphinx's present
question may be more correctly stated thus: 'In
what manner do you propose to act about deterring
and reforming?'

To this the papers before us return a most satisfac-
tory answer. They tell us that what has actually been
accomplished by the system pursued in Ireland for
the last year and a half—no very lengthened period,
it is true, yet, merely to illustrate the principle on
which the system is based, and the excellence of the
machinery by which it is worked. Its distinctive feature consists of its intermediate
prisons— 'places of purgatorial purification,' 'to use
the language of the prisons' official documents,'
'the progressive and increasing'—between the prisons and the public, according to the
metaphor of another—in which, the penal stage past,
the prisoner becomes subjected not only to additional
reformatory influences, but to actual probation; and
this, it is obvious, must act favourably both on the
man himself, and on the public feeling concerning
him, by fitting him to return to the duties of the
free, and affording evidence of his power to perform
them, by restoring his self-respect, and giving him
a claim to the respect of others. You now proceed
with the matter of the present plan of Irish convict-
management, contrasting it, first of all, with that
which it happily replaces.

'It is always the darkest hour before dawn,'
previously said the Irish proverb. 'When things are at
the worst, they mend,' according to our more prosaic
way of stating the same truth.

In 1853, Captain Crofton was authorised to inquire
into the state of Irish convict-prisons, and here is his
account of them, given in a year after: 'It was so
deplorable as it is possible to conceive—the prisoners
were morally and physically prostrate. There was a
want of the element of hope in them, of education,
and of everything else one would wish to find. The
prisons were much of the same in the battle and the breach
be hoisted half-mast high, because England's glory
has set. It is indeed the unsalutary opinion of the

CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.
From Western Australia, the governor writes to deplore the sending out of convicts with tickets of licence, suggesting—with some prevision of the present system—twelve months' rigid control to train them into fitness for relative liberty. The same gentleman goes on to remark, as 'a noticeable feature in the influence of the Irish prisoners that they evince a singular insipidness to comprehend the nature of moral agencies, or to be affected by them.' Again, he speaks of six hundred of these men as 'lost to every impulse of independent thought or action, the disordered, dish-monumented, untrained, and not simply untrained.' Such, then, was the raw material with which the new system has had to deal, such was the desperate case which called for prompt and radical remedy.

The Irish Prisons Act of Parliament having passed August 7, 1854, the first step taken was to do away with the overcrowding of the jails. The best conducted prisoners were, according to a suggestion of the lord-lieutenant,Lord St Germaines, recommended for discharge; a hundred warders were sent away; every schoolmaster save one dismissed; many of the superior officers superannuated; and the prisons reduced to comparative order. 'We then,' continues Captain Crofton, 'followed out the English system with regard to public works, establishing great works and hospital for the convict body and mind. The man has gained a step; his self-respect revives; and that blessed germ of hope he took with him into the Mountjoy cell, puts forth green shoots now, and will blossom by and by. At Spike Island he is employed according to his capacity and outdoor work. If his be an indoor trade, he is sent to another prison, Phillipstown, forty miles from Dublin. In both places alike, his privileges and means of improvement are extended. 'The schoolmaster becomes a lecturer, also adapting his mind to the wants, capacities, and tastes of his hearers,' turning their attention to the colonies, the goal of their general ambition, and enforcing moral truths in a popular manner. The prisoner has also now gained the power of earning by industry and good conduct certain gratuities, small enough at first, but which increase with continued good conduct; while, on the other hand, men that misconduct themselves forfeit all claim to gratuities.

'If change of station were possible at every step of the convict's progress—perhaps once in three years, there were freedom to fall again into crime—we pass over the next step taken by the prison reformers, the separation of juvenile from adults offenders, because this is a measure universally adopted in theory, at all events, and not distinctive of the Irish system.

The present career of the Irish convict may be said to consist of three stages, of which the first may be characterised as specially penal; the second, reformatory; the third, probational. A convict on coming under the control of the board goes first to the cellular jail called Mountjoy. Here he is placed day and night in strict separation from his fellows; 'except in chapel, the exercise-ground, and the school-room,' where, of course, all conversation is prohibited. In this almost absolute seclusion, along with bitter and unholy memories, full of regret or remorse for his former career, we can well believe that the chaplain's ministrations are 'all-important;' and for a time this discipline approves itself as 'most wholesome,' drawing as it does a broad line of demarcation between the past and the future, subduing and almost invariably leading to a change of sentiment.' But as Mr Cooney, one of the Mountjoy chaplains, wisely remarks: 'It is vain to expect that religion can exercise this influence alone. It is required to be acting on the feelings and the minds of the idle and the poor. But they have no minds of their own.' Mr Cooney further recommends that, after the lapse of two or three months, these occupations should be such as would employ the convict busily and industriously, and thus chiefly destroy the 'fate in his own hands,' and thus a fresh start in life, so to speak, is afforded him. Inside the walls, at least, he may begin well. He is made to feel that he has prospects dependent upon his present conduct, and not irremediably clogged with the burden of his past.

His next move is to Spike Island, a fortified station in the Cove of Cork. Here the season begins to brighten—'though hard at work all day all the time, the repair and enlargement of the military works, and shut up at night in the cellular divisions of a barracks,' he may exchange words with his comrades, and then his is now outdoor work—he sees the sky, the flight of the clouds, the burst of sunshine, the play of the breeze around his ocean-prison, and though perhaps it were too much to say of one whose taste for the beautiful has been so little cultivated, that the common air, the earth, the skies To him are opening Paradise; yet, after nine months' experience of the gloomy cell, the fresh free breezes and the associated labour must necessarily have an stimulating effect on the body and mind. The man has gained a step; his self-respect revives; and that blessed germ of hope he took with him into the Mountjoy cell, puts forth green shoots now, and will blossom by and by. At Spike Island he is employed according to his capacity and outdoor work. If his be an indoor trade, he is sent to another prison, Phillipstown, forty miles from Dublin. In both places alike, his privileges and means of improvement are extended. 'The schoolmaster becomes a lecturer, also adapting his mind to the wants, capacities, and tastes of his hearers,' turning their attention to the colonies, the goal of their general ambition, and enforcing moral truths in a popular manner. The prisoner has also now gained the power of earning by industry and good conduct certain gratuities, small enough at first, but which increase with continued good conduct; while, on the other hand, men that misconduct themselves forfeit all claim to gratuities.

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Once in the first class, blameless behaviour for a year qualifies for the last stage—transference to the Forts, to Lusk, or to Smithfield, according to circumstances. The artisan goes to Smithfield, the agricultural labourer to Lusk, the mechanic to Forts Camden and Carlisle in Cork Harbour. In each of these, the numbers are restricted to one hundred, in order that individualisation may be brought to bear upon the inmates, and a measure of voluntary action permitted to all. The prisoner has now arrived at the intermediate or probationary stage, which, as we have before stated, is the distinctive feature of the Irish system. Here 'new ideas are put home with prison-life suspended;' the dress is that of the ordinary workman; the hair is free to grow; the man is fast shaking off his degrading antecedents. 'New objects, new aspirations, new desires, are to be cultivated.' The
divine model of forgiveness being kept in view, and reverently followed, none of his former offences are any more remembered against him. He is treated with respect; his honour is appealed to and confided in, and an esprit de corps enlisted on the side of the institution; he learns to care for its honour too. At the same time, however, where so much is given, much also is required. 'The prisoner is subject to very strict supervision, and holds his post under arduous responsibility.' Idleness infallibly leads to a return to drink again; and is indeed the most frequent cause of such a retrograde step. 'The man who proves himself unworthy of partially restrained liberty, is considered unfit for the greater liberty of ticket of licence, still more so for unconditional discharge.' In short, this stage is eminently a probationary one. Men have scope here for the exercise of self-denial, being now, in addition to their gratuities, entitled to a small portion of their own earnings, out of which they may buy sixpence weekly, to be spent as they will, at the discretion of those in charge of the sum judiciously, it is still well. If not discreetly spent, no word of disapproval is spoken, else the man might feel his right of free expenditure a mere nominal thing. However, in a case of this kind the whole of a sixpence is refused to be done by a wise and loving-hearted director. On one occasion, we are told that Captain Crofton, having found that a prisoner's sixpences had been for some months wasted on tobacco, skilfully went to work in the following manner. He began by taking the man what first brought him into trouble.

'Drink,' was the reply.

'Are you not afraid of again being decoyed into the habit of drinking when you leave this place?'

'Not at all. I have had no drink for years, and I do very well without it.'

'But you were for years without tobacco; and although you suffered at first, you discovered, after a time, that tobacco was not essential to your comfort; while the moment you are allowed to purchase it, you do so. How can you be sure that, as you have not been able to resist tobacco, you will be able to resist drink when you have the power of obtaining it?'

The man thought these words over, the tobacco enticed him so steadily decreased; in six weeks, the victory was won!

Again, the honesty of intermediate men is tried as well as their self-denial. They are sent out on errands, trusted with money by the authorities, and, what is more remarkable, implicitly trusted by their comrades. We have two pleasant anecdotes given us in illustration of this. A certain Patrick O'Hagan goes out one day with about fifteen shillings in his pocket, and, when the moment you are allowed to purchase it, you do so. How can you be sure that, as you have not been able to resist tobacco, you will be able to resist drink when you have the power of obtaining it?

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The man thought these words over, the tobacco enticed him so steadily decreased; in six weeks, the victory was won!
Now, in Ireland, we have it upon the authority of Mr Hill that the demand for the services of discharged prisoners across the Channel for the supply of coal and for various other purposes, which these men command is at least ten shillings a week. So adequate does the public consider the "filtering process" of the intermediate establishments.

The next question that suggests itself is this: "Have the men thus welcomed into employment proved themselves worthy of it?" This question is answered by the fact, that though slight irregularities are always noticed, and "the terms of the licence most strictly enforced," the violation of these licences amounts to little more than 3 per cent.

With reference to the five hundred men absolutely discharged, it is, of course, impossible to speak with equal precision. We rejoice to be told that "large numbers of these still continue in correspondence with the authorities," and that "scores of these letters are to be seen at the institutions;" but special supervision by the police being impossible in their case, there is no other way negative evidence to be had respecting them. The only other information that recommissions from among this class do not exceed 10 per cent.

So much for the highest success—the reformation of the criminal; and now for the economical side of the question. "The cost of a convicted man," says the Rev. Orby Shipley, one of its most fervent advocates, "will be as palatable to the rate-payer, as the moral results to the Christian. . . . . The agricultural colonies are self-supporting; the trade departments can be made so." One of the wise economies adopted is the appointing tradesmen as warders in the latter, and qualified foremen of the works in the former case. It is found that, under a proper system of discipline, the labour of a hundred men, no longer given grudgingly and of necessity, but helpful energetic labour, with eventual liberty for its reward, is amply sufficient to pay all their needful expenses, including more liberal salaries to a superior class of prison-officers. The return given by Captains Crofton in his Annual Report, actually proves that a large balance in favour of the public may be expected from the labour of intermediate prisoners applied to public works, such as "harbours of refuge and coast-defences," such works, in short, as Adam Smith pronounces it the duty of a sovereign to "erect and maintain"—works "which, though they may be in the highest degree advantageous to a great society, are, however, of such a nature as that the profit could never repay the expense, and which it cannot therefore be expected that any individual should erect and maintain." Such works as these will be greatly facilitated by the recent adoption of iron huts, which, inexpensive in themselves, preclude the heavy cost of permanent prison-building, and render it easier to transfer selected convicts from station to station, according as their labour is required.

We have left ourselves but little space to glance at prisons and refuges for female convicts. The system pursued in the state is the same in its general features, but there are necessarily peculiar difficulties in its way. The fragile texture of a woman's character is more seriously warped and ravelled by crime than that of man is found to be. Her excitability, irritable temperament, and susceptibility to the injurious effects of the penal stage without danger to mental and physical health. Again, she has not the outdoor work so favourable to the strength and spirits of the men, so pleasantly and cheerfully diversifying their reformational period. Refuges must, in the case of women, supply the only "filtering process" possible. We rejoice that such are increasing in Ireland, and that the results of three now in operation are highly satisfactory. It is but justice to say that the devotion of their Roman Catholic sisters to this blessed mission may well provoke Protestant women to an equal measure of "love and good works."

There remains one more point to consider and provide for. While it is assumed that from seventy to seventy-five convicted prisoners may be profitably subjected to special treatment in intermediate prisons, there still remains a minority of—humanly speaking—the hopelessly irreclaimable. How little responsible these may be, we cannot know; but dangerous they are, we see, and have to provide against. These men, we are told, are easily distinguishable as an early indication of the prison fever. Virtually lunatics, it is proposed that they be treated as such, "located in special prisons, guarded by special officers, and placed at special labour." Until lately, this class, removed from the parent country, made Norfolk Island in very truth a hell upon earth. Captain Crofton believes that the sending such men abroad never has succeeded, and never will, either as a reformatory or deterrent measure; and another high authority, M. Bérenger, has arrived at the same conclusion. One or two considerations in favour of the new act is its authorisation of exceptional methods to be carried on at home in these exceptional cases. The length of a prisoner's sentence is no longer exclusively decided by the offence he committed outside the prison-walls, but by the conduct of his employment. The executive possesses "powers of life-long incarceration for the life-long incorrigible, life-long supervision for the life-long unimpassible." Of these, however, it is confidently and reasonably hoped that improved education and improved prison-training may materially diminish the number.

We sum up the whole system in Mr Hill's emphatic, hopeful, yet solemn reply to the long vexed question—"What shall we do with our convicts?" 'Keep your prisoners under sound and enlightened discipline until they are reformed—keep them, for your own sake, and for theirs. The vast majority of all who enter your prisons as criminals can be sent back into the world, after no unreasonable term of probation, honest men and useful citizens. Let the small minority remain; and if death arrive before reformation, let them remain for life.'

A 'RAREY' SHOW.

When glories old Homer wanted an epithet with which to round off his description of a Hector or a Diomedes, he called the hero a 'horse-conqueror,' a 'sower of steeds;' but very different ideas, it is true, from that of our modern hippodromes, or 'horse-breaker.' Setting aside the mere question of bone and muscle, about which no doubt much poetic licence is taken by bards in all ages, we must admit some differences as to the outer man. The glittering helmet with nodding plumes of the noble Phrygian, Priam's best and bravest son, must give place to an old battered felt, or wide-awake; the brazen plates and scales, to a gaudy cast-off hunting-coat; while the seedy and blochty 'tops' showing off no less seedy and blochty 'shorts,' must stand instead of the graceful yet muscular limbs and picturesque greaves of the well-booted Grecians.

Still, with all his faults, the horse-breaker is, in the eyes of our youth, the hero of their childhood, the 'god' they have seen a great, long-legged, slapping colt gamboling at liberty for four long years in the paternal paddocks, since we first patted his nice little velvet nose as a new-born foal in the paternal paddock; if we have marked his growth, and trembled with the undulations of the soil as he has rushed past us, nostril inflamed and contempt at our puny attempts to pen him up in a corner with no better force than half-a-dozen school-boys like ourselves;
if this has been our previous experience in reference to the colt, it cannot be that the man who undertakes to bring this wild Bucephalus under the dominion of the saddle or collar, is, in our eyes, a great man, and no mistake. We know that there is danger to be encountered, exaggerated a thousandfold by our bad feelings and experience, and we feel that this illiterate, drunken old fellow can do something which any number of us would be quite unable to accomplish. Thus we exalt the crazy creature into the dignity of a hero; proving thereby that it is a fact intimately connected with the heroic side of man's character and history, that he has been able to subdue and render amenable to his purposes, in peace or war, this magnificent quadruped. A mature judgment would correct much of this impression, so far as it regards the personal danger attending the process; but the Inveterately drunken habits of modern horse-breakers really do place their lives at times in imminent peril. There are also accidents to which even sober hippodromat would be exposed under the present injudicious management—of which more anon—and I have myself known three generations of them in the same family "killed off" in succession by broken necks, after fractures, bruises, and contusions innumerable had been undergone. I can guarantee the experience of most persons who have lived in the country and been much "about horses," is somewhat similar.

It is certainly exciting to see a fine colt, such as I have introduced above, strapped up to the "german ride," dummied, and being proudly round and round in the ring. Still more so is it if, after some days, 'working him over the ground,' the old crippled horse-breaker, probably after an encouraging 'bit of lunch' in the servants' hall, thinks he will "rub his back" on the "bushy's" back, and then "let him go!"

Up he gets on his, in our eyes, perverted eminence—Cardinal Wolsey himself was not in greater danger, we being the judges—and, after settling himself for some time, and giving little jerks of his body to let the horse know that he is there, the stalwart attendants lead him on a little, and then the word is given to 'let him go!'

Sometimes this all ends peaceably enough, and we boys are rather disappointed than otherwise at seeing that no serious obstruction to the colt to his new burden; but it will happen that the old dingy spurs, which look as if they were rusted into the boots, have not been laid aside for the first "backing;" and as the "german rider" bears no spurs, this particular arrangement is quite unknown to the pupil. If, in such circumstances, a touch of the cold steel should be inadvertently given, there may be quite enough of trouble in the wind to satisfy even a school-boy's taste for the exciting and terrible. The surprised animal will then snort and plunge in a fearful manner, and use every effort to get rid of his tormentor; in this he sometimes succeeds, to the damage of life or limb; but, more frequently, and if the horse has not been too strong, the tough muscles of the rider, long accustomed to exert their utmost tenacity in a particular direction, enable him to literally "ride out the storm." A struggle takes place liken what we read of as occurring in the South American campaign; but to preserve until the noble animal gives way from sheer exhaustion, and exhibits a practical illustration of the old saying, "what can't be cured, must be endured;" and although it may be months before he can be depended on, yet he does in time submit, and put his shoulder to the collar, or yield his back to the saddle, in a wonderful manner; as shewing that, in the long-run, intellect must gain the day against mere brute force. Still the 'palm is not without dust." While the struggle goes on, the old fellow now lurches to one side, now rolls to the other; yet he seems as if he must go off over the head of the steed, and again as if he would capsize in the opposite direction; but, as I have said, the horse's struggles exhaust only himself, and leave the victory in the hands of all-subduing man.

As regards the general practice, it is quite deplorable to think of the needless barbarity with which this breaking-in process is conducted. The result is—without being familiarised even for a day to a great bar of cold iron thrust across his mouth—sharply tied up to the 'rider,' so as to excoriate his lips and gums, that of which excoriation is a callosity quite fatal to our hopes of a good mount, and rendering all the nuisances connected with the curb-chain indispensable; then he is incorporated with a crupper, excoriating another part; and then he is forced to go forward against opposing and painful pressures.

With a little gentle preparatory training, while young, all this could be greatly ameliorated, as I have often proved by experience. By accustoming the young colt to be handled, bitted, saddled, and let about, and avoiding high-feeding at the time of actual backing, I am satisfied that nearly all of this infliction of needless suffering can be done away with; not to speak of the saving of wear and tear of the animals and of themselves.

I shall never forget the regret and indignation I felt at seeing the stupid mismanagement of an old groom who was instructed, many years ago, by a friend of mine, with the training of some very fine and valuable young horses. He was, as you see, strikingly fine, promising, and high-bred animals, four years old, and full of high-feeding and courage. It was only to be expected that they should revolt most violently against the discipline of the bridle and saddle; and I saw the constant "ripping" to which they were subjected each day, in order to tame them down to the point when they could be safely handled and mounted, and the long exeresis on hard ground afterwards, most of necessity, found them in great measure, before they had 'come in' for the master's use. I suggested, with all possible urgency, that if oats were altogether withheld for the time, and only a moderate share even of hay allowed them, all this unmerciful pounding of their young limbs upon hard ground, and the time the green fields were even worse for them that the high road itself—might be avoided. I was, however, met by derision, and told, in good set-terms, that I knew nothing about the matter; that you never 'can be sure of a horse, unless you bring him into his full spirit,' &c. The result was, that the best and most valuable hunters of that 'lot' were prematurely "cast off," because they had no "fore-legs" as seven years of age. At that very period I adopted what was derivatively called the 'starring system,' with two young animals of about the same sort, but less valuable on some accounts; and with perfect success. One of them I sold while young; the other I used as a "ride-and" for more than ten years, and gave him to a friend, as fourteen or fifteen, as fine as his legs ever, after a life of real, although fair, work on hard roads, both in saddle and harness.

A vast amount of useless wear and tear might I am fully aware, go on before the horse is ready for his work, and while the horses would come to their work unfoundered, by such a gentle and judicious system of management as I have suggested—but chiefly by low-feeding at the critical period. There are, however, vicious brutes—some born such, and some rendered dangerous by improper treatment—the breaking-in of which has always been a matter of infinite trouble and difficulty. A friend of mine once bought, for a mere song, a high-bred and beautiful colt which it was found impossible to bridge. He paid the money, asked for the key
of the stable, put it in his pocket, and rode home; taking care that all food, except some dirty litter, was removed. Thus twenty-four hours were suffered to elapse, and then he came again, provided himself with a handful of oats in a sieve, entered the stable, stepped in the manger with a determination to be fed; on the corn, he slipped the bridle into his mouth and over his ears, and led him away in triumph. I need hardly observe that the bridle was left on for a time, and by the adoption of moderate means and leniency, this 'vicious' horse was渐渐ly tamed, and subsequently sold for a high price.

Every one has heard of Sullivan the Irish 'Whisperer,' who stood alone in his day in the possession of some secret, known only to himself and the subject on which he operated, and by which he most undoubtedly succeeded in taming, in a few hours, the most refractory horses submitted to the trial. A graphic instance of this is given in Mr Yusat's book, The Horses, on the authority of an eminent veteran who invented a method for himself. The subject of this experiment was a celebrated racer called King Pepin. This horse was sometimes dangerously vicious; and on one particular day, when he was engaged to run on the 'Curragh,' he would not mount. Then the animal was to draw a great lumbering country fellow volunteered to do this, but his enraged Majesty seized him by the back with his teeth, and shook him like a terrier shaking a rat. Fortunately, like all his countrymen who have it in their power to do so, the daring individual had put on as many coats as he could well carry; so that while the king thought, no doubt, he was paying off the men, he got only a mouthful of coarse grey frieze before reversing the direction of which latter he sorely had more than a superficial hold with his teeth; and Faddy, in addition to being laughed at, got off with a severe pinch and a sad damage to his holiday topcoat. It was known to be on the spot, he was caught out, and as his own request; shut up with the indignant monarch; in about an hour he appeared on the open course, followed by King Pepin, as a dog follows its master; and the horses lay down, muzzles together, and smiled themselves at the handel's over at the bidding of this rude, ignorant rustic (for such he was), to the infinite astonishment of a crowd of bystanders.

Of course, the 'Whisperer' could have made a fortune by the charlatan business but he contented himself with a moderate scale of earnings, just sufficient to enable him to enjoy his favourite pastime of meeting with the Suhallow lounds. The curious fact connected with him is, that he could not communicate his secret even to his son; after his death, the latter often attempted to exercise his father's calling, but the endeavour was a complete failure. Thus the matter of horse-conquering remained for many years, no one appearing to have caught old Sullivan's secret; and so it stood, until recently, in the following manner: 

Precure some horse-caster, and grate it fine; also get some oil of Rhiadum and oil of cumin, and keep the three in a silver thimble; to these add a little oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will come up to him without any trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's neck, and getting a little of the oil on it. You can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of leaf-sugar or potato. Put eight drops of oil of Rhiadum into a silver thimble, to these add a little oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the thimble between the thumb and middle finger, stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out whilst you open the mouth of the horse. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog. He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him, keep him, feed him, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed at least a foot deep.'

The horse-caster mentioned here is an excrescence growing on the fore-legs, and frequently the hind-legs, of all horses; it has a strong ammoniacal odour, and is attractive to other animals as well as the horse. The oil of Rhiadum exercises a subdued influence over all animals; and for the oil of cumin the horse has an instinctive passion.

Speaking as one who has seen much of what is called 'horseflesh,' and studied what may be termed the psychology of the animal creation with some attention, I confess I am lost in astonishment at what is now brought to light in reference to this horse-taming business. The horse is far from being endowed with much sagacity in a general way. But, admitting that a normal horse can, with very laborious training, be taught those tricks which are shewn in the 'horse-riders' of our country, it is still a wonderful thing to me to think of old and established horses having the habitual temper and disposition of years—removed by a few hours, more or less, of secret conference with another being of a totally different species; with whom there can be no direct interchange of thoughts or language—even in the low and limited sense in which this is possible as between the ordinary horses.
and his habitual trainer—and whom he must look upon, in the first instance, as one of those very creatures whom, for years, perhaps, he has been setting at defiance, resisting successfully in their attempts to get the better of him—and with feelings of mingled contempt and aversion. All this, I confess, fill me with a degree of astonishment which I find impossible to express in words; and which, I venture to say, will be shared by others. Yet in propriety, as they may have been close and attentive students of natural history, and patient observers of the habits, and, if one may so call them, the moral feelings of the lower animals. An entire reformation of such a sort brought about without violent for any bewildering effect upon the senses of the subject, must be allowed on all hands to be a thing altogether sui generis, and without a parallel in any other branch of the treatment of animals by their natural masters.

It is impossible not to wish that some attempts should be made upon other beasts, with a view of testing the powers of this wonder-working system. We might more especially desire to see what it could do with other creatures of the genus equus, hitherto untamable.

Let any one observe the behaviour of the zebra in the Regent's Park, these restless desire to gnaw through the bars of his prison, and the savage way in which he receives any attempt to keep him on the path of kindness; reflecting upon the fact, that, while his congener the quagga, is tamed with tolerable facility, the beautiful zebra has as yet successfully rebelled against man's dominion; let any one, I say, reflect upon all this, and I think he will agree that a most interesting field is here open for the talent of our modern horse-tamers!

It would be exceedingly curious if it should turn out in the end that the horse is the only quadruped, even in our most tamed, even in our most domesticated, even in our most civilised, in our most intelligent animal, even in our most superior animal, yet not under this wonderful influence, whatever it may be.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN TURKEY.

The newspapers gave an account, a few months ago, of the seizure, near Smyrna, of a slave-ship, and the liberation of the slaves it contained—one of those farcical with which the Turks, from time to time, gratify their western admirers, and amuse, or rather shame, the European public. No one, not even the bitterest enemies, can refuse them credit for the perfection to which they carry this art of throwing dust in the eyes of their lover-like protectors; nor is it their merit the less, that their success can be accounted for by the consideration that it is the only art they deign to cultivate. Like the dangerous man of one book, they are masters in their one art. It is the Alphi and the Omega of their civilisation—their way of expressing their regard for public opinion. To seem and not to be, is the problem which has been so successfully worked by the Sublime Porte for the last century and a half, especially for the last half-century.

English and English ambassadors—the only people who exercise a disinterested philanthropy in looking after the domestic concerns of the Turks—have laboured for the last twenty years to persuade the sultan to abolish, in all its branches, this one of his most inhuman institutions. It is instructive to mark the progressive steps by which the power of the charmer's voice has been made evident. First, the fair daughters of Circassia were ordered to be kept for sale henceforward only in private houses; then the slave-market, a large airy court surrounded by small rooms, and with some fine old trees in the centre, situated in the very busiest part of the bazaar, was ordered to be closed, and the human merchandise was transferred for sale to unworthy, underground vaults, near Sultan Sulaiman's mosque; next, under the pressure of war, the importation of white slaves was positively forbidden; and finally, the traffic was declared illegal, to be abolished by an imperial edict. England and humanity had thus gained a notable victory—upon paper. The practical result of all these measures was, that last summer the slave-market of Constantinople was overrun with white ladies, whose proportion had fallen to one-third of their usual price; while black slaves, plentiful as blackberries in autumn, were almost as valueless. Never since the massacres of Scio had the faithful been able to stock their establishments on such reasonable terms.

The fact is that the slave-trade is at this moment as active as ever in all parts of Turkey, excepting in Egypt, if Egypt must be called Turkey. Its presumed abolition is only one of those paper measures which the government has resorted to periodically, to satisfy the exigencies of some Frank, generally English, ambassador. Thank Heaven! while the representatives of other nations are carefully watching over one of their own interests, ours is even at this moment actively and less selfishly promoting those of others.

To attempt to abolish slavery in a Mohammedan country is no easy task, to pretend to do so when those Mohammedans are Turks under Turkish rule, is an attempt to incommode one. The abolition of the slave trade would be difficult, but perhaps, with certain exceptions, not impossible; but to do away with female slavery would be striking at the root of Turkish society itself. It would be the subversion of the country's domestic life as it has existed in their habits and to their religious ideas. The sultan has no wives; it is beneath his dignity to marry—he has only slaves; he is the son and grandson of slaves, bought in the market with 'money current with the merchant.' The hundred or two of white ladies who bloom in the hareems of his harem, require a still larger number of black ones to wait upon them, for no respectable Mussulman woman in Turkey, however poor she may be, would accept domestic service. What is true of the sultan's hareems, is equally true on a smaller scale of the households of all his subjects. Free domesticity is unknown among women, and the small shopkeeper's wife who with us would employ a cler- woman or keep a servant-of-all-work, has in Turkey one or two girls to serve her. These girls in white and red, and white, are still more numerous than females, and they are the only servants who enjoy their master's confidence. We cannot imagine a Turk without slaves; he would be as helpless as a child. We have seen a Turk, one of the greatest men in the empire, ask one of the slaves who stood before him for his handkerchief. The slave told him he had it by him. The master fumbled on the cushions without finding it; the slave was not the less positive that he had it. He stepped forward to search for it, rolled his unwieldy lord first to one side, and then to the other, to see if it were under him, then searched his pockets, and finally drew it from his waist-band. The remark is not less a paragraph of the late viceroy of Egypt, submitted to this search with an unconcerned air, which showed that it was a common affair; and that, as a woman in a six minutes—employed in it, resumed the conference with the English ambassador, and continued to ask him for his ticket.

Our readers do not require to be told who are the unhappy creatures employed by the sultan and by all wealthy persons to watch over the morals of their harems, but it is necessary to refer to them, not only to denounce the inhuman treatment they have been subjected to, to qualify them for their degrading duties—and their number has of late years left, if at all, diminished—but still more to call attention to
by their own slaves. It was from two of his white slaves that Abbas Pacha received at last the wages of his misdeeds.

The female slaves, in the seclusion to which they are condemned, suffer perhaps more than the men. They are exposed to the caprices of their white mistresses or of rival favourites, and the ill-humour of their guardians often falls heavily upon them. We remember seeing, a few years ago, in Damascus, one of the black keepers of the sultan's harem. He was living there in exile with the rank of pacha, having fallen into disgrace for a manly correction administered to one of the reigning favourites, who had found means to persuade the sultan that it had been undeserved. On the other hand, no slave who has born a child to her master can be sold; her children, whatever their colour, are regarded as legitimate, and come in for an equal share of their father's inheritance.

If dissatisfied with their master, slaves of whatever colour or sex can oblige him, or rather have a legal right to oblige him, to sell them. Of course such a right can raise a pipe, or standing for hours in silence with folded hands before their master. They are the playf fellows of their children, with whom the white slaves are frequently educated. These often rise to high rank through his influence to claim the right to education of his daughters.

Two of the present sultan's brothers-in-law were bought in the market of Constantinople. The slave is regarded as the child of the family—no odious distinctions of colour are known in the east, though the whites and blacks are regarded as different races by the whites, and a great man would hardly choose a black for his son-in-law. But even these, if accident advance them to office, as sometimes happens, become at one the equal of the proudest Osmanni. No idea of the treatment of the black slaves of a great man regard themselves, and are regarded by him, as infinitely above his white hired servants. They belong to him; they are a part of himself; and if he give them their freedom, he provides for them, and the relationship of adoption does not cease. When freed, they become at once the equal of every one.

The Turks are thoroughly democratic; they have no rank but that of service, no nobility but that of money. This is the tendency, or rather the condition of the Constitution, for the sovereign is not absolute when the subjects have rights he must respect; and the Turkish democracy is the most practical of all—it is the equality not of freemen, but of slaves.

Armed in domesticity, with no stimuli to industry, eating and sleeping without a thought of the morrow, the majority of the slaves are incapable of thinking or caring for themselves. To free them, therefore, is the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon them. One of our friends in Cairo had long suffered in patience, or at least in silence, the whims and insolence of his wife's neutral attendant. At last, when his conduct became unbearable, neither exhortations nor threats having any effect, he determined to punish him. He did so, and for him gave him his freedom. The useless wretched, when the time went by, and he was not, as he supposed he must be, recalled to the house where he had so long been the tyrant, became as humble as he had been insolent, and going round and soliciting his friends, besought their intercession for his restoration.

As a general rule, slaves are treated by their masters hardly indeed as reasoning beings, but with great kindness. As children, they may be whipped; the only great men venture to bastinado them when grown up. In fact, their masters are too completely in their power to venture to exasperate them by harshness. In the last two years we have known two men, one the governor of a town in Asia Minor, the other a wealthy merchant, murdered for their brutality
freely imported. The Turks prefer slaves who have as yet received no instruction. The slave-trade is the principal branch of commerce in Tripoli, and up to the present time it has been encouraged by the government in every possible way, even to the extent of more legitimate trade. The number of slaves exported from Tripoli in 1864 was three times larger than under the independent days twenty years previously. About a year ago, after the government had required the slave traders to register, we had occasion to speak with a merchant whose house is on the south-west frontier of Tripoli, and who trades to Timbuctoo. "What will become of your trade now, if this firman is enforced?" was the question we asked. "It would be time enough to answer you," he said, "when the firman is acted upon; but in those countries there is no want of objects of traffic. Slaves are at present the most profitable, but when these will no longer pay, there remain ivory, gold-dust, ostrich-feathers, and many other commod-
ities. The people of the lower country cannot do without the articles we carry to them, and they will soon find wherewithal to purchase them. God is generous. He seemed little disturbed by the idea of the decrease of the trade; but whether from a conviction that this was not really intended, or from the confidence that other profitable investments would be found, we do not pretend to say. The goods exchanged for slaves are coarse cottons, paper, and small articles of metal. It will be impossible to abolish the trade in men with all its attendant horrors, so long as slavery is permitted to exist in any shape in Turkey. Only its final abolition can put an stop to importations which the authorities both in Tripoli and Constantinople are interested in encouraging. Even the sultan's ships-of-war are used for the conveyance of slaves.

We can understand the desperate efforts made by the Turk to maintain his cession; but we profess ourselves unable to understand or forgive the inhumanity and cruelty of the Europeans the Turk resists the attempt, is the strongest that can be urged in its favour. The abolition of slavery would be a radical change in Turkish society; and if we demanded it on no other grounds, we should call for it on this one. If Turkey has become a European state, it can be permitted to take a place in the congress of Christian nations only on the condition of remodelling, not the government alone, but still more the social relations of its subjects. It is vain to hope for any real improvement in these till slavery be abolished in every corner of the empire. But if slavery be an essential institution of Islam, then we are bound to hunt the professors of such a creed out of Europe. Humanity has a right to be intolerant of a standing offence against its laws; and if it proclaims a crusade in their vindication, freemasons of all nations and of all creeds will acknowledge that her object is holy. But this is not the case. Islam found slavery established, and it mitigates its rigours. In Tunis, slavery has for many years been entirely done away with—an unanswerable argument, by the way, in favour of the independence of the bey, whose English policy seems inclined to reduce to his long-forgotten subjection to Turkey. If, on the part of the Turkish government, the desire to abolish slavery were sincere, and not a mere pretence to blind the people of Europe to the real nature of their relations, it might be difficult to bring it about. The first step necessary is to cut off the supply. To effect this, a couple of steamers cruising on the coast of Tripoli, backed by more stringent orders issued to the English consul, would be sufficient; and the battles of the Mediterranean would no longer be endangered by this trade. The traditions of Islam itself would go far towards extirpating domestic slavery; for the Arabian prophet teaches that the granting his freedom to a slave is a meritorious work in the eye of God; he even enjoins it as a propitiatory sacrifi-
cer on the fast day. In the opinions of all pious Musalmans, it is not lawful to retain a slave who has embraced Islam in servitude more than a short number of years. It would therefore be enough to forbid the sale of slaves from this time forward; either publishing private edicts to decree the free-
dom of all slaves whatever after the lapse of a brief term. This would lead to their speedy emancipa-
tion; for their masters would in general rather lose them at once of their own accord, than allow them to acquire their liberty as a right. Of course the law prohibiting the sale of slaves must be accom-
panied by the fixing of express punishments for its transgression; its mere publication and communi-
cation to the European ambassadors would give it no efficacy.

The Turks are too thoughtless to consider the sufferings of the poor slaves before they reach their hands; they only remember that they were idlest, and that they have made them Muslims. They are persuaded that their few who shouldered the power that they may save their souls. There is every excuse to be made for the Turks, who seek to evade a change which would revolutionize their habits of life, and whose necessity as a matter of humanity and justice is the more urgent because, while there is an excuse for their government, which thus awaits firmness broadcast over Europe, for the sake of pro-
pitting a public opinion which it seeks to deceive; and still less is it possible to excuse the Christian diplomacy which stands smiling by and wink, keeping the sanction of its silence to the bad faith of its proteges.

OCEOLA:
A ROMANCE.
CHAPTER LVII.—OLD HICKMAN.

The morning after, I went as usual to the restaria-
quarters. Gallagher was along with me, as usual, this day the volunteers were to be mustered up and reviewed, and our presence was necessary at the into sea, opening of the Mast.

A goodly table in number than appearance. They more respectable volunteers; but as individual were mounted on a quarter-master, no two were neither had been more respected or liked. Nearly all carried rifles, armed or mounted, few who were not so, and though there were in revolutionary times—perhaps family mustet—a room with single or double some were simply armed, however, loaded with barreled shot-guns. None of the contemptible weapons heavy buck-elia, would lead to war. There were pistols in a skirmish with Indian brass-hussared holsters to many sorts—from the huge and double-barreled—bad small pocket-pistols—single—celebrated "Colt" had no revolvers, for a rapid the battle-weapon. Every not made its appearance in French dragoon regiments—first to wear the regular troops, with like pay, stations, &c.

1 The military corps first armed with Colt's petit arme were a regiment of United States Rangers. Its first official appearance occurred in the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846, with the guerilla band of Pedro Jiménez, guerrillas or Whipple, which had come in less than fifteen minutes by this effective weapon.
In coorse—it's the hul talk o' the country. Durn me, George Randolph, if I'd let him. Yur sister—the purdy critter—she ar the finest an' the handomest girl in these parts; an' for a darned skunk like thee, not'tisstandin' all his dollars, to git her, I can't a bear to hear o' it. Why, George, I tell yoe, he'll make her mis'able for the tutl term o' her natral life—thar's what he'll be sentint to—durnation to him!

'You are kind to conned me, Hickman; but I think the event you dread is not likely ever to come to pass.' "

'Why do people keep talkin' o' it, then? Everybody says it's a goin' to be. If it was'thant I'm an old friend o' yur father, George, I wanst ha' tuk such a liberty; but I war his friend, an' I im yur friend; an' therefore it is I kep spoke on the matter. We may talk and goon about it, but the hybrid who is goon in all Floridy is as big a thief as them Ringgold—the father o' us, an' the hul kis o' them. The old un, he's clurred out from hyar, an' what he's gone to 'tain's hard to tell. Ole Scratch hes got hold o' him, an' I reck'n he'll be catchit by this here for the devilleries he carried on while about hyar. He'll git paid up slick for the way he treated them poor half-breeds on tother side the crick.' "

'The Powells?

'Yes—thar wurr the durnest piece o' unjustice I ever knew o' all my time. By —, it wurr!'

'You know what happened them, then?' "

'Surely I do; every trick in the hul game. Twas a leetle o' this an' a leetle o' that; I don' know what. An' I knew o' a white—an' a white that called himself a gentleman—to have a hand in. By —, it wurr!' Hickman now proceeded, at my request, to detail with more minuteness than I had yet heard them, the facts connected with the robbery of the unfortunate family.

It appeared by his account that the Powells had not voluntarily gone away from the plantation; that, on the contrary, their resignation had been forced upon them by the heartless widow the most painful thing of all. Not only was the land of great value—the best in the whole district—but it had been to her the scene of a happy life—a home adorned by early love, by the memory of a kind husband, by every tie of the heart's affection; and she had only parted from it when driven out by the strong arm of the law—by the staff of the sheriff's officer.

Hickman had been present at the parting scene, and described it in rough but feeling terms. He told me of the sad unwillingness which the family exhibited at parting; of the indignant reproaches of the son—of the tears and entreaties of mother and daughter—how the persecuted widow had offered everything left her by a woeful poverty. I saw the trifles and jewels—souvenirs given her by her departed husband; if the ruffians would only allow her to remain in possession of the house—the old homestead. consecrated to her by long happy years spent under it in sickness and health.

Her appeals were in vain. The heartless persecutor was without compassion, and she was driven forth.

Of all these things, the old hunter spoke freely and fearlessly; for although a man of somewhat vulgar speech and rough exterior, he was one whose heart best with humanity, and who hated injustice. He had no friendship for mere wrong-doers, and heartily detested the whole tribe of the Ringgold. His narration reminded without the least doubt that I had experienced on first hearing of this monstrous act of cruelty; and my sympathy for Oceola—interrupted by late suspicions—was almost restored, as I stood listening to the story of his wrongs.

The horse was introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, in 1494.
CHAPTER LIX.
A DASHY MESSAGERS.

In the company of Hickman, I had walked off to some distance from the crowd, in order that our conversation should be unremarked. A visitor—welcome. As the moments passed, the old hunter warmed into greater freedom of speech, and from his manner I fancied he had still other developments to make. I had firm faith in his devotion to our family—as well as in his personal friendship for myself—and once or twice I was on the eve of revealing to him the thoughts that rendered me unhappy. In experience, he was a sage, and although a rude one, he might be the best counsellor I could find. I knew no other who possessed half his knowledge of the world—for Hickman had not always lived among the alligators; on the contrary, he had passed through various phases of life. I could safely trust to his devotedness: with equal safety I might confide in the resources of his judgment.

Under this belief, I should have unburdened myself of the heavy secrets weighing upon my mind—of some of them at least—had it not been that I fancied he already knew some of them. With the reappearance of Yellow Jack, I knew him to be acquainted; he alleged that he had never felt sure about the mulatto's death, and had heard long ago that he was alive; but it was not of him I was thinking, but of the designs of Arens Ringgold. Perhaps Hickman knew something of these. I noticed that when his name was mentioned in connection with those of Spence and Williams, he glanced towards me a look of strange significance, as if he had something to say of these wretches.

I was waiting for him to make a disclosure, when the footfall of a fast-going horse fell upon my ear. On looking up, I perceived a horseman coming down the bank of the river, and galloping as earnestly as if riding a 'quarter-race.'

The horse was white, and the rider black; I recognised both at a glance; Jake was the horseman.

I stepped out from among the trees, in order that he should see me, and not pass on to the church that stood a little beyond. I hailed him as he advanced.

As the moment came, and he, without a word and heart, and abruptly turning his horse, came galloping up to the spot where the old hunter and I were standing.

He was evidently upon an errand; but the presence of Hickman prevented him from declaring it aloud. It would not keep, however, and throwing himself from the saddle, he drew near me, and whispered it into my ear. It was just what I was expecting to hear—Arens Ringgold was at the house.

'That him niggers am thar, Masser George.' Such was literally Jake's muttered announcement.

I received the communication with as much show of tranquillity as I could assume: I did not desire that Hickman should have any knowledge of its nature, nor even a suspicion that there was anything extraordinary upon the topic; so, dismissing the black messenger with a word, I turned away with the hunter; and, walking back to the church enclosure, contrived to lose him in the crowd of his comrades.

I released my horse from his fasting; and, without saying a word to any one—not even to Gallagher—I mounted, and moved quietly off.

I did not take the direct road that led to our plantation; but made a short circuit through some woods that skirted close to the church. I did this to mislead old Hickman or any other who might have noticed the rapid arrival of the messenger; and who, had I gone directly back with him, might have held guesses that all was not right at home. To prevent this, I appeared to curious eyes, to have gone in an opposite direction to the right one.

A little rough riding through the bushes brought me out to the main up-river road; and then, sinking the spur, I galloped as if life or death were staked upon the issue. My object in making such haste was simply to get to the house in time, before the clansmen, who were the guest of mother and sister—should make his alliace.

Strong reasons as I had for hating this man, I had no sanguinary purpose; it was not my design to kill Arens Ringgold—though such might have been the most proper mode to dispose of a reptile so vile and dangerous as he. Knowing him as I did, I feared no spurring to angry passion by Hickman's narration of his atrocious behaviour, I could at that moment have taken his life without fear of remorse.

But although I felt fierce indignation, I was neither mad nor reckless. Prudential motives—the ordinary instinct of self-safety—still had their influence over me; and I had no intention to imitate the last act in the tragedy of Samson's life.

The programme I had sketched out for myself was of a more rational character.

My design was to approach the house—if possible, unobserved—the drawing-room as well—where of course the visitor would be found—an abrupt exit, an abrupt entrance, an abrupt departure, and absolute surprise—the demand of an explanation from all three—a complete clearing-up of this mysterious embarazo of our family relations, that was so painfully perplexing me. Face to face, I should confront the wretched mother, sister, wooer—and force them all to confession.

'Yes!' soliloquised I, with the eagerness of my intention driving the spur into the flanks of my horse—'Yes—confess they shall—they must—so it will be—'

With the first two I could not define the alternative; though some dark design, based upon the slight of filial and fraternal love, was lurking within my bosom.

For Ringgold, should he refuse to give the truth, my resolve was first to 'cowhide' him, then kick him out of doors, and finally command him never again to enter the house—the house, of which henceforth I was determined to be master.

As for the slave, I was out of the question; at that hour, my soul was ill attuned to the observance of delicate ceremony. No rudeness could be mine, in dealing with the man who had tried to murder me.

CHAPTER LX.
A LOVER'S GIFT.

As I have said, it was my design to make an entrance unnoticed; consequently, it was necessary to observe caution in approaching the house. To this end, as I drew near the plantation, I turned off the main road into a path that led circuitously by the rear. This path would conduct me by the hommock, the bathing-pond, and the orange-groves, without much danger of my approach being noticed by any one. The slaves at work within the enclosures could see me as I rode through the grounds; but there were the 'field-hands.' Unless seen by some of the domestics, engaged in household affairs, I had no fear of being announced.

My messenger had not gone directly back; I had ordered him to await me at an appointed place; and there I found him.

Directing him to follow me, I kept on; and having passed through the fields, we rode into the thick underwood of the hommock, where halting, we dismounted from our horses. From this point I proceeded alone.

The hunter steals upon the unexpecting game, or the savage upon his sleeping foe, did I approach
the house—my home, my father's home, the home of mother and sister. Strange conduct in a son and a brother—a singular situation.

My limbs trembled under me as I advanced, my knees knelt together, my breast was agitated by a tumult of wild emotions. Once I hesitated and halted. The prospect of the unpleasant scene I was about to produce stayed me. My resolution was growing weak and undecided.

Perhaps I might have gone back—perhaps I might have waited another opportunity when I might effect my purpose by a less violent development—but just then voices fell upon my ear, the effect of which was to strengthen my wavering resolves. My sister's voice was ringing in laughter, that sounded light and gay. There was another—only one. I easily recognised the squeaking treble of her despicable suitor. The voices remaddened me—the tones stung me, as if they had been designedly uttered in mockery of myself. How could she behave thus? how riot in joy, while I was drooping under dark suspicions of her misbehaviour?

Piqued as well as pained, I surrendered all thought of honourable action; I resolved to carry through my design, but first—

I drew nearer, and heard clearer. The speakers were not in the house, but outside, by the edge of the orange-grove. Softly treating, gently parting the boughs, now crouching beneath them, now gliding along, I arrived unobserved within six paces of where they stood—near enough to perceive their dresses glinting through the leaves—to hear every word that passed between them.

Not many had been spoken, before I perceived that I had arrived at a peculiar moment—a crisis.

The lover had just offered himself for a husband—had, perhaps for the first time, seriously made his declaration. In all probability it was this had eliciting my sister's laughter.

'And really, Mr Ringgold, you wish to make me your wife? You are in earnest in what you have said?'

'Nay, Miss Randolph, do not mock me; you know for how many years I have been devoted to you.'

'Indeed, I do not. How could I know that?'

'By my words. Have I not told you so a hundred times?'

'Words! I hold words of little value in a matter of this kind. Dozens have talked to me as you, who, I suppose, cared very little about me. The tongue is great.'

'But my actions prove my sincerity. I have offered you my hand and my fortune; is not that a sufficient proof of devotion?'

'Really, silly fellow; nothing of the sort. Were I to become your wife, the fortune would still remain your own. Besides, I have some little fortune myself, and that would come under your control. So you see the advantage would be decidedly in your favour.'

'Ah, ha!'

'Nay, Miss Randolph; I should not think of controlling yours; and if you will accept my hand—'

'Your hand, sir? If you would win a woman, you should offer your heart, not hands, for me.'

'You know that is yours already; and has been for long years: all the world knows it.'

'You must have told the world, then; and I don't like it a bit.'

'Really, you are too harsh with me; you have had many proofs of how long and devotedly I have admired you. I would have declared myself long since, and asked you to become my wife.'

'And why did you not?'

'Ringgold hesitated.'

'The truth is, I was not my own master—I was under the control of my father.'

'Indeed?'

'That exists no longer. I can now act as I please; and, dearest Miss Randolph, if you will but accept my hand—'

'Your hand again! Let me tell you, sir, that this hand of yours has not the reputation of being the most open one. Should I accept it, it might prove sparing of pin-money. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I am aspered by enemies. I swear to you, that in that sense you should have no cause to complain of my liberality.'

'I am not so sure of that, notwithstanding the oath you would take. Promises made before marriage are too often broken after. I would not trust you, my man—not I, I' faith.'

'But you can trust me, I assure you.'

'You cannot assure me; besides, I have had no proofs of your liberality in the past. Why, Mr Ringgold, you never made me a present in your life. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Had I known you would have accepted one—it would gratify me—Miss Randolph, I would give you anything I possess.'

'Good! Now, I shall put you to the test: you shall make me a gift.'

'Name it—it shall be yours.'

'Oh, you fancy I am going to ask you for some trifling affair—a horse, a poodle, or some bit of glittering bijouterie. Nothing of the sort, I assure you.'

'I care not what. I have offered you my whole fortune, and therefore will not hesitate to give you a part of it. Only specify what you may desire, and I shall freely give it.'

'That sounds liberal indeed. Very well, then, you have something I desire to possess—and very much desire it—in truth, I have taken a fancy to be its owner, and had some designs of making offers to you for the purchase of it.'

'What can you mean, Miss Randolph?'

'A plantation.'

'A plantation!'

'Exactly so. Not your own, but one of which you are the proprietor.'

'Ah!'

'I mean that which formerly belonged to a family of half-bloods upon Tupelo Creek. Your father purchased it from them, I believe?'

'I noted the emphasis upon the word 'purchased.' I noted hesitation and some confusion in the reply.

'Yes—yes,' said he; 'it was so. But you astonish me, Miss Randolph. Why care you for this, when you shall be mistress of all I possess?'

'That is my affair. I do care for it. I may have many reasons. That piece of ground is a favourite spot with me; it is a lovely place—I often go there. Remember, my brother is owner here—he is not likely to remain a bachelor all his life—and my mother may desire to have a home of her own. But no; I shall give you no reasons; make the gift or not as you please.'

'And if I do, you will—'

'Name conditions, and I will not accept it—not if you ask me on your knees. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I shall make none, then; if you will accept it, it is yours.'

'Ah, that is not all, Master Arens. You might take it back, just as easily as you have given it. How am I to be sure that you would not? I must have the deed.'

'You shall have them.'

'And when?'

'Whenever you please—within the hour, if you desire it.'

'I do, then. Go, get them! But remember, sir, I make no conditions—remember that.'
"Oh," exclaimed the overjoyed lover, "I make none. I have no fear; I leave all to you. In an hour, you shall have them. Adieu!"

And with that he made a hurried departure.

It was so astounding by the nature of this dialogue—so taken by surprise at its odd ending—that for a time I could not stir from the spot. Not until Ringgold had proceeded to some distance did I recover self-possession, and then I hastened what course I saw to pursue—whether to follow him, or permit him to depart unmolested.

Virginia had gone away from the ground, having gilded silently back into the house. I was even angrier with her than with him; and, obedient to this impulse, I left Ringgold to go free, and went straight for an explanation with my sister.

It proved a somewhat stormy scene. I found her in the drawing-room in company with my mother. I stood for a moment in the room, and then I entered to make my intentions known.

"Now, Virginia! sister! will you marry this man?" I asked. "No, George—never!" she repeated emphatically, as she sank upon the sofa, burying her face in her hands.

My mother was incredulous—even yet incredulous! I was proceeding to the proofs of the astounding declaration she had made, when I heard my name loudly pronounced outside the window: some one was calling me in haste.

I ran out upon the veranda to inquire what was wanted.

In front was a man on horseback, in blue uniform, with yellow facing—a dragoon. He was an orderly, a messenger from the fort. He was covered with dust, his horse was in a lather of sweat and foam. The condition of both horse and rider showed that they had been going for hours at top-speed.

The man handed me a piece of paper—a dispatch hastily scrawled. It was addressed to Gallagher and myself. I opened and read:

"Bring on your young King as fast as your horses can carry them. The enemy is around us in numbers; every rifle is wanted—not a moment."

CLancy.*

Amidst the most successful are those by Mr. Lovering of Philadelphia: he planted half an acre; the cane grew from ten to twelve feet high, and yielded excellent sugar-cane. Experiments of which were attempted in the raw and leaf. It appears that frost is not prejudicial to the sorgio; but it deteriorates in the hot autumn, or Indian summer of the States, the juice being affected in a way that prevents crystallisation. One instance is reported of a crop having produced 6800 gallons of juice, which is equivalent to nearly 4500 pounds of sugar, and 274 gallons of molasses. Might not this case be profitably cultivated in some of the countries of Southern Europe, and take the place of diseased and dying vines? Let Baron de Forster, who has the welfare of Portugal so much at heart, take the hint. Trials might be made, too, in Australia and Natal. The quantity of sugar-cane made in the United States is about 30 million pounds a year; it has been considered that soap is the best clarifier that can be used in the manufacturing of sugar. The effect of guano on the growth of the sugar-cane has been strikingly shown at Mauritius. Before that fertilizer was introduced, the produce was about 2500 per acre; and it is not too much to say 6000, and on some estates, even 8000 pounds to the acre.

Again, who resists all the royal and imperial offers made to him from back America to Europe, is publishing a great work entitled "The Natural History of the United States, two bulky volumes have appeared, and eight more are to follow. He has good opportunities for study, for it is said that the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia has the largest ornithological collection in the world—27,000 specimens of birds. In addition to boring artemisia wells along their south-western desert routes, the United States government has introduced the sorgio and a new journey over these arcing plains, and with satisfactory results. Henceforth, Ottawa, a young city, admirably suited for agriculture and trade, is to be the capital of Canada. The president of the Canadian Institute, established in Toronto, congratulated the members in his last annual address, that their number is now 600; that the Journal of their Proceedings is regularly and successfully published once a month; that the Toronto Observatory, founded twenty years ago to co-operate with the great scheme of the great observatories established by the Royal Society, was not abandoned when the object was accomplished; but, at the instance of the Institute, was provided for by the provincial government, and has been rebuilt with stone, and refreshed with a cost of £5000. This is something to be proud of, for it is the only one of the colonial observatories which has not been given up. More than 100,000 observations were made at Toronto, and, owing to the peculiar local phenomena, they are of especial value. General Sabine has published them, and brought out the results in three quarto volumes; a fourth is yet to appear; and these, to quote the president's words, 'will carry the name of Toronto into all parts of the earth where science is cultivated, and it is not too much to say that the name of a Canadian city, which will be sought for in vain on maps twenty years old, has now become, by means of its observatory, familiar in the mouths of European savans as a household word.' The Prussian authorities are recommending all Prussian emigrants to choose Canada in preference to all other countries, especially to Brazil.

Two Frenchmen claim to have ascended to the very summit of Chimborazo—a feat that baffled Humboldt. At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Mr. Graham gave an account of his travels to a Scripture land hitherto unvisited by Europeans, and his exploration of the now ruined cities, which

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Some of our hard-worked savans took advantage of the Easter holidays to go and refresh themselves with the sight of prizemosses and young grass in the country; those who were botanists seized the opportunity for new observations on the development of buds; for certain among them—the botanists, not the buds—are exasperating a new theory with respect to those vernal phenomena. The Bombay Geological Society announce in their proceedings that they have received a specimen of the walking-leaf from Java with eggs and young; and what seems more curious still, a walking-leaf, described 'as a creature with a white body, pink spots, and crimson border.' The discovery has been made in Algiers that a field may be planted with madder, and fed off by cattle for three or four years, without any detriment to the roots, which are then hard as good for dryers' uses as those cultivated in the ordinary way. The sweet sorgio (Sorghum saccharatum) is found also to be good food for cattle; and paper can be made of the stalks. The sorgio, which, as our readers will remember, was introduced from China, and is known as the Chinese sugar-cane, has attracted great attention throughout the United States, and in every state experiments have been made on its cultivation.
were once under the rule of Og, king of Bashan. Considering their antiquity, they are in remarkable preservation; the houses lofty, with great slabs of stone for roofs, and stone doors carved into panels, and Ailis still prevail; yet so few are the signs of decay, that Mr Graham paced the streets expecting every moment to see one of the old inhabitants step forth to meet him.

Sir George Grey, governor of Cape Colony, is making a collection of all the newspapers, vocabularies, and scriptures in native African dialects which he can meet with, to be kept in the Library at Cape Town. He does not confine his researches to the south, but intends to include the whole of Africa in his scheme, if possible. This is doing a good work, one that will be eminently useful to philologists, and prove the means of preserving a knowledge of dialects which, in the course of a generation or two, will no longer exist as living speech. Mr Moffat (Livingstone's father-in-law), assisted by Mr Ashton, is publishing a monthly paper in the Bichuan language at Kuruman.

In commercial phrase, Turkey is looking up, and is about to satisfy one of her chiefest wants—means of communication on the west coast. Smyrna already exports twice as much as any other Turkish port; what will it be when the projected railway of seventy miles to Aldia is completed, running through the rich fruit districts of Asia Minor, along the coast of Meander, and in the marine mile of ancient Ephesus? It is expected that marvellous quantities of silk, grain, and madder, besides fruit, will be brought down to Smyrna. Another line of 260 miles is to run from Samson, on the Black Sea, through Constantino and Scutari, to the Bosphorus, in the valley of the Halys. There is something almost startling at first in the thought of railways, screaming locomotives, and first, second, and third class penetrations those old countries, rattling along within three leagues of one of the Seven Churches, and carrying new resources and new energies into the land which recalls the names of Mithridates, and Pytheodoros, and Cesar's Vici, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc,
stokers is established at Lille, where the men are to be taught the elementary properties of steam, the utility and manipulation of the different parts of the machine, the way to burn coal with efficacy and economy, and so forth. With such a course of instruction as this, the loss and other ill consequences which attend on the ignorance of stokers will no longer have to be complained of; and in case of accident to the driver, there will be a man ready to take his place.—A late return shows that 109,660 persons are employed on the railways in the United Kingdom, exclusive of the lines not yet established.

Messieurs Mourgier and Valentin exhibit in Paris a new ornamental metal, to which they give the name 
artide, from its similarity in appearance to gold. It is made of pure copper, zinc, magnesia, salammoniac, and quicklime fused together; and when properly prepared, is very brilliant, and is easily cleaned by acidiulated water. And a metallic alloy is mentioned, composed of lead, tin, and bismuth, which is very fusible, and well suited for medals, ornaments, mouldings, and statuettes. Veins of lead have been discovered in the base of Pliniuminum, near Llanidloes, of excellent quality, and so rich in silver as to yield twenty ounces per ton of the precious metal. And in Huntingdonshire, on the estates of the Marquis of Huntington, large deposits of iron-ore have been brought to light, and now only await the hand of industry and enterprise. But as regards iron, Cleveland will be for centuries to come our English California.

The Society of Arts have had their advertised statement and discussion about cotton, in the course of which it was shown that if industry could only have fair-play in India, and land could be had on proper terms—questions, by the way, of which Mr. Crichton has given notice of motion in parliament—then we might get all the cotton we want from that great empire, and more. As it is, progress has been made. In 1834-35, India sent to England 98 million pounds of cotton; in 1835-36, 170 million pounds; and if we add to this the quantities sent to other countries, the total amounts to 237 million pounds.—Another subject discussed by the Society is electro-motive machines; and although Mr. Allan, the author of the paper, feels confident that machines driven by electricity will some day be generally used as auxiliary to steam, the practical men who listened to him took a less hopeful view of the question.—M. Trehoimans's paper on Agriculture in France contains a bold summary of the advantages which make cultivation of the soil such a miserable resource among our allies. One great evil is centralisation, attracting the principal landowners to the metropolis; another, the expenditure of enormous sums in the embellishment of Paris to the detriment of the country; so that artisans and labourers forsake their homes, fields remain uncultivated, and the population, as shown by the last census, actually diminishes.

A few specimens of M. Niepce St Victor's photographs have been presented to the Royal Society. The especial merit of the new process is that the pictures will not fade. In a communication to the Photographic Society, M. Niepce says: 'Everything leads to believe that pictures taken in this way will be much more stable than the photographs taken by the present process; and that this new mode of printing positives, so very simple and rapid, is the sought-for solution of the important problem of the absolute fixing of photographic pictures.' Another result will probably be, that all the operations of photography will come to be carried on in full daylight. It is now clear, from the French savant's discoveries, 'that light communicates to certain substances which it has fallen upon, a real activity; or better, that certain bodies have the property of storing up light in a state of persistent activity.' It is found that the process is accelerated by the use of a heated metal plate; and we hear that an ingenious individual has exhibited to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia copies of engravings taken by laying the engraving face downward on a prepared board, and passing a hot iron over the back.

**HomeWARD-Bound.**

_Are you sleeping—are you dreaming; are you dreaming love, of me?_  
Or are you waking, thinking of your sailor on the sea?  
Of the day we roamed by Athol woods—your heart laid locked in mine—  
Of our day of happy, happy tryst on old Saint Valentine!  
O Marion, O Marion, the gale is piping loud,  
And the billows leap to mountains, and the foam lies as an abhord;  
Far, far from land, alone I stand, to watch till it be day,  
Mid the drolling of the thunder, and the dashing of the sea spray.

Sleep, sleep, my Marion—sleep and dream, my beautiful—mine own;  
Sleep is the orphan's silent land, and thou, love, art else;  
Sleep till the swelling branches bend into an arched dome;  
Sleep, till the quiet leaves steal out to call the young birds home.

It is night, and storm, and darkness, Marion; fasting from the sky;  
Darts the sifful, lurid lightning, like a threat of God's great eye;  
But dream thou 'tis the Norland gleam, the lambs Norland light  
He sends but as the herald of the glory of his might!

Bless God, my darling, for the gift he dealeth unto thee;  
Amid the calm and sunny bowers, soft dreams of the old sea;  
And to me, whose glimpses of the land are beautiful as a brief;  
To me, the storm-tossed mariner, the love of the great leaf!

O doubly sweet my thoughts of thee upon the surging main;  
And doubly dear the day shall dawn that brings me back again;  
When I tread your cottage-garden—pluck the royal flower from the wall—  
With my arm around my Marion's neck—the sweetest flower of all!

Blow, blow, ye winds! blow fierce and strong! the heart of your breast command;  
I care not, I, how fiercely, so ye blow to mine own loved land:  
In the roar of the mighty waters my spirit shall rejoice,  
So they drown not the glad music of my heart, welcome voice.

'Tis by Athol that she slumbers—'tis by Athol that she dreams;  
O waft me, heavens! to Athol in the spring of the year days;  
There once more my steps shall wander—with thy heart fast locked in mine.

By Athol woods, with thee, my Marion, on the old Saint Valentine!  

_E. L. H._

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THE VILLAGE OF GHEEL.

In the midst of the extensive tracts of unclaimed moorland that spread their barren wastes through great part of the northern provinces of Belgium, and the southern provinces of Holland, and are known under the name of the Campine, lies the little town of Gheel, the chief village of the Belgian Campine, surrounded by a belt of verdant gardens, well-tilled fields, and humble but substantial farmsteads, which give it the appearance of a smiling oasis in the midst of the dreary desert that extends for miles around, and tell a tale of industry which at once prepossesses you in favour of a population that have won such results from so arid a soil. To Gheel and its immediate environs is attached a history so interesting that, were it more generally known, it would doubtless make this obscure corner of the earth an object of strong attraction to every philanthropic traveller in Belgium; and it is our hope that the subjoined sketch may be the means of directing towards it the attention of some who may perchance turn their knowledge to account for suffering humanity.

An ordinary stranger who, unacquainted with the peculiar history of the place, may saunter down the High Street of Gheel, with its neat whitewashed cottages backed by gardens opening into the fields, may find nothing in the aspect of the general population to attract his attention, except, perhaps, a prevalent character of quiet self-possession and innate gentleness and firmness, not unmixed with Flemish phlegm; but if he be a keen observer, he will most likely be struck by the extreme eccentricity of the rather frequent individual exceptions to this rule, who yet seem to excite no surprise among the inhabitants themselves. If it be Sunday, his curiosity will be further roused by the fact, that all these eccentric individuals are bending their steps towards the church of St Dymphne, the second in importance in the little town; while the mass of the more sedate townsmen and women are crowding into that of St Amand. Let him follow the minority into their church and take a survey of the edifice when service is over. On its walls he will find the solution of the mystery, and the secret of the great interest that attaches to Gheel. Here he may read, partly in sculpture, partly in painting, and partly in writing, how St Dymphne, the daughter of an Irish king in the seventh century, to evade the persecutions of her heathen father, fled from her native land in company with a Christian priest, and sought refuge in the solitary wilds of the Belgian Campine, where a chapel, erected to St Martin, and surrounded by a few huts built by pious votaries, already formed the nucleus of the future town of Gheel. But neither distance nor the sanctity of her asylum could save the unhappy maiden from her cruel father, who, having discovered her hiding-place, repaired thither, and cut off her head with his own hands. Some poor lunatics, says tradition, who happened to be on the spot, and witnessed the ruthless deed, were restored to reason by a sight which might well have driven sane minds mad. In the gratitude of their hearts, they attributed their recovery to the intercession of the young martyr, who thenceforward was installed as the patroness of the insane. Attracted by the hope of further miracles, the relatives of other lunatics brought these to kneel before the cross erected over the martyrdom maiden's grave. Even when instant cure did not follow, hope was not abandoned, but the visits were repeated again and again, till pilgrimages of the insane to the tomb of St Dymphne became an established custom in the country. Frequently the patients were left in charge of the inhabitants of the hamlet gathered round St Martin's Chapel, who thus gradually acquired a practical knowledge of the treatment they required. Little by little this custom became an institution; the hamlet expanded into a village, the village into a town; farms and villages multiplied around it, and were at length erected into a commune. In the twelfth century the chapel of St Martin was replaced by a church dedicated to St Dymphne. In the fourteenth century, Pope Eugenius IV. gave a sanction to the established custom among the insane. Thenceforward, a constant stream of pilgrims continued to flow towards the consecrated spot; and thus Gheel, together with its environs, became what it is to this day, a colony of lunatics, and a hard-working, peaceful, free, and happy community, where, by the mere force of circumstances, were established already in the midst of the barbarism of the middle ages, those rules as to the treatment of the insane, which the medical science of the nineteenth century has pronounced to be the most efficacious for the cure of mental disease—namely, liberty of action and of locomotion, labour in the open air, removal from the scenes and associates of the previous life of the afflicted, gentle discipline, and active and devoted sympathy from those that surround them.

The pecuniary advantage, however small, to be derived from the reception of insane inmates in their homes, was no doubt the first inducement that led the small population of Gheel to accept the vocation of keepers of the lunatics that resorted to the tomb of St Dymphne. The sterility of the soil has ever rendered life harder in the Campine than in more
favored regions. The duties of hospitality, though
reministered with a small sum, were in consequence
more onerous to these poor peasants than they would
have been elsewhere. To render them less so, it
became a matter of necessity to allow the poor
affiliated to live a more permanent residence in the
household, and to take part in the common repasts,
to follow the members of the household to their daily
activities in garden, field, or house; for, left alone
he could not be, and special surveillance would
render the life of the attached lunatic too long for
the time, detune one of the working members of the family. The presence of the
lunatic during the daily work of the family led to
a further step, which had a most beneficial effect
upon his condition—namely, to his association in the
labors of the family. The porous and inelastic nature
of the earth, which prevails to this day, and forms a striking contrast to the mutual
distrust, and at least one-sided dislikewhich, under
other circumstances, is so frequently found to exist
between friends and relatives—useful to others, as well as to
themselves. For if Gheel is distinguished above
all other communes in the Campina for the exel-
cent condition of its corn-fields and grass-fields, its
gardens and orchards, this material wellbeing is
due in part to the constantly derived from the
care of the insane and the co-operation of the latter during the course of
a thousand years. They help to build the farms, to
bring the heath under cultivation, to dig canals and
bridges, to plant trees, and to tend cattle and stock
who are subject to interrupting fits of violence
being sought in preference by the farmers as inmates
and assistants, because the very violence of the
paroxysms proves the vigour of their organism;
and, in consequence, they are found or to be engaged
and industrious workers during their lucid intervals
while, by a happy logical sequence, the labour which
enriches the farmer tends at the same time to
ameliorate the condition of the labourer.

The more delicate and tractable insane are engaged in indoor employments, such as carpentering,
tailoring, shoe-making, lace-making, &c.; care being
taken, as far as possible, to put each person to the
trade he may have been previously acquainted with;
and in every case after care has been
extended their kindness even to the poor relatives of
the insane who have become members of their family.

Many touching incidents are on record bearing
witness to the bonds of affection which unite the
poor afflicted ones of Gheel and their kind guardians.
Often the shabby clothes and ragged appearance of
the insane, in the presence of the inspector, be
has been found in
the rustic simplicity of these men, to render the
insane less noticeable to the eye of the well-dressed
public. This is particularly true of the insane who
are engaged in indoor employments, such as carpentering,
tailoring, shoe-making, lace-making, &c.; care being
taken, as far as possible, to put each person to the
trade he may have been previously acquainted with;
and in every case after care has been
extended their kindness even to the poor relatives of
the insane who have become members of their family.

Another medical inspector narrates
how touched he was, on entering a farm-house
unexpectedly one day, to find that the insane guest
was occupying the seat of honour in the chimney-
neighbour, for it is not all work and no play at Gheel—the tavern-keepers being merely prohibited, under penalty of a fine, from selling wine or spirits to the insane. Amusement is even specially provided for the insane, the music being more particularly favoured, and is supplied at no expense to the insane and the insane population together, without detriment to the former, and with great benefit to the latter. There exists at Gheel a chorale society, instituted by a layman, and in every concert given by this society, the music is performed by the most skilful musicians, without any reference to their mental state; and a singing-class for the use of the insane is also kept up.

To sum up, liberty and work are the two fundamental principles of the system followed at Gheel in the treatment of the insane, and with the happy results, that the human dignity of the patient is never wounded, and that his enjoyment of life is left unimpaired as far as his unfortunate condition will allow of it. However, there are of course cases in which measures of restriction must be had recourse to even in this happy colony, and the means then employed are pretty much the same as used in ordinary life. To this end, the institution more especially, a regular system has been organised; but it is seldom called into activity, as attempts at flight are of rare occurrence—on an average, six or eight in a year—and are generally frustrated by the people themselves, without having recourse to the public authorities.

For centuries the people of Gheel were probably left uncontrolled to do, in regard to the lunatics intrusted to their care, as they might deem most fit. The discovery of a safer and more effectual method, this modest institution attracted the attention of M. de Fontecoulon, prefect of the department of Dyle. Comparing the condition of the insane, crowded together in the dirty, unventilated, fetid hospitals in Brussels, the capital of the deplorable subject, and the condition of those distributed among the inhabitants of the commune of Gheel, he ordered the former to be transferred to this more healthy refuge. This example was soon followed by various other cities of Brabant, and also of those of Southern Holland, after the reunion of Belgium with that country; and thus, after centuries of obscurity, Gheel at last attained a certain degree of celebrity. In 1826, Dr. Guislain, professor of the university of Ghent, one of the most learned and enlightened physicians in Flanders, advocated the system of Gheel, and a special association for the advancement of medical science in Belgium, devoted special attention to Gheel and to the system pursued there; but being a rather one-sided admirer of the improvements introduced into Flanders by Pitit, he gave a very unfavourable report of the opposite mode followed at Gheel. The severity of this judgment led to a thorough investigation on the part of the government, which resulted in a series of ordinances and rules, placing the lunatics of Gheel under the special guardianship of the central as well as local authorities, and establishing constant medical supervision, without, however, as we have seen, in any way altering the patriarchal relationship between the insane and the priests nourriciers, which has existed for ten centuries.

The total number of inhabitants in the commune of Gheel amounts to about 9000 or 10,000, and the lunatics, varying in number from about 800 to 1000, constitute about one-twelfth of the population. These latter are either either in the town itself, or in the neighbouring villages belonging to the commune, according as the private was or the public hospital, the authority concerned, or the medical men residing on the spot in an official capacity, may determine. These physicians are four in number, one acting as superintendent, and the three others as physicians of sections, in which capacity they are bound to visit each section belonging to their section once a week, and to draw up a quarterly return of the state of all for the central authorities. At Gheel, however, the physician plays but a very secondary part, and acts more as a moral guardian watching over the treatment of the patients, than as medical adviser. The people of Gheel, as has been said already, have, great faith in their own power over the insane, and for a long time their religious feelings revolted against attributing the cures effected in the community to any but miraculous causes. To the zeal with which the miraculous interposition of the patron saint of the insane was sought, the flag that paves the chapel, is said to have been, ascribed by the physicians of St. Dymphne, bear evidence, for the stones are actually hollowed out by the knees of the patients or their representatives who, during the course of centuries, have repaired to this spot to implore the intercession of the saint. This is the same going through the power of the so-called neurosis, which consists in passing on their knees nine times to and fro under the cenotaph of the saint nine consecutive days, the patients generally reside in a humble cottage built up against the wall of the church, and the priests who attend upon them here complain of a sad falling-off in the number of pilgrims, and consequently in their own fees, there is reason to believe that a falling-off is also taking place in the faith of the population in the miraculous power of St. Dymphne; but so far, at least, the canons of the church were privileged to exorcise the demons of insanity, but of late years their vocation seems entirely to have ceased.

The population of the commune of Gheel is purely Catholic; but that liberty of conscience which is guaranteed by law in Belgium, seems to be sincerely respected in this little community, no attempts having ever been made to effect conversions among the insane, who, being often sent thither from a distance, belong to various sections, and under various conditions, all ages, all nationalities, all religions, are received here on equal terms, and so also are all classes of mental disease, with exception of such as take the form of suicidal, homicidal, or other manias dangerous to society, and the treatment of which would be incompatible with the general system pursued. The rustic simplicity of the population, and their mode of life, may also seem to exclude patients accustomed to the luxurious comforts of a wealthy home but there are families in Gheel who live in a style very similar to that of most persons in the middle classes on the continent, and in whose houses rich lunatics may be comfortably not luxuriously accommodated. The terms paid for both legs, requiring nothing more than the ordinary fare and accommodation, are exceedingly moderate. In 1856, the price fixed by the authorities was 237 francs 25 cents, or about L.9, 10s. a year, for harmless patients; and 266 francs 45 cents, or about L.10, 15s., for such as are mischievous, or are suffering from epileptic fits; which sum comprehends everything but clothing.

We regret that our space prevents us from entering into some statistical details, more especially regarding the number of cures effected at Gheel, and the general results of the mode of treatment followed there; but for those we would refer such of our readers as
may take an anxious interest in the subject, to the November number of the Revue des Deux Mondes for 1857, from which we have borrowed our facts. Our object has chiefly been to make it more generally known, that there is a not very remote spot on the earth where the instants may enjoy all the care and attention which their melancholy condition requires, without being cut off from the society of those not similarly afflicted, without being incarcerated with hundreds of others in the same sad state as themselves, and subjected to a discipline and restraint which, however disguised by kindness and by science, is for ever reminding those who have lucid intervals of their lost liberty, and of the exceptional conditions of the life they are leading—and perchance to suggest the possibility of imitating so desirable an institution.

THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON AND SHELLEY.*

According to the old proverb, It never rains but it pours. For several years, nothing in the way of biography reminiscences or recollections came forth from the press regarding Byron or Shelley, till Mr. Middleton's highly interesting and poetical biography made its appearance, when suddenly there was a rush of publications, short and long, on the same subject, not to speak of others perhaps only projected in the cloudy halls of the poetical Valhalla.

Among these works is the curious production of Mr. Trelawny. Properly speaking, his edition of his own biography, detached apparently from the rest, because relating to a period during which he was connected accidentally with distinguished men. The writer himself is a mass of considerate abilities, but very much carried away by self-esteem as to be altogether incapable of appreciating other men correctly. He has, besides, the affectation of thinking mealy of the art by which he has made himself known, so far as he is known at all. He appears to imagine, that although the act of thinking has, intrinsically, nothing disreputable in it, the case is altogether different when, for the benefit or amusement of others, a man undertakes to describe or explain his thoughts. He then becomes, in Mr. Trelawny's phrase, a man of the perfect, weak, wayward, full of v perverses, devoured by the rage for notoriety—in short, a complete slave to what Mr. Trelawny regards as the inherent vice of his calling.

We always hope we can divest the true history of this persuasion, as well as the reason why this irregular Recollector so greatly prefers Shelley to Byron. The former, timid, effeminate, a perpetual prey to shrinking delicacy of constitution, naturally suffered Trelawny, or any other robust man, to influence his movements, and almost give a direction to the current of his thoughts; while the latter, fiercely jealous of his mental independence, repelled, and perhaps resented, every attempt to interfere with the spontaneous action of his intellect. He then becomes, in all his literary works, Shelley was communicative, while in the same degree Byron was the reverse. With the quick eye of genius, the latter perceived at once that Mr. Trelawny was not a man with whom, in the poetical sense, he could sympathize. He then sees, when he was furthest removed from himself, he came nearest to the author of the Recollections. His genius, his love of the beautiful, his intuitive perception of all the sources of greatness and glory, dispersed profusely through the universe, his knowledge of great deeds and great men, the quickness with which he could catch and translate into verse the evanescent livelihood of nature—all these things were his own; and he wisely took care, when in company with the uninitiated, to keep them to himself. He knew what Mr. Trelawny could understand, and what he could not; he therefore talked to him of boating, swimming, boating, of saving money, buying islands, sailing...and so on.

With a companion of his own calibre—if he could have found one—his conversation would have been in totally different channels; and he would have flooded his fancy, as in his poems, the whole of the universe, with brightness and beauty. Leicester Stanhope relates of him, that frequently on board ship on the Mediterranean, in the midst of jovial companions, who were addressing themselves to the lowest part of his nature, tears would rush into his eyes; and that to conceal them, he would start up suddenly, and leave the cabin. The source of those tears, perhaps, lay deeply buried in the consciousness that he was wasting upon trivial or mean topics the glorious faculties which nature had given him for better things. To this peculiarity he himself alludes in Childe Harold:

"Tis said at times the sudden tear would start;
But pride congealed the drop within his e'e.

In all ages there have been men who considered it necessary to have two philosophies—the esoteric and the exoteric—the one for themselves, and the other for the rest of the world. Byron was possessed of a system of thought, which he concealed from those about him, but, under the pressure of strong necessity, infused more or less completely into his works. This was reversing the plan of the old sages, who unveiled their doctrine to their companions, while they afforded only transient glimpses of the world. But this, perhaps, was more an affair of luck than anything else. Those fortunate men were encompassed by a circle of choice spirits, who, if they could not originate ideas like theirs, could at least receive and reflect them forth with force and fidelity upon mankind. By a strange misadventure, Byron was nearly always surrounded by the least spiritual of the human race, with whom his intellect and his genius possessed nothing in common; he therefore, as far as possible, concealed his mysterious greatness from them under a veil of vulgar banter and frivolity, while he threw out brilliant rays of mind over their heads, to charm and enlighten distant ages.

We envy no one who can persuade himself that Byron did not mean what he wrote. We beg to observe that there is an art by which it is possible to discover unerringly when a man is in earnest, and when he is not. The affectation of opinions and sentiments is a cold thing, and can at best only glitter across the fancy, without reaching so far even as the imagination. It is an altogether different thing when, by some power inapplicable in words, a man projects his thoughts into your thoughts, agitates them violently, fuses them with emotion and passion, moulds them into what shape he pleases, and leaves for ever after the stamp and impress of his mind upon yours. Be sure he is thoroughly in earnest when he does this; for affection hastens such elusion. Byron was only laughing at Mr. Trelawny when he told him that all he had written was meant merely for the women, and did not express his own feelings at all. He saw the extent of his own power, and played upon it. There are many passages in Childe Harold and Don Juan, in Manfred, Wror, and Sardanapalus, which the brain of itself could not have created; it required the co-operation of the heart, and therefore they will speak to all ages they have, in fact, placed him among.

Those dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

We are sorry always to observe in the records of Byron's life any traces of that portion of his career which was spent among persons of his own class in London. Their society did him a great deal of harm, both as a man and as an author. It detracted, as much as his own inclinations would have led him to indulge, from the influence that he added himself to athletic sports, for which nature had altogether unfitted him; and that he adopted and used occasionally the jargon of fashionable persons, who were so much by him of those things which are alone estimable in the world.

We can easily imagine, however, that in exhibitions of muscular power, he was inferior to Mr. Trelawny. He was also inferior to most persons in the capacity for eating and drinking. He cared very little for beef and mutton, and still less for that alcohol under the influence of which he is supposed to have often written. On the contrary, he lived as abstemiously as a hermit, that the fine ducts and channels of the brain might be left open for the passage of the airy spirits which are the mind's ministers, and co-operate in all its creations. We are glad to have Mr. Trelawny's testimony to this fact. Apparently, however, Byron found it necessary to assign other than desires and needs to be often by his side, and for the greater part of his associates, he would have put forward in vain the claims of the intellect, the pleasures of a clear head, and the delights of an unburdened fancy, that lives in the colours of the rainbow, or places itself upon the mountains ofMiddlesex. He might have censured his frugality in his apprehensions of fasting, as Mr. Trelawny observes, who, in speaking of the poet, often employs the vocabulary in which farmers discuss the merits of a stalled ox.

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Justice than Mr. Trelawny, or, indeed, than any other writer who has touched on these points. He has, perhaps, been too desirous of elevating his hero at the expense of all who came near him; but he has not done this blindly, or without laying fully before others the reasons which determined his own conduct.

Mr. Trelawny entertains the same preferences, but without being able to assign the same reason for them. Nature has not gifted him with the faculty of being necessary for appreciating lofty poetry, when Mr. Middleton is himself a poet, and yet devoted to the task of celebrating the poetry of another.

Of course, as a personal acquaintance— for of Shelley or Byron, Mr. Trelawny was no more—he can supply descriptions and relate anecdotes which take their colour and character from actual intercourse. Mr. Trelawny's book contains many of these, and they entirely constitute whatever charm there is in it. We are familiar with all the spots he describes, and, therefore, to some extent at least, are able to judge of the felicity of his descriptions. Occasionally, he places a picture before you very successfully, but only of detached portions of a landscape. By going again, and again, on foot, the reader might convey some idea of the scenery about the Gulf of Spezia, of the vicinity of Leghorn, of Pisa, and the Monte Viso, but coarse and material images always prevail, and spoil the general effect and description.

The best passage in Mr. Trelawny's is the last, which is filled with the simple taste and sound of Shelley, that which describes the cremation of his body on the Italian shore. Every idea introduced is poetical and grand. The scene is invested with gloom; the attributes of the coast are brought out distinctly before the mind— the deep sea, the mountains, the heavens, with a solitary funeral pile, and a few sad and melancholy friends standing reverently near it. Nothing is introduced calculated to disgust, or even to shock the mind. The imagination is hurried back to classical times, and you imagine you behold a little knot of pagan friends reducing the remains of some beloved individual to inodorous ashes, that they might be preserved for ever within the sacred circle of the family. Mr. Trelawny possesses that tone of a hideous and loathsome exhibition, calculated to inspire the utmost horror. It reminds us strongly of the doings of ghouls, who, in oriental fictions, tear up dead bodies from the grave for odious and unholy purposes. We shall not defile our extract, but if any one be in love with the nightmare, and would like to people his dreams with frightful figures and prospects, he may read the whole account in Mr. Trelawny's book. He must have a strong stomach if it does not make him sick, and a strong mind if he passes a comfortable night immediately after perusing it. We have known persons whom it has haunted for weeks. This we do not mention as a recommendation.

With regard to the great poet himself, it has always appeared to us matter of deep regret that some one capable of understanding his mind, and of faithfully describing his manners, was not with him during the latter portion of his life. He certainly deserved to be comprehended, but was not. His manner of drifting towards Greece looks, more than any modern event, like the work of destiny. He appears all the while like one of the old heroic race labouring under a spell. Individuals, frivolous, mean, and selfish, who are cleverly his friend, and draw him before him, and draw him by a terrible fascination towards the fatal spot. Once in the Hellenic waters, he sails up and down the coast, landing occasionally on some beautiful island, from the summit of which he beheld— what was not visible to Mr. Trelawny— the Greece of other days, whose soil was trodden by great men, whose atmosphere inspired great thoughts, and whose every nook and crag, and glen,
are redolent still of freedom and poetry, and beauty and heroic war.

But Byron's death, he went to the house in which the body lay. 'No one,' he says, 'was in the house but Fletcher, of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on the floor. No one was there, I lay down beside it, and withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the pilgrim—more impressive in beauty than in life. The contraction of the muscles, and a cloud on the face, indicated death. It is likely love or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish; yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse it! He was jealous of the genius of Shakepea— that might well be; but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy? I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or deny my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the pilgrim's feet, and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a earl. This was a pretty pictorial sight. Byron was neither so classically moulded nor so deformed—that is, no more like an Apollo than he was like Thor. He was a good, handsome Englishman, with a face illumined by genius, full of emotion, and all the varying phases of feeling. When Fletcher returned, he drew the shroud and pall carefully over the feet of his master's corpse; he was very nervous, and trembled as he did so.

After carefully reading these Recollections, what is the impression left upon the mind? It is favourable to any one? Do we rise from the perusal with a better idea of the writer, or of the individuals written about? This, however, it may be said, is not the point—the question ought to be, Is our conception of Byron or Shelley rendered truer or more complete? We think not. Some slight information may be gleaned about certain habits of both poets; but the general effect seems to be to unsettle and mystify the mind. The scenes over which the narrative carries us are often vividly depicted in parts, with off-hand dashes here and there; but even the Moor, with the frowning grandeur of its wild coast, fails to betray Mr Trelawny into drawing a regular picture. He passes through the most extraordinary places with the indifference of a hunter; but his imagination rises up now and then, and casts a startling and brilliant light upon some gray crag or lonely glen. It is much the same with his characters. A few of their points are shown us, but in a manner too unconnected to render the exhibition of much use. The only value of such books is, that they may by chance awaken the curiosity of some readers, and induce them to seek for more satisfactory information than the writer himself supplies.

THE QUINEA-PIGS.

When 'terms' begins in London, everybody, especially any one who is not at ease in the ways of the world, is immediately made aware of it. There are a number of phenomenal indications which peep out of lone entries, start up in third-rate shop-windows, or cluster round wine-vaults in paved courts, or promenade the streets with lordly stride—all of which proclaim that interesting fact even to the most careless observer. Not only do the retired and modesty retreats, where the lawyers affect to resort, pucker up their brows and wake out of their long sleep—not only does Pump Court once more resound with
the echoes of hafty feet, and Gray's, Lincoln's, and Clement's put on the aspect of bond-fide thoroughfares, where the stage-coaches head in and out, and forwards all day long, but Chaucery Lane, with all its fringes of flagged closes and bottomless alleys, Cook's Court and Carey Street, with their tons of brief-paper and red tape—the remotest purloins of the Temple, and the loftiest garrets of the quill-driving hacks, are all galmansied into a state of subdued activity, which knows nor pause nor subsidence day or night.

Now it is that the costume of wigs, and gowns, and violets round and buns were cast into fashion, and croset suddenly in wonderful profusion in the region of Temple Bar. Now the white-aproned messengers are at their wit's end, and flurried with the harvest of sixpences which rain a silver shower, run hither and thither laden with missives verbal and written, and only too happy if they escape the perpetration of some fatal exchange in the delivery. Now is Mrs Jones, the laundress, plagued out of her life with the everlasting tinnitusabulation of twenty bells at once, and reduced to the necessity of administering impertinent justice by answering none of them. Now is little Twister, the barber of Zoppin's Corner, who has just achieved his first professional wig, praying devoutly that his patron, Mr Augustus Grindler, who also happens to be a burgomaster of the corporation of the city, may get his virgin brief, in which case he has pledged himself to purchase Twister's virgin wig. Now are the law-stationers up to their eyes in business, or buried in it over head and ears; now do all the barbers shew aconnect to a terminan in the drawing-room, the flat of judge and jury, crowd to the judicial arena; and now does the Guinea-pig, starting from his sleep, make his appearance on the field of action, and address himself to the mission of his existence.

And, pray, who is the Guinea-pig?—The Guinea-pig, my friend, is not the animal mentioned under that name by Buffon, neither did Goldsmith put him down in his 'Animal Life,' though the observant and genial Goldie, it is more than probable, knew the species well enough. Who is the Guinea-pig, do you ask? Favour us with your company for a few moments, and we will discover for you this choice specimen of natural history.

Here we are, then, at Westminster Hall. That dome, so supported by that Doric order maypole riddled with blind gas-burners, is the members' entrance to the House of Commons; and this one opposite, to the right, is the entrance to the Court of Queen's Bench. In the lobby within sits an old woman dispensing apples and oranges, to exhausted witnesses and feverish clients, at a penny apiece; and in the lofty square apartment which serves as the court beyond, Lord Campbell is sitting at this moment dispensing justice at not quite so cheap a rate. His lordship, as you see, has a couple of brother-judges with him on the elevated dais, and all three look mightily grand in their huge long-tailed wigs, resting like epauletts on their shoulders, their crimson cap of office and the red ermine trimmings. The court is crowded in every part, and very still—not a sound is heard but the deep double bass of Councilor Balibous, who has been on his legs this hour, and is likely to buzz on for at least an hour longer, his house being next to the Slinker versus Blime, touching the repairs of Mudbury Dyke. The buzz-uzz-cooie-woogie-muffle of the worthy counsellor, like the song of the blue-bottle after dinner on a summer's afternoon, has produced a soporific influence traceable on the whole two hundred or so of auditors who represent the British public. There he stands in that oblong pit below the dais, which, dotted as it is in every part with round white wigs all motionless, looks uncommonly like an oblong bed of cauliflowers planted in rows and in full blow. There he bubbles forth his most fervent and solemn cries, judges resigning themselves to fate in their easy-chairs, with a patience and fortitude only to be accounted for by reference to those quarterly thousands paid out of Her Majesty's exchequer, which compensate the weariness of office.

His learned brethren doze on their benches, newspaper reporters doze in their boxes—the casual spectators who have crept in to slake their curiosity, find themselves yawning before they know what they are about, and sneak out again for a refresher in the open air. Numberless people come in to see and hear; some take their seats on the rising benches open to the public, some merely lounge against the wall—but very few of them stand it, or sit it, many minutes before they are off again out of reach of that somnolent voice.

'Not so,' say you; 'there are some forty or fifty people on those upper benches, who, so far from moving, seem to be regular fixtures, and never move at all.'

Ah, my friend, those are the Guinea-pigs—those are the identical natural curiosities we have come in search of, and you cannot do better than to note them well. During the whole of the period of term those upper benches are the habitat of the judicial Guinea-pig. Mark how still, solemn, and inscrutable they sit, and persistently they do not listen to anything that goes forward, and how thoroughly they ignore each other. Gregarious as these strange creatures are, it is an unquestionable fact that they are never known to fraternize. In the gallery in the front of the court are two or three well-dressed gentlemen who have the air of novelists, and it is rumoured that they hate one another like grim death, and that the greatest windfall that could happen to any one of them would be to see a dozen or two of his comrades knocked on the head. An ill-natured story is current, to the effect that when that old gentleman yonder in the corner—he with the frayed black stock and iron-moulded linen—was seized with a fit of paralysis, and fell to the ground, not one of them could be got to move a finger in his aid, and the police had to bestir themselves to get him out; and that when he came back on the following term, all the welcome he met with was a growl of disapproval that the attack had not carried him off. You will observe that they are all dignified by two things—a bristly soverainty of air which makes convulsive efforts to assume respectability, and a still more peculiar cast of countenance, which is far easier to recognise when once seen than it is to describe with accuracy.

Those ranks of silent, self-concentered statesmen, then, are the Guinea-pigs; and if you ask what they are doing there, the answer is—they are waiting for their guineas. Whenever the court sits—no matter whether at Westminster or at the Guildhall—the guinea-pigs sit along with it—and they will inevitably make their appearance with all the regularity and far greater punctuality than either judge or advocate. For their description, we can give it only in part, for there is a mystery about them which the keenest observer has not been able to penetrate entirely, and of all bipeds they are reckoned the most close and taciturn, almost equalling in these qualities their four-footed and tailless prototypes. They are, however—for so they must be called—northerners, for they seek to adorn—housekeepers and rate-payers; they have contrived, by some means, to get their names enrolled on the list of jurymen to the Queen's Bench Court, and to keep them there; and the grand business, the only business of their lives during the continuance of term, is to shift themselves, by hook or by crook, by urgent solicitation in the right quarter, or by patient waiting, into the jury-box, in order that they may be entitled to the guineas with
which the liberality of the court will reward their—
labour, we were going to say, but that term would be—a
misnomer—sweat—sweat—sweat—sweat—sweat—sweat—
their innate:

But what is that? As sure as fate, Bulbous has
come to a dead-lock: his lordship, whom we all
supposed to be doing, has pulled him up on a point of
law, and the interminable ples has come to an
unexpected halt. Lo! the caulliflowers resolve them-
selves into a committee of legal gentlemen—half
the wigs turn their facial side this way—the white heads
are all bobbing and whispering together—there is the
handsome scratching of quills upon foolscap—and while
Councillor Bulbous is vigorously rummaging documents
into his bag, with the air of a check-mated chess-player,
the jury-box is suddenly vacated, and the deputy
clerk of the court begins bawling over the names of
the list of jurymen, in order to swear in a new jury
for the immediate trial of a new cause.

Look at the guinea-pigs now—they are no longer
the still, stolid, uninpressible creatures you took
them for. See how every man of them1801s up—
how the eyes are twinkling in the round part, and the
neck cranes forward in the attitude of attention, as name
after name is called.

"John Brown!" bawls the clerk. "Here!" and
John Brown, buttoning his seedy overcoat, pulling up
his hat, and his things from his threadbare
cuffs a clean pair of wristbands, rises with a self-
satisfied smirk, and glides into the jury-box as
silently as the guinea, by and by, and glides into his
pocket.

"Thomas Robinson!" "Here!" and Robinson, with
an air of dignified composure, follows in the wake
of Brown.

"James Jones!" bawls the clerk. There is a dead
silence—no answering "Here!" and in a few moments
the clerk shouts "James Jones!" a second time with
redoubled emphasis. Still there is no reply; James
Jones is evidently not forthcoming, though the pause
is prolonged before the third time of asking. The
third appeal produces the same non-result as to Mr
James Jones; but now a little man who has been
wriggling on his seat and fussily rising and sitting
down again for the last few minutes, breaks the
silence.

"Cornelius Jones is here," he calls out suggestively
to the clerk.

This unwarrantable interpolation on the part of
Mr Cornelius acts like a firebrand among the whole
herd of guinea-pigs; and in defiance of the sanctity
of the place, their resentment bursts forth in a series
of grunts and snorts and bitter ejaculations launched
at the head of the offender with a fierceness all the
more fierce that it has to be uttered sub voce and out
of ear-shot of the bench.

"It won't do, Corny," growls one.

"Wait your turn, snatchbody!" hisses a second.

"Betsy Prig!" snarl.s a third.

And furious eyes are turned on the delinquent,
who, being accustomed to that sort of fire, does not
win a bone—buts preserves an enviable equanimity
until the storm has blown over.

By the time the whole twenty-four jurymen are
collected, the ranks of the guinea-pigs are conside-
ragely thinned. There is an evident expression of
dismay in the collection of the remaining faces, but
that is tempered with some satisfaction too, because,
though they have not yet won their prospective prize,
they are nearer to the winning-post by four-and-
twenty names, and feel that they are at no great
distance from the inevitable one pound one.

But the question, "Who is the guinea-pig?" is not
answered yet, and, in truth, it is not one of easy
solution. There are various theories afloat touching
the physiology of the creature. Speculators on this
abstruse subject have likened his tribe to a shower of
frogs, coming no man knows whence, and departing
no man knows whither—or to those
land-crabs of the West Indies, which overrun
the land-crabs of the West Indies, which overrun
certain territories at certain seasons, and then sud-
denly and miraculously vanish away. What is agreed
upon on all hands appears to be the fact, that the
guinea-pig is altogether an undiscernible hiped at
all or any of those seasons when the law-courts are
not sitting. Where he spends his long vacation,
no body seems to have even the remotest idea. The
wildest conjectures are hazarded as to his modes and
means of life. It is computed that at the utmost he
cannot realise more than from fifteen to twenty guineas
a year by hanging on to the skirts of the judges:
how, then, does he get the rest of the income which
constitutes him a housekeeper and a rate-payer, and
a 'good man and true'?

We can hazard no reply to this question. We have
heard the satirical wits of the court taunt this frater-
nity with questions of various kinds—as to the con-
dition of a hypothetic mangle, for instance, or the
real ownership of a pair of groats — but these 
sarcasms point to nothing definite, and leave the
real question in all its uncertainty. According
to all appearances, the mission of the guinea-pig is
to compass as often as he can an easy guineas—
and beyond that we can declare nothing positive
concerning him.

CRAG-FAST.

We have lived so long, my brother Frank and I,
in the grand hill-country of the north, that its great
gray giants have long ceased to be held by us in awe;
our reverence for them is not one whit diminished,
but our fear is fled. Their crowns, hidden in cloud,
their huge fern-covered shoulders, their mighty girdles
of melancholy pine, are our glory still, but are no
more threatening than their slopes of pasture-land,
and woods that drop down to the margin of the lakes.
Even in winter-time, unless the hill-fog be hanging
thickly, or the blinding snow be whirling, we should
not hesitate to cross the highest gap in Westmoreland,
or find our way to Keswick by the Fells. From our
nearest mountain-top we can see the road to it, and
track it almost all the way, bridging the rivers and
fording the hills, and winding round more after more,
until, a thin white streak, it climbs the furthest
ridge, and comes, we know, unawares on the little
town. As the crow flies, we are not ten miles from
it; but a man cannot reach it in eighteen miles, nor
even in twenty-eight. Many a time, since Harry
left us, have Frank and I gone thither and returned
in the same day, partly to get little luxuries that are
not in our far-away mountain home; partly from
the exceeding beauty of the way itself; and partly,
it may be, to keep his memory green who is no longer
with us.

A score of summers have brought bird and butterfly
into our happy valley, and set the bee roaming on
the hills since last our Harry took that walk with
us—but we do not forget it. The fair June morn,
the quarter which the gentle breeze blew from, the
clouds wherein the shadows of the clouds lay—we
remember all. Harry was beautiful, which we are
far from being, kind and accomplished almost as a
girl; but he was weak in health, and had to battle
for dear life through every winter. Supply of limb
when well, and strong in spirit whether well or ill, he
wanted care, and we were not good nurses. We did
not lack in love, but in 'the reason firm, the temper-
ate will,' which have so often found of late in the
gentler sex, soothing, controlling, saving so many of
their soldier brethren. What our poor brother fixed
his wishes on, we had no heart to refuse. He was, we felt, and everybody but himself knew well, but for a little talk and, the dogs having been turned out, the horse tied, the sheep fed, the cows milked, the hens cooped, the blackbird held, and the tufts of heath were withering. We lay down often under some huge crag, from which the goat fled, scared, or the rock-raven slowly oared herself away on mighty lustulous wings—for the heat had become intense—to rest. Patting on the short brown in which we found the grass, was as good as lotus-eating; the warmth of noon and the quiet of night reigned jointly upon these lofty heights, where the murmur of the bee alone seemed to thread the silence. Here we passed some in the sun, whichbbings, blinding the legent went, were mortal men tranced by wizard spell; here, rock-rent chasms, where the wind was said to dwell in winter-time; and here we came upon some desolate tarn, need not romance to heighten its solitude. STARTING in Despair. Meanwhile, the faint air had no breath save that which came in fitful feverish gapes, and died away; the blue sky became islanded above us by a huge black cloud, and our thirst grew insupportable. After a rest somewhat past year, we caught the glimmer of a falling stream, some half-mile off, but separated from us by uneven and rugged ground. And 'Who drinks first?' exclaimed Harry; and 'I,' and 'I,' we answered, and each took his own way with a cheer, and started at racing speed for the welcome gill.

By this time the last wandering cloud had joined the threatening mass that hung swollen and dark above us, like an impersonation of wrath; and one instant the sunlight shone by over our heads; in the next, the shadow overcast it, as fever flushes a sick man's brow. Mountains-top could not be discerned from cloud, and the blackness of night was gathering, when on a sudden the heaven bursts into flame, and the earth glared and reddened to meet it. The pent-up thunder broke forth at the same instant, and rolled out again and again before the first echoes had died away upon the hills. A few big drops fell upon my forehead, and there was a cold thrill of fear to look swiftly against me. It fairly best my breath out, and I could hardly raise my eyes to see the glory of the tempest, the sheet after sheet of lightning which seemed to wrap the dead earth round, while the thunder hymned its solemn and thunderous song. Frank was already at the goal, and welcomed me with shouts of triumph. He had taken across the marsh as I had done, but by a superior track. Harry, who had chosen the outer edge of the table-land, along the cliffs, had got the shorter way than any of us, he must of course needs scramble up the first, and holl. And indeed there is something glorifying in having gained the top of a high hill; when the breeze of the mountain first blows on a man's bare head, and, and the open space, the fresh atmosphere, the freshness that falls on the senses like dew on the heart, and the thought that we are alone and not under the cloud-rack, throwing broad veils of silver over the green hillside, and setting great crowns of pears upon their heads; intertwining the hair of the pine-woods with strings of diamonds, and awakening a thousand becks which ran straight to the valley in song. Frank was already at the goal, and welcomed me with shouts of triumph. He had taken across the marsh as I had done, but by a superior track. Harry, who had chosen the outer edge of the table-land, along the cliffs, had got the shorter way than any of us, he must of course needs scramble up the first, and holl. And indeed there is something glorifying in having gained the top of a high hill; when the breeze of the mountain first blows on a man's bare head, and, and the open space, the fresh atmosphere, the freshness that falls on the senses like dew on the heart, and the thought that we are alone and not under the cloud-rack, throwing broad veils of silver over the green hillside, and setting great crowns of pears upon their heads; intertwining the hair of the pine-woods with strings of diamonds, and awakening a thousand becks which ran straight to the valley in song.
indeed all hope was over. But no; thank God, there was no terrible thing in that green valley—no one dared to speak as I once have spoken, when the bird's глаз clattering around it. We took the same perilous path which the lost boy had taken, where the height above and the depth below were a burden to our brain, and presently we found the narrow footway a broken down before us. It must have been a daring task that would trust itself to leap to the other side, and but a slight form whose weight could have there alighted in safety. A few feet further on, the goat-track—far it was, and to come—was reined, and rounded, out of sight, an enormous rock. Frank was foremost, and leaped the chasm without an instant's thought. No courage, no self-sacrifice, could have induced any man to do so who had hesitated for a moment for it was easy, and to fall his whole length down, still clinging by his hands, however, to the firmer part. Agile and wary as a panther, he had done his best to guard against this danger by coming down on all-fours. I hid my eyes in the grass at the sheep, and it was five minutes, and collected all his strength for a spring upwards; and when I looked again, he was in comparative safety. There was an impassable barrier of some eighteen feet of sheer precipice between him and me; he reached the point before him, and a cry of relief assured me that he had at least found Frank. I clambered back again with difficulty, to see whether I could get down to them from above, but it was not to be attempted. The great rock jutted out eight feet, and there was no path by which one could get from the other side at all. Whether the track had ever been continued further, I could not tell, but it now led clearly into a complete cal de sac, from which there was no escape unless by wings.

To be starved to death, or to be dashed down the steep by the first wind, seemed to be the inevitable fate of my poor brothers. Frank's voice came up from the abyss, and somewhat calmed me. 'Harry has fallen into the abyss!' he said; 'I hope he has no doubt his head failed him at this spot. We cannot round the rock again from hence, but there is room enough to stand, and even to sit here, for both of us. Do you, Fred, go down to Borrowdale at once, before it gets dark, and bring up a strong party of half a dozen strong men, and all the sheep-ropes you can get together; and pray Heaven send us a calm night, and that our Harry may be yet preserved to us.'

With a heart-felt injunction to the brave fellow to be of good courage, and to rely on my strain of life and death. A frantic anxiety urged me to fly like the wind, and the most dangerous paths seemed to have lost all their terrors; but one false step, or even a slip to sprain an ankle, would be death to me; and so, I chose my way with caution, and did not reach the valley till dusk. The greatest eagerness and sympathy were at once manifested; we collected plenty of the great cables used to extricate the cattle, but no two figures crouching under it; no heath-flower blossomed above it, nor bush nor tree over its scree seethingly, and its wiry brows seemed to overhang the height with a consciousness of cruel power. It was not so easy, however, to find it above; and having omitted to leave a man below to direct us, we wasted some precious minutes. At last we came upon the spot, and heard brother Fred cry out to us in a sad voice: 'He is alive, for he still breathes; but that is all.'

The dreadful hours passed in company with his poor charge had evidently shaken even his fortitude. It was arranged that many smaller ropes should be taken down with the rescuer, in case they needed him both to go down and up, and so to save twice the labour of those last, for greater security, into one. No one opposed my natural entreaty to be permitted to be lowered first; but I saw the shepherds shaking their heads, as if they doubted my being of much service. Ten or a dozen attached themselves to the end of the tether, and I was fastened to the other, in a loop, which formed a sort of seat. A long staff was given me to keep myself off the face of the precipice, and then they let me drop downward. Lower and lower, and out of sight of the light I could see but that was due to much motion. It required all my attention to prevent dashing against the crags; if I pushed off gently, I hit them again at once; if I gave a bold thrust, I was turned round, and flung upon them backward. Freshen kept a firm hold of the rope, which my brothers lay, and saw them. Harry was resting in the other's lap, with a corpse-like face, and quite motionless, as one to whom no hurt could happen more, and whom no power could save. Frank kept his head up and his eyes fixed glaringly upon the dizzy height, and he did but glance at me for an instant, and then resumed his position.

'Get back, Frederick; get back, for the love of Heaven. Let the best shepherd amongst them take your place, and try to see them home again.' And indeed it required far more skill than I could boast of to get such a momentous affair safely to the crevice, and still less could I have snatched a hold that might have sustained me, in order to get the rock to swing on it for his purpose; and those who were not engaged in holding fast could see him strike out and return to the face of the cliff quite clearly. After one or two tremendous strains, the rope suddenly slackened, and one of the crew raised some other sound, and below, Harry was not to be saved. The wretched fellow was let down, and came up with my good, brave Frank in safety. He was not much less changed to look at than his charge. Anxiety and despair had done, it seemed, the work of years with him; and we had to carry both of them, and lead the other's uncertain footsteps home.

Weeks passed away before the strong man grew himself again; and for the delicate boy, a sick-face was his prison for months. The exposure to the high air after the pestilential fumes, and the cold, and his sleep was long disturbed by what he had suffered; his thin white fingers would clutch at empty air, in dreams, and his brow grew damp as the imaginary abyss that seemed to yaw beneath him. The events of that time indeed, haunted his memory by day and night to the last; but never recalled them without the deepest thankfulness. 'I die amongst you all,' he said, 'safe—dear Frank, at home.' And in his last words, when all beautiful things were decayed and about to perish likewise. For us, although we yielded to none, by this time, in tracking the wild to his lair, and the raven to her lofty nest, we never pass that rock upon the Fells without some
NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Having devoted some space in a former paper to particulars connected with my special favourite, the pretty and affectionate bulfinch, the very prince of European cage-birds, I here shall say a word about the house or dwelling usually provided for him. I think if one can very truly and more wantonly cruel than the common practice of having the poor bird exposed to the hourly danger of being dragged through his prison bars, and perishing miserably by the fangs of the cat. I have myself adopted the mode of placing the upright wires of the cage so close that no cat's paw could possibly pass between them, at the same time allowing the cross-wires to run within about an inch and a half of each other. I would suggest, as more elegant, a slight wire-lattice covering the whole cage, and the meshes of which should just leave more than a quarter of an inch opening. This might be made of very thin brass wire, and would not look amiss; at all events, it is to be hoped that cat-proof cages made on this principle, or some other, will one day be in general use. Apropos of bulfinches, it is generally thought that they will not breed in captivity; I know of at least one instance to the contrary: a large cage, and quite, seem all they require.

An ingenious mode of rearing birds is practised in France; at least, I have only seen it there. The young birds with the nest are placed in a small cage, and tied up near the place in which the nest itself lay. I have seen the old birds come and attend to the nursing of their offsprings in this way with the utmost zeal and success. When we consider how much more skilful they are in finding the best food, and administering it in the best manner, we cannot be surprised that in this way the great losses, otherwise sure to occur, are avoided.

Passers are certainly graceful creatures, and interesting from so many qualities they possess. Some of the peculiar kinds are striking objects, from their odd appearance or graceful symmetry; but, on the whole, I think them little worth cultivating as pets, however amusing to hear. They may be said to inhabit the dwellers in cities who seldom gets a peep 'as nature in her green array;' they help to keep alive in his heart the soft and humanising impressions which nature alone can foster. There is something most delightful to the toil-worn mechanic who 'plies his sickly trade' in some forlorn garret, if he can see a pigeon or two of his own take wing from its window, and after wheeling gracefully about in mid-heaven, come soaring back again to their place. All the little domestic economy of the food pair is, in such cases, an interesting study; and we seldom find pets like these, birds or flowers, in the dwellings of the spendthrift or the drunkard.

Passing to another class of animals, I come upon one I always regard with the greatest interest and curiosity: I mean the otter. In a wild state, it is one of the most fierce and savage creatures possible. Every one knows of its predatory habits, and the destruction of fish it occasions; but few are aware that in this, the small dog entered the lists for the sake of some of the moreaudacious of the waters of Lough Corrib, and return to the boat with its prey—generally a salmon—in its mouth. My informant adds, that some English officers quartered in Galway were so delighted with its performance, that they resolved to have it at any price. The owner parted very reluctantly with his favourite, which was regularly installed at the barrack: Possibly if his friends had waited a sufficient time to gain his affections by kindness, all might have been well; but, anxious for sport, they took him on the water, and let him go. In a short time, the otter reappeared with a salmon in his jaws, and, as usual, swam for the boat. As he drew near, a thought seemed to strike him, and he hesitated, looked into the faces of those whom he could see, swam about a little, as if pursuing his scrutiny, and at last dived, and was seen no more! The probability is, that missing the master whom he knew, he had not sufficient acquaintance with his new possessors to care for their company. I have good information from other sources of the capacity of the otter for domestication. This capacity seems to be the distinguishing mark of certain races. I suppose it to represent organic differences in the brain and nervous system.

We have seen that the pheasant and gray partridge are incapable of domestication, while other denizens of the wood and field yield to it at once. So it appears to be among quadrupeds. The fox and weasel I may have often tried, never have been truly tamed, so far as I know. They do not seem to have brain enough for it; and the sly instinct of timidity—slyly, I mean, when no cause justifies it—is too strong to be got over. There are some few instances of an exceptional kind, in which even the wolf has shown affection to the person by whom he was reared. The low cunning which is displayed by these animals in such perfection, must lie in some portion of cerebral matter quite apart from those developments which distinguish the cranium of the noble and magnanimous dog. How often do we see individuals of the human species who strikingly illustrate both temperaments! There is something most interesting in contemplating those animals which, still in a wild state, represent the origin and source of our domestic servants and companions. I do not, for my own part, believe that the dog has any more family relationship to the wolf than the pheasant has to the domestic fowl. These qualities they have in common, no doubt; but there would seem to be some radical difference, which no time can obliterate. My belief is, that the dog has, quite apart from the wolf, his wild prototype; and its sake, like the South American animal of the tribe was to be found in primeval Europe, from which all our varieties may have sprung.

Now that I have got upon the subject of dogs, I must restrain my garrulity, for the theme is inexhaustible. I shall content myself with alluding to the following curious instance of a voluntary association for a common purpose among them, which fell under my own observation.

When a boy, I was engaged one evening in watching to get a shot at some rabbits in an ancient pack, in which were many detached burrows. I was much surprised to see two dogs—one large, and the other very small—bound over the fence, and crouching down in a hollow space, as if to avoid observation, galloping rapidly towards one of the Warrens. They concealed themselves as well as they could, directing their approach by the course of an old ditch, and, when near the holes, rushing furiously forward, with the evident design of surprising some outlier. Failing in this, the small dog entered the Warren, and heard him barking underground, no doubt to lead the rabbits from their refuge, while his companion stood outside, waving his tail in the greatest excitement and watchfulness. At last the little dog returned, and the pair set off with all speed for another burrow, where the same scene was repeated. I did not see that they met with any success; but I suppose they must occasionally
have done so; and, on the whole, it has always struck me as a very curious instance in its way. It illustrates this wonderful fact, that animals can interchange ideas without language; and it is the more remarkable that they were not forced into this association, as wild dogs are, by any necessity for providing, by united efforts, for their common subsistence, or for the attack upon some prey, against which the strength of one would not avail.

Among the creatures which, in a wild state, are interesting, may be mentioned the wild pig. There is something in the grisly majesty and fierce self-reliance of the full-grown boar which impresses itself on all minds. Nothing can be more savage and formidable than the comtenance of this animal; and his strength and speed, when not checked in his range of ground, are wonderful. Yet he is very easily domesticated. A friend of mine supplied himself with pork and bacon for many years from a breed of pure German wild boars; and excellent they were. He had, when I first saw them, a magnificent patriarchal old fellow, of tremendous appearance, but majesty and fierce self-reliance of the fierce and dangerous wild boar was confined. 'Did you see the wild boar?' 'Oh, what a hideous monster!' was in every mouth. I remember one day creating quite a sensation of horror, by going up to the porker (as we did) and smacking him with a will, and when he came up grunting and barking to where I stood, stretching his jaws and poll to his infinite satisfaction. This reminds me of a wild-boar anecdote I had from the late Sir W. Maxwell. It would seem that a friend of his in Scotland had received from Germany a splendid boar, which soon after contrived to make his escape, by leaping a wall such as, it was presumed, no pig could possibly get over. He made his way into a park where a number of young cattle were grazing; and they, being excited by his strange appearance, gave chase at once, and ended by fairly bringing him to bay. I have always heard, on the continent, that a boar will overthrow horse and man, if they abide his onset, and I fully believe it; but so determined was the beast upon making his escape, that he contrived to turn him to death, and almost to atoms.

I had occasion to remark before, that some of the very wildest birds and animals are capable of being tamed with facility, if taken young; while others are just the reverse.

The stag and deer tribe, generally, are instances of the former peculiarity; indeed, the boldness of tame stag renders them even dangerous. I take it for granted that they could scarcely ever be tolerated as domestic animals from their bold and fierce temper, and their tendency to use their horns when provoked. I have often seen it tried, but as a result, that the bucks were found quite intolerable, and duly 'killed off.' An exception may be claimed for a very fine stag I once knew as forming part of the staff of a marching regiment. He went with his corps everywhere, and much as much as the soldiers and other such gatherings. I knew another case of a tame buck, which, in a country town, would stroll in from his master's house in the suburbs, and was constantly seen scampering back with a loaf of bread, a dried fish, or a cut of bacon in his mouth; for nothing came amiss to his appetite. He was the plague of the hucksters' shops in the vicinity, and cost, no doubt, a good sum for damages.

The same tendency to ill-temper and ferocity runs through the antelope tribe; and the ibex and chamois are examples of it. I knew a case some years ago of a very fine ibex, in the collection of the Duke of Gotha, which became so dangerous that it had to be destroyed. By the way, I could not help feeling, when I saw these animals, what a pity it is that so little pains are taken to afford such as are kept in captivity some opportunity of attaining their native qualities. These chamois were confined in a small court with a miniature attempt at a rocky pinnacle in the centre. Now, it would have cost but a trifle to enclose with wooden poles from the adjoining forest a space considerably larger, and within this to have planted something which might have given these interesting creatures an opportunity of displaying their wonderful agility. Perhaps this additional space and climbing ground might have saved the life of the beautiful buck, by giving him some vent for his pent-up energies. I was told that nothing could be more formidable than the way in which he had recently attacked a cat belonging to the keeper, which unluckily came in his way. He charged the poor beast with great violence, inserting the points of his little crooked horns with great dexterity in its side, and ripping it open in such a way as to cause almost instant death.

It seems singular that we hear nothing of attempts to introduce the chamois and ibex into suitable haunts in this country. Ought not the points of his little crooked horns with great dexterity in its side, and ripping it open in such a way as to cause almost instant death.

What a noble animal is the now nearly extinct ibex! It is a great mistake to suppose that the chamois disputes with him the honour of the highest mountain throne. On the contrary, of all four-footed creatures I know, he is the least excitable. I have seen him attempt to climb a mountainside, and although descending at night to feed in the lower ranges, yet his home is the bosom of the eternal glacier, stretched at length upon which passes the summer-day, and strives to cool by contact his heated blood.

What would one not give to see a herd of these wonderful creatures, with their huge horns recurved almost to the tail, yet skipping lightly from crag to crag, and finding a safe footing amongst the appalling heights of those steep and snow-covered peaks of the Alps, where the chase of the ibex has for the hunter the most fascinating of gambles. No laws, however strict, can restrain him; and although, at least in Savoy, it is penal to destroy the ibex, the work of slaughter goes on unabated.

The race is thinning out year by year; but it has survived the period assigned by De Saulesse for its extermination. When taken, it is a valuable prize. The skin is of some importance in commerce, for flesh is excellent, and the horns, if good, will fetch from £3 to £4 sterling.

Good horns are known by their size and the number of knobs along their edge. Each year of the animal's life, a knob is added, and they never cease growing, being understood as the extreme age of the ibex. I was fortunate enough to procure, some years since, a fine pair of horns, which mark about twenty-one years' growth; but such instances are now very rare, and almost the wonder of the world altogether.

All the horns brought to market are not necessarily the result of poaching. Some are generally found when the snow melts in spring, lying at the foot of precipices over which the poor beasts have been carried by the falling avalanches. Such was the case of the beater of the horns alluded to, and awful the crash with which the patriarch fell to his end, for the strong bones of the skull were split in two, although apparently almost as hard as bone, and a portion went with each horn.
I believe I am scarcely in order in speaking of the ibex among the antelopes; he is, after all, only a superior sort of goat. The chamois is allowed to hold an intermediate place, and act as a connecting-link between the goat and the true antelopes.

**O C E O L A:**

**A ROMANCE.**

**CHAPTER IXX.—THE ROUTE.**

The dispatch called for instant obedience. Fortunately my horse was still under the saddle, and in less than five minutes I was upon his back, and galloping for the volunteer camp.

Among these eager warriors, the news produced a joyous excitement, expressed in a wild hurrah. Enthusiasm supplied the place of discipline; and, in less than half an hour, the corps was accoutered and ready for the road.

There was nothing to cause delay. The command to march was given; the bugle sounded the 'forward,' and the troop filing 'by twos,' into a long somewhat irregular line, took the route for Fort King.

I galloped home to say adieu. It was a hurried leave-taking. I turned to a girl with her heart thumping for fame—inasmuch as, should the enemy determine to pursue so inglorious a system of warfare, where were the laurels to be plucked? A campaign in the misnamed and pestilential climate of the swamps was more likely to yield a luxuriant crop of cypress trees.

Most hoped, and hence believed, that the Indians would soon grow hungry, and shew themselves in a fair field of fight.

There were different opinions as to the possibility of their subsisting themselves for a lengthened period of time. Some—and these were men best acquainted with the nature of the country—expressed their belief that they could. The old alligator-hunter was of this way of thinking.

'Thur got,' said he, 'thet er durned brier w' th' big roots they call 'coonty;' 'it grows puddy nity over all the swamp, an' in some places as thick as a cane-brake. It ur the best o' eatin', an' drinkin' too, for they make a drink o' it.' An' then thar's the live-oak—an' thar's the osage o' the live-oak—they em ain't sich bad eatin', when well roasted an' the ashes. They may gathar thousands o' bushels, I reckon. An' next thar's the cabbidge in the head o' the big palmetter; ther ero' gi' them a few greens. As to that most, thar's the pecan, an' thar's the persimmon, a good grit o' em in the swamp—an' thar's the alligarter, a tobbul goodish wheen o' them varmint, I reckon —to say nothin' o' turtle, an' turkey, an' squurr'il, an' snakes, an' sandrats; for, durn a red-skin! he kin eat anythin' that crawl—from a puerkin to a polecat. Don't you b'lieve it, fellars? Ther ere Injuns ain't a gwine to starve, s'easy as you think for. Thar'll hold out by thar teeth an' toe-nails, jest so long as thar's a cettin thing in the darnation swamp—that's what thar'll do.'

This sage reasoning produced conviction in the minds of those who heard it. After all, the despised enemy might not be so helpless as was generally imagined.

The march of the volunteers was not conducted in a strict military style. It was so commenced; but the officers soon found it impossible to carry out the 'tactics.' The men, especially the younger ones, could not be restrained from occasionally falling out of the line—to help themselves to a pull out of some odd-looking flask; and at intervals one would gallop off into the woods, in hopes of getting a shot at a deer or turkey he had caught a glimpse of through the trees.
Reasoning with these fellows, on the part of their officers, proved rather a fruitless affair; and getting angry with them, was only to elicit a sulky rejoinder.

Sergeant Hickman was extremely wroth with some of the offiers.

‘Greenhorns!’ he exclaimed; ‘darnationed greenhorns! let ‘em go on at it. May a tyllagut try me, if they don’t behave different by ‘m. I’ll stake my critic aginst any hose in the crowd, that some o’ them ere fellows ‘l1 gis clapped afore sundown; dassed if they don’t.’

No one offered to take the old hunter’s bet; and fortunately for them, as his words proved prophetic.

A young planter, fancying himself as safe as if riding through his own sugar-canes, had galloped off from the line of march. A deer, seen browsing in the savanna, offered an attraction too strong to be resisted.

He had not been gone five minutes—had scarcely passed out of sight of his comrades—when two shots were heard in quick succession; and the next moment, his riderless horse came galloping back to the troop.

The line was halted, and faced in the direction whence the shots had been heard. An advance-party moved forward to the ground. No enemy was discovered, nor the traces of any, except those exhibited in the dead body of the young planter, that lay perforated with a brace of bullets just as it had fallen. It was one of the same class, it was expected, as would have been upon the ground, for the agent and general at an appointed place—the hill ground, the hommock by the pond.

It was dark enough almost the moment the sun went down—for the moon was in her third quarter, and would not be in the sky until after sunset.

Shots were heard, therefore, we three proceeded to the spot—the general, the agent, and the interpreter, as just as we had done on the former occasion.

The chiefs were not there, and this caused a little surprise. By the noted punctuality with which a Indian would call his agent, or keep his assigment, it was expected there would have been upon the ground, for the agent appointed had arrived.

‘What is detaining them? What can be detaining them?’ mutually inquired commissioner and agent.

Scurried an instant passed till the answer came. It came from afar, and in a singular utterance; but it could be no other than a reply to the question—a both my companions conjectured.

Borne upon the night-breeze was the sound of the sharp cracking of rifles, and distinctly heard above all, the shrill Yo-be-be-be.

The sounds were distant—away amid the far woods; but they were sufficiently distinct to admit of the interpretation, that a life-and-death struggle was going on between two parties of men.

It could be no fiend, no false alarm to draw the soldiers from the fort, or terrify the sentinel in his post. There was an earnestness in the wild trills of those shrill cries, that convinced the listener those blood was being spilled.

My companions were busy with conjectures. I saw that neither possessed a high degree of courage for that is not necessary to become a general. In my warlike experience, I have seen more than one keen behind a tree or a piece of wall. One, indeed, as was afterwards elected the chief of twenty millions of people, I have seen skulking in a ditch to screen himself from a stray shot, while his host brigade, half a mile in the advance, was gallantly fighting under the guidance of a sub-lieutenant.

But why should I speak of these things here? The world is full of such heroes.

‘It is they, by ——’ exclaimed the commissioner.

‘They have been waylaid; they are attacked by others; that rascal Powell for a thousand!’

‘It is extremely probable,’ replied the other, ‘we seemed to have a somewhat steadier nerve, and were in more coolly. ‘Yes, it must be. There are so few in that direction; no whites either. We can’t must be an affair among the Indians themselves; and what else than an attack upon friendly chiefs? You are right, Thompson; it is you say.’

‘If in general, it will be of no use our remonstrating here. If they have waylaid Omatai, they will course have superior numbers, and be must fail. need not expect him.’
"No; he is not likely to come, neither he nor Lasta. As you say, it is idle for us to remain here. I think we may as well return to the fort."

There was a moment's hesitation, during which I fancied both generals were debating in their own minds whether it would be graceful to give up their errand and purpose.

"If they should come"—continued the soldier.

"General," said I, taking the liberty to interrupt him, "if you desire it, I shall remain upon the ground for a while, and see. If they should come, I added, in continuation of the broken sentence, "I can proceed to the fort, and give you notice."

I could not have made a proposition more agreeable to the two. It was instantly accepted, and the brace of officials moved away, leaving me to myself.

It was not long ere I had cause to regret my generous rashness. My late companions could scarcely have reached the fort when the sounds of the strife suddenly ceased, and I heard the coko-queens—the Seminole shout of triumph. I was still listening to its wild intonations, when half-a-dozen men—dark-bodied men—rushed out of the bushes, and surrounded me where I stood.

Despite the poor light the stars afforded, I could see shining blades, guns, pistols, and tomahawks. The weapons were too near my eyes to be mistaken for the fire-flies that had been glittering around my head; besides, the clink of steel was in my ears.

My assailants made no outcry, perhaps because the smoke was too thick to reach them; or they were soon suppressed by a blow that levelled me to the earth, depriving me as well of consciousness as of speech.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN INDIAN EXECUTION.

After a short spell of oblivion, I recovered my senses. I perceived that the Indians were still around me, but no longer in the menacing attitude in which I had seen them before being struck down; on the contrary, they appeared to be treating me with kindness. One of them held my head upon his knee, while another was endeavouring to staunch the blood that was running freely from a wound in my temples. The effect of their around me was apparent interest, and apparently anxious about my recovery.

Their behaviour caused me surprise, for I had no other thought than that they had intended to kill me; indeed, as I sank through the stroke of the tomahawk, my senses had gone out, under the impression that I was killed. Such a reflection is not uncommon to those whom a blow has suddenly deprived of consciousness.

My surprise was of an agreeable character. I felt that I still lived—that I was but little hurt; and not likely to receive any further damage from those who surrounded me.

They were speaking to one another in low tones, pronouncing the words of some song, and apparently gratified that they had not killed me.

"We have spilled your blood; but it is not dangerous," said one, addressing himself to me in his native tongue. "It was I who gave the blow. Hukubuk! it was dark. Beyond the Rising Sun I had no other guide. We thought you were the settler-chaco." He it is his blood we intended to spill. We expected to find him here; he has been here: where gone?"

I pointed in the direction of the fort.

"Hukubuk!" exclaimed several in a breath, and in a tone that betokened disappointment; and then turning aside, they conversed with each other in a low voice.

"Fear not," said the first speaker, again standing before me, 'friend of the Rising Sun! we will not do further harm to you; but you must go with us to the chiefs. They are not far off. Come!"

I was once more upon my feet, and perhaps by a desperate effort might have escaped. The attempt, however, might have cost me a second knock-down—perhaps my life. Moreover, the courtesy of my captors at once set my mind at ease. Go where they might, I felt that I had nothing to fear from them; and, without hesitation, I consented to accompany them.

My captors, throwing themselves into single file, and assigning me a position in their midst, at once started off through the woods. For some time we walked rapidly, the path taken by the leader of the party being easily followed, even in the darkness, by those behind. I observed that we were going in the direction whence had been heard the sounds of the conflict, that had long since ceased to vibrate upon the air. Of whatever nature had been the struggle, it was evidently brought to a close, and even the victors no longer uttered the coko-queens.

We had advanced about a mile when the moon arose; and the woods becoming more open, I could see my captors more distinctly. I recognised the features of one or two of them, from having seen them at the council. They were warriors of the Miccosau tribe, the followers of Ocelea. From this I conjectured that he was one of the chiefs before whom I was being conducted.

My conjecture proved correct. We had not gone much further, when the path led into an opening in the woods, in the midst of which a large body of Indians, about a hundred in all, were grouped together. A little apart was a smaller group—the chiefs and head warriors. In their midst I observed Ocelea.

The ground exhibited a singular and sanguinary spectacle. Dead bodies were lying about gashed with wounds still fresh and bleeding. Some of the dead lay upon their backs, their unclosed eyes glaring ghastly upon the moon, all in the attitudes in which they had fallen. The scalping-knife had done its work, as the whitish patch upon the crowns, laced with streams of crimson red, showed the skulls directed on their hence covering. Men were strolling about with the fresh scalps in their hands, or elevated upon the muzzles of their guns.

There was no mystery in what I saw; I knew its meaning well. The men who had fallen were of the traitor tribe—the followers of Lasta Hajo and Omata.

According to the arrangement with the commissioner, the chiefs had left Fort Brooke, accompanied by a chosen band of their retainers. Their intention had become known to the patriots—their movements had been watched—they had been attacked on the way; and, after a short struggle, overpowered. Most of them had fallen in the melee—a few, with the chief Lasta Hajo, had contrived to escape; while still another few among whom was Omata himself—had been taken prisoners during the conflict, and were yet alive. They had been rescued from death only to suffer it in a more ceremonial shape.

I saw the captives of them, from close at hand, and fast bound to some trees. Among them I recognised their leader, by the grace of Commissioner Thompson, 'king of the Seminole nation.'

By those around, his majesty was now regarded with but slight deference. Many a willing regicide stood near him, and would have taken his life without further ceremony. But these were restrained by the chiefs, who opposed the violent proceeding, and who had come to the determination to give Omata a trial, according to the laws and customs of their nation.
Chambers's Journal.

As we arrived upon the ground, this trial was going on. The chiefs were in council.

One of my captors reported our arrival. I noticed a murmur of disappointment among the chiefs as he finished making his announcement. They were disappointed: I was not the captive they had been expecting.

No notice was taken of me; and I was left free to loiter about, and watch their proceedings, if I pleased.

The council soon performed its duty. The treason of Omatia was too well known to require much canvassing; and, of course, he was found guilty, and condemned to expiate the crime with his life.

The sentence was pronounced in the hearing of all present.

A question arose—who was to be his executioner?

There were many who would have volunteered for the office—for to take the life of a traitor, according to Indian philosophy, is esteemed an act of honour.

There would be no difficulty in procuring an executioner.

Many actually did volunteer; but the services of these were declined by the council. This was a matter to be decided by vote.

The vote was immediately taken. All knew of the vow made by Oceola. His followers were desirous he should keep it; and on this account, he was unanimously elected to do the deed. He accepted the office.

Knife in hand, Oceola approached the captive, now cowering in his bonds. All gathered around to witness the fatal stab. Moved by an impulse I could not resist, I drew near with the rest.

We stood, in breathless silence, expecting every moment to see the knife plunged into the heart of the criminal.

We saw the arm upraised, and the blow given, but there was no wound—no blood! The blade had glanced. The traitor stabs that bound the captive, and Omatia stood forth free from his fastenings!

There was a murmur of disapprobation. What could Oceola mean? Did he design that Omatia should escape? the traitor condemned by the council—by all?

But it was soon perceived he had no such intention—far different was his design.

'Omatia!' said he, looking his adversary sternly in the face, 'you were once esteemed a brave man, honoured by your tribe—by the whole Seminole nation. The white men have corrupted you—they have made you a renegade to your country and your cause; for all that, you shall not die the death of a dog. I will kill, but not murder you. My heart revolts to the man who is helpless and unarmed. It shall be a fair combat between us, and men shall see that the right triumphs. Give him back his weapons! Let him defend himself, if he can.'

The unexpected proposal was received with some disapprobation. There were many who, indignant at Omatia's treason, and still wild with the excitement produced by the late conflict, would have butchered him in his bonds. But all saw that Oceola was determined to act as he had proposed; and no opposition was offered.

One of the warriors, stepping forward, handed his weapons to the condemned chief—only his tomahawk and knife, for so Oceola was himself armed.

This done, by a sort of tacit understanding, the crowd drew back, and the two combatants stood alone in the centre.

The struggle was brief as bloody. Almost at the first blow, Oceola struck the hatchet from his antagonist's hand, and with another stroke, rapidly following, felled Omatia to the earth.

For a moment the victor was seen bending over his fallen adversary, with his long knife ubuntu, and glittering in the moonlight.

When he rose erect, the steel had lost its keen—it was dimmed with crimson blood.

Oceola had kept his oath. He had driven his blade through the heart of the traitor—Omatia had ceased to live.

White men afterwards pronounced this deed an assassination—a murder. It was not so, say more than the death of Charles, of California, of Tampa—of a hundred other tyrants, who have oppressed or betrayed their country.

Public opinion upon such matters is not honest; it takes its colour from the cans of the times, changing like the lines of the chameleon. See hypocrisy, shameless inconsistency! He only is a murderer who kills from a murderer's motive. Oceola was not of this class.

My situation was altogether singular. As yet, the chiefs had taken no notice of my presence; and notwithstanding the courtesy which had been extended to me by those who conducted me thither, I was not without some apprehensions as to my safety. It might please the council, excited as they were with what had just transpired, and now actually at war with our people, to condemn me to a fate similar to that which had befallen Omatia. I stood waiting their pleasure, therefore, in anything but a comfortable frame of mind.

It was not long before I was relieved from my apprehensions. As soon as the affair with Omatia was ended, Oceola approached, and in a friendly manner stretched out his hand, which I was only too happy to receive in friendship.

He expressed regret that I had been wounded and made captive by his men—explained the mistake; and then calling one of his followers, ordered him to guide me to the fort.

I had no desire to remain longer than I could help upon such tragic ground; and, bidding the chief adieu, I followed my conductor along the path.

Near the pond, the Indian left me; and, without encountering any further adventures, I re-entered the gates of the fort.

A Question.

What makes my brow to throb and ache?
What makes my eyes to weep begin?
What makes my limbs beneath me quake,
With shooting pains? Ah me! The Influence!

What makes my hand so dry and hot?
Whence comes this changeless, ceaseless din—
This ringing in mine ears? Oh, what—
What can it be? Ah me! The Influence!

What makes me turn my 'm's' to 'b's,'
And talk of 'chill,' instead of 'chkin;'
And speak profanely of my 'd—sa,'
Instead of 'knees'? Ah me! The Influence!

What makes my nose as red as fire?
What makes such parchment of my skin?
That makes me sneeze—when my desire
Is not to sneeze? Ah me! The Influence!

Oxford.

Thomas Hoon.
'WANT SOMETHING TO READ.'

Next to 'going out to play,' there is nothing so important to many children, most children I may say, as getting something to read. After a certain age, and the attainment of a certain amount of scholarship, almost every child begins to 'read to itself'—it may be not omnivorously—perhaps in a very trifling manner and degree: a child who does not read at all, and does not like reading of some sort or other, is almost an anomaly now-a-days, at least, among what we proudly term 'the educated classes.'

It is curious to trace the rise, progress, and development of this branch of education, informal and unconscious, yet which, more than any others, influences the mind, character, and disposition of a growing-up child. I speak not of prodigies or precocious geniuses, but of ordinary boys and girls, just waking up to think about—not themselves—they rarely trouble their little heads with self-contemplation, and it is a very bad sign if they do—but the wonderful world they have come into; about which their chief sentiment is an inassailable curiosity.

No one can spend half a day in the company of a moderately intelligent child, if only arrived at the age of 'What's dat?' 'What zn doin?'' What xu dot in xu pottet?' without remarking what an extraordinary peculiarity of the infant mind is this same curiosity. 'Little people should not want to know everything'—'Little people should learn not to ask questions'—were axioms of our grandmothers!—but I trust we are learning to deal more wisely with our little people. To the contemplative mind, there is something solemn, almost awful, in this ardent desire to know, beginning with the six-months' old babe who stretches uncertain fingers to its mother's bright neck-ribbon, or screams because it is not allowed to catch hold of the flame of the candle. A psychologist, moralising over the mysteries of our being, might perhaps see therein one of the strongest natural proofs of the soul's immortality.

I have often thought it might be useful if people would take the trouble to recall and jot down their own experiences of this craving after knowledge—this unquenchable thirst which is only allayed by reading. And, just as one experience out of many, which may rouse thoughtful elders to reflect a little on their own youth, in the dealing with that mysterious piece of God's handiwork, as yet unspoiled by man—

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*See Journal, No. 218.*

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'child—I shall here set down a few recollections about our reading and our books when we were children.

In those days, juvenile literature was very different from what it is now; there were no children's publishers, making it their speciality to furnish the ravenous youthful maw with the best species of aliment, employing excellent authors to chronicle Dr Birch and his Young Friends, Grandmaamma's Pockets, and Good-natured Bears; and illustrating Cinderella and The White Cat with almost as good art as then adorned the walls of the Royal Academy. Even the cheap periodicals now littering about every house, and to be picked up by every child on every parlour-table, had not then begun their career. No Illustrated News—no Punch—no Household Words—no Chambers's Journal; only a month's-old magazine, or accidental newspaper, chiefly provincial—for we were provincial children—reached our eager hands. And even this species of fugitive literature was limited; we were not rich, had no large domestic library, nor did we live in a reading community. I only remember three houses where it was grand to go to tea, because—you were sure of getting a book to read. But this is for another day.

Does any one call to mind his or her first book? The very first time when, arrived a step above c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog, some strange volume, not the spelling-book, was taken in hand and blundered over, sticking at all the hard words, which were either puzzled out or skipped altogether, as character or talents impelled. Fairly got into, what a wonderful thing it was! A book—something interesting—something which out of its tame black and white pages could afford an enjoyment, intangible certainly, involving nothing to eat, or drink, or play with, yet exquisitely real, substantial, and satisfying, as nothing had ever been before.

Of my first book I have the strongest impression, still. It was The Robins—by Mrs Sherwood, I fancy, but am not sure, never having beheld it since the age of six. It was lent me by a playmate of seven, and accompanied by the gift of a little black top. The top I cherished—whipped affectionately for years—and have got somewhere still, in memory of a warm heart that death only could ever have made cold; but the book was slighted; until, casually opening it one day, I found I could read.

It was—for the edification of my readers who know it not—the summer's history of a pair of robin-red-breasted, taken from the robin side; in fact, what I may call the bird's-eye view of the subject. Vitally interesting were all their domestic proceedings, from the building of the nest in the ivy wall to the successive
appearance—equal in importance the arrival of 'our baby,' of four young birds, Robin, Dicky, Finlay, and Pecky. As I write down their names, how the idea of these comes back! each as strongly individualized as any featherless bipeds I ever knew. Robin, the eldest, a brave, generous, harum-scarum bird, who, determined not to be taught to fly, but to teach himself, came to grief and a broken wing, was unable to return to the nest, and had to subsist for the rest of the summer under a dock-leaf—a 'shocking example'—fondly tended by his amiable sister Pecky; Dicky and Finlay—far less interesting characters—who were always allied in either mischief or pleasure, never did anything naughty or good; and the two elderly birds, exceedingly moral and parental, who, nevertheless, to my surprise, contentedly turned the young ones adrift, left the nest, and subsisted for the winter on the crumbs of the family who owned the garden.

This family, with enormously big faces, head of pretentious air, portrayed in the frontispiece, looking in at the nest—were quite secondary characters. The bird-life was all in all. Such a glorious sense it gave of the delight of living under ivy-leaves, and being fed with a worm on a bright summer morning; of learning to fly, and then wandering at ease from tree to tree, receiving occasional moral lessons about guns, traps, and the duty of not robbing overmuch the grandparents of the family. Memory may have exaggerated and put much in the book that was not there, but the general impression is inerasable. Even now when every morning I meet that graceful, gentlemanly old robin, who looks at me for a moment with his sky-blue eye, and then turns and hops away under a gooseberry-bush—I often think: 'My little friend, can you be any descendant of those familiar friends of mine, far back in distant ages, who lived—scarcely in paper and printer's ink—but in a real garden, in a real nest under an ivy-wall.'

The Robin must have been our very first era in literature. Our next was Sindbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe, and Jack the Giant-killer—not elegantly got up, but coarsely printed in paper-covers, with 'cuts' instead of 'plates.' Extraordinary cuts some of them were as, seeing one of the same editions lately, I found out. Vvidly it recalled all the rest: Crusoe seeing the footprints in the sand, Crusoe and his man Friday; Sindbad carried up by the roc, Sindbad put into a boat by Genie, and then cast down into the fuming cave; also Jack, sitting goutily at table with the ugliest giants, who it was half-feared might 'frighten us'; but, bless you! we were never frightened at anything of that sort. We had no newsread to tell us terrible tales of 'Bogies' and the 'Black Man'—all we ever heard or learned for the first seven years of our lives came direct from the fountainhead—the fountain of all tenderness, and safety, and loving-kindness. In this, our poverty was more blessed than if we had been heirs to all the wealth that fills the breeze.

When Conard-Mendel's ship returns from Indian seas.

This reminds me that in our earlier days we thought very little of poetry. Nobody ever bothered us with Dr Watts's Hymns, or any hymns at all—nor crammed our poor little brains with cant words and phrases, of which the ideas were either totally incomprehensible, or at best were a form so material as to be either ludicrous or profane. Accidentally, we lighted on 'The Busy Bee,' 'Hush, my Babe, lie still, and slumber,' took a fancy to them, and learned them by heart; also, many of the Original Poems for Children—Miss Aitkin's. I believe—which have been the delight of generations. But we never meddled with religious poetry, nor were set to learn it as a task, any more than the Bible—the book of books—which we all read aloud reverently, verse by verse, elders and youngers alternately, every Sunday evening.

For our secular reading, out of leisure-time, we were obliged to depend on ourselves. The books being read to was quite impossible in our busy household. Therefore, possessing what is now called a grand phrase 'a healthy animalism'—which I take to mean the ordinary sanitary state of most children who are neither physically nor 'coddled'—we read the largest portions of our energies to play, and, with the exceptions mentioned, were rather indifferent to books. Gradually, however—on wet days and long winter evenings—we began to want something to read—something real; for we were waking up to the conviction that books were not as common as sparrows, and that the Liliputian which some of us longed to find and be a most loving Glimsdalikke in, was not likely to be picked up in our field, or any field. In short, we wanted facts.

And here came in a book, which I have since respected to be as fabulous as Robinson Crusoe itself, but which then we entirely credited—Roland's Travels in the Atala Country. In the appendices, a naturalist, the man of science, the doctor—via, I recollect, had a most unmedical propensity for sages—'natural history' was an inexhaustible delight. Eternally we longed to penetrate to the interior of the country; to be so often consulted by us prior to the days of insulators, persevering brothers Lander, and modest brave Livingstones—was, except for the coast-line, a mere blank—a circumstance probably all the easier for our way under an ivy-wall.

Another book of adventure, which likewise I have never seen since, and which maturer wisdom is all tooath to recognize as fiction, was Miss Peter's Narrative of Sir Edward Segard. Strange that an enterprising modern publisher has decided to revive and reissue a cheap edition that charming old book, with its bombastic simplicity of detail; in fact, a picture of the solitary island where Seaward and his Eliza are wrecked, and live a la Crusoe—Mr and Mrs Crusoe—during the first years of their married life; where they afterwards found a colony; the returning to England, back in the favour of King George and Queen Caroline, and become Sir Edward and Lady Seaward, though something less happy as to the rest of the people, our dear pair cast away at that lovely, lonely Pacific island.

The Pacific seas gained another charm for us when we found a way into it. What was in all, many years ago, every common acquaintance, was to us as those of our brethren and companions. Much we lamented that tattooed and paint, mats and vases, were not the customary costumes of yestidt Britons; and to live in such a happy and square round a baked pig, seemed to us preferable to any civilized notions about houses and dinners. As it was, the sole thing left to us was to practise drinking out of a calabash, holding the—for calabash, read mug—with both hands, in the approved fashion. I should be sorry to confess how many times we soaked our pineapples through and through, before this art was attained in perfection.

Captain Cook's Voyages, and his Geography, is a book with which we were all familiar, and as such a book, we were all familiar with it belongs to the antipodes, and therefore in America. It seemed to me, and my companions, came in also, to confirm the mania for all things pertaining to the southern seas, which has lasted a long time, and may have influenced the family fortunes more than was then dreamed of. To this day, both to those of us who have seen it, and to those who have not, there lingers a curious charm about that antipodean hemisphere, with its strange plants, strange animals, strange stars, strange skies; in
mysterious half-known continents, and its solitary coral islands starting up from the depths of undiscovered seas. This was our sole bit of romance. Compared with what I have since heard of other people's childhood, ours seems the most matter-of-fact imaginable. We lived in a new manufacturing district, where was not a atom of legendary lore; and we must have been quite 'old' children before we ever heard about ghosts or fairies. Also, our elders and superiors, though extremely well educated, happened to have a far stronger bias towards science, mathematics, and general solid knowledge, than those who are considered 'poetical' sides of literature. The first bit of real art I ever remember to have got hold of was Flaxman's Homer—beloved still as the key-note of what has been the pleasant music of a lifetime—but I am now writing of books, entitled Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. How we used to rush in on Saturday afternoons to borrow it, and rush off again to some corner, where it could be read in quiet! How we hid it, and squabbled over it!—what tears it cost, what reproofs—till at last, as the only chance of peace, the Journal was forbidden ever to enter the house; consequently, we read it in the garden. I am afraid—I know—we were very naughty; but the thrill for reading was now becoming uncontrollable in all of us. I can recall, spite of the guilty conscience with which I handled this grand bone of contention, what exquisite delight there was in holding it under my pinafore, or under a big stone, till I could devour it in secret; love, even yet, I can see children's imagination as ever you choose—in fairy tales, legend, and the like—which it will play with like toys, and take no harm from; but, in Heaven's name, respect in it that instinct which comes direct from Heaven, and newer in word or writing, in conduct, set before it as reality which is not true.

About this stage in our juvenile history, a remarkable fact occurred. Our next-door neighbor began taking in a periodical in large sheet, with more 'reading' in it than any newspaper, entitled Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. How we used to rush in on Saturday afternoons to borrow it, and rush off again to some corner, where it could be read in quiet! How we hid it, and squabbled over it!—what tears it cost, what reproofs—till at last, as the only chance of peace, the Journal was forbidden ever to enter the house; consequently, we read it in the garden. I am afraid—I know—we were very naughty; but the thrill for reading was now becoming uncontrollable in all of us. I can recall, spite of the guilty conscience with which I handled this grand bone of contention, what exquisite delight there was in holding it under my pinafore, or under a big stone, till I could devour it in secret; love, even yet, I can see children's imagination as ever you choose—in fairy tales, legend, and the like—which it will play with like toys, and take no harm from; but, in Heaven's name, respect in it that instinct which comes direct from Heaven, and newer in word or writing, in conduct, set before it as reality which is not true.

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Pretty Polly Parton, she was a damsel gay—

little, how little thinking that I should ever be con-

fessing this in the pages of the same Journal!

But all this while, in none of us had germinated, in

any shape, the romantic element. With me it first

crystallized upon him, which he rejected; when being told to go and choose what he liked, he returned with Brande's

Chemistry, Mrs Marget's Conversations, Urie's Dic-

tionary of Arts and Sciences, or something else of the kind.

To this I attribute our indifference to Miss Edge-

worth, Mrs Barbauld, and other excellent writers for

children, that we read them at too late an age, when

we wanted to know about men, women, and things in

general. Thus, I remember luxuriating in Goldsmith's

dry school-histories; having a personal friendship for

Thiemstokes and Espaniandas, a familiar acquain-
tence with all the old Romans, and a passionate pity

for Charles I., which made me dream over and over

again, till I got so taking fancy on our old prince, that

putting him into the cupboard or up the chimney, then

dismissing him to safety with an infinitude of

blessings, caresses, and tears. After this, what

were Harry and Lucy, Rosamond, and the Parents' Assistant?

To one writer of this class, now almost forgotten,

I must make an exception. Few books in all my life

have ever done me so much good—the true aim of

all good books—so Mrs Hoffland's. Simple, natural,

without dusting young minds down to its sup-

posed level, which it has already got far beyond, nor

surviving it with dry morality, or what is worse,

religious cant, yet breathing throughout the true

spirits both of religion and morality, her stories for

young people, such as the Clergyman's Widow, Blind

Farmer, and Son of a Genius, deserve to live as long

as there are any young people to read them.

Writers for children are too apt to forget how

uncommonly 'sharp' is the little public they have to

deal with; how, whatever be its own voluntary

make-believes, it is quick as lightning to detect and

repurpose any make-believe; and this is the reason

when meant to take in its small self. Hypocritical

goodness, impossible self-deal, it rejects at once, as

it does pictures of life where the moral is incessantly

intruding, where the bad child is always naughty,

and the good child never dreams of misbehaving.

The parents are paragons of superlative wisdom and

faultless perfection, and every action good or bad

immediately meets its reward. Such tales are not

of the least value, because they are not life—they

are not true. Give me, dear reader, come from a mother,

of these imaginings as ever you choose—in fairy tales, legend,

and the like—which it will play with like toys, and

take no harm from; but, in Heaven's name, respect in

it that instinct which comes direct from Heaven, and

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Farmer, and Son of a Genius, deserve to live as long

as there are any young people to read them.
had rarely or never entered, caught successively measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox, and never went out to play again till the spring. Then, shut up in a few small rooms, weary, sickly, and cross—not dangerously ill, but ill enough to be a burden to ourselves, and a plague to one another, what could we expect from the heavy time away? What was to become of us?

I really do not know what would have become of us—so far as temper was concerned—had it not been for the interference of a benign providence, in the shape of the books and newspapers of the town, who granted its free range of his circulating library. To him and to his 'young man'—getting an old man now, I conclude—who took the trouble of selecting our books, changing them as often or letting us keep them as long as ever our parents did, I am thankful. The good-natured and patient, if not wise, superintendency of his parents, and the unrivalled pleasures of the 'winter of our discontent' made such 'glorious sacrifices' by the unfriendliness of books, and the contempt of reading-children, and the ridicule of our scale, appear all the more necessary. When we were on our own, and we had no one to 'tread on our edgés,' and cut our arms out of doors, we could not help being cruel to each other. But, after all, the best plan is to exclude entirely all glaring coarseness and immoralitites, especially immoralitites, for the tone of a book has far more influence than its language; and Des Jus has done more for me than any of his books, or more for me than any man in the philosophy of Christian-hearted, moral, though rol-}

Shakespeare even—that great difficulty of our time was freed, and received advantage of the permission except myself, and I did not care for him, except for the purely imaginative plays, not the Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, or Winter's Tale. Still, I must have read him all through, for I scarcely remember the time when I did not love Shakespeare—but I understood him very little for great many years. As for seeing any evil in him, I would as soon have thought of seeing it in the Bible, which, not to speak irreverently of the Holy Word, contained the saddest, most fatalistic delicacy of the present day might consider 'not exactly proper for children.'

Therefore, if individual experience may be allowed to say so, I do think that with children brought up as a thing of nature, we know nothing of our patience and good-natured with us poor sick children as if we had been the grandest paying subscribers—I hereby offer—should this Journal lie on his counter, as probably it will—our warmest gratitude. It may be a selfish addition to our catalogue of malignant matings of the children; and it is a relief to our minds thankfully to confess that much of what any of us has ever been, or may be, is owing to that winter of our discontent, made such glorious sacrifices by the untiring and unkindly of books, and the contempt of reading-children, and the ridicule of our scale; as their Maker ordained, or He would never have put them into it—the best safeguard is, not to ignore ignorance of vice, but the long habitual practice of virtue.

Into a new world—across the enchanted oceans of which our pilot was the benevolent bookseller, we trust, under this anonymous, and through the oblivion of years, may yet recognise his own God— without—be sure, as the memoirs, concern nobody else, so that I will no longer continue the chronicle of the work which we have served some purpose, if in its literal facts, it carries any suggestions to stir our readings, like our feelings, concern nobody else, so that I will no longer continue the chronicle. We very quickly passed. Therein, our readings, like our feelings, concern nobody else, so that I will no longer continue the chronicle. It will, however, have served some purpose, if in its literal facts, it carries any suggestions to stir our readings, like our feelings, concern nobody else, so that I will no longer continue the chronicle.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A few years ago, I was a jolly sub in the Bengal native infantry, commonly known through the presidency by the name of 'Sepoy-Mags'; a facetious general having told us once that he never inspected a smarter or an uglier corps in his life. We were ordered to a remote station in the Neerbudda, much nearer either Madras or Bombay than Calcutta, and since then very wisely transferred to the former presidency. On arriving there, in the beginning of the hot weather, I found bungalows scarcer and asceticism among poor and modest men more prevalent than in the fight through the Agra Bank, might be proper when the time of payment came. There were no troops in the station except our own corps, which, between staff appointments, and detachments, was very weak in numbers. We were cut off from all the amusements and amusements of civilised life. Our billiard-table was unoccupied, as the two centre slabs, after receiving sundry com- pound fractures, reposed quietly at the bottom of a mullah. Even that last resource of the man of marriage, was denied us, there being neither spouse...
nor chaplain within two hundred miles. The latter could be dispensed with, as the commanding officer of an outpost is like the captain of a ship, and can unite couples as firmly as the Greta blacksmith or the Archbishop of Canterbury; but there was no getting over the want of the former.

Under these trying circumstances, most corps would have taken to quarrelling amongst themselves, at which, by the way, the ladies are generally the first to begin, and the last to leave off; but the Ugly Mugs, although very fond of their grumble, disliked fighting with any one except John Company's natural enemy the mutineers, and resorted to constructive gardens which cost a great deal, and produced very little; others displayed their architectural tastes by erecting primitive mansions of wattle and dabb—that is, bamboo and mud, roofed with grass, the whole being finished without a single nail or bit of iron being used in it.

My own, whose name was Caldwell, and I, took to studying the black classics, Persian and Hindustani, vigorously, excelling in tiffin/parties, speeches, excursions, and everything else that threatened to interfere with our obtaining the goal of our wishes—namely, attaching that magic P. to our names in the Army List, which signifies passed interpreter's examination; but leaving India in mid-summer, we rejoiced our literary labours with various intellectual amusements, such as slaying squirrels and lizards with the pellet-bow, educating our dogs and monkeys, destroying wasps' nests by equitings with horses, and hunting mongoose, which in my brother's words, is a great way of getting meat for the table.

I leave it to philologists to decide on the correct plural of that word; I never could. Our zeal for study lasted all through the hot weather and rains, but, with the cold weather, a change came o'er the spirit of our intellectual avocations; we were fortified in our own consciousness, the wasp had as peaceful a house as his own bad temper would permit, and our monkey's education was neglected like our own; our time was divided between shooting and fishing excursions, rifle-matches and pigeon-shooting, besides which we taught the sepoys cricket, and played officers and men of right wing against those of left wing. This afforded capital sport, and, unlike most other amusements, cost little—a small subscription from each defrayed the expenses of bateaux, leveling the ground, &c. I was requested to receive and collect this, which I did on pay-day, the only time when cash-transactions take place.

Being late in the evening when I received it, I placed it in my pockets, in my writing desk, which always remained open on my table; and as I believed my servants to be honest, and thought no one saw me put it there, I considered it safe enough for the present. On looking for it next morning, the cash was gone, and along with it a few trinkets and all the papers in the desk, some of which were of great consequence to me. It was quite evident that a servant or some one well acquainted with the house had taken it, as an ordinary thief would have taken desk and all without waiting to abstract its contents; besides which, he would doubtless have left other traces of his visit, as a pair of valuable pistols and a silver match-box lying on the same table in his haste, and his conviction. My suspicion was thrown upon a cook's-eye bearer of Caldwell's, to whom I had a strong objection. He certainly was a most sinister-looking individual, and, if not a rogue, his countenance lay open to an action for defamation of character.

Caldwell, on the other hand, felt quite sure that my dniee was the thief, as all the servants declared he was the only person who had entered the room that evening, when he brought in the clean clothes. I don't like speaking in an unknown tongue, but that word dniee is an indubitable and unmitigated staggerer; it means a 'male washerwoman,' and I know of no other for the English language which expresses that. We were both so positive that, for the first time in our lives, we had an angry discussion about it. At length we decided on calling our servants together—about twenty in all—and telling them we were certain our thief was one of themselves, and that we would accordingly deduct the entire amount stolen proportionately from their wages. They were at once assembled in the verandah, and I made them a short speech, announcing our determination, and gave instructions in Hindo and Sanscrit. Caldwell and I had been pupils of his, and he now came ostensibly to make salam, but really to remind us that we owed him a small balance. On learning the state of affairs, he said: 'Defend the protectors of the oppressed! It is easy to pronounce judgment, but between judgment and justice a wide difference exists. It cannot be concealed from the brilliant light of your penetrating mind, that it you act as you propose, all your servants will suffer equally with the guilty one. I have no doubt, if such be your pleasure, that, with the aid of my own skill and your good-fortune, I can discover the individual who has been faithless to his salam.' I have all the time had a most profound contempt for the Brahman and their transparent humbug; but thinking that fear of detection might induce the culprit to confess, I gravely assented, and said I should feel much obliged by his coming next morning soon after sunrise, to make his investigation.

I had not the slightest expectation that it would be successful, but I thought it might be some amusement, and at mess that evening I mentioned it to my brother-officers, and invited them to come and see the fun.

We were hardly seated at coffee the next morning when Ajundiah made his appearance, and asked permission to commence his experiments. This being promised graciously accorded, he began by the seas, sitting on a chaboota or raised platform of masonry, in front of the bungalow. He then seated himself in the middle, with a brass dish containing undressed rice at one side, and a pair of small scales and weights at the other. After rummaging a few prayers and stretching out his hands several times over the rice with the palms open and the knuckles uppermost, like a person warming his hands at a fire, he commenced operations by doling out to each servant a rupee's weight of the dish in its present condition, a kind of rupee (the shalimahoe) for this purpose.

As each man's portion was weighed out, it was placed on a piece of plantain leaf, about six inches square, and deposited in his lap by a young Brahman who was Ajundiah's chaplin or disciple. When all had received their quantum, he stood up, and stretching out his hands to the four quarters of heaven, as if invoking the judgment of the Deity, desired them to commence, whereupon all hands took their portion of rice in their mouths, and began chewing away vigorously. While this was going on, the Brahman took up his rosary, made of the beautiful brown berries of the Meela Ascendens, and appeared quite absorbed in prayer and meditation, though I have no doubt
cunning old rogue kept a sharp look-out all the time.

After this lasted a couple of minutes, he gave the signal to cease, and all immediately returned their portion of rice to their leaf, with a profusion of those disgusting and uncouth sounds which only a native of India can produce.

He then went round and inspected the contents of each leaf, a most uninviting spectacle, I must confess, for in all, the rice was thoroughly masticated and saturated with saliva. But certain which was the thief and guilty one, he replied: ‘Mighty air, under your favour, all these men are innocent.’ I said: ‘I feel sure some of the servants is the thief, and they are not all present?’ No one replied; and on looking again I saw that the absent one was absent. I did not in the least suspect him, as I considered him a very respectable man; he came to me with a very high character from his former master, and during the two years he had been in my service had fully maintained it. I had no reason to believe that he should be exempted, I desired him to be Summoned. He came, after a little delay, and excused his absence by saying he had been busy in the cook-house preparing coffee. I noticed that the man’s manner was different from his usual compose and almost dignified way of speaking, but thought it might arise from his repentance as a Mussulman to have intercourse with a Brahman.

The man sat down amongst the other servants, and took his prescribed portion of rice without further remark.

Feeling sure of the result, I paid no further attention to their proceedings, until Caldwell exclaimed: ‘I say, this old man’s a swine, he has stolen a piece of bread under your nose, he hasn’t!’ Then told him I felt sure he was the thief, and discharged him on the spot, with forfeiture of all wages due. I sent for the chowry or head-man of the bazaar, and had his hut and boxes examined, but nothing was found; we searched his person with no better success; and he was reasoning his turban with a triumphant air, when I perceived a suspicious-looking lump on the pendent end of it. The knot was opened, and disclosed a small bit of paper about four inches square, which proved to be a loomdes or letter of credit for the exact sum I had lost, drawn by a shroff or native banker, and dated the previous day, being the one after the robbery. This was proof not to be withstood, and they were marching him off to jail, when he asked to speak to me in private. I took him a little apart, when he said, if I promised not to send him to the magistratate, he would restore the cash. This I promised; when he confessed that he was in his bottle khans, or pantry, when he saw me put the money into my desk, and that while I was at mess the devil prompted him to steal it. The other things he concealed in a lot of foris’ feathers behind the cook-house, where we found them.

I will now leave it to physiologists to decide how fear, or the consciousness of guilt, acting on the salivary glands, can make them refuse to perform their usual office. I never saw the experiment repeated, nor did I ever hear of its being performed before a European, although I understood the native punchpots (courts of arbitration) frequently make use of it.

What made it so extraordinary in the present instance was, that the convicted person was a Mormehamud, and therefore unlikely to be influenced by the supernatural fear with which a Hindu regards a Brahman. Of course all the servants attributed it to the efficacy of the ceremonies performed by the holy man, and we formed various on rising; set on the subject. The surgeon gave us a most scientific elucidation, which left us no wiser than before; we Lieutenant Faze assured us, that whenever he disparted at a point, a dryness in the mouth the following morning, that this was caused by his swallowing any if he stole anything, but could not tell till he tried: and as I never heard of his essaying the experiment, I cannot tell my readers the result.

THE LIGHT QUESTION.

Our age may be characterised as one of great developments; it may also be said to be one of great revolutions—in other terms, developments speed each other so rapidly, that each revolutions the preceding.

Reflection on this subject might be followed into many details: let us confine myself to one only, in the present paper, and speak of what has been done, and is yet to do, in that department of industry and economics which is connected with the lighting of our houses, streets, warehouses, and shops in its northern latitude.

When I was a boy, all this was done by the combustion of animal and vegetable oils in one shape or another. Miserable as was the lighting of the streets, the pride of dwellings, the price of candles rose on rising; and, considering that oil still bears a high price, after its complete ejection from use on the grand scale, it seems quite inconceivable how we could have had it supplied in sufficient quantity for our present purpose, had not this application of gas been discovered. Even now, with our countless millions of gas-burners in the streets and shops, and the ever-increasing use of the same illuminator in private dwellings, the price of candles remains on rising; but if we could but estimate how many tons of oil and tallow are nightly represented by our total gas-consumption, we should probably feel overwhelmed by the question, What should we have done without gas? It is true that turnips for cattle-feeding are now grown, where rape, for the sake of its oil, might in old times have found a preference; but the tendency of this change must be to increase the supply of meal, and also that of animal oil in an unknown form. A very high price for oil would no doubt stimulate its production; but the discovery of a cheap and inexhaustible mineral substitute has tended to the growth of corn and cattle-feeding crops on the surface of the soil, instead of oil-bearing ones, thus indirectly conferred vast benefits upon the community.
One reason for the high price of oils, in spite of the composition of gas, is, no doubt, the extenuate use of that material in lubricating our machinery; and here I am reminded of another interesting development.

Some years ago, the substance familiar to us as palm-oil was commercially unknown; it is now imported in amazing quantity, and is the general lubricator something like what it is to the railway for carriages. The consumption of it in this way must be enormous; and it is hardly going too far to say, that, had it not been discovered in time, a very serious difficulty would have arisen in reference to railway locomotion. I verily believe that every particle of it can be made into soap and candles for the use of the poor and trading classes, would have been required for the purposes of the railway, and those absolute necessities of life been unprocurable at any price within the limits of ordinary means. Not only, then, has this wonderful and most providential supply of oleaginous matter conferred immense benefits on the countries from which we derive it—being to them a 'development,' but it has also done for us, in the way of lubrication and soap-bolling, what gas has done in the lighting department; and while the latter has saved us from darkness, the former has prevented our being driven to the expedient I once knew a foreign correspondent wearing black linen shirts instead of white ones—and has protected us from coming to a 'dead-lock' upon the iron road.

But now we come to revolutions. No sooner is something, new, rare, and painfully elaborated, fairly established as a 'development,' than something else is brought forward which threatens its supremacy. Every one has heard of the Irish bog. They differ in no essential quality from the 'mooses' of England; but every particle of it is now considered as a valuable commodity. The bracken, the different species of it, are given for wearing black linen shirts instead of white ones; and has protected us from coming to a 'dead-lock' upon the iron road.

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of its constituents; and the gaseous matters, as well as the oil, separated in the distillation, are reserved for separate and useful purposes.

Another very interesting development in alliance with the present subject demands a brief notice before I conclude.

Some years ago, a spring of mineral oil was discovered in Derbyshire by Mr James Young of Manchester. This oil was applied with advantage as a lubricant in the factories there; but the supply ceased just as the value of the substance was becoming known. This put Mr Young upon the 'daring quest' of an artificial oil which should answer the same purposes, and his success is considered as one of the greatest discoveries of the age. It appears that this oil is the product of the distillation of coal at a low temperature. It is, in fact, gas in another form, and realises the apparently paradoxical idea of Baron Liebig, who put forward some years ago, as an object to be greatly desired, that coal-gas could be produced in a tangible form, and burnt without smell or other inconvenience in a candlestick or lamp! Ordinary gas emits so much sulphur in combustion that it cannot safely be employed as a light in closed rooms, however well ventilated; this discovery of a paraffine oil, procurable at an easy rate from coal, must be hailed as one of the greatest importance; and in connection with the subject of light, it is a phenomenon that must be looked upon likely to complete the revolution of our entire system, greatly to the promotion of comfort and economy.

This new substance is called 'patent paraffine oil,' and we are informed that one gallon of it, at a cost of 8d., will yield as much light as twenty-two pounds of the best sperm-candles. It differs also, in a very important particular, from 'camphine' and various other oils, in being inexpressible. If these facts did not rest upon most respectable authority, I should scarcely feel myself justified in giving them publicity; but as they are endorsed by men of mark in the scientific world, there can be little, if any, doubt that at least the greater part of what is promised will be realised; and even after some deductions, enough will remain to justify the expenditure, and to meet the expectations of a new era in respect of light and lubrication.

NOTHING TO WEAR.*

We count our Comic Prose Writers in these days by the score, like oysters; but of really humorous Versifiers there is not so much as one among us. Mr Browning, indeed, in his famous burial of that too erudite volume in the hollow rotten tree, has exhibited a prodigious and unexpected power of Fun; but one comic poem does not make a comic poet, any more than one swallow a summer. Our modern Hood, it seems, is to be looked for—in the words of one of those popular songs which we are obliged to consider jocular in default of anything better—'on the other side of the water,' and his name and address, as we understand, is William Allen Butler of New York.

This gentleman, although labouring under the truly transatlantic delusion that pattern rhymes harmoniously with satire, is by no means a contemptible poet, and a very genuine humorist indeed. His satire is rollicking and natural, and he is not ashamed to be pathetic when his subject seems to demand a line from the heart.

Miss Flora MacFlimsey, of Madison Square—who is a type of the fashionable female world at present gone stark mad upon the subject of over-dressing—has been, the bard affirms, no less than three journeys to Paris for the sole and express purpose of shopping. Her friend, Mrs Harris, and herself, have spent six consecutive weeks without stopping.

In one continuous round of shopping;

Shopping alone, and shopping together,

In all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;

For all manner of things that a woman can put

On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,

Or wound round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,

Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,

Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,

In front or behind, above or below:

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;

Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;

Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;

Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;

Dresses in which to do nothing at all;

Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;

All of them different in colour and pattern,

Silk, muslin, and lace, crapes, velvet, and satin,

Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,

Quite fine and expensive, and much more ethereal;

In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,

Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of;

From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frocks;

In all the shops of Paris and to every story,

While MacFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,

They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

And yet though scarce three months have passed since the day

This merchandise went in twelve carts up Broadway,

This same Miss MacFlimsey of Madison Square,

The last time we met was in utter despair,

Because she had nothing whatever to wear.

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—

That she's in a state of absolute nudity,

Like Power's Greek slave or the Medici Venus;

But I do mean to say that I've heard her declare,

When at the same moment she had on a dress

Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,

And a very worth ten times more, I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

We are sure that these noble lines of Mr W. A. Butler will find an echo in the bosom of every man who is a father or a husband. We ourselves, who have been married long enough to know better than to make remonstrance upon any subject, did love this little ditty by accident upon our sensitive—carefully wrapped up as though it were something that was private and not to be seen—with the very best results, we are bound to confess, to the person for whose personal it was thus cunningly devised. But the wife of our bosom is reasonable, and can manageable with tact, and a very different young woman, we flatter ourselves—baring the crinolines— from Miss Flora MacFlimsey, who bestows on the poet, 'after twenty or thirty objections, those fable remains which she called her affections,' and that rather decayed, but well-known work of art.

Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her 'heart.'

So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted

Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,

But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted.

Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love,

Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,

Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,

Or blotted transport, or all silly actions;

It was one of the quietest business transactions,

With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,

And a very large diamond imported from Tiffany.

These two engaged young persons are asked to the Stuckup's ball, and the youth is speaking of his
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anticipated delight in introducing this charmer as his own to a so brilliant assembly, when, to his great surprise,
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly: 'Why, Harry, mon cher,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But, really and truly—I've nothing to wear!'
The crimson brocade, the pink, the blue silk, the
tuile on satin, the brown moree antique, the pearl
coloured, the like, 'that sweet magarine,' are each in
turn suggested by the lover as 'something to wear,'
and each rejected with disdain; at last, the con-
versation having verged on the quarrelsome, he is himself
rejected by Miss MacFlimsey; and in a very fit frame
of mind for such an enterprise, institutes a commis-
sion of inquiry into the alleged destitution of these
numerous fashionable females who have, as they
state, 'nothing to wear.' Among the statistics he
mentions the following interesting cases:

In one single house on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new.
In the way of scented silk; and thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another larger mansion the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-breaking case,
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighbouring block, there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long-continued, of camel-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another, confined to the house when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrible
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation—
For whose fate y'ups she might have found some consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with leisure resignation—
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most recherché and rare,
The value of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and desolate;
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic;
For she touchingly says, that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxims to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

Halting as Mr Butler's metre often is, the easy
canterine motion of these few latter lines approaches the
as yet unrivalled amble of the Ingoldsby
Legends. These which follow, and contain the pith of
the whole matter, are by no means harmonious,
but they have all the spirit of that great master of
pathos who gave us the Song of the Skirt.

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day,
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine, brodered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grop and through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair.
To the garrets, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crushed from the cold.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bared by the terrors of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhe on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,
Spoiled Children of Fashion, you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of kind,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, Daughters of Earth! foul virgins, beware!
Lost in that upper realm you have Nothing to Wear!

HOSPITAL-LIFE.

A practice prevails among certain ingenious shop-
keepers in large towns, of presenting those customers
whom they look upon as country visitors with a card
describing the character of their establishments
and position as to railway-stations, hotels, and other
central situations of easy access. On the reverse
side of this card such local objects are mentioned as
might naturally be thought interesting to strangers.
Public statues and monuments, the handsomest streets
and widest squares, such buildings as the College,
Post-office, Town-hall, Theatre, or Art-gallery, are
examples of the places so named. I have always
observed that among the marked omissions are those
buildings in which is lodged that something of kind
of existence I am about to describe. Nor is this sur-
prising, as places of reception for the sick poor are
generally associated in the public mind with scenes of
constant suffering and almost hopeless disease.
The stranger who stops a passers-by to ask after the
large dingy pile, with a scanty grass-plot in front,
situated perhaps in one of the meanest localities of a
crowded city, rarely exhibits any further curiosity
upon hearing that it is a hospital. Even towns-
pople themselves, far removed from the visions with
the figures of sickly men crawling upon crutches about
the doors, or with pale faces inside sedan-chairs borne
to the wards, may pity, but have no great desire to
become acquainted with the existence that is led
within those gloomy walls.

We should probably err in ascribing this lack of
sympathy as much to indifference as to the effects
of incorrect information. Men are not to be judged
too hastily if they fail to show such eagerness in
acquainting themselves with distress which they
believe they are powerless to remedy. Some, per-
haps, may urge their pecuniary contributions to the
hospital's funds, as affording exemption from any-
thing additional, while others may justly plead
their aptness to be misled by the indiscriminate
application of the term hospital. That name is
now applied to munificent institutions, doubtless
founded for charitable purposes, but not more removed
from hospitals proper by their state of architecture
than by their ample endowments. It is true that
many infirmaries are independent of eleemosynary
aid, but others are notoriously poor. We may be
pardoned for here observing that it is something of
a reproach to Scotchmen that our national hospital in Edinburgh should belong to the latter class. But that the general indifference we complain of is in some measure culpable, is evident from contrasting the different enthusiasm excited by military and by civil hospitals. For the humblest duties in connection with the former, a countless number of devoted applicants immediately present themselves, ready to incure the risk of infection and the chances of war. Must we suppose that the 6clat and distinction attendant upon such services have to do with the crowd of eager volunteers that flocked, for example, to the east during the Crimean war? It ought always to be borne in mind, that the one great name associated with Scutari had acquired the practical knowledge which rendered her so eminently useful by the bedside of hospitals in her own country.

Instead, however, of a further discussion of such causes, let us content ourselves by stating that a little more active sympathy in behalf of our hospital inmates is urgently called for; and, as we do not know a better way of promoting so desirable an end, we shall offer to our readers a plain uncoloured account of their mode of life. The lot of such persons is not so hopeless as it is often represented, nor is it, at any time, so agreeable as to be independent of many little comforts that ampler means could furnish them with. There are indeed many delicacies agreeable to the capricious appetite of invalids, that the wealthiest hospitals grudge. One benefit, we trust, may result from a truthful description of hospital-life, and that is a removal of a dangerous and far too prevalent prejudice entertained by those for whose relief such institutions were founded and are maintained. As the main features of all are alike, we may add that we have no particular one in view.

Suppose we set off to visit a hospital. On arriving at the gate, we present our order to the porter, who, if satisfied with its authenticity, directs us towards the hall. There we are met by the door-keeper, a person who generally combines two or three subordinate offices in his own person, and is now to act as our guide. In looking round the hall, our attention is attracted by a number of doors alternating with narrow passages. These doors lead, we are told, to the apartments of the different officers of the establishment; as the chaplains, matron, secretary, and resident physicians and surgeons. The passages, again, lead to the dining-room, where those functionaries meet at meals; to the laboratory, where the prescriptions are made up, and to a more pleasant quarter, the kitchen, as well as to wash-houses, laundries, and similar rooms. In our visit to these respective places, we are struck alike with their great cleanliness, the tidiness of the servants, and the quiet manner in which the discipline of so large an establishment is maintained. Not a corner do we come upon but we are met with a current of fresh air; indeed, the ventilating arrangements are so complete, that in any other place we should be inclined to find fault with them.

Now, thus far, we have seen nothing to indicate the peculiar character of the institution. We might have been inspecting the ground-floor of a wealthy college or a great monastery, so complete is the order and so extensive are the culinary preparations. But our guide is turning up stairs, and presently we are ushered into a ward full of invalids. A ward, it may be necessary to state, is an oblong apartment, with a lofty ceiling, bare white walls, and an uncarpeted floor. The patients lie upon iron bedsteads, without, of course, any curtains, at considerable distances apart. This is an ordinary medical ward we have entered—devoted to general diseases, as of the lungs, heart, and other internal organs. The number of patients may be about twenty. They are in all stages of disease, some under acute affections, trembling, as it were, between life and death; in one or two perhaps the fatal change is too clearly visible—but the majority are out of danger, and present the unmistakable hue of health returning to their wasted cheeks. We observe that over every bedstead is affixed a slate, on which are inscribed the patient's name, age, month, and the character of his case, whether it is to be low or stimulant. At either end of the ward are wide grates, in which huge fires constantly blaze; these are intended as much for ventilation as for warmth. A group of more advanced convalescents, dressed in the plain livery of the hospital, are gathered round the fire. They are all impatiently waiting the order for dismissal; for, though admission is free, the gate cannot be opened to any one to pay a visit without a formal medical discharge.

Two small apartments adjoining the ward attract our attention, and upon inquiring, we are informed that one of these is a withdrawing-room, for the use of the physician at his daily visit, while the other is occupied by a patient requiring more quiet than the wards, noiseless as they are, permit. The former is furnished in strict accordance with the prevailing economical spirit of the house. A table, supporting a microscope and some test-tubes, occupies the centre of the room. A couple of chairs, a wash-hand stand with basin and towel, and a hat-peg, include the remaining articles. We are next shewn into a similarly sized and adjoining room, as nearly, but somewhat more elaborately furnished. Who, looking upon the cupboard we see a row of plates, cups, and saucers; while a bright kettle sings merrily on the hob. A small shelf near the bed is appropriated to a dozen or two of volumes. These, we are informed, are obtained in great demand in the ward. There are a few pictures on the wall, of doubtful excellence, is an artistic point of view, but probably representing the lineaments of the favourite divine of the occupant, side by side with her defunct husband. For it is the sanctum of one of the nurses we have invaded, and these persons are nearly all widows. We sought to add, that instead of being, as they are often represented, hard-hearted and ill-tempered, nurses, as a class, are very sympathising, and cheerfully make the correspondence of such patients as require to communicate with their homes through the post, and are unable to write.

We have now finished our survey of one ward and its adjoining apartments. There may be twenty, thirty, fifty other wards, but as they are all alike, we may content ourselves with that just visited. The same bare walls and high roofs, the same rows of little phials by every bedside, and the same tin tumblers in which the wines are found alike in all. We do not, however, to be made acquainted with the internal management of the institution.

In the morning, an hour or so before breakfast, the great bell rings, for the first time, to awaken both day and night-nurses. Soon afterwards arrive the baker's, butcher's, and milkman's carts with the provision for the day. Meanwhile, up stairs the nurses are busy in the different wards, assisting each
patients are able to rise and dress, and washing the hands and face. A housekeeper and sundry medical officers now come round to hear how the patients have slept, and if there have been any fresh admissions through the night. When the great bell rings again, the nurses learn that breakfast is ready, and return to the kitchens. In a short time they return, bearing trays laden with tea and coffee, eggs, rolls, and toast. It is not unpleasant, we are told, to watch the general excitement created by the arrival of these good things in the ward. Almost every patient addresses himself with a keener relish to his morning meat than to any other. Breakfast over, the ward speedily regains its usual quiet; now and then there is a little gossip going on between two or three patients at the bedside; but in general they are silent, not only from the presence of some sufferers who must not be annoyed by any noise, but from their being strangers to one another, and from all having cares, and possibly heavy hearts, of their own. Many of them are aware that it must go hard with the poor patient whose mind is too concentrated on what will be the morrow’s fare for convalescents to do anything for their support. Some perhaps have come from great distances, seeking for labour, and have suddenly been laid low. Towards eleven o’clock the house-physician pays another visit, and the nurse, assisted by the matron, makes an inventory of all present. On the bedside, seeing that everything under her charge is neat and clean. She then withdraws, to make her own toilet for, at noon comes off the great event of the day—namely, the visit of the physician. As soon as the breakfast is over, and the patients have washed and brushed their whitest apron and most capsacious cap. Carriage-wheels are now heard pulling up tightly at the gate, and in a minute more, the doctor enters. The great man is immediately surrounded with a crowd of students, and the impression made by his appearance is one of respect.

Here, it should be mentioned, that hospitals, besides serving as places of reception for the sick, are at the same time medical schools; indeed, the celebrity of a university teaching medicine has always depended much more upon the practice of its hospitals than on the elegance of its lectures. At the same time, no notion can be more mistaken than that the care of patients is made subordinate to the purposes of medical education. The physicians and surgeons of public hospitals have always been sound in principle, and in practice; and there is no part of the hospital in which the spirit of humanity is more strongly felt. The men who are charge of the wards are not persons of cultivated taste, but the eye of the least educated individual would not fail to turn to any object that suggested ideas different from those which long confinement to a sick-bed tends to produce.

O CEOLA:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXII.—A BANQUET WITH A BAD ENDING.

As by duty bound, I delivered a report of the scene I had involuntarily been witness to. It produced a lively excitement within the fort, and an expedition was instantly ordered forth, with myself to act as guide.

A bit of sheer folly. The search proved bootless, as any one might have prophesied. Of course, we found the place, and the bodies of those who had fallen—upon which the wolves had already been ravaging—but we discovered no living Indians—not even the path by which they had retreated!

The expedition consisted of several hundred men—in fact, the whole garrison of the fort. Had we gone out with a smaller force, in all probability, we should have seen something of the enemy.
The death of Omatla was the most serious incident that had yet occurred; at all events, the most important in its bearings. By the whites, Omatla had been constituted king: by killing, the Indians showed their contempt for the authority that had crowned him, as well as their determination to resist all interference of the kind. Omatla had been directly under the protection of the white chiefs: this had been guaranteed to him by promise as by treaty; and therefore the taking his life was a blow struck against his patrons. The government would now be under the necessity of avenging his death.

But the incident had its most important bearings upon the Indians, especially upon Omatla's own people. Terrified by the example, and dreading last similar retribution might be extended to themselves, many of Omatla's tribe—sub-chiefs and warriors—forebode their alliance, and enrolled themselves in the ranks of the patriots. Other clans that had hitherto remained undecided, acting under similar motives, now declared their allegiance to the national will, and took up arms without further hesitation.

The death of Omatla, besides being a symbol of stern justice, was a stroke of fine policy on the part of the hostile Indians. It proved the genius of him who had conceived and carried it into execution.

Omatla was the first victim of Oceola's vow of vengeance. Soon after appeared the second. It was not long before the tragedy of the traitor's death was eclipsed by another, far more thrilling and significant. One of the chief actors in this drama disappears from the stage.

On our arrival at the fort, it was found that the commissariat was rapidly running short. No provender had been made for so large a body of troops, and no supplies could possibly reach Fort King for a long period of time. We were to be the victims of the usual improvidence exhibited by governments not accustomed to warlike operations. Rations were stinted to the verge of starvation; and the prospect before us began to look very like starvation itself.

In this emergency, the commander-in-chief performed an act of great patriotism. Independent of his military command, General Clinch was a citizen of Florida—a proprietor and planter upon a large scale. His fine plantation lay at a short distance from Fort King. His crop of maize, covering nearly a hundred acres, was just ripening; and this, without more ado, was rationed out to the army.

Instead of bringing the commissariat to the troops, the reverse plan was adopted; and the troops were marched upon their food—which had yet to be gathered before being eaten.

Four-fifths of the little army were thus withdrawn from the fort, leaving rather a weak garrison; while a new stockade was extemporized on the general's plantation, under the title of 'Fort Drane.'

There were sanguinary people who insinuated that in this curious matter the good old general was moved by other motives than those of mere patriotism. There were some talk about 'Uncle Sam'—well known as a solvent and liberal paymaster—being called upon to give a good price for the general's corn; besides, so long as an army bivouacked upon his plantation, no danger need be apprehended from the Indian incendiaries. Perhaps these insinuations were but the conceits of camp satire.

I was not among those transferred to the new station; I was not a favourite with the commander-in-chief, and no longer upon his staff. My duties kept me at Fort King, where the commissioner also remained.

The days passed tamely enough—whole weeks of them. At an occasional visit to Camp Drane was a relief to the monotony of garrison-life, but this was a rare occurrence. The fort had been shorn of its strength, and was too weak for us to go much beyond its walls. It was well known that the Indians were in arms, and屡屡 of their presence in the vicinity of the fort, and a hunting excursion, or even a romantic saunter in the neighbouring woods—the usual resources of a frontier station—could not have been made without some peril.

During this period I observed that the commissioner was very careful in his outgoings andcomings. He rarely passed outside the stockade, and never beyond the line of sentries. Whenever he looked in the direction of the woods, or over the distant savannah, a shade of distrust appeared to overspread his features, as though he was troubled with an apprehension of danger. This was after the death of the traitor chief. He had heard of Oceola's vow to kill Omatla; perhaps he had also heard that the oath extended to himself; perhaps he was under the influence of a presentiment.

Christmas came round. At this season, whatever they may be found—whether the icy bergs of the north, or the hot plains of the tropic—on board ship, within the walls of a fortress—ay, even in a prison—Christians incline to merry-making. The frontier post is no exception to the general rule; and Fort King was a continued scene of festivities. The soldiers were released from duty—alone the sentinels were kept to their posts; and, with such fare as could be procured, backed by liberal rations of mnnonghees, the week was passing cheerfully enough.

A 'butler' in the American army is generally a thriving adventurer—with the officers liberal both of cash and credit—and, on festive occasions, not infrequently their associate and boon-companions. Such was he, the butler, at Fort King.

On one of the festal-days, he had provided a sumptuous dinner—no one about the fort so capable—to which the officers were invited—the commissioner himself being the honoured guest.

The banquet was set out in the butler's own house, which, as already mentioned, stood outside the stockade, several hundred yards off, and nearer to the edge of the woods.

The dinner was over, and most of the officers had returned within the fort, where—as it was now getting near night—it was intended the smoking and wine-drinking should be carried on.

The commissioner, with half-a-dozen others—officers and civilian visitors—still lingered to enjoy another glass under the hospitable roof where they had eaten their dinner.

I was among those who went back within the fort. We had scarcely settled down in our seats, when we were startled by a volley of sharp cracks, which the ear well knew to be the reports of rifles. At the same instant was heard that wild intonation, easily distinguishable from the shouting of civilized men—the war-cry of the Indians!

We neeeded no messenger to inform us what the noises meant: the enemy was upon the ground, and had made an attack—we fancied upon the fort itself.

We rushed into the open air, each arming himself as he best could.

Once outside, we saw that the fort was not assailed, but upon looking over the stockade, we perceived that the house of the butler was surrounded...
by a crowd of savages, plumed and painted in full fighting costume. They were in quick motion, rushing from side to side, brandishing their weapons, and yelling the Yo-ho-ohoe.

Straggling shots were still heard as the fatal gun was pointed at some victim endeavouring to escape. The gates of the fort were standing wide open, and soldiers, who had been scurrying outside, now rushed through, uttering shouts of terror as they passed in.

The sutler's house was at too great a distance for the range of musketry. Some shots were discharged by the sentries and others who chance to be armed, but the bullets fell short.

The artillerymen ran to their guns; but on reaching these, it was found that the stables—a row of heavy log-houses—stood directly in the range of the sutler's house—thus sheltering the enemy from the aim of the gunners.

All at once the shooting ceased, and the crowd of dusky warriors was observed moving off towards the woods.

In a few seconds they had disappeared among the trees—vanishing, as if by magic, from our sight.

He who commanded at the fort—an officer slow of resolve—now mustered the garrison, and ventured a sortie. It extended only to the house of the sutler, where a ball was made, while we contemplated the horrid scene.

The sutler himself, two young officers, several soldiers and civilians, lay upon the floor dead, each with many wounds.

Conservative all was the corpse of the commissioner. He was lying upon his back, his face covered with gore, and his uniform torn and bloody. Sixteen bullets had been fired into his body; and a wound more terrible than all was observed over the left breast. It was the gash made by a knife, whose blade had passed through his heart.

I could have guessed who gave that wound, even without the living testimony that was offered on the spot. A negro—the cook—who had concealed herself behind a piece of furniture, now came forth from her hiding-place. She had been witness of all. She was acquainted with the person of Ocela. It was he who had conducted the tragedy; he had been the last to leave the scene; and before taking his departure, the negroes had observed him give that final stab—no doubt in satisfaction of the deadly vow he had made.

After some consultation, a pursuit was determined upon, and carried out with considerable caution; but, as before, it proved fruitless: as before, even the track by which the enemy had retreated could not be discovered.

CHAPTER LXV.
'DADD'S MASSACRE.'

This melancholy finale to the festivities of Christmas was, if possible, rendered more sad by a rumour that shortly after reached Fort King. It was the rumour of an event, which has since become popularly known as 'Dade's massacre.'

The report was brought by an Indian runner—belonging to one of the friendly clans—but the statement made were of so startling a character, that they were a bay to note, with a cry of incredulity. Other runners, however, continuously arriving, confirmed the account of the first messenger, until his story—tragically improbable as it appeared—was accepted as truth. It was true in all its romantic colouring; true in all its sanguinary details. The war had commenced in real earnest, inaugurated by a conflict of the most singular kind—singular both in character and result.

An account of this battle is perhaps of sufficient interest to be given.

In the early part of this narrative, it has been mentioned that an officer of the United States army gave out the request that he could march through all the Seminole reserve with only a corporal's guard at his back.' That officer was Major Dade.

It was the destiny of Major Dade to find an opportunity for giving proof of his warlike prowess—though with something more than a corporal's guard at his back. The result was a sad contrast to the boast he had so thoughtlessly uttered.

To understand this ill-fated enterprise, it is necessary to say a word topographically of the country.

On the west coast of the peninsula of Florida is a bay called 'Tampa'—by the Spaniards, 'Espeurita Santo.' At the head of this bay was erected 'Fort Brooke'—a stockade similar to Fort King, and lying about ninety miles from the latter, in a southerly direction. It was established in connection with the Indian reserve—a depot for troops and stores—also an entrepôt for such as might arrive from the ports of the Mexican gulf.

About two hundred soldiers were stationed here at the breaking out of hostilities. They were chiefly artillery, with a small detachment of infantry.

Shortly after the fruitless council at Fort King, these troops—or as many of them as could be spared—were ordered by General Clinch to proceed to the latter place, and unite with the main body of the army.

In obedience to these orders, one hundred men, with their quota of officers, were set in motion for Fort King. Major Dade commanded the detachment.

On the eve of Christmas, 1835, they had taken the route, marching out from Fort Brooke in high spirits, buoyant with the hope of encountering and winning laurels in a fight with the Indian foe. They flattered themselves that it was to be the last conflict of the war, and therefore that in which the greatest reputation would be gained by the victors. They dreamed not of defeat.

With flags flying gaily, drums rolling merrily, bugles sounding the Adrian, cannon pealing their farewell salute, and comrades cheering them onward, the detachment commenced its march—that fatal march from which it was destined never to return.

Just seven days after—on the 1st of December—a man made his appearance at the gates of Fort Brooke, crawling upon his hands and knees. In his tattered attire could scarcely be recognised the uniform of a soldier—a private of Dade's detachment—for such he was. His clothes were saturated with water from the creeks, and soiled with mud from the swamps. They were covered with dust, and stained with blood. His body was wounded in five places—severe wounds all—one in the right shoulder, one in the right thigh, one near the temple, one in the left arm, and another in the back. He was was, wasted, emaciated, in the condition of a skeleton, and presented the aspect of one. When, in a weak trembling voice, he announced himself as 'Private Clark of the 2d Artillery,' his old comrades with difficulty identified him.

Shortly after, two others—privates Sprague and Thomas—made their appearance in a similar plight. Their report was similar to that already delivered by Clark: that Major Dade's command had been attacked by the Indians, cut to pieces, and scattered, almost to a man—that they themselves were the sole survivors of that band who had so lately gone forth from the fort in all the pride of confident strength, and the hopeful anticipation of glory.

And their story was true to the letter. Of all the detachment, these three miserable remnants of humanity alone escaped; the others—one hundred and six in all—had met death on the banks of the Amaza. Instead of the laurel, they had found the cypress.
The three who escaped had been struck down and left for dead upon the field. It was only by counterfeiting death, they had succeeded in afterwards crawling from the ground, and making their way back to the fort. Most of this journey Clark performed upon his hands and knees, proceeding at the rate of a mile to the hour, over a distance of more than sixty miles!

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE BATTLE-GROUND.

The affair of Dade's massacre was without a parallel in the history of Indian warfare. No conflict of a similar kind had ever occurred—at least, none so fatal to the whites as this. In this case they suffered almost annihilation—for, of the three wounded men who escaped, two shortly after died of their wounds. For not the Indians any great advantage over their antagonists, beyond that of superior cunning and strategy.

It was near the banks of the Amasauro, and after crossing that stream, that Major Dade's party had been halted. The assualt was made in ground comparatively open—a tract of pine-woods, where the trees grew thin and straggling—so that the Indians had in reality no great advantage either from position or intrenchment. Neither has it been proved that the right's superior numbers to the troops they destroyed—not more than two to one—and this proportion in most Indian wars has been considered by their white antagonists as only 'fair odds.'

Many of the Indians appeared upon the ground mounted; but these remained at a distance from the fire of the musketry; and only those on foot took part in the action. Indeed, their conquest was so soon completed, that the horsemen were not needed. The fires never rose even breast-high above the ground. Into this insecure shelter the survivors of the first attack retreated, and there fell rapidly under the well-sighted missiles of their foes. In a moment the last man lay motionless; and the slaughter was at an end.

When the place was afterwards visited by our troops, this triangular enclosure was found, filled with dead bodies—piled upon one another, just as they had fallen—crosswise, lengthwise, in every attitude of death.

It was afterwards noise abroad that the Indians had inhumanly tortured the wounded, and horribly mutilated the slain. This was not true. There were no wounded left to be tortured—except the three who escaped—and as for the mutilation, but one or two instances of this occurred—since known to have been the work of runaway negroes actuated by motives of personal revenge.

Several prisoners were taken; but this is the well-known custom of Indian warfare; and white men are now they have practised the fashion, while under the frenzied excitement of battle.

It was one of those who afterwards visited the battle-ground on a tour of inspection ordered by the commander-in-chief; and the official report of that tour is the best testimony as to the behaviour of the victors. It reads as follows:

'Major Dade and his party were destroyed on the morning of the 28th of December, about four miles from the camp of the preceding night. They were advancing in column of route when they were attacked by the enemy, who rose in a swarm out of the cove of long grass and palmettos. The Indians suddenly appeared close to their flanks. Muskets were tilted, knives unsheathed, and bayonets used, and told over into a pond. Many negroes were in the field; but no scalps were taken by the Indians. On the other hand, the negroes, with hellish cruelty, pelted the throats of all whose cries or groans abused that there was still life in them.'

Another official report runs thus:

'We approached the battle-field from the rear. Our advanced-guard had passed the ground without halting, when a book-soldier—as most officers are—came upon one of the most appalling scenes that can be imagined. We first saw some broken and scattered boxes; then a cart, the two oxen of which were dead, as if they had fallen senseless, their yokes still on their heads. Beyond the cart, a right-angled body was seen. We next came to a small enclosure, made by felling trees, in such a manner as to form a triangular breastwork. Within the triangle—along the south and west faces of it—were about thirty bodies, many of them burnt, although much of the clothing was left upon them. They were lying in the positions they must have occupied during the fight. Some lay over their dead comrades, but most of them lay close to the logs, with their heads turned towards the breastwork. The cart's fire had not even reached the fire, and their bodies stretched with striking regularity parallel to each other. They had evidently been shot dead at their posts, and the Indians had not disturbed them, except by taking the scalps of some of them, which, it is said, was done by their negro allies. The officers were all easily recognised. Some were burned and burnt, and money was found in their pockets! The bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men were interred.

'It may be proper to observe that the attack was made not from a hommock, but in a thinly wooded country—the Indians being concealed by palmettos and grass.'

From this report, it appears that the Indians were fighting—not for plunder, not even from motives of diabolical revenge. Their motive was higher and purer—it was the defence of their country—of their hearts and homes.

The advantage they had over the troops of Major Dade was simply that of ambush and surprise. This officer, though a man of undoubted gallantry, was entirely wanting in those qualities necessary to a leader—especially one engaged against such a foe. He was a mere book-soldier, lacking the genius which enables the great military chieftain to adapt himself to the circumstances that surround him. He conducted the march of his detachment as if going upon a pleasure; and so long as he carried it into danger and subjection to the Indians. But if the commander of the whites in this fatal affair was lacking in military capacity, the leader of the Indians was not. It soon became known that he who planned the ambush and conducted it to such disastrous success, was the young chief of the Baton Rouge—Opecola.

He could not have stayed long upon the ground to enjoy his triumph. It was upon that same evening.
CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE BATTLE OF OUTSTACOOCHEE.

The murder of the commissioner called for some act of prompt retribution. Immediately after its occurrence, several expressions had been despatched by different routes to Camp Drake—some of whom fell into the hands of the enemy, while the rest arrived safely with the news.

By daybreak of the following morning the army, more than a thousand strong, was in motion, and marching towards the Amurza. The avowed object of the expedition was the destruction of the stockades where the Indians had been known to reside. We were always on the alert for the appearance of the enemy, and the moment we observed any signs of its approach, the army halted and sent out patrols to reconnoitre the situation.

With all the precautions that we could take, we were not safe from the enemy, and more than once they engaged us in a sharp conflict. We were, however, always able to repulse them, and to make good our retreat. The Indians were, however, too skilful and too well armed to allow us to take any unnecessary risks. The marches were too long, the country too difficult, and the enemy too numerous and too skilful to be overcome by any one army.

But the day before, our expedition would have been successful—a more exciting adventure, without peril of any kind; but the news of Dade's defeat had produced a magical effect upon the spirits of the soldiers, and whilst it exasperated, it also terrified them. For the first time, they began to feel something like a respect for their foe, mingled perhaps with a little dread of him. The Indians, at least, knew how to kill.

This feeling increased as fresh messengers came in from the scene of Dade's conflict, bringing new details of the terrible disaster. The soldiers, without much apprehension, then, that the soldier marched onward, advancing into the heart of the enemy's country; and even the reckless volunteer kept close in the ranks as he rode silently along.

About mid-day we reached the banks of the Amurza. The stream had to be crossed before the Cové could be reached, for the vast network of swamps and lagoons bearing this name extended from the opposite side.

A ford had been promised the general, but the guides were at fault—no crossing-place could be found. At the point where we reached it, the river ran past broad, black, and deep—to too deep to be waded even by our horses.

We were the guides playing traitor, and misleading us? It certainly began to assume that appearance; but no—it could not be. They were Indians, it is true, but well proved in their devotion to the whites. Besides, they were men compromised with the national party—doomed to death by their own people—our defeat would have been their ruin.

It was not treason, as shewn afterwards—they had simply been deceived by the trials, and had gone the wrong way.

It was fortunate for us they had done so! But for this mistake of the guides, the army of General Clinch might have been called upon to repeat once more the larger scale the drama so lately enacted by Dade and his companions.

Had we reached the true crossing, some two miles further down, we should have entered an ambush of the enemy, and our crossing would have been disastrous. We were fortunate that this did not happen.

The Indians were, as before, in full retreat towards a point where we should have been, but for the mistake of the guides. The ford was beset upon both sides of the Cové—the warriors lying unseen like snakes among the grass, ready to spring forth the moment we would attempt the crossing. Fortunately it was for Clinch, and his army that our guides possessed so little skill.

The general acted without this knowledge at the time—else, he had known the dangerous proximity, his behaviour might have been different. As it was, a halt was ordered; and, after some deliberation, it was determined we should cross the river at the point where the army had arrived.

Some old boats were found, 'sacows,' with a number of Indian canoes. These would facilitate the transport of the infantry, while the mounted men could swim over upon their horses.

Rafts of logs were soon knocked together, and the passage of the stream commenced. The manoeuvre was executed with considerable address, and in less than an hour one half of the command had crossed.

I was among those who got first over; but I scarcely congratulated myself on the success of the enterprise. I felt sad as the prospect of being soon called upon to aid in the slaughter of the savage foe present upon the nest in the absence of the eagles; and with this intent the army was conducted by silent and secret marches.

Along with it came the ringing detonations of rifles, the louder report of musketry; while bullets, hissing through the air, and breaking branches from the surrounding trees, told us that we were assailed in earnest, and by a large force of the enemy's leader who so well understood his forest tactics. The report of the warriors having gone on a distant expedition was a mere rose, the prelude to a series of strategic manoeuvres devised by Opola.

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Hitherto, they had been protected by the fire of those already over, but at this crisis a manœuvre was effected by the Indians, that threatened to put an end to the passing of the river, unless under a destructive fire from their rifles.

Just below our position, a narrow strip of land in due course formed a miniature peninsula. It was a sand-bar caused by an eddy on the opposite side. It was lower than the main bank, and bare of timber—except at its extreme point, where a sort of island had been formed, higher than the peninsula itself. On this island grew a thick grove of evergreen trees—palm, live-oaks, and magnolias—in short, a hammock.

It would have been prudent for us to have occupied this hammock at the moment of our first crossing; but our general had not perceived the advantage. The Indians were not slow in noticing it; and before we could take any steps to hinder them, a body of warriors rushed across the isthmus, and took possession of the hammock.

The result of this skilful manœuvre was soon made manifest. The boats, in crossing, were swept down by the current within range of the wooded islet—out of whose evergreen shades was poured a continuous stream of blue and fiery smoke, while the leaden missiles did their work of death. Men were seen dropping down upon the rafts, or tumbling over the sides of the canoes, with a heavy plunge upon the water, that told they had ceased to live; while the thick smoke, like mist over a sea, that was directed upon the hammock altogether failed to dislodge the daring band who occupied it.

There were but few of them—for we had seen them distinctly as they ran over the isthmus—but it was evident they were a choice few, skilled marksmen, every man. They were dealing destruction at every shot.

It was a moment of intense excitement. Elsewhere the conflict was carried on with more equality—since both parties fought under cover of the trees, and but little injury was sustained or inflicted by either. The band upon the islet were killing more of our men than all the rest of the enemy.

There was no other resource than to dislodge them from the hammock—to drive them forth at the bayonet's point—at least this was the design that now suggested itself to the commander-in-chief.

It seemed a forlorn hope. Whoever should approach from the land-side would receive the full fire of the concealed enemy—be compelled to advance under a fearful risk of life.

To my surprise, the duty was assigned to myself. Why, I know not—since it could not be from any superior courage or ardour. I had hitherto erenied in the campaign. But the order came from the general, direct and prompt; and with no great spirit I prepared to execute it.

With a party of rifles—scarcely outnumbering the enemy—we were to attack as such serious disadvantage—I started forth for the peninsula.

I felt as if marching upon my death, and I believe that most of those who followed me were the victims of a similar presentiment. Even though it had been a certainty, I could not now turn back; the eyes of the whole army were upon us. We must go forward—we must conquer or fall.

In a few seconds we were upon the island, and advancing by rapid strides towards the hammock. We had hoped that the Indians might not have perceived our approach, and that we should get behind them unawares.

They were vain hopes. Our enemies had been watchful; they had observed our manoeuvre from its beginning, had faced round, and were waiting with rifles loaded, ready to receive us.

But half conscious of our perilous position, we pressed forward, and had got within twenty yards of the grove, when the blue smoke and red flame suddenly jetted forth from the trees. I heard the bullets shower past my ears; I heard the cries and groans of my followers, as they fell thickly behind me. I looked around—I saw that every one of them was stretched upon the ground, dead or dying!

At the same instant a voice reached me from the grove:

*Go back, Randolph! go back!* By that signal upon your breast your life has been spared; but my braces are chafed, and their blood is hot with fighting. Tempt not their anger. Away! away!

### SUMMER WIND

The low wind through my casement strays,
Between the jasmine's parted leaves,
Soft whispering through the morning rays,
And rippling o'er the golden sheaves.

I hear its low voice far away,
Where silver willows fringe the pool;
And from the forest still and gray,
Its murmur rises fresh and cool.

Leaving the sunny world below
The jasmine's starry buds to seek,
I feel it gently clasp my brow,
And lightly play upon my cheek.

That lingering hand sweeps round the room,
Of dark recess and quiet nook,
Through loose leaves rustling in the gloom,
And wandering down my open book.

Nor voiceless doth it from me sweep,
To seek the bright free world again;
And in my bosom thrilling deep,
An echo answers to its strain,
That mocks the lonely toil of books,
And whispers me away—away!

Where waving leaves and rustling brooks
Are glancing in the long bright day.

Away above the green earth's breast,
Away above the blue deep wave,
Whose billows, in their hoarse unrest,
Chant o'er the sailor's shrouded grave;
Where silver sails gleam far and white,
Andbeckon in the moon's soft ray.

The wild wind following on their flight,
Still whispers me away—away!

H. B.

### ARTIFICIAL COAL

A curious communication, by M. Baroulle, has been sent in to the Academy of Sciences, describing a method for obtaining a substance possessing all the properties of coal. It is a fact generally admitted by geologists, that coal is the result of the carbonization of vegetable matter by heat under a strong pressure, and under circumstances calculated to impede the escape of their volatile ingredients. M. Baroulle proceeds in a similar manner, to envelop vegetable matter in water, and expose it for a considerable length of time to a great pressure, and to a heat of between 300 and 300 degrees centigrade (or the melting-points of tin and bismuth nearly). Various kinds of sawdust, subjected to this treatment, yielded different substances, possessing more or less the resinous lumps and colour of coal, and burning with a bright flame—

*Newspaper paragraph.*

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DROPPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Perhaps, reader, thou didst never chance to have a too highly respectable acquaintance; if so, pass on without perusing this experience, and thank thy stars that thy life has been so fortunate. Many persons, more particularly those who 'move in the first circles,' and those, upon the other hand, whose lives have fallen in the back-yards of life among the oyster-shells and broken ginger-beer bottles—the Alpha and the Omega of society—are never troubled with a single too highly respectable acquaintance. It is the youth of the middle-classes, among whose ranks I had myself the misfortune to be born, who alone suffer in this respect, and for the most part without hope of remedy. This dreadful Scourge is generally of an age varying from forty-five to sixty, and has almost always, as he is continually telling us, enjoyed the friendship of our father, 'I was your father's friend, sir, for many years; I knew him, sir, before you were born or thought of; I wish you may be half so good a man as he;' are sentences which our too highly respectable acquaintance carries about with him, as it were, phylactery-wise, or embroidered upon the borders of his garments, so that, meeting him, it is quite impossible to escape from them. I am inclined to allow— for I would be charitable even with an Incubus—that he takes upon himself the triple functions of guide, philosopher, and friend, in the first instance at least, from a kindly motive; but afterwards, when he merges all these attributes in the Unmitigated Bore, he has no such humane feeling, but watches our young eyes grow dim, our young mouth open despairingly, our entire being collapse beneath his withering influence with a hideous joy. It is impossible that he can be ignorant of what he is doing in this respect. The serpent, who, after having lubricated his victim, takes the head of him into its mouth, must needs be aware of its own intention of swallowing him, however tedious the process may be, and however great a distance his foe-fooled heels may project at the commencement of the operation; and our Bore is intelligent enough to know that likewise. This cruelty is generally the single crime of our too highly respectable acquaintance: he is a man, I regret to say, without any one of the pleasant vices except, perhaps, that of conversation; and even this, since he rarely asks us to dine with him, he might, as far as we are concerned, just as well be without. He often, however, invites us to drop in and take a glass of wine in a friendly way, after he has concluded his repeat. If we don't go, he tells us on the ensuing day that he is afraid we do not find him the good company he always strives to be to young men, and begs us never to miss apleasant invitation for the mere sake of coming to listen to an old Twaddle like him; by which means he, of course, irrevocably binds us to his fatal mahogany, upon the next occasion of his asking us thither. 'An old Twaddle!' Think of our too highly respectable acquaintance venturing to make use of such a phrase as that! The very term which defines his too respectable self to a hair! What hope can there possibly be of this dear old gentleman's reformation, when he can employ such an expression as that with the most callous indifference, and without one shadow of self-reproach! If, on the other hand, we go to this wine-party—which consists of himself and ourself, although there is a glass always placed for the chance (another of his absurd self-compliances) of somebody else voluntarily 'dropping in' and joining us—the port, we confess, is old and excellent, but the conversation—that is to say, the monologue, the endless narration of anecdote—is not new either, but partakes of what has been not ill termed the 'fine old crusty' character. There is some story of his, in connection perhaps with the calling out of the Rutlandshire Yeomanry in 1856—'Or, let me see, would it be in '26 or '27?' (he never gets this right by any chance), which we have probably heard nearly one hundred times. When we enter the room, he is surprised to see us not in full dress; he does not care about such things himself, in the least, but he thinks that not dressing is a bad habit; he may be old-fashioned, and even antiquated, but that is his opinion; all which he, however, prefixes with 'My very dear young friend,' the lubrication which I have above referred to as being practised by the great serpent family. Presently, and after a story or two, our too highly respectable acquaintance, with a shadow of painlessness observable upon his usually glowing countenance, inquires whether we ever do such a thing as smoke tobacco? The first time this occurs, we hasten, under the delusive impression that he is about to offer us some grateful sedative, to affirm that we do, and are extremely fond of doing it. Upon which he replies that he is truly grieved to hear it, and that the very smell of tobacco about the clothes or hair,—And, my dear young sir, you must excuse me if I liken you at present to the Fitcher, a very intense description of poesy!—always makes him exceedingly unwel. Our too highly respectable acquaintance, who is never rude, treats, indeed, upon the very borders of unpleasantness in respect of this matter, until we solemnly promise that he shall not have cause to find fault with us again. There is no end to the deep influence which this sort of person
may obtain in the mind of a youth by diligent boring; and if it were always to be exercised in the antithetic discussion, there would perhaps be little cause to regret it.

He, however, seldom rests satisfied until he has separated us from the companions of our own age and choice; made us engage a seat for a term of years at his own table and chair; and then, instead of from our own profession, and placed us in the office of one of his relatives who generously receives us without premium, but gains at the same time our gratuitous services for an indefinite time; and finally married us to his niece, after which we cease to be responsible beings, and only by the visibly increased importance of our too highly respectable acquaintance—the external swelling of the monster consequent upon the total absorption of its victim—announce our own existence at all.

I first met with my own Mentor, who may very well stand for a type of all his class, at a great Whitebait dinner at Blackwall. I was a lad then only just escaped from school, and of course entirely ignorant of how to conduct myself aright at such a solemnity. Instead of husbanding my magnificent appetite in the proper manner, I actually commenced operations by giving twice to the toast which went along with it, like music with words. A reverend sage, however, portly and dignified, but with an eye which seemed benign, who sat on my right hand, interposed judiciously, and arrested for the time what was going on—but was eventually—a very serious catastrophe.

'Young man,' said he, inunctuous but impressive tones, 'be aware of what you do. Appetite, a gift vouchsafed to the gods to youth, and to youth alone (heaven knows why) not to be missed and recklessly wasted, is almost worse than apathy to food. There is many a man of matured judgment who would have given twice the cost per head of this entertainment—and that will not be less than three guineas, if so little—for the pleasure which you have just been manifesting with regard to that soup. But consider what is to follow; think of the Future, my dear young friend, and guide yourself at all times by the carte. See here, what an enormous distance—not less than five courses off—is that whitebait which we are nominally assembled here to eat. Does the prudent rider, however confident of his generous steed, urge it to full career at the first beginning of the race, or, far less, compuls it to toil against a second time? Be temperate, my dear young friend, and restrain your natural impetuousity, or, take my word for it, you will be exceedingly ill.'

My highly respectable acquaintance spoke like a book; his prophecy was not unfulfilled. The last thing which I remember, before I succumbed to the various unaccustomed influences of that whitebait feast, was the spectacle of this gentleman refreshing the tips of his ears by means of a napkin dipped in rose-water—'A device, my young friend, very note-worthy, as oftentimes renewing the enjoyment of food when your case would seem otherwise hopeless.'

I have reason to suspect that, upon the golden grace-cup being handed round on that occasion, I behaved myself somewhat indecorously, and instead of bowing in a stately manner to my opposite neighbour over the goblet, that I put it over on the top of my head after the Chinese manner, and winked at him. My highly respectable acquaintance hinted at least a something of the sort next day, but blandly added that, being touched with my youth and inexperience, he had made it right with the company. From that moment, yokel, so placed upon the neck of a terribly bland old gentleman, with all his faults and weaknesses, became my Old Man of the Sea. Ridicule itself in vain attempted to shake the throne of my tyrant. My once familiar friend, Dick Wildotes, discovered to me the following incident in the past life of my self-costituted guardian. In the vain hope that such a knowledge would set me free. He told me that Mr Pawkins—which was my too highly respectable acquaintance’s insidious title—was called by his equals—although I did not then believe in the existence of mind Pawkins; and he also told me why. My Mentor never narrated the anecdote in my hearing, but, as I am given to understand that he has often done so with much complacency, there is no harm in my retelling it.

Mr Pawkins, then, was once in a pleasure-boat with some ladies out at sea, the only male in the company, and one of his fair companions had the misfortune to fall overboard. It must have been long indeed before the crinoline epoch; but something or other of that nature buoyed the unfortunate young woman up, so that she was able to take hold of the boat. This was the opportunity which my too highly respectable acquaintance seized to make himself a name, as above. 'I saw,' he said, 'that the boat was a very frail one; I perceived that the young lady’s admission amongst us over the gunwale would very probably expose her to the Idea of that, although I deeply sympathised with her in this misadventure, I caught hold of an oar, and, with the greatest presence of mind, rapped away at her knuckles until she let go.' Wherefore he is well called Presence-of-mind Pawkins, until this day. I feel that no means a creditable achievement; but the man was still a hero to me. He had somewhat fanatical views upon religious questions, Dick used to tell me, but I went to my too respectable acquaintance’s house of worship for all that. He possessed a great deal of house-property, and had christen-ed an entire street of his of 'Agur’s Buildings;' instead of calling it after the name of Mr Plumlines, who was the actual architect. 'Agur’s Prayer,' he observed, 'was for neither miracles nor property, and these buildings are only for the middling class of people.' I could not but see the vulgarity of this sort of practical piety, but I felt obliged to forgive my eminent house-proprist even that.

I inscribe my first determined aspirations after freedom to the continuance of the late war in the Crimea; but for that and the unparalleled sufferings to which it exposed me, I might be still bearing my chains; it is a long time since. The conversation having been directed into the usual Crimean channel, my poor friend Wildotes had the temerity to give it his opinion that the Sebastopol garrison would continue to have peace. 'What, sir!' roared my too highly respectable acquaintance, chafed with unwonted opposition, 'why, how should that be, when even now, in Archangel,
they are giving for the coarsest wheat fifteen royals the chetwott."

I am not sure about the number; it may have been different fifty, but I am certain about 'roubles the chetwott.'

'I do not know what a chetwott is,' cried Wildotes angrily, 'and I don't believe that you know either.'

I trembled at the audacity of this young man; but the door was closed, upon which we happened to be, and remained firm beneath us nevertheless; and presently, upon the production of a tobacco-pipe, my too highly respectable acquaintance left his youthful enemy in the possession of the field.

'If you will excuse me, my dear fellow,' cried Wildotes as the door closed with a slam behind that portly figure—"my friend, you are a free man."

'Sir,' said I with indignation, "it is you that are free, and even impertinent. How am I to defend myself, think you, when Mr. Pawkiss catches me alone?"

My position had indeed become such that no choice remained between bidding an open defiance to my too highly respectable acquaintance, or remaining his cringing slave for the remainder of one of our lives. Wildotes and myself, therefore, having resolved ourselves into a committee of private safety, determined upon a course of action which had for its object the immediate dropping of my philosopher's guide.

Our arrangements being completed, I remained in my own apartment, awaiting his august presence in a frame of mind far from enviable; not, as I well knew, that he would manifest any signs of anger—his feelings being always taking the much more fatal form of injured virtue—but because he would be sure to proceed to absorb me, with a more than usual amount of previous lubrication. 'My dear young friend, in whom I take so great an interest,' and the son of my esteemed old friend (he travelled in the company of my father once, in an Islington omnibus), were, as I expected, among the opening expressions of his harangue; then he bewailed my choice of associates, and my habits of extravagance exemplified in having hot meats at breakfast (of which he had partaken, by the by, himself, with considerable relish); he predicted my certain ruin if I continued in these courses instead of sticking to my desk. As he spoke, I had the pleasure of observing that article of furniture, upon which a small square piece of card was lying, half-covered by a pen-wiper, as though it courted obscurity. This card he took up and waved in his hand, as was his frequent custom, in order to bring the letters to light; and with agitation, and protested that it was a private document. Mr. Pawkiss observed in reply that, considering our mutual relations, there could be no such thing as any privacy in documents, and then perused it with attention.

It was now his turn to grow pale.

'Is it possible, young man,' cried he, when he had quite finished it, 'that this can be yours? Have I never seen you in my bosom so long?'

'Mr. Pawkiss,' said I, plucking up all my courage, with the knowledge that Wildotes was in the cupboard listening to us, 'you have done nothing of the sort.'

In my bosom so long,' continued Mentor, as though uncoffers, who was the interruption, 'without rendering you incapable of possessing such a...

'Bir,' cried I, as he approached the fire with the evident intention of destroying the memorandum, 'this paper is a legal tender; it has a value expressed upon it of three pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence: if that is consumed, we shall have to pay the money."

'We!' ejaculated my too highly respectable acquaintance with consternation, but altering his fell purpose nevertheless—"we," young man, did you say? Miserable, hard-won, unprofitable, disgraceful profiteer, I abandon you for ever.'

My Mentor left the apartment with quite a halo of respectability surronding the very head of his

'Wildotes,' cried I, as the young man burst from his concealment, 'my friend, my benefactor, I will give you a dinner; your ingenious device has saved me from all further persecution; I have dropped for ever my too highly respectable acquaintance, and will send the simple medium of this effectual release having been merely a pawnbroker's ticket.

In conclusion, I need scarcely add that, in publishing this veracious history, I have no sort of intention of throwing ridicule upon that friendship which is found to exist not seldom between an old man and a youth. Than such a feeling, born of a kindly regard upon the one side, and of an affectionate respect upon the other, there seem to me few things more benefic. But where there is no real regard, but only officiousness, against which, whatever real respect there be, must needs be sooner or later chafed away, where dictation is in the place of authority, and a spirit of meddling in that of kind solicitude, the spectacle of an unfortunate young man with a too highly respectable acquaintance is pitiable to see.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SOLAR SPOTS.

Most persons who have enjoyed the opportunity of looking through a telescope, are probably acquainted with the appearance of the sun as seen magnified through a dark glass, and will agree with our poet-laureate when he says:

The very source and fount of day
Is dashed with wandering flakes of night.

These 'wandering flakes,' commonly called spots on the sun, especially arrested the attention of astronomers immediately after the invention and use of the telescope, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The interest which attaches to the history of these appearances is greatly enhanced by the fact, that by means of them the rotation of the sun is conclusively proved. Careful observations of the spots, and of their phases at different times of the year across the sky, enabled that article of furniture about 251 days, and for the inclination of the solar equator to the ecliptic, about 7°. Occasionally, the spots are sufficiently large to be visible to the naked eye. Galileo, in a letter dated August 1613, mentions that he and many of his friends perceived one, without the intervention of a telescope, on three successive days. A very large one was seen by different persons in April 1764, and again in 1769; and many other instances might be cited, down to 1855, in June of which year one was distinctly seen at sunset. It appears, then, very possible that these phenomena were observed at a much earlier period; and we might expect to discover some notice of them in the annals of different countries. This we find to be the case. The Chinese astronomers relate having observed some spots on the sun in the year 321 of our era; the Spanish conquerors of Peru found that the natives had observed them before their existence was known in Europe. There are almost the only instances of any explicit mention of them; but extraordinary appearances of the sun are found recorded which might perhaps be explained by the presence of a large number of spots. In the annals of France, a historian of the life of Charlemagne relates that, on the 17th day of March 807, the star Mercury was seen on the sun as a small black spot, during eight days. This puzzled Kepler not a little, for he proved satisfactorily that no transit of Mercury could have occurred at that time; he remarked, moreover, that
Mercury would pass over the sun’s disc in about seven hours. He removed the difficulty to his own satisfaction, supposing a mistake in the year 1609, and the place of occurrence in 808; and for the two Latin words for eight days, he would read a very barbarous one even for monkish Latin, signifying eight days. It is still true, and with great probability, that the object observed was a spot large enough to be visible to the naked eye. Kepler himself, expecting, towards the end of 1606, or beginning of 1607, a transit of Mercury, was transported with joy at having, as he thought, seen the phenomenon, and by receiving an image of the sun upon a white surface in a darkened room, a method very generally adopted in those times, before dark glasses were employed; but there can be little doubt that he also was deceived by a spot, for Mercury being before the sun, is much too insignificant an object to be seen without the aid of a telescope.

Much discussion has arisen respecting who was the first to observe the spots with a telescope. There appears little doubt that the first recorded observation was made by Thomas Harriot, an eminent English mathematician. Amongst his papers, the following memorandum has been discovered: ‘1610 Lyon, December. The altitude of the sun being seven or eight degrees, it being a frost and a mist, I saw the sun in this manner [a drawing of the telescopic appearance of the sun with three spots on it is added]. I saw it twice or thrice, once with the right eye, and other times with the left. In the space of a minute after the sun was to clear.’ Not being acquainted with the use of dark glasses, he was obliged to observe the sun when near the horizon, and through a mist. This may account for his not having again reported a similar appearance till the following December, when, in common with other astronomers, he became a different observer of the spots. The first published account of them with which we are acquainted is by John Fabricius, a German astronomer; it bears the date of June 1611.

Impelled by the accounts of Galileo’s discoveries, Kepler directed his telescope to the sun. While observing it one day, he noticed what appeared to him a large blackish spot upon its surface. At first, he believed it to be real, but after looking at it ten times with different telescopes, and taking the opinions of others, he recognised its more permanent character. These observations were made when the sun had risen but a few degrees above the horizon; for, being wholly unacquainted with the use of coloured glasses, he was accustomed to look at the sun through the morning mists; and he recommends first admitting a small portion of the sun’s disc into the telescope, that the eye may be prepared gradually for the full blaze. But even with these precautions, he was not surprised, when he tells us that these observations so affected his vision, that for two days he could see nothing clearly. He passed the following night in great anxiety lest the spot should not be visible in the morning. However, when the sun rose, it was still there; but his perplexity was greatly increased by finding that it had evidently moved its position. It then occurred to him to receive an image of the sun upon a white surface in a darkened room. By this means he was enabled to make more continuous observations, and without endangering his eyesight. He watched the paths of three spots across the sun, and received at the return of the first, from which he conjectured that it had made a complete revolution. He remarked that the spots increased in size and moved slower as they receded from the sun’s centre, and vice versa as they approached it, from which he concluded that they were at the body of the sun, which was spherical and solid. Fabricius hints at its revolution as the true explanation of these move-

ments, but declines giving any decided opinion. However, the revolution of the sun about its own axis had been already supposed by Kepler in 1609, and thence before the motion of the spots had been observed; and previously to him, the same opinion had been held by Ioannes Bruno, a monk of the Dominican order, who, in 1600, came to the conclusion of the impiety of the acquisition of Venice, and thus a death. Fabricius, however, seems to have been the first to arrive at the same conclusion from observations of the time of passage of a spot, from which alone as a result respecting the period of revolution can be deduced.

We may gather from Fabricius’s work that he first saw the spots in the beginning of the year 1611, but there is no evidence that he saw them before; to whom, therefore, is due the credit of having first discovered them, though any one possessed of a telescope might have done the same. But the great cause for priority of discovery was between Galileo and Christopher Scheiner. The latter, a Jesuit, and professor of mathematics at Innsbruck, first observed the spots in the month of March 1611, while engaged in comparing the apparent diameters of the sun and moon. Thinking lightly of the circumstance, he did not observe the sun again that month, when they were again visible. With a pardonable, but, with several friends proved, by using eight telescopes, that these spots could not arise from any defect of vision, or flaws in the glasses. The progress the idea of spots on the sun made to men at this time, met with a bigoted opposition from many admirers of the Aristotelian philosophy, see article in whose creed was the ‘incorruptibility of the heavens.’ The existence of spots on the sun seemed to directly oppose to this idea of incorruptibility, that Scheiner’s provincial refused to sanction the publication of his discovery, which was therefore made known to the world through letters addressed to Marc Velser, a magistrate at Augsburg, and subscribed ‘Apelles post tabulam.’

Galileo asserts that he had shown spots on the sun to many persons as early as April 1611, and had spoken of them several months previously. This, however, rests wholly upon his own verbal testimony; but it is certain he made no careful observations of these till after the publication of Scheiner’s letter.

Then, indeed, he proved that they must be on the sun’s surface, an idea which Scheiner was perhaps the first to conceive, and to which Kepler was the first to give a rational solution, applying the sun’s distance to the idea of the solar system, and not differing much of the solar equator to which was the first to introduce the idea. Scheiner, as which had been suggested by the use of coloured glasses, and perhaps actually by Apian as early as 1614, was Batavian sailors often employed earlier by him, discovered taking altitudes of the sun. By the name of least in small bright points, known to be seen at all parts of the sun’s disc, as his discovery in an appearance, while to Galileo is due the fact that the bright flakes and streaks, called faculae, are visible at its eastern and western edges, parts surrounding the spots. He satisfied himself that they were on the sun, and had some reason to form as the spots, and considered that this would set at rest the question of rotation, as nothing would over place bright spots on the sun! It was to be expected that many conjectures would be entertained by many.
Tarde could not believe it possible that the sun, the eye of the world, could have the aphilthima, and named them *Borkonia sidera* (Stars of Bourbon); and Malaper, a poet and mathematician, *Aurintrina sidera* (Stars of Austria). Galileo frequently likens them to clouds and smoke, and gives a detailed description of a method of producing similar appearances upon a red-hot plate of iron. According to Riccioli, author of a voluminous work on astronomy, Galileo, Kepler, and others believed them to be black substances, as soot or vapours bursting forth from the furnace of the sun; and portions being ignited as sparks, produced the appearance of the faculae—thus turning Phæbus into Vulcan, as Riccioli remarks.

Others held them to be opaque places in space, intercepting the sun's light—holes from which comets had started, and to which they would again return, and the like. Ridiculous as some of these ideas may appear, we are still unable to account for these phenomena by any theory against which many objections might not be urged, though superior telescopes have enabled us to form correct notions of their general configuration.

The telescopic appearance of a spot is that of a dark nucleus surrounded by a lighter border, but well defined, and not gradually shading off into the nucleus, and the faculae are of irregular shape of the latter. This border is commonly called the penumbra, and was first noticed by Scheiner.

Dr Wilson of Glasgow, while observing the course and changes of the great spot of November 1704, noticed that when it was at the centre of the sun, the penumbra surrounded the black nucleus equally on all sides; but he remembered that when he first observed the spot, near the eastern margin, the portion of the penumbra, not the central portion, was contracted, there being a marked difference between its breadth and that of the portion nearest the margin, the latter being the broadest. As the spot approached the western limb, he observed the same appearance, the other side of the penumbra now contracting, being the portion nearest the sun's centre; and when close to the margin it wholly disappeared, with a part of the black nucleus. These changes were easily explained by the rules of perspective, supposing the nucleus to be at a considerable depth below the sun's surface, and the penumbra to form the irregular sides of a deep hole, gradually shelving down to the nucleus. This is generally received as the true explanation of the appearances of spots by Dr Wilson, though the facts have been called in question; and it must be confessed that all spots do not exhibit these changes. It is interesting to remark, that the possibility of the spots being large holes, or cavernous gulfs, as he calls them, had occurred to Galileo, though he abandoned the notion at once, as not borne out by the results of his observations.

Much attention is now being given to the physical appearance of the sun, and the positions and number of groups of the spots are carefully noted. The great variety of the forms of spots, and the constant changes that are taking place, are most interesting to watch, and useful as furnishing facts by which we may test the theories that have been advanced. It is not yet been able to confirm the idea, that the faculae are heaps-up of the luminous matter. A facula was observed to run nearly parallel to the edge for some distance, and then to turn abruptly towards the edge, and pass over it; but it was seen to project slightly beyond the outline of the limb, in the manner of a ridge. He has also noticed, that at or near the black nucleus, there are generally a number of spots, which should properly be called the instance of rotary motion in a spot, the rotation taking place round the small black nucleus. A similar appearance was observed by Professor Sekel, of Rome, in May of last year. Two of the darker nuclei were distinctly seen close to each other, and about these the surrounding portion of the spot; and the penumbra seemed to rotate, the whole presenting the appearance of a whirlpool. Interpreting these facts are, it is from those who are making systematic observations we must expect results which may throw light upon their origin. M. Schwabe, of Dessau, has, since 1826, kept a careful register of the number of new groups that appear each year. By a comparison of his observations, he has found that the number is subject to a periodic recurrence, increasing and decreasing very regularly, coming to a maximum about every eleven years. The last maximum was in 1848, when 320 groups were observed during the year.

Professor Wolf, director of the Observatory of Berne, by a comparison of all the observations of the spots made from the epoch of their discovery down to the present time, has confirmed the period Discovery by M. Schwabe: he has also remarked that this period corresponds with that of the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle in declination, and is now engaged in investigating the connection of the Aurora Borealis, from which he hopes to deduce some remarkable results. He has also ascertained that the years during which the spots have been most numerous, have been also the driest and most fertile; thus confirming the observations of Sir W. Herschel, who contended that the more the luminous matter surrounding the sun was disturbed, the greater would be the heat. As an additional confirmation, we may mention that a great number of spots have been observed this year.

With these results before us, we may hope others will be induced to pursue the subject; and though the rugged surface of the moon will always be a favourite object, we trust enough has been said to shew that there is at least as interesting, and perhaps more fertile, a field for investigation in the varied changes of the solar spots.

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**THE STORY OF CAMBUSCAN BOLD.**

Dr Johnson once observed, with as much truth as wit, that the persons who most lament the loss of ancient writers often neglect to read the works that remain. There is, in fact, a sort of pathos in dwelling upon what has passed for ever out of our reach.

The thing we have, we prize not at its worth; But being lost, why, then, we reck the value, And see the good, possession would not show us Whilst it was ours.

The history of Chaucer's work supplies a striking illustration of this falling of human nature. Of the *Cantaberry Tales*, all are complete but one. Yet our great epic poet, when reviewing in a melancholy mood the rank and file of those works, if he could have fetched back from the realms of death, passes over without a word the perfect stories, to excite and kindle the imagination by dwelling upon that which has been most neglected. He discusses the subject with himself, and is in doubt whether he shall unshine the spirit of Plato, or one of the matchless triumvirates of ancient tragedy, or Musaeus, or Orpheus:

Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan Bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride.
From these verses, it is quite clear that Milton had read the *Canterbury Tales* with the eye of a true lover of fiction. What impression Cambuscan Bold might have made upon us, had we been allowed to see the end of him, it was impossible to say; but finding him cut suddenly short in his career, with his two sons, his daughter, and his horse, our curiosity is violently piqued, and we are provoked to throw ourselves out into the vast sea of medieval poetry in search of some one that may help us to the epic version of the tale.

Our readers, we dare say, remember the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, and what annoyances they experienced when, having had the commen- mentory of the story placed more than seven times before them, the writer broke off at last, without explaining what it was. To this hour, no one knows what took place in those seven castles; or why the king of Bohemia had just that number, and no more; or what became of him—whether he was married to some beautiful princess, or whether he died as few kings do, in single blessedness. It is quite true that an author of another stamp has undertaken to explain the mystery of the seven castles. But the presumption was as great as his who ventured to continue Chaucer's tale; and we do not care to get at the know- ledge in this surerpointious way. Besides, we feel, while reading the conclusion, that we are not con- versing with the real magician, but with a sham; and instead of being pleased, we are disgusted accordingly.

No one has had the temerity to attempt the comple- tion of Cambuscan Bold, which is fortunate, as of Chaucer it may truly be said:

> Within that circle none durst move but he.

Yet we know that our poet was a great borrower, that he looked abroad over the whole world of literature, and laid hands on whatever suited his purpose. Sometimes he took three or four plots at a time, and melted them down remorselessly into one; sometimes he took the fragment of a plot, and constructed with it a splendid fabric of verse, to endure till doomsday.

It would be curious to discover what was the nature of his proceeding in the present case. Did he find the whole story ready made to his hands; or did he find part of it in one author, and part in another? A curious manuscript has recently been found in the Archives of the Arsenal at Paris. It consists of nineteen thousand verses; and the French translator of Chaucer, the Chevalier de Chateauneuf, intends, we believe, to lay it before the public in a modern dress. In obedience, however, to the taste of the day, he will abridge it very much, by leaving out inextricable descriptions of tournaments, with other excrescences, and adhering strictly to the story. The author of this voluminous work lived at the court of Mary of Brabant, where, through his superior skill in poetry or rhetoric, he obtained the appellation of King of the Minstrels. From this terrible production Chaucer is supposed to have derived—in part, at least—the materials of *The Squire's Tale*; but in order to decide how much, we must consider the nature of what has come down to us of the tale itself.

In his magnificent prologue, where all the pilgrim story-tellers are painted to the life, Chaucer gives us a charming description of the narrator of *Cambuscan Bold*: an inveterate youth of mine host of the *Talbot*, he comes forward with a modesty inherited from his knightly father, and commences a very wild and exciting romance, which is evidently of eastern origin, the plan, the incidents, the colouring being all Asiatic in their character. The Arab writers of fiction are fond of selecting, for the scene of their tales, the country beyond the great mountain of Kaff, which we denominate Tatar. The very name, to an Oriental, immediately suggests the idea of magic, strange adventures, and supernatural beings.

The squire plunges at once into the midst of things:

> At Saama in the land of Tartary,
> There lived a king who wore a russet robe.

This king holds a great feast on the anniversary of his birthday, which, happening to be in the spring, is celebrated with a presentation of the tale.

> In order about the board, when suddenly, without announcement of any kind, in rides a strange knight, mounted on a horse of brass. Even in Tartary, such an apparition was considered wonderful. But all the astonishment of the guests was not excited by his horse alone: by his side he wore a naked sword, glittering like adamant; on his thumb, a marvellous ring; and in his hand, a mirror, 'all of glass,' which, together with the ring, was designed as a present for Canace, the daughter of the great khan.

When the king and his nobles had sat for some time silent, through amazement, the strange knight from Araby and Inde addressed to Cambuscan an eloquent discourse, which, according to the manner of great orators, he accompanied by suitable expressions of countenance. From what he said, we may infer that his master was one of the Abasside caliphs, whose court was celebrated for learning, and where many men resided with whom their contemporaries were said to be profoundly versed in magical arts. He said he brought the horse, the sword, the ring, and the glass as birthday presents from the sultan of Arabistan and the Indies, to Cambuscan, the great king of Tartary. This ring would confer on the person who wore it the power to understand the language of birds, and to converse with them in all their dialects. On this subject, the Arabs and Persians entertain very strange ideas. According to them, birds know much more than we can imagine. It is said that the way to possess all philosophy is to learn the secret of conversing with them. Their reasons for this belief are highly poetical. Birds, they say, can soar above the clouds, visit the summits of the loftiest mountains, traverse the ocean, explore the cradle of the dawn, and travel with Night, in her blackest attire, over the surface of the earth. They rest on the pinacles of the highest towers, and thence survey the streets of great cities, watching, while most men sleep, the operations of guilt and crime. They visit the cell of the sage, and by observing his countenance, follow the current of his thoughts, and anticipate the lessons of his wisdom. They sit down with the mother by the cradle of her child, and enjoy the songs with which she caresses it to sleep. They perch in the lover's bower, and are rapt almost into forgetfulness by the music of his vows and sighs.

In short, whatever is, they know.

On this account, a learned Frenchman devoted twenty years of his life to the study of the language of birds, and after all, was supposed to have made but slight proficiency in this wonderful branch of learning.

But the Asiatics have easier methods of accomplishing their designs. Put on a ring, or rub the surface of some precious stone, and you at once comprehend every twitter in the forest.

The magic mirror presented to Canace possessed the most terrible properties—properties which would
make its owner in these days shunned as the plague; for, like poverty, it could reveal whether friends and lovers were false or true.

Massinger had evidently been digging in the mine of Cambuscan Bold, where he found the basis of his plot. The schoolmaster, who, with his pupils, the Count of Ordon and the virtuous Curate, has made of his mirror more than he can divine, since the story is left half-told. It seems clear, however, that he meant to accomplish strange things with it. But as far as the tale goes, he has made the schoolmaster the delineator of his thoughts, which, by historians, he is hunch-backed and malignant; in spite of which, on the mere strength of his enchanted horse, he demands in marriage the most beautiful of three princesses who occupy the place of Canace. The scene at the out-oftown residence of the princess, who represents Algarifa, resolving to try the powers of the horse, mounts his back, and forthwith shoots up beyond the clouds, where, for a while, he feels rather uncomfortable. Beneath him, he beholds the green plains, the black forests, the meandering rivers, cities, towns, palaces, with the broad blue expanse of the sea. When he becomes tired of his aerial excursion, he touches the magic spring, and immediately his Pegasus plunges down through air, and alights on the summit of a lofty tower. Desiring him to wait there patiently for his return, Cleomades, whose journey has given him a sharp appetite, descends the turret, and presently finds himself in a breakfast-parlour, with all its aunts and cousins. Until the blood falls over the tree in showers, giving between whiles a tongue to her sorrow, in language which she thinks none can understand. To her surprise, Canace approaches and addresses her in her own dialect. She has no occasion here for the revelations that follow—but the falcon thus sympathised with, pours forth all her grief. It is the old story: the female's faith, and the male's perfidy.

So far of the princess. Cambuscan himself, and his wondering, conduct us to a scene of bitter wrangling and lamentation. On a tree which has been stripped of its leaves and bark, and is consequently blanched and withering in the wind, sits a female falcon, which is waiting, he supposes, for the goddess of the hunt; for she is a falcon, and the falcon's blood falls over the tree in showers, giving between whiles a tongue to her sorrow, in language which she thinks none can understand. To her surprise, Canace approaches and addresses her in her own dialect. She has no occasion here for the revelations that follow—but the falcon thus sympathised with, pours forth all her grief. It is the old story: the female's faith, and the male's perfidy.

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at this idea, but says she is hungry, and would like to descend to terra firma for a minute or two, just to get something to eat. The magician, in raptures, consents, and they alight in Italy. Once on the ground, the princess feels her confidence return; and the magician, whose ride in the burning sun has made him hot and thirsty, rushes to a brook to drink. The cold water proves more than a match for his misfortunes; no sooner has he quenched his thirst than he drops down, rolls upon the ground, and expires.

The lady now falls into the hands of the Prince of Salerno, who determines upon making her his wife, to prevent which she feigns to be furious and mad, and succeeds so well in her ravings that the ceremony is put off from day to day. As might have been expected, Cleomades does not remain idle all this while; on the contrary, he leaves his father's palace, rides about the world at random, becomes entangled in many adventures; but at length, by that destiny which regulates everything in the world of romance, he comes to Salerno. Here, if we recollect rightly, in a hawker's shop, he hears all about the princess, and determines once upon the course he is to pursue. He disguises himself as a physician, puts on a false beard, and proceeds to the palace to offer his services to the prince. By great good-fortune, he possessed once the lady's glove, which had dropped from her hand when, in her father's garden, she mounted the horse with the magician. This token he carries with him in his bosom. On explaining his errand, he is admitted at once to see the patient, who, as she is, with surpassing skill. Unobserved of the bystanders, he seizes her the glove, upon which she examines his features and recognises him. The discovery, however, only renders her madness more complete; she laughs at him and his remedies, says she has not the least faith in him. Cleomades assures the Prince of Salerno that, having studied this particular disease all his life, he is certain he can perform a cure, and that, too, in a very short time. 'But what does she mean,' he said, 'by raving about a wooden horse?'

The prince answered that it was a toy that had been found with her in a field. 'Is it still preserved?' inquired Cleomades: 'because I think the sight of it will do her good.'

The prince, by way of reply, ordered it to be brought forth.

'Now, dear old doctor,' exclaimed the princess, 'do get on that horse, and take me behind you, and I shall see how much you are worth.'

Cleomades looked inquiringly at the prince.

'Humour her,' exclaimed the latter; 'it is the best way to effect a cure.'

'Well,' replied the physician, 'I obey your highness.'

So saying, he mounted the wooden horse; and the lady, with wonderful agility, vaulted up behind him, amidst peals of laughter from the courtiers. She grasped the physician, and with a wild laugh exclaimed: 'Dear doctor, let us take a ride.'

Looking at one another, the ladies and gentlemen whispered, that they might not wound the prince's ear: 'She is madder than ever!'

The gentleman himself began to despair, when suddenly the charger began to prance, and Cleomades, tearing off his beard, made a short speech, touched the magic spring, and away flew the horse to the palace of the prince's father in Spain.

The great secret, however, was the manuscript. The reader, we think, will agree with us that Chaucer most likely derived from this source a part of the Squire's Tale, but not the whole. All that relates to Canace and the falcon remains still unaccounted for; but in the prodigious mass of manuscripts existing in various libraries in France, M. de Chatealin fully expects to find the original of the falcon also. It seems to be agreed on all hands that Chaucer would seldom be at the pains to invent; but when he found a plot ready to his hand, he invested it with so much truth and poetry, that the original author would scarcely have recognised it.

In the present case, we think the public will receive with pleasure and interest the King of the Minstrels, in M. de Chatealin's abridgment, which is full of grace, vivacity, and interest. What we have said of the sequel to Cas- bascan Bold will, we trust, awaken some curiosity. We have ourselves read the manuscript with sincere pleasure, and only regretted that it was not three times as long. We feel assured that the readers of Chaucer will all be of the same opinion.

A MERCHANT'S PALACE.

Our among the many wonders of the times we live in is the marvellous rapidity with which immense edifices are constructed, seeming almost to realise the legends of old fairy-books concerning palaces and temples that sprang up spontaneously from the ground. Contrast in this respect the building of our old castles and cathedrals, laboriously extended over several centuries; several of these were built by this bishop, and the east window having been contributed by that—Sir Hugh having constructed the impregnable keep, and his grandson, the first, having completed the warden's tower—with that of our Crys, and other stately buildings, or the more durable fabric of our new Houses of Parliament. One of those forty and six years which were required for the building of the Temple, would have sufficed modern architects to rear a noble pile. What her Clemens might be, and the extent, and architectural beauty, and business facilities were to be unrivalled. More than fifty old houses were knocked down, several of them of a moral character that any great city could well dispense with; many fewer duns and favourites, of pestilence were rooted out, and the foundation of a great palace of industry was dug on the site. A forest of scaffolding speedily followed, bristling round the oblong enclosure, long fir-poles, crossed, and upright, and horizontal, lashed together with no end of cords. One could hardly see the building through the intervening array of boarding at the bottom, and boards and beams above, yet it progressed rapidly by tier by tier—and the scaffolding with it—all in a few months the outside shell of a magnificent building was completed; and the planks and poles being taken away, the grandeur of its proportions and the beauty of its design could be duly perceived and appreciated. A detached mass of building stood built forth, 80 feet in length, 80 feet in width, and 100 feet in height, decorated with every device that architectural taste and skill could suggest, and forming the most extensive and commodious mercantile edifice in this great mercantile city. The outside show was now daily over; but for a year after, there were troops of workmen busy at their labours inside, doing both the useful and the ornamental in a large way. And just now, the interior arrangements having been finished, and the artisans having taken their departure, and goods by
thousands of cart-loads having come to stock the princely building, and swarms of clerks, warehousemen, salesmen, and packers having poured into their new hive, it has been opened for business purposes; and buying and selling, money-taking and money-making, have become the order of the day.

If contrast were required to set off the noble proportions and grandeur of this commercial temple, it might easily be found in the immediate neighbourhood. It is true, there are warehouses in front of it, large and commodious buildings; but behind it and on the flanks are still less imposing. As far as of old tenements similar to those that were removed to make room for this gigantic building. Crowded courts and alleys, unprepossessing cubos de ser, plump houses, one-sixth of the height of the towering edifice before them, packers' rooms, where the unemployed of that profession congregate, and while away their vacant hours with drink and cribbage; here you may see an intimation of a 'seller' being to let, warranted dry and airy; there a 'garratt' is open to an engagement—offering the houseless their choice of the two extremes in the scale of social life. Here live the people who make, or carry, or prepare for, the costly goods which lie in heaps in the palace opposite; they live, and sleep, and generate, and rotate; and thousands would not infallibly spoil. Such an atmosphere of dust and dirt would never do for money's worth—it matters not for human health and life. Yet to tell the truth, there are few living here, stifling themselves and their families, in the midst of so much rassé; they are not wont to take a decent cottage of their own, if they were but thrifty and prudent. But this is not the place to moralize.

Let us descend to the exterior. The front elevation is designed after the Italian style of architecture, following especially that modification of it which prevailed three centuries ago in the north of Europe. In adopting this style, however, considerable latitude has been observed; other things were necessary, as well as beauty, and therefore the plan has been varied so as to suit the requirements of a building of this kind. Many things that an external observer might consider as mere architectural adjuncts, will be found on the inside, in the arrangement of the fixtures, and the business of the establishment.

The useful and the ornamental are here joined together in a way that would have astonished the architects of old. Perhaps you may remark the absence of those things which recall the architecture of buildings of this style; ground is too valuable in the heart of this city to be wasted on projections and recesses, and so the front of the edifice is unrehearsed by the light and shadow they produce; but to compensate in some measure for this, the windows of each story are different in design, and their bold and various outlines so diversify the lengthened front, that the sameness is quite destroyed. Four large pavilions mount upwards at equal distances along the front, which you would be almost sure to regard as intended chiefly for effect, and you would be surprised to learn that they fulfil one of the most important objects in the arrangements. In order to the preservation of the merchandise from the lower classes of goods, it is necessary that the bright rays of the sun should be kept from them; these towers, therefore, are so constructed that they supply light from the north side to one-half of the building, and thus meet that requirement. As far as possible, the same arrangement has been observed in the light borrowed from the roof, a large portion of which is of glass. York stone has been chiefly used for the front and sides, well rubbed and well laid, the same good stone from which so many noble churches, abbeys, and cathedrals were built in times of yore, and which still stand to attest the soundness of the material. Of this, we are told, 78,000 cubic feet have been used in the construction; of timber, 40,000 cubic feet; of iron, 700 tons; of plate-glass, 37,000 square feet.

The principal entrance opens before us, with its splendid double-doorway, and a flight of massive stone-steps. We ascend into a vestibule, with costly groined and panelled, resting on columns of veined marble. The floor is formed of tessellated tiles, arranged in various patterns; the spandrels on either hand of the arcade are wrought in marble of different kinds. A prominent feature of this richly-furnished entrance is a large box-scaper, guarded by two gilt-lions, couchant, and including fixed brushes for the further purification of the boots. By all means, let us make use of them; we are entering a temple that is sacred to the genius of commerce: let us leave the dirt of the common world outside. We are coming in contact, as Dr Johnson might have said, not with mere stuffs, silks, and cottons, but 'with the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Are there any mammon-worshippers, we wonder, devout enough to slip off their Bluchers in the vestibule, and enter with bare feet upon this holy ground?

We enter through mahogany doors, heavy with plate-glass, and fine carvings, and an immense room, in which there being no partitions to separate the various departments, so that each floor presents the appearance of a large hall. The very first thing that strikes us is the principal staircase, which starts immediately in front of the entrance and continues its flight till it reaches the top of the building. It is of pitch pine-wood, and noble in proportions, bounded by a hand-rail rich with elaborate tracery. Looking either up or down through this space above, the effect is very striking; a large circular roof-window throws ample light through that depth of a hundred feet. There is another staircase at the back for the use of manufacturers coming to transact business; it is of solid stone, and fire-proof, so that every floor might be commanded from it in case of accident from fire. The open space on the ground-floor is not so large as on those above, a portion being set apart for the offices, which extend along the inner side of the building. Here in the waiting-room a first-class tea-room is comfortably fitted up like a substantial family dining-room; two private offices, and a long suite for twenty clerks. In the centre is the cashier's desk, elevated so as to command the range on either hand; on one side is the department for receiving payments on the other, that for payments. Tubular communication is carried on from hence over the greater part of the house—to the packers' quarter, the goods receiving division, and to every sale-department overhead. Lavatories, with marble fittings, are placed here for the use of the clerks; and in this respect, admirable provision has been made throughout the establishment. These offices present a beautiful appearance: to divide them from the trade-department, a screen of elaborate workmanship extends through their whole length, which is fitted with plate-glass, on which ornamental devices are posted. The pine-wood of which the screen is made being varnished, carefully resembles mahogany, and the ornaments, upon it (of iron) are picked out in green. The wood throughout has been chiefly treated in this way, and the effect is highly successful. Taste and skill have been taxed to the utmost in providing for every possible want, and introducing every convenience on the premises, the stores-shelves, the counters, the columns, are all highly ornate; even the gas-jets take their rise from brass Corinthian columns, burning on the top of their capitals like fire upon an altar.

First, we wander about among piles of carpet, roll heaped up endwise upon roll, in columns of different
height; some drawn out to display their bright colour and fine texture; all sorts and conditions, from hemp to all-wool Kidderminster, from Dutch to velvet pile. Here is your modest library-carpet, small in device and of a mild hue—we prefer green by reason of our failing eyesight—there your royal fleur-de-lis pattern, sacred to church-communions; here again your richly wreathed and festooned drawing-room article, full of life and colour. One can’t help thinking that it is the time when women, for the sturdy ascension of their ranks, strewed their rooms with rashes, and were as happy therewith and as brave as though they had trodden on the richest tapestry in Turkey. We pass by door-mats, druggets, curtains, rugs, hussacks, and find ourselves amongst the lines, Scotch and Irish, done up in square packages, and piled in heaps. Here are about one hundred and twenty combinations of the same or similar materials, each having a separate name. Who would have thought the genus lineae had so many different species! Here we see the 'Royal Turkish,' and in close proximity the 'Russia Crash' (is it known by that name in the dominions of the Tsar?) We are tempted to ask whether 'grey ducks' which do not eat is not enough of a description? 'Brown ducks' we have seen in the course of our experience, but 'blue ducks'—who ever met with them? 'White unions' too must be connected in some way with wedding favours. Who was this 'Billy Foden' who has the same name as Botanic gardens, and 'satin stripes' and 'cross-overs?" The language of linen has its derivations and its doubtful points, and may yet puzzle the philologist. Showings being bespangled and unbleached, from Forfar, and Armagh, and elsewhere, and worked in black, and mixed up like walls between which the visitor walks as in an alley. It would be idle to compute the square miles of ground which these myriad pieces of yards would cover, or the banks which would furnish the paper-packs of sheets. Let us reserve our arithmetick and go up stairs.

We come here amongst the greatest brocadoths, types of old-fashioned English comfort and cordiality, furnished by western towns which have been celebrated for centuries for this class of manufacture, and furnished also by Yorkshire towns which rival them now in this branch. Connected with this department is a division for preparing patterns for the travelling-agents of the firm—a slip of every new cloth introduced is furnished to each of the whole of the persons are constantly employed in arranging and supplying these. From beavers and doekins we go on merinos, stuffs, and alpacas, many of which are manufactured at Bradford, and others are of French make. They are brought in round packages from the dyers, and are here folded on boards, and bound round with paper-bands, in readiness for drapers' stock. A machine is placed in one corner for doing this folding, the power for which is borrowed from a most useful little steam-engine in the basement, which performs many other good offices in the establishment. The folding-machine is fitted with an index which marks the measurement of every piece as it is thrown off. Cotton huckaback of Scotch make lie here by thousands, striving, by dint of much colour, to attain a close resemblance to silk; quilts and counterpanes of divers texture and weight, to lie softly on you in the dog-days, or keep you snug at Christmas; table-covers and bed-covers of any positable paper, or any conceivable paper. Then we get amongst the muslins, about which, in truth, we are afraid of shewing our ignorance. We do not profess to be judges of a muslin dress in the piece at so many per yard; when it has been duly cut and braided, and whaleboned into shape, expanded into modern proportions, and fitted to the fair form of the wearer, then only can we say whether it is pretty or not, whether it suits Miss Blanche's complexion, or becomes the style of Miss Brunette's beauty. We cannot be far out in the matter of these white muslins, however, for we incline to the opinion of a writer we have lately read, that 'white muslin is the most elegant and becoming of all dresses, and one that never looks poor.' Ah me, in how many drawing-rooms will these congregated muslins figure; at how many evening-parties will they rustle, and crush, and encounter untoward accidents; how often and with what metamorphoses and varieties of trimming will they be dressed for the stormy ascensions of their throbbing hearts will they spread their snowy beauty, and reveal no token of the love or grief or jealous pangs that may be at work beneath! We wonder whether the polite salesman ever thinks of these things, who now comes bustling up, fancying that he reads business in our meditative features. Manchester muslins, he calls them, and we like them not the less because they have been manufactured here; how light and clean, to come from these cottons, and steam, and dust, and ashes! There are large heaps, however, from north of the Tweed which quite rival them in value and beauty. Here is spotless lawn, fine enough for the sleeves of an archbishop, and handkerchiefs to eat? 'Brown ducks' we have seen in the course of our experience, but 'blue ducks'—who ever met with them? 'White unions' too must be connected in some way with wedding favours. Who was this 'Billy Foden' who has the same name as Botanic gardens, and 'satin stripes' and 'cross-overs?' The language of linen has its derivations and its doubtful points, and may yet puzzle the philologist. Showings being bespangled and unbleached, from Forfar, and Armagh, and elsewhere, and worked in black, and mixed up like walls between which the visitor walks as in an alley. It would be idle to compute the square miles of ground which these myriad pieces of yards would cover, or the banks which would furnish the paper-packs of sheets. Let us reserve our arithmetick and go up stairs.

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rich tree stands in the centre, blooming with a hundred different kinds of blossoms, where the black daisies for the mourning-cap are ranged along with orange-flowers and jessamine, and ripe grapes are drooping from the same branch which breaks out at the next joint into full-blown geraniums. Each is marvelously true to nature, and not more artificial than painting or sculpture, or any other device of man to imitate the appearance of life.

We are among the prints, chiefly dresses, from the common blue which workhouse paupers wear, to an article fit for a duchess. We connect print-dresses with summer-time, and fine weather, charming watering-place rambles, and familiar morning-calls. We remember on a Tuesday upsetting the cream-jug at breakfast in the lap of our maiden aunt (from whom we had expectations), what comfort we derived from the assurance that it was a washing-print she had on at the time. Also, on that decisive morning when we stammered forth the important question, and sealed our fate, was it not a print-dress (straw-coloured flowers on a white ground) in which the lovely form of the present Mrs Smith was arrayed? So these feminine apples, pears and green grapes and garlands gay are pleasant to our sight. Here are silk pocket-handkerchiefs; and among the variety of patterns, our eyes light upon that of an old acquaintance, which our pockets used years ago, and by re-arranged a few days after from an elderly Hebrew gentleman on Saffron Hill. No unimportant proportion of capital is represented by these shawls, of which many rich and valuable specimens are hung up for show. Here shopping-purses of certain conjugal hints connected with this subject, we inquire the price of one particular article, with a view of investing therein for the benefit of Mrs Smith; but our benevolent intentions are frustrated by the morning-call of the Weavers, with a kindly no retail business.' Nothing peddling, or in a small way, but all in proportion with the colossal building and stock. A part of this division, containing the shawl and mantle department, is carpeted, so that the goods, when unfolded and held up for inspection may receive no damage from coming in contact with the floor. The counters on which they are shown slope downwards from the windows, so as to place them in a slanting light, the shawls of the next colour and different pattern for the same purpose, the windows are fitted with Venetian blinds, the bottom part, for about two feet high, being fixed, and the upper part constructed so as to draw up, or turn to meet the light. For the protection of these valuable goods from dust, a sliding cover is fitted into each division of the press, which, when drawn out, falls upon hinges, and shuts up the compartment like a box.

One more ascent up the broad staircase, and we are at the summit of the general business premises, the pavilion story being reserved for miscellaneous stores. Here an opened door reveals a recess in which lies coiled a length of hose, which can be fixed to a tap close by in the wall, and thus an abundant supply of water may be conveyed in a few seconds to any part of the building. Here is the receiving-room, into which goods are holstered from the wagons below—the ceiling under this room being of sheet-iron, as better adapted to bear the heat and preserving of heavy weights above. Part of this floor is also set apart for a manufacturer's room, and is approached by the separate stairs before alluded to. We pass through the blocking department, where the ribbons are wound round cylindrical blocks of wood; the imported articles are usually brought in ready-wound, but the blocks are removed at the custom-house, before weighing the ribbon; the blocking here is done by hand. Here are rolls upon rolls of scarves (sarsnette), the chief good which the Crusades conferred upon Western Europe; satins, silks, velvets, and muslins. Inconsiderable as the item of ribbons might seem among such a multitude of other articles, we are told that the transactions at this one in this branch alone for the last week have reached tens of thousands of pounds. We observe in this quarter a few miles of that description of work which has occupied the attention of English woman-kind so much of late, termed embroidery, and now (as they speak reverently) in cutting out small holes with a charming pair of diminutive scissors, and industriously edging round the breach thus made. Further on are straw-hats and bonnets packed one in the other; lace, from Valenciennes, but Brussels point, down to ordinary thread; hair-nets and fancy-caps; breakfast-caps to cover untrimmed hair; dress-caps to deck the matron for an evening-party; widows' caps, sombre and sad, and withal according to the latest fashion. Then, lastly, we get among the fat, cheap and costly, mock and natural; the royal and judicial ermine in unassuming contiguity with the common squirrel. With all his advancement, man has not yet quite forsaken his first clothing; silks and velvets have not altogether superseded the 'coats of skins.'

We have now seen all the show above-ground of this vast establishment. Overhead, in the pavilion, there is as yet nothing stirring. The large rooms and spare wrappers. From the windows, however, one commands a view of the city, varying in extent and clearness according to the condition of the smoke. Early in the morning, we are told, the prospect of such a forest of chimneys, with the church-towers and steeples, is something imposing. At present, it is all thrown very deeply into shade; we therefore prepare to close our inspection by a visit to the basement. We descend—not in the ordinary way of down-stairs fire before the less lights are used for raising and sending down goods. Of these, there are two in the establishment, worked by steam. In two or three seconds, we are dropped in the immediate vicinity of the useful engine which works the hoists, turns the steam-roller, pumps up the water, for the hydraulic-presses, moves the cranes, and discharges other important duties. On the basement-floor we find, first, an entering-room, through which all parcels have to go before they leave the establish-ment, the contents being duly booked, and the account checked of the department from which they have come. Next, a saleroom for heavy linens and flannels, the bulk of which excludes them from the rooms up stairs; and near this, we observe a vault sunk in the wall, iron-lined and fire-proof, for the protection of the books of the firm. Here is also a division for the manufacture and repair of packing-cases and boxes for general use. Finally, we reach the packing-room, in which the goods sold are done into shape, rolled, put up in boxes or in paper as the case may be, and duly directed before they leave the premises. Two large hydraulic-presses are placed here to assist in this process, and the way in which they reduce a mountain of miscellaneous goods to a mole-hill of a package is a marvellous thing to witness.

Our obliging conductor now leads the way up stairs, and informs us that we have inspected all the chief wonders of the establishment. Other wonders there are, no doubt, not quite so patent as these. We should like to hear some illustrations of profitable speculation, some examples of market-risk and fluctuations; we should like to have some idea as to the capital employed, the value of the credit given, the amount of profit realised; we are puzzled to think how the firm can make up their income-tax returns, having experienced some difficulty in that matter even in our small way. But these are trade secrets, and it
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would be imperative to inquire into them. One thing our visit has taught us—how beauty may be united to usefulness, and how advantage, and at no great additional cost. What might have been a huge draper's shop, is here converted into a very temple, and the stock itself becomes a decoration. So we see how trade may be made graceful, and commerce turned into a fine art; how there may be poetry in L. s. d.; and tender strokes touch the soul even while the question is concerning linsey-woolsy or mousseline-de-laine. We feel as if we had done much more than inspect mere warehouse-stock, as we pass forth from the merchant's palace.

OCEOLA:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—A VICTORY ENDING IN A RETREAT.

I saw not the speaker, who was completely hidden behind the thick tresses of leaves. It was not necessary I should see him, to know who addressed me; for hearing the voice I instantly recognised it. It was Oceola who spoke.

I cannot describe my sensations at that moment, nor tell exactly how I acted. My mind was in a chaos of confusion—surprise and fear mingling alike in my emotions.

I remember facing once more towards my followers. I saw that they were not all dead—some were still living where they had fallen; others, doubled up, or stretched out in various attitudes of death—motionless—beyond doubt, lifeless. Some still moved, their cries for help shewing that life was not extinct.

To my joy, I observed several who had regained their legs and were running, or rather scrambling, rapidly away from the ground; and still another few who had risen into half-crouch attitudes, and were crawling off upon their hands and knees.

These last were still being fired upon from the bushes; and as I stood wavering, I saw one or two of them levelled along the grass by the fatal bullets that rained thickly around me.

Among the wounded who lay at my feet, there was a young fellow whom I knew. He appeared to be shot through both limbs, and could not move his body from the spot. His appeal to me for help was the first thing that aroused me from my inaction; I remembered that this young man had once done me a service.

Almost mechanically, I bent down, grasped him around the waist, and, raising his body, commenced dragging him away.

With my burden I hurried back across the isthmus—as fast as my strength would permit—nor did I stop till beyond the range of the Indian rifles. Here I was met by a party of soldiers, sent to cover our retreat. In their hands I left my disabled comrade, and hastened onward to deliver my melancholy report to the commander-in-chief.

My tale needed no telling. Our movement had been watched, and our discomfiture was already known throughout the whole army.

The general said not a word; and, without giving time for explanation, ordered me to another part of the field.

All blamed his imprudence in having ordered such a desperate charge—especially with so small a force. For myself, I had gained the credit of a bold leader; but how I chanced to be the only one, who came back unscathed out of that deadly fire, was a puzzle which at that moment I did not choose to explain.

For an hour or more the flight continued to be carried on, in the shape of a confused skirmish among swamps and trees, without either party gaining any material advantage. Each held the position it had taken up—though the Indians retained the freedom of the forest beyond. To have retired from ours, would have been the ruin of the whole army; since there was no other mode of retreat, but by recrossing the stream, and that could only have been effected under the fire of the enemy.

And yet we held our position appeared equally ruinous. We could effect nothing by being thus brought to a stand-still, for we were actually besieged upon the bank of the river. We had vainly endeavoured to force the Indians from the bush. Having once failed, a second attempt to cut our way through them would be a still more perilous enterprise; and yet to remain stationary had also its prospects of danger. With scanty provisions, the troops had marched out of their cantonments. Their rations were already exhausted—hunger stared the army in the face. Its pangs were already felt, and every hour would render them more severe.

We began to believe that we were besieged; and such was virtually the fact. Around us in a semi-circle swarmed the savages, each behind his protecting tree—thus forming a defensive line equal in strength to a fortified intrenchment. Such could not be forced, without the certainty of great slaughter among our men.

We perceived, too, that the number of our enemies was hourly increasing. A peculiar cry—which some of the old 'Indian fighters' understood—heard at intervals, betokened the arrival of fresh parties of the foe. We felt the apprehension that we were being outnumbered, and might soon be overpowered. A gloomy feeling was fast spreading itself through the ranks.

During the skirmishes that had already occurred, we noticed that many of the Indians were armed with fusils and muskets. A few were observed in uniform, with military accoutrements! One—a conspicuous leader—was still more singularly attired. From his shoulders was suspended a large silken flag, after the fashion of a Spanish cloak of the times of the conquistadores. Its stripes of alternate red and white, with the blue starry field at the corner, were conspicuous. Every eye in the army looked upon it, and recognised in the fantastic drapery, thus tauntingly displayed, the loved flag of our country.

These symbols were expressive. They did not puzzle us. Their presence among our enemies was easily explained. The flag, the muskets and fusils, the uniform and equipments, were trophies from the battle-field where Dade had fallen.

Though the troops regarded these objects with bitter indignation, their anger was impotent: the hour for avenging the disastrous fate of their comrades had not yet arrived.

It is not improbable we might have shared their destiny, had we remained much longer upon the ground; but a plan of retreat offered, of which our general was not loth to take advantage. It was the happy idea of a volunteer officer—an old campaigner of the 'Hickory' wars—versed in the tactics of Indian fighting.

By his advice, a feint was made by the troops who had not yet crossed—the volunteers. It was a pretended attempt to effect the passage of the river at a point higher up-stream. It was good strategy. Had such a passage been possible, it would have brought the enemy between two fires, and thus put to flight the band of Indians; but a crossing was not intended—only a ruse.

It had the effect designed; the Indians were deceived by it, and rushed in a body up the bank to prevent the attempt at crossing. Our beleaguered force took advantage of their temporary absence, and the 'regulars,' making an adroit use of the time succeeded in getting back to the 'safe side' of
Like his predecessor, Gaines expected to reap a rich harvest of laurels, and, like the former, was doomed to disappointment. Again, it was the cypress-wreath.

Without delay, our army—reinforced by fresh troops from Louisiana and elsewhere—was put in motion, and once more marched upon the 'Core.'

We reached the banks of the Amurcou, but never crossed that fatal stream—equally fatal to our glory as to our lives. This time, the Indians crossed.

Almost upon the ground of the former action—with the difference that it was now upon the nearer bank of the stream—we were attacked by the red warriors; and, after some hours of sharp skirmishing, compelled to shelter our proud battalions within the protecting pickets of a stockade! Within this enclosure we were besieged for a period of nine days, scarcely daring to trust ourselves outside the wooden walls. Starvation no longer stared us in the face—it had actually come upon us; and but for the horses we had hitherto bestowed—with whose flesh we were fain to satisfy the cravings of our appetites—one-half the army of 'Camp Izaad' would have perished of hunger.

We were saved from destruction by the timely arrival of a large force that had been detached to our rescue under Clinch, still holding his brigade.

The battle of the Ouitchaloochee cost the United States army nearly a hundred men. The Seminole loss was believed to be much greater; though no one could give a better authority for this belief than that of a trooper. No one could have suspected his errors, indeed, for human nature. With some fighting experience, I can affirm that I never saw a dead body, either of comrade or foe, moved from the ground where he had fallen, so long as there was a shot ringing upon the ear.

In the battle of the Ouitchaloochee, no doubt some of our enemies had 'bit the dust,' but their loss was much less than that of our own troops. For myself—and I have no doubt, if the same opportunity were present, I could not swear to a single 'dead Indian;' nor have I met with a comrade who could.

Notwithstanding this, historians have chronicled the affair as a grand 'victory,' and the dispatch of the commander-in-chief is still extant—a curious specimen of warlike literature. In this document may be found the name of almost every officer engaged, each depicted as a peerless hero! A rare monument of vanity and boastful.

To speak the honest truth, we had been well 'whipped' by the red skins; and the chagrin of the army was only equalled by its exasperation.

Clinch, although esteemed a kind general—the 'soldier's friend,' as historians term him—was no longer regarded as a great warrior. His glory had departed. If Ochola owed him any respect, he had reason to be satisfied with what he had accomplished, without molesting the 'old veteran' further. Though still living, he was dead to fame.

A fresh commander-in-chief now made his appearance, and hopes of victory were again revived. The new general was Gaines, another of the 'veterans' produced by seniority of rank. He had not been ordered by the government upon his especial duty; but Floridas being part of his military district, had volunteered to take the guidance of the war.

...
A small savanna extended from the stockade. At several hundred yards' distance it was bounded by the woods. As soon as the day broke, we saw three men emerge from the timber, and advance into the open ground. They were Indian chiefs in full costume; they were the commissioners. All three were recognized from the camp—Abram, Coa Hajo, and Oceola. Outside musket-range, they halted, placing themselves side by side in erect attitudes, and facing the enclosure.

Three officers, two of whom could speak the native tongue, were sent forth to meet them. I was one of the deputation.

In a few seconds we stood face to face with the hostile chiefs.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE TALK.

Before a word was uttered, all six of us shook hands—so far as appearances went, in the most friendly manner. Oceola grasped mine warmly; as he did so, saying, with a peculiar smile:

"Ah, Randolph! friends sometimes meet in war as well as in peace."

I knew what he referred to, but could only answer him with a significant look of gratitude.

An orderly, sent to us with a message from the general, was seen approaching from the camp. At the same instant, an Indian appeared coming out of the timber, and, keeping pace with the orderly, simultaneously with the latter arrived upon the ground. The deputation was determined we should not outnumber it.

As the orderly had whispered his message, the 'talk' began.

Abram was the spokesman on the part of the Indians, and delivered himself in his broken English. The others merely signified their assent by a simple nod, or the affirmative 'Ho;' while their negative was expressed by the exclamations 'Cooree.'

"Do you white folk want make peace?" abruptly demanded the negro.

"Upon what terms?" asked the head of our party.

"Da terms we gib you are dese: you lay down arm, an' stop de war; your sogs go back, an' stay in dar forts: we Indgen cross ober da Ouiithlacochees; an' from dis time forth, for eber affer, we make de grand ebbi da line o' boundary sixteen de two. We promise nib de army no more in rapid war and tars wi' all white neighbor. Dat's all go say."

"Brothers!" said our speaker in reply, I fear these conditions will not be accepted by the white general, nor our great father, the President. I am commissioned to say, that the commander-in-chief can treat with you on no other conditions than those of your absolute submission, and under promise that you will now agree to the removal.

"Cooree! cooree! never!" haughtily exclaimed Coa Hajo and Oceola in one breath, and with a determined emphasis, that proved they had no intention of offering to surrender.

"An what for you submit?" asked the black, with some show of astonishment. "We no conquer! We conquer you ebbib fight—we whip you people, one, two, tree time—we whip you; dam! we kill you well too. What for we submit? We come here for resistance—not ask us."

"It matters little what has hitherto transpired," observed the officer in reply, "we are by far stronger than you—we must conquer you in the end."

Again the two chiefs simultaneously cried 'Cooree!'

"May he, white men, you make big mistake bout our strength. We not so weak you tink for—dam! no. We shew you our strength."

As the negro said this, he turned inquiringly towards his comrades, as if to seek their assent to some proposition.

Both seemed to grant it with a ready nod; and Oceola, who now assumed the leadership of the affair, faced towards the forest, at the same time giving utterance to a loud and peculiar intonation.

The echo of his voice had not ceased to vibrate upon the air, when the evergreen grove was observed to be in motion along its whole edge; and the next instant, a line of dusky warriors showed itself in the open ground. They stepped forth a pace or two, then halted in perfect order of battle—so that their numbers could easily be told off from where we stood.

"Count the red warriors!" cried Oceola, in a triumphant tone—"count them, and be no longer ignorant of the strength of your enemy."

As the Indian uttered these words, a satirical smile played upon his lips; and he stood for some seconds confronting us in silence.

"Now," continued he, once more pointing to his followers, "do yonder braves—there are fifteen hundred of them—do they look starring and submissive? No! they are ready to continue the war till the blood of the last man sinks into the soil of his native land. If they must perish, it will be here—here in Florida—in the land of their birth, upon the graves of their fathers."

"We have taken up the rifle because you wronged us, and would drive us out. For the wrongs we have had revenge. We have killed many of your people, and we have cursed with the vengeance we have taken. We want to kill more. But about the removal, we have not changed our minds. We shall never change them."

"We have made you a fair proposition: accept it, and in this hour the war may cease; reject it, and more blood shall be spilled—ay, by the spirit of Wykom! rivers of blood shall flow. The red poles of our lodges shall be painted again and again with the blood of pale-faced foes. Peace or war then—you are welcome to your choice."  

As Oceola ceased speaking, he waved his hand towards his dusky warriors by the woods, who, at the sign disappeared among the trees silently, rapidly, almost noiselessly.

A meet reply was being delivered to the passionate harangue of the young chief, when the speaker was interrupted by the report of musketry, heard in the direction of the Indians, but further off. The shots followed in rapid succession, and were accompanied by shouts, that, though feebly borne from the far distance, could be distinguished as the charging cheers of men advancing into a battle.

"Ha! I foul play!" cried the chiefs in a breath: 'pale-faced liars! you shall rue this treason; and, without waiting to exchange another sentence, all three sprang off from the spot, and ran at full speed towards the covert of the woods.

We turned back within the lines of the camp, where the shots had also been heard, and interpreted as the advance of Clinch's brigade attacking the Indian outposts in the rear. We found the troops already mustered in battle-array, and preparing to issue forth from the stockade. In a few minutes, the order was given, and the army marched forth, extending itself rapidly both right and left along the bank of the river.

As soon as the formation was complete, the line advanced. The troops were burning for revenge. Coopered up as they had been for days, half-starved, and more than half-disgraced, they had now an opportunity to retrieve their honour; and were fully bent upon the punishment of the savage foe. With an army in their rear, rapidly closing upon them by an extended line—for this had been pre-arranged between the commanders—another similarly advancing upon
their front, how could the Indians escape? They must fight—they would be conquered at last.

This was the expectation of all—officers and soldiers. The commander-in-chief was himself in high spirits. His strategic plan had succeeded. The enemy was surrounded—entrapped; a great victory was before him—a "harvest of laurels."

We marched forward. We heard shots, but now only random, continued shooting could not bear the well-known war-cry of the Indians.

We continued to advance. The hommocks were carried by a charge, but in their shindy coverts we found no enemy.

Surely they must still be before us—between our lines and those of the approaching reinforcement? Is it possible they can have retreated—escaped?

No! Yonder they are—on the other side of the meadow—just coming out from the trees. They are advancing to give us battle! Now for the charge—now—

Hal those blue uniforms and white belts—those forage-caps and sabres—these are not Indians! It is not true this time! They are our friends—the soldiers of Clinch's brigade!

Fortunate it was that at that moment there was a mutual recognition, else might we have annihilated one another.

CHAPTER LXXI.

MISCELLANEOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ARMY.

The two divisions of the army now came together, and after a rapid council had been held between the commanders, continued scouring the field in search of our enemy. Hours were spent in the search; but not an Indian foe could be found!

Occonal had performed a piece of strategy unheard of in the annals of war. He had carried an army of 1,500 men from between two others of nearly equal numbers, who had completely enveloped him, without leaving a man upon the ground—ay, without leaving a trace of his retreat. That host of Indian warriors, so lately observed in full battle array, had all at once broken up into a thousand fragments, and, as if by magic, had melted out of sight.

The enemy was gone, we knew not whither; and the disappointed generals once more marched their forces back to Fort Ross.

The "dispersion," as it was termed, of the Indian army, was of course chronicled as another "victory."

It was a victory, however, that killed poor old Gaines—at least his military fame—and he was only too glad to retire from the command he had been so eager to obtain.

A third general now took the field as commander-in-chief—an officer of such munition than either of his predecessors—Scott. A lucky wound received in the old British war, seniority of rank, a good deal of political buffoonery, but above all a free translation of the French 'system of tactics,' with the assumption of autocracy, had kept General Scott conspicuously before the American public for a period of twenty years. He who could contrive such a system of military manoeuvring, could not be otherwise than a great soldier; so reasoned his countrymen.

Of course wonderful things were expected from the new commander-in-chief, and great deeds were promised. He would deal with the savages in a different way from that adopted by his predecessor; he would soon put an end to the contemptible war.

There was much rejoicing at the appointment; and preparations were made for a campaign on a far more extensive scale than had fallen to the lot of either of the chiefs who preceded him. Two great columns, almost trebled—the commission amply provided for, before the great general would consent to set foot upon the field.

He arrived at length, and the army was put in motion.

I am not going to detail the incidents of this campaign; there were none of sufficient importance to be chronicled, much less of sufficient interest to be narrated. It consisted simply of a series of harassing marches, conducted with all the pomp and regularity of a parade review. The army was formed into three divisions, somewhat bombastically styled 'right wing,' 'left wing,' and 'centre.' Thus formed, they were to approach the Cove of Oatblachokie—again the fatal Cove—from three different directions, Fort King, Fort Brooke, and the St John's. On arriving on the edge of the great swamp, each was to fire minutes-guns as signals for the others, and then all three were to advance in converging lines towards the heart of the Seminole fastness.

The absurd manoeuvre was carried out, and ended, as might have been expected, in complete failure. During the march, no man saw the face of a red Indian. A few of their camps were discovered, but nothing more. The cunning warriors had heard the signal guns, and well understood their significance. With such a hint of the position of their enemy, they had but little difficulty in making their retreat between the 'wings.'

Perhaps the most singular, if not the most important, incident occurring in Scott's campaign was one which came very near costing me my life. If not worthy of being given in detail, it merits mention as a curious case of 'abandonment.'

While marching for the 'Cove' with his centre wing, the idea occurred to our great commander to leave behind him, upon the banks of the Amazura, what he termed a 'post of observation.' This consisted of a detachment of forty men—mostly our Suwanee volunteers, with their proportion of officers, myself among the number.

We were ordered to fortify ourselves on the spot, and stay there until we should be relieved from our duty, which was somewhat indefinitely understood even by him who was placed in command of us. After giving these orders, the general, at the head of his 'central wing,' marched off, leaving us to our fate.

Our little band was sensibly alive to the perilous position in which we were thus placed; and we at once set about making the best of it. We felled trees—built a block-house, dug a well, and surrounded both with a strong stockade.

Fortunately we were not discovered by the enemy for nearly a week after the departure of the army, else we should most certainly have been destroyed by a man. The Indians, in all probability, had followed the 'centre wing,' and thus for the time were carried out of our neighbourhood.

On the sixth day, however, they made their appearance, and summoned us to surrender.

We refused, and fought them—again and again, at intervals, during a period of fifty days!

Several of our men were killed or wounded; and among the former, the gallant chief of our devoted band, Holloman, who fell from a shot fired through the interstices of the stockade.

Provisions had been left with us to serve us for two
weeks; they were asked out to last for seven! For thirty days we subsisted upon raw corn and water, with a few handfuls of acorns, which we contrived to gather from the trees growing within the enclosure. In this way we held out for a period of fifty days, and still no commander-in-chief—no army came to relieve us. During all that gloomy siege, we never heard word of either; no white face over shewed itself to our anxious eyes, that gazed constantly outward. We believed ourselves abandoned—forgotten.

And such in reality was the fact—General Scott, in his eagerness to get away from Florida, had quite forgotten to relieve the 'post of observation;' and old Ouray, believing that we had hung long since perished, made no effort to send a rescue.

Death from hunger stared us in the face, until at length the brave old hunter, Hickman, found his way through the lines of our besiegers, and communicated our situation to our 'friends at home.'

His tale produced a strong excitement, and a force was despatched to our relief, that succeeded in dispersing our enemies, and setting us free from our block-house prison.

The last days of 'Scott's campaign,' and with it his command in Florida. The whole affair was a burlesque, and Scott was only saved from ridicule, and the disgrace of a speedy recall, by a lucky accident that fell in his favour. Orders had already reached him to take control of another 'Indian war'—the 'Creek'—that was just breaking out in the states of the south-west; and this afforded the discomfited general a well-timed excuse for retiring from the 'Flowery Land.'

Florida was destined to prove to American generals a land of melancholy reminiscences. No less than seven of them were successively beaten at the game of Indian warfare by the Seminoles and their wily chieftains. It is not my purpose to detail the history of their failures and mishaps. From the disappearance of General Scott, I was myself no longer with the main army. My destiny conducted me through the more romantic by-ways of the campaign—the paths of the partisans' wood—end of these I am enabled to write. Adieu, then, to the grand historic.

**DISSOMANIACS.**

A short time ago, we drew attention to a pamphlet of Dr Peddie on the subject of dissomaniacs—a craving for intoxicating liquors that partakes of the nature of madness, and which now seems to call for some special legislation. Since making these remarks, a lecture on the same subject has been delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, by Professor Christie, who adopts views of dissomaniacs similar to those of Dr Peddie. Referring to the peculiar style of treatment required for dissomaniacs, the learned professor made some observations which are worthy of extended publicity.

He mentioned, that 'in Scotland, medical men had already established a system of treatment which was applied to all those who would consent to submit to it; and it was found to answer the purpose very well; so that all that was required of the legislature was to render compulsory, at the instance of the nearest relative of the patient, what was at present merely voluntary. He then described an institution at Strathaird, in the Isle of Skye, for patients of this kind, where inmates had unrestrained liberty, ample opportunities for amusing and intelligent intercourse, no likelihood of getting any drink but whisky, and no chance of getting that except by walking twelve miles to one place, where they had to deceive the dealer, who was bound not to sell it to any of the inmates of Strathaird, or by walking fourteen miles to another place, where the dealer was free from any restriction. He had visited that establishment himself, and found the patients living in a state of sobriety, apparent happiness, and real freedom. He was very much mistaken if any further legislation was necessary than to legalise such exclusion.'

The lecturer concluded by suggesting for this purpose, a modification of the system pursued in regard to lunatic asylums. Retreats for dissomaniacs, licensed by the sheriff as being properly situated, and under proper management, might receive patients, whose need for the retirement was certified by the same authority, deemed to be only obtained through the sheriff, or a certificate of cure from the proprietor of the establishment, and his relatives. 'When a patient was sent to such a sanitory, it should not be necessary that he should be deprived of all control over his affairs, but that he should be allowed to manage them under the guidance of the sheriff; if the patient were unfit for that, then the nearest relative should have power to sue for a curator. As the friends of the inmates were to pay for their maintenance, it would be quite unnecessary to provide for the erection of asylums of the kind required, as the supply would be sure to follow the demand. The case of poor lunatics of this character would not, of course, be thought of at this moment, but must be delayed till the experiment had been tried on the other classes.'

Professor Christie's lecture was well received by a numerous and respectable auditory, and we cannot consider that the difficult and delicate subject on which he treated has already made a distinct advance towards legislative action.

**EVENING IN EARLY SPRING.**

The west is crimsoned, and the evening falls,
The lamp of night is lighting up aloft;
Unto his mate after the partridge calls.
The blue wren's tinkle ceases in the croft.

Upon the waving poplar's topmost spray,
His mellow note the thrush is piping forth,
Singing his farewell to the dying day,
While pale stars peep out in the dusky north.

Over the land the sunny south wind blows,
The spring's first wreathes with the winter's cold;
And nature flushed, with gregial triumph glows,
On sparkling font, and cloudlent tipped with gold.

The morn was balmy, and the noonday bright,
And happy children strayed to gather flowers;
Seeking the slopes with celandines adight,
Whereon in March winds, daisies make their born.

The father led his children forth to-day,
To scented violets, clustered white and blue,
To watch the young lambs bounding in their play,
Perchance to hear the merry awn coo cocko.

The twilight closes o'er the balmy eve,
The bat is flitting in the quiet air,
The wren, his last song on the fence doth wax,
And the shy rabbit leaves his sandy lair.

Blisthe lovers waver happy, arm in arm,
Moved by the magic of the witching time,
Thus tauding, ere long they cease begin,
To memory precious in their after prime.

The field, and grove, and music of the bird,
The humming insect, and the bubbling bough,
Wildling and tame, the sounds in still night herd,
And the shrill whistle of the wild wind's gough.

All sing God's praise; thus musing home we go,
Grateful for nature, pleased that as we plod,
With native music fails from these, we know,
We too may raise a grateful song to God.

Grantham.

J. HAWKES.
THE GENERAL'S NEPHEW.

Several years before the introduction of Mini-rifles and tunics, when Brown Bess with a well-hammered flint was considered the most efficient weapon of the British soldier, the regiment to which I then belonged was stationed, during its Indian tour of service, in the Sultypore division, commanded by Major-general Sir Hannibal Peacocke, K.C.B., one of the best whist-players and worst general officers in the service. He had entered the army young, and having both luck and interest, rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, when he was put on half-pay, and, having served almost exclusively on the staff, as ignorant of regimental duty as a man well could be. During the years which followed, he endeavoured, by assiduous attention to the duties of a man about town, to fit himself for future command; and on promotion to the rank of general, attended every levee of the commander-in-chief, asking for employment, and became a regular hanger-on at the Horse-guards, who, either to get rid of his importunities, or oblige his brother-in-law, Lord Cawood, gave him a division in India. Favoured child of fortune as he was, the general was always grumbling at his ill-luck, particularly at the card-table, though he could not bear to hear any one else do so, and would always demolish the complainant's grievance by quoting some greater misfortune which had happened to himself, making the lesser mischance appear contemptible and insignificant. If a defeated adversary made any remark on the number of rubbers he had lost, the general would exclaim: 'You don't call that a run of ill-luck, do you, sir?' Why, I played what regularly every night for eight years, and never held a trump the whole time.'

'But, Sir Hannibal,' rashly suggests an incredulous sub, 'you must have dealt every fourth round, and taken the turn-up card into your hand.'

'By no means, sir; with my usual luck, I positively made a misdeal every time.'

The younger is silenced; and the triumphant general makes a mental mem. that so wide a wake a young gentleman is just suited for the agreeable task of the next treasure-escort, which amiable intention he generally carried out with praiseworthy fidelity.

The general had never been married; but he brought out a nephew with him, to whom he requested might be gazetted to the first vacancy occurring in any of Her Majesty's regiments in the Sultypore division. In those days, commissions had not been thrown open to public competition; preparatory examination was undreamed of, and popular opinion unanimously pointed out the greatest fool of the family as the fittest for the army.

No rational doubt could be entertained that Lord Cawood's second son was perfectly eligible on this score to wear a red coat: he accompanied his uncle to India; and soon after their arrival, the Gazette informed us that the Honourable Peregrine Falcon Rook had purchased an ensigny in our regiment.

There was at the time, I fear, a sadly democratic feeling in the corps, as some of our slips of aristocracy had not been very favourable specimens; and others who had left the regiment soon after going on foreign service, had made rather hard bargains with their successors. We were not, therefore, inclined to think better of the young band because he happened to be an earl's son; besides which, we were shortly afterwards ordered in from our out-station, where game was abundant and duty light, to the formality and field-days of division head-quarters; and we all felt sure that our recall from our happy hunting-grounds was chiefly in order that the junior ensign should be under the avuncular eye, and oblige the benefit of his countenance and support on first joining.

We arrived in Sultypore at the beginning of the hot season, and being a new station, houses were so scarce there that five of us were fain to content ourselves with the joint-occupancy of a splendid mansion, consisting of one large room, with an enclosed verandah all round. That is to say, we remained in the house by day, and slept at night in tents pitched close outside, until, as the rainy season drew near, we were driven from their comparative coolness by sand-storms occurring nearly every night, which forced us to take refuge in the house.

It was an unusually hot season even for that climate; the rains delayed their coming; the hot wind blew from sunrise till midnight; there was a lurid haze in the scorching atmosphere, through which objects loomed large as if seen through a fog. Our only chance of getting any sleep was to keep the punkah going all night, for which purpose we had a relay of coolies; much-enduring individuals, without any peculiar characteristics mental or physical, except an inordinate capacity for sleep and extreme scantiness of drapery, who, in consideration of the monthly guerdon of eight shillings, without board or lodging, undertook that one of their number should always be ready to fan our fevered brows. Like most natives, they possessed the power of instantly composing themselves to sleep at any hour of the four and twenty; but at night, in particular, the exercise of their monotonous vocation seemed to possess an effect as irresistibly somniferous as the branch dripping.
with Lethean dew did on Pulinurus. Somnus relaxed their wearied limbs; the long punkah, under which all slept, stopped, and we awoke, bathed in perspiration, to abuse the cooies, rub our mosquito-bites, and doze off again. The paymaster, a churlish little Welshman, being the most wakeful of the party, took upon himself the task of keeping the cooies on the alert, for which purpose his cot was placed in the centre, with an absurdly shaped and garnished arch of ammunition heaped alongside thereof, in the shape of the united boots and shoes of the entire party, besides a collection of sundry miscellaneous articles, such as glove-trees, cricket-balls, old books, &c., which might, on occasion, be converted into projectiles. Even with this formidable armament, and the fear of punishment before their eyes, the cooies did snore occasionally; but retribution swift and terrible followed, from the avenging slipper of the paymaster.

If do not think we were as grateful to him as we ought to have been for his exertions, as we found that the noise produced by the shower of missiles, the crash of broken glass, or the piteous accents of the cooie deprecating master's wrath, protesting he was innocent, and begging, once more from the governor-general and East India Company, was quite as fatal to "tired nature's sweet restorer" as the want of cool air.

Accordingly, there had a tall three-legged stool constructed, on which the cooie on duty was always perched. It gave him great facility in pulling the punkah, and proved an excellent seat as long as he remained awake, and sat upright; but the moment he became nodding, the rickety tripod was overbalanced, and the whole concern upset bodily. This we found a most effectual means of murdering sleep, as, after performing half-a-dozen of these involuntary somersaults, the cooies learned to keep themselves awake, and kept it up.

Whilst we, in a semi-delinquent state, were endeavouring, by expedients such as these, to render the heat somewhat less unbearable, we were constantly tantalized by seeing the juvenile ensign in undivided possession of an exasperate house adjoining ours, which he did not offer to share with any one.

Young Rookes seemed an ungainly, rather silly lad, without much harm in his composition, or anything aristocratic in his manners or appearance, but with an overbearing sense of his own importance. At drill, he was the most awkward fellow I ever saw; it required a couple of sergeants to put him in the proper position of a soldier, and the moment their hands were withdrawn, he relaxed into his usual slouching attitude. He had a habit, too, of knocking one foot against another like a horse cutting, by which he was always losing step; and when he shouldered his musket, it seemed an even chance whether he sent the bayonet into his own cheek or his neighbour's. All rebukes and corrections he received with so well-satisfied an air, that his amendment seemed hopeless; and Wright, our adjutant, was in a state of despair at having such an unwilling recruit to deal with, declaring his life would be shortened by being daily compelled to witness so melancholy a spectacle. Now, next to a pretty girl and a well-drilled battalion, there was nothing Wright liked so much as a joke, particularly a practical one; indeed, he loved it not wisely, but too well, and had often got into trouble by indulging his facetious propensities.

He longed to play off some trick upon Rookes, which might soothe his own feelings, and diminish the other's self-importance, but found it difficult to get an opportunity for doing so, as the younger seldom came to mess or mixed with his brother-officers, being unwisely kept away by his uncle, the general, which made him even more unpopular than he would have been at any rate. Accordingly, he gravely informed Rookes, that, as he had got so far in his drill, it was time for him to proceed to more advanced exercises, and commence learning the drum, for which purpose the drum-major would provide him with an instrument, and attend at his quarters for an hour daily, after morning parade—a private hint being given to the instructor, that the lesson should always be given on a sand-hill, which was in full view of the mess-room. There we used to assemble every morning for coffee and billiards, but both were neglected for the pleasure of seeing Rookes pacing up and down with a drum suspended from his shoulders, practising the initiator exercise called 'mammy daddy,' which, in fact, the do, re, mi of all who learn this sacred instrument.

To explain for the benefit of the uninstructed, it may be briefly described as follows: The tyro's hands being arranged in the proper position, he gives two taps with the right one, then withdrawing it, holds the drum-stick perpendicularly by his side, repeats the same process with the left, and so on ad infinitum. It is rather monotonous work, and, as the best of times, has been said to be long tedious. But when Rookes's awkward movements and shambly gait were contrasted with the splendid proportions of the drum-major, who owed his situation to the fact of his being the handomest man in the regiment, his effect was inexpressibly ludicrous, and formed a never-failing source of amusement to those who witnessed it. The pupil, however, had not advanced beyond these elementary studies, when his further progress was stopped, for his uncle coming in one day to pay our colonel a visit.

Sir Hannibal Peacecoke, like most ignorant men, was very fussy about trifles, and constantly getting hold of some new hobby, which he rode until he lost sight of it, or some fresh one came in his way. Here was charging mounted a new one—a novel method of putting on the knapsack without straps, which proved a complete failure—he came in to display his equitation for the colonel's benefit. Having taken as much exercise in that way as he felt disposed for, the conversation turned on his nephew, who, the general remarked, he was glad to hear was getting on so well with his drill.

"I am sorry I cannot agree with you, general," said the outwardly Colonol Hardy, "for really I never met a more stupid lad in my life; he seems to make no progress, notwithstanding all the trouble taken with him."

"I am afraid you do not take the trouble of making yourself acquainted with what passes in your regiment," replied Sir Hannibal, with some asperity; "for I can tell you the adjutant is so well satisfied with his proficiency, that he has allowed him to commence learning the drum."

"The drum, general! you cannot be serious; there must be some mistake. Surely no one ever heard of such a thing as training an officer to a hand-drum's duties."

"My nephew never told me a falsehood, ever is jest, Colonel Hardy; and you will find what I have stated to be perfectly correct, if you ask your adjutant, who I saw writing in the next room when I came in."

Wright was summoned, and the moment he entered the room, perceived that the conjunction of two such luminaries boded him no good; and augured from the ominous silence which greeted his entrance, that, as he expressed it, the devoted storm was about to descend on his thundering head.

"Have you been playing off any of your jokes on Mr Rookes?" sternly demanded the colonel.

"Jokes, sir!" demurely answered Wright; "I assure you it is no joke trying to teach a man of
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stamp. I'm nearly heart-broken from him myself; and the sergeant-major threatened suicide if compelled to continue drilling him. I could not knock anything into his head, or out of his heels, so I thought it no harm to try whether his hands could not perform some military movement. He is getting on very well at it; and I am sure the general would be quite pleased to hear the fine tone he brings out of the drum with which he is provided.

The general not being present, it is probable that the affair might have passed off as a harmless trick; but restrained by this, and a sense of duty, the colonel from the moment his rising mirth, and said: "You have done wrong, sir, to allow your private feelings to influence you in the discharge of your duty; you have abused the authority I gave you over a young officer, and endeavoured to make him the butt of the regiment. This mock-instruction must be discontinued; and I trust you will see the propriety of apologising to Mr. Roake for what has passed. I trust you are satisfied, Sir Hannibal."

"No, I am not satisfied; very much the reverse," said the general, his choleric rising as he became gradually aware of the extent to which his nephew and himself had been imposed on, until between the state of the thermometer and internal warmth, he seemed on the point of spontaneous combustion. "Go to your quarters immediately, Mr. Wright, and consider yourself under arrest."

Whereupon the culprit left the room without speaking, and the general soon after took his leave, vowing vengeance against that gentleman. He declared that he would make an example of him, and that he was fully determined to bring him to a court-martial for such outrageous conduct.

To all this tirade, Colonel Hardy wisely made no remark after the general's departure, sent him a note, saying that he hoped Sir Hannibal would, on mature reflection, view the case more favourably, as Wright was a young man of excellent principles, and a first-rate officer, though sometimes led away by a high spirit; that it would be impossible to frame charges for a court-martial without making his nephew—he did not venture to say himself—the laughing-stock of the service; and, moreover, that if ever the matter went to trial, he would feel bound, as Mr. Hannibal Peacock, a general officer commanding a division, fully believed that learning the drum formed an integral part of an officer's education.

But this time Sir Hannibal's wrath had time to cool; and seeing the cogency of these arguments, he replied that to oblige Colonel Hardy, he would treat the case as leniently as his duty would permit; that Mr. Wright might be released from arrest; but as he could not pass over such conduct without publicly expressing his disapprobation of it, the lieutenant in question should attend at the general's quarters the following morning, when, in the presence of all commanding officers and staff in the station, he would receive such a reprimand as the major-general might deem it fit to administer.

Sir Hannibal Peacock was a particularly nest man; the scrupulosity exactness of his person was only equalled by the cleanliness of his house, and elegance of his bachelor mansion. Every one else's linen looked yellow in comparison with the immaculate purity of his; a speck on his white trousers, a soil on his boots, a stain on his table-cloth, or a particle of dust on the table itself, were all absolutely unendurable; but the presence of a fly or spider set him well-nigh distraught, and he would interrupt the gravest conversation to make slaps at an intruding blue-bottle, and prided himself not a little on the dexterity with which he crushed the offender between his extended palms.

Next morning, at the hour indicated, commanding officers and staff assembled as directed at the general's quarters, all in full-dress, to look as imposing as possible. When Sir Hannibal entered the room, without noticing any one, he fixed his eyes on the wall, which a large speckled spider was slowly ascending on his return from a successful foraging expedition, taking with him a supply of ant-meat for the nourishment of his family.

The bearer, loudly summoned, warily and slowly approached the unsuspecting spider, and when arrived within springing distance, made a dash at it with the cloth he held in his hand; then removing it triumphantly, displayed the crushed remains of the spider, surrounded by a gory stain, on the wall. Instead, however, of the approbation he looked for, his master was so enraged at the mark on his spotless chumash, that he pulled a flash pink turban off the bearer's head, wiped the obnoxious stain with it, then threw it in his face, and kicked and pummelled him out of the room, to the great amusement of those who witnessed this practical commentary on the general's favourite exordium against maltreating native servants.

Then gravely seating himself at the head of a table covered with writing materials, Sir Hannibal motioned the other officers to chairs on either side; and they had hardly time to compose their faces, when Sir Wright entered, looking so pretentiously solemn, that any one who knew him, would at once have suspected there was some mischief brewing.

Knowing Sir Hannibal's lycanthrophobia, he had employed some of his spare time in capturing a number of flies and immuring them in a paper-box, perforated with innumerable pin-holes, in order to keep its inmates in a state of active vitality.

This he held inside his shirt with one hand, and by keeping his finger on an orifice in the lid, let them escape when he wished. The general, not being gifted with much extemporaneous eloquence, had written the rigging he intended to administer, and now commenced reading it aloud.

"Lieutenant and Adjutant Wright, I regret"—Buzz, buzz went an audacious blue-bottle within an inch of the pretorium nose. Slap, slap from the general, and the enemy retreated in good order, leaving him master of the field.

He had hardly recommenced reading, when he was again interrupted in a similar manner; but this time he had better success, for the intruder was destroyed.

Complacent at the successful result of his coup de main, he made a third essay.

"Lieutenant and Adjutant Wright, I regret to find that"—Here a score of flies, rampant from their newly acquired liberty, made an onslaught, together with such a brisk hum of insolent defiance, that, dropping the paper he held, the general vigorously smote the air, in a vain attempt to rid himself of his persecutors.

Imitating the example of their chief, the other officers rose to assist him in banishing the unwelcome visitors.

Furo arum ministras; each seize what he can lay hold of—books, cocked-hats, and hand-punkahs are converted for the nonce into fly-dappers. A dragon major, more zealous than skilful, grasped a long ruler sabrewise, and making 'cut two' in most approved style, missed the blue-bottle, and nearly floored the garrison-surgeon, whose bald head it encountered in its descent. The grenadier, in making a vigorous sweep with his arm, knocked off the commissary's spectacles; and the latter functionary, purblind from their loss, and surprised at such an unlooked-for assault, upon the brink of despairing to recover them, dashed its contents over the formidable foilscape whereon the reprimand was written.
and extending its ravages to the snowly integuments which covered the general's nether man.

Seduntur tabulis ris. Such a scene of confusion ensued, that Sir Hannibal, finding it impossible to receive order, dismissed all present, intimating, however, at the same time his intention of reassembling them at some future time for the same purpose.

It would seem, however, that a convenient time for the service never came, as to one ever afterwards heard Sir Hannibal allude to the subject; nor, stranger still, does any mention of it appear in the life and memoirs of that gallant and distinguished officer, published after his lamented decease, several years subsequent, and it has consequently remained unchronicled up to the present moment.

THE LATE SAMUEL BROWN.

When a brilliant and powerful intellect has passed away without leaving any written works behind, it is difficult to make the world believe in what it has lost. The deep and subtle influence which a great man leaves on other minds by personal association, can neither be described nor understood by those who loved and honoured the dead, must be content with their own profound conviction of his greatness. But the case is even harder when something is left—good, indeed and precious, but utterly insufficient as the expression of the power or possibilities of the writer. To leave such fragments uncollected, and suffer them to be lost among the mass of ephemeral literature, would be wrong; but to have them set up as the measure of their author's mind, would be still more unjust to his memory. The difficulty of deciding between these two risks must have been felt by the editors of these Essays; for, beautiful and interesting as they are, they are infinitely below what Samuel Brown really, had he lived, could set before us, but utterly inadequate as the expression of the power or possibilities of the writer.

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In the generality of obscure geniuses and possible great men, common sense refuses to believe, and most justly; for it is a second-rate talent only that needs to be nursed by circumstances into greatness. If there be one spark of the real divinity, of true genius, it can never be quenched by external conditions; poverty only braces it—contest only rouses it—sorrow only purifies it—and, sooner or later, it will find its appointed mode of expression. But over genius light, deep, and precious, and Samuel Brown was early called to a martyrdom that only ended with his life. After a youth of strenuous labour and extraordinary attainment, just when his mental powers were matured, the instruments of knowledge within his grasp, and visions of long-sought truths opening brightly before him—then came the fatal disease which held him fast for ever. From this time, says the preface, 'and till his death, seven long years, he was probably never for an hour, except in sleep, free from pain, and often in extreme agony—his existence being little else than the fulfilling of his capacity for suffering. When in Russia, he had typhus fever; and it is likely he never was sound asleep, and carried his disease in the form of an internal disease, necessitating pain of the sharpest and steadiest kind. He died in the full exercise of his intellect and affections, having fought his long battle to the last.'

How nobly he bore this stern fate, how brightly the soul shone out through all these clouds of suffering, how humbly and thankfully he spoke of all the deeper things that pain and trial had taught him, cannot be told here. But there are many who look back to his example with loving gratitude, and treasure his words as the nucleus of a precious legacy of strength and consolation. "How pathetic is that that this intense and bright nature— Appearing ere the times were ripe— should so "soon come to confusion," that he should suffer as he did, and die with little else fulfilled his pain—his hopes withered, his secret purposes broke off, his years unaccomplished, fame and a great place in the world's history, merely seen from under the penning yolk of the mortal, and then vanishing away; his sun going down while it was yet day; his tree of mortal life withering in all the leaves of his spring—all this is strange and sad; but what is the world has not in it something both sad and strange!" Thus much it seems necessary to premise before speaking of the merits of these Essays, for some of them were written in extreme youth, while they overlap with its fire and generosity, they also bear the marks of it, in occasional rashness of conclusion and extravagance of expression; but all that is needed is to pass over the intervals of comparative ease which occurred during his last years of suffering and weakness, and we can but look with tender admiration on the spirit which could set such a task to himself, and go through it, for his seven poems are in the first volume, and are very pure and fine; but it is rather in his prose writing we feel what a true poet he was. There the bright imagination continually lights up the sternest subjects, not only to do, but to do well; and even his small poems are in the first volume, and are very pure and fine; but it is rather in his prose writing we feel what a true poet he was. There the bright imagination continually lights up the sternest subjects, not only to do, but to do well; and even his small poems are

and then pausing among the oriental alchemists, whose mystical theories have caused their earnest investigations of natural facts to be undervalued—

chamber's journal.

serving, devout, industrious men, who, toiling away among their crucibles and furnaces, discovered many new facts and new processes, and did many a good thing; and next, among their European successors; where, foremost in his own school, and mighty among all schools of natural science, in all time, appears the great name of Roger Bacon, one of whom England has just cause to be proud; but his legendary fame as a magician has eclipsed his true glory as a man of science. That he believed in the albiz of life and the philosopher's stone, like the rest of his contemporaries, is confessed, but he did not devote himself to searching for them; and 'in truth,' says Dr Brown, 'we should never look at the little particular beliefs and notions of great spirits in the history of science, but to their great ideas, otherwise we shall run the risk of despising men so exalted in character as to remain for ever incapable of despising us.' And again: 'There is indeed no room for national or epochal vanity in the study of the history of science; there is rather occasion for humility and emulation; for those old men worked with grand ideals and small means upon an obdurate and an unbroken soil, while we are spoiled, in which marked to a man's hand with an elaborate instrumentation, and too often guided by ideals which flavour more of the shop than of the universe.'

The sketches of Paracelsus and the rest of that race of vivid and interesting, but they cannot be quoted without spoiling them; for the history must be read as a whole, and the thread of their real discoveries followed, as it runs bright and clear through the strange webs of their romantic fancies, and read the stories of Beccher and Stahl, Priestley and Cavendish, Black and Watt, till the young Lavoisier appears, with the inexorable balances in his hand, to change the whole form of chemical science; to open a new path to all succeeding philosophers, and to perish in the very midst of his labour, and in the middle of his triumph, to catch the victims in the high frenzy of the first French Revolution. The two or three pages in which his short life is related are full of pathetic beauty. A brilliant and genial essay on Sir Humphry Davy, full of comments upon the existence of the world, worthily completes this striking series, and is in itself a delightful piece of biography. With one more short extract, we must close this volume:

'There are poets who wonder at the spectacle of such keen spirits as Humphry Davy, for example, labouring with might and main at the dry births of stone and iron, when they might well be abroad among the strong and the beautiful, stirring the life of man in its angrier depths. But a man must work where he is placed; and he must also obey the hint of his peculiar talent, else he will never do the most he can for the race and for himself. These are two of the great rules of duty. There is little matter what man finds to do. It is his real duty until he have won all it can teach him; so he relax not until he have made the most of it for the world; so he resile not before he has adorned it with his proper virtue, and ennobled it by his proper genius. Truth is a globe like the world, and it is of small moment where you begin to dig, for you will come as near the centre as another, if you dig deep enough. It is at the same time an important, though a second-rate, matter for the country, for that out of England on the Continent was never, and now and then from his particular shaft, both to see what others are about, in case he should become the egotist of a single pursuit, and to refresh himself with the inexhaustible variety of nature and of life.'

The rest of the Essays are on a great variety of subjects, and we can do little more than name a few of them. Among the most interesting are those on George Herbert's poetry; on 'Physical Puritanism,' including vegetationism, hydrophobia, &c.; on David Hume; Scott the painter; a most touching account of that great but wayward genius, who, like genius itself, died before he had accomplished half his work; as a tender and friendly memoir of the artist, and as a piece of general art-criticism, it is a striking and excellent essay. 'Ghosts and Ghost-deers,' the last of the Essays, is also one of the best, and contains some of the most striking remarks. How true and well put is the following:

'Few people are aware of the extreme difficulty of the art of simple observation. That art consists not only in the ability to perceive the phenomena of nature through uncoloured eyes, but also of the talent to describe them in unobstructed and transparent words. To observe properly in the very simplest of the physical sciences, requires a long and serious training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubted his own observations. Mitscherlich, on one occasion, asked him: 'Mr Faraday, is it not true that it takes fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Baron Cuvier with the exhibition of a new organ—we think it was a muscle—which he supposed himself to have discovered in the body of some living creature or other; but the experienced and sagacious naturalist kindly bade the young man return to him with the same discovery in six months. The baron would not even listen to the student's demonstrations, and said: "It is impossible that it takes fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. One who is so stupid that he needs fourteen years to discover a single new fact in chemistry, should be imprisoned."'

With these words, important to every aspirant after real knowledge, and to every lover of exact truth, we take leave of this remarkable book, earnestly commending it to a close and attentive perusal.

the channel bridge.

Of all those little difficulties which are common to the matrimonial state, even among the best regulated couples, are constantly occurring between my wife and me with regard to a continental tour. So surely as the autumn shows its face, she wants to visit that 'lovely darling Paris,' or that 'exquisite Chamouni,' or other some other absurdly belauded spot of the sea, instead of being content with the bracing airs of Brighton, or the yellow sands (and slippers) of Margate or Ramsgate. She affirms that there are no dresses to be got in Regent Street fit for a lady to wear, and no mountains worthy of the name of the sea; and she does not get me to stir. Now, the true reason of this I do not care to own to her, and shall therefore
carefully keep this particular Journal out of her sight; but the fact is, that I become so absolutely and hopelessly wretched so soon as I set foot on board a steamer, that I am well determined never to encounter the misery of it again. Of course, the sea has a good deal to do with it; but the steamer—the rolling, the throbbing, the heat, the paining of the steamer—is quite sufficient for this result, without the sea. I am reduced to an existentially idiotic, and physically a helpless log, from the instant the terrible yell of departure is raised by the escape-valve, and when the first half-turn of those hissing wheels gives me a whole one.

The arguments I address to her ear are national and patriotic; such as, how right it is that every Briton should spend his money in his own country, and by no means pour it into Frenchmen's pockets; with other even nobler sentiments, which I have culled diligently from the newspapers of my native land; but my real and sole objection—which I keep, as I have said, in my private bosom—is simply to the sea-passage, the crossing of the Channel. I know that the ship 'halves my sorrows, and doubles my joy,' as the poet satirically sings, would urge—before she had completed her voyage to the shore and begun the great land names—that it was 'only a little suffering after all,' and 'the inconvenience is over in no time,' and I should not be able to convince her to the contrary. The 'terrible rolling' does not in the least express the mental and bodily agony of my position on ship-board; and after I land—after I have been carried on shore inanimate—I don't recover for a week.

'Never, quoth I, the last time I was dropped like a sack on Dover-stone-pier—'never, if I knew it, and remain in my right mind, do I catch myself on board ship again.' This resolution I have kept, and mean to keep; but yet, may be, I may take my wife to Paris nevertheless.

Thus the engineer, Mathewson, so long ago as the First Consulate, and when railways were entirely unknown, considered the scheme of a roadway under the Channel practicable, and laid it before the great Napoleon. More recently, other Frenchmen of science have proposed various plans for land-communication between England and France, under much more favourable circumstances. One of these ambitious projects has within the last few months procured for himself something more than a million, and attained to the commission of eminent engineers appointed by government to report upon his stupendous theory, has returned a favourable verdict. It has, moreover, recommended that twenty thousand pounds should be granted for experimental examinations. Finally, and above all, Napoleon III. is a believer in the matter himself. The submarine ground has been accurately surveyed already, and nothing is wanting but the following little preliminary arrangements to the tunnel of M. Thomé de Gandon. His scheme is doubtless worthy of our highest admiration, but still I cannot dismiss from my mind his aristocratic name. What chance, I wonder, upon this side of the Channel, would an engineer of the name of Thomas Gannon have, who proposed such operations as these:

To tear up rocks, and having carried the same out to sea, to drop them in the Channel.

To form thirteen islands in that fashion in the said Channel.

To dig down through the above islands into terra firma under the sea, and there to begin the tunnel, east and west.

To overcome a few other difficulties to be overcome, whereof one is the formation of a sort of Swindon Station in mid-channel, with a well-staircase leading up to an artificial island in the open air; but they are scarcely worth dwelling upon in comparison with those we have mentioned.

The great objection which attaches to M. de Gandon's tunnel, in connection with the trip of myself and my wife to Paris, is, that I know she will never be got by any means to travel by it. So will not even go to Bath on account of the existence between our home and that city, of the Box Tunnel. Her behaviour during any subterranean passage—whenever I have caught a glimpse of her by light of lamp or candle, and physically so uncomfortable in the extreme. She shuts her eyes very tightly, takes her under-lip between her teeth, puts a finger into each of her ears, and, in short, assumes a state of physical tension, which it would be impossible for her to keep up during the hour or half an hour time occupied by this proposed subterranean journey. As far, therefore, as we two are concerned, M. Thomé de Gandon might just as well never have existed; but I am by no means inclined to say the same of Mr Charles Boyl of Barnes, Surrey, the projector of the Maritime or Continental Railway Bridge. I have his pamphlet now lying before me, written with all seriousness and gravity, and with a charming section of the vista, by way of illustration, on the scale of a hundred thousandth of an inch, including the whole of the Straits of Dover, and the relative space afforded for the passage of shipping. The book is of a yellow cover, like a Brushean, and of so amusingly captivating a direction as to make me laugh while reading it, and so not to find the hours of staring at the super-channel trains, both ordinary and express, week-day and Sunday, at the end of it.

The marine viaduct will consist of a succession of tubes 50 feet deep by 20 feet wide, made of wrought-iron, riveted and braced together, interspersed with ventilators and sky-lights, and supplied with the ordinary lines of railway within. This is to be supported by 100 towers, and to be raised, one mile at a time, to the required height, by means of hydraulic machinery placed in pontoons. This great elevation will admit of the passage of the tallest ships in the highest tides, with 45 feet to spare, in case of vessels being built of unprecedentedly large dimensions. The space between the towers will be sufficient not only for three line-of-battle ships to sail through abreast, but even for three Leviathans, should so many giants brethren of the channel come at all. Each tower will be of 100 feet in diameter, and, after rising upon its pedestal 260 feet, is to be continued 60 feet above the viaduct for the formation of a light-house, and again 50 feet higher still for the accommodation of a beam, a long-tower, and for a central air-shaft for the viaduct.

These light-houses, whose illuminating surfaces are to be forty-three feet in diameter, are to reflect a bright red light on the south side, and a vital blaze on the one on the north, in order that vessels may clearly ascertain their own position with regard to the Channel Bridge. The bellfries will hold a gong—a bell not being loud enough, and a whistle liable to be confounded with that of the steam-engines—to be struck by a hammer in the same by clock-work. The light-houses are to be lit up at sunset throughout the entire length of the bridge by electricity, and the same power will set the gongs sounding in case of fog. All the towers are to be fitted with water-mark with fenders, consisting of spindles of wrought iron, very thickly faced with India-rubber, and made to revolve vertically in an iron framework attached to the tower bases, in order to repel collision; so that any vessel coming astern at right angles with the fender, would be guided on her way. The towers are to bear the arms of France and England alternately; and in summertime, on occasions of any increase in the Napoleon family, will, I daresay, be tastefully decorated with flowers. Thus far, every part of the scheme looks
not only practicable but alluring—only we have yet to inquire what is required to make the viaduct stand?" This, as seen to me, is an almost insurmountable difficulty, but not so does it seem to Mr. Boyd. He propounds a plan, as foundations for these towers, enormous pedestals, which will be formed by sinking large blocks of stone each of several tons weight, securely riveted through their centres with iron bolts, and with their connecting faces strongly cemented, so that a succession of blocks will form one ponderous and immovable mass. The operation of placing these—this art of sinking—is to be conducted by means of machinery on board ship, or on pontoons at anchor; so that each block may gradually sink therefrom to its proper place below, first ascertained by the compass-beings on deck, and by divers, who will be employed with diving-bells to examine the bed of the channel, to arrange, secure, and connect the blocks and other materials as they descend; and who are to communicate with the workmen on board by signal-horns and speaking-tubes. In additional places, strong iron grappling chains, chained together at short distances apart, will be fixed around and to the base of the pedestals, to prevent any movement of the blocks when once set, and at least 200 feet square, and the pedestals will gradually rise at an angle of 75 degrees until they reach the level of the sea, and there form an insular plain 40 feet high by 160 square, for the reception of the tower. The French foundations of M. Thonnel's plan—for his is the only other plan—is to be at Cape Grisanez, which, however, being only 147 feet above the sea, will require to be brought to the same elevation as the English terminus at Dover, of 600 feet.

'To relieve any anxiety that may be entertained by the proposed union of Britain with the continent, it is intended that the English approaches shall be commanded by the batteries of Dover Castle, and that a battery shall be erected to cover the French terminus, as a part of the viaduct could then be suddenly disconnected without damaging the whole structure; and when hostility ceased, the injury done might be repaired in a few weeks, and the traffic be readily resumed—an arrangement for destruction and reconstruction seems to me to be a very pleasant satire upon war.

By the detailed official statement of the commerce between the United Kingdom and the continent, and by the calculation with the exceptional Mr. Boyd of the probability according to which will make his viaduct a success or not, it seems that the necessary outlay for this ambitious project will be returned to an enterprising company in eight years; the various items of such outlay being nicely estimated to a pound, and amounting in the aggregate to the trifling sum of thirty millions.

'It is calculated that the entire structure can be concealed and thrown open to public traffic in three years, as the whole of the pedestals, with their assigned towers, can be erected simultaneously; the workmen being lodged upon, or rather over, the spot which is the scene of their labours, in vessels prepared for that purpose. The tubes may be also constructed simultaneously, and then be hoisted up, and the entire structure can be erected almost in the same space of time which is devoted to one pedestals, tower, and intermediate tubes.

Finally, says Mr. Charles Boyd, 'This bridge will form the high road to Europe, India, China, and all parts of the Mediterranean, and testify to the world, by its visible presence, the Power and the Unanimity of the greatest Nations of the Earth;' in addition to which—to descend to small letters and the practical where we have been probability of the scale proposed by the monitionist, if he would open his eyes and see it. Why does he not give us, as a new kind of comedy, some of the persecutions and hardships suffered by rich people? Why should we not have from him a tragedy founded on the sufferings which a jealous, rancorous mather—for such a character exists—has it in her power to inflict upon her children? A well-treated governess who would be unhappy, a kind step-mother, a worthy boarding-school girl, a Pecksniff or the vexatious lawsuits—all of them creatures of frequent occurrence in actual life—are all perfect nobilities
in fiction, and would therefore be sure of a good reception.

One part of the principles of social life, which has never been apprehended by novelists, and is little observed by men generally, but is a most important thing in our civilized experience, is in regard to the feelings which actuate us in the formation of acquaintanceships and friendships. There is here not merely ignorance, but much positive mistake. When Smith, a man of the offered society of Jones and Jones's family, there is never any other presumption in Jones than that Smith has been determined in the matter wholly by some external considerations, as that Jones is a man of comparatively little means or influence, and that there is to be nothing gained in the eye of the world by knowing him. When Brown chances to be drawn on by fortune to a prominent and brilliant position, and gets new friends, then are all his old ones jealous if he abandons his in the least in the attentions he formerly paid them, as understanding that he now looks down upon them. Now the truth may be, nay, generally is, that Smith finds Jones and his connection unfitted to his tastes, or moving in a wholly different round of sympathies and interests, and very naturally reserves himself for friends who are in these respects more suitable. So also when Brown's position in life is changed, he necessarily comes in contact with new people, who must in a great measure engross any time he has to bestow on social pleasures; without any failure of good feeling towards old acquaintances, he cannot give so much time to them, perhaps cannot give any; one thing, in short, is substituted for another. Or with changed circumstances have come changed tastes and new sympathies; so he no longer finds the enjoyment he did in the society of those old acquaintances. Surely, in a world so full of change, this should not excite very serious consideration. Should there be no room for the Joneses; they might be asked at another time; but then they will take offence if omitted from a party where we are to have the Browns—they will think it is because the Browns have got a rise lately, and now are in their heads. There is no room for a party—and a party, to be successful, demands a plus—has to be deranged and probably spoilt, in order to avoid giving offence in a quarter where there was no real occasion for taking it. Unfortunately, the acquaintance least appreciable for any attractive qualities, are just those who are always on the most ticklish terms with us, and therefore the most liable to be offended by any imagined slight; hence the most to be avoided. If we are good-natured enough to study and conceive to them.

We are disposed to form acquaintances under the influence of the elective affinity, and we have to bear all the consequences of being presumed to do so; but in how many cases have we our associates assigned us without any choice in the matter! Our son, while absent with his regiment, marries a thoughtless girl of mean tastes and ideas, with whom the circle of her husband's relations can never be harmonious. Old Tomkins foolishly takes a second wife, as he imposes on his grown-up children as a person they must respect, the fact being that, while having some ineradicable charm in his eyes, she is disagreeable to those of most other persons. Brothers and sisters bring wife into house and husbands into the family of the affair of being with their new relatives is a mere matter of chance: they may or may not be 'pleasant people.' Your partners in business bring you associates, who are not to be avoided, however much they may be disrelished. In such ways you become half-scarified with people whom you would never think of choosing as friends from any community of sympathy or taste, or from any approbation or esteem. There is no matter for much serious consideration in such cases; we get along with all these associates of accident. It is to be feared that the getting along is often of a hating kind, and that from this cause mainly spring those family quarrels which are remarked to be so much
bitter than others. It would require great judgment, great patience, great good-nature, to steer well through such difficulties, even where there are respectabilities on both sides. Where it is otherwise, or even where there is simply a decided antagonism of disposition, the matter must be all but hopeless. Still we cling to the belief that a Christian tolerance—a subjection of the passing feelings to the rule of a high moral principle—a higher kind of good-breeding—will avail much in softening away the worst difficulties of the kind.

Is it want of width of view that is the matter with the novelists, that they let so much of both the comedy and the tragedy of real life slip past them unworked up? Or is there something owing to the exigencies of art? Is it imperative that we always see, in their pages, the gifts of fortune avenged and refashioned on a principle of contraries? Is there something in the mysterious shyness of human sympathies and antipathies, that makes us demand ridicule for the keepers of boarding-schools, a hateful description for a stepmother, and a pattern case of justice for a poor man at law? Perhaps so. But, if so, then we must pronounce that "veluti in aqua" can never be an applicable motto for a book of fiction.

A YARN ABOUT SPINNING.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, when the reform agitations was at its height, we chanced to be in a small country town in the west of Scotland on the very day when an open-air meeting, followed by a grand procession, was held in favour of the popularly desired measure. Previous, however, to the procession starting, a hitch took place in the proceedings, caused by a difference of opinion on the important question of precedence. The gardeners, as "old Adam's likeness," claimed to lead the van, on account of the antiquity of their calling. On the other hand, the tailors, claiming a still higher antiquity, insisted on their incontrovertible right to the post of honour; asserting that Adam was not required to cultivate the earth until his garden of Eden, the previous to that time, he had exercised the craft of a tailor, by sewing a garment of fig-leaves. Long and wordy were the arguments; both sides displaying that thorough knowledge of the sacred writings, which no other people possess in so remarkable a degree as the Scotch. At last, whether by dint of argument, numerical force, or their evident desire of pugnaciously pushing the dispute to the ultima ratio, the tailors gained their point, and, with waving banners and sounds of music, the procession started.

That the arts of obtaining food and clothing have been practised from the earliest period, is a mere common-place truth known to all. Yet, while willingly admitting the great antiquity and usefulness of both gardeners and tailors, we must, nevertheless, assert that the human race is much more indebted to the spinners, who, making the first advances in civilisation and refinement, relieved mankind from the necessity of wearing either leaves of trees or skins of beasts. Nor has the world been forgetful of the boon thus conferred upon it. The literature, proverbs, customs, superstitions, habits of thought, and modes of expression of most nations have reference to this important fact; while the distaff and spindle have been the type and symbol of female industry, and the peculiar insignia of the softer sex, in nearly every age and country.

Among the many popular fancies of the middle ages, there was none so widely spread, or so firmly held, as the belief that Eve, the mother of mankind, was the first spinner. Those most mendacious of humbugs, the old heraldic writers, unabashedly assert that the shield and lozenge, the distinguishing armorial symbol of male and female, were severally derived from Adam's spade and Eve's spindle. The lines,

When Adam delved, and Eve span,

Who was then the gentleman?

formed the rallying-cry in many popular insurrections, as the people began to discover their own strength, and the hollow weakness of the feudal assumptions under which they were enslaved. The expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden was a favourite subject with the medieval sculptors and painters; and they almost invariably represented it in the following manner. Adam, as he passes out of the portal of the earthly paradise, receives, with an air of the most abject submission, a spade from the hands of an attendant angel; while Eve, already supplied with spinning materials, and apparently quite unabashed, holding up her head as if she had done no wrong, boldly struts forth, carrying her distaff, and twirling the spindle as she walks along. This traditional attribution to Eve, may be one of the unjust and petty slurs against the female character which the artists of the period delighted to perpetrate; or it may denote her confidence that the evil would eventually be remedied, that through her progeny the serpent's head would ultimately be crushed.

In one of the old religious plays, annually acted by the Franciscan friars on the festival of Corpus Christi, we find the same popular idea dramatically expressed. In the scene of the expulsion, Adam, with spade in hand, addressing Eve, says:

Let us walk into the land,
With right hard labour our food to find,
With delving and digging with my hand,
And, wife, to spin now must thou tend,
Our naked bodies in cloth to wind.

Eve, with her distaff and spindle, suitting the action to the word, and the word to the action, replies:

Aha! that ever we wrought this sin—
Our bodily sustenance for to win.
Thou must delve, and I must spin.

The allusions to spinning in the sacred writings are numerous and appropriate, pointing to the great antiquity of the art, as well as eulogising its professors. Abraham refused to take a thread of the spoil; flax was cultivated in the time of Moses; the women of the wise-heated men with the king. And, the ancient hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair; and she, the virtuous woman par excellence, whose worth was above rubies, laid her hands to the distaff and the spindle.

By the classical writers of Greece and Rome, Minerva, as the instructress of man in the useful arts, was fabled to be the inventress of spinning. Homer speaks of a distaff being a present fit for a queen; and everybody has heard of the labours of Penelope, though Valerius, in Cordania, sufficiently enough denies, that "all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence only served to fill Ithaca full of moth's." Herodotus relates a pleasing story respecting the removal, by Darius, of the Pisidian and neighbouring tribes to the shores of Asia. The Pisidian brothers caused their sister, dressed in her best attire, to pass before the Persian monarch, carrying a vase upon her head, and a distaff in her girdle, and leading a horse with her left hand, while she twirled her spindle; the king's attention being attracted by this unusual appearance, he kept the young woman in view, and saw her approach a fountain, fill the vase, water the horse, and return spinning as before. Darius immediately requested to see her distaff and loom, and was told Penedia. Were all the females of that country equally industrious? he next inquired, and was told that they were so. The result was that the politic
monarch, considering that so diligent a people would be valuable subjects, had them all transported to his own territories in Asia.

Pliny tells us that the distaff and spindle of Caia, the queen of Tarquinius Priscus, was long preserved in the portico of Foro Romano. This royal spinstress was considered to be the perfect model of a good wife; hence a distaff, charged with wool, and a spindle, were carried before a Roman bride; and when the marriage-procession reached the husband’s house, she was given her name, to which she replied Caia. The three Fates, who, according to the ancient mythology, presided over man’s mundane existence, were spinners; one held the distaff, another spun, the third cut the thread of life. Catullus, however, in his beautiful poem on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, describes all three as spinning. Affording an accurate description of the ancient mode of using the distaff and spindle, the lines are interesting:

As and their hands the sacred labour plied,
The left the distaff grasped, the right hand drew
The wool which thus they twisted in the clew,
On the best thumb the winding spindle held,
And as the whirlwind moves its course impelled.
Still as they spun, they bit off every shred
That roughly hung about the new-made thread.

A picture of Leda, on the wall of a house in Pompeii, represents a female spinning in the same manner as is described by the above lines; and the peasant-girls of Italy still carry the distaff and twist the spindle, as they did in the time of Caia. Yet, long ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled, as we learn from paintings in the tombs of Etruscan tombs, the yarn for the finest linen of Egypt was spun in the same manner; and so did the wretched ophthalma-striken felasses of Egypt still spin in the shade of the great pyramid. Mummy has become merchandise, Pharaoh has been sold for bacon, and, as that is out of fashion even, the eagle and faxes, symbols of imperial dominion and consular power, have long since been swept away; but the distaff and spindle, emblems of domestic peace and household cares, still remain. Their history, if it could be written, would be the history of the human race: the same aims and aspirations, wants and wishes, hopes and fears, have been experienced by millions of the various nations, tribes, and races. The curse, the song, and tongue, which have used these simple implements.

Among our Saxon ancestors, the terms spear-half and spindle-half expressed the male and female lines of descent; and in their tomes, we find a spear beside the skeleton of a man, a spindle with the remains of a woman. In Germany, even at the present day, the jurists divide families into male and female by the titles of sword-magen and spinel-magen—in other words, sword-members and spindle-members. Among the ancient Franks, when a free woman formed an attachment to a slave, she was summoned before the elders of the tribe, who, in open council, offered her the choice of a sword or a spindle. If she accepted the former, she was released from slavery, which was her birthright, but she was sentenced to a servile life with some fortune, which she had connected herself; on the contrary, if she chose the spindle, she was reduced to the level of her lover.

The French law, by which ‘No woman shall succeed in Salic land,’ has been expressed in popular phraseology by the words, le royaume de France ne tombe point en guenonville—the kingdom of France never falls under the distaff. The well known faur de la is and has been adopted as the regal cognizance of France, in allusion to the Salic code, and with reference to the passage of Scripture respecting the lilies of the field—they toll not, neither do they spin.

When the royal sepulchres of France, in the abbey of St Denis, were disgracefully desecrated at the period of the first revolution, several distaffs and spindles, richly gilt, were found in the tombs of various queens. In Germany, it is still as customary to suspend a distaff and spindle over the tomb of a lady, as it is to place a sword and helmet over that of a knight. Pennant tells us that he saw a distaff, carved in stone, on the tomb of Alice, princess of the nunnery of Saint Emanuel, in Stirlingshire; and the simple instance of this kind in England is the tomb of Judge Pollard, of the Common Pleas, who died in 1540. On one side of the judge’s tomb are the stone-carved effigies of his eleven stalwart sons, each girdled with a sword; on the other, she represented his seven fair daughters, each carrying a spindle. A curious story is related of the bustling housewife, the mother of those twenty and two children. When twenty only of them had been born, the lady, in commemorations of her large family, erected a magnificent mausoleum in her seat of Nenine Bishop in Gloucestershire; and on this window she caused to be depicted herself and husband, with their ten sons and ten daughters. By some mistake, the artist left a blank space where the lady ordered to be filled up by another son and daughter; and, as quaint old Fuller tells us, ‘her expectancy came to pass in accordance.’

About the very time when matronly Dame Pollard was erecting her portrait of twenty children of greater importance were in progress. The spinning-wheel that worked with the foot was invented, and is a course of introduction into England. Previous to this invention, spinning, though a most necessary art, was merely the occupation of the poorest; the employment of high and low, rich and poor, in the intervals of more important business, and during the long tedious nights of winter. Fitzherrbert, a writer on husbandry in the earlier part of Henry the Third’s reign, as he was out of fashion, is gone out of fashion ever since, and has been reduced to the level of a pastime, that thou not be idle; undoubted a woman canst not her living by spinning on a distaff yet is stopteth a gap, and yarn need must be had. But, through the more rapid production of yarn by wheel, elastic, a few to spin for fancy; spinning became a means of obtaining a livelihood, the higher classes had less necessity to practise it, and, consequently, the time-honoured appellation of spinsters rank completely in the sauce, which in the primitive period of the distaff and spindles had been given to royal princesses, after the invention of the wheel, became legally applicable only to unmarried females under the rank of viscount’s daughters. A somewhat similar change has been caused in our own time by the invention of the machine, and consequent extinction of the spinning-wheel. In Sir Richard Steele’s Spinsters, published in 1719, the daughters of wealthy farmers are among the spinners of linen and woolen, who petition against the use of ‘the tawny, pie-spotted, flabby, ragged, low-priced thing called Calico; a foreigner by birth; made the Lord know where, by a parcel of heathens and pagans that worship the devil, and work for a halfpenny a day.’ Randle Holme, in speaking about the same time, describes three kinds of wheels then in use: the country, farmer’s wheel; the city, or gentlemens’s wheel; and the girdle wheel, which, being carried at the girdle, could be used when walking about. This last, Randle says, was a little wheel with gigam-bobs, pleasing to ladies that love not to overturn themselves. Indeed, down to the present century, the wheel was sedulously plied by ladies of slender income. These are now alive now, riding in their carriages, who were inhabited for their first start in life to their mother’s wheel. Many a college expense has it aided to defray, many an Indian outfit it has helped to purchase. But the wheel, emblem of ‘variations and mutations,’ 1
Fluellen says, is subject to the very changes it so aptly symbolizes. It is persons of much lower standing in the social scale who now wait in the halls of the Grand Steam, to tend the whirling hobs of the many-spindled mule and jenny.

The quantity of yarn produced by a good spinner from the wheel in a certain time depended principally upon its design. From The Times, we learn that a bank or twelve cates was considered a fair day's work:

A country lastle at her wheel,
Her dizen done, she's uno weel.

But the spinners of Tyrone, who had the reputation of being the best in Ireland, thought two dozen no extraordinary task; and at their kempt, or contests of skill in spinning, they frequently produced as many as four dozen in one day. The native Irish—we use the term in contradistinction to the descendants of Scotch and English settlers—had songs specially composed and appropriated for singing at the wheel. Three of those 'spinning-wheel songs' are preserved in Bunyan's Ancient Music; and the songs or funeral-cry of young Ryan, translated from Irish by the late Mr Croker, commences thus:

Maidens, sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning-wheels;
Join the keener's voice of sadness,
Feel for what a mother feels.

The able authoress of A Woman's Thoughts about Women, in a late number (1843) of this Journal, speaking of the needle, says it is 'a wonderful brightener and comforter; our pen to the wearer of defence against slothful-ness, weariness, and sad thoughts; our sturdy helper in poverty; our pleasant friend at all times.' In the medieval period, when men were women's tailors, the needle was a sacred thing by the priest, and with the distaff, being their constant companions, afforded the same benefits and consolations to the sisterhood as the needle does now. Curiously enough, an old proverbial Latin verse, of the kind termed Leonine, actually asserts this fact, though in other respects unjust to the sex:

Fallere, flere, nere, dedit Deus in muliere;
which Chaucer thus translates in his prologue to the Wife of Bath's Tale:

Decelt, weeping, spinning, God hath give
To women kindle, while they may live.

Besides being the universal symbol of the softer sex, and their unsullied source of profit and pastime, the spindle and distaff were also their legitimate offensive and defensive weapons. In the south of Europe, the keen-pointed steel spindle has often served as a stiletto; while in the north, the large distaff could readily be used as a club. 'We'll thrwack him hence with distaves,' says Hermione in The Winter's Tale; again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King, a paucity fellow is spoken of as a 'so below a beating that the women find him not worthy of their distaves.' Goneril, in King Lear, alluding to the 'cowish terror' of her helmpate, says: 'I must change arms at home, and give the distaf to my husband's hands.' The wife of the immortal host of the Tabard, also, when she found her husband unwilling to resent her fancied injuries, exclaims:

I will have thy knife,
And thou shalt have my distaff, and go spin.

Chaucer, in another place, in the Nun's Priest's Tale, shows the use of the distaff on an emergency. When Dan Roswell, the fox, ran off with Antholacdise the cock, the widow and her daughters cry:

Harrow and well—a-way!
He, he, the fox! And after him they ran,
And eke with staves many another man;
Then called her dog, and Talbot and Garland,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hand.

One of the most curious of the early printed books, that are embellished with wood-cuts, is well known to connoisseurs as The Complaint ofצרפת. A chapter of this rare work is entitled, 'Of an Assault against a Snail.' The accompanying wood-cut represents a fortified palace. Upon one of the most accessible towers there is a snail, with head protruded and horns elevated, evidently in an attitude of defence. Two soldiers, fully equipped, and a woman, armed only with a distaff, form the assaulting-party against the snail-defended tower. In the letter-press, the snail defies his opponents, telling them that his strength and valour are fully commensurate with his terrific appearance, and concludes his bragadocio thus:

If that these armed men approach me near,
I shall them vanquish every one,
But they dare not for fear of me alone.

The snail has a correct opinion of his antagonists' courage. The soldiers, like the ancient Pistol, use 'brave words,' but that is all. Commencing their speech with the words, 'Horrible snail!' they threaten to eat him with pepper and salt, but end with the impotent conclusion of merely requesting their horned enemy to abandon the tower:

Get thee hence, by our advice.
Out of this place of so rich edifice,
We thee require, if it be thy will,
And let us have this tower that we come till.

The woman, however, exhibits more pluck than her male companions, soldiers though they be. Brandishing her distaff, she exclaims:

Go out of this place, thou right ugly beast,
Which of the vines the tender shoots doth eat.
Out of this place, of so rich edifice,
With my distaff, between the horns twain,
That shall sound into the realm of Spain.

This 'assault against a snail' has been a grievous puzzle to antiquaries. Mr Orford, in England, asks: 'What does it all mean?' M. Nisard, in France, says that it is an insoluble enigma. The following nursery-rytheme, however, which we quote for the gratification of the curious, seems to sufficiently explain, at least to our own satisfaction, the mysterious affair:

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a great Kyles cow—
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all now.

Nor has the rock, the modern representative of the distaff, been found less useful as an offensive weapon than its predecessor. An episode in domestic life, known in Scottish song as the Neary Pount of Tow, is much too natural to be wholly unfounded on fact:

I bought my wife a stone of lint,
As good as e'er did grow;
And all that she has made of it
Is one poor pound of tow.

Quoth 1: 'For shame, thou idle dame!
Go spin your top of tow.'
She took the rock, and with a knock,
She broke it o'er my pow.

When a French peasant wishes to designate the golden age of his country, the good old times as we often absurdly enough phrase it, he says it was in the days when Queen Bertha span—au temps que la reine Bertha filait. This is generally understood to refer to a certain, or rather very uncertain, long-footed, or, according to some authorities, goose-footed Bertha, who figures in romantic legend as the mother of Charlemagne. But, allowing for difference of language, the same saying (nel tempo ove Berta filava), with exactly the same signification, is current in Italy.

Who, then, was Bertha? A clue to her real character is found in The Gospels of Dives (Les Évangiles des
Queen Bertha, one of those extraordinary old French works known as jogguestos, and which mingle Christian and Heathen morality with obscenity, and acerb sense with the absurdest superstition. One of the preachers, in this remarkable production, is a Dane Bertha of the Horn, who can be readily identified with the spinning Queen Bertha of French romance, on the one hand, and with a Frau Berta of German superstition, on the other. This Frau Berta, sometimes termed Fricke, still holds a conspicuous position in the folk-lore of Northern Germany. She visits the farmhouses and peasants' cottages during the twelve nights immediately succeeding Christmas. She inspects the condition of the spinning-wheels, and is particularly pleased to find all the flax spun off from the rocks. The maidens who are tidy and industrious spinners, she rewards with all kinds of good-luck; while she shows misfortunes on the lazy and the sluttish. And we have had her here, even in England, but in the character of a saint. Of the many miracles ascribed to St. Bertha, we need only mention one. A convent founded by her was deficient of water, but, by merely drawing her distaff along the ground, she formed a noble aqueduct, copiously supplied with the pure liquid, for the use of the establishment. Her festival, termed St. Distaff's Day, was kept on the morning after Twelfth-day, and Herrick thus alludes to it:

Partly work and partly play,
You must on St. Distaff's Day.

Burn the flax, and fire the tow.

In short, Queen Bertha of the long-foot, and Dame Bertha of the Horn, Berta the fairy, and Bertha the saint, are all derived from one source, being the modern representatives of a much more ancient patroness of spinners, the Hertluis or Fria of the Scandinavian mythology. It has been truly said that the religion of one era becomes the superstitions of the next. The three well-known stars in Orion's belt, which Scottish peasants term 'the ell-wand,' were known to the ancient Northmen as Fria's Distaff; but since the introduction of Christianity among them, these stars have been termed Mary's Rock.

The ramifications of popular superstitions are widely spread. One of the Roman rural laws forbade a woman to spin on the highway, it being considered an inauspicious omen to the travellers who might meet her so employed. Nearly two thousand years later, the very same notion was common in France. In the Gospels of Distaff, we read that it is exceedingly unlucky for a man travelling on horseback to pass a woman spinning; he should either put off his journey, or avoid her by turning back and going another way. In the Isle of Man, and also in Northern Germany, it was considered sinful to spin on Saturday; and the peasantry still relate a story of two old women, indefatigable spinners, who would spin on that day. At last one of them died; and while the survivor was spinning on the following Saturday, the deceased appeared to her, and holding out a dreadfully burned hand, said:

'Bethold what I have justly won,
Because on Saturday I spun.'

In the Scottish cottage and farmhouse, the wheel was always carefully put away at an early hour of the Saturday afternoon; not from any superstitious feeling, but out of respect for the approaching Sabbath. There was, however, a curious feeling connected with the reel in Scotland, no later than in the times of the grandparents of many now living. The reel, registering the amount of yarn wound upon it, was looked upon as an omen to the next contrivance, and with a conscientious feeling of avoiding the slightest tampering with forbidden arts, numbers of Scottish matrons never used 'wimble black,' but measured their yarn by winding it over the left hand and elbow, repeating a certain formula to aid the memory in retaining the reckoning. The useful agricultural implement for winnowing corn, termed a fan, was long unused in Scotland, but, like the distaff, in a similar manner. As another illustration of this feeling, we are induced to copy the following paragraph in full from the Scoto Magazine of 1766. Without giving the whole, we would despair of affording the reader a correct idea of the curious and valuable collection of domestic proverbs, which is justly esteemed as one of the most valuable works in the English language.

'Peter Pairny, servant to Mr. Thomas Muir, minister of the Seceding congregation at Orwell, who worked his wheel-plough, was lately accused before the session of using pranks something like enchantments, pretending to stop or render unfit for service a wheel-plough, by touching the beam with a rod, and bidding the plough stop till he should lose (loose) it. The session agreed to declare him under scandal, to debar him from sealing ordinances till the offence be purged; and to ordain him in dear and be publicly rebuked; at the same time leaving room for further inquiry into the matter, and for inflicting what further censure may be judged necessary. This sentence was intimated from his pulpit by Mr. Muir on Sunday, September 19th, and the man appeared and was received as

If Pairny had lived a hundred years earlier, in all probability he would have been burned; if a hundred years later, he might have been honoured and set as a benefactor of his race. But we are wandering from the thread of our discourse, and the length of our yarn warns us to cut it short, and reel up, without more than alluding to the numerous songs, anecdotes, proverbs, and homely tales connected with hand-spinning, an art in most places, completely passed out of recollection; for the spinning-wheel, after superseding the distaff and spindle, was in its turn deposited by machinery worked by steam. Like the black-jack, the wheel of the turnspit dog, the pillon, and the pack-saddle, the spinning-wheel is now almost unknown, save as a relic of the past. As such, it may sometimes be found on the upper back-shelf of a museum or collection of antiques. And when we take into consideration that a steam-engine will whirl 150,000 spindles at once, rattling off 20,000 miles of yarn in an hour, at an expense of less than a halfpenny for every six miles— that the thousands of women tending steam-spinning machines earn more in one day than they could have earned in a week by hand-spinning—we may, in spite of all the pleasing associations and recollections of the spinning-wheel, be very well contented to leave it on the shelf: its work is done—our yarn is spun.'

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXI.—THE CONDITION OF BLACK JACK.

We had escaped from the block-house in boats down the river to its mouth, and by sea to St. Marks. Thence the volunteers scattered to their homes—their term of service having expired. They went as they listed; some going alone, or in straggling squads of three and four together. One of these groups consisted of old Hickman the hunter, a companion of like kidney, myself, and my ever-faithful henchman.

Jack was no longer the 'Black Jake' of yore. A sad change had come over his external aspect. His cheek-bones stood prominently out, while the cheeks themselves had fallen in; his eyeballs had retreated far within their sockets, and the neglected wool stood out over his temples in a thick frizzled shock. His skin had lost its fine ebon polish, and showed...
distinct traces of corruption. Wherever 'scratched' by his now elongated finger-nails, a whitish dandruff surface was exhibited.

The poor fellow had faded badly in the block-house; and three weeks of positive famine had played sad havoc with his outward man.

Stirravation, however, but little affected his spirits. Throughout all, he had preserved his jovial mood, and his light humour often roused me from my despondency. While gnawing the corn cob, and washing down the dry maize with a gourd of cold water, he would indulge in repugnant visions of 'hominy and hog-meat,' to be devoured whenever it should please fate to let him return to the 'ole plan-tayshun.' Such delightful prospects of future enjoyment enabled him the better to endure the pinching present. It was a good deal of comfort that we were free, and actually heading homeward; now that his visions were certain soon to become realities, Jake's joivility could no longer be kept within bounds; his tongue was constantly in motion; his mouth ever open with the double tiers of ivory displayed in a continuous smile; while his skin seemed to be rapidly recovering its dark oily lustre.

Jake was the soul of our party, as we trudged warily along; and his gay jokes affected even the stoic old hunters, at intervals eliciting from both loud peals of laughter.

For myself, I scarcely shared their mirth—only now and then, when the sallies of my follower proved irresistible. There was a glow over my spirit, which I could not comprehend. It should have been otherwise. I should have felt happy at the prospect of returning home—of once more beholding those who were dear—but it was not so.

It had been so on my first getting free from our block-house prison; but this was only the natural reaction, consequent upon escape from what appeared almost certain death. My joy had been short-lived: it was soon outgrown; and now, that I was nearing my native home, dark shadows came over my soul; a presentiment was upon me that all was not well.

I could in no way account for this feeling; had heard it in my headings. In truth, I had 'king' of home or of friends for a period two months. During our long siege, no station had ever reached us; and at St. Mark, a but slight news from the settlements of wanee.

While the greater part of our tribe was transpired there during our absence—there had transpired worthy of being known.

This ignorance itself might have produced uncertainty, doubt, even apprehension; but it was not the sole cause of my presentiment. Its origin was different. Perhaps the recollection of my abrupt departure—the unsettled state in which I had left the affairs of our family—the parting scene, now vividly recalled—remembrances of Ringgold—reflections upon the wicked designs of this wily villain—all these may have contributed to form the apprehensions under which I was suffering. Two months was a long period; many events could happen within two months, even in the smallest circle of our own family. Long since it had been reported that I had perished at the hands of the Indian foe; I was believed to be dead, at home, wherever I was known; and the belief might have led to ill results. Was my sister still true to her word, so emphatically pronounced in that hour of parting? Was I returning home to find her still my loving sister? Still single and free? or had she yielded to matronal solicitation, and become the wife of the vile caiff after all.

With such conjectures occupying my thoughts, no wonder I was not in a mood for merriment. My companions noticed my dejection, and, in their rude but kind way, rallied me as we rode along. They failed, however, to make me cheerful like themselves. I could not cast the load from my heart. Try as I would, the presentiment lay heavy upon me, that all was not well.

Alas, alas! the presentiment proved true—no, not true, but worse—worse than my worst apprehensions—worse even than that I had most feared.

The news that awaited me was not of marriage, but of death—the death of my mother—and worse than that—horrid death, no sister's fate. Before reaching home, a messenger met me—one who told an appalling tale.

The Indians had attacked the settlement, or rather my own plantation—for their foray had gone no further: my poor mother had fallen under their savage knives; my uncle too; and my sister? She had been carried off!

I stayed to hear no more; but, driving the spurs into my jealed horse, galloped forward like one suddenly smitten with madness.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A SAD SPECTACLE.

My rate of speed soon brought me within the boundaries of the plantation; and, without pausing to breathe my horse, I galloped on, taking the path that led most directly to the house. It was not the main road, but a wood-path here and there closed up with 'bars.' My horse was a spirited animal, and easily leaped over them.

I met a man coming from the direction of the house—a white man—a neighbour. He made motions as if to speak—no doubt, of the calamity. I did not stop to listen. I had heard enough. My eyes alone wanted satisfaction.

I knew every turn of the path. I knew the points where I should first come in sight of the house.

I reached it, and looked forward—Father of mercy! there was no house to be seen! Half-bewildered, I reined up my horse. I strained my eyes over the landscape—in vain—no house.

Had I taken the wrong road, or was I looking in the wrong direction? No—no. There stood the giant tulip-tree, that marked the embouchure of the path. There stretched the savanna; beyond it the home-fields of indigo and maize; beyond these the dark wood-knell of the hommock; but beyond this last there was nothing but a dense wood. The whole landscape appeared to have undergone a change. The gay white walls—the green jubilations—the cheerful aspect of home, that from that same epoch had so often greeted me returning hungry and weary from the hunt—were no longer to be seen. The sheds, the negro-cabins, the offices, even the palings had disappeared. From their steads I beheld thick volumes of smoke ascending to the sky, and rolling over the sun till his disc was red. The heavens were frowning upon me.

From what I had already learned, the spectacle was easy of comprehension. It caused no new emotion either of surprise or pain. I was not capable of suffering more.

Again putting my horse to his speed, I galloped across the fields towards the scene of desolation. As I neared the spot, I could perceive the forms of men moving about through the smoke. There appeared to be fifty or a hundred of them. Their motions did not betoken excitement. Only a few were moving at all, and these with a leisurely gait, that told they were not in action. The rest stood in groups, in lounging attitudes, evidently mere spectators of the conflagration. They were making no attempt to extinguish the flames, which I now observed
mingling with the smoke. A few were rushing to and fro—most of them on horseback—apparently in the endeavour to catch some horses and cattle, that, having escaped from the burnt enclosure, were galloping over the fields neighing and lowing.

One might have fancied that the men around the fire were those who had caused it; and for a moment such an idea was in my mind. The messenger had said that the foray had just taken place—that very morning at daybreak. It was all I had heard, as I hurried away.

It was yet early—scarcely an hour after sunrise—for we had been travelling by night to avoid the hot hours. Were the savages still upon the ground? Were those men Indians? In the lurid light, amidst the smoke, matching the scene as it with the intentions of driving them off—the conjecture was probable enough.

But the report said they had gone away: how else could the details have been known?—the murder of my mother, the abduction of my poor sister? With the savages still upon the ground, how had these facts been ascertained?

Perhaps they had gone, and returned again to collect the booty, and fire the buildings? For an instant such fancies were before my mind. They had no influence in checking my speed. I never thought of tightening the rein—my bridle-arm was not free; with both hands I was grasping the ready ride.

Vengeance had made me mad. Even had I been certain that the dark forms before me were those of the murderers, I was determined to dash forward into their midst, and peril upon the body of a savage.

Their track was at my heels; and, close behind, I could hear the clattering hoofs of the hunters’ horses.

We galloped up to the savages of the smoke. The deception was at an end. They were not Indians or enemies, but friends who stood around, and who hailed our approach neither with words nor shouts, but with the ominous silence of sympathy.

I pulled up by the fire, and dismayed from my horse; men gathered around me with looks of deep mourning. They were my heartless—no one uttered a word. All saw that it was a tale that needed no telling.

I was myself the first to speak. In a voice so husky as scarcely to be heard, I inquired: ‘Where?’

Their answer was unexpected—it was anticipated. One had already taken me by the hand, and was leading me gently around the fire. He said nothing, but pointed towards the hommock. Unresistingly I walked by his side.

As we neared the pond, I observed a larger group than any I had yet seen. They were standing in a ring, with their faces turned inward, and their eyes bent upon the earth. *I knew she was there.*

At our approach, the men looked up, and suddenly the ring opened—both sides mechanically drawing back. He who had my hand conducted me silently onward, till I stood in their midst. I looked upon the corpse of my mother.

Beside it was the dead body of my uncle, and beyond the bodies of several black men—faithful slaves, who had fallen in defence of their master and mistress.

My poor mother!—shut—stabbed—scalped. Even in death she had been defestured!

Though I had anticipated it, the spectacle shocked me.

My poor mother! Those glassy eyes would never smile upon me again—those pale lips would neither close nor cheer me more.

I could control my emotions no longer. I burst into tears; and, falling upon the earth, flung my arms around the corpse, and kissed the cold mouth, lips of her who had given me birth.

CHAPTER LXXV.

TO THE TRAIL.

My grief was profound—even to misery. The remembrance of occasional moments of coldness on the part of my mother—the remembrance more especially of the last parting scene—rendered my anguish indescribable. Had we but parted in affection—I, in the friendly confidence of former years—my loss would have been easier to endure. But no; her last words to me were spoken in reproach—almost in anger—and it was the memory of these that now so often brought me to tears.

I would have given the world could she have heard but one word—to know how freely I forgave her.

My poor mother! All was forgiven. Her faults were few and venial. I remembered them not. Ambition was her only sin—among those of her station, almost universal—but I remembered it no more. I remembered only her many virtues—only that she was my mother. Never until that moment had I known how dearly I loved her.

It was no time to indulge in grief. Where was my sister?

I sprang to my feet, as I gave wild utterance to the interrogatory.

It was answered by signs. Those around me pointed to the forest. I understood the signs—the savages had borne her away.

Up to this hour I had felt no hostility towards the red men; on the contrary, my sentiments had been an opposite one. If not friendship, at least no ill-will. I had felt something akin to it. I was conscious of the many wrongs they had endured, and were now enduring at the hands of our people. I knew that in the end they would be conquered, and must submit. I had felt sympathy for their unfortunate condition.

It was gone. The sight of my murdered mother produced an instantaneous change in my feelings; and sympathy for the savage was supplanted by fierce hostility. Her blood called aloud for vengeance, and I would have gone to save the savages.

As I rose to my feet, I registered vows of revenge.

I stood not alone. Old Hickman and his fellow-hunter were at my back, and fifty others joined their voices in a promise to aid me in the pursuit.

Black Dog, the tragically important man, was understood—it was anticipated. One had already taken me by the hand, and was leading me gently around the fire. He said nothing, but pointed towards the hommock. Unresistingly I walked by his side.

As we neared the pond, I observed a larger group than any I had yet seen. They were standing in a ring, with their faces turned inward, and their eyes bent upon the earth. *I knew she was there.*

At our approach, the men looked up, and suddenly the ring opened—both sides mechanically drawing back. He who had my hand conducted me silently onward, till I stood in their midst. I looked upon the corpse of my mother.

Beside it was the dead body of my uncle, and beyond the bodies of several black men—faithful slaves, who had fallen in defence of their master and mistress.

My poor mother!—shut—stabbed—scalped. Even in death she had been defestured!

Though I had anticipated it, the spectacle shocked me.

My poor mother! Those glassy eyes would never smile upon me again—those pale lips would neither close nor cheer me more.

I could control my emotions no longer. I burst into tears; and, falling upon the earth, flung my arms around the corpse, and kissed the cold mouth, lips of her who had given me birth.
was in places less conspicuous, and the finding it delay led to it. It had been concealed by the
Had any one seen the savages?—or noted to what band they belonged? Who was their leader?
Yea. All these questions were answered in the
affirmative. Two men, lying concealed by the road, had seen the Indians passing away—had seen their
captives, too; my sister—Violet—with other girls of the
plantation. These were on horseback, each clothed in the arms of a savage. The blacks travelled afoot. They were not bound. They appeared to go
willingly. The Indians were 'Redsticks'—led by
Ococoa.
Such was the belief of those around me, founded upon the report of the men who had lain in ambush.
It is difficult to describe the impression produced upon me. It was painful in the extreme. I endeavoured not to believe the report. I resolved not to
give it credence, until I should have further
confirmation of its truthfulness.
Ococoa! O heavens! Surely he would not have done this deed? It could not have been he?
The men might have been mistaken. It was before
daylight the savages had been seen. The darkness
might have deceived them. Every feat performed by
the Indian advance—every trait made—was put down to
the credit of Ococoa. Ococoa was everywhere. Surely
he had not been there?
Who were the two men—the witnesses? Not
without surprise did I listen to the answer. They were
Spence and Williams.
To my surprise, too, I now learned that they were
among the party who followed me—volunteers to aid
me in obtaining revenge for my wrongs!
Strange, I thought; but stranger still that Arens
Ringgold was not there. He had been present at the
scene of the confrontation; and, as I was told, among
the loudest in his threats of vengeance. But he had
turned home; at all events, he was not one of the
band of pursuers.
I called Spence and Williams, and questioned them
closely. They adhered to their statement. They admitted that it was dark when they had seen the
Indians returning from the massacre. They could not
tell whether they were the warriors of the
'Redstick tribe, or those of the 'Long Swamp.'
They believed them to be the former. As to who
was their leader, they had no doubt whatever. It was
Ococoa who led them. They knew him by the three
curls hanging from his head-dress, which rendered
him conspicuous among his followers.
These fellows spoke positively. What interest
could they have in deceiving me? What could it
matter to them, whether the chief of the murderous
band was Ococoa, Coa Hajo, or Onopa himself?
Their words produced conviction—combined with
other circumstances, deep painful conviction. The
murderer of my mother—who had fired my home,
and borne my sister into a cruel captivity—could be
no other than Ococoa.
All memory of our past friendship died upon the
instant. My heart burned with hostility and hate,
for him it had once so ardently admired.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE ALARM.

There were other circumstances connected with the
bloody affair, that upon reflection appeared peculiar
and mysterious. By the sudden shock, my soul had
been completely benighted; and these circumstances
had escaped my notice. I merely believed that there
had been an outlaw band of Indians, in which my
sister had been massacred, and my sister borne
away from her home—that the savages, not satisfied
with blood, had added fire—that these outrages had
been perpetrated in revenge for past wrongs, endured
at the hands of their pale-faced enemies—that the
like had occurred elsewhere, and was almost daily
occurring—why not on the banks of the Suwanee,
as in other districts of the country? In fact, it had
been rather a matter of wonder, that the settlement
had been permitted to remain so long unmolested.
Others—far more remote from the Seminole strong-
holds—had already suffered a like terrible visitation;
and why should ours escape? The immunity had
been remarked, and the inhabitants had become
bucked by it into a false security.
The explanation given was that the main body of
the Indians had been occupied elsewhere, watching
the movements of Scott's triple army; and, as our
settlement was strong, no small band had dared
come against it.
But Scott was now gone—his troops had retired
within the forts—their summer quarters—for winter
is the season of campaigning in Florida; and the
Indians, to whom all seasons were alike, were not
free to extend their marauding expeditions against
the trans-border plantations.
This appeared the true explanation why an attack
upon the settlement of the Suwanee had been so long
deferred.
During the first burst of my grief, on receiving
news of the calamity, I accepted it as such: I and
mine had merely been the victims of a general
vengeance.
But the moments of bewilderment soon passed;
and the peculiar circumstances, to which I have
alluded, began to make themselves apparent to my
mind.
First of all, why was our plantation the only one
that had been attacked?—our house the only one
given to the flames?—our family the only one
murdered?
These questions startled me: and natural it was
that they did so. There were other plantations along
the river equally unprotected—other families far
more noted for their hostility to the Seminole race—
why, was it yet a greater mystery, the Ringgold
plantation lay in the very path of the marauders; as
Arens Ringgold was the richest in the neighborhood;
and had his plantation so placed as to be easily
attacked?
Why, then, had the Ringgold plantation been suffered
to remain unmolested, while ours was singled out for
destruction? Were we the victims of a particular
and special vengeance?
It must have been so; beyond doubt, it was so.
After long reflection, I could arrive at no other
conclusion. By this alone could the mystery be solved.
And Powell—oh! could it have been he?—my
friend, a fiend guilty of such an atrocious deed? Was
it probable? was it possible? No—neither.
Despite the testimony of the two men—vile
wretches I knew them to be—despite what they had
seen and said—my heart refused to believe it.
What motive could he have for such special murder?
—Ah what motive?
True, my mother had been unkind to him—more
than that, ungrateful; she had once treated him
with scorn. I remembered it well—he, too, might
remember it.
But surely he, the noble youth—to my mind, the
beau idéal of heroism—would scarcely have harboured
such petty spite, and for so long?—would scarcely
have repayed it by an act of such bloody retribution?
No—no—no.
Besides, would Powell have left untouched the
dwelling of the Ringgold's? of Arens Ringgold, one
of his most hated foes—one of the four men he had
sworn to kill? This of itself was the most improbable circumstance connected with the whole affair.

Ringgold had been at home—might have been entrapped in his sleep—his black retainers would scarcely have resisted; at all events, they could have been overcame as easily as ours.

Why was he permitted to live? Why was his house not given to the flames?

Upon the supposition that Oceola was the leader of the band, I could not comprehend why he should have left Aresn Ringgold to live, while killing those who were scarcely his enemies.

New information, imparted to me as we advanced along the route, produced new reflections. I was told that the Indians had made a hasty departure—that they had, in fact, retreated. The conflagration had attracted a large body of citizen soldiers—a patrol upon its rounds—and the appearance of these, unexpected by the savages, had caused the latter to scamper off to the woods. But for this, it was conjectured other plantations would have suffered the fate of ours—perhaps that of Ringgold himself.

The tale was probable enough. The band of marauders was not large—we knew by their tracks there were not more than fifty of them—and this would account for their retreat on the appearance even of a smaller force. The people alleged that it was a retreat.

This information gave a different complexion to the affair—I was again driven to conjectures—again forced into suspicions of Oceola.

Perhaps I but half understood his Indian nature; perhaps, after all, he was the monster who had struck the blow.

Once more I interrogated myself as to his motive—what motive?

Ha! my sister, Virginia—O God! I could love—passion—

'The Indysnas! Indysnas! Indysnas!'

Cousin Robert.

O Cousin Robert, far away
Among the lands of gold,
How many years since we two met?
You would not like it told.

O Cousin Robert, buried deep
Amid your bags of gold,
I dreamt of you but yesternight,
Just as you were of old.

You own whole leagues—I, half a rood
Behind my quiet door:
You have your lacs of gold rubpees,
And I my children four.

Your tall barques dot the dangerous seas,
My 'ship's come home'—to rest
Safe anchored from the storms of life
Upon one faithful breast.

And it would cause nor start, nor sigh,
Nor thought of doubt or blame,
If I should teach our little son,
Our Cousin Robert's name.

That name—however wide it rings,
I oft think, when alone,
I rather would have seen it graved
Upon a church-yard stone—

Upon the white sunshiny stone
Where Cousin Aliek lies;
Ah, sometimes, woe to him that lives!
And blessed he that dies!

O Cousin Robert, hot, hot tears,
Though not the tears of old,
Dropping, thinking of your face last night,
Your hand's pathetic fold:

A young man's face—so like, so like
Our mothers' faces fair;
A young man's hand, so firm to hold,
So resolute to dare.

I thought you good—I wished you great;
You were my hope, my pride:
To know you good, to make you great,
I once had happy died;

To tear the plague-spot from that heart,
Place honour on that brow,
See old age come in crowded peace,
I almost would die now;

Would give—all that's now mine to give,
To have you sitting there,
The Cousin Robert of my youth—
A beggar with gray hair.

O Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere grown old;
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold.

Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth dares;
Better to mourn—God's children dear,
Than laugh—the devil's slaves.

O Robert, Robert, life is sweet,
And love is countless gain,
Yet if I think of you, my heart
Is stabbed with sudden pain:

And as in peace this holy eve
I close our Christmas-doors,
And kiss good-night o'er sleeping heads—
Such bonny curls! like yours—

I fall upon my bended knees
With sobs that choke each word—
'On those who err and are deceived
Have mercy, O good Lord!'

The Ink of the Ancients.

In a letter from Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Brighton, addressed to the Society of Arts' Journal, he states that, by making a solution of shellac with borax, in water, and adding a suitable proportion of pure lamp-black, an ink is producible which is indestructible by time or by chemical agents, and which, on drying, will present a polished surface, as with the ink found on the Egyptian papyri. He made ink in the way described, and proved, if not the identity with that of ancient Egypt, yet the correctness of the formula which has been given him by the late Mr. Charles Hatchett, F.R.S.

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OUR LOST PET.

Tax: bonem d’aimer is perhaps one of the least mean of human weaknesses. Many are the troubles it causes to all of us, and yet we would fain not quite get rid of it, and are, on the whole, rather more respectable people with it than without it. For the unfortunate man to whom even his wife is only

A little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse; for the forlorn old maid who, dying without heirs, endows her twelve parrots with enough to make the fortune of more than one poor family, it is at least a degree better to be fond of something, be it only a brute beast, than nothing. And many a brute beast is capable of being raised, by education, attention, and kindness, to an affectionate rationality which makes it quite as pleasant company, alas! as a great many human beings.

This is not meant to be an essay in defence of pets—of almost intolerable nuisances to everybody but the possessor—pet dogs (perhaps the most unbearable), pet birds, fowls, rabbits, monkeys—and the long line of domesticated quadrupeds and bipeds, down to the featherless biped, the child-pet, or the charity-pet, whose lot is the most cruel-kind of any. I am only going to tell a very plain and simple story about a lost pet of ours, who cost us the usual amount of pain which all who are guilty of the afore-named human weakness must consent to endure.

We—that is, myself and the sharer in my loss—are not universally benevolent. We do not take to our bosoms every walking, hopping, and creeping thing. We are critical in our tastes, and though we hope we would treat civilly and kindly every creature alive, still, we have never had any particular interest in more than one sort of pets, and that is cats.

I hope the gentle reader will not here immediately lay down this paper in a mood of calm contempt; or if he has done so, may I respectfully request him to take it up again? I assure him that he shall meet with nothing insanely extravagant, or sentimentally maudlin; that his prejudices will be treated with deference, and himself regarded as a person who is simply mistaken—nothing more. He never could have had a pet cat.

We have had—many: the fact that a cat’s nine lives do not equal one human being’s, necessitating that plural. Otherwise, we would have kept faithful to this day unto our first favourite ‘Muff’—fallen in with at the age of three—or his successor, our veritable first-love, Rose; Rose, the flower of cats, who bloomed in our household for ten years. My heart softens as I recall her. Her memory is green still; and I may yet, for a newer generation, write a Biography of our Rose.

Since her day, we have both had several pets, en passant—confiding cats who followed us home through London streets, as they always have a trick of doing; eccentric cats who, changing their natures, would go shooting in the forests, point the game, and bring it to the master with an unfalling faithfulness; sea-born cats, cherished during half a voyage, and then missed—after which rumoured to have been seen floating away, helplessly meowing, for a quarter of a mile astern. Yet we never had but one pet who at all supplied the place of the never-forgotten Rose.

Of him I am now about to tell.

He was the first-born of his mother, but in nowise like her—she being the ugliest, stupidest, and most untender of feline animals. Her very kittens she would carry into damp corners and under grates, and there forsake them, to be trodden to death or shovelled unwittingly on the back of the fire: nay, with some she is reported to have done as the New Zealand husband did with the wife whom he couldn’t keep and was too fond of to part with—she is reported to have eaten them. Peace to her names! Nothing in her life ever became her like the leaving of it.

But her son was quite a different character. His beauty was his least merit. In kittenhood he had such winning ways that he was continually asked to tea in the parlour; cradled in apron-pockets, gowns, and shirt-fronts; taught to walk on the table, and educated with a care and distinction which could not but make him the most gentlemanly of cats.

And such he grew. There was a conscious ‘fine-young-fellowism’ in the very arch of his back, and curve of his handsome tail. His tail, we always said, was his weak point—a pardonable vanity. He seemed to take a conscious pride in it, as a fashionable Antinous might in his curls, his hands, or his whiskers. For his morals, they were as unexceptionable as his appearance. He was rarely heard to meow, even for his dinner; and as for theft, I remember the sublime indignation of his first friend and protector, the cook, when one day I suggested shutting the pantry-door: ‘He steals! He never would think of such a thing!’

Have I sufficiently indicated his mental and moral perfections? Add to these a social and affectionate disposition, remarkable even in parlour-educated cats, and a general suavity of manner which made him considerate to the dog, and patronisingly indifferent to the fowls—and what more need be said of him, except his name?
This cannot be revealed; such publicity might have deleterious consequences. In this article he must only be known as 'Lo.' No bad name either: there was once a Saint Lo, of knightly memory; so 'Lo' is well suited to designate the most chivalrous of cats.

He grew up to maturity in the house where he was born. For three years his familiar apple-tree, on which he tried his youthful claws, blossomed and bore; for three years, the sparrows in the thorn and willow provided him with a little useful recreation—the blackbird, certainly, that day—striking and hard-hunting; and then his destiny darkened. We were about to flit—a long flitting of some hundred miles and more; and of all the questions involved therein, one of the most difficult was, what was to be done with Lo? We could not leave him; we did not like to give him away; and yet we feared that the cry, 'A new home—who'll follow?' would never be responded to by him. The most frequent suggestion was to take his photograph, and then give him a little dose of the fixed tincture which would 'fix' both him and his likeness for ever in this world, and save all further trouble. But this idea was not likely to be carried out.

When there's a will there's a way.' I made up my mind to reclaiming him.

On the day of the flitting—when he was lying peacefully and unconsciously on his native kitchen hearth, which he was never more to behold—I carried him, purring and fondling, to an empty room upstairs, and locked him in, together with a hamp to and dinner. He did not quite understand the proceeding, but accommodated himself to circumstances, and lay down to sleep in the sunshine. There, ignorant of the black future, he passed his days. At nightfall I packed him and sewed him up, still purring, in the hamper of his woes. To parody the old axiom: 'When a cat's carried, his sorrow begins.' From that hour there was no more peace for our unfortunate Lo.

He, with myself, was taken in for a week by a benevolent family, who kept a bird. This necessitated Lo's solitary confinement in a wash-house. Thither, almost exanimate from fright—I believe he even fainted in my arms—he conveyed; and there, though visited by fed, and consoled with, he remained in a state of mind and body of indescribable wretchedness—sleeping in the copper, and at the least noise retiring for refuge up the chimney. His appearance, when being repacked, his second journey, was that of a disconsolate, half-idiotic sweep.

Through all the roar of London, on the top of cab or omnibus, was borne the luckless cat. What could he have thought of the great Babylon? He who, among swarms of gardener's and tradesmen, had passed peaceful days. He never uttered a sound; not even when, finding no boy at hand, I took up his hamper myself, and carried it the length of a square, conversing with him meantime, till the sight of a passer-by turning round, he might possibly convey to the public in general the impression of my being slightly insane. One pause he had in his miseries—one happy evening by a charitable kitchen hearth, and then he was, hamper and all, consigned to the parcel-van of the northern mail.

'Please take care of it—it's a cat.'  
'A what, ma'am?' asked the magnificent-looking guard.  
'At—a live cat.'  
'He laughed.  
'Oh, ma'am—all right.' And so I bade poor Lo a temporary farewell.

Letters communicated his well-being. He had arrived at home—had recovered from his first paroxysms of terror—had even begun to wash himself and appear like a cat of civilized mien. There was hope that I should find him sitting happily on the hearth, which, we are weak enough to fancy, now looks quite comfortable and home-like without a cat. But hope deceived. My first question: 'How is he?' was answered dolefully: 'He has run away.'

Ay, just when his troubles were ended, when his mistress was coming home, when all the delights of milk and cream, sunny lawns to sleep on, green trees to climb, mice, and—dare I say it?—young birds to catch, were opening before him—he ran away! We returned to a catless fireside.

Of course, everything was made: a reward offered, the village policeman applied to; but day after day passed, and no sight of Lo. Sometimes flying rumours reached us of his being seen in gardens, or scamping across fields, or sheltering in some stalls or barns. But the policeman paid us a special visit, stating formally his knowledge of his whereabouts, and that every measure should be taken for his recovery; but even the professional skill, worthy of being exercised on some distinguished criminal, failed with regard to our cat. We had almost given him up for lost.

Now, one ought never patiently to submit to any loss, till every possible means tried have proved irretrievable. One evening after he had been a week missing, I was, taking into account his exceeding agility and timid disposition, the strange country in which he had lost himself, and his utter ignorance of illusory, I resolved to go in search of the cat myself. A scheme about as sound as a trip across Australia or a friend in the far west—a sort of 'Evangeline' expedition: yet most women reading Longfellow's exquisite poem, must feel that such a proceeding as Evangeline's would be perfectly natural, reasonable, and probable under these circumstances.

So, after tea, I went out. It was a lovely evening, with hedges just budding, and thistles just beginning to pipe out that peculiar rich note which always reminds one of the return of spring. I like to think of all those belonging to one as enjoying, the renewal of nature, life, and hope. I did not like to think of even my cat—my poor cat, for whom I was no after-life, no immortal and eternal spring—spring, in fact, used, till death was the kindest thing I could hope for him. I almost wished I had taken his friend's advice, that we had photographed him, and "fixed" him, safe from all mortal cares.

At the wash-house, where he had once been seen, I had inquired the day before. Both the civil husband and pleasant-looking wife knew quite well 'the lady who had lost her cat:' they sympathised; and I felt sure that if he appeared again he would be coaxed, caught, and brought safe home. I then continued my pilgrimage.

Door after door did I attack with the stereotypic inquiry: 'Have you seen a strange cat?' I have lost my pet cat, which I brought all the way from London: he is a great beauty, gray, with a particularly fine tail. I will give five shillings to anybody who brings him back; my name and address are so and so.'

This brief and simple formula was repeated, with slight ad libitum variations, from house to house within a mile. Once I ventured to address a milk-woman with no result; she was a stranger: and once a little boy, playing about the road, whom I afterwards heard commenting to a friend in this wise:'I say, Jack, that lady's hunting after a strange cat. He, he, he. I wouldn't hunt after a strange cat—would you?'

Equally unsympathetic was an elderly gentlementhe owner of a beautiful house, garden, and conservatory, and who came most politely to the door, his bronnie little grand-daughter holding by his hand. He had a fine face, long silvery hair, was bland.
amiable of demeanour, reminding me of Mr Dickens’s ‘Cathy the Patriot.’

‘Madam,’ said he, after hearing my tale, ‘if those animals are allowed to inhabit such a place, I devoutly wish all the cats in this world were in paradise. They are the ruin of us horticulturists. Do not regret yours. I can supply you out of my garden with any number, dead or alive.’

I explained that mine was an individual pet.

‘Then, madam, could you not place your affections upon pets more worthy?’ and he stroked the little girl’s pretty flaxen hair. ‘I am sorry to wound your feelings; but there have been—and I should rather regret their leaving—some Birmingham people in this neighbourhood who make a trade of catching and skimming—cats.’

I turned away, yet could hardly forbear a smile; the eccentric, but, I firmly believe, well-meaning old gentleman, received my adieu, and bowed me to the very gate.

Many another house I tried; my search having one result—namely, the discovery that I had a number of nice neighbours—old ladies, neat as a new pin; spruce parlour-maids; kindly mistresses, mostly with babies—none of whom, however, mentioned all the good folk seemed personally acquainted, not only with one another, but with one another’s cats. Ours might yet turn up, or, if not, might find an asylum in the bosom of some unknown family, who would console him for the cruel mistress and ungracious mistress, who had unsettled his reason, and driven him to despairing flight.

So, having done all that could be done, I was fain to turn homeward—

In the spring twilight, in the coloured twilight,
—never seen except in spring. It tinted the bare trees and brown hedges, throwing over the whole sky a tender light, and changing the shiny bit of far-away water into a lake of burning gold. It was wonderful was the peace over all animate and inanimate nature, as it lay, waiting in faith the step-by-step advance of another unknown year.

Passing the lodge of the big house of the village—an open door, fire-light, and children’s prattle, inspired me with one last vague hope. I knocked.

‘Have you seen,’ &c., &c., &c., as usual.

No. Yet the sight disclosed almost stoned for the disappointment. An interior, such as only an English cottage could furnish; a cottager’s wife, such as Morland or Gainsborough would have delighted to immortalise. Her face, healthy, fair, and sweet—nay, downright beautiful, was reflected feature by feature in two little faces—one staring out bravely from her mother, the other half-hidden in her gown. This last charming little face, which no persuasions could allure from its shelter, was itself worth the whole evening’s pilgrimage to look at; and the centre picture, half twilight, half fire-light, is a thing to be set down in memory, among passing glimpses of unt_iteratorable beautiful fragments, which remain daguerreotypised as, for ever.

This episode, with the rest, amused us for some time. On the coming home, we talked over our chances of recovering our lost pet; conjecturing that for a month to come, we should have all the stray cats of the neighbourhood brought to us for recognition—except the right one. But to ‘greet oer split milk’ is not our custom; lest life should become not only a site lactees, but a via lacrymosa. So, having done our best, we dismissed the subject.

Next day, sitting at work, I heard a scuffle in the hall; the door was swung joyfully open—

‘Ma’am, there’s your cat.’

It was indeed. Gaunt, scarred, dirty; fierce with hunger, and half-wild all night, the poor runaway was brought home to his mistress’s arms.

After the immemorial fashion, I drop a veil over the pathetic scene which followed.

* * *

He now lies fast asleep at my feet. He has made a clean breast of it—that is to say, he has resumed his usual costume of white shirt-front and white stockings, which contributes so largely to his gentlemanly appearance. He has also gradually lost his scared look, and is coming into his right mind. A few minutes since, he was walking over my desk, arching his poor thin back in the ancient fashion, and sweeping my face with his sadly diminished but still inimitable tail; putting his paws on my shoulders, and making frantic efforts at an affectionate salutation—had I not a trifling objection to that ceremony.

Surely, after all this bitter experience, he will recognise his true friends—true even in their unkindness; will believe in his new quarters as home, and play the prodigal in an appropriate manner.

Poor Lo! I hope it is not applying profane to ‘the noblest sentiments of the human heart,’ if, as he lies there, snugly and safely, I involuntarily hum to myself a verse out of The Clerk’s Two Sons of Overford:

The hallow days o’ Yule were come.
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in there cam her ain twa sons,
Wi’ their hats made o’ the birk.
Blaw up the fire now, madlens mine,
Bring water frae the well:
For s’ my house sail feast this night,
Since my twa sons are weel.
And she has gane and made their bed,
She’s made it saft and fine,
And she’s happit them in her gay mantil,
Because they were her oise.

(Bless us, what would ‘Mr Casby’ say?)

I here end my story. Better fortune is fickle, and affection often vain—and it now; lest, as Madame Cottin says in the final sentence of her Exiles of Siberia—did I continue this history, I might have to chronicle a new misfortune.

THE TRAINING OF BEASTS IN ANCIENT ROME.*

This art of taming and training wild beasts was never practised on a grander scale than during the latter period of Roman antiquity. Very justly has Goethe represented ‘delight in the wonderful, the incredible, and the monstrous,’ as the most striking peculiarity of the later Romans. In fact, it may be said, that among these degenerate descendants of the world-conquerors, throughout a constant succession of the most powerful excitements, so effeminate a relaxation had crept in, that only one thing could give them interest—namely, the accomplishment of the impossible. Theatres that turned round upon pivots with all the audience, buildings in the sea, dishes composed of rarities from all quarters of the globe, are some of the fruits of this tendancy, which, ignored the limits of space and time, and regarded the laws of nature with scorn.

It was not enough that the rarest, fiercest, and most beautiful beasts were gathered together in Rome from the ends of the earth, they were also compelled

*Translated from the German.
to lay aside their instinctive impulses, and be obedient to what was most repugnant to their nature. The art of taming wild beasts was, at first, connected with the exhibits of the amphitheatre and the circus; but to avoid wounding the public by successive repetitions of bloody contests between men and animals, recourse was had to games in which the naturally tame beasts were exhibited along with others that had been tamed by art. In consequence of the great number of amphitheatre displays, the labour of taming and training gave employment to multitudes of men. In an astrological poem of the early imperial age, there were predictions which promised men to their several callings are given; there is found the horoscope of those who 'tame the tiger, soften the rage of the lion, converse with elephants, and render these unwieldy masses fit for human arts and duties.' In another poem of the fourth century of our era, the horoscope is represented of those who 'make bears, bulls, and lions fit for intercourse with men.' The whole imperial era, in fact, seems to have abounded in the tamer's 'handy work.'

Pliny observes that the smallest and most timid of beasts and birds, such as the swallow and the mouse, were altogether intractable; while the largest and fiercest, as the elephant and lion, were easy to tame. The ancient Egyptians had already very successfully tutored the elephant; but in Rome the discipline was carried to a much greater length. We quote Pliny's own words: 'In a play given by Germanicus, the elephants brought their clumsy evolutions into the arena of a theatre. Sometimes they used to brandish their weapons in the air, to frighten one another like gladiators, and to riot in a wanton dance. Later, they practised on the rope, on which four of them carried another in a litter, which was supposed to represent a ship; women in children's dresses and whom they led down so gently upon the sofa of a guest-table, that they disturbed none of its occupants. It is told of an elephant that was slow at learning, and which had often been beaten on that account, that it was watched in the night, and found practising its lesson by itself. These huge animals mounted the tight-ropes with the greatest agility, and, what is even more remarkable, descended them with equal ease. Mucianus mentions an elephant that had learned to write Greek, and to its performances used to add: 'I have written this with my own hand,' &c.'

The taming of lions, also, had already been prosecuted to a great extent in ancient Greece and in Africa. The Indian lion, according to the Greek naturalists, was particularly easy to train when young. The Carchaginian Hanno is said to have been the first who went about attended by a tamed lion. Berenice, the Egyptian queen, had a favourite lion that alighted on her lap, and used to lick her cheeks. Marco Antony rode about Rome in a chariot in which two lions were yoked. Domitian had a lion that was taught to carry the game in hunting, who let himself be chased by hares, and into whose throat one might thrust a sword with impunity. This prodigy was the subject of several poems. Martial counsels the hare to take refuge from the pursuit of the hounds in the jaws of the lion, and asks which was the greater miracle, that the eagle of Jupiter had not stolen Jupiter's fish but that the emperor's lion had not injured the imprisoned hare? This wonderful lion, however, was torn in pieces by another beast that broke out from its cage in the arena; but he had the consolation, as Statius says, of being mourned by both the people and the senate, and that the emperor took his loss worse than that of ever so many Egyptian, African, or German beasts. Heliogabalus used sometimes, for a joke, to terrify his guests by bringing his tame lions suddenly into the dining-room. Even tigers were sometimes so far subdued as to lick their keepers' hands and faces. Leopards were easily reduced to submit to the rim of the chariot.'

Another triumph of this training was the subjugation of land-animals to the water. Among the splendid exhibitions to which Titus owed no small amount of his popularity, were the performances of the tamed bears and other wild beasts who, when horses, oxen, and other animals were collected, were taught to go through the duties to which they were accustomed on the dry land. The story of one being in the habit of carrying women, may probably have suggested the mode in which the abdication of the Emperor was accomplished. Oxen in general were very tractable; they learned to stand upon their hind-feet, and would allow jongleurs to perform their tricks on their backs, and were even skilled in playing the part of drivers in chariots at full speed.

Tamed beasts frequently served both to raise the splendour of mythological tableaux and ballets, and to enhance the comic displays at masquerades. Carnivals of the same kind were often held at the festivals of the gods. Apuleius describes a procession at a festival of Isis: there was a tame sheep-clothed as a woman, born on a chair; an ape, in the costume of Ganymede, with a Phrygian cap and saffron-coloured mantle, presented a golden cup; a minstrel with a lyre; a herdsman with a cow; a girl with a horse; and Bellerophon with Pegasus. It may be supposed that, in such parodied representations, apes were the best adapted, and the favourites; and several monuments indicate this to have been the case. In these, apes are represented as riding on horses and mules, as taming the wild beasts, and being present at battles. They are often shown in pictures. The most interesting of these is a wall-painting in Pompeii, where the deliverance of Anchises and Ascanius from the burning of Troy by Jove, is represented by apes. These works, fortunately preserved, prove that the ape-comedy was really cultivated in ancient Rome. Also, as domestic animals, trained apes were in great request, especially for the amusement of children: an ape of clay has been found in a child's grave, evidently a plaything.

The taming of apes is said to have been carried to enormous lengths; they were taught to speak, to dance, and to become unconscious; at length he stretched himself out, as if dying, lay as really dead, and allowed himself to be pulled and dragged about, to show the plot of the drama required. But as soon as the signal was given, he began to move gently, as if awaking out of a deep sleep, lifted his head, looked round him; and while the spectators were expressing their admiration, he went up to the person to whom he belonged, and shewed so much delight and foresight by wagging his tail, as to excite universal astonishment.'

The boondois of fashionable Roman ladies were as well known, furnished with tame birds. Who does not remember the sparrow of Lesbos, which Caesar has made immortal? How much tame doves were in request may be judged of by the fact, that towards the close of the republic, a celebrated breeder sold a single pair
It is well known, also, that there were speaking-ravens, as this bird, in consequence of his human speech, had in the remotest antiquity acquired the honour of being regarded as the envoy of the god Apollo. In the time of Tiberius, there was a raven's nest on the temple of Castor, and from this a young raven flew into a neighbouring shoe-shop, the owner of which received him kindly, and taught him to speak. After a time, he used every morning to fly to the forum, to accost and greet Tiberius, and after him Germanicus and Drusus, and then the whole Roman people, after which he would fly back to the shop. This he continued to do for several years, and excited the admiration of all Rome. The owner of a neighbouring shop, through envy, killed the bird, which so roused the fury of the people, that the murderer was obliged to leave his quarters, and was afterwards put to death. The raven was buried with the most solemn pomp. Two Moors carried him on a bier; a flutist played at the head of the procession; crowns in abundance decorated the body; and thus was he borne to a cemetery in the Appian Way, where he was burned and buried. This took place on the 27th of May A.D. 46. Pliny also knew a Roman knight who possessed a remarkably black crow from Spain which spoke several words very distinctly.

Besides the birds that were trained to speak, but little mention is made of others that distinguished themselves by their docility and cleverness. Pliny mentions only that goldfinches learn to execute with their feet and bill what they were ordered; and that tamed cranes were very amusing, and went through a kind of dance. In one play of Tritus, cranes were exhibited which fought each other.

Fishes in basins used, at the sound of a bell or rattle, to come to the edge to receive food from their owners' hands, a sight very often seen at the mansions of distinguished Romans: it is even maintained that some fishes recognised the names that were given them.

In these accounts, there may no doubt be something due to the score of exaggeration and embellishment, but by far the greater part rests on the evidence of unimpeachable eye-witnesses. If it be further remembered that we have only isolated and chance-preserved communications on the subject, we shall be led to confess that the beast-training of to-day cannot even remotely be compared with that of ancient times.

INGLEBOROUGH WITHIN.

Old Ingleborough, the Saxon Hill of Fire, is very rightfully one of the chief glories of Yorkshire.

Pen-y-ghent, Pendle, and Ingleborough, are the highest hills the country thorough, is an ancient proverb of that boastful country; and considering that the Cumberland and Westmorland mountains, half as high again, are within sight of all the three, it is a very creditable one. *Magna est seritas aquae* is a quotation almost run to death, so true is it, but the thing which is popularly known as a 'whopper,' is sometimes more tremendous still. Ingleborough is, as its inhabitants would say, at the tail-end of the great northern hill-district, and no one falling not so much as his head above the flat country, like a country-gentleman of consideration who has, at least, married into the peerage. It is naturally divided into 'pastures' by terraces or scars of limestone, which give to the whole hill the appearance of being fortified by a power even greater and more ancient than that of the Roman. He had his camp upon Ingleborough, we may be pretty sure, and dropped his money about...
—principally fourpenny-bits of the Constantine period—his brooches, his pottery, and his own bones, all over that neighbourhood, with his accustomed profusion. The Druids were there, of course, giving the final stress to the crown of the hill, which it was their duty and pleasure to effect upon all waste places. It had a beacon also, which can still be seen, and has often given warning to canny Yorkshire when canny Scotland was about to make a foray. There is a good deal of contention between these neighbours still, but after quite another sort of fashion, and diamond cuts diamond, instead of claymore broadsword. The northern folks arrive now quietly enough by the London and North-western Railway, and Bradshaw gives token of their approach instead of the beacon of old Ingleborough. But there is a grand look-out yet from the place where its ruins lie, two or three thousand feet above you waste of waters: Lancaster tower and town; the little caravans crossing the perilous sand-roads, which, in a few hours, the sea will again claim for her own; smoke-pennonned steamer and white-sailed ship; curved bays, with little fishing-hamlets; belts of woodland with a glimmering star, vane—and very properly so—of sound steady ploughing; and in three fair rivers, running down with many a curve and sweep from awarded uplands; on this side, a sandbank or an island low in the sea, and on that, a group of mountains, the highest which our England has to offer.

But, after all, our business is with Ingleborough. Within. The whole district of Craven—the British Craigian, country of rocks—of which this hill is lord, is honeycombed by innumerable earth-chambers. Ribblesdale, Wharfdale, Wharfe Dale, and half a score of other dales, named after their respective rivers, which curve so shallowly and broadly around the wooded limestone cliffs, are undermined and tunnelled for miles by the hand of nature, and beneath them flow sunless streams, like Alph, the sacred river, none knows whither, and 'measureless to man.' Often as we wander over the shoulders of Ingleborough, we hear voices and gurglings from torrents which never find their way at all, as they disappear under the earth, and out of one cavernous mouth in the hill Whernside, flows a stream which, in flood-time, washes out periodically old silver coins of the reign of Edward I., from who-knows-whose deep-hidden treasury. In Giggleswick Scar, whose name means 'giggle along the sides of their real grandeur,' is an ebbing and flowing well, of exceedingly irregular habit, having a flux and reflux, with a difference of from a few inches up to a foot and a half, caused by some wondrous subterranean power, which miserable mathematicians explain by the principle of the double syphon. If you lay your ear to the ground at a certain spot in Ribblesdale, you will hear how the water comes down at Lowdore in fairland, although not so much as a rivulet is to be seen outside of Robin Hood's Mill. Sometimes tremendous funnels, of two hundred feet in depth, lead by a very direct route, and one which would take no time at all to traverse, right down upon these mysterious streams, which, as it were, are raised up there, upon their dark road, as a tunnel by its shafts. Black and deep enough the water seems, as we peer over the edge of the 'pot' to look at it, nor does it make us at all ambitious to imitate that subterranean explorer. Sinister echoes come from a kelp-ground, Holfen Pot, which contains in it an underground water-fall of no less than forty feet, has been descended to the depth of three hundred and thirty feet, where the black river sinks into a quiet rotatory pool, and does not appear near to mortal eye for more than a mile. Some few of these pools have fish in them: large dark trout abound in Hurtle Pot, where 'the boggart,' in rainy weather, is heard to threaten and fret, and an also found in less quantity in the chasm above it, though the upward force of the water is there so strong as to cast up stones of considerable size to the surfacing surface of the hill, which is generally begun. At the neighbouring railway-station are to be read considerable matter about his serene highness, and particularly concerning the structure of his internal arrangements, which cannot but be gratifying to any mountaineer. The tourists is entreated to come early, and to spend a week in visiting Ingleborough and its caves.

A quarter of an hour's walking brings us to the hamlet, with its verdurous ravine and the flight issuing from the artificial lake above it; and half an hour afterwards, we arrive by a beautiful path which runs through arch-plantations, round the mountain, at the mouth of the cave. The entrance is walled in, imposing, embowered in trees, and overhung with trailing foliage, and commands such a view of the deep ravine beneath it, and of the limestone strata of opposite slope, that the mouth is on a bank of green, as would be fit enough to gladden the eye of an anchorite, did any chance to dwell here. Where the tallow candles are lit, and the iron gates closed and locked upon us, we begin to wish ourselves inside again, and so, when we have stumped over some sixty yards or so of rock-passage, which is the entire length of the old cave, and admired the few gloomy passages which gleam about in the dark vault as cheerfully as muddy coffin-plates, we feel quite on our own, that we have had enough of caverns. That was our experience of Clapham Cave a score of years ago.

Up to that time, notwithstanding railways, and what is called the march of intellects, and in spite of all the newspapers had written against them, the water-fairies still dwelt under Ingleborough in the beautiful palace they had inhabited ages before the Hengist Brothers were a firm, or Agricola a husbandman, or even a child in arms. They live, because we should hear us talking where their wall was thickest next to the old cave, that foolish mortals paid a shilling apiece for looking at what had once been a cattle-stable of their own; but between it and them a partition had been built, and some of them, in the days of the 'benevolent conception' upon our side, and of fretted eyes upon theirs; so that they feared no intrusion. Their manners were similar to those prevailing in European courts. The king spent a great deal of money on racing, and worse; the queen, good old creature, kept bees, and was content with eating bread and honey in her parlour, or, as is more likely in the housekeeper's room, out of the way, for her simple taste was much reflected upon and ridiculed by her more select companions, and loved his rubber at skittles; and the prince, his sister, amused herself with her carpets—for she was very high-church—or reclined upon some furniture (frosted of course), at which we looked, and which things, were kept standing all the time half out of the water) regaled her with stories of fabulous monarch martyrs, till they brought quite a dryness into her eyes. The palace itself was of extraordinary extent and splendour; the apartments, though many of them were very lofty, being indeed used in some instances as air-baths, never needed any support for their roof, but the architect had built up a crystal pillar over here and there, for ornament, and in order to show his skill, which, after all, he had great difficulty in getting settled by the late king (1840).
never paid anybody except in his own 1 O U's, which were a sort of bank-note without the water-mark.

A statue was, however, erected to him by an admiring public in the Stalactite Gallery, where it is still standing; and as far as we can judge of a statue in the absence of the head and shoulders, a most excellent replica.

It was in this very gallery that the princess was sitting with her attendants, modelling a little Gothic church out of crystallised sugar, when the catastrophe occurred that drove all the fairy family out of their abode.

Immediately upon setting foot upon the fairy side of the old cave, we find ourselves in the Stalactite Gallery. There lie the frosted silver cushions, with their pillows and footstools of the same material, and having—as it seems to us—the very impression which the sporting monarch implanted upon the very first alarm, leaving in his haste his jockey-cap, also of frosted silver, upon the brink of it, where it now stands. A passage leads off, through water, to the left, as yet untrodden by mortal foot, up which the princess may have fled. So we can swear to her crystal slipper dropped at the entrance. Presently, we come to a water-fall, up which, when they were young, many a generation of the water-fairy family must have loved to leap, with that torse of the old bankrupt king besides it of which we have already spoken. Here, too, are crystal pillars separated in the centre, but still standing, the one half rising up from the marble floor to meet the other, depending from the vaulted ceiling—stalagmite and stalactite—which little lits above it are the only thing left of their being erected. Besides these, crystallised air-planes—as they seem—hang everywhere from the roof, to which they are attached by a number of delicate silver locoys, which, when lighted up, have the prettiest and most magical effect.

And now we mortals have to stoop painfully for some distance along a depressed passage, where the original inhabitants had, doubtless, no sort of difficulty in gliding, and by the side of the stream which still traverses the palace from end to end, at this time shallow enough, except in particular spots, and many feet below the marble water-line, marks upon the walls what its depth has been wont to be; a solemn, melancholy sound it ever makes, 'low on the sand, and loud on the stone,' as though it bewailed its banished indwellers.

At last, after the hundredth and the last visit to the old cave, we arrive at the Gothic hall, of enormous length, and with groined and lofty ceiling. At one end of it is the splendid throne of the queen-mother, glittering with diamonds, with an unexplored vista of twelve hundred and eighty-seven miles, which she escaped with her household goods; in the right centre is the magnificent organ, formed of thin plates of silver spar, whose notes, awakened even by a mortal hand, are still most ravishing; in the left, and opposite—where he is best liked—of annoying his sister at her anthems—is the prince's silent aisle, dry, and with three of the pins still standing. On both sides of the hall are various couches of spar, tapers, and tapering perpendicularly from the ceiling, or branching into shrubbery of coral-work. From above depend numbers of sparkling chandeliers of stalactite, which are multiplied by mirrors of limpid water ingeniously placed beneath them; and below, there is a noiseless carpet of silver sand. A noble archway leads hence into the Alhambra Gallery, which, from the circumstance of it having been so long unpaid for, joined to that of its similarity to the Moorish court built by our own architect at Sydenham, bore the name of Oving Jones. The lofty roof, which is beautifully tessellated with intersecting lines of white marble, after extending, without a single pillar to support it, for a very great distance, suddenly sinks into a mere vaulted passage, between two and three feet in height, along which mortals have to crawl upon wooden clogs provided for that purpose. This is called the Cellar Gallery; but there is not a vestige of a bin or bottle left to account for the designation. The hall is a perfect piece of architecture as the travelling here up al-fours is so laborious as to demand some kind of stimulant. When we have almost made up our minds to become semicircular for the rest of our lives, the roof rises unexpectedly to an enormous height, then falls in a magnificent arch to straighten himself though he should stand thirty feet in his shoes. We are now in what was evidently the great chamber of audience, and it is the last in the palace to which we shall be able to penetrate. A grand, stern justice-hall it is, surrounded with objects of awe rather than of beauty. Upon the huge sombre walls are written mysterious Runic characters; and from the roof hang dusky chandeliers of stalactite, which shed a doubtful light over the scene. We are now two thousand feet from the purposed depth of the palace, and half as many feet perpendicular from the upper air! It is indeed Ingleborough Within, and yet we have probably not seen one-tenth of the wonders of this fairy home. A low archway leads from the hall into water, and darkness, and space, along which adventurous mortals have swum and struggled for several hundred yards further, and still have been far from finding the places whither the banished race have betaken themselves. That they are within, there seems to have been no doubt, somewhere, is all we must be content to know.

And now we must return along the splendid succession of hall and corridor, into daylight. The sun gleams brightly enough upon herb and leaf, upon rock and downland, but it meets with no
such glittering response as our homely candles have been evoking from stalactite and spar. This phlegmatic earth, so far as it stands, commands the wonder of fairyland! Ah, who to see the rugged face of that bluff old Yorkshire mountain, would dream of the rich heart-chambers that lie in Ingleborough Within? 

A MIGRATORY ROSE.

Strangere as the heading of this paper may appear to the reader, the flower is nevertheless an entity—a thing that softens, that may be handled; a plant almost as regular as the swallow in its fittings to and fro; one that travels many miles annually; and, what is more, a fashionable one—resorting to the sea-side during the hottest season, to indulge in a swim among the cool billows of the Mediterranean. The name of this remarkable vegetable phenomenon is Anastatica hierochuntica among the botanists; the Rose of Jericho with the unlearned.

Very many superstitions are connected with this exquisite plant in the minds of Bedouins and other Arab tribes. The ancients attributed miraculous virtues to the Rose of Jericho. Dispensing with the notions of both, however, there remains to us quite a sufficient charm about this apparently insignific ant shrub, which, when subjected to a height, to argue forwriting the subject to our readers.

To behold this little rose, it is not necessary to tell you 'to go to Jericho;' no such uncompromising journey is required. In the land of Egypt, by the borders of the Gaza desert, in Arabia's wilderness of sands, on the roofs of houses and among rubbish in Syria, abundant specimens are to be met with. But, like many other things of insignificance, it requires a pause to look upon or handle this wayside shrub, which nevertheless carries with it a lesson and a moral.

By the laws of germination, there are, we are told, these three things necessary for a plant—humidity, heat, and oxygen. The first of them is indispensable, inasmuch as without it the grain or seed would not swell, and without swelling, could not burst its shell or skin; and heat, in union with water, brings various gases to young plants—especially oxygen—which are necessary for its existence.

With these facts before us, and a knowledge that rain seldom falls in most places where the Rose of Jericho thrives, how are we to account for the extraordinary circumstance of this plant being periodically abundant and flowering at precisely the same season year after year, when, by the acknowledged laws of germination, there has been that succour wanting which is indispensable to propagate vegetation? Now appears there a most remarkable and most direct interposition of nature for her offspring—an interposition, I may say, a little short of miraculous, and, indeed, apparently so fabulous as to be unworthy of record. But the fact has been established beyond doubt that, for its own purposes, the little plant performs annual journeys over a large extent of country, and into the ocean, whence, at a stated period, it, or rather its offspring, returns to the original haunts, takes root, thrives, and blossoms.

In the height of spring, when nature casts her brilliant vesture, set with flowers and flowerets of a hundred varied hues, over the fertile valleys and hills of Syria and part of Palestine; when every breeze is laden with rich incense from orange groves or honeysuckle dels, then unheeded, amidst the rich profusion of vegetation, or isolated amid the desert sands, blossoms the tiny Rose of Jericho. On house-tops, where the sun’s fierce rays rend crevices —on dust-heaps, where half-starved wretched curs prowl and dig for food or a resting-place—where

multitudes throng the streets, and where neither foot of man nor beast has ever left imprints on the boiling sand, there stand content the wonderful Anastatica hierochuntica. When summer has fairly set in, and flowering shrubs have ceased to blossom—about the same season of the year that Mr Bull and his family were meditating a month’s trip to the seaside for fresh breezes and sea-breeze, the whole house is turned topsy-turvy in the pleasurable excitement of packing for the month’s holiday—the Rose of Jericho begins to show symptoms of a migratory disease. By any accident, if Mr Brown would be if his gardener rushed in with the startling intelligence that some favourite rose-bush or other plant in the garden had evinced sudden signs of restlessness, and, after a few preliminary efforts, had quietly taken itself off for the season!

Hadji Ismail, the Bedouin camel-driver, who witnesses this phenomenon annually, encountering scores of migratory Anastatica hierochuntica, simply pauses to stroke his prolific beard and fresh charge his pipe, while he pours into the eager ears of some untravelled novice legends about this wonderful rose—legends replete with fairy romance, in which almost invariably a certain unmentionable gentleman comes in for a volley of invectives, as being the instigator of this migration, which, in six hours and in height, to apologize for introducing the subject to our readers.

The first symptom the Rose of Jericho gives of an approaching tour is the shedding of all her leaves; the branches then collapse, apparently wither, and roll themselves firmly into the shape of a ball. Like the fairies that travelled in nut-shells, this plant enchasses itself in its own framework of a convenient shape, size, and weight for undertaking the necessary journey. Not long has the flower assumed this shape when strong land-breezes sweep over the land, blowing hot and dry in the west, and cold and wet in the east. The wind, as it proceeds onward course, these land-winds uproot and carry with them the bulbs or framework of our rose; and, once uprooted, these are tossed and blown over many and many a dreary mile of desert sand, till they are finally whirled up into the air, and swept over the coast into the ocean.

Soon after the little plant comes into contact with the water, it unpacks again, unfolds itself, expands its branches, and expels its seeds from the seed-vessels. Then, I presume, the mother-plant finishes her career, or is stranded a wreck upon the sea-beach. However this may be, it seems evident that the seeds, after having been thoroughly saturated with water, are brought back by the waves, and cast high and dry upon the beach. When the wind is set in with violence from the sea, they carry these seeds back with them, scattering them far and wide over the desert, and among inhabited lands; and so surely as the spring-time comes round will the desolate borders of the desert be enlivened by the new blossoms of the Rose of Jericho.

O C E O L A:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXVI.—FALSE ALARM.

The significant phrase at once put a period to my reflections. Believing the savages to be in sight, I spurred towards the front. Suddenly and simul- taneously the horsemen had drawn bridle and halted.
A few who had been struggling from the path now hurried up and ranged themselves closer to the main body, as if for protection. Others who had been riding carelessly at the advance were seen to do the like.
It was from these last the cry of 'Indyuns!' had come, and several of them still continued to repeat it.

'Indyuns?' cried Hickman, interrogatively, and with an air of incredulity; 'what did ye see 'em?
'Yonder,' responded one of the retreating horsemen—'in you clump o' live-oaks. It's all off 'em.'

'1'll be dog-goned if I believe it,' rejoined the old hunter, and turned his horse to the back of the head. 'I'll lay a plug o' Jeemees's river, it war stamps you see! Indyan don's shew 'emselves in timber like this hyay—specially to sech verdunts as you. Y'ull hear 'em afore you see 'em, I kaikiate.

'But we heard 'em,' replied one; 'we heard them calling out to one another.'

'Bah!' exclaimed the hunter; 'y'ull hear 'em differ from that, I guess, when you git near enough.

'It'll be the crickin' o' that rifles y'ull hear first. Dog-gone the Indyan's thar. 'Twas a com o' a caybird ye've heern screamin'. I know'd ye'd make a scamper the fuss thing as flitttered afore ye.

'Stay whar yez are now,' continued he, in a tone of authority—'jest stay whar yez are a bit.'

'So saying, he slipped down from his saddle, and commenced hitching his bridles to a branch.

'Come, Jim Weatherford,' he added, addressing himself to his hunter-comrade, 'you come along—'we'll see whether it be Indyanys or stumps that's gin these fellers such a dog-goned scare.'

Weatherford, anticipating the request, had already dropped to the ground; and the two, having secured their horses, rifle in hand, slunk silently off into the bushes.

The rest of the party, now gathered closely together, sat still in their saddles to await the result.

There was but slight trial of our patience; for the two pioneers were scarcely out of sight, when we heard their voices ringing together in loud peals of language.

This encouraged us to advance. Where there was so much merriment, there could be but little danger; and without waiting for the return of the scouts, we rode forward, directing our course by their continued ejaculations.

An opening brought both of them in view. Weatherford was gazing downward, as if examining some tracks; while Hickman, who saw us coming up, stood with extended arm pointing to some straggling wood that lay beyond.

We cast our eyes in the direction indicated: we observed a number of half-wild horse-cattle, that, startled by the trampling of our troop, were scampering through the woods.

'Now!' cried the hunter triumphantly, 'that's yer Indynys! Ain't they a savage consarn? Ha, ha, ha!'

Every one joined in the laugh, except those who had given the false alarm.

'1 know'd that war no Indyan,' continued the alligator-hunter, 'that ain't the way they 'll make their appearance. Y'ull hear 'em afore you see 'em: an' jest one word o' device to you greenhorns, as don't know a yellow sycamore from a red oak; let somebody, as diz know, go in the devance, an' the rest o' ye keep well thegither; or I'll stake high on 't them some o' yez 'll sleep the night 'thout har on yer heads.'

All acknowledged that Hickman's advice was sage and sound. The hint was taken; and leaving the two hunters henceforth to lead the pursuit, the rest drew more closely together, and followed them along the trail.

It was evident the marenders could not be far in advance of us; for we knew from the hour at which they had been seen retreating from the settlements.

After my arrival on the plantation, no time had been lost—only ten minutes spent in preparations—and altogether there was scarcely an hour's difference between the times of our starting. The fresh trail confirmed the fact—they could not be a league ahead of us, unless they had ridden faster than we; but that would have been impossible, encum-bered as they were with their black captives, whose large tracks—here and there distinctly perceptible—shewed that they were marching afoot. Of course their captors would be detailed in getting them forward; and in this lay chances of overtaking them.

There were but few who feared for the result, should we be able to come up with the enemy. The white men were full of wrath and revenge; and this precluded all thoughts of fear. Besides, we could tell by their trail that the Indians scarcely outnumbered us. Not above fifty appeared to constitute the band. No doubt they were able warriors, and our equals man to man; but those who had volunteered to assist me were also of the 'true grit'—the best men of the settlement for such a purpose. No one talked of going back; all declared their readiness to follow the murderers even to the heart of the Indian territory, even into the 'cove' itself.

The devotion of these men cheered me; and I rode forward with lighter heart—lighter with the prospect of vengeance, which I believed to be near.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A 'SLIP TRAIL.'

It was not so near as we anticipated. Pressing forward as fast as our guides could lead us, we followed the trail for ten miles. We had hoped to find revenge at half the distance.

The Indians either knew that we were after them, or, with their wonted craft, were marching rapidly, under suspicion of pursuit. After the committal of such horrid assassinations, it was natural for them to suppose they should be pursued.

Evidently they were progressing as fast as we—though not faster.

Though the sun was broiling hot, sap still oozed from the boughs they had accidentally broken—the mud turned up by their horses' hoofs, as the guides expressed it, had not yet 'crusted over,' and the crushed herbage was wet with its own sap, and still preeminent.

'Jest half a hour alread,' remarked old Hickman, as he rose erect after examining the tracks for the twentieth time—'jest half a hour—dog darn'em! I never know'd red-skins to travel so fast afore. Thar be a streakin' it like a gang o' scared bucks, an' jest 'bout now thar clouts are in a putty consid'ble sweat, an' some o' thar duds is stamin' at an angle o' forty-five, I reckon.'

A peal of laughter was the reply to this sally of the guide.

'Not so loud, fellers—not so loud,' said he, interrupting the laughter by an earnest wave of his hand.

'By Jerozzalim, th'ull hear ye; an' if they do, th'ull be some o' us 'thout scalps afore sundown. For your lives, keep still as mice—not a word, or we'll be heern: thar as sharp-earred as thar own wolf-dogs; an' darn me if I believe thar more'n half a mile ahead o' us.'

The guide once more bent himself over the trail; and after a short reconnaissance of the tracks, repeated his last words with more emphasis.

'No, by——! Not more'n half a mile. Hush, boys; keep as quiet as 'possums, an' I promise ye we'll tree the varmints in less'n a hour. Hush!'

Obedient to the injunctions, we rode forward, as silently as it was possible for us to proceed on horseback.

We strove to guide our horses along the softer borders of the path, to prevent the thumping of their hoofs. No one spoke above a whisper; and even then there was but little conversation, as each was earnestly gazing forward, expecting every instant to see the bronzed savages moving before us.
In this way we proceeded for another half mile, without seeing a sign of the enemy except their tracks. The more objects had ended, however, now came in view—the clear sky shining through the trunks of the trees. We were all woodmen enough to know that this indicated an 'opening' in the forest.

Most of my companions expressed pleasure at the sight. We had now been riding a long way through the sombre woods, our path often obstructed by fallen trees and fallen logs, so that a slow pace had been unavoidable. They believed that in the open ground we should move faster, and have a better chance of sighting the pursued.

Some of the older hands, and especially the two guides, were affected differently by the new appearance. Hickman at once gave expression to his feeling.

'Come the clarin,' he exclaimed; 'it's a savanner, an' a big un too. Dog-gone the thing, it'll spoil all.'

'How?' I inquired.

'Ye see, Geordy, if that's already across it, they'll lose one on tother side to watch—they'll be sartin to do that, whether they know we're arter 'em or not. Wal, what fellers? We kin no more cross 'bout bein' seen, than a carryyan' o' kaymels. An' what fellers that? Once they've sighted us, in course they know how to get for the shore on the way. Judgin' from the time we've been a travellin'—hey! it's durned near sundown—I reckin we must be close to that big swamp. If they spy us a comin' arter, they'll make strait crusut for that, and then I know what they'll do.'

'What?'

'They'll scatter that; an' ef they do, we ought as well go sarchin' for birds' nests in snow-time.'

'What should we do?'

'We are best for the bul o' ye to stop here a bit. Me an' Jim Weatherford 'll steal forrad to the edge o' the timber, an' see if they've got across the savanner yet. Ef they are, then we must make roun' the best way we kin, an' take up that trail on the other side. That's no other chance. If we're seen cruisin' the open groun', we may jest as well turn tail to 'em, an' take the back-track home again.'

To the counsels of the alligator-hunter there was no dissenting voice; all acknowledged their wisdom, and he was left to carry out his design without opposition.

He and his companion, once more dismounted from their horses; and, leaving us halted among the trees, advanced stealthily towards the edge of the opening.

It was a considerable time before they came back; and the other men were growing impatient. Many believed we were only losing time by this tardy reconnaissance, and the Indians would be getting further away. Some advised that the pursuit should be continued at once, and that seen or not, we ought to ride directly along the trail.

However consonant with my own feelings—burning as I was for a conflict with the hated foe—I knew it would not be a prudent course to pursue. The guides were right.

These returned at length, and delivered their report. There was a savanner, and the Indians had crossed it. They had got into the timber on its opposite side, and neither man nor horse was to be seen. They could scarcely have been out of sight before the guides arrived upon its nearer edge, and Hickman averred he had seen the tail of a horse disappearing among the bushes.

By their absence, the cunning trackers had learned more. From the sign, they had gathered another important fact—that there was no longer a trail for us to follow!

On entering the savanna, the Indians had scattered the routes they had taken across the grassy meadow with the numerous tracks of the horses. As the hunters worded it, the trail 'war split up into fifty pieces.' They had ascertained this by crawling out among the long grass, and noting the tracks.

One in particular had occupied their attention: it was not made by the hoof-prints of horses, though some of these appeared alongside it, but by the feet of men. They were naked feet; and a supercilious observer might have fancied that but one pair of them had passed over the ground. The skilled trackers, however, knew this to be a ruse. The frontprints were large and mis-shapen, and too deeply indented in the soil to have been produced by a single individual. The long heel, and scarcely concave instep—the huge ball, and broad prints of the toes, were all signs that the hunters easily understood. They knew that it was the trail of the negro captives, who, doubtless, had proceeded thus by the direction of their guards.

This unexpected ruse on the part of the retreating savages created chagrin as well as astonishment. For the moment all felt outwitted; we believed that the enemy was lost; we should be cheated of our revenge.

Some men talked of the idleness of carrying the pursuit further; a few counselled us to go back; and it became necessary to appeal to their hatred for the savanners for the sake of the way. Judging from the time we've been a travellin'—hey! it's durned near sundown—I reckin we must be close to that big swamp. If they spy us a comin' arter, they'll make strait crusut for that, and then I know what they'll do.'

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By their absence, the cunning trackers had learned more. From the sign, they had gathered another important fact—that there was no longer a trail for us to follow!
At length there came twilight. Short it was—as is usual in southern latitudes—though, on that eve, to me it appeared long and tardy in passing away.

Darkness followed; and once more springing to our saddles, I found relief in motion.

Emerging from the timber, we rode out upon the open savanna. The two hunters conducted us across in a direct line. There was no attempt made to follow any of the numerous trails. In the darkness, it would have been impossible; but even had there been light enough to lift them, the guides would have pursued a different course. Hickman's conjecture was, that on reaching the opposite side, the marauding party would come together again at some rendezvous previously agreed upon. Thetrail of any one, therefor, would be sufficient for our purpose; and, in all probability, would conduct us to a camp. Our only aim, then, was to get across the savanna unobserved, and this the darkness might enable us to accomplish.

Silently, as spectres, we marched over the open meadow. We rode with extreme slowness, lest the hoof-strokes should be heard. Our tired steeds needed no taming down. The ground was favourable—a surface of soft grassy turf, over which our animals glided with noiseless tread. Our only fears were that they should scent the horses of the Indians, and betray us by their neighing.

Hickman, listening for all sounds, was lost in the void; and, after half-an-hour's silent marching, we reached the other side of the savanna, and drew up under the shadowy trees.

It was scarcely possible we could have been observed. If the Indians had left spies behind them, the darkness would have concealed us from their view. We had made no noise by which our approach could have been discovered, unless their sentinels had been placed at the very point where we re-entered the woods. We saw no signs of any, and we conjectured that none of the band had lingered behind.

We congratulated one another in whispers; and in like manner deliberated on our future plan of proceeding.

We were still in our saddles, with the intention to proceed further. We should have dismounted upon the spot, and waited for the light of morning to enable us to take up the trail, but circumstances forbade this: our horses were suffering with thirst, and the party was reduced. We had met with no water since before noon, and a few hours under the burning skies of Florida are sufficient to render thirst intolerable. Whole days in a colder climate would scarcely have an equal effect.

Both horse and man suffered acutely—we could neither sleep nor rest without relief: water must be reached before a halt could be made.

We felt keen hunger as well, for scarcely any provision had been made for the long march; but the ranges of this appetite were easier to be endured. Water would satisfy us for the night, and we resolved to ride forward in search of it.

In this dilemma, the experience of our two guides promised relief. They had once made a hunting-exursion to the savanna we had crossed. It was in the times when the tribes were friendly, and white men were permitted to pass freely through the reserve. They remembered a pond, at which, upon that occasion, they had quenched their temporary encompmement. They believed it was not far distant from the spot where we had halted. It might be difficult to find it in the darkness; but to suffer or search for it were our only alternatives.

The latter course was adopted; and once more allowing Hickman and Weatherford to pioneer the way, the rest of us rode silently after.

We moved in single file, each horse guided by the one that immediately preceded him: in the darkness, no other mode of march could be adopted. Our party was thus strung out into a long line, here and there curving with the sinuosities of the path, and gliding like some monstrous serpent among the trees.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

GROPING AMONG THE TIMBER.

At intervals the guides were at fault; and then the whole line was forced to halt and remain motionless. Several times both Hickman and Weatherford were puzzled as to the direction they should take: they had lost the points of the compass, and were bewildered.

Had there been light, they could have recovered this knowledge by observing the bark of the trees—a craft well known to the backwoods hunter—but it was too dark to make such a minute observation. Even amidst the darkness, Hickman alleged he could tell north and south by the 'feel' of the bark; and for this purpose I observed that he was grooping against the trunks. I noticed that he passed from one to another, as if the better to confirm his observations.

After carrying on these singular manoeuvres for a period of several minutes, he turned to his comrade with an exclamration that betokened surprise.

'Dog-gone my cats' him,' said he, speaking in an under-tone, 'these woods are altered since you an' I wur hyar: what the ole scratch kin be the matter wi' em? The bark's all peeled off, an' thar as dry as punk.'

'I was thinkin' they had a kewrious look,' replied the other; 'but I s'posied it ware the darkness o' the night.'

'Ne'er a bit of it: the trees are altered someways, since we war hyar afore. They are broom-pines—that I recollects well enough. Let's git a bunch o' the leaves, an' see how they looks.'

Saying this, he reached his hand upward, and plucked one of the long fascicles that drooped overhead.

'Ugh!' continued he, crushing the needles between his fingers, 'I see how it is now: the durnationed worms has been at 'em—the trees are dead.'

'D yer think thar all dead?' he inquired after a pause, and then advancing a little, he proceeded to examine others.

'Dead as durnation—every tree o' em. Wal, we must go by guess-work now; that's no help for it, boys. Ole Hick kin guide you no furrer. I'm dead beat, an' know no more 'bout the direkshun o' that rope than the greentest greenhorn among ye.'

This acknowledgment produced no very pleasant effect. Thist was torturing all those who heard it. Hitherto trusting that the skill of the hunters would enable us to find water, we had sustained it with a degree of patience. It was now felt more acutely than ever.

'Stay,' said Hickman, after a few moments had elapsed: 'all's not lost that's in danger. If I ain't able to guide you to the pond, I reckon I've got a critter as kin. Kin you, ole hoss?' he continued, addressing himself to the animal he bestrode, a wiry old jade, that Hickman had long been master of—'kin you find the water? Gee up! ole beeswax, an' let's see if you kin.'

Giving his 'critter' a kick in the ribs, and at the same time full freedom of the bridles, Hickman once more started forward among the trees. We all followed as before, building fresh hopes upon the instinct of the dumb brute.

We had not proceeded far when it became known that the horse had got scent of the water. His owner alleged that he 'smelt' it, and the latter knew this as well as if it had been his dog taking up the trail of a deer.
The horse exhibited signs of such an intelligence. His muzzle protruded forward, and now and then he was heard “smiling” the air; in addition to this, he walked in a direct line, as if making for some desired object.

The news produced a cheering effect, and we were advancing in better spirits, when all at once Hickman drew up and halted the line.

I rode forward to him to ascertain the cause. I found him silent, and apparently reflective.

"What have you stopped?" I inquired.

"You must all o’ ye stop here a bit."

"Why must we?" demanded several, who had pressed alongside.

"Taint safe for us to go forrad this way. I’ve got a idea that them varmints is in the pond. They’ve camped thar for sartin—it’s the only water that’s near the road. They’s one or two that’s got it into their heads to go forrad.

The interlocutor was answered in the affirmative.

"Wal, then," continued the guide, "better for ye all to stay hyar, while me an’ Jim Weatherford goes forrad to see if the Indians is thar. We kin find the position later when we’re back, if the directors have a hoss war takin’. It ain’t fur off. If the redskins ain’t there, we’ll soon be back, an’ then ye kin come on to it."

This prudent course was willingly agreed to; and the two hunters once more disappeared, and the horses foraged about. They made no objection to my going along with them; my misfortunes gave me a claim to be their leader; and, leaving my bridle in the hand of one of my companions, I accompanied the guides until we separated.

We walked with noiseless tread. The ground was thickly covered with the long needles of the pine, forming a soft bed, upon which the footsteps made no sound. There was little or no underwood, and this enabled us to advance with rapidity. In ten minutes we had separated far from our party.

Our only care was about keeping the right direction. This we had almost lost—or believed so—when, to our astonishment, we beheld a light shining through the trees. It was the gleam of a fire that appeared to be blazing freely.

Hickman at once pronounced it the camp-fire of the Indians.

At first, we thought of returning and bringing on our party; but upon reflection, it was determined to approach nearer the fire, and make certain whether it was the enemy’s camp.

We walked no longer in erect attitudes, but crawling on hands and knees. Wherever the glare penetrated with the woods, we kept under the shadow of the tree-trunks. The fire burned in the midst of an opening. The hunters remembered that the pond was so placed: but we now saw the sheen of water, and knew it must be the same.

We drew nearer and nearer, until it was not safe to advance further.

We had arrived at the edge of the timber that surrounded the opening; we could see the whole stretch of the open ground; the open horses picketed over it, and dark forms recumbent under the fire-light. They were murderers asleep.

Close to the fire a man was seated upon a saddle; he appeared to be awake, though his head was drooped to the level of his knees. The blaze was shining upon his face; and both his features and complexion might have been noted, but for the interposition of paint and plumes. The face appeared of a crimson red, and three black ostrich feathers fell struggling over his temples till their tips almost touched his cheeks. These plumed symbols produced a painful recognition; I knew that it was the head-dress of Osceola.

I looked forward. Several groups were beyond; in fact, the whole open space was crowded with prostrate forms.

There was one, however, that soon occupied my whole attention. It was a group—three or four individuals, seated or reclining along the grass. They were in shade, and from our position, their features could not be recognised; but their white dresses, and the outlines of their forms—soft, even in the obscurity of the shadow—told that they were females. Two of them were side by side, a little apart from the rest; one appeared to be supporting the other, whose head rested in her lap.

With emotions fearfully vivid, I gazed on these two forms; I had no doubt they were my sister and Viola.

**THE MONTH:**

**SCIENCE AND ARTS.**

The most lively floating topics of late are: the preparations for laying down the Atlantic telegraph cable—the fitting up of the Leviathan—the new arrangements, and the Technological Museum at the Crystal Palace—the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition with an admirable collection of paintings—the underground railway—the London drainage, and Thames embankment question—the recasting of Big Ben, and the noble aspect of the Palace of Westminster, now that the towers are stripped of their scaffolds—Professor Owen’s lectures on palæontology at the School of Mines—the soirées given at Burlington House, by Lord Wrottesley, president of the Royal Society, and Mr. Bell, president of the Linnæan Society. Two of fifteen candidates selected for election into the Royal Society, among whom are David Livingstone, Harvey the psychologist, Haughton the geologist of Dublin, H. D. Rogers of Boston, now professor of natural history at Glasgow, Wauchope, chief of the trigonometrical survey of India, and discoverer of Mount Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas, and others of good repute. Moreover, people have not yet left off talking about Buckle’s History of Civilization, a book of 800 pages, which comprises a part only of this history. What will the history itself number? Most readers consider the book to be like the author’s lecture On Women at the Royal Institution: brilliant, but faddistical. Mr. Buckle, nevertheless, is perhaps the most remarkable person now rising in the hemisphere. He is described to us as a young man of fortune, who, up to eighteen, received scarcely any education—has never been at any school or college—but has nevertheless studied profoundly, and made wonderful acquirements. He lives quietly with his mother in London, and may be said to spend his days and nights amongst books, of which he possesses a vast store.—And students are congratulating one another, and Mr. Panizzi, on the success of the new reading-room at the British Museum, as proved by the fact, that it was visited by 94,370 readers in 1857; that is, including the visits to the old rooms from January to May, the new room not having been open till the latter month. This is a triumph, and Londoners may well be proud of a room which has not its equal in the world. The number of readers in 1856 was 65,492.

As regards the telegraph, there appears now to be a better chance of success than could be done by any possibility that been expected last year, considering the hurried way in which the preparations were made. Great schemers often forget that time shews but little respect to the things he has not him a pretty good share in the formation of. In the present
instance, the cable has been called on board the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara*, with all needful carefulness; and an almost self-consumed submarine cable break has been constructed, which is to obviate all the shocks and plunges a ship encounters on a rolling sea. Mr Appold has applied to this break the principle of his crank, so much detested by years of cold-water experiment. The most serious objection to the use of Agamemnon will be the length of the cable. It is to be split into two lengths of cable, and only the *Agamemnon* will be united, and then *Agamemnon* will make the best of her way to Newfoundland, and *Niagara* to Valenicia Bay, and thus have the shortest possible voyage, we hope that the cable is not likely to be lost or blown away, and the whole of the success it so eminently deserves. The interest it has excited may be judged of from the fact that the institution of Civil Engineers spent four evenings of their ordinary meetings in a discussion as to the best method of sinking the cable to the bottom of the sea, and of preserving it there. It was generally thought that a cost of concrete would form the cable, and give sufficient protection. In France, M. Léonard has made some curious experiments on the influence of light on animals, and finds that those creatures which breathe from the skin, and have neither lungs nor branchies, undergo remarkable modifications under different coloured rays. He exposed the eggs of fish (Moxon cornaria) under bell-glasses of different colours: little maggots were hatched from all; but those under the blue and violet rays were more than a third larger than those under the green. Frogs, which by reason of their naked skin are very sensitive to light, give off half as much more carbonic acid in a given time under the green ray as under the red; but if the frogs are skinned, and the experiment is repeated, the excess is then with those under the red ray. Frogs placed in a dark chamber lose one-half less of moisture by evaporation, than when placed in common daylight. Hence it appears that these poor amphibians, which some physiologists believe were created for experimental purposes after having furnished data as to the nervous systems, the effect of poisons on both, and thereby advancing the science of physiology, are now to be tortured into manifestations of the influence of light, for the benefit of humanity.—M. de la Rive, the French geologist, in the third volume of his *Histoire Naturelle*, just published, reviews the whole science of electro-physiology; and reminds practitioners that, as the difference between the electricity of the muscles and of the nerves is now clearly established, so must they be careful in applying their remedies, not to waste on the muscles, which are the best conductors, the electric currents intended solely for the nerves.

The Geological Society have had a paper on *Changes of Level in Sicily, Wales, and Scotland*; and one on the *Nature and Geographical Relations of the Banks of the Zans*; a question which, it might be thought, had been decided long ago in favour of nature. Sir Charles Lyell is busily employed on the important subject of volcanic geology; and it appears, to the no small pride and encouragement of geologists, that the more discoveries are made in their favourite science, the more do there appear still to make. Mr Henwood, while considering the numerous observations he has made on the temperature of mines, sets off foot the inquiry: whether the heat below the surface is caused by central fire, or by the simple juxtaposition of different rocks? And talking of mines, there is something to wonder at in the returns from the Burra Burra copper-mines, South Australia. The first excavations were made
in September 1845, by twelve miners; now the number of miners is more than a thousand, the ore hitherto dug has yielded 28,000 tons of copper; and a settlement numbering 5000 souls is established in the neighbourhood.—By news from Bahia we learn that about eighty leagues from that city, near the San Francisco river, a great natural deposit of nitrate of soda has been discovered, extending for sixteen miles along a valley.—Mr Colquhoun Grant, in a paper published by the Geographical Society, gives a description of Vancouver's Island, well worthy of consideration, seeing how much has been said concerning that island as a field for emigration. It is 270 miles long, and from 40 to 50 miles wide on the average, but comparatively a small proportion of land available for cultivation, which is found upon the coast. The interior is described as hopelessly barren and dreary. The settlement of Victoria, founded in 1843 by the Hudson's Bay Company, is one of the pleasantest sites. But worst of all is the climate: nothing but snow and rain from October to May inclusive, and the rest of the year. In the words of the Jesuit missionary,—"huit mois d'hiver, et quatre mois d'enfer.'

Another fact connected with geology is the composition of building sandstones, on which some important discoveries have been made by the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Mr Bloxam made experiments on sandstone taken from Craigleith quarry and other places near Edinburgh, and finds, as one of the causes of disintegration, that even pure water, when boiled, attacks Portland stone, limestone, and sandstone to the extent of carbonic acid; and free mineral acids, such as are found in the rain-water of towns, most. The absorbent power is astonishingly great; a block of stone, submitted to a drying process, lost nearly six fluid ounces to the cubic foot; and a block, soaked in water, gained more than three pints and a half to the cubic foot. Remarkably on these properties, Dr George Wilson truly says, "the error of those who hope to render buildings dry, by constructing their walls of solid sandstone, will be sufficiently apparent. Architects and builders will do well to bear these facts in mind when drawing plans for new houses, or when examining the specimens of building-stone from Scotland in the Crystal Palace.

A mint was instituted by the Belgian government merits attention. For some years, a notion had grown into a belief that certain manufactories were prejudicial to health and vegetation, and so much disquiet arose thereupon, especially in the province of Namur, that the governor reported it to the home department at Brussels. A commission was appointed, two chemists and two botanists, who, commencing their inquiry in June 1855, pursued it carefully for several months, culminating themselves to factories in which sulphuric acid, soda, copperers, and chloride of lime were made. The two chemists watched the processes, and noted the escape of gases from the chimneys. They consider soda-factories to be the most favorable, and tall chimney more hurtful than short ones, because of the greater surface over which they diffuse the vapours; and tall chimneys, by quickening the draught, discharge gases which otherwise would be absorbed in the passage. Hence, considering the more commonly received opinion in this country, they hold that there is less dispersion of deleterious vapours with a short chimney than a tall one.

The botanists on their part show, as might be anticipated, that the effect on vegetation is most shown in the direction of the prevalent winds, and more during rains and fogs than in clear weather. They establish beyond a doubt the hurtful influence of smoke, due to the presence of hydrochloric and sulphuric acid, and they find that the greatest distance at which the mischief is observable is 2000 metres (a little over an English mile), and 5000 to 7000 metres. They enumerate thirty-four kinds of trees which appear to be most susceptible of harm, beginning with the common hornbeam (Carpinus Betulus), and ending with the elder; and between these two occur, in sequence, beech, lime, maple, apple, rose, and hop. As regards the effects on the health of men and animals, the commission find the proportion of deaths per cent. to be lower now in the surrounding population than before the factories were established, and blame the fall in population on the want of lime. One reason for this improvement may consist in the better means of living arising out of the wages earned in the factories. However, the commission warn their report with an assurance that health, either of men or horses, suffers nothing from the factories, and vegetation so little, that farmers and graziers may dismiss their fear, and the government refrain from interfering.

The Academy of Sciences at Vienna is actively engaged in setting up relay stations for meteorological observation throughout the Austrian empire. In Upper Canada, the education office at Toronto has made arrangements whereby certain senior grammar-schools all over the province shall be furnished with meteorological foundations. A weather-station has been established at Kingston, and is the site of a complete series of observations; from all of which we may hope for valuable results. There are, again, certain curious weather-facts to record: on the 21st of April it was hotter in Turin—45 degrees—than in any other part of Italy; and on the 16th of July, Algiers was 83 degrees, and Madrid only 50. In London, on the 16th of the same month, the temperature rose to 76 degrees, and the day ended with a heavy thunder-storm.

Lovers of ancient art will be gratified to hear of a considerable collection of the Budrum antiquities are now in the British Museum. They are believed to be of the age of Mausolus. The postmaster-general's report shows that the number of letters delivered within the United Kingdom in 1857 was 504,000,000, an increase of 28 million over 1856. As many letters pass through the Manchester post-office alone as were delivered in the whole of Russia in 1855—namely, 16 million. The average distribution of that astounding number of letters was 21 to every person in England, 16 in Scotland, and 9 in Ireland.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

It is not customary for one periodical work to make extracts from another; but there may be instances in which a breach of the rule will be held as justified. We find, in the second number of a new monthly magazine, styled The English Woman's Journal, a piece of actual life-history of a most heroic and touching character. By presenting some parts of it to a wider circle of readers, we believe we shall be at once answering the hearts of our friends by a profoundly interesting story, and making known to them a clever and promising aspirant of the periodical press, having specially in view the advancement of the interests of womankind. The narrative is an account of the professional education of a young English woman residing in America, who has somewhat astonished the world by becoming a regular diplomated physician, and settling in that capacity in New York. The narrative is the production of an admiring and sympathetic sister. Elizabeth Blackwell was the oldest of a family of seven, thrown with their mother on the world by the early death of their father in embattled circumstances. She had a severe struggle for some years, striving to maintain herself and help the younger branches of her family. At length, having in inconceivable self-denial saved a little money, she entered upon a course of education for the profession of a physician, being of opinion that women are fitted to become medical practitioners, and that she would be doing her
sex some service by shewing them the way. It will be found that, in addition to those of poverty, she had to overcome before the attainment of her wishes.

In May 1847, after three years of incessant application, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in the performance of her duties, she left Charleston, and went to Philadelphia, where she endeavoured to obtain admittance to the medical schools, but without success. The physicians at their head were either shocked or angry at the thought of a young woman involved in a course of studies that were closed against so unprecedented an application; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she now entered upon a course of private anatomical study and dissection with Professor Allen, and of midwifery with Dr Warrington of Philadelphia. But although she could undoubtedly learn much from the private lessons of competent instructors, she felt that so fragmentary a mode of study could not give her the solid medical education resulting from a regular collegiate course; and, moreover, as it was her aim not to incite ignorant or half-educated female pretenders to an unauthorised assumption of the physician's office, but, on the contrary, to procure the opening of the legitimate avenues of the medical career to women seriously desirous to qualify themselves for the worthy discharge of its duties, by passing through the course of preparation necessary to the end, her admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma—as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women—was essential to the carrying out of her scheme. She therefore procured a list of all the medical colleges in existence in the United States, and proceeded to address an application for admission to each of them in succession.

"I am sending out arrows in every direction, uncertain which will hit the mark," she remarks in a letter written at this time.

Her application, though accompanied by a certificate of her having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr Dickson, was refused by twelve medical colleges. In some cases, the refusal was couched in the shape of a homily on the subordinate position assigned to women by nature and society, and her presumption in wishing to enter a sphere reserved to the nobler sex; or an exposition of the improvidence and indecency implied in a woman's attempting to learn the nature and laws of her own physical organisation. For several months it appeared as though every intensity of purpose would fail to break down the barriers which the routine and custom of society opposed to her on every side. But at length her path, so long obstructed, began to grow clearer.

Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the United States, not a single one had been addressed to the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the state of New York. The faculty of that institution having considered her request, agreed that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory qualifications, should not be admitted; but feeling that the question was one whose decision must rest, practically, with the students themselves—as it would have been easy for them, if so disposed, to render a place in the amphitheatre untenable by a lady—they determined to refer the matter to them, and, having called them together, left the application with them for examination and decision. The students, having discussed the subject, decided unanimously in favour of the new applicant; and a "preamble" and "resolutions" were drawn up and voted by them, inviting her to enter the college, and pledging themselves "individually and collectively," as, "in treating her, when any act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step." A copy of these "resolutions," accompanied by a letter of invitation from themselves, having been transmitted to the faculty of the university, she went to Geneva in November of that year, was entered on the college books as "No. 417," and threw herself into the study of the various branches of medical learning thus opened to her, with an ardour proportioned to the difficulties she had had to overcome in gaining access to them.

"But the position she had striven so hard to attain was not without certain inconveniences, inseparable from the nature of the case; and though she had weighed, and was prepared to endure them, for the sake of the knowledge that she could obtain the other way, it was really understood that a young and sensitive woman could not find herself placed in so novel a situation, and assist at all the demonstrations at a medical college, without occasional severe trial to her feelings. Aware that the possibility of her going through with such a course depended on her being able, by her unswerving deportment, to cause her presence there to be regarded, by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred confronted only with the truth and dignity of natural law, she restricted herself, for some time after her entrance into the college, to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of colour might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally creased by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific analysis. How far the attainment of a self-command which rendered her composure as impossible as that of a statute can be attributed to the effect of such a diet, may be doubtful; but her adoption of such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted.

"From her first admission into the college until she left it, she also made it an irrevocable rule to pass in and out without taking any notice of the students; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the professor, and on her note-book.

"How necessary was her circumvention to the prosecution of the arduous task she had assumed, may be inferred from an incident which occurred during the lecture in the amphitheatre, a short time before her admission. The subject of the lesson happened to be a particularly trying one; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper—evidently a note—was thrown down by somebody on one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence that every eye in the building was upon her, and that, if she meant to remain in the college, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the occurrence of any similar act. Without pausing, or reflecting on her note-book, she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes, she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the amphitheatre, and, without in the least perturbing her dress, she caused the offensive missive to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students; and, in an instant, the amphitheatre rang with their enthusiastic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note-book, taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the college was made from that moment; and not the slightest annoyance of any kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard at once kind and respectful, was shown her towards her by her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet the number of spectators so doing presented itself in the course of their common studies, they always shewed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and in no instance did any of them are among her truest friends at this day.

"The feeling of embarrassment which had caused her such much pain on her first appearance among her fellow-students was, however, soon modified by familiarity with the
topics forming the subject of daily study, and was at length entirely absorbed in the growing interest and admiration excited by the wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human frame. But the suffering it had caused her, on her entrance into the college, suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-class medical school for the reception of female students only—an institution which she hoped to establish in the course of time.

But though the "lady-student" had thus made good her position within the walls of the college, the suspicions and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town was long in subsiding. She could not, at first, obtain admission to a suitable boarding-house; the heads of those establishments having been threatened with the desertion of their "best" inmates if she were received. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the college, audible whispers of "Here she comes!" or rude cries of "Come on, Bill, let's have a good look at the lady-doctor!" would meet her ears; and not only idle boys, but well-dressed men and women, would place themselves before her, or draw up in little knots along the pavement, to see her go by, as though she had been some strange animal from another planet. But the passage of the quiet-looking little figure, dressed with such apparent indifference to the curiosity of all the rude people about her, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, gradually ceased to excite remark; and when she had been called upon by the wires of some of the professors, the most "respectable" of the boarding-houses had consented to receive her, without any other solicitation.

From the time when she had first resolved to enter upon the study of medicine, until a very recent period, she pursued a system of self-denial in every branch of personal expenditure so rigid that it would be hardly credible to those who had not witnessed its details, and involving privations that only her exceptional temperament could have enabled her to undergo. Her arrangement was very economical, and in the most inexpensive scale; she put up with the simplest accommodations, dressed with more than Quaker plainness, went about on foot in all weathers to the utmost limit of her strength, and resolutely denied herself everything, without exception, that it was possible for her to do without. Her refusing herself a little bottle of eau de Cologne, which she could have bought for fourpence-half-penny, and to which, being very fond of scents, she had accustomed herself, on one day to take such an especial fancy that she lost it, was resented for years with occasional visions of that same little bottle, was in accordance with the invariable rule she had marked out for herself. Acts of rare generosity on her part towards others during this period might be cited; but with regard to herself—although additional resources were placed at her disposal by her relatives in England—her self-denial was inexorable; every farthing thus economised being regarded by her as so much gained for the exigencies of future study, and treasured accordingly. Such having been her mode of action from the beginning of her student's career, it was not without an almost heroic effort that, as her course of study drew towards its close, she compelled herself to purchase a handsome black silk dress for the grand affair of her graduation.

In a letter written at that time, she says: "I am working hard for the parchment, which I suppose will come in due time. I have an immeasurable amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony; and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk, bidding me go in my black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church; I shall have to mount to a platform, on which also the president of the university in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace wmsankind, the college, nor the Blackwell family, by appearing myself in a shabby dress."

In January 1849, the ceremony in question took place, as just described. The church was crowded to suffocation; an immense number of ladies being present, attracted from every point of the compass, from twenty miles round, by the desire to witness the presentation of the first medical diploma ever bestowed on a woman; and among the crowd were some of her own family, who had come to Geneva to be present on the occasion. When the preliminary ceremonial had been gone through with, and various addresses had been delivered, the wearer of the black silk dress ascended to the platform with a number of her brother-students, and received from the hands of Dr Lee, the venerable president of the university, the much-desired diploma, which with its seal and blue ribbon, and the word "Dominus" changed to "Domina," admitted her into the ranks of the medical fraternity, hitherto closed against her sex. Each student, on receiving the diploma, returned a few words of thanks. On receiving hers, Dr Elizabeth replied, in a low voice, but amidst a rush of curiosity and interest so intense that the words were audible throughout the building:

"I thank you, Mr President, for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the

endeavour of my life to do honour to the diploma you have conferred upon me."

The president's concluding address, alluded to the presence of a lady-student during the collegiate course then closing, as "an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one;" and stated that "the zeal and energy she had displayed in the acquisition of science had offered a brilliant example to the whole class;" that "her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects;" that "the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them were of a higher character than those of any class that had been assembled in the college since he had been connected with the institution;" and that "the most cordial good wishes of her instructors would go with her in her future career."

Dr Elizabeth Blackwell is now a highly successful doctor at New York, where she has been latterly joined by a junior sister, Dr Emily Blackwell, who has passed through the same professional education with equal éclat, but under greatly less difficulty.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Wherefore bid me say I love you?
Nay—appeal you to the past;
If my deeds no tale have told you,
Woe to the man who overtaught;
These, though every hour repeated,
Ne'er had held your heart so fast.

Years ago I would not bind you,
Though your pledge you bade me take;
Lost some future day should find you,
For your honour's, not my sake,
Riveting, before God's altar,
Chains you rather longed to break.

Think not that your love I doubted
Even in its earliest spring;
But I asked myself the question:
What will years of waiting bring?
God be thanked—the trial ended,
Both our hearts the closer clinging.

Why, then, bid me say 'I love you;'
Look into the past, and see
If ever thought of mine and labour,
Worries for us—not for me.
Deeds, not words, have bound us—may we
Still by them united be.

Grinshly.

Ruth BucK.
A PARISIAN SOIRÉE.

Not very long ago, I, Beatrice Walford, paid my first visit to Paris, and stayed there some time. I was very young, very fresh, and ardent in those days. I was open-eyed, open-earéd, eager to enjoy, prone to admire, and not unwilling to criticise. I started, to be sure, with a great contempt for the French character: I knew that the men were monkeys, and not to be trusted; that the women were vixens, and given up to dress. This was all the mental portion I had made for my two years’ residence amongst them. Otherwise, I entered almost in that state of innocence which finds it astonishing that the natives of France should speak French. My first single emotion was delight at the radiant world I found myself in. I was on a visit to a sister, who, some six years before, had married a French gentleman of the petite noblesse, had become a widow, and having lived a good deal in Paris, preferred still to reside there, but was very glad to have me, as she said, to give a little liveliness to her ‘triste home.’ I did not myself think it at all triste when I first arrived. It was in that bright bit of Paris, the Avenue des Champs Elysées, one of a row of elegant houses, all glittering in their brilliant white stone, with their moulded and gilded façades on each side of those broad sunny walks and their double avenue of trees. And did not my sister’s small, pretty apartment open on me as a tiny Paris palace, as on entering the ante-chamber, I heard the gay piano sounding, and just saw into the bright little drawing-room within, where the sun, shining in from the Champs Elysées, played on a little shrine, gay and fragrant with flowers. To give the nymphae of flowers and fragrance herself, came forward my graceful sister, to kiss and smile at me. When the first vague, happy greetings were over, she made me sit by the fire, and threw herself carelessly back in a low chair by my side, playing with her little queen-baby, a rose- and-white child with two dancing sapphires of eyes. We were soon laughing together, for she was excitable and easily amused, and, though older by some years than I, more of a child. The dear Sybil! I never could describe Sybil, she was such a delicate blending of counter-elements—white nymph-like figure, with ethereal complexion, and golden-brown hair, and a kind of celestial sweetness in her eyes, and her still smile. The admiring Frenchman, monsieur or cowkeeper, would pronounce her in the streets a blonde anglais; and I have known a lecture or concert room fill with a low general murmur of pleasure as she entered, followed by the not whispered word ‘Anglaise.’ But beyond that white charm, I do not know that Sybil was particularly English; there was a life and play, a foreign grace in dress, manner, and speech, that seemed to have been kindled in a warmer, more exciting atmosphere than ours. I believe that, nevertheless, the quick French eye could discern, underneath, the English simplicity and spontaneity which has so complete a charm of its own. Perhaps she was something of a coquette, but I did not mind that.

‘Why, Sybil, it seems to me,’ I said, as I leaned out on the light iron grillage of the balcony, ‘that one can see all Paris without stirring from one’s place. It is as if all the world was gathered into a picture below these windows for our amusement. From that bronze fountain, with its silvery jet-and-foam halo, in the Place down there, to that arch of triumph, so cut out in the blue air at the other end, it is all a dream.’

‘There goes the President,’ said Sybil; and I looked, though the name was not then much of a spell. I saw a low-hung, elegant calèche, with four horses, valets and portières in livery of green and gold; and leaning back in it, with folded arms, a slight, inanimate-looking man, of clayey, or rather leathery complexion, who touched his hat now and then, with a wooden, immovable face, to the scant greetings of the passers-by. That tired and passionless man was patiently biding his time, seeing by the light of his star—in what appeared to others the dark chaos of his future—a clear, sharp path up to strange power and grandeur for himself; and in the dark silent workshop of his brain, forging with the hammer of his iron will the chain that he threw over France in a single hour. Was he laughing deep down at the folly of those who despised him, because, unlike themselves, he knew how to form his own plans, and hold his tongue?

To me, as to the rest of that unforeseeing world, all was enjoyment—the enjoyment of eyes ever pleased, never satiated. The day was given, as were many after-days, to walking through this brilliant modern Paris, admiring her in her ordered and stately grace; then wandering into the gloom and equalor of the older city, entering grand buildings, the shrines of past ages—hearing divine thunders and angelic voices in churches; then, at one step again, amidst a torrent of human life, while the quick French nature seemed ever running like a light sound of laughter or music by our side. It was always a pleasure to come back to our own street, with its regular clean white houses, its row of windows à deux battants on the upper stories, all opening down to the floor upon long
light balconies of prettily carved ironwork, the white and green *persiennes* thrown back against the walls, shewing the fair muslin curtains within, and all shining as nothing in London ever shines. We approach our own house; the great double doors fly open at a touch of the bell, and by the pull of a string, and before us appears a large handsom court, with two or three glass-doors at the end, one into the concierge's lodge, the others opening on the great common staircase. Within, is another large court, built round by the four sides of the house. The outer court is adorned with flowers in boxes, dahlias, oleanders, and orange-trees; a marble Venus stands at the foot of the staircase. As we pass the concierge's lodge, I see, through the glass-door, the comfortable-looking room, lighted with five or six lamps, with pictures hanging on the walls, and a pair of steppers, while a curious old dragon and his wife reclining at their ease in *fauteuils* placed opposite each other. In the *loge* or the court is often to be seen that prime French favourite, a superb Cypris cat, with waving, plumy exuberance of tail. How do you get him? the concierge tells me. I am so often sternly told that ' Monsieur se promène,' that I have given up this dissipated gentleman as scarcely a respectable acquaintance.

Then comes the wide staircase, up whose smooth white marble steps we trip so easily. But stop, I must learn to walk demurely, at least when I am alone; for I am told by Sybil's careful bonne, who watches over my morals, that on such occasions *les demoiselles* must not run up stairs; they must go in the *loge* (as is usually done), and here, after the novelty of being ashamed of being seen. I must be careful too, short-sighted as I am, to see the concierge, wherever he may be, and to bow to him, for he is a man of lofty politeness. I wish to demonioiselles nothing so carefully taught them in France, as a gracious and amiable deportment. So up we pass, only bowed to by some stranger licenser, should he pass at the same time, each landing-place exhibiting the safe-locked door of some elegant asylum in which a family may be dwelling. Joyous, yet quiet, as at home in some English cottage. We reach our own. Sybil and I each take possession of a deliciously elastic couchette, all soft and rich with crimson velvet, see our own pleased tired faces in many a gilded mirror, and discuss the incidents of the day.

'Well, you little Anglaises,' said Sybil, a few days after, 'I must mention one matter. I ought not to mention it at this society this evening. Very often I have two or three friends myself, who drop in, in a quiet way; but to-night we must go to Madame Gibbs.'

'Who is Madame Gibbs?' I asked.

'Oh, she is a droll little body—a Frenchwoman, married to an Englishman, who piques herself on being quite English, though you won’t think so. Her society is very mixed; but the party will just suit you for a beginning, being quiet, yet very amusing. How do you expect to like it, from the specimen of humanity you have seen by day?'

'I confess,' I said, 'I am not yet so far reconciled to black beards and moustaches, cigars, absurdly cut clothes, and prolonged stores. Not that I long to kill every man I meet; but this, you will say, is illiberal; and perhaps it is.'

'It seems to me so,' said Sybil candidly; 'but then I have been some years learning toleration. As for staring and talking to one, you know, there are two things a Frenchman never can help using, his eyes and his tongue. As that dear Monsieur Lamonette once said to me, when, being younger, I objected a little to the process—no impertinence is intended; it is only an artless, spontaneous tribute. "Un homme naïf et ingenu couronne mot," as he was pleased to say, "can’t help expressing his feelings." But I have since grown so hardened or corrupted, that when the more serious Emilie said to me: "Comment, madame, osez vous quelquefois vous promener seule? vous vistrez d’entendre des choses désagréables;" I answered with the most innocent fifteen-years old air: "Les choses que j’entends ne sont point désagréables." But I don’t wonder that you do not yet feel accustomed to hearing varying statements as to your nationality and candid information about your "tipy, your hair, and your complexion." But wait for this evening’s experience; Frenchmen in the street and in the *salon* are not the same thing. At any rate, don’t utter those opinions before Hermine, as, though she may very possibly think the same, she may also betray you to her countrymen.'

'Parisians, social, sensible, and see ryes.' Just as Sybil spoke, the door opened, and in came two ladies—an elder and a younger, of whom the latter engaged at once at my beauty-loving eye. They were Madame de Fleurys—Sybil’s mother-in-law, who lived in the same hotel, on a lower floor—and her young daughter, Hermine, with whom I instantly made acquaintance. A brilliant little French syph she looked, as she half-tripped, half-glimed into the room. She moved quick and decidedly, with a perfect vivacity of manner. Her figure had just that happy degree of compression which gives slightness without stiffness. Her face, I thought as the first moment, young and fresh as it was, was hard; it had a metallic sharpness and clearness, the charm and magnetism of the charm of young English beauty. She wore a smile, not soft or timid indeed, but full of a gay, conquering brilliant sweetness of its own.

Hermine was very gracious to me. Had she met me in the street as a stranger, she would most likely have measured me with the eye of quick, unapparent criticism, which, in a moment, takes in the whole figure and dress, and which not a spot, a wrinkle, or a fold of it, if the fashion, escaped; and then turned away with that slight derivative smile, so singularly calculated to disconcert or provoke an Englishwoman. But now, perhaps Hermine satisfied herself in that glance that my pretensions as a rival were not formed to my grown bonnet having obviously not been made in Paris. At any rate, coming up to me, graceful and self-possessed, she made her felicitation with a tone of affectionate interest, in her light, ringing, singing voice, and that air, so winningly empress, to which you give the highest degree. A pretty Frenchwoman, who means to please, knows how to manage the briefest meeting, the slightest chance-intercourse, especially with the other sex—be it only a handing from a coiffeur, a making way in the street, and with but a bow, a smile, a ‘Merci, monsieur,’ so as to turn it all into a little sentimental passage; and this charming manner they all have, more or less, from the high-bred young countess to the poor fruit-woman at her stall.

Hermine and I exchanged a few light sentences: I making crude efforts to rival her manners, to smooth and refine my phrases as prettily as I could, instead of trusting only to my downright *anglozier English* good-will, which was quite put to shame by her exquisitely polished conventionalities, and all this is a language of which not a word came straight to my tongue when I wanted it. Sybil soon relievingly interposed that it was time to dress for Madame Gibbs. We withdrew together, leaving Hermine and her mother, who were prepared to accompany us.

'Will you put me up a little to these soirée?' I asked of my sister; 'you know I have lived so long in a lonely corner of Cumberland, I shall feel giddy at this sudden plunge into Paris life, and disgrace you by my blunders.'
'Oh, these people are so indifferent,' said Sybil: 'they regard a foreigner's first crudities as charming and piquant novelties: to the newly arrived, all things are new, all the sport of things. One evening in every week, a lady receives company; and her acquaintance, if once they have had an invitation, are expected always to come that evening. They come, however, or not, as they like; the party is large or small, as they happen; they dress as they please; they come in and go out with no ceremony beyond just that of greeting their hostess; they stay long, if they find it amusing, or only a few minutes, if it is not so, or if they want to go elsewhere. The same people get a habit of frequenting the same places; so that one very often becomes intimate with a person whose family, or even name, one scarcely knows, and perhaps never sees by daylight, from meeting him or her two or three times a week, which, as mutual acquaintance have also their evenings, will often happen. So you see there is no effort, no gêne. People here meet to talk, and that with all their hearts. There is always the pleasant expectation of meeting there again any one who has begun to interest you, and in the new faces, and of watching foreign and amusing ways.'

'Well, I like that,' I said; 'if only I need not talk a word the first three evenings.'

'I did not know your fate; or rather, I did not know myself.'

'I shall name no one to you beforehand,' said Sybil; 'it is so much more amusing to find out for one's self, except Emile de Fleury, who is a sort of relation: he is Herminie's cousin; has lately left the Ecole Polytéchnique, and is going to study law.'

Our voiture rumbles and jumbles along the excrable parcés of the aristocratic Faubourg St Germain, which is also the literary quarter, the colleges being chiefly there, and in this class of society lay our present acquainiance.

We stop at a large old dingy-looking house, in the Rue de l'Université, once the handsome hôtel of some grand seigneur, whose various floors are now filled with artists, students, and full-grown literates. The porte cochère is open; we drive through into the not very open court, where several carriages are already standing. Three flights of stairs lead to the apartment of Madame Gibbs; we are ushered into a nice little ante-room, where an open stove or brasier, with its white muslin cover, gives some compensation for the chilly frozen bitterness without. Two smiling maids took charge of the ladies' mantles, cocheniures, capotes, and all the rich winter-wrappings that should have been still more elegant evening-dress within. The light chorus of voices from within reached the ante-chamber, and in a few moments we were amongst them.

Madame Gibbs had just re-commenced her weekly soirée. These were of a kind their freer, among the lettered, artistic, professional, and generally not very rich or exclusively fashionable circles in Paris, consequently, very mixed, very easy, and very agreeable. There was no show, expense, or elaborate hospitality of any kind; the greater part of the guests having long been in the habit of attending, were as much at home there as by their own firesides. Besides this regular and natural re-union of intimates, Madame Gibbs—being a brisk and vigorous society-lady—never missed an ingredient or two—a new arrival, a foreign celebrity, a queer character, a known talker, who either became permanently added to her set, or just lighted it up for the winter, or perhaps the evening, like a passing comet. As yet, the season for gaieties, for balls, and fêtes, had not begun; the full flood of strangers has not poured in; as yet, therefore, these soirées have more of a quiet domestic character; the parqueted dancing-room is not made use of, except by an imprudent. The ladies' dresses are simply damas, toilestries—the corsage montant not yet replaced by the décolleté. The young ones bring their fresh clear tints of pink and white, unworn by a long Paris campaign; there are plenty of happy idle men, the Chamber of Deputies not having yet opened, nor the college-lectures begun. The rooms of this apartment are not large, but they are pretty ones—well arranged for receptions, well furnished, and well lighted; they consist of two salons, just of the right sociable size and shape, each warm and cheerful, with a sparkling wood-fire in each, and couches and fauteuils scattered round in most inviting groups.

The rooms are greatly filling, but the full choir of conversation is not begun. People stand, flit about unfixedly, exchange a word here and there, presenting those who wish to meet, find each other out, choose their places, and fall into a happy cleft of talk, either in a duet, or a group of three and four, or some people leave or join it. Ere long the salon seems to present nothing but a crowd of black-bearded moustached men, whose white gloves are all waving eagerly through the room, and their tongues in a torrent of foreign and amusing ways. There are all valour, ease, self-possessed, and seem in high enjoyment, except here and there an insular form, rising like a column above the rest, blonde-headed, reddish whiskered, heavy, good-looking, either alone or speaking to some with an air of gêne, and with looks and attitudes anything but at ease. Besides these there are very bearded artists, professors with long noses, a few military, some serious-looking Italian exiles, some half-unnationalised travelers—citizens of all sorts and many of them queer ones—some suspected Jesuits, with smooth smiles, softly joining every lively group of talkers, listening and seeming as lively as any. Here and there is a stray grand seigneur of the old school, known by his more quiet polished manners—generally a zealous Catholic, désot without morality, and a chivalrous legitimist, doomed thus to coucheux—hated republicans of the most emancipated creed; and finally, as large an element as any, fair bright English girls, often habituées of Paris, but national singing in speech, look, and dress, and evidently, in their fresh beauty and joyous simplicity, great favourites with these casserole-loving messieurs. French demoiselles make a very thin sprinkling; and when they do appear, generally in muslin warmth, she must be owned his countrymen neglect them a little.

There sits a knot of right English maidens—a bouquet of two or three of these island ilies or northern roses—and everybody and then a lively-looking Irishman slides up to them, hat in hand, and, with a smile, makes two bows, the first at a distance, reverential; the second near, empress.—however intimate, hands are never shaken—and after a most polite inquiry as to the health of the young lady he has singled out—which must be answered, as he will repeat it till it is—he opens at once an animated flirtation. The mixture of lively banter with compliment only implying, the appearance of interest, the pretty turns of speech, shewing just enough coquetry and all those resounding voices, and not too much, the readiness to listen as well as to talk, and the open-hearted, confiding frankness with which he communicates for her sympathy his feelings, his cares, or his sorrows—all strike the young English mind as a spice of home.—

The favourite beginning topic is a laughing raillery of madame'ssein of her préjugés atroces against his nation, which he either playfully deprecates or exaggeratedly confirms; and meanwhile, the English girl—if she be new and inexperienced—looks on the Frenchman with a sort of doubt, suspicion, and yet curiosity; he is a mystery of which he finds the study far from disagreeable. Theoretically, she has a
horror of him, as something wicked, worthless, dangerous; yet, while drawn on by him to express this, she finds her real actual feelings to be those of surprise, amusement, interest, and, above all, that delicious one of gently gratified vanity. For the benefit of such innocent English girls, I may observe that this way of talking and style of manners is with a Frenchman a mere matter of course, and means very little indeed. Of course, my initiation into French society was somewhat on this wise; but I missed a good many of their favourite personalities, from the fact of my not being precisely the *blonde et candide Anglaise* which seems stereotyped in their imaginations. In fact, I was not in person of the peculiar English type (to use their pet word), though I soon discovered that I was absurdly *britannique* in character and *manière d'être*. I could, after a while, perceive, not indistinctly, that I was somewhat of a favourite, and that I owed this solely to Sybil's extreme popularity. There would come up to me one after another, either led by Madame Gibbs or by the strong spirit within, to inquire, in tender tones, if I was not "La soeur de cette charmante Madame de F—"; and very good they were to endure my sins of grammar and scribbling of proper names which I felt so bad but would not allow. I stood to my text—alas! with easy heroism, 'il n'est pas nécessaire de rire,' and so on, till he was reduced to a smiling, protesting 'mais vraiment, mademoiselle;' then to break ofiering at such enthusiasm exclamé—'he had no idea she should find an Anglaise so democratic,' &c. I liked to see him as he stood smiling down from his tall height under his dark silken moustache, and pleased, amused, half-embarrassed smile, crossing and uncrossing his arms, in a light and genial style of his own, as he entered his protest against my exultation. I was a little disappossed with M. Emile for what appeared an absence of heroic consistency—at least a temporary submission to circumstances; but I did him wrong as his conduct on an after-occasion proved.

It was perhaps fortunate for our nascent friendship that at this juncture there approached a gentleman whom I did not know, a complete contrast to the quiet, thoughtful, low-voiced militaire, and one who had been in England, and never done anything like an erratic flight a moment near us, and then waiting for no introduction, plunged into the conversation, which from that moment he carried on, and almost engraved with a torrent of spirits, *esprit*, habiliments laughés and anything of the sort that it is impossible of describing. To say that he was amusing is idle. I was never in my life so amused before. To say that he was extremely noisy, is also strict justice and when attracted by the flood of talk and laughter from our group, other gentlemen from time to time joined it, till it consisted of five, six, or even seven at once, contributing their quota to the excitement, I felt myself at last in a bewildermont and flood of amusement, surprise, and curiosity. Sybil at first gave me some aid, but she was carried away by Madame Gibbs, and left to herself, the unfortunate 'étrangère' found her difficulty is speaking became ten times greater. But this matters nothing; the flatterest politeness, the incalculable conversation and electrical good-humor of the unknown, covered and overpowered all. Encouraged by these vehement talkers, I could not but think of escaping, and nothing but my own desire to depart gave me some aid, his smile was ready and sweet, and his marks often playful, he yet seemed to me subdued in comparison with the others; and I took occasion of a break in our conversation, to ask my sister if the young officer's heart had been brightened.

'No, I think not,' said Sybil; 'the state of his country, and his own want of hope of rising, tend to depress him; but you will often see him lively enough.'

This was enough. When M. Emile, with his own quiet perseverance, again found a place by Sybil and me, to make me begin to talk politics, I asked him how he introduced himself to the present ruler. A smile blighted his shoulders à la Française. 'You think him only better than anarchy?' I persisted, with English directness.

'I am in his service—I must not speak ill of him,' he replied.

I begged pardon for my *question indiscreet*, as it was politely forgiven. Indeed, a determined refusal was not in M. Emile's character—at least, towards one in whom he began to place a friendly confidence; and he was long developed feelings which made me say: 'I am charmed to find you really a republican.'

'Mais vous êtes la première qui en auriez dû,' he said in a gently injured tone.

Still further emboldened, I affirmed: 'Si je suis votre place, je jeterais mon brevet aux quatre-vents.'

He pleaded the necessity of a profession, the chance and hope of serving his country in some way or other, which a present surrender of his position would be to him never deny—alleged reasons which I felt so bad but would not allow. I stood to my text—alas! with easy heroism, 'il n'est pas nécessaire de rire,' and so on, till he was reduced to a smiling, protesting 'mais vraiment, mademoiselle;' then to break ofiering at such enthusiasm exclamé—'he had no idea she should find an Anglaise so democratic,' &c. I liked to see him as he stood smiling down from his tall height under his dark silken moustache, and pleased, amused, half-embarrassed smile, crossing and uncrossing his arms, in a light and genial style of his own, as he entered his protest against my exultation. I was a little disappossed with M. Emile for what appeared an absence of heroic consistency—at least a temporary submission to circumstances; but I did him wrong as his conduct on an after-occasion proved.

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would be impossible; not without the tone and manner would it seem much worth recording; I can only collect some few stray drops from this Niagara of my subject. I will first sup- posed English prejudices against the French, and confirmed in them by the assurance that they were berceurs, frivolous, foolish, and unreflective: the Gallic coq, said my new friend, was the exact emblem of the national character. Nothing could be more amusing than the way in which they ran themselves down, appealing constantly, in seductive tones, to "mademoiselle," for whose edification these tirades were uttered. They talked about national cruelty; their ferocity, especially that of the military, was admitted without a dissentient voice; but some one pronounced the cruelties of the English worse, because they were committed in cold blood, while the French were hurried away by passionate excitement. Finally, of the excesses of all the most savage soldiery, those committed by the Austrians were said to be pre-eminent. Then the gentle M. Emile was rallied on the ferocity he had brought from one short campaign in Algerie; but to assay the horror I must be individual to him, I was assured he was the most humane of all, and that he had not "généré plus d'une douzaine de femmes, ni manqué plus de quatre ou six enfans." M. Emile then told compositionly some stories of horrible massacres and modern cruelties, making me think; and then, in order to assay the effect by touches of interesting incident or picturesque descriptions, he was unmerrily laughed at by his friend, who bade me believe nothing he said, for that M. l'officier was "romanesque, or romance," on the other hand, "Je ne crois pas," I thought to myself. It was great fun to see this lively man teasing his friend, and then consoling him with a patronising, caressing good-nature, all of which the military took with levity, amiably, and with some show of serenity. From foreign they came home to domestic cruelties, which they told apparently with great gusto. "Volat, mademoiselle, encore le Tigre," was the delighted light up.

Haviy, as lighted on politics, we pursued the theme with something more of earnestness than before, and then my new friend, by certain oratorical poses, betrayed himself to be one accustomed to the tribune and to public representation. All Frenchmen, I understood, at the thought of the subject, made a point, when interrupted for but two minutes, of following Lamartine's great example, and standing with their arms folded in an attitude of augst calm. My friend's natural majesty was not much, but he did what he could. A positive Italian joined the group; the sprightly professor—for so far I had made out what he was—instaantly turned his fire of raillery on him, said something with much emphasis about "le roi Bombas," and then turning again to me, said: "We have one comfort; as long as the Neapolitans exist, we cannot be called the last of nations," which hit the young democratic litterateur took very well. Then he gaily quoted the president's late reported saying: "Il faut supprimer l'Angleterre," and then added how I liked it! Let me try! I answered scornfully; adding, that it was very ungrate- ful of him to the country which had sheltered him so long. This remark was politely approved of; and when I was threatened with being detained prisoner and taken in the name of an English war, and any other of the most chivalrous gallantry, declared his determination "de la monter derrière moi." A general shout of laughter informed him of his mistake, and it was in vain that he earnestly strove to improve it to "devant vous;" he got nothing but the credit of the first assertion.

In the course of the conversation on various subjects, the Italian was repaid in luxuriant and uncorrected expression and in a tone of the mildest inquiry, suddenly asked: "Quelle est la plus belle mort dont parle l'histoire?" This produced several instances, none of which I thought perfect, chiefly on account of their public, and even oriental character, and brought forward the negro slave in the wreck, who gave up his place in the life-boat to his master's two little sons. When I had ended this story, I became aware how little competent I was to bring it to a conclusion, and heartily wished that he had never thought of it; but my hesitating narrative was received with as much silent, courteous, appar- ently interested attention, as if he had been le plus beau morpion d'élocution au monde. I was sorry when Sybil summoned me away.

A PLEA FOR THE EYES.

The eye of the workman is assuredly one of the choicest of his working-tools—the one, indeed, most deserving to be cherished and protected; and yet how great and prevalent is the callousness regarding this exquisite instrument! Men in after-life have too often to pay dearly for not minding their eyes in their early days. It is eminently certain that he who daring the long years of usefulness, should take up this matter, and see that new fewer contributions could be made towards the advancement of arts and manufactures, than as a set of practical, sensible suggestions tending to the preservation of eyesight on the part of those who are engaged in industrial avocations. Some time ago, the Society appointed a 'Committee on Industrial Pathology on Trades which affect the Eyes,' consisting of the late Mr. T. F. Chambers, Mr. Simon, and Mr. Twining. The course which this body pursued was, to send a circular of printed queries to all classes of persons, in all parts of the kingdom, who appeared likely to afford useful information on the subject under consideration. Some of the persons thus applied to made no response; while others dilated upon irrelevant matter—sending, in fact, a streamlet of text in a meadow of margin. Much valuable detail, never- theless, was forwarded; and the committee made a report to the Society, which was read before them. By condensing these facts, and throw- ing them into a different order, it may be possible to render the general bearings of the subject easily intelligible.

The inquiry separates itself into two parts: what eye maladies are incident to particular trades? what eye maladies are due rather to injudicious management than to the exigencies of the worker's employment?

In relation to the first question, there are undoubtedly numerous trades that seriously affect the eyesight. Artisans occupied at furnaces, such as smelters, glass- blowers, and assayers, suffer in the eyes from excess of light; and it is difficult to see how this can be remedied; for the use of any kind of tinted spectacles that would modify the glare, would at the same time interfere with the workman's power of ascertaining when the glass or metal had arrived at its proper state of fusion—a point mainly to be determined by the intensity of light emitted from the molten substance. Chips of metal frequently cause injury to the eyes of metal-turners, fitters, hammermen, cutters, and others, either by striking against the eyeball, actually entering the eye, or burning it when the particles are red-hot. Sparks are often very disastrous to Foundry-men and black- smiths, sometimes burying themselves in the very substance of the cornea, whence they have to be picked out. Chips of stone are sources of much eye-injury to
quarrymen, masons, stone-carvers, and stone-breakers. If the material be sandstone, the injury is less severe, because the stone can be worked without much force, and the particles have no keenly cutting edges; but granite is sadly disastrous, since the sharp fragments of this stone will cut into the eye as forcibly as chips of metal; and the like may be said of particles of flint. Coke-grit is a modern but not less mischievous cause of injury; railway-guardians, and passengers in open third-class pleasure-trains, are much exposed to the attacks of sharp angular particles of coke, blown out by the strong blast of the engine; these particles, whether impacted in the cornea, or driven under the eyelid, of course occasion much inflammation. Forbidable injuries are inflicted on the sight of masons, bricklayers, and passengers in open trains. The forked points of the straws used for straws, and, to a less degree, the needle-grinders of Redditch, are, in like manner, affected injuriously by steel-dust. In the clothing districts, many of the workers in wool, cotton, and flax are frequently liable to the intrusion of small particles of dust under the eyelids; and the same may be said of feather-workers and fur-workers. Soda-water bottling is a perilous employment, seeing that the fragments of bottles that have burst, and corks that are forcibly driven out, are frequent sources of injury, especially to the eyes of the operators. With the times placed on the sick-list, not merely by the attacks of small particles of metal on the eyes, but by the injurious influence of blasts of steam. The workers in the blooming and bookbinding trades are accustomed to heat their embossing-irons by charcoal-stoves, the eyes suffer much from the fumes; but this evil has been lessened by a partial use of gas-stoves. Book-finishers and gold-beaters are not unfrequently exposed to much injury from the benches and presses, by the glasses being broken, or the plates of brass, when they would effect an important sanitary improvement: these broken mirrors, when a summer weather the sunshine is perfectly reflected from them, are in truth a very serious evil to the vision of passers-by.

Another cause is excess of light. In large tailors and dressmaking establishments, where many persons work in one room, much irritation of the eyes arises from this superabundance of light which can be afforded. Engineers are sometimes subject to premature exhaustion of the visual powers; for they are not only necessitated to throw a strong artificial light on their work during the long winter evenings. Mr. White Cooper states: 'The large number of persons in this metropolis who suffer from overexposure of the eyes is very great. On referring to my records, I find that 10,000 such cases came under my notice in nine years, the large majority being tailors, shoemakers, and female dressmakers. It is not unusual for me to see a tailor with both eyes blown out by his needle; and the eyes of women have been repeatedly told by milliners that they have been fourteen, or sixteen hours a day, was the ordinary duration of their labour, and this often in a badly ventilated apartments. Milliners and tailors are exposed, especially to the splinter of the fly-ash, and, to a less degree, the needle-grinders of Redditch, are, in like manner, affected injuriously by steel-dust. In the clothing districts, many of the workers in wool, cotton, and flax are frequently liable to the intrusion of small particles of dust under the eyelids; and the same may be said of feather-workers and fur-workers. Soda-water bottling is a perilous employment, seeing that the fragments of bottles that have burst, and corks that are forcibly driven out, are frequent sources of injury, especially to the eyes of the operators. With the times placed on the sick-list, not merely by the attacks of small particles of metal on the eyes, but by the injurious influence of blasts of steam. The workers in the blooming and bookbinding trades are accustomed to heat their embossing-irons by charcoal-stoves, the eyes suffer much from the fumes; but this evil has been lessened by a partial use of gas-stoves. Book-finishers and gold-beaters are not unfrequently exposed to much injury from the benches and presses, by the glasses being broken, or the plates of brass, when they would effect an important sanitary improvement: these broken mirrors, when a summer weather the sunshine is perfectly reflected from them, are in truth a very serious evil to the vision of passers-by.'
owing to the blank, dreary, wearing and wearying obscurity of the light from black work. Fine work has some such effect as dark work upon the sight; for the eye aches in the endeavour to appreciate each minute spot on the work to be done. Engravers frequently suffer from this cause. The "closer," "statchers," and "stoppers" of boots and shoes are in like manner. Troubled in eyesight by the closeness of the work to be done.

A fourth cause is badly applied light. The light by which a worker pursues his avocation may be neither too great nor too small in actual amount; yet there must be a want of tact in its application to irritate and irritate the eye. Wherever a draught of air gives a flickering motion to a flame, the eye becomes thereby irritated and inflamed; and in some printing-offices where the compositions are employed during long night-hours, this evil is said to be much felt. The colour of the light is often a subject of injury. Mr Cousins, one of those from whom the committee sought information, said: 'Needlewomen, embroilers, and lacemakers should work in rooms hung with green, and having green blinds and curtains to the windows. When in North China, I became convinced of the very great advantage with which this rule has been adopted by the exquisite embroilers of that part. Their books of patterns are frequently cast aside, because it is not easy to see them.' He further remarks: 'Needlewomen would find great advantage in changing the colour of their work as frequently as possible; the rationales of this is found in the law, that variation of stimulus is necessary to preserve the strength and health of any organ of sense, and that prolonged application of the same stimulus exhausts it.' The ill effect experienced through remaining many hours in a room lighted by several jets of gas, is probably due quite as largely to the exhaustion of the gas as to the brightness of the light. Much unnecessary suffering, too, is borne by persons who work with a light at too low a level; in full many a case, ease would be found to result from an adjustment of the light at a higher level, such as to allow, as in nature, the brow and lashes to shelter the pupil and iris, and to prevent the impact of direct rays upon the optic nerve.

There are multitudes of minor causes of injury to sight, arising, in great part, from the recklessness of workmen. W. W. P., a workman, tells an ingenious little contrivance for this purpose, to be fitted up in workshops. In the numerous cases where the light which falls upon the workman's eye or upon his work is either too great or badly arranged, many preventives have been partially so lipped, and others suggested—such as due caution against overworking the eye at one time; frequent changes, if possible, in the size and colour of the substances worked upon; avoidance of black work, if practicable, by artificial light; the employment of slightly tinted blue glasses, or judiciously arranged paper-shades, in front of gas-jets; a substitution of daylight for night-light in all employments, so far as the usages of modern society and the necessities of the workers will permit; the avoidance of red or warm colours, and the substitution of green or blue, in avocations wherein the eyesight is much employed; the use of a reflector over a gaslight, to throw down the illumination on the work, and shield it from the eyes. Mr. B. White, in his pamphlet, remarks, "...the ordinary shades have had the objection of heating the forehead and eyes, by not allowing the escape of vapour from them. An opician has, at my suggestion, made a shade working on hinges, which does away with the objection by allowing of ventilation; and it can also be adjusted at any angle most convenient to the wearer."

As to injuries to the eyesight resulting from excessive means of prevention, and to suggest others for future adoption. These means must necessarily depend on the nature of the employment. All artisans who are exposed to eye injury from chips, splinters, dust, grit, or fluff, would do well to look about them for eye-protection. 'Goggles,' or spectacles of wire-gauze, might often be used with advantage by such persons; and, indeed, stone-breakers in Germany are said to use such. The grinders at Messrs. Hodges, of Sheffield wear, many of them, very large spectacles of plain flint-glass. Dr. Gibb expressed to the committee the following opinion on the great 'beard' question: 'I am quite certain that many, in fact a large number of artisans, who are exposed to the dust and grit, need, grit, chips, splinters, &c., from the nature of their occupation, suffer more in proportion to the absence of beards and whiskers, than those who possess those appendages. This is a fact which is becoming established every day. I have followed this observation out to some extent in practice, in the treatment of diseased eyes from dust, &c., with shaved faces, where there appeared, at the same time, to be a weakness in the organ of vision from the latter cause. On the growth of the beard, when the affection of the eyes was cured, the weakness disappeared, and many whose eyes were before diseased through the nature of their occupations, after obtaining beard and whiskers, were said to have a great extent of recovery.' The effect of these upon his own affections. This may be attributable to two causes: the first, the protection afforded to the face by the hair, the strengthening and tonic influence imparted in consequence to the nerves of the face and eyes; and the general increase of comfort from the heat of the hair and whiskers, thereby relieving the eyes. Without all going into the question as to the propriety of wearing the beard and whiskers, I mention these facts as likely to prove useful, in reply to some of the questions in the special memorandum; but I will observe, in conclusion, that there is a great deal of sympathy between the beard and the eyes, and an abundance of evidence could be brought forward to prove it.'

Many workmen are exposed to the sudden entrance of small particles between the eyelid and the upper lid: a careful lying or bathing of the eye seems the best cure here; and Mr. W. W. P., a workman, tells an ingenious little contrivance for this purpose, to be fitted up in workshops. In the numerous cases where the light which falls upon the workman's eye or upon his work is either too great or badly arranged, many preventives have been partially so lipped, and others suggested—such as due caution against overworking the eye at one time; frequent changes, if possible, in the size and colour of the substances worked upon; avoidance of black work, if practicable, by artificial light; the employment of slightly tinted blue glasses, or judiciously arranged paper-shades, in front of gas-jets; a substitution of daylight for night-light in all employments, so far as the usages of modern society and the necessities of the workers will permit; the avoidance of red or warm colours, and the substitution of green or blue, in avocations wherein the eyesight is much employed; the use of a reflector over a gaslight, to throw down the illumination on the work, and shield it from the eyes. &c. Mr. White, in his pamphlet, remarks, 'The ordinary shades have had the objection of heating the forehead and eyes, by not allowing the escape of vapour from them. An opician has, at my suggestion, made a shade working on hinges, which does away with the objection by allowing of ventilation; and it can also be adjusted at any angle most convenient to the wearer. '

honest trader, don't you see? carrying on a traffic in horses, though I am able to prove that for the
six hide-bound old screws he took out, he must have
paid more than they were worth, and perhaps
sold them for on the African coast. Besides these
nags, the Yankee had a cargo of hardware, guns,
nails, tools, metal-roads—the proper things to barter
with the natives—and he was to bring back produce,
so he says.

"Well, he sailed. I kept a bright look-out, and
never lost sight of his topsmasts during the voyage.

"His course was evidently towards the Bight of
Bengal; but when he got within eighty miles of the
Guinea Coast, the old fox doubled, and ran down in
the night towards Cameroon. The brig sails fast,
as slavers always do; but the Lytaz is the tightest,
trimmest little boat on a wind, in the whole."

"There, there, Horne; I know all that.

"Well," resumed Horne, "I was coming up with
him, hand over hand, so round he went; and running
round some sandy keys, made for the Calabar River.
I gave chase, and he then steered for the Bonny.
This would never do; a squall, a fog, even a dark
night, and he would escape me, and carry his cargo
of ebony safe to America. So I ran down, fired a
gun, and sent a boat to fetch the skipper. He met me
with a provoking grin, and said, as he squirmed tobacco-
juices over my clean white decks: "Well, cap’en,
you got me at last. I hope you like me. You’ve
captured me, I guess; but to get the brig condemned
is another and a nation different story." And so it
is, Ned, and I’m afraid I’ve only burned my fingers
by my precious capture. The mixed court won’t
condemn him; he has too many friends. The law are as
close as wax, and the Yankees keep watch on the
Spanish sailors, so no one can split if he wanted to.

"And if you don’t get her condemned, Horne?" said I.

"If don’t, I’m a ruined man, that’s all," he
returned with a quiver in his lip very unusual to
him. "I’m a poor man, as you know; and if my
prospects are blighted, what is to become of my
wife and my poor boys? It was for their sake I
was so anxious for more prize-money; and I thought
this ship would have paid for James’s three years at
Cambridge, and left a handsome nest-egg in the bank
too. But if the brig’s declared an honest trader, I
must pay compensation for seizing her, and detaining
her illegally, and docking men, laborers for the
search, fees, wages, and what not, until I’m a beggar.
Worse, too; I shall be in the “black books” of the
Admiralty, and perhaps never get another ship, and
then—that. And the honest fellow stopped, for
his heart was too full to allow him to say more. Day
after day the slayer lay in Table Bay, and nothing
came to light. No seaman peached—no shackles
were found. The Yankee skipper grinned triumphantly
when he met us on the pier. You would have thought him the captain, and poor dejected
Horne the prisoner, to have seen them both.

The mixed court could not come to a decision.
There were the water-casks, the salt pork, and so on,
but no sackle-bolts and leg-irons. "Why don’t you
search and seizing?" I told them. "You’re
1 dare not, was the answer; "for there is a heavy
cargo; and what with the wages of dockyard-men,
and compensation to the owners for breaking bulk,
the search would cost me a hundred pounds."

The office, as the mother of the church to the
Greeks of Homer’s days, and you will find
kings cooking in honour of their gods; and roast-pork
greeting the return of Ulysses. Both the kindly
and the swinish cook develop the idiosyncrasy of which
we speak. Important events are celebrated by
theart. The sacrifice must be followed by the feast;
the royal exile’s return, in like manner, by an
impromptu slaughtering and frying of swine, just as the
saying a word to Horne, I slipped out of court, ran
to the pier, and was pulled on board the brig. I soon
secured an ally in the midshipman who commanded
the prize-crew, and we made a most irregular un-
slaughter on the contents of the brig’s hold. Strange
to say, we found the shackles! they had been wrapped
in tow, and headed up in casks apparently full of salt-
meat; so that, but for an accident, we might have
searched till doomsday in vain. But the discovery
was useless after all; for when I returned in triumph,
I found Horne radiant with joy, and the Yankee crest-
fallen and utterly subdued. Unable to agree, the
Brazilian and English judges had agreed to toss up,
heads or tails of a dollar, for condemned or acquitted.
Heads came up, and thus, most justly, through sheer
accident, the vessel was condemned.

COOKERY AND COOKS.

We have long been of opinion that not only your
poet and your gardener must be ‘to the manner
born’—overshadowed from the cradle by the flowers
of Parnassus or the green-house—but that those very
important house-genii, cooks, are likewise so by right
of birth-gift. To be really a cook, to be really a poet,
one must possess qualities accorded to but few.
Quick sense of aroma, a nose to divine, to
approximate in its primary sense, fertility of invention
and expedient, powers of combination, must belong to the
cook in no ordinary degree. The badness of mere
professors of this important art, the skill with which
they spoil the good gifts of Providence, are more
arguments against this theory than the detestable
infliction of sham poetry is against the heaven-born
genius of the poet; nay, it is rather an argument
in its favour, the rarity of the gift proving its
excellence.

The truth is practically acknowledged by the
remuneration of the gift when possessed. One of the
late Sybarites of the regent’s days gave, we know
from certain authority, L 400 a year to her cook;
and L 100 a year are the ordinary wages of one who
probably designate himself as an artiste.

And like other followers of art, your true cook has
an idiosyncrasy of his own: a self-consciousness,
a jealousy of non-appreciation, a delight in discovering
new combinations of old materials—what else is
left to either cook or poet?—and an exultation
in casting a glamour over the senses of his dullest
neighbours by the witchery of his art—an art, too,
let us whisper, of much greater importance than we
coarse Anglo-Saxons have comprehended till lately,
when a great cook became one of the supporters of
an army, and made manifest the fact that, as man is
an eating animal, he may not with impunity disregard
one of the laws of his being.

In ancient times, when man had not learned the
evils of indigestion—judging by his length of days
and the paucity of physicians—cooking was held in high
honour, and practised by noble and princely persons.
It is the hands of the queenly Sarah that prepare for
the pharaoh the flesh of the calf and baked cakes for the food of angels.
Rebecca’s delicate cookery deceived even the practised
taste of Isaac, and was the instrument misemployed
to bring a prophetic blessing on a peculiar people.

Turn from these grand mothers of our cuisine to
the Greeks of Homer’s days, and you will find
kings cooking in honour of their gods; and roast-pork
greeting the return of Ulysses. Both the kindly
and the swinish cook develop the idiosyncrasy of which
we speak. Important events are celebrated by
theart. The sacrifice must be followed by the feast;
the royal exile’s return, in like manner, by an
impromptu slaughtering and frying of swine, just as the
poet by a certain instinct celebrates a solemnity or a victory by a lay.

The Spartan cooks, too, even when their art was curbed and checked by the puritanical laws of their country, and their skill was doomed to evaporate in the steam of black broth, were as jealous of their honour as the most tenacious of modern artists. One has gone down to all ages as reproving a monarch with equal boldness and wit, whilst resenting an insult to his own skill.

'The king murders over the legal repast of his country— the broth was naught,'

'It lacks its seasoning,' was the reply.

'What is that?'

'Labour and exercise, O king.'

Here it would be well to contrast with old Rome—we mean of the empire—were obliged to supply by their skill the deficiency of this seasoning. We wonder how many slaves cooked for Lucullus—how they managed their delicate dishes of peacocks' tongues and brains. How does Lucullus in his grands at times find his menu at every new creature, 'meet for food,' which the luxurious conquerors of the world brought back from every vanquished land!—how they must have welcomed the delicious oyster of Britain, the cherries for which Persia was a tax, broiled game, or stuffed green peas of Lucullus himself! The days of the Roman Empire must have been a paltry time for cooks. In far-off Egypt, where Antony's capricious appetite taxed the patience and skill of his chef de cuisine, twelve cold courses were served to the guests, the meat simmered over an earthen hearth ready to be eaten, and might be called for at all hours; and twelve wild-boars, in different stages of roasting, astonished the stranger's eyes. But we are digressing from our chief purpose.

One of the saddest, and yet most apt, illustrations of the jealous sensitiveness of cooks, is that recorded by Madame de Sevigné of the celebrated Vatel, servant to Louis Quatorze. The king was at Chantilly for the days with all his brilliant court. They walked in those pleasant gardens, and on a spot carpeted with jonquils a collation was served. Roast-meat failed at some of the many tables, for a far greater number of guests had arrived than had been announced in the morning. Vatel walked round the place; he found the waiter—there was no defect in his perfect feast, as his sensitive tribe over do. He said several times: 'Je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas.' He added to M. Gourville these touching words, explanatory of the state of his servant which follows: 'My head turns; for twelve nights I have not slept; help me to give orders.' Gourville helped him to the best of his power, and communicated his distress to the prince, who went to his room, and assured him that all was well; that nothing could be better than the king's supper. He replied: 'Monsieur, votre bonheur m'a chagriné; je sais que le roi a manqué à deux tables.' We shall quote the remainder of the sad tale from Madame de Sevigné herself: 'At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel walked round the place; he found everybody asleep; he meets a little purveyor, who brings him only two baskets of salt-water fish. He asks him: "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." The boy did not know that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports for more. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors do not arrive. His head grows confused and troubled; he believed there would be no more salt-water fish. He found Gourville, and said to him: "Monsieur, I shall not survive this disgrace." Gourville looked at him. Vatel seconded his words, put his sword against the door, and passes it through his heart; but it was only at the third blow—for he gave himself two wounds, which were mortal—that he fell dead.

Too late, too late came the fish. The grief of the courtiers was great at first, but 'Gourville tried to repair the loss of Vatel, and it was repaired. The court dined well; they had a collation—a supper; they walked—played. Everything was perfumed by joquilles: everybody was enchanted.'

One shudders as one reads. Was there no memory of the unhappy Vatel? His name in the annals of history is no more than a sweet perfume? No trace of the recent horror amid that selfish throng? No marvel if the next time we meet with a royal French cook, it is in the prison of the Temple. The glitering, heartless throng have vanished. The sceptre is in the dust and last of the broken idol is no longer amid the jonquils of Chantilly, but a captive to his own people; and Turgy, his old cook, faithful amidst so many false, serves, aids, helps the fallen monarch in his hour of need.

The same nervous temperament which led to Vatel's fearful fate, produced in England another tragedy, in which a cook was the principal actor. Some supposed insult offered to his skill, drew the vengeance of the house; the man lay down before the stove, and was clad—yes, all poisoned by us. We do not wish to dwell upon such a tale; but as its punishment was the last act of one of our old terrible laws, we could scarcely leave it out in our chat about cooks. In those days, few were found who scarcely dared to touch the guilty of poisoning to be boiled alive! and this hideous doom was fulfilled in this case. * The cook was boiled in a large kettle in Smithfield Market! Probably the opportunities of destruction possessed by cooks, suggested fears and suspicions which gave rise to this frightful law, and not any frequency of the crime in the persons for whom it was framed. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that the instance which is cited was the last time of the frightful punishment being carried into effect.

But we will turn to a pleasanter phase of character—that is, the skill and art of combination, and even transformation, belonging to this peculiar idiosyncrasy. We suppose almost all our readers know the story of the bet made by the French gourmets, one of whom asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish put before him; the other, better, at great odds that he would not be able to tell the matter of the dish; and which failed it; his head turns; for twelve nights I have not slept; help me to give orders.' Gourville helped him to the best of his power, and communicated his distress to the prince, who went to his room, and assured him that all was well; that nothing could be better than the king's supper. He replied: 'Monsieur, votre bonheur m'a chagriné; je sais que le roi a manqué à deux tables.' We shall quote the remainder of the sad tale from Madame de Sevigné herself: 'At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel walked round the place; he found everybody asleep; he meets a little purveyor, who brings him only two baskets of salt-water fish. He asks him: "Is that all?" "Yes, sit." The boy did not know that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports for more. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors do not arrive. His head grows confused and troubled; he believed there would be no more salt-water fish. He found Gourville, and said to him: "Monsieur, I shall not survive this disgrace." Gourville looked at him. Vatel seconded his words, put his sword against the door, and passes it through his heart; but it was only at the third blow—for he gave himself two wounds, which were mortal—that he fell dead.'
the officers' old boots à marcellis, and made leather digestible! not to speak of the hot rolls made of beef, and fried in hot fat. Finally, the Soyzer of that age made his dependents confident that 'if they cut off their left arms, and fought with their right,' he could make wholesome food from the lost members!

The artistic skill of cooks is shown frequently in ornament as well as in substantial matters. The graceful centre-dishes, and garnishings of sugar, &c.; the vegetable flowers, architectural jellies, the blending of colours, are all proofs of this power. The culinary art appeals to the eye as well as to the palate, and charms tares or four senses at once. In the age of chivalry, a fortress of paste stands, attacked by mimio warriors, on the centre of the baso's board. As taste and knowledge spread, lighter and more fanciful devices appear. Barley-sugar baskets and turrets emulate topazas in clearness and brilliancy, and 'dough' becomes the instrument for the art of a modeller, who might vie with the sculptor, the material taken into consideration.

It was the despair of the Duke of Tuscany's cook for a lacking centre-ornament that brought to light the genius of Canova—the boy, who was lingering about the kitchen—so runs the tale—offering to supply the want, and forming from dough and white sugar so perfect a lion that the duke, perceiving his talent, took him under his own care, and he became the great sculptor of modern times.

Of all people, the negroes are most generally gifted with the skill required for the culinary art. This is shown, we think, by the choice of a negro for cook on board almost all ships of war. We remember well when we—in our childhood—dwelt on board a man-of-war possessing such a cook; and in how many points our 'Black John' partook of the idiosyncrasy of greater artists; for he was a genius in his way, and delighted in all things beautiful. We can see him now! How he used to strut down the deck, with a certain dignity about him too; there was no lack of self-appreciation in John. He ordered his subordinates, the boys attached to the gallery; and how marvellously quick he was in understanding a 'receipt' for even the most difficult and delicate operations of his art. There was nothing he could not do, though, for mother, from some sort of puddings to his colour—we ourselves thought it was because it would 'come off'—did not permit him to make pastry for us. He liked flowers very much; and in return for some gifts of sweets, we presented him with a flow of pot, containing our 'flower'-a marigold! He was amusingly diverted by the gift, declaring, 'Marigold proper flower for cook, cos good to put in soup.' We had even then read a little of Shakespeare, and quoted instantly the verses:

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

Black John was charmed; he made us repeat the lines again and again, till he knew them; and afterwards we heard him, negro-fashion, singing them to a tune of his own—one of those wild melodies which prove how much of the artist's soul dwells often in the bosom of the blackamoors.

But it was—as we said at the commencement of this article—a day to the general satisfaction; for we had received, besides fruit, and vegetables, and the value of cokery as an art, and the idiosyncrasy of cooks in its best form. When our armies were perishing for lack of nourishment rather than food—for they had enough to spoil—a cook, with the self-consciousness of power, and chivalrous feeling peculiar to the character we have tried to draw, volunteered to go and aid the sufferers with the best resources of his skill. He went, and was successful, and raised for ever his art and the skill of its followers in the estimation of Europe and the East. With the names of the brave men who fought and fell by the shores of the Euxine, will be united hereafter the name and memory of Soyzer the cook.

OÇEOLA:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXX.—SIGNAL-SHOTS.

I SHALL not attempt to depict my emotions at that moment; my pen is unequal to the task. Think, then, of my situation, and fancy them if thou canst.

Behind me, a mother murdered and basely mutilated—a near relative slain in like fashion—my home—my property given to the flames. Before me a sister torn from the maternal embrace, borne ruthlessly along by savage captors—perhaps outraged by their fiendish leader. And he, too, under my eyes, the false perdigious friend—the rasilier—the murderer! Had I not cue for indulging in the wildest emotions?

And wild they were—each moment becoming wilder as I gazed upon the object of my vengeance. They were fast rising beyond my control. My muscles seemed to swell with renewed rage; my blood coursed through my veins like streams of liquid fire.

I almost forgot the situation in which we were. But one thought was in my mind—vengeance. Its object was before me—unconscious of my presence as if he had been asleep—almost within reach of my hand—perfectly within range of my rifle.

I raised the piece to the level of those drooping plumes; I sighted their tips; I knew that the eyes were underneath them; my fingers rested against the trigger.

In another instant, that form—in my eyes, hitherto heroic—would have lain lifeless upon the grass; but my comrades forbade the act.

With a quick instinct, Hickman grasped the lock of my gun, covering the nipple with his broad palm; while Weatherford clutched at the barrel. I was no longer master of the piece.

I was angry at the interruption, but only for an instant; a moment's reflection convinced me they had acted right. The old hunter, putting his lips close to my ear, addressed me in an earnest whisper:

'Not yet, Gourdie—not yet: for your life, don't make a fuss. 'Twould be no use to kill him. The rest of the varmints ud be sartin to git off, an' sartin to toat the weemen along wi' em. We three ain't enough to stop 'em; we'd only git sculpd ourselves. We must slide back for the others, an' then we'll be able to surround 'em: that's the idea—a'in't it, Jim?'

Weatherford, fearing to trust his voice, nodded an affirmative.

'Come, then!' added Hickman, in the same low whisper. 'We musn't lose a minute. Let's git back as rapid as possibale. Keep yer backs low down—generously, generously!' and, as he continued giving these injunctions, he faced towards the ground, extended his body to its full length, and crawling off like an alligator, was soon lost behind the trunks of the trees.

Weatherford and I followed in similar fashion, until safe beyond the circle of the firelight, when all three rose erect to our feet.

We stood for a moment listening backward. We
were not without anxiety lest our retreat might have disturbed the camp; but no sounds reached us save those to which we had been listening—the snore of some sleeping savage, the 'crop-crop' of the browsing horse, or the stamp of a hoof upon the firm turf.

Satisfied that we had passed away unobserved, we started upon the back-track, which the hunters could now follow like a path well known to them. Dark as it was, we advanced almost in a run, and were progressing rapidly, when our speed was suddenly checked by the report of a gun.

Each halted as if shot in his tracks. Surprise it was that stopped us, for the report came not from the Indian camp, but the opposite direction—that in which our party had been left.

But could it not be one of them who had fired? They were at too great a distance—or should have been—for their guns to have been heard so distinctly. Had they advanced, tired waiting for our return? Were they still advancing? If so, the shot was most alarming, for it should be certain to put the camp on the qui vive. What had they fired at? It might have been an accidental discharge—it must have been.

These conjectures were rapid as thoughts can be: we did not communicate them to one another; each had the thought of himself.

We had scarcely time to speak to one another, when a second shot rang in our ears. It came from the same direction as the former, appearing almost a repetition; and had there been time to re-load, we should have done so, but there had not been time, even for the most accomplished riflemen. Two guns, therefore, had been fired.

My companions were puzzled as well as myself. The firing was inexplicable under any other hypothesis than that some Indians had strayed from their camp, and were making 'signals of distress.'

We had no time to reflect. We could now hear behind us the camp in full alarm, and we knew it was the shots that had caused it. We heard the shouts of men—the neighing and hurried trampling of horses.

Without pausing longer, we again took to the track, and hastened onward in the direction of our friends.

Further on, we perceived some men on horseback. Two there appeared to be—though in the darkness we were not certain, as their forms were scarcely distinguishable.

They appeared to retreat as we approached, gilding of the trees as they went. No doubt these were they who had fired the shots; they were just in the distance whence the reports had come, and at the proper distance.

Were they Indians or whites?

To me, their behaviour was inexplicable.

Hickman appeared to have found some clue to it, and the knowledge seemed to produce a singular effect upon him. He exhibited signs of astonishment, mingled with feelings of indignation.

'Devil swimp em! The wuthless skunks, it' are them; an' I'm good as sure it are. I can't a be

mistaken in the crack o' them two guns. What say, Jim Weatherford? Di ye reconiz em?

'I war thinkin' I'd heern them afore—somewhen, but I can't 'zactly tell whar. Stay: one on em's precious like the ring o' Ned Spence's ride.'
We no longer rode rashly forward. The change
from confused noises to perfect silence had been so
sudden, so abrupt, as to have the effect of making
us more cautious. The very stillness appeared
ominous. We read in it a warning; it rendered us
suspicions of an ambuscade—the more so, that all had
heard of the great talents of the red stick chief
for this very mode of attack. We approached, therefore,
with greater prudence.

When within a hundred yards of the files, our
party halted. Several dismounted, and advanced on
foot. These, gilding from right to left, could now have
reached the edge of the opening, and then came
back to report.

The camp was no longer in existence; its occu-
pants were gone; Indians, horses, carpitudes, plunder
all had disappeared from the ground; the fires
alone remained. These bore evidence of being
disturbed in the confusion of the hasty decampment.

The red embers were strewed over the ground, their
last flames faintly flickering away.

The scouts continued to advance among the
trees, till they had made the full circuit of the
opening. For a hundred yards around it, the woods
were searched with caution and care, but no enemy
was found—no ambush. Near the edge of the
opening, our savage foes had escaped us, and carried
off their captives from under our very eyes.

It was impossible to follow them in the darkness;
and, with mortified spirits, we advanced into the
plains, and took possession of the deserted camp—
determined to remain there for the rest of the night,
and renew the pursuit in the morning.

Our first care was to quench our thirst by the
pond, then that of our animals. The fires were next
extinguished; and a ring of sentries—eight in number
nearly half the number of our party—was placed
among the tree-trunks that stood thickly around the
opening. The horses were staked over the ground;
and this done, the men stretched themselves along
the award, so lately occupied by the bodies of their
foemen.

In this wise we awaited the dawning of day.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A DEAD FOREST.

My comrades, weary with the long ride, were
soon in deep slumber, the sentries only remaining
awake. For me was neither rest nor sleep—my mind
was filled with thoughts of the meeting at the future
in pace to and fro around the pond, that lay
darkly gleaming in the centre of the open ground.

I fancied I found relief in thus raving about—it
seemed to still the agitation of my spirit—it prevented
my reflections from becoming the intense.

A new regret occupied my thoughts—I regretted
that I had not succeeded in my intention to fire at the
chief of the murderers—I regretted I had not killed
him on the spot: the monster had escaped, and my
sister was now perhaps beyond the power of rescue.

I blamed the hunters for having hindered me. Had
they foreseen the result, they might have acted other-
wise; but it was beyond human foresight to have
and saved.

The two men who had caused it were again with us.
Their conduct, so singular and mysterious, had given
rise to strong suspicions of their loyalty; and their
re-appearance—they had joined us while advancing to
the camp—had been hailed with the sublimes
of angry menace. Some even talked of shooting them
out of their saddles; and this threat would most prob-
ably have been carried into effect, had the fellows
not offered a ready explanation. They alleged that
they had separated from the troop before it made its
last halt—thet they knew nothing of the advance
of the scouts, or that Indians were near—that they
had got lost in the woods, and had fired their guns
as signals in hopes that we might answer them.

They acknowledged having met three men afoot, but
they fancied them to be Indians, and had kept out of
their way—that afterwards seeing the party near,
they had recognised their saddles; and ridden for
Most of the men were contented with the explana-
tion. What motive, reasoned they, could the two
have in giving an alarm to the enemy? Who could
suspect them of rank treason?

Not all were satisfied. I heard old Hickman
whisper some significant words to his comrade, as he
glanced towards the estrays.

"Keep yon eye skinned, Jim, an' watch the skunks
well—that's somethin' not hulsey about 'em."

As there was no one who could openly accuse them,
they were once more admitted into the ranks; and
were now among those who were stretched out and
sleeping.

The wretches lay close to the edge of the water. In
my rounds I passed them repeatedly; and in the
sombre darkness I could just distinguish their pro-
strate forms. I regarded them with strange emotions,
for I shared the suspicions of Hickman and Weather-
ford. I could scarcely doubt that these fellows had
strayed off on purpose—that, actuated by some foul
motive, they had fired their guns to warn the Indians
of the approach of our party.

By midnight there was a moon. There was no
cloud to intercept the beams; and rising above
the tree-tops, she poured down a flood of brilliant light.

The sleepers were awakened by the sudden change.
Some rose to their feet, believing it to be day. It was
only after glancing up to the heavens they became
aware of their mistake.

The noise had put every one on the alert. A few
talked of continuing the pursuit by the light of the
moon. Such a course would have coincided with my
own wishes, but the hunter-guilds opposed it. Their
reasons were just. In open ground, they could have
lifted the trail, but under the timber, the moon's light
would not avail them. True, they could have tracked
by torchlight, but this would only be to expose us to an
ambuscade of the enemy. Even to advance by moon-
light would be to subject ourselves to a like danger.
Circumstances had changed. The savages now knew
we were after them. In a night-march, the pursuers
have the advantage of the pursuers—even though the
numbers be inferior. The darkness gives them every
facility of effecting our destruction.

Thus reasoned the guides. No one made opposition
to their views, and it was agreed that we should keep
the ground till daylight.

It was time to change the sentinels. Those who
had slept, now took post; while the relieved guard
came in, and flung themselves down to snatch a few
hours of rest.

Williams and Spence took their turn with the rest.
They were posted on one side of the glade, and next
to one another.

Hickman and Weatherford had fulfilled their tour
—as they stretched themselves along the grass, they
noticed that they had chosen a spot near to where the
suspected men had been placed. Under the moonlight,
they must have had a view of the latter.

Notwithstanding their recumbent attitudes, the
hunters did not appear to go to sleep. I observed
them at intervals. Their heads were close together,
and slightly raised above the ground, as if they were
whispering to one another.

As before, I walked round and round. The moon-
light enabled me to move more rapidly, and this eased
my spirit. Oft-times I made the circuit of the little
pond—how oft, it would be difficult to determine.
My steps were mechanical. My thoughts had no
I observed that the leaves were withered, though still adhering to the twigs—I noticed, moreover, that the trunks were dry and dead-like—the bark scaled or scaling off—that the trees, in short, were dead.

I now remembered what Hickman had stated while groping for the direction. That was at some distance off; but, as far as I could see, the woods presented the same dun colour. I came to the conclusion that the whole forest was dead.

The inference was correct, and the explanation easy. The sphinx* had been at work. The whole forest was dead.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A CIRCULAR CONFLICT.

Strange as it may seem, even in that drear hour these observations had interested me; but while making them, I observed something which gratified me still more. It was the blue dawn that, mingling with the yellow light of the moon, affected the hues of the foliage upon which I was gazing. Morning was about to break. Others had noticed this at the same instant, and already the sleepers were rising from their dry couches, and dressing their saddles. We were a hungry band, but there was no hope of breakfast, and we prepared to start without it.

The dawn was of only a few minutes' duration; and, as the sky continued to brighten, preparations were made for starting. The sentries were called in—all except four, who were prudently led to the last minute to watch in different directions; the horses were unpicketed, and bridled—they had worn their saddles all night—and the guns of the party were carefully reprimed or capped. Many of my comrades were old campaigners, and every precaution was taken that might influence our success in a conflict. It was expected that before noon we should come up with the savage band, or track it home to its lair. In either case, we should have a fight, and once more all declared their determination to go forward.

A few minutes were spent in arranging the order of our march. It was deemed prudent that some of the men skilled in the use of the gun should go forward as scouts on foot, and thoroughly explore the woods in advance of the main body. This would secure us from any sudden attack, in case the enemy had formed an ambuscade. The old hunters were once more to act as true romancers, to intercept the view. These arrangements were completed, and we were on the point of starting. The men had mounted their horses—the scouts were already entering the edge of the timber; when all on a sudden several shots were heard, and at the same time the alarms of the sentries who had fired them. These had not yet been called in; and the four had discharged their pieces almost simultaneously.

The woods appeared to ring with a hundred echoes. But they were not echoes—they were real reports of rifles and musketry; and the shrill wail that accompanied them was easily distinguished above the shouting of our own men.

The Indians were upon us.

Upon us, or, to speak less figuratively, around us. The four sentries had fired, therefore each had seen Indians in his own direction. But it needed not this to guide us to the conclusion that we were surrounded. From all sides came the flower.

* Sphynx confervans. Immense swarms of insects, and especially the larvae of the above species, infest themselves under the bark of trees. Let the reader consider his own fancy nor the moon's rays were at fault. The foliage was really of the hue it appeared to be. In drawing nearer to them,

connection with the physical exertions I was making, and I took no note of how I progressed.

After a time there came a stillness over my soul. For a short interval, both my griefs and vengeful passions seemed to have departed. I knew the cause. It was a mere psychological phenomenon—one of common occurrence. The nerves that were the organs of the peculiar emotions under which I was suffering, had grown weary, and refused any longer to vibrate.

I knew it was but a temporary calm—the lull between two billows of the storm—but during its continuance I was sensible to impressions from external objects.

I could not help noticing the singularity of the scene around me. The bright moonlight enabled me to note its features somewhat minutely.

We were inside what by backwoods men is technically termed a glade—often in their idiom a 'gledge'—a small opening in the woods without timber or underbrush of any sort. This one was circular—about fifty yards in diameter—and with the peculiarities of having a pond in its midst. The pond, which was only a few yards in circumference, was also a circle, perfectly concentric with the glade itself. It was one of those shallow, natural basins found throughout the peninsula, and appearing as if scooped out by mechanic art. It was deeply sunk in the earth, and filled with water till within three feet of its rim. The water was cool and clear, and under the moonbeams, shone with a milky, silvery lustre.

Of the glade itself, nothing more—except that it was covered with sweet-smelling flowers—that, now crushed under the hooves of horses, and the heels of men, gave forth a double fragrance.

It was a pretty parterre, and under happier circumstances, I should have esteemed it a picture pleasant to contemplate.

But it was not the picture that occupied my attention in that moment; rather was it the framing.

Around the glade stood tall trees in a ring, as regularly as if they had been planted; and, beyond these, as far as the eye could penetrate the depths of the forest, were others of like size and aspect. The trunks of all were nearly of one thickness—few of them over eight feet in diameter, but all rising to the height of many yards without leaf or branch. They grew somewhat densely over the ground, but in daylight the eye might have ranged to a considerable distance through the intervals—for there was no undergrowth or shrubbery, to interrupt the view. The trunks were straight, and almost cylindrical as palms; and they might have been mistaken for trees of this order, had it not been for their large heads of leaves terminating in a cone-shaped summit.

They were not palms: they were pines—"broom pines"—a species of tree with which I was perfectly familiar, having ridden many hundreds of miles shaded by the pendant fascicles of their succulent foliage.

The sight of these trees, therefore, would have created no curiosity, had I not noticed in their appearance something peculiar. Instead of the deep green which should have been exhibited by their long drooping leaves, they appeared of a brownish yellow. Was it fancy? or was it the deceptive light of the moon that caused this apparent change in their natural colour?

One or the other, soliloquised I, on first noticing them; but as I continued to gaze, I perceived that I was wrong in either my fancy or the moon's rays were at fault. The foliage was really of the hue it appeared to be. In drawing nearer to them,
Our men were not slow in returning the enemy's fire. In a few seconds their guns were at play; and every now and then was heard the sharp whip-like 'spang!' of their rifles around the circle of the glade. At intervals, too, rose a triumphant cheer, as some savage, who had too rashly exposed his red body, was known to have fallen to the shot.

Again the voice of the old hunter rang over the glade. Cool, calm, and clear, it was heard by every one.

"Mind yer hind-sights, boys! an' shoot sure. Don't waste neer a grain of powder. Yo'll need the hul on't are we 've done wi' the cussed niggers. Don't a one o' ye pull trigger till ye've drew a bead on a redskin's eye.

These injunctions were full of significance. Hitherto, the younger 'heads' had been firing somewhat recklessly—discharging their pieces as soon as loaded, and only wounding the trunks of the trees. It was to stay this proceeding that Hickman had spoken.

His words produced the desired effect. The reports became less frequent, but the triumphant cheer that betokened a 'hit' was heard as often as ever.

In a few minutes after the first burst of the battle, the conflict assumed altogether a new aspect. The wild yells uttered by the Indians in their first enthusiasm, were now subdued to a ominous, never heard before; and the shouts of the white men had also ceased. Only now and then rose the deep 'hurrah' of triumph, or a shout from some of our party to give encouragement to his comrade.

At intervals rang out the 'Yo-ho-ho!' uttered by some warrior-chief to stimulate his braves to the attack.

The shots were no longer in volleys, but single, or two and three at a time. Every shot was fired with an aim; and it was only when that aim proved vain, or he who fired it believed it so—that voices were heard on either side. Each individual was too much occupied in looking for an object for his aim, to waste time in idle words or shouts.

Perhaps, in the whole history of war, there is no account of a conflict so quietly carried on—no battle so silently fought. In the intervals between the shots there were moments when the stillness was intense—moments of awful and ominous silence.

Neither was battle ever fought in which both sides were so oddilly arrayed against each other. We were disposed in two concentric circles—the outer one formed by the enemy, the inner by the men of our party, deployed almost irregularly around our fire.

These circles were scarcely forty paces apart; at some points, perhaps a little less—where a few of the more daring warriors, sheltered by the trees, had worked themselves closer to our line. Never was battle fought where the contending parties were so near each other, without closing in hand-to-hand conflict. We could have conversed with our antagonists without raising our voices above the ordinary tone; and were enabled to aim, literally, at the 'whites of their eyes!'

Under such circumstances was the contest carried on.

TO THE EDITORS OF CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN,—In the series of papers contributed to your periodical by the gifted author of John Hallifax, Gentleman, and recently published in a collected form, under the title of A Woman's Thoughts about Women, occur two serious misrepresentations of the doctrines of the Bible.

To your ever-present desire to disseminate truth, not falsehood—to inform, not to misinform, the people, the

In accordance with the principles by which your efforts to popularise knowledge have ever been guided, you will
doubtless grant a place in your widely-circulated Journal to the few observations I am about to offer; the more readily, as they refer to the sacred, world-wide cause of Divine Revelation.

At page 301 of Chamber's Journal, Dec. 12, 1857, occurs this remark: 'I believe there is no other light on this difficult question, than that given by the New Testament. There, clear and plain, shines the doctrine of which, until then, there was no trace either in external or revealed religion—that for every crime, being repeated of and forsaken, there is forgiveness with Heaven; and if with Heaven, there ought to be with men. This, without at all entering into the doctrinal question of atonement, but simply taking the basis of Christian morality, as contrasted with the natural morality of the savage, or even of the ancient Jew, which, without equivalent retribution, pre-supposes no such thing as pardon.' I consider this, the second of the two passages referred to, first, because it is the more important in its action on the moral convictions of the human race. Its refutation here rests not on deductions, manifest as they are from the whole teaching of the Writings of Moses and the Prophets. I shall, I am sure, best fulfil the duty I have undertaken by bespeaking the patience of your readers in verifying here the references I append below, to one passage of each of certain of the inspired writers from Moses to Malachi. My difficulty in their selection has been, not to find, but to withhold: so numerous are the texts which shew that so far from the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin following on repentance, being 'unknown to the ancient Jew,' he was distinctly taught that by penitence, and penitence alone, could he secure the pardon of his God.

The other passage, whose fallacy but a superficial acquaintance with biblical history suffices to demonstrate, sets forth that: 'Nature herself has apparently deserted for women, physically as well as mentally, that their natural destiny should be not of the world. In the earlier ages of Judaism and Islamism, nobody ever seems to have ventured a doubt of this. Christianity alone raised the woman to her rightful place as man's one help-meet for him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, his equal in all points of vital moment.'

It seems to be almost an insult to the memory of your readers, who, from week to week, attend the services of their parish church, to remind them that the words quoted by our author as indicative of the true vocation of woman, and accompanied by the declaration that it was assigned to her by Christianity alone, are the very words in which her Creator's aim in her creation is described by Moses, in the earliest of all written revelations; or to advert to the part women played in the great drama of life, during the existence of both the republican and monarchical forms of government that prevailed in Judea. For, that the Hebrew women did appear as actors in many scenes of their race's history, is abundantly shewn by their public participation in all the most important national events; as also in that most sacred of all functions—prophecy. I once more cite, on this head, the verses of Scripture. 'They tell of the 'Women of Israel,' who, by their words and deeds, aided the great cause of 'national and religious regeneration.'

The conclusions of a popular Journal are not the fitting arena for polemical controversy or personal criticism, or it would be easy to prove, that while holding forth the urn, which our writer affirms is alone filled with the pure waters of life, the attempt to shew that the very source, whence those waters first flowed, is turgid and impure, is as inconsistent as it is mistaken and futile.—I remain, Gentlemen, with much esteem, yours,

Anna Maria Goldsmid.

St John's Lodge, Rensent's Park, London.

PAVING AIR.

It is not only necessary that men may have some air to breathe, but it is necessary to provide air for the apartment itself in which they live, as well as for the man who inhabits it. The influence of impure air is not only exercised upon the men through their breathing organs, but the surface of their bodies, their clothes, their seat, their tables, beds and bed-clothes, the walls of the apartments; in short, the free surfaces of everything in contact with the air of the place become more or less impregnated with foulness, a harbour of fevers, a means of impregnating every foot of air with poison, unless the whole apartment has its atmospheric contents continuously changed, so that the whole environment and inanimate is freshened by a constant supply of pure air.—Medical Times, May 1, 1858.

'FRENCH CRITICISM ON SHAKESPEARE.'

In the article with this title in No. 223, the translator of the Shakspearian sonnets alluded to is said to be Victor Hugo. To this announcement should have been added that the translator is the son of Victor Hugo.

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SILENCE FOR A GENERATION.

Of making many books there is no end.

"Sir," was heard to say the great monologuing moralist of our times—the modern Samuel Johnson of adoring English Boswells, American Goldsmiths, and aristocratic Mrs Fizwill,—and since authors cannot be expected to write one thing and say another, the sentence may probably be found in print, though how could weak type deliver it with that ponderous monotonous roll of long-drawn vowels and harsh resolute consonants, which gives to the said moralist’s speech even more originality than his pen—"Sir, the one thing wanted in this world is silence. I wish all the talkers had their tongues cut out; and all the writers had their pens, ink, and paper, books, and manuscripts, thrown into the Thames; and there were silence for a generation."

One not a disciple might suggest that the illustrious moralist had better set the example; a satirical mind might begin to calculate the amount of possible loss to the world by such a proceeding. Nevertheless, a wise man’s most foolish sayings are likely to contain some wisdom; and the above sentence deserves consideration, as involving certainly an ounce of solid truth in a bushel of eccentric extravagance.

Silence for a generation. What a state of things! No authors, and no reviewers, no orators political, controversial, or polemical; no critics on oratory; no newspapers; no magazines; no new novelists to be advertised up; no new poets to be bowed down; travellers to wander, and never relate their adventures; men of science to make discoveries, and be unable either to communicate or to squabble over them; philanthropists allowed to speculate at will on the abuses of society, so long as they concealed their opinions; in short, returning to the ante-Cadmus period—the world to be compelled, in familiar but expressive phrase, to keep itself to itself, and never say nothing to nobody.

What a wondrous time!—what a lull in the said world’s history! Even to dream of it, sends through the tired nerves and brain a sensation of Elysian repose.

Silence for a generation—which generation of people, great or small, clever or stupid, should be born unheralded, grow up unchronicled, live uncritised, and die unbiographed. It should feel, without discussing its feelings; suffer, without parading its sufferings; admire, without poetically its admiration; condemn, without printing its condemnations. Its good and ill deeds should spring up as naturally as the flowers and weeds of a garden—to be left ‘all a-growing and a-blowing,’ or quietly pulled up. All this busy gabbling, scribbling, self-analysing, self-conscious society should be laid under a spell of hopeful dumbness—forced to exist simply, exempt even from the first axiom of metaphysics: ‘I think, therefore I am.’

Such a state of universal silence, who would welcome? Possibly nobody; least of all those who have really nothing to say.

What in that case would become of the innumerable, shadowy throng who haunt every periodical; unanswerable correspondents; authors of unread manuscripts—of whom, a luckless editor once said to the present writer—in a sort of hopeless despair—‘Don’t say you’re bringing me another manuscript. Look there! I’ve got a heap of them, two yards high.’ And you, ye cumberers of publishers’ shelves, in print and out of it; indenters of novels that nobody reads, poetry that nobody understands, and mental miscellanies that may be briefly ticketed as ‘Rubbish: of no use to anybody except the owner’—what would be your sensations? You, too, young and ardent thinkers, so exceedingly anxious to express your thoughts, by word or pen, as if nobody had expressed the like before; and the world, as you honestly and devoutly believe, would be the better for that expression—as it might, Heaven knows!—truly, rather hard upon you would fall this compulsory silence. For you cannot yet see that, great as literature is, it is merely the fitful manifestation of the world’s rich inner life—its noblest thoughts, its most heroic deeds; that this life flows on eternally and untiringly, and would continue to flow, were there no such things as pens, ink, paper, and authors; types, printers, booksellers, and publishers.

Wofully, too, would such a crisis affect that race of littérateurs far, far below these, who pursue authorship simply as a trade, without the slightest faith in it or reverence for it—who, happening to have been brought up in what is termed ‘literary circles,’ possess hereditarily, or through habit, a certain aptitude with the pen, and accordingly make it a tool of business to write anything or everything, no matter what, so that, like any other tool, it suffices to earn their bread. What would become of them, who, like most gabblers, prate not out of their fulness, but their emptiness, if there were an age of silence?

There is another class as heavily to be condemned, and yet more pitiable than these—the authors, real authors, not bookmakers, whom such a law would teach, what they have not the moral courage to teach themselves, the timely necessity of silence.

The
are, the writers who have written themselves out, yet still go on writing.

For example: a book appears; it has merit; it succeeds, and deserves to succeed. Its author rises into note, becomes a man whom coteries seek; whom the public flatters and esteems, publishers bargain with, urge, and sue. His wares are valuable, consequently the more produced of them the better. Money follows fame, and expenses follow money. He who wrote at first because he loved it, and could not help it, is now writing for a living; or if he wrote at first for a living, now writes for an income—the handsomely income that a man of talent can so willingly enjoy and so readily spend. People say: 'What a deal of money Mr So-and-so must make!'—as possibly he does; but they forget how he makes it. Not out of so many hours per diem of handwork or mechanical headwork, of ingenious turning of capital, or clever adaptation of other people's ingenuity. All his capital, all his machinery, all his available means of work, lie in a few ounces of delicate substance, the most delicate in the whole human structure, wonderfully organised, and yet subject to every disorganisation, mental or material, that chance may furnish—his brain.

People do not recognise this—perhaps he does not recognise it himself. He may be a very honest man, deserving all his fame and all his money. Yet both must be kept up; and how does he do it? He goes on writing for a long time—faithfully, no doubt, carefully, and well.

But Providence allows to every intellect only a certain amount of development, limited by certain laws, spiritual and physical, known or unknown, yet not one of which can be broken with impunity. The brain is like a rich quarry; you may work it out in a year, or you may, with care and diligence, make it last a lifetime; but you cannot get out of it more than is in it; and work as you will, you must get to the end of the vein some day. So does our author; but still—he writes on.

He must write; it is his trade. Gradually, he becomes a mere trader—traffic in sentiment, emotion, philanthropy. Aware of his own best points, he repeats himself over and over again. How can he help it? Whether he knows it or not, he has written himself out. For the rest of his career, he lives on the shadow of his former reputation—setting fall, perhaps, a few stray gems out of that once rich storehouse, his all but empty brain; or else he drops at once, a burnt-out candle, an oilless lamp, vanishes into such utter darkness, that at first, till posthaste judges him more fairly, it is almost disbelieved that he ever shone.

This truth—fellow-authors, is it not a truth?—could be illustrated by a dozen instances, living as well as dead, did not charity forbid their being chronicled cruelly here.

Cases such as these, befalling not ignoble but noble minds, do indeed force us to see some sense in the severe moralist's impossible ultimatum. Surely it is worth pausing to consider whether the evil which he deplores could not be cured by any less arbitrary means than an age of silence.

The time is gone by when literature was a merely ornamental craft—when unsuccessful authors were Grub Street drudges, and successful ones some patron's idle hangers-on, or perhaps independent patrons themselves. Gone by, also, except in very youthful and enthusiastic minds, the imaginary ideal of 'an author'—a demigod not to be judged like other men, whether he attain the climax of fame, or groan under the life-long wrongs of unappreciated genius.

Happily, in these days, we have very little unappreciated genius. Go round the picture exhibitions, and, deposit upon it, you will find a large proportion of the really good pictures to be purchased. Go to any editor of magazine or journal, and he will tell you that he is thankful to get a really powerful original article by somebody, celebrated or obscure; that such papers will always command their fair price; and that the only reason of their rarely illuminating his pages is, the exceeding difficulty of getting them. Ask any publisher of honour, credit, and liberality—the majority of them are—and he will own, that though a book may be called famous, notoriety, and a good book, from various accidents, remain temporarily unknown—give each a fair chance, and they are sure to find their own level—a level which, in most instances, necessarily produces the same advantageous results to both author and publisher.

There can be little doubt that any writer of real genius, may, even of available talent, will always be able, sooner or later, to earn a livelihood by his pen. Whether, helpless instrument! it will suffice to give dinners to millionaires, and furnish white gloves and velvet gowns for countesses' assemblies—whether it will, in short, supply to the man of letters all the luxuries of the merchant-prince, all the position of ancestral nobility, is quite another question—a question which is about as solemn as any writer can ask himself. Alas for him, if neither is nor his have the moral courage to give the answer! In one sense, there is a great deal of cant symphony and idle enthusiasm wasted upon authors and authorship. Noble as literature is, it is nevertheless no more picturesque recreation; it is a profession, a calling, a trade if you will, to be pursued in all its various forms of scenery, but as steadily, honestly, and rationally as any trade. You would laugh at a workman who threw away his materials; you would blame a merchant who rashly expended his capital; you would turn away, as soon something disturbed, a shopkeeper who tried to fossilize upon you, even through carelessness, goods inferior to those you expected him to sell, and wished to buy; and yet all these things, under fine names, are sometimes voluntarily or involuntarily perpetrated by authors. And surely not the least act of dishonesty—for it is fraud not against man only, but against his own soul and its Maker—is that when not for daily bread, but for 'positions,' 'society,' 'keeping up a family,' and all the pages or which art can be hung, a life is conducted in writing, writing, long after he has got anything to say.

For what is it that constitutes the author, as distinguished from the rest of the world, who live, suffer, and enjoy, in a placid, unconscious dumbness?—it is, because he is the voice, the loosened tongue of all this mute humanity. Because, somehow or other, he knows not how or wherefore, he feels the infinite spirit stirring within him, teaching him to speak, and he gives his voice. He is no better, no worse, no less good—than the hundreds and thousands of silent ones. Yet in this he is set apart from them all—his is the speaker. Art, nature, with all their mysteries, by others only felt, are by him understood; perhaps into humankind generally he sees further than most people; but whether or no, to the extent that he does
see, has been given him the power to arrange and demonstrate, which has not been given to them. Without any vainglory or self-excultation—God knows how high his feet are lifted by his authority—he must be conscious of this fact, that by some great mystery, as incomprehensible to himself as to any one else, it has been granted him to express what others only experience—that, so to speak, he is the living voice of the world.

Then, in God's name—who has consecrated him such—let him dare not ever to open his mouth unless he has something to say.

Rather let him live modestly, feed plainly, seclude fashioning frivolities and expensive delights, as he would the allurements of that disguised individual whom St. Anthony's honest tongue seized by the beautiful nose. Let him turn his back upon adoring crowds who would win him from his true vocation—his work and thinker, into that of the mere idle. Let him write, if needs must, for his daily bread— an honourable and lawful act; but as soon as he begins to write for his mere pleasures and luxuries, or for the maintenance of a certain status in the world, let him know that his seven consciousnesses in spirit so far are distracted by gay, enjoy, observe, and act, naturally and involuntarily; to live and see all around us living—the life of a flower of the field.

Even as Wordsworth, the charm of whose genius is this power of making himself 'one with nature,' recalling how

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Which floats on high o'er vales and hills,
Till all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze;
so that ever afterwards
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude—

Wordsworth himself can find no other form in which to define this exquisite sensation than that drawn from his flowers' existence:

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodills.

Truly, this sort of writing bids us pause in our demand for silence. It makes us feel that there is some good in authorship after all; that genius, the marvellous power which, by means of a few inches of black type and white paper, can re-convey to the human mind all its passions, emotions, and aspirations—can re-translate to it the whole beautiful and immortal life of the universe—this genius must be a wondrous gift—a divine possession. Let those who have it hold it—intact, unaltered, unshrunk, undated. And for those who have it not, there is little to repine. They possess most of its benefits, safe from its dangers and tribulations. Any man, so long as he can enjoy a fine poem, feel his heart strengthened by a good novel, and his spirit refreshed by a few pages of any wholesome writing, rich in that true humour which is so great a lightener of the heavy burdens of life, let him rejoice and be thankful; he also has been in Arcadia.

For the rest, sorry pretenders to literature—rain-chattering pies, who really have no song to sing, and only desire to hear the clatter of their own sweet voices—let them be! No need to have their small tongues cut out, or theirluckless manuscripts tied up in a bundle, and flung into the Thames, or any other river. A few years will end all their clamour in an unbroken and eternal silence; and their works, designed to float down the stream of time, will soon
sink to the bottom by their own ponderosity, and afflict its waters no more. *Requirement in pace! All things find their own level very soon. The world will do extremely well even without silence for a generation.*

**PROGRESS OF PISCICULTURE.**

In No. 148 of this Journal (1st November 1856) we gave, under the title of Pisciculture, some account of the interesting experiments which were, and are, still carried on at Stormontfield on the Tay, with the view of increasing our supplies of salmon, and determining certain disputed questions in the natural history of this favourite fish. We purpose now to bring down the history by referring to the artificial fish-breeding both at home and abroad.

So far as Scotland is concerned, the only experiments yet made, have been with salmon; but we are not without hope that, as the success of these becomes known, the system will be extended so as to include other kinds of fish, and also to lend its aid to the introduction and naturalisation in our rivers of the best food-fishes of other countries—such as the mullet, the sea trout of the Caspian, and the salmon of the Danube—described in another portion of this article. The principal reason why salmon has been selected for experiment is, doubtless, because of its being considered our most valuable native fish, and also from the cry which has arisen as to its danger of extermination from over-fishing, and want of adequate protection during close-time, and also, in some degree, to put an end to the uncertainty which has so long prevailed as to its mode of breeding and growth, and generally to ascertain the various stages in its progress from the hour of its birth to the day of its capture—the want of such knowledge having impeded effective legislation. In all the varied stages of its career, the history of the salmon has been the subject of much controversy; and, no wonder, if we consider the singular fact that salmon, fit for the purposes of the cook, can be caught in the Tay, while the little parr is just venturing on its way to the sea—both being of the same brood, hatched perhaps the same year.

When the eggs now under experiment at Stormontfield come to maturity and assume the smolt state, a few more points in the salmon controversy will be determined; but it will be a year or two before the system takes place of the young salmon sent impregnated ova from the Porthscallop ponds to New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, and other far distant countries. The superintendent of the Porthscallop Fisheries has, we have reason to know, been overwhelmed with letters, on the subject; and, to lighten his correspondence, he promulgated, in conjunction with some of his Perth friends, a plan for the transmission of the ova, and also hinted at the possibility of transporting the infant fish. His idea was to fit up a small hatching apparatus on board ship, having a cistern containing ice to supply the water to the ova, and a reservoir to catch the fluid after its part was performed. No sooner was this idea made public than objections were taken to its practicability, and a multitude of expedients have been hatched up under different plans. One says the boxes containing the ova should be filled with sand; another, that they ought to contain horse-bone-sized gravel; while a third writer recommends 'stains the size of life,' that is, as much are to be found on the natural spawning ground. We have not space to give even a brief resumé of all that has been said on this subject; but one individual recommends that, instead of ova, a quantity of the newly hatched fry should be sent out. Parr may be in water for a period of six or eight weeks before they begin to require food, and we know it to be a fact that they do not assume the smolt for twelve months, and that during that period they can be artificially fed with boil liver, &c. Is it not possible, then, to carry the young fry to our country, and thus make the thing a certainty? The experiment can be accomplished in from sixty to eighty days, and parr could be easily kept alive for so short a period. Our friend makes no pretention to be able to give practical instructions on this point—his wish is simply to recommend this idea, and leave the rest to those better versed in the art; he even thinks that if the fry were near its first change, verging on the smolt state, it might be still better, for then the instinctive desire for salt water could be freely gratified.

In detailing the great success which has attended the experiments conducted in various continental rivers and breeding-ponds, we may remind our readers that it is to the exertions of Gehin and Remy, two unlettered fishermen, that the salmon of the Moselle and its tributaries, that we are indebted for the revival of this lost art. They were richly rewarded by the French government; while persons in our own country who have as to its danger or at least simultaneity practised the art as a means of settling various disputed questions in the natural history of the salmon, have been suffered to pass on their way unnoticed. The government of France, inspired by some of the learned men of the country, who took advantage of the example afforded by the success of Gehin and Remy, and the result was the construction at Huningue, near Basle, in 1852, of a fish-harvestor. By means of this parent establishment, where the eggs are collected, upwards of several one places in France have been furnished with ova.

Professor Anthony Wimmer of Landshut, is a letter to Mr Ashworth of Egerton Hall, near Bolsover, giving an interesting account of the artificial propinquity of the Danube salmon in Bavaria; a fact which is entertained of acclimatising the fish in Scotland and breeding it in our rivers, we select such a portion of his communication as will give the reader some idea of its value.

'The Caspian salmon is very similar in form to the trout, but much more gracefully shaped, and with a body similarly formed, and perfectly cylindrical. In large mouth is furnished with very strong teeth; its back is of a reddish gray; its sides and belly perfectly white; the fins are blush white; the back and the upper part of both sides are slightly and irregularly speckled with black and red roundish spots. I could never discover any spots on its fins, which are the same in number and formed exactly like these. The young Danube salmon are always a darker colour than those a little older, which became lighter in colour. From a single female salmon of the species, weighing 18 pounds, I obtained nearly 400 ova. These eggs are as large as those of the salmon-trout, and are of a splendid golden hue. I made not refrain from observing, that I found the egg of the Danube salmon of this size, and, indeed, of the Danube salmon, the most suitable for fecundation. I have never obtained such beautiful eggs, as at this public expenditure, and they have been repeatedly treated, weighing 40 to 40 pounds each. The Danube salmon eggs are laid in 66 days, and the young fry attain to I pound in weight the first year; and, in the third year, if supplied with the requisite quantity of food, to 4 pounds each. The Danube salmon has similar migratory habits to
those of the sea-salmon, takes his regular journeys between the main river and the tributaries, in order to spawn; and for this purpose arrives every year in the month of March at Landeshut (if water and weather are favourable, he arrives at the beginning of the month), where several hundred are annually caught. He selects a rapid place in the river Isar, but not exceeding five feet in depth; and, in order to give his eggs shelter, the female makes holes with her tail, several feet in length, and at about 6 inches in depth—at which work she is assisted by her companion. At this season, great crowds take place between the male fish. When the current is strong, they immediately occupy the current of the Danube. The Danube salmon never enter the Black Sea. According to information, which I obtained with difficulty, I found they were never caught in the Sulina mouth of that river, and but very rarely in the Danube. The Danube salmon never enter the Black Sea. According to information, which I obtained with difficulty, I found they were never caught in the Sulina mouth of that river, and but very rarely in the Danube.

One species only of the noble salmon genus is indigenous to the river Danube, and this is the Danube salmon, "Salmo huchii," called "Huck." In Bavaria. It is most striking that this large and beautiful fish is, with the exception of the three tributaries, to be found in those tributaries which flow into the Danube from the south; that is, those streams whose supply of water is derived from the Alps; and it is found rarely in those streams from any other district. Therefore, we may explain to those rare visitors to the rivers of Spain that the lakes of Spain will be as prolific as those of the adjoining countries.

We will now lay before the reader a brief account of the interesting fisheries of the lake of Comacchio, near Ferrara, on the Adriatic. The inhabitants of this isolated district subsist chiefly on eels and other kinds of fish; and for the purpose of increasing the supplies and rendering them certain, they have constructed, from the mud of the lakes, an ingenious series of artificial dikes which are interlaced with sluices, giving access both to the sea and to the two rivers which form the mouth of the Po. By this plan, Comacchio and its neighbourhood are partitioned off in districts or islands, each of which may be called a piscicultural farm, with its own particular fisheries, fishing-implements, and residence. There are five hundred men, besides the manager, engaged in carrying on the fishery. These workmen and their families have to be maintained; and the poor of the community, the widow, the orphan, the decrepit, are all provided for out of the revenues of this lake-fishery. In 1697, the annual income derived was about £1,200; but in the year 1792, it had increased to upwards of £16,000, a very large sum in such a neighbourhood; and the increase continues to augment. It may be stated, as one of the remarkable features connected with this interesting community, that the lease invariably fixes the number of men to be employed, and designates the amount of pay they are to receive; in which is an irrevocable clause. This regular army of workmen is subject to the rules of a military hierarchy, and to the discipline of a life in barracks, and to a condition of passive obedience. They employ a squadron of 120 policemen and 100 overseers. The head-manager has under him a secretary keeping the registers. These two functions are each receive ten shillings a month and their food, with an addition, daily, of two and a half pounds of fish. In each of the districts, there are young apprentices receiving two shillings and twopence a month, and their food. At certain periods, we have been informed, there appears on the surface of the water myriads of small transparent fish, not unlike masses of gelatine, but which are, in fact, eggs. They are hatched, and then forced to quaff the place of their birth, in order to migrate to various other lakes, by way of the rivers of communication. 'The fishermen,' says M. Coste, 'have means of discovering whether or not the migration of these fish is abundant.'
It consists in forming a frame of wicker-work, which, being placed at the bottom of the canal for a night or two, is then raised, and the abundance or paucity of the supply is thus ascertained. As the other kinds of fish are confined within the surface of the water only in reference to the eels that this plan is adopted. After the eel has arrived at maturity, and it is about leaving the lagoon for the sea, it is captured in one of the marvellous reed labyrinths which have been constructed for the purpose—one of which, celebrated by Tasso, is still in use. There are many other fish reared as Comacchio—soles, plaice, and doré are abundant; and there is one in particular called acquaadle, not quite so large as our gudgeon, but so prolific as to be almost a nuisance, and which, after the eels have used great quantities of it as food, still yields an enormous amount of good manure. The chub are also most plentiful, and multiply infinitely. At one time they are so small that it takes a thousand or two to weigh a pound; but when twelve months old, they are twelve inches long, and five in girth. The ceremonial of opening the season is presided over by one of their priests, who consecrates the lagoon by a solemn prayer, after which the fisherman takes his harpoons and sail, and stand upon the sea: the fish are caught in the labyrinths in trying to get out. In one stormy night in the year 1797, 1000 baskets of fish were caught, and in one valley 200 baskets of eels. We may explain that annually, on the feast of the Nativity, the labyrinths and labyrinths are opened, and remain open for two months, to admit of the passage of the young fish up the channel from the sea. Drag-nets of small mesh are prohibited during the migration of the fish. M. Coste says that the sea-hounds of Comacchio hunt for five months, commencing at the close of July. The weight of fish obtained in that period is at least one hundred thousand pounds per month. 'The want of water in the lake, excess of heat or frost, causes diseases among the fish; at one time, from five to six million pounds of dead fish had to be buried in consequence. In 1789, the Reno and Volano, mouths of the Po, were nearly dry, occasioning great losses to the inhabitants. In 1826, still greater loss was thus occasioned. The inhabitants of the colony, in order to escape the pestilence, were obliged to dig deep ditches, and to bury upwards of six million pounds of fish in quicklime. A barrel of pickled eels costs 97 francs, and 20 pickled eels fetch 16 francs. They have three methods of preparing the fish for market—by pickling, salting, and smoking them.' So much for the cultivation of the water, it is evident might become as fertile and important a field for human industry as the land.

THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.

Daring the acclamations that have been made against the aristocracy of this country, on account of their monopolising all the chief offices of the state, it is certain that a great number of them concern themselves with no other than that board whose title heads this paper. At all the great clubs of London, and at almost every country-house of any distinction, it sits, or rather stands, en permanence; and around it, all day long, and, at all events, for the most part of the night, its indefatigable members are to be found. In this one department at least, neither the health, nor the sound, or even the apparent health, of the country has suffered from it; and so different is it from an institution of government in other respects, that he who, by assiduity and skill in its concerns, has proved himself the most deserving, is generally the best rewarded. The board of green cloth, which probably originated in Italy, must have been in repute at least as early as the sixteenth century, since Shakespeare alludes to it; but there is doubtless an anachronism in making Cleopatra one of its votaries. 'Let us to billiards,' says the Queen of Egypt to her attendant Cleopatra, 'I will call the lads of the game to a contest upon a slate-table, with lady, rubber cushions, and with cues with leathers tops.' At Alexandria, and at that early period, none of the modern requisites would have been forthcoming, excepted perhaps the ivory balls. We cannot imagine the luxury employed in such a pastime, any more than we picture to ourselves Mark Antony (a marker) calling the score.

In Sir Thackeray's 'Edmond' we have some notion of the game as being a novelty even at the period of that tale; and certainly it was not until a very recent period that it assumed the complicated and scientific character which now distinguishes it. It was played for more than two centuries with only a couple of balls, and when the third or red ball was imported from France, the red winning hazard—that is to say, the holing of the red ball—was almost the sole object of the performers.

When we consider the many and wealthy races whose sports have become exclusively that of billiard-tables, the number of rooms where tables are let out for hire in every populous town, and, in particular, the large and influential class who make the practice of this game, not so much for amusements as for the very object of the thing, it certainly seems to us that billiards has got to be important enough to have a word or two written about it to the general reader. The professional and the amateur have already a score of volumes that works of this kind have been written with all the judgment and experience that would be necessary for the investigation of the most abstruse subject, and illustrated with accurate diagrams of what has been, and can be, effected upon a billiard-table for its instruction and edification of tyros.

It would, of course, be impossible to estimate the vast sums which depend upon every important match and that chances to be, as the newspapers say, upon the up-and-down, of course, it is to take place upon the morrow, and when prices paid merely to witness such contests, they would exceed belief; but, as a proof of the interest with which great excitements at this game are regarded by its admirers, it may be stated that one guinea is habitually paid for the benefit of a company of five players. 'Know of the vertu of witnessing his ordinary (and extraordinary) everyday play.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his novel of 'The Custom,' has described a peniless lad who, by his skill at this amusement in France, rapidly acquires such considerable sums as he stands in need of; nor is England, and in real life, does there appear to be any greater difficulty in so doing. What genius, what virtue, can procure its possessor, in ten times the period, a remuneration such as skill at a few hours' and in almost any populous place, command? Carr, the celebrated Bath billiard-player would have been immensely rich but for his fondness for another game at which he was by no means a proficient; by this latter pastime he was perpetually being ruined; and on one occasion, having been forced to try his fortune in Spain, he returned from that country in even greater straits than those which occasioned his departure. Having landed, however, in Portsmouth, nearly penniless, he appeared to be reformed, and he was advisor, and for a considerable time, his wins on the same table the next morning, another and a better (dressed) man. His adversary was also there;
not recognising him, after the metamorphosis, challenged him for still higher stakes, but with no better from the former. He, however, would not consent as he could not afford it, he informed Carr that he was more unfortunate even than he seemed, for that he (Carr) was the second stranger, within twenty-four hours, to whom his really considerable skill had been obliged to succumb. The right player is said to have been the discovery of the 'side-stroke,' an acquisition of great importance, the secret of which it is surprising that accident did not long before disclose, and the numerous frequenters of his rooms were excessively anxious to employ this magic at their later and later impulses. After much solicitation, Carr confessed that the wonder lay in the particular kind of chalk which he was wont to use for his cue. He then procured a number of pill-boxes, and filling them with the powder of the chalk, made these balls, as they were fond of to great numbers of the nobility and gentry, his patrons, at half-a-crown the box, as *Twisting Chalk*!

The spectacle of the play of some very first-rate performers, to one who knows the difficulties of billiards, is certainly such as almost to induce him to believe in patents of this description. The feats of Mr Kentfield—the celebrated 'Jonathan'—of Brighton, for instance, are more like things produced by the skill of the tinsmith than by the skill of a billiard player. So extraordinary are the difficulties of the game that he accustomed to score, that himself and another excellent player finished thirty games of 'twenty-four up' within the hour. In a match of less than two hours' game, the best player, in a game of sixty-five 'love-games', those that is, in which the adversary does not score a single hazard. With ordinarily good players, this gentleman is accustomed to take one pocket to his opponent's five; and, to convey a notion of the skill with which he has played with one individual alone fifty thousand games of this kind; that is to say, estimating four games to be played within the hour—the one pocket-game being of course a very slow one—he has spent nearly one whole and a half in knocking the ball into two holes in company with a single fellow-creature. One celebrated match between a player still living (which one wonders at) and a French professor, lasted for two entire days and a night, during which the enemy played but two points to complete the game; a certain hazard was presented to him upon either side. The player, in anxious deliberation, actually played with the red ball! Although Mr Mardon recommends, indeed, that a stake sufficiently large to induce the players vigilance and attention be always played for, he is, for an inhabitant of the billiard-table, quite a moralist, and to the young, the most prudent of mentors. Never, advises he, be induced to bet with a stranger against his accomplishing a particular stroke, however difficult, since even an indifferent performer may, by practice, succeed in making a certainty of anything at all. Do not advance upon your original wager after losing a game or two. Nor, O youth, be thou inflamed with the desire of winning all; you may have already lost—a weakness, it seems, so common among the associates of the board, as to have obtained for itself the technical expression of being 'pricked.' These temperate reflections and moral precepts of our author remind one of nothing so much as that celebrated address of the dying toper to his sons: 'Drink slow; never mix your liquor; nor sit, boys (if you can help it), with your backs to the fire.'

Was the progress of philosophers ever described by any of its professors, zealots for their particular school, in more glowing words—was delight in the contemplation of the long results of science, ever painted in more brilliant colours than these which follow?

'The game of billiards, I am inclined to believe,'
writes Mr. Mardon, 'is in most parts of England still creeping with infant steps. At Brighton, it has reached to the stride of manhood, each break evincing the knowledge and sound judgment of mature years. Persons witnessing the style of game of the parties to whom allusion is now made (that is, Mr. Kentfeld and Co.), and capable of appreciating the beauties attendant on superior execution combined with exquisite strengths, would behold a mine of hidden treasure brought to light, and experience an enjoyment worthy of hours of reflection.' This book, remember, was published in 1844. (or perhaps the edition which this extract is made) in 1844, so that by this time perhaps Brighton may have culminated, and leaped into second childhood; and we may be all too late, however rapidly we may hasten to behold this his sovereign's court, or fight his sovereign's battles; but we have our duty to pick out in making public the precious advantages it holds out as soon as we learned them ourselves.

We have also the pleasing intelligence to communicate, obtained from the same source of a golden cage being open to be played for by the amateurs of all England, subject to certain conditions, under which the winner is to hold it as champion of the billiard-table, president of the board of green cloth. It is open, open, and in the presence of those who like law and the London Tavern, only you must pay ten pounds as entrance-money, and be prepared for a few matches more after you have got it, if you intend to keep it. Still, there is something chivalric, and almost regal, in a golden cage.

Fancy our winning it? Fancy one's walking away with it up the chain-pier, while the band was playing! Fancy one's horror if it chanced to slip through the wheels of the side-rails into the sea! Fancy one's being robbed of it, and knocked on the head—like poor Miss Elinor—no but with the but-end of it afterwards! Fancy one's leaving it within one's will, a richer legacy than house or land, unto one's issue! What a gold stick in waiting would it indeed be for one's eldest born? What a rich impression would it have made by displaying it near and far! How I gave him the cage!'

THE BARON GRANDEINGO'S DAUGHTERS.

The three young daughters of the great Baron Grandeningo having been deprived by death of their mother, who had always rather inclined towards spoiling them, her place was excellently supplied by an ancient female relative, who came uncashed to superintend the domestic affairs of the Baron's secluded stronghold among the green mountains. There she regulated the household, jingled the keys, and was especially particular in watching over defences and drawbridge, the baron himself being usually absent at his sovereign's court, or fighting his sovereign's battles; so that old Madame Offugo felt she had a responsibility in her self-imposed task, which made her doubly careful. The three young ladies of Grandeningo were good-natured girls on the whole, but they had their likes and dislikes. Their young look was a sign to, and Madame Offugo made her study to discover and root out, as far as possible, those noxious weeds which disfigured the otherwise fair and promising parterres. Lisa, Lora, and Sara, as the three young ladies were named, were greatly revered and respected Madame Offugo; nor had she failed to inspire them with a good deal of awe, though she never scolded them, nor treated them with harshness, but, on the contrary, was always kind and considerate. Yet Madame Offugo had queer ways of her own; and as those were the days, and theirs was the country, when fairies were still authentic facts, it is not in the least surprising that some folks went so far as to hint that Madame Offugo claimed kin with the elfin race.

At Grandeningo they all led a life of comparative retirement, free from the cares, anxieties, and turmoil of the outer world; but this could not be expected to last always, as Baron Grandeningo was a person of importance in the solemn councils of the land, and his daughters would in time be summoned to the sovereign's court—robes and little fists fine for the mountain, their wild-thyme and blooming heather. Madame Offugo did not spare to tell her young charges of their faults, whenever she saw occasion to do so; to warn, either, and instruct. To Lisa, the eldest, she would say: 'You are a fine, but serious girl, not to be too much noticed, but not only that, but you see a great many things you ought not to see. People must sometimes walk with a shade over their eyes in this world; or, even blindfolded it may be. Your eyes are not given to you to listen to the good and do harm.

Lisa perfectly understood old Madame Offugo's words; for her bright black eyes were dreading at Grandeningo—poking and peering about everywhere, and into everything, and seeing things in such a manner, that the poor maids said Lady Lisa was surely not half the girl she was; and not to effect much harm or perplexity in the quiet retreat of Grandeningo; but Lady Lisa was going to a town-life, to a courtly circle, and therefore Madame Offugo lectured her in time, and of course, as all lecturing is, for her own good.'

Lady Lora, though not quick-sighted, like her eldest sister, but, in fact, quite otherwise, made up for that defect by the extraordinary acuteness of her hearing—her ears doing as much mischief, in the way of quarrelling and magnifying, as the Lady Lisa's bright eyes. Madame Offugo had men than once, and with much majesty and severity, impressed on Lady Lora's mind that well-known adage applicable at grand baronial Grandeningo as elsewhere—that 'a good eye is as much a good eye in a man's ear.'

Hence Lady Lora, the youngest of the three sisters of Grandeningo, did not make so much use of her eyes and ears as she did of her own little tongue; she retailed what Lisa saw, and what Lota heard, fluently, unfallingly, and, we regret to add, exaggeratedly. She did not like the true life of debate, nor was she afraid to disturb her not hearing 'good of herself;' and it, as Madame Offugo sagely remarked, 'good is not spoken of us at home, what shall be said of us in the cold, hard world?'

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the hillside from Grandenigo, and leaving the three young ladies weeping bitterly, and waving their white handkerchiefs, and kissing their hands as the aged lady.

'Don't forget us, dear Madame Offugo,' said they on parting.

'I will not, my dears,' she replied, and she spoke with impressive emphasis.

And now Baron Grandenigo took his three girls away to the court of his sovereign, in the midst of a gay and populous city. The change was very great indeed for young ladies brought up in retirement, like our Lisa, Lota, and Lora; and at first they forgot the old Madame Offugo and her excellent advice and tender admonitions. But as time progressed, they were never out of 'hot-water,' as the saying is—always getting into trouble, from seeing what ought not to have been seen, hearing what was not meant to be heard, and speaking what it was inconvenient and dangerous to retail; far, far more so here in the city and the courtly circle, than at quiet Grandenigo, sleeping among the pleasant heathery hills. And their troubles and perplexities seem at all times and on state occasions, as if they had reigned rather earlier than usual, and had dismissed their attendants, and were conversing with terror and dismay on their lamentable position, all three exclaimed together: 'Oh that dear old Offugo was here to direct and aid us! I wonder if she has quite forgotten us by this time; she said she wouldn't.'

At that instant, a gentle tap, tap, came to their door, and a little page in green gave in a small packet, silken-bound, addressed to the ladies Lisa, Lota, and Lora. Quickly they opened it, and what did they behold? First the words written in golden type: 'I have not forgotten you—do not you forget old Offugo.' And the contents of the packet? Each sister blushed and consciously as she appropriated to herself one of the three gifts it contained; thus proving that they had not altogether forgotten old Offugo's lessons. How the court circle would have laughed and jeered had they seen these 'remembrances,' so carefully wrapped up with silken cord, and so furtively and reverently received by the sisters in the privacy of their own chamber. And what were they?—what mysterious and inexplicable things to send from a distance to three fair young ladies, daughters of the great Grandenigo?

First, there was a woven bandage—thick and smooth, flexible and elastic—to bind over the eyes, as if for playing at blind-man's-buff. Lady Lisa fitted it on directly; intuitively she understood its meaning and arrangement. Then came a bundle of fine white cotton-wool, rolled up in golden tins. Lady Lota stuffed some into her ears on the spot. Then, what a funny-looking thing! They all three laughed aloud as the Lady Lora put it into her pretty mouth, though she declared afterwards it became as sweet as a sugar-plum to her taste. But the greatest wonder of these gifts was—proving beyond a doubt that Offugo must be a fairy—that although the three fair daughters of Grandenigo continued to wear their heaps if they had seen too much, their true significance continued unsuspected. The bandage, by fairy contrivance, only resembled a becoming fillet round the ivory brow; the cotton-wool was hidden by the ebon tresses, so coquettishly disposed for the wearer, that to the untrained eye, being inside the mouth, it was not seen at all. A fascinating ruse was the consequence of that; and for ever afterwards, the ladies of Grandenigo walked through this weary world with far less stumbling and discomfort to themselves, than they had seen too much, and heard too much, and spoken too much by the way.

Some of us in these days need the gifts of a good Madame Offugo and we might soon appreciate all these for our own share; for sometimes, if we desire to live in peace, it is better to tie a bandage over our eyes, and to stuff our ears with cotton-wool, and furnish our mouths with a gag—even though it does not taste like a sugar-plum.

WIND-CARTHS AND BOTTLES OF SMOKE.

'Would you like to see my wind-charts?'

Such was the query wherewith that worthy mariner, Captain Scuttle, of the 'fast-sailing, A1 clipper-ship' Flyaway, one day startled the writer. At the time, we were in 57° 37' south latitude, and 85° 55' west longitude, heading east by south; in other words, we were approaching Cape Horn. In the innocence of our hearts, we had propounded a question relative to our course after passing that grim and dreary extremity of the earth; and the answer came in the form of the proposition quoted above. This mode of reply was but natural, for Captain Scuttle is a native of the Emerald Isle. Still, we were surprised to the extent of temporarily abandoning that digested propriety of demeanour which, we flatter ourselves, is our usual characteristic. Had the question emanated from one of those disagreeable and irrational sailors who hold all and sundry landsmen in utter contempt for their ignorance of the arts and mysteries of navigation, we should have concluded that a monstrous hoax was about to be played off upon us. But Captain Scuttle is a gentleman, not only when ashore, as is often the case; but on his own quarter-deck, or at the head of his cabin-table, he is still the very pink of courtesy; of a somewhat antique fashion, it may be, but none the worse for that.

We therefore repeated the phrase in astonishment. Wind-charts indeed! Well, Shakespeare long since called the air 'a chartered libertine.' But that the aerial dominions could be mapped out—that the jurisdiction of the several powers of the air could be accurately defined—their currents noted down, and their variations predicted, with a near approximation to precision; all this was a feat which, if the idea had ever occurred to us, would have been instantly dismissed from our minds, as something too wild even for the distorted imagination of a lunatic.

But we were not long suffered to remain incredulous. Our nautical friend dived into the recesses of his own peculiar cabin, whence he presently emerged with a portfolio, containing a series of veritable charts of the wind, which he proceeded to display for our information and gratification. At first sight, these appeared like the vague drawings of an experimental geometrianc—angles and triangles, pentagons, hexagons, and all the rest of the poly-gon tribe, intermingling with each other in most admired disorder. But aided by the lucid explanations of Captain Scuttle, we quickly succeeded in understanding the real order which lay hidden under all this apparent confusion.

We found, then, that in these charts the surface of the ocean is divided into quadrangular areas, each containing ten degrees of longitude and ten of latitude. In the centre of each of these geographical spaces is one of the peculiar diagrams already noticed, and which consists, in fact, of a group of angles, symbolizing the power and current of the prevailing winds in that particular region. The direction of these angles indicates that of the air, and their greater or lesser dimensions indicate its force. Thus lay—
suppose a figure, with one large angle, pointing southward, and three of smaller size, facing respectively south-south-east, south-east, and south-west by south: this would signify that strong northerly winds ordi-
narily prevailed, with occasional variations to the north-north-west, the north-west, and the north-east
by north.

But, as in no part of the world does the wind incessantly blow in one uniform direction, it is neces-
sary to have separate charts for each month in the year, and thus is maintained an entire circle of aerial
intelligence.

The benefit derived, and yet more extensively derivable from this novel adaptation of meteoro-
logical science, is incalculable. By its aid, the
inhabitants are enabled to avoid false or contrary winds, hurricanes, and calms, and to steer in the direction of
those latitudes where favourable breezes generally
prevail at specified seasons. Not only, therefore, are
the dangers of the ocean lessened, but the length of
the voyage is often greatly reduced, and thus is
effected a saving of labour, time, and expense.

These charts are, in fact, the records of past
experience. The merit of their invention is due to
Lieutenant Maury of Washington, who first con-
ceived the idea of tabulating the variations of the
atmosphere at sea. In accordance with his plan, the
officers of the United States navy were furnished
with instructions and directions for observation, and
were required to forward to Washington, at stated
intervals, copies of their log-books, describing the
force and direction of all winds and currents encoun-
tered, together with daily notes of temperature, &c.

Masters of merchant-ships, willing to co-operate in
this work, were also provided with similar facilities
for observation. From the united records thus
obtained, Lieutenant Maury compiled a series of
charts, demonstrative of the important fact, that
certain currents of air prevail in every portion of the
Atlantic, and regulate the course of vessels that
reach these shores.

The beneficial effects of Maury's system soon
became apparent; and in 1855, the English govern-
ment established an office in London for the purpose
of registering what may be termed the tides of the
atmosphere. Admiral Fitzroy was placed at the head
of the new department, and agents were appointed at
the principal ports of the United Kingdom for the
supply of instruments, books, and instructions. The
arrival of our mercantile marine was drawn to the
seas of the Atlantic, and the already tremendous key
of commerce was further extended to the
western continents, and to the far-distant
Orient.

The results are the wind-charts we have described.

Philosophy and science destroy, in their progress,
many time-honoured and fondly cherished ideas. No
enthusiastic young poet, or magniloquent declamer
on the rights of man, can henceforth venture to speak
of unloosing 'the four winds of heaven,' for they
have never been chained up. It is proved, beyond the
possibility of a doubt, that they perform their allotted
functions periodically, in every quarter of the globe,
with a surprising degree of regularity. Neither can
that other figure of speech which terms the air 'a
chartered libertine,' be tolerated, save out of respect

for our Shakespeare's genius. And, in truth, the
expression is somewhat slanderous. Chartered it
may be, but the charge of libertinism can scarcely
be sustained. His incomings and outgoings have been
registered; his irregularities set in a note-book;
his passions on the pages of his
humours, duly recorded; so that every one who sails upon
the deep may learn his character, and know pretty
well what treatment to expect from him at all times
and seasons, and in every part of the ocean.

Having described the wind, let us now indulge in a
bottle of smoke.

We had such an article placed in our hands not
long since. It was an ordinary glass bottle, such as
those into which expert packers force a quart of
porter; but which was afterwards found to contain
the same liquid of a bluish-grey colour; and we were instructed to pour a certain proportion into
such brine-pans as contained hams or other
comestibles, for the purpose of imparting thereto
the flavour peculiarly appertaining to smoked meats.
We did so; and very excellent we found the receipt
to be.

Now, this liquid was not the cunningly devised
product of chemistry, possessing the taste of smoke,
without any approximation to the reality. It was
real 

bonds fide smoke, procured from wood, and bottled
up in its unadulterated purity, and was obtained in
the same warehouse from which we purchased the
premises.

In South Wales, there exists an establishment for
the manufactory of pyroligneous acid, an article much
in favour with the great pickling-houses. What is
generally supposed to be white-wine vinegar, is often,
in reality, the product of these works; and it is
often for the consumer if more deleterious ingredients
are not used. As its name indicates, this acid is
obtained from burning wood, of which large quantities
are annually consumed. For some time, the smoke
arising therefrom was allowed to ascend; but these
are not the times to waste anything. Modern science,
as Dr Lyon Playfair observes, is a great economist.
She collects cast horsehoe nails, and, hey, presto!
they reappear as murdering guns and glittering
sails; she carefully saves the clippings of the
travelling tinker,' and, mixing them with the 'pierres
de tous les chevaux,' or the cast-off woollen garments
of the poorest inhabitant of the sister island, reproduces
these unconsidered trifles in the form of 'haxes of
the best quality, the brightest light, the tersest
duod," and the most dainty delight to deck their persons.
The convenient vesta, or lucifer-match, owes its phosphoric
constituents to the bones of dead animals. Aquafortis,
and the offensive oils from guaiacum, are converted into
perfumes for my lady's toilet; and the delicate odour
of the costly 

costa de miel fuego, can boast no better origin
than the noxious effluvia of our sewers.

Clearly, then, it was a mistake to allow even wool-
smoke to

Waste its fragrance on the desert air.

So, without the constraining influence of an act of
parliament, the proprietors of the pyroligneous acid
works resolved on economising and utilising their
smoke. For this purpose they built, over the pyre,
a condensing chamber, and the smoke entering therein,
and having no outlet, became converted into a fluid,
such as we have described. In this state it was, and
remains, still, bottled off for public consumption;
and its use effecting a great saving of expense
in the curing of such meats as require to be smoked
for the gratification of epicurean palates, a considerable
demand for its has arisen. So that 'a bottle of 

smoke' is no longer the impossible fiction which it was sup-
posed to be in the good old times of our youth, but
has been resolved into a substantial reality, and
O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXIV.—A DEAD SHOT BY JAKE.

For two hours this singular conflict was continued, without any material change in the disposition of the combatants. Now and then an odd man might be seen darting from tree to tree with a weapon to bear two ranges of bowiers—his object, either to find a trunk that would afford better cover to his own body, or a point that would uncover the body—or a portion of it—of some marked antagonist.

The trunks were barely thick enough to screen us. Sometimes we could hide the party from the view of the timber; though in this the Indians had a slight advantage on account of the opening in our rear. But even in the depth of the forest there was light enough for our purpose. Many of the dead fascicles had fallen—the ground was deeply bedded with them—and those that still drooped overhead formed but a gauzy screen against the brilliant sunbeams.

There was light sufficient to enable our marksmen to sight any object as large as a dollar-piece that chanced to be within range of their rifles. A hand, a portion of an arm, a leg badly aligned, a jawbone projecting outside the bark, a pair of shoulders too broad for the trunk that should have concealed them, even the outstanding skirt of a dress, was sure to draw a shot. Were there to be any to the other. A man to have exposed his full face for ten seconds, would have been almost certain of receiving a bullet through his skull, for on both sides there were sharpshooters.

The sun was now lower, and as yet without any great injury received or inflicted by either party. There were some 'casualties,' however; and every now and then a fresh incident added to the number, and kept up the hostile excitement. We had several wounded—perhaps, two or three, on each side—a man killed. The latter was a favourite with our men, and his death strengthened their desire for vengeance.

The Indian loss must have been greater. We had seen several fall to our shots. In our party were some of the best marksmen in Florida. Hickey to be heard to declare he 'had draved a bead upon three, an' wherever he drew his bead, he war dog gone toartin to put his bullet.'

Weatherford had shot his man, killing him on the spot. The body of the savage could be seen lying between two trees where it had fallen. His comrades feared, that in dragging it away, they might expose themselves to that terrible risk.

After a time, the Indians began to practise a chapter of tactics, which proved that, in this mode of warfare, they were our superiors. Instead of one, two of them would place themselves behind a tree, or two trees that stood close together; and as soon as one fired, the other took his chance of killing one or two. Of course, the man at whom the first shot had been discharged—fancying his vis-à-vis was now carried an empty gun—would be less careful about his person, and likely enough to expose it.

Such proved to be the case—for before the bit of craft was discovered, several of our men received wounds, and one more of our number was shot dead by his tree.

This ruse increased the exasperation of our men, the more so that they could not reciprocate the strategy. Our numbers were not sufficient. To have taken post by 'twos' would have ruined our line, so that we could not have defended it. We were compelled, therefore, to remain as we were, but grew more careful how we exposed ourselves to the cunning fance of our enemies.

There was one appearance, in which the savages were paid back in their own coin. Black Jake and I were partners in this round.

We were sheltered by two trees almost close together, and had for antagonists no less than three savages, who had built all the trees that were in firing at us. I had received one of their bullets through the sleeve of my coat, and Jake had the danduff driven out of his wool; but neither of us had been wounded. During the contest, I had got sight upon one, and dashed I had at least his blood. I could not be certain, however, as the three were well covered behind a clump of trees, and hidden by a thicket of dwarf palmettoes.

One of the Indians, Jake was aimed particularly to kill. He was a tall savage—and much larger than either of the others. He wore a head-dress of king-vulture plumes, and was otherwise distinguished by his costume. In all probability, he was a chief.

What was most peculiar in his appearance was his face—for we saw it at intervals, though only for an instant at a time. It was covered all over with a scarlet pigment—vermilion it appeared—and shone through the trees like a counterpart of the sun.

It was not this, however, that had rendered the Indian an object of Jake's special vengeance; the cause was different. The savage had noticed Jake's colour, and had taunted him with it several times during the fray. He spoke in his native tongue, but Jake comprehended it well enough. He was most exasperated—and vowed vengeance against the chief.

I contrived to give him an opportunity. Cunningly adjusting my cap, so that it appeared to contain my head, I caused it to protrude a little from the trunk of the tree. It was an old and well-known ruse, but for all that, in Jake's phraseology, it 'fooled' the Indian. The red face appeared above the palmettoes. A puff of smoke rose from below it. The cap was jerked out of my hand; I heard the report of the shot that had done it.

Simultaneously I heard another crack, louder and nearer—the report of the negro's piece.

I peered round the tree to witness the effect. A spot of darker red deepened the bright disk—the vermilion became suddenly encircled. It was but a glance I had, for in the next instant the painted savage lay doubled up among the bushes.

During all the time we had been engaged, the Indians did not appear desirous of advancing upon us—although certainly they were far superior to us in point of numbers. The party we had been pursuing had been joined by another as numerous as itself. Not less than a hundred were now upon the ground, and had been so from the beginning of the fight. But for this accession, they would hardly have dared to attack us; and but for our knowing it, we should have charged them at once, and tried the chances of a hand-to-hand conflict. But we saw that they far outnumbered us, and we were content to act on the defensive to hold our position.

They appeared satisfied with theirs—though by closing rapidly inwards, they could have overpowered us with numbers. After all, their ranks would have
been well thinned before reaching our line, and some of their best men would have fallen. No men calculate such chances more carefully than Indians; and perhaps none are inferior to them in charging a foe that is intrenched. The weakest fort, the most flimsy stockade, can be easily defended against the red warriors of the West.

Their intention having been foiled, by the failure of their first charge, they appeared not to contemplate another—contented to hold us in siege—for to that situation they were in reality reduced.

After a time, their firing became less frequent, until it nearly ceased altogether; but we knew that this did not indicate any intention to retreat. On the contrary, we saw some of them kindling fires afar off and charging—no doubt with the design of cooking their breakfasts.

There was not a man among us who did not envy them their occupation.

CHAPTER LXXXV.
A MAJOR'S NEAL.

To us, the partial armistice was of no advantage; we did not stir from the fires. We were thirst, and water within sight—the pond glittering in the centre of the glade. Better there had been none, since we dared not approach it; it only served to tantalise us.

The Indians were seen to eat, without leaving their lines. A few waited on the rest, bringing them food from the fires. Women were observed passing back and forward, almost within range of our guns.

We were, all of us, hungry as famished wolves. We had been twenty-four hours without tasting food—even longer than that—and the sight of our enemies, feasting before our very faces, gave a keener edge to our appetites, reviving at the same time our anger and chagrin. They even taunted us on our starving condition.

Old Hickman had grown furious; he was heard to declare that he 'war hungry enough to eat a raw Indyen, if he kud only jist git his teeth upon one; and he looked fierce enough to have carried out the threat. 'The sight o' cussed redskins,' continued he, 'swal-lerin' hul collops o' meat, while Christian whites hadn't nevr been to pick, war enough to rile one to the last jolt in the said o' the toes—by the tarnal alligator, it war!'

It is a bare place, indeed, where such men as Hickman and Weatherford will not find resources; and the energies of both were now bent upon discovery. They were seen scratching among the dead needles of the pines, that, as already stated, formed a thick layer over the surface of the ground. Of what were they in search?—worms? grubs? larvae, or lizards? One might have fancied so; but no—it was not to come to that. Hungry as they were, they were not yet ready to feed upon the reptilia. A better resource had suggested itself to them; and shortly after, a joyful exclamation announced that they had discovered the object of their search.

Hickman was seen holding up a brownish-coloured mass, of conical form, somewhat resembling a large pine-apple. It was a cone of the broom-pine—easily recognisable by its size and shape.

'Now, fellows!' shouted he, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all around the glade, 'jest gather a wheen o' these hyar tree-eggs, an' break 'em open. Ye'll find kernels inside o' em, that ain't bad chawin'. They ain't equal to hog an' hominy; but we hasn't got hog an' hominy; an' these hyar'll save in a pinch, I reck'n. Ef ye'll only root among the rubbages aroun' ye, ye'll scare up a wheen. Jist try it.'

The suggestion was eagerly adopted, and in an instant 'all hands' were seen scratching up the dead leaves in search of pine-cones. Some lay upon the surface near at hand, and were easily procured, while others further off were jerked within reach by ramrods or the barrels of rifles. Less or more, every one was enabled to obtain a supply.

The cones were quickly cut open, and the nuts greedily devoured. It was by no means an inferior food, for the kernels of the broom-pine are both nutritious and pleasant to the taste. The quail gave universal satisfaction—it was only in quantity they were deficient—for there were not enough of them within reach to stay the cravings of fifty stomachs hungry as ours were.

There was some joking over this dry breakfast; and the more reckless of the party laughed while they ate, as though it had been a nutting frolic. But the laughter was short-lived—our situation was too serious to admit of much levity.

It was from us that the firing of the enemy had slackened, almost ceased; and we had ample time to consider the peril of our position.

Up to this time, it had not occurred to us that we were in no safer place than our present one. The excitement of the conflict had left us no time for reflection. We only looked upon the affair as a skirmish, that must soon come to an end by one side or the other proving victorious.

The contest no longer wore that look; it had assumed the aspect of a siege. We were encompassed on every side—shut up as if in a fortress, but not half so secure. Our only stockade was the circle of standing trees, and we had no blockhouse to retire to in the event of being wounded. Each man was a sentry, with a tour of guard-duty that must be continual!

Our situation was perilous in the extreme. There was no prospect of escape. Our horses had all galloped off. One only remained lying dead by the side of the pond. He had been killed by a bullet, but it came not from the enemy. Hickman had fired the shot. I saw him, and wondered at the time what could be his object. The hunter had his reasons; mine was only afterwards I learned them.

We could hold our ground against five times our number—almost any odds—but how about food? Thirst we did not fear. At night, we would have relief. Under the cover of night, we could approach the pond.

We had no apprehension about the want of water; but how were we to obtain food? The cones we had gathered had proved but a bite; there were no more within reach; we must yield to hunger—to famine.

We conversed with one another freely, as if face to face. We canvassed our prospects. They were gloomy enough.

How was the affair to end? How were we to be delivered from our perilous situation? These were the questions that passed from mouth to mouth, and occupied the thoughts of all.

Only one plan offered a plausible chance of escape; and that was to hold our position until night, and make a sally in the darkness, and fight our way through the lines of our foes. It would be running the gauntlet; a few of us would certainly fall—perhaps many—but some would escape. To stay where we were, was to submit ourselves to certain sacrifice. There was no likelihood of our being rescued by others; no one entertained such a hope.

As soon as hunger overcame us, we should be masecured to a man.

Rather than patiently abide such fate, we resolved, while yet strong, to risk all chances, and cut our way through the midst of the besiegers. Darkness would
CHAPTER LXXXVI

A BULLET FROM BEHIND.

If we thought the time long, it was not from want of occupation.

During the day, the Indians at intervals renewed their attack; and, notwithstanding all our vigilance, we had another man killed, and several slightly wounded.

In these skirmishes, the savages showed a determination to get nearer our line, by making their advances from tree to tree. We perfectly understood their object. It was not that they had any design of closing with us, though their numbers might have justified them in doing so. They were now still more numerous than at the beginning of the fight. Another band had arrived upon the ground: we had heard the shout of welcome that hailed their coming.

But even with this new enemy, they did not design to come to the encounter of short weapons. Their purpose in advancing was different, and we understood it. They had perceived that by getting close to our convex line, they would be near enough to fire upon us on the opposite side of the glade, who, of course, would be exposed to their aim.

To prevent this, therefore, now became our chief object and anxiety, and it was necessary to redouble our vigilance. We did so, regarding with scrutinising glances of the greatest interest which of the savages were skulking, and eyeing them as keenly as the ferret-hunter watches the burrows of the Warren.

They had but slight success in their endeavours to advance. It cost them several of their boldest men; for the moment these essayed to rush forward, the cracks of three or four rifles were certain to be heard; and almost as certain was one of them to deliver its messenger of death.

The Indians soon became tired of attempting this dangerous manoeuvre; and, as evening approached, appeared to give up their design, and content themselves by holding us in siege.

We were glad when the sun set, and the twilight came. We had some hopes that we should be able to reach the water. The men were maddened with thirst, for they had been suffering from it throughout the whole day.

During the daylight, many would have gone to the water, had they not been restrained by the presence of the more prudent, and perhaps more effectually by an incident, of which they had all been spectators.

One more reckless than the rest had risked the attempt. He had succeeded in reaching the pond, drank to his satisfaction, and was hastening back to the post, when a shot from the savages stretched him dead upon the sward. He was the man last killed, and his lifeless body now lay in the open ground, before the eyes of his comrades. It proved a check to all. Any further advance from thence, no one cared to repeat the rash experiment.

At length the welcome darkness descended—only a glimmer of gray light lingered in the leaden sky. Men in twos and threes were now seen approaching the pond. The savages, moving silently, glided over the open ground, but in stooping attitudes, and heads bent eagerly forward in the direction of the water. We did not all go at once—though all were alike eager to quench their thirst—but the admonitions of their chief, and the more continent resolved to endure their pangs a little longer, and wait till the others should get back to their posts.

It was prudent we so acted; for at this crisis, the Indians—no doubt suspecting what was going forward—renewed their firing with fresh energy. Whole volleys were discharged inward, and without aim—the darkness must have hindered aim—but for all that, the bullets buzzed past our ears like hornets upon their flight.

There was a cry raised that the Indians were closing upon us; and those who had gone to the water rushed back—some even without staying to taste the much desired water.

During all this time I had remained behind my tree. My black follower had also stuck to his post like a faithful sentinel, as he was. We talked of relieving one another by turns, and Jake insisted that I should 'drink first.' I had partially consented to this arrangement, when the fire of the enemy suddenly reopened.

Like others, we were apprehensive that the savages were about to advance, and well knew the necessity of keeping them back. We agreed to keep our ground for a little longer.

I had 'one eye round the trunk of the tree,' with my rifle raised to the shoulder, and was on the alert, listening for a flash from the gun of some antagonist, to guide me in my aim; when, all on a sudden, I felt my arm jerked upward, and my rifle shaken out of my grasp.

There was no mystery about it. A bullet had passed through my shirt, piercing the flaps of the glade, who, of course, would be exposed to their aim.

My first thought was to look to my wound; I felt it distinctly enough, and this enabled me to discover the place. I saw that the ball had passed through the upper part of my right arm, just below the shoulder; and in its further progress had creased the breast of my uniform coat, where its trace was visible in the torn cloth.

There was still blood sufficient to enable me to make these observations; and furthermore, that a thick stream of blood was gushing from the wound.

I commenced unbuttoning my coat, the better to get at it. The black was already by my side, rending his shirt into ribbons.

All at once, I heard him uttering an explanation of surprises, followed by the words:

'Gorraramighty! Massar George, dat shot come from ahind!'"
that moment a wild yell from our savage enemies drownd all other cries, and a sight burst upon our eyes that caused the blood to run cold within us.

Directly in front of the position that Jake and I held, and close to the Indian lines, a red flame was seen suddenly springing up from the earth, in successive puffs, each leaping higher and higher, until it had ascended among the tops of the trees. It resembled the flashes of large masses of gunpowder, that had been ignited upon the ground, and still in reality it was. We read the intention at a glance. The Indians were attempting to fire the forest.

Their success was almost instantaneous. As soon as the sulphureous blaze came in contact with the withered fences of the pines, the latter caught as though they had been tinder; and with the velocity of projected rockets, the flames shot out in different directions, and danced far above the tops of the tallest trees.

We looked around on all sides, we beheld a similar spectacle. That wild yell had been the signal for a circle of fire. The glade was encompassed by a wall of flame, red, roaring, and gigantic. The whole forest was on fire.

At all points, the flames appeared closing inward, sweeping the trees as if they had been withered grass, and leaping in long jets high into the heavens.

The smoke now came heavily around us, each moment growing denser as the fire approached. With a heated atmosphere was no longer endurable; already it stifled our breathing.

 Destruction stare us in the face, and men shouted in despair; but the roar of the burning pines drowned their voices, and one could not even hear his comrades who were nearest. But their looks told their thoughts, for, before the smoke fell, the glade was lit up with intense brilliancy, and we could see one another with unnatural distinctness. In the faces of all appeared the image of what we were.

Not long continued I to share it; too much blood had escaped from my neglected wound. I tried to make into the open ground—as I saw others doing—but before I had advanced two steps from the tree, my mind, tormented beneath me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

A JURY AMID THE FIRE.

I had a last thought as I fell; it was, that my life had reached its termination—that in a few seconds my body would be embraced by the flames, and I should horribly perish.

The thought drew from me a feeble scream; and while that scream my senses forsake me. I was as senseless as if dead—indeed, so far as sensibility went, I was dead—and had the flames at that moment swept over me, I should not have felt them. In all probability, I might have been burned to a cinder without enduring further pain.

During the interval of my unconsciousness, I had neither dream nor apparition. By this, I know that my soul must have forsaken its earthly tenement. It may have been hovering above or around, but it was no longer within me. It had separated from my senses, that were all dead.

Dead, but capable of being restored to life; and, haply, a restorative was at hand, with one to administer it.

When consciousness returned, the first perception I had was that I was up to my neck in water. I was in the pond, and in a recumbent position—my limbs and body under the water, with only my head above the surface, resting against the bank. A man was kneeling over me, himself half immersed. My returning senses soon enabled me to tell who it was—the faith-

ful black. He had my pulse in his hand, and was gazing into my features with alert earnestness.

As my open eyes replied to his gaze, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and the words: 'Golly, Mass George! you lif! Thank be to Gorrangamity, you in. Keep us, Jemmer cake—yee yae a wino a gwin to gib ober it—sarin yae a gwin to gib ober it.'

'I hope so, Jake,' was my reply in a weak voice; but feeble though it was, it roused the faithful fire into a transport of delight, and he continued to urge his claims, under the impress of belief that all was impossible. They must long since have retraced the spreading circle of that all-consuming conflagration.

There was less flame than when I had last looked upon it; and less smoke in the atmosphere. The dry foliage had been suddenly reduced to a cinder, and the twiggv fragments had fallen to the earth, where they lay in a dense bed of glowing embers.

Out of this rose the tall trunks, half stripped of their branches, and all on fire. The crisp, crackling hack had caught freely, and the resinous sap-wood was really yielding to the flames. Many trees had burnt far inward, and looked like huge columns of tree heads to redness. The spectacle presented an aspect of the infernal world.

The sense of feeling, too, might have suggested fancies of the infernal world. The sea, the atmosphere quivered with the drifting cinders. The hair had crisped upon my head; my skin had the feel of blistering, and the air I inhaled resembled steam from the escape-pipe of an engine.

Instinctively, I looked for my comrades. A group of a dozen or more were upon the open ground, near the edge of the pond, but where were the others? Had they perished in the flames? Where were they?

Mechanically, I put the question to Jake.

'That, masser,' he replied; pointing downward. 'The be all dey, masser—ebbee one oh um, I believe.'

I looked across the surface of the pond: three dozen roundish objects met my glance; they were the heads of my companions.

Like my own, their bodies were submerged, most of them to the very neck. They had thus pleased themselves to shun the smoke, as well as the boiling heat.

But the others—they on the bank—why had they not also rallied themselves of this coming persecution? Why were they still standing exposed to the fierce heat, and amid the drifting clouds of smoke?

The latter had grown thin and gasoline-like. The forms of the men were seen distinctly through it magnified as in a mist. Like giants, they were striding over the ground, and the guns in their hands appeared of colossal proportions.

Their gestures were abrupt, and their whole bearing showed they were in a state of head-long excitement. It was natural enough, amid the circumstances that surrounded them. I saw they were the principal men of our party. I saw Hickman and Weatherford among them, both gesticulating freely. No doubt they were debating how we should act.

This was the conjecture I derived from my first glance; but a further survey of the group convinced me I was in error.
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It was no deliberation about our future plans. In the hall, beaten by the whir of the crackling pines, I could hear their voices. They were those of men engaged in deadly dispute—especially the voices of Hickman and Weatherford, that reached the ear in concatenation, both speaking in a tone that betokened some desperate feeling of indignation.

At this moment, the smoke drifting aside, discovered a group still further from the edge of the pond. There were six men in this group, standing in threes; and I perceived that the middle man of each three, was speaking to the others. Two of them, then, were prisoners!

Were they Indians? two of our enemies who, amid the confusion of the fire, had strayed into the glade, and been captured?

The reflection startled me; but at that instant a jet of flame, shooting upward among the tree-tops, filled the glade with a flood of brilliant light. The group thus illumined, could be seen as distinctly as by the light of day. I was no longer in doubt about the cau...n't be, that's some as honest; but I've seen queer don's in these last five years; an' I've heern o' others, an' if what I've heern be true—what I've seed I know to be—then I tell ye, fellers, that's a bigger than ye ther' Ches are at the bottom of the bull business—that's what that is.

But do you really say you saw them fire in that direction? Are you sure of that?

This inquiry was put by a tall man, who stood in the midst of the disputing party—a man of advanced age, and of somewhat severe, though venerable aspect. I knew him as one of our neighbours in the settlement—an extenuating planter—who had some intercourse with my uncle, and out of friendship for our family, had joined the pursuit.

'Sure!' echoed the old hunter, with emphasis, and not without some show of indignation. 'Didn't me an' Jim Weatherford see 'em wi' our own two eyes? an' ther' good enough, I reck'n, to watch rich varmints as 'em. We'd been a watchin' 'em all day, for we know'd ther' war somethin' ugly afoot. We seed 'em both fire acrost the glieed, an' sight plumb-centre at young Randolph. Beside, the black himself see that the two shots cometh that away. What more proof kin you want?'

At this moment, I heard a voice by my side. It was that of Jake calling out to the crowd.

'Mass Hickman,' cried he, 'if dy want more proof, I b'llive dis nigga can git it. One ob de bullies missed young Randolph, an' ther' was a' lyin' on 'is back, an' Yo'ner's de berry tree itself we wa behind; it ain't burn yet; it ain't been afire. Maybe, gen'man, you must find the bullet that still; you tell whose gunk he 'longs to.'

The suggestion was instantly adopted. Several men ran towards the tree behind which Jake and I had held post, and which, with a few others near it, for some reason or other, had escaped the flames, and still stood with trunks black and unscathed, in front of the convoig. Jake went with the rest, and pointed out the spot.

The bark was scrutinised, the shot-hole found, and the leaden witness carefully picked out. It was still in its globe shape, slightly torn by the blow of the bullet. It was a rifle-bullet, and one of the very largest size. It was known that Spence carried a piece of large calibre. The guns of all the party were brought forward, and their measure taken: the bullet would enter the barrel of no other rifle save that of Spence.

Their guilt was evident; the verdict was no longer delayed. It was unanimous that the prisoners should die.

'An' let 'em die like dogs, as they are,' cried Hickman, indignantly raising his voice, and at the same
time bringing his piece to the level. 'Now, Jim Weatherford, look to yer sights! Let 'em go thar, fellows, an' take yerselves out o' the way. We'll gie 'em chance for their cursed lives. They may take to younger trees if they like, an' git 'customed to it, for they'll be in a hotter place than the afore long. Let 'em go—let 'em go, I say; or, by the tarnation, I'll fire into the middle o' ye!' The men who had held of the prisoners perceiving the threatening attitude of the hunter, and fearing that he might make good his words, suddenly dropped their charge, and ran back towards the group of jurors. The two wretches appeared bewildered. Terror seemed to hold them speechless and fast, as if bound to the spot. Neither made an effort to leave the ground. Perhaps the complete impossibility of such a thing was apparent to them, and prostrated all power to make the attempt. They could not have escaped from the glade. Their taking to the trees was only a mockery of the indigent hunter; in ten seconds they would have been roasted among the blazing branches.

It was a moment of breathless suspense. Only one voice was heard—that of Hickman.

'Now, Jim, you Spence; leave tother to me.' This was said in a hurried undertone; and the words were scarce uttered as the two rifles cracked simultaneously.

'Twas drifting sadness, disclosed the deadly effect of the shot. The execution was over. The worthless renegades had ceased to live.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To a horse-fair—Newmarket, say, the name, Where other wares were interchanged as well, Once on a time a starving Poet came, Urged by stern want, his Pegasus to sell. Loud neighed the hippocriff, and proudly pranced In splendid style before the astonished crowd; All stood stock-still to gaze, as if entranced. 'The princely animal!' some cried aloud; 'What thousand pities that this form so slim Should be disfigured by those odious wings; The finest carriage else were meet for him— The said that from the noblest race he springs; But in the air what Whipp his seat could hold? So on the venture none would risk his gold.

At length, a country farmer courage found. 'The wings, 'tis true, serve for no use,' quoth he; 'But we may have them either clipt or bound. And then for draught the horse would suite be. Come! I will on him venture twenty pound.' The owner, overjoyed, the offer heard; Eager to sell his goods without delay, 'The bargain strikes—'I take you at your word.' So Hodge trots gaily on his prize away.

The noble creature straight in harness placed, The unaccustomed burden hardly feels, When off he starts in wildly flying haste, By noble rage incensed. The carriage reels, And sways, on a precipice's brink, Is overthrown. 'So, ho!' cries Hodge; 'I think Experience makes men wise; no more I must Alone this frantic beast with wheel-work trust. But as to-morrow passengers I take, The sprightly thing will a fine leader make; Two other nags he'll spare me, not a doubt, And this wild frenzy will with years wear out. At first all prosperous well—the light-winged steed Urges his comrades on; the carriage flies Swiftly as with an arrow's speed, But soon forsakes the sure and beaten track; No shouts avail—no rein can hold him back; Like wildness seizes all, in frantic guise

O'er bog and fen, through hedge and hedge they dash, Until the shatttered coach, with a loud crash, Amidst the traveller's cries, stops short at last, And, as a sleep ascent the wheels stick fast. Poor Hodge exclaims, with thoughtful mien: 'We have not yet found out the way; 'Twill never answer thus: but stay, Another sort of trial shall be seen; We'll see what meagre fare and work will do, The foolish creature's spirit to subdue.' The trial made ere many days are past, The hussite animal declines, And soon to a mere shadow pines. Cries Hodge: 'I've found it out at last. Here, quick! come yoke him for me now, Joined with my strongest ox in yonder plough.'

No sooner said than done—behold! In ludicrous conjunction by one tether The Ox and Winged Courser linked together. Unwilling steps the Griffin bold, But strains his last remaining might, Eager to take his wonted flight. In vain—his neighbour plods with steady pace; Phoebus' bright steed must to the Ox give place.

With constant opposition worn at length, And bowed with grief, the steed of godlike birth, With trembling limbs and failing strength Slides, and lies prostrate on the earth. 'Accursed beast!' breaks forth the angry群 (By heavy-showering blows his vengeance shears), E'en for the plough thou art too weak and thin. Thy master was a rogue, and took me in.'

While still the swinging lash his wrath betrays, A joyous youth with light elastic tread Comes smiling on—a wreath of golden bays, With his fair locks entwined, adorns his head; The sounding lyre is in his practised hand. 'Whither with such a wondrous pair, my friend? He from a distance to the peasant cries— 'The bird and ox linked in one band, So strange a team must every one surprise, I prithee for a space thy poor horse lend, And for brief trial trust him unto me; But be prepared—a marvel shalt thou see.'

The hippocriff is speedily unbound— Upon his back the laughing youngest springs; The master's steadfast hand he scarce has touch'd With champing at the bit, he spreads his wings; With lightnings flashing from his soul-lit eye, See him, a thing regenerate, arise King-like, a very spirit, or a god, And rushing as a storm, he waves abroad. His pomp of pinion—now in heavenward flight, Snorting with joy he darts, begins to soar, And ere the eye can follow, seen no more— Floating, has reached the empyrean height.

L'Envoi.

The Pegasus that here you view,
Not fed on rich Castalian dew;
But travel-wearied, and foot-lame,
Will prove, I fear, ignobly tame.
And all unlike the noble steed
Of which, in German, you may read
(That scion of immortal race
Poets have ever loved to trace),
This poor, constrained, and awkward creature,
Scarcely seems divine in any feature.
Has Schiller's Coursier, then, been overrated?
No; but he verily hath been translated.
FAVOURS RETURNED.

An interesting meeting was lately held in a well-known reading-room in the northern part of the metropolis. The persons composing it were all of them working-people, and the object professedly was to form a society for the purpose of sending missionaries among the middle and upper classes of the community. John Duggin, a sailcloth-worker, occupied the chair, and professed his readiness to give all needful explanations. He said it was a notorious fact that, for a number of years past, the middle and upper classes had taken a great interest in the morals of the lower, trying to abate their habits of intemperance, to introduce knowledge amongst them, and to get their children trained in the way they should go. This was a very obliging thing on the part of the rich towards the poor; and the poor felt duly grateful for it, as would by and by be seen. Now things were so far changed, that those who had once been called the better class of people, were more in need of moral improvement than ever their inferiors had been; and it became the duty of their poorer brethren to reciprocate their former good deeds. He would not enlarge upon the matter, for he knew there were able men himself prepared to address them upon it; he would content himself in the meantime with calling upon Mr Hobson to move the first resolution.

Mr Hobson, whom we understand to be a costermonger, accordingly rose and said that he was happy to take part in this movement, as he considered it pressingly needed. At all times, he observed, the flying advertisements of shopkeepers, and their many tricks to secure custom, had been matter of scandal. How to inveigle simple people, especially of the gentler sex—how to pass off inferior goods upon them—how to make them buy more than they wanted or could afford—how, in short, to pillage them, had, from the earliest ages, been the leading purposes of many belonging to that class. But all of these practices were innocent in comparison with others which late years had revealed. It had been found, by Dr Hansall and others, on strictly scientific grounds, that a great proportion of those dealing in articles of food were in the habit of adulterating them to a serious extent, careless though they should thus derange the stomachs and ruin the health of their customers, so that they should be able to put a little more money into their own pockets. To such an extent had this system been carried, that it was impossible to be sure of the genuineness of a single article of food or drink, whatever might be the price paid for it. The working-classes were great sufferers by this system; and it was a strange but an actual anomaly of our age, that a serious brewer might be subscribing to ragged schools and churches with one hand, while cheating the ragged out of their money with the other. To pass from these matters—he would proceed to advert to various delinquencies of the middle classes which had been brought to light within the last two or three years. First came the trial of Paul, Strachan, and Bates for appropriation of the property of others intrusted to them—the first of the trio being a man who had not only been, to all outward appearance, a respectable man, but one who took a lead in all religious plans for the benefit of humbler people. Next, we had the Royal British Bank directors and the directors of the Eastern Banking Corporation establishing and keeping up a fraudulent system for the reception of poor people's money, in order that they might use it for their own purposes. Still, all these iniquities were insignificant in comparison with those which were revealed by the crisis of November 1857. Then did the mercantile community shine forth in what he feared he must describe as its true colours. Banks were found to have been kept up for years in good appearances and with large dividends, which had in reality lost all their capital. Manufacturing and commercial concerns had been started without capital, had been constantly losing from the beginning, and yet were kept up in fair show by assistance from banks, till it was no longer possible, and a crash ensued. Thus selfish adventurism had been encouraged, honest trade had been made nearly impossible, and thousands of innocent simple people had been deprived of their all. It was evident that, while the middle classes were accustomed to consider themselves as a highly moral community, as indeed the principal depositaries of the virtues in this country, the love of gain had eaten into them as a great corruption, and was threatening to swamp all truth and honesty amongst them, unless a remedy were provided. He (Mr Hobson) therefore felt pleased in moving the first resolution, That it has become eminently necessary for the working-classes to adopt measures for checking, as far as possible, the rapid deterioration of morals which capricity is evidently producing amongst those engaged in commerce. The resolution was duly seconded, and carried without a dissentient voice.

Mr Jones, a second-hand bookseller, rising to move the second resolution, told the meeting that he had had some opportunities of observing the domestic habits of the people who called themselves genteel, as he had been a servant in several respectable situations.
He had become fully convinced that the prompting cause of that eagerness for riches which the preceding sympathy inspired was the prevalence of those luxurious habits amongst those in fault. A man was thought nothing of unless he lived in a fine house, and entertained his friends with rich food and costly wines. His wife and daughters must dress elegantly, and partake of expensive amusements. Doing nothing whatever, they were a cause of outlay to their husband and father, without contributing anything to the general stock. He was thus obliged to devote himself, body and soul, to the making of money. Money must be had by whatever means. Could it be wondered at, if, in these circumstances, many foul and fraudulent things were done? Sad to say, the luxuries and fineries on which the money was spent, gave little real enjoyment—often none at all—might rather be said to create inconvenience and bring pain, than do any real good. They ministered chiefly to vanity. He could testify from his own observation, that the dozen people sitting at a superb dinner which lasted two hours, were generally very dull and languid. You rarely heard a hearty laugh among them. The one thing they seemed to have in common was that they all had a sort of enjoyment in doing so well. After the entertainment was over, and the guests gone home, the whole affair was forgotten, and the party immediately became as much strangers to each other as before. It was the truth, and it was not for the sake of any enjoyment they had in carriage-driving in those places. Look in their dull inanimate faces, as they pass along, and you must see there is no enjoyment in it. It was all for the sake of vanity. The only thing related was the reflection that they must be looked on as people of some importance; otherwise they could not afford to keep the carriage. Now it was clear that these were all contemptible objects, utterly deteriorating to those who cherished them; that there could be no true moral dignity, and no true Christian virtue, where the only things thought of were how to make fine shows in the eyes of one's neighbours. It appeared that even when these people professed to take part in plans for the improvement of their country, it was in the hope of more rapid gain than that of benevolence. They wished to appear in the position of people who could patronise the poor. They professed all the time to be zealous supporters of religion, and particularly anxious to make the poor religious. But true religion was far more wanting among themselves than among the poor; and a mission from the poor among the rich, or those who make riches their idol, was now the thing needed. When Christianity began, it was a preaching by the poor to the rich. Its founder had nowhere to lay his head. Its first apostles were working-men. The voice raised by them thrills through society to this hour. Suppose Dives, NICODEMUS, and the rich young man had tried to make a similar religious impression on their fellow-citizens, would they have succeeded? The question requires no answer. 'Now, seeing how given up these money-hunting people are to all sorts of vanities, and especially to these idols, how shall we nobler traits of humanity be in a manner lost, I think it becomes us,' said Mr Jones, 'that we who are unembarrassed with the world's possessions should bestir ourselves to go among them and try to recall to them to a sense of the higher aims of life. Let us hold up before them an unflattering account of their iniquitous practices. Let us denounce the luxuries and the vanities for whose sake they strain to get wealth. Let us endeavour to impress upon them the moral grandeur of the honest man who is contented with moderate things, and the high gratifications which we think are the common inheritance among men. Amongst us, I trust, abundance of men both able and willing to go forth upon this mission, and it is not, and not funds, that are wanting. I therefore with all confidence move, That a society be formed for the sending out of missionaries among the upper classes.' The motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr Smith, who described himself as a journeyman carpenter, supporting a wife and six children on thirty shillings a week, moved for the appointment of a committee to carry out the objects of the meeting. He said he had long felt how unsatisfactory was the condition of the upper class of people in this country. There were strong moral agencies, or what professed to be such, at work for the maintenance of soul morality in the community; but it was only a manifest that these had little effect upon the class in question. The universal devotion to vanity amongst that class, and the soul-corrupting chase of riches wherewith to gratify their vanity, had been depicted by the preceding speaker. The numberless classes, comparatively exempt from these degrading influences, might well assume the duty of seeking to plant their neighbours upon a higher moral platform—or he trusted, in a pharisaical, but in a truly philanthropic spirit. 'O could not doubt that, born under the preachers on the meanness of all mere vanities seeking, and by the example they held forth of contentment with their own humble gains, they would in time accomplish a reform in their better hidden. It was not for this consequence of mammon-worship in the middle and upper classes which he especially deplored, and that was the difficulty they professed to feel in regard to matrimony. Marriage was an institution solely favourable to virtue. Working-men generally married early, and so promoted at once their happiness and their virtue. But what a working-man could do on one hundred a year or less, a mercantile man or a gentleman professed to be unable to do on three! This was of course a confession that in his class prefers fine outward appearances to the reality of virtue, and that he, as a member of the class, must yield to the rule. The consequences were deplorable. Every honest working-man must gripe and be out of order while he lived. He had friends in marriage, there are thousands upon thousands of his fellow-men—men of perhaps good education—men who go to church—men who are perhaps very good fellows in other ways—so far given up to a corrupt idea of life, and deliberately reject this good course. Men were a bane to women, instead of a blessing, almost solely because they prefer riches to honesty, and show to substance. Whenever we open their eyes to the true value of money in a just relation to wants, we may expect, and we have a helpless portion of our species treated more generally in a becoming manner, and the happiness of society proportionately advanced.

The meeting now separated, its objects being so far accomplished. An operative book-finder, who reports it to us, states that there was an appearance of much good feeling throughout. The people present seemed deeply sensible of the sad case of their brethren of the middle and upper classes, and determined to
make a strenuous effort for the bringing about of a reform. The protrusion delivered themselves as may be seen, in good language, and seemed anxious to avoid all expressions calculated to raise feelings of irritation. How far the designed mission will succeed in checking the corrupting agencies now so conspicuous in operation throughout society, remains to be seen. The mission, we may say, has our best wishes, and may reckon upon our steady support.

TURKISH RAILWAYS.

It is impossible to doubt that all the levers of modern civilisation, the railway is the greatest. It has already revolutionised the habits of the old countries of Europe, and although it was once supposed to be suitable only for countries already densely populated, and having an established goods and passenger traffic, we find in the United States that the railway actually precedes population, and stretches through forests and prairies, to pioneer the settlements of man. The road builder is the railway promoter in this way becomes a landholder of extraordinary magnitude. He possesses not merely a line of road, and the land it stands on, but a broad band of the earth's surface, which, being intersected by locomotive facilities, may be turned at once into farming, and building lots of the most valuable description. The company buys a waste, having no communication with the civilised world, and in a short space of time re-sells this land at a value enormously enhanced by the roads it contains. We have the same process in the United States, and the population, and takes to market produce that increases in a geometrical ratio. It is true that in America, through competing lines and financial jobbing, the results do not always answer the expectations of the projector. If we look at the landholders, of the population, and are not be astounded by the waste produced on the ground. In this case it is of a line that grows through a rich soil, and not be astounded by engineering difficulties.

Turkish railways occupy a middle position between the system of Europe, which subserves compact populations, and the system of the western parts of America, which entirely precedes them. In Turkey, there are towns, and some of considerable size; but on the intermediate parts of the proposed lines, from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf, until the whole line of railway is completed. The total line of railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would be 1200 miles; it is therefore only to a certain distance futility we may look for the completion of the whole line. But once arrived at the Euphrates River, the whole line through Mesopotamia to Bagdad and Basorah is a dead flat, traversing the richest part of the ancient Babylonian empire. Bagdad itself is a large city, carrying on a considerable trade with the western parts of Persia; and there can be no doubt that many light goods would be transported by rail. When all is completed, the transit from Bombay to Malta, which, by the Red Sea, takes twenty-one days, could be accomplished in eight days. The great anxiety of the company is to complete, in as short a space of time as possible, the first portion of the railway, beginning with Szuez. The Bay of Antioch is here very spacious, and free from rocks, where the ground is of extreme constancy or another, it becomes like one town. Everybody is in the midst of public opinion, and no population can remain semi-barbarous that habitually associates with others more civilised in a railway-train. We have seen the effect of the overland transit through Egypt. In the beginning of this century, it was dangerous to go any distance from the walls of an Egyptian town. Even under the vigorous and intelligent despotism of Mohammed Ali, a journey to Szuez was not unattended with danger. But from the moment the transit was fairly established, the Arabs of the line became alarmed and the road was open against every man, and every man's hand against them. But the constant anxiety was to get the well-renumerated employment the British agents could give them.

The first executed of the railways of the Ottoman empire is from Alexandria to Suez; and this reminds us that Turkish railways are important to us, not merely in relation to the trade of our Turkish merchants with the interior, but in relation to our connection with India. What may be accomplished by large steamers like the Leviathan, in one of time, we cannot, of course, predict; and it will require very extraordinary speed in vessels doubling the Cape of Good Hope to make up the difference of the more direct overland routes: for it must be remembered that there are much shorter ways of getting to India than by Szuez; such, for instance, is the projected line of the Euphrates Valley, which proceeds by Antioch to Bagdad and Basorah. The celebrated Euphrates expedition, under General Chesney, did not result in introducing the regulation navigation of this river of goods and passenger traffic to India; the Egyptian being found to be the preferable route (although not so direct), in consequence of the easy access to the port of Alexandria, the facilities offered by the Mahmoud shah canal, the steam-navigation of the Nile, and the security of the land-route from Cairo to Szuee. On the other hand, by the Euphrates route, there was a tedious land-journey, and considerable obstructions in the rocks and shallows, except during a few weeks in spring, when the melting ice makes the streams of the Taurus. But since the introduction of railways, and of vessels constructed by Mears Laird, of a light draught of water, the Euphrates Valley line has attracted general attention; and a company has been formed to construct a railway from the mouth of the Orontes to Taber Castle, on the Euphrates, passing very close to the city of Aleppo, and thus providing for a considerable local traffic; for Aleppo has 70,000 inhabitants, and a large trade of exported produce, and import of British manufactures, which is at present carried on mule and camel back.

When this first short railway is completed, steamers of light draught will be introduced for some years, in order to carry on the communication to Basorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf. Until the whole line of railway is completed. The total line of the railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would be 1200 miles; it is therefore only to a certain distance futility we may look for the completion of the whole line. But once arrived at the Euphrates River, the whole line through Mesopotamia to Bagdad and Basorah is a dead flat, traversing the richest part of the ancient Babylonian empire. Bagdad itself is a large city, carrying on a considerable trade with the western parts of Persia; and there can be no doubt that many light goods would be transported by rail. When all is completed, the transit from Bombay to Malta, which, by the Red Sea, takes twenty-one days, could be accomplished in eight days. The great anxiety of the company is to complete, in as short a space of time as possible, the first portion of the railway, beginning with Szuez. The Bay of Antioch is here very spacious, and free from rocks, where the ground is of extreme constancy or another, it becomes like one town. Everybody is in the midst of public opinion, and no population can remain semi-barbarous that habitually associates with others more civilised in a railway-train. We have seen the effect of the overland transit through Egypt. In the beginning of this century, it was dangerous to go any distance from the walls of an Egyptian town. Even under the vigorous and intelligent despotism of Mohammed Ali, a journey to Szuez was not unattended with danger. But from the moment the transit was fairly established, the Arabs of the line became alarmed and the road was open against every man, and every man's hand against them. But the constant anxiety was to get the well-renumerated employment the British agents could give them.
and iron ores, with plenty of lime and stone for building, an abundance of running water, and a fine climate—it attracted the attention of the ancient Romans, who, as long as they held possession of Syria, made Antioch the seat of government.

Proceeding northward and westward round the coast of Asia Minor, we come to Smyrna, the great port of this division of the vast Turkish Empire, toward the Mediterranean. Formerly, Smyrna was the place of export of caravan-produce, and of the import of manufactures which found their way to Persia. But the opening up of the trade of Trebizond caused this part of the trade of Smyrna to decline. For many years, no goods have ever gone from England to Persia by the Smyrna caravans. All find their way by Trebizond and Erzeroum. But there is a very large local export trade in figs, grain, and dye-stuffs for manufactures. Ailin is in the interior, the centre of this trade, and a railway has been subscribed for, and, we believe, commenced, between the port and this important internal entrepôt of western Asia Minor. Smyrna itself is a large city, having a considerable population of British merchants, as well as those of the other countries bordering the Mediterranean, particularly French from Marseille, Italians from Genoa and Leghorn, and Austrians from Trieste.

Passing round to the north of Asia Minor, we come to Samsun on the Black Sea, a port which has no distant period Asia Minor, rather than Egypt, is the gate of India; and that when the lines across Moldavia and Galicia are finished, that by Samsun to Diarbekir and Bagdad is the shortest of all possible routes to India, not excepting that of the Euphrates Valley.

This is no chimera, for the Porte has just conceded to Englishmen of the highest respectability the power to construct a railway from Samsun to Tokat and Sivas, that from Sivas to Diarbekir; and an Englishman reminded that at no distant period Asia Minor, rather than Egypt, is the gate of India; and that when the lines across Moldavia and Galicia are finished, that by Samsun to Diarbekir and Bagdad is the shortest of all possible routes to India, not excepting that of the Euphrates Valley.

We answer, by rail from Calala to Galatz. This line is already completed across Germany and through the greater part of Galicia. The Moldavian line across a deal flat is all that would be wanting, on the completion of the line to Sivas, to make the communication by rail and steam uninterrupted.

The climate of the Ottoman Empire is more likely to be found in the opening up of these productive internal regions, than by any other measures that can possibly be devised.

Until the ports of Turkey are cheaply accessible to the mineral and agricultural productions of the interior, the free trade she has possessed from time immemorial loses half its value. This great principle is in Turkey like a fire without fuel, or a noble horse without a faculty to perform from inadequate exercise, or inefficient from inadequate means.

We now pass from Asia to Europe, where we find several projects of railway, the most comprehensive of which is no doubt the Grand Trunk Railway from Constantinople to Belgrade and Belgrade. This line may ultimately be executed, considering its highly probable, because it is the ancient Roman line from the eastern capital to Mecsid. Adrianople, Phillipopolis, Sophia, and Belgrade, are all very little out of the straight line to Vienna. But such a line can be executed only by a company of colossal capital, in consequence of its great extent, not only across the rich and level plains of Rumelia, but also through the gorges of the Taurus and its spurs, that cover all the way from Tatar-Bazardajik to Nisa, on the borders of Servia; in all which region much tunneling would be requisite.

A less expensive project is the line from Rustchuk, the large grain-emporium on the Lower Danube, to Enos, on the Mediterranean below the Danube, not going over the Balkan, but round it on the shore of the Black Sea; and a still shorter line is from Rustchuk to Varna. But both these schemes are yet only projects. In the case of the railway from Rustchuk to Varna, the German government has formed the project, and the money required to carry it into effect can be raised by the provision of a loan from the government of the German Empire. The capital has already been subscribed, and the preliminary works actually begun. If any one is discuss the map of this part of Turkey in Europe, he will see that the line of the Danube, instead of an Easterly course to the Black Sea, makes a great detour to the north, and enters it by several cumbered channels, the entrance to which, from the sea, is practicable only to vessels of small tonnage, and to these only in fair weather. At one time, a depth of fourteen feet was maintained over the bar by official means, but latterly it has not exceeded even feet, the width being five hundred yards. Yet the trade of Galatz and Ibarli, the former the port of Moldavia, and the latter of Wallachia, has increased fifteenfold between 1858 and 1855. The grain, from the small and uncertain depth of water, and the difficulties of the navigation through the channels of the delta, has been confined to vessels of a very light draught, and other advantages, which only much direct commerce with the west of Europe, in which large vessels only can be profitably employed.

The consequence is that the trade is very much confined to Levantine coasting-vessels of small tonnage. Captain Spragge has made a careful survey of the western districts of Wallachia, the grain is sent by land to Kalaflat, or down the Aluta, which separates Great from Little Wallachia, to the mouth of the river, and thence by barges to Ibarli. From Central Wallachia, Moldavia, and the interior of Bulgaria the grain is brought mostly in carts to the Danube. The merchants employ agents to buy it in the country direct from the growers, and bring it to market at all risks, involving a great deal of loss.
delay, fraud, and wrangling. There is, therefore, a
great want of a cheap and commodious conveyance
to a Black Sea port; and it has been found that by
clearing out the ancient port of Constanța, called
Kustendji, on the Black Sea, and connecting a rail-
way to Ternava, on the Danube, the tongue of the
Dobrudja would be cut off, a great circuit
saved, and the dangerous, difficult, and inconvenient
navigation of the mouths would be avoided. The
main object in planning and providing the railway
is to open the Black Sea to the products of the
Danubian provinces more effectually, and thereby
facilitate the trade with Western Europe. But a
second object is to induce a return of population into
Estates for a large area which is naturally one of the
richest districts of Europe for the production of grain
and the rearing of sheep, oxen, and horses.
Kustendji, under the name of Constanța, was an
important place, and had a large harbour in ancient
times. The only remains of ancient mole and quays still visible, prove this.
And, certainly, in whatever point of view it be
regarded, there can scarcely be imagined a more
favourable site for a commercial city. Kustendji is
blessed with an extent of coast perfectly open,
but with a great depth of the richest soil, producing
whenever cultivated, crops of the finest grain. The
surrounding country is high, and peculiarly healthy;
forests are rare; and the sheep, horses, and oxen, are fat
and fine. The course of the country has been war. The
mouths of the Danube being in the hands of the
Russians, the Danube below Silistria being undefended by
any fortress of importance, and the coast having
no safe harbour, this territory has always been over-
run by the Russian forces at their first advance
against Turkey, and made the prey of contending
armies. A promontory running into the sea forms a
natural protection from the north and north-east
winds for a large part of the coast. The remains of
ancient mole and quays still visible, prove this.
There is no place of importance on the Danube
or the coast of the Black Sea which can be reached
by smaller vessels than Odessa, which is generally
thought to be a port of Call where the
Danube was begun on the 23d of October
last; that Turkish commissioners, appointed for the
purpose, have marked out the land reserved by government
for fortifications. Nearly all the land on the
line has been ascertained to be imperial property.

Captain Spratt has, since the reconnaissance made
by him in the summer of last year, 1864, given much attention to the subject of this port
and communication with the Danube; and he is of opinion
that, with a north-east entrance, it is accessible as a
harbour of refuge in any wind. A breakwater will be
necessary, and will cost about £100,000; but I think it will be considered that it will have six times the accommoda-
tion of Odessa; with a deeper entrance than
port, and a better exit for the despatch of
business. The importance of this will appear when
we mention that, in consequence of the troublesome
navigation of the mouths of the Danube, freights to
Odessa are generally one-third less than to Galatz.
The position of Kustendji has the advantage over
Odessa of being at all times free from ice in winter,
while it is two hundred miles nearer to the
Bosphorus, and these two hundred miles are of
dangerous navigation.

With regard to the country to be passed over, we
may mention that the Dobrudja consists of five
thousand square miles of rich soil, having a porous
substratum generally of the coral rag and chalk for-
mation. The general elevation of the country is
about 300 feet above the level of the sea. At the
northern extremity, however, the old formations
appear to have been raised up, forming a fine range of mountains, rising, towards the
extreme north, to an elevation of about 2500 feet,
covered at their base, on the northern slopes, with fine
forests. This vast extent of country is beautifully
adorned with gently undulating country and
indented by numerous small valleys and dales, singularly
tortuous and indeterminate in direction, but
opening ultimately into a few large valleys running
to the Danube, and to lakes bordering on the
Black Sea. The valleys have no streams to water
them. Powerful springs rise at the head of some;
but the rivulet of the Black Sea—its source—is absorbed, forms a bit of green marsh, a
mud-pool, and is lost. Very rarely is it that water runs on the face of the country. No ravines, no
rocky or pellibed beds, worn by the rush of waters.
At most are to be found some springs at the
steepers parts of the slopes, to shew that water does
fall faster than the soil can absorb it. The porous
substratum of coral rag and chalk absorbs the rain
not retained by the deep free soil—a soil which
resembles the finest garden-mould—and gives it off
in springs, which gather in lakes towards the Danube
and the Black Sea, and little above their level, or
are tapped by the wells of its inhabitants. The soil is
of amazing depth; and grain-crops and grasses of the
finest quality grow on parcels scattered over the
length and breadth of the land, produced without
manure, under the most primitive methods of culture.
Onions, beans, cabbages, seem to grow luxuriantly
wherever sown. The soil is fertile, the soil, the
plane, are still to be found, though most of great dimensions, in natural forests of fine trees.

The railway is proposed to be carried along a line of
lakes, which are, in fact, backwaters of the
Danube; and the line will be as much as possible
along the margin of these lakes, on an embankment
from four to six feet in height; and we learn by the
report of the company just issued, that accounts have
been received from their engineers that the banking
of the Danube was begun on the 23d of October
last; that Turkish commissioners, appointed for the
purpose, have marked out the land reserved by government
for fortifications. Nearly all the land on the
line has been ascertained to be imperial property.

Such are the railways now projected, or begun, in the
Ottoman Empire. That others will follow, we
cannot doubt; for the government of that country is
most anxious that all the districts of the interior,
capable of large production, should be put in com-
munication with the outside world. After the
Greek revolution, down to the termination of the
Crimean war, Turkey, owing to innumerable domestic
revolts, foreign war, and diplomatic crises, has never
been out of hot water. A new period is now opening
up for her; and we are therefore to the times when
a large amount of British capital will be securely
vested in Turkish railways.

SOMETHING ON MY MIND.

Dark masses of my threatening fellow-creatures,
cloaked and cowled; chosen assassins equipped
with noiseless goloshes and daggers diminishing to a point,
wherefrom drips a gout of gore; an executioner with a
half-mask and a chopper, with its edge turned towards
me; vague and unknown shapes following, following,
with a deadly unraveling purpose, with their

I take my frightened way; a thousand strangers with
uplifted armed right hands, explaining together,
artistically, and in the pauses of slow music: 'We
swear, we swear,' and doing it; half-a-dozen of inti-
mate friends striking at my breast with a curious and
varied collection of weapons, from an overwhelming
sense of duty, and averting their looks for pity's
sake; secret conclaves setting down my name in
blood, with a variety of other dismal pictures selected
from the haunted chambers of imagination, had been
presented to me in dreams for months. I was
rendered miserable, through having been made a free-
mason, with the terror of carrying about with me so
tremendous a secret. I felt that I was fated to be
the unhappy one who should betray that which
had been held sacred by multitudes for more than a
thousand years. Nor was this idea altogether without
grounds; for to so great a pitch of nervousness had
I arrived, that I was continually whispering the
matter confidentially to myself, and then, in the belief
that I had spoken aloud, looking horror-stricken
around me; or, not seldom, I would write it down
upon wiper of paper, which I afterwards took care to
tear up small, or put them into the fire, or devoured
them.

Once, however, when engaged in this practice, a
high wind, coming in at the open window, scattered
these interesting disclosures in every direction, and
drove me as nearly mad as a sane man could go.

There were as many as twenty distinct revelations
of the most mysterious fact in the world's history
thus set flying over space, so that any one might
run and read them. Nineteen of these I recovered
by means of almost superhuman exertions. Two
were reclaimed, at peril of life and limb, from a
neighbour's window, which had nothing of the top
of it; three of them had lodged in a very lofty tapering
tree, which practically demonstrated the drosed facet
of my Sybilline leaves becoming poplar; five were
carried into the river, and had to be rescued by boat;
seven had been whirled into the kennel of a proverbially
savage dog, which, however, was so impressed by
my eager haste and furious vehemence, that he vacated
his quarters at the first summons, and fled, howling,
to the utmost extent of his chain. One was brought
down from a chimney-pot by a very small sweep, who,
luckily for me and for himself, proved to my satis-
faction that he had never been taught to read; one I
found the kitten at play with in the garden, which
presently I put to death accordingly, without open
trial, after the manner of the tribunals of Westphalia;
the twentieth could nowhere be found. There was lying
somewhere, patent to the first passer-by, an explicit
solation of the whole art of freemasonry in my own
peculiar and well-known handwriting. This thought
which was of a nature to make the most stolid anxious,
excitable to frenzy. I was about demanding of my
fellow-creatures whether they had seen a small piece
of paper in the air lately.

What paper? What was on it? I inquired they.

What was on it, indeed? A question not to be
answered very readily. I did not go to bed for eight-
and-forty-hours, and then I found the precious missing
manuscript neatly deposited between my neckerchief
and my false collar; after which I abstained from
writing out the secret any more. I carried it about
with me on my mind, nevertheless, and a very
dreadful burden it was. Waking or sleeping, but
especially sleeping, I was always picturing to myself
the consequences of revealing what I knew, and
thereby endured the imaginary pains of half-a-dozen
opium-eaters. Methought that the Provincial Grand
of our lodge, who, in private life, is a most respectable
grocer, was the individual selected by the society as
the avenger of violated faith. He was wont to pursue
me in his full official costume, which, however, seemed
to attract no greater attention in the streets of the
city than in the deserts (all bearing an absurd likeness
to the back-garden of my private residence), whither
I sometimes, in vain, betook myself for refuge. He
held his Masonic ladder in one hand, and his trawl
and pair of compasses in the other; when he had
come up with me, he would describe with the com-
passes a magic circle, out of which I could not sit;
plant his ladder against my back, as though I were
cucumber frame, and mounting upon my shoulders,
trowel in hand, would mütter some cabalistical words,
directed to surrounding nature, explanatory of the
reason of my being sacrificed; at which period I was
not to be awaked with the chattering of my teeth.
Once, I remember throwing myself upon the protec-
tion of a policeman, who happened to be patrolling the
district for the greater security of the ostrich-eggs; and he,
instead of taking the Provincial Grand into custody,
pointed to the collar of his own uniform, upon which,
in place of a number, was emblazoned the final
triangle which proclaimed the Peeler to be a Deputy
Grand Arch himself. My state of mind became at
length so unsupportable, that I was obliged to take
a friend into my confidence. I did not, of course, con-
side to him the secret, but I told him of the anxiety
which he was continually consuming me regarding it.

"Well," said Jones, after having listened patiently
to the sad recital—he was a very well-meaning young
man, only rather volatile—"I have a plan which,
I think, will benefit you: for your sake—although I
know the whole thing is nonsense—I am ready to
become a freemason myself; then, you see, you will
have a friend—a being in whom you may repose
your trouble. We will retire together for an hour or
so every day into some lonely spot—down the well, or
up the chimney, or into the House of Love while
they are doing dispatching business—and there we will
converse about this secret, if there be a secret, and
relieve your mind."

This project transported me with joy and gratitude.
I made the necessary arrangements with the official
in our lodge for Jones's admission, without, of course,
mentioning my particular reason for getting a done,
and he came down to my house from London upon
the evening preceding his installation. I had been
useful to Jones more than once in the way of lend-
ing him a little money when he was hard up, and I
was therefore not surprised when, as we were sitting
gether after dinner over our wine, he requested of
me the temporary loan of a ten-pound note.
However, as there was a small account already
between us, I moved as an amended proposal that the
sum should be decreased by one half, to which, after
a slight discussion, my friend acceded, and raised to
a five-pound note of mine in his purse.

We lay in a double-bedded room, for the convenience
of conversing upon my all-engrossing topic, and we
fell asleep while talking of it. I was awake in the
morning by the entrance into the room of my com-
panion, ready dressed, and with his hat on, so that
he had been out for an early stroll.

"Why, I never heard you get up," said I; "I must
have slept very soundly."

"You did," replied Jones in a solemn and unrorful
tone: 'very, very soundly; and you dreamed, I think?"

"I believe you, my boy," cried I, chuckling with the
thought of how soon such things would be all over.
"I just did dream."

"You dreamed of the—the secret, did you not?" con-

inued he.

"Of course I did," said I; "I always do dream of
the secret."

"Indeed," observed Jones, with an unpleasant expre-
ness in his manner; "and do you also always wish
your sleep?"
I felt exactly as if a jug of ice-cold water had been poured down the nape of my neck.

We were both silent for at least a minute, and then Jones quietly remarked: 'I think you might just as well make that five pound a tenner, do you know?'

'Make it twenty,' exclaimed I, with eagerness: 'oblige me by accepting a twenty-pound note.'

'Thank you,' replied Jones coolly: 'I think I will. From what you said last night,' added he with a grim smile, 'I understood that you had not so much money in the house.'

Then I remembered having made use of that little terridible, or delicate evasion, in order to get rid of his importunity upon the previous evening. By his reminding me of it thus boldly, it was evident that I must have put myself into his power indeed.

'Do you know all?' inquired I hoarsely.

'Well,' said he carelessly, 'there is no need for my being masonified; I know all about the—' He enunciated the awful secret, the mystery of the ages, the hidden wisdom, as though he were reading some of the other political tittle-tattle of the clubs. 'You see,' he continued, 'you woke me, and kept me awake by repeating it so very distinctly over and over again, that I have got it quite put. I could not forget it even if I wished. Since you seemed to be in such an admirable case for it, I could not help trying that experiment—with which you are doubtless acquainted—of interrogating a sleeping person regarding the subject of his dreams, and your answers were astonishingly clear and pertinent. I never was spectator of anything more interesting and curious. It is positively a contribution to psychological science. I think, indeed, that I shall publish an article on this subject.'

At that instant, I made my long contemplated speech out of the pedanticities, and placed myself between my enemy and the door. In my hand was the life-preserver with which my pillow is always furnished, and in my eyes was the determination to use it as a life-preserver. 'Jones,' I observed, 'as I must save my own life—you must die.'

'You mean to kill me, then, do you?' said he jauntily.

'My friend,' replied I, waving the weapon to and fro to give solemnity to my manner, 'I have made no choice; you have wantonly opened the Bluebeard's chamber of my mind, and now you must pay the penalty. I regret the sad necessity, believe me, almost as much as you can yourself, but the thing must be done. I shall hit you between the eyes as nearly as I can, so that the whole matter will be but the work of an instant, and the pain scarcely appreciable. However, in the meantime, if you have any message or document to leave behind you, intrust it to me, and be sure of its delivery.'

'Yes,' said Jones decisively, 'there are two documents down stairs in the possession of my servant, with whom I have but just left them. The one is to be delivered to your friend, the Provincial Grand at the letter box, on his return, should happen to be the other to the mayor of this town. The law will therefore hang you upon strong circumstantial evidence, unless the brotherhood put you to death beforehand by some more terrible method. You have not given me that if I would have a fifty-pound note, by the by, old fellow.

'Where is it?'

'Here,' said I, tottering to my trousers, and taking out my pocket-book with a trembling hand: 'here's a fifty-pound note, which you may keep as small token of my affectionate regard. I love you, Jones; you know I was only in fun all along.'

'Thank ye,' said my volatile friend, as he pocketed the money; 'so was I. I have been playing a trick upon you from the very beginning.'

And then—with his nose, and knees, and elbows, according to the orthodox manner, so often practised by me in secret—he made, to my astonishment, the Freemason's sign.

'You must know, my dear fellow,' added he, 'that I have been a mason myself these ten years; and as for your revelations during sleep, they consisted of nothing beyond snoring.'

AN ASSORTMENT OF SURNAMES.

Family nomenclature is a subject of considerable interest beyond the sphere of the etymologist and antiquary, of whose learned labours, however, we wish to speak with the greatest respect. Whence existing surnames have been derived, and the changes they have undergone, are points in the illustration of which much pains and patience have been expended.

To use a comparison well understood in these days of mechanics and engineering, a broad highway has been carried through the midst of this special question; but we prefer just now turning aside into a bypath opened up by the registrar-general of England in his last annual Report. That communicative functionary devotes a whole chapter to this topic; and as probably not one in a thousand of our countrymen will ever see the original, we propose to present, in a simplified and reclassified form, the curious fact of which he has placed at our disposal. We are first of all informed that in the department over which he presides, there is a registration of more than 21,000,000 names, all collected between the 1st of July 1887 and the end of 1884. From the registration indexes thus possessed, the surnames at present borne in England and Wales could be pretty accurately ascertained; but the trouble involved in such an inquiry is sufficient to appal the Samson of statistics himself, who has limited his researches to two quarterly indexes—one of births, and another of deaths—resulting in the discovery, that of 275,405 individuals registered, 32,818 had different surnames—showing an average of 8½ persons to every surname. It is then assumed as a rough estimate, that the whole number of surnames in England and Wales is between 35,000 and 50,000, orthographical differences (as Clerk, Clark, Clerke) being allowed to pass for a difference of name. The roots of surnames now in use would be found to fall considerably short of the above number. Wales and Cornwall differ from England in the constantly recurring sameness of the nomenclature; in the former, nine-tenths of the people, it is said, could perhaps be mustered under less than 100 different surnames; so that the primary object of a name, which is to distinguish an individual from the mass, is in danger of being lost.

By the aid of a table compiled from 'nine quarterly indexes of births, eight of deaths, and eight of marriages,' we are enabled to see what the fifty most common surnames are, and the number of times each surname occurs. The Smiths, of course, are at the head of the poll, their name boasting 33,567 entries; but their supremacy is imperiled by the tribe of Joneses, who stand 33,841 strong. That of Williams numbers 21,988. Below 20,000 are arrayed the clans Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, and Johnson. The others have fewer than 10,000 followers, the lowest figure falling to Griffiths—4635. These fifty names embrace nearly eighteen in every hundred of those registered—about one in six; and as the total
entries of the fifty are 440,911, the nine indexes may be considered to contain about 2,500,000 entries—certainly a fair number from which to judge the popular surnames. The table deals with the same fifty surnames with reference to their origin, and furnishes the number of entries in the following order—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names.</th>
<th>Entries.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Derived from Christian or fore-names,</td>
<td>27 246,032</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>occupations,</td>
<td>13 120,091</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>locality,</td>
<td>7 45,573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>personal peculiarities</td>
<td>2 22,154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(White and Brown),</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>other circumstances (King),</td>
<td>1 5,661</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong>,</td>
<td><strong>50 440,911</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Returning to the statistical case of Smith versus Jones, the registrar-general informs us that the whole of the indexes from 1838 to 1854 were searched to determine the relative frequency of these competing surnames; and the numerical issue is in favour of the Smiths. Of Smiths, the entries were 286,007; of Jones, 259,000—a difference of one in 97. In seven years, the Joneses were more numerous; in eleven years (including the last seven), the Smiths; and so, as there is no reason against our siding with the winning party, we cry—Hurrrah for the Smiths! Both tribes, however, are entitled to all the deference which numbers can give them, since it is calculated that in England and Wales they include together not less than half a million persons—sufficient of themselves to people four towns as large as Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, and Manchester. With respect to the fifty most common surnames, we are favoured with a further computation, which makes it appear that in 1853 England and Wales contained 3,253,500 persons bearing these family names; or, in other words, that about two in every eleven Englishmen and Welshmen are known among men by one or other of these fifty surnames.

More of these statistical curiosities are behind. Descending to the letters of the alphabet, we learn that the letter B is the most frequent initial of surnames, being about 10 per cent. of the whole. H is above, and S and W nearly 9 per cent. N and K are lowest in the scale of proportion, excepting X and Z.

Here we might conclude our ramble, but we are tempted to prolong it on account of the singular scene which the indefatigable general of registrars lays before us. This is no other than a list of more than 2000 peculiar surnames selected from the birth-indexes of the first quarter of 1851, and the death-indexes of the corresponding quarter of 1855. Very peculiar, in truth, many of these surnames are, and certain of affording a delightful feast to the lovers of the droll and the grotesque. In the book before us, they are placed in alphabetical order; but the amusement they offer is best secured by such an arrangement of them as will shew the treasures of descriptive phraseology they comprise. The classical deities live again in Bacchus, Mars, and Venus—a well-matched trio; in Pallas, Fortuna, Muse, and the Muse; the Phoenix and the Griffin recall the fables of the East; while Mabb and Fay speak to us of myths that still linger in the villages of our land. Classical history is remembered in Damon and Dion; Hector and Troy are not yet accounted for; to the Nobs we give the Roman name; and though Hannibal reappears, the honours of the Latin name are worthy committed to Cato, Scipio, and Cæsar, who may trace in Dominey a fragment of the language in which they harangued and wrote. Modern nationalities are pointed out by French and Gaul, Saxon, Dutch, and Dane. The Spaniard must be content with his Don, but the Turk comes in for a name. North and South Africa are arbitrarily represented by Barbary and the Caffre; and the sound of Cashmere immediately connects in our thoughts the looms of that famous valley-kingdom with the spindles of our own, as might be supposed, has suggested several names, although the sound is peculiar enough. Angel and Demon stand in corners. Eve makes her entry, and, under her protection, her descendants from first born Cain. Noah—the halo old man, "orphans of the old world, and father of the race of men"—here; but whence comes Balsam, and stronger still, Dives and Pharaohs? As much out of place in another direction are Calvry and Penticost. Heaven and Heavens, Saint and Sanctuary, Priest and Priestess, with Christian itself, have clear Biblical origin; but to a later source we must refer Pagans, saints Lent and Christmas. Church, with its pious Churchward, and less agreeable companion Catbly, belong to a similar period; and do Abbot (as mentioned in this list) and Prior. There can be as doubt where Surplise, Spire, and Steeple come from.

The need of the true is vindicated by Levix, Felony, and Felon—its character by Just and Juries—its operations by Sessions and Jury—its pleasures by Fee—and one of its results by Inquisition. The science of medicine is celebrated under the homely name of Physick. The Poutry and his Pill are not far apart. A Hospital, indeed, issues the mind free to roam over Collick, Cramp, Fever, and the like, and the patient which would throw away his thoughts of Balm and Balsam are not absent, with Heal and Cure shied a cheerful hue over the scene.

Military operations for two years have commanded a large share of public attention; but previous to those and although we are not a soldier-nation, the list of surnames testifies to the belligerent tendency of our population. The Warrior and Cavalier issue from the Castle; they have their Arms offensive and defensive. Armour of Mail is provided, with the Shield. Hose is done to the Durt and the Arrow, England's once formidable and favourite weapon. The Dagger and Dirk are in request, with the Lance and the Sword. Thus equipped, the Gauntlet is ready; but besides we have the Gunner with his Gun; even Cannon of the largest calibre. Then waves the Banner, and then beats the Drum, while Slaughter leads the way to Victory and Conquest.

Nautical matters are not overlooked. The Ship multiplicity in its course and its swells into a Fleet. The single vessel has its Keel and Deck, its Helm in Middlemast, and its Tackle; and for the boat there must be the Oar. When launched, it can Float, out with a Chart may set out upon its Cruise, in course of which it will often have to Tackle the Gale. Should a Tempest cause a Leak, the sailor will look with anxiety for a Harbor or Havens on the Mainland; and failing this, even the most skillful Diver will be liable to Drown.

Now, turning from the learned professions, and the contingencies of land and sea, let us examine Mas as a member of the great creation; and not small is the help which our English surnames will impart to the compound being in his endeavour to obey the code and know himself. First, they will inform him that he has a Bodily structure, a Body, and, not less really, an indwelling Soul. The former has vital organs, such as the Head—in old English a Pate, and in low English a Hat; and the pain felt in the heart; but the quality else it will be of little use to its owner. On top of Hair, consisting of many Hairs, which on the female head falls down in many a Curl. In front is the Forehead—beneath it, the Eyes; and beneath them, the Nose. Tongue and Teeth pertain to the mouth, and so the face tapers down to the Chin. Why the nose is omitted in this inventory of the features is a mystery; so prominent a member must have a less sense of the insult, and may be expected to set itself
to scent out the cause. Alone, the head would be in a sad predicament, and owes much to the Neck in joining it to the rest of the body. The Collarbone is not to be despised, though not to compare with the Heart, Liver, and the Bowel departments of the system. More than one Limb is demanded for the symmetry of the body; and these are forthcoming in the Arms, with the Hand and Hand and the Leg, with its Knee and Bowel, last of all, the Foot, with its great Toe and the lesser Toes.

Arising out of his physical nature, man has the power of movement. He can Tarry or Travel—his motion may be Slow or Swift; but without soul, it will be Quick if he has a dislike to Flight! As a pedestrian, we speak of his Gait, which may be Stiff or Easy, Awkward or full of Grace. He may Saunter or Skip, he may Waddle or Slide. Should he Jump and Glide, he may chance to Trip. Should he Go-lightly, he is the better able to Elide from place to place. If he acts the esquire, he will regulate the pace at which to Ride. His horse may be an Ambler, or he can make it Canter and Trot, or put it to the Gallop. If it should Prance or Kick, it may Fling him from his saddle, and for that day at least his exercises would be likely to Cease.

As man is endowed with vocal organs, we are not surprised that while he can be Silent, he may also speak. Many he may do so, and thus, the Sire, the Swine, or the Seraph,; or, using the faculty of speech, he can Chatter so volubly as to pass for a Chattaway. In private, he may Grumble, or, worse still, become a Tattler. In public, he may be little better than a Boozer; yet should he be a Thinker, he will be less likely to indulge in Twaddle. When able to Sing and to Chant, he is provided with the means of gratification, exhilarating and innocuous.

Differences of physical appearance are often very striking. Some are tall and large, others short and small. Of some we speak as thick, fat, or stout; of others as slight, slender, or even gaunt. To be Bandy is seldom the result of anything but neglectful nursing.

But human nature is the subject of deep emotion, and these, both the brighter and the darker, are of innumerable shades. Pain becomes Anguish; Care deepens into Fear—this into Dread. Sudden Fright is rarely so injurious as settled Grief. The Anguish of the Soul by the flame into the fire, and turns it into Fury. On the contrary, there is an Affection that must Gladden every observer. A Happy state of mind may rise into Joy, and this feeling culminates in Bliss. All emotions when intense cause the nervous system to Tremble with the excitement they produce.

As a moral being, man is capable of Virtue and Vice. Courage and Zeal may be displayed for any purpose; but Faith or Verity, with Peace, Patience, Prudence, Hope, and Love, are most frequently associated with that which is noblest in human nature. Over against these, however, is Evil in the form of Folly, Vice, and Crime. Rant, Cant, and Fudge are at all times vocifera; but the Amour that depraves, the Gambling that inflames, and the Spite that turns the milk of human kindness into gall, leave a heavier Blot, and diffuse a deadlier Blight. Philosophers divide all moral qualities into Good or Base; and there is no same mind which is Blank in this respect. It is possible to meet with some Badman, who is as Vile as to be a moral Monster, and there are some who seem Allgood, and Perfect, or Faultless. Few would be disposed to apologise for the Wan-tont, the Frigg or Tricker, the Rake, the Scamp in general, the Swindler in particular, or the Tippiller, who may be all in all. It may be some in some may be a danger of tasting the rigours of the law; but perhaps as much moral evil and discontent are occasioned by other parties deemed less culpable, as by the Vain, the Sly, the Proud, the Greedy, and the Idle. It is not considered much Amiss to be Lax, Careless, or Cross; but the consequences are deplorable enough. Many a Bonfellow and Meanwell has made a sorry figure in the world. To be Innocent is infancy is not our lot; but to be Meek and Gentle to all, Humble in spirit, Constant and Faithful to our promises, Kind even to our enemies—this is possible; and in proportion as we Excel in these qualities shall our works stand as great as Trusty and Worthy; and who is good to man and Godly towards his Maker, has no cause for fear. In disposition, what variety does the walk of life exhibit? The Cockman is as much as the Highwayman, the Court-man, till the Merryman appears. It is natural to some to be Bold, Vautant, Gallant, and Doughty; another is predisposed to act the Coward. The man of Brag talks as a Bouncer, but seldom develops into the Boxer. One is Trim and Stuff; a third is Easy. The Coy and Dainty may be set against the Jolly and the Eager; while it is possible for the Lively man to have so much of the Fussy about him as to be far from Piesans in society—even a Pester and a bore.

Intellectually considered, we perceive one man to be Ready with an Argument, and able Cleverly to conduct it, while another has but a faint or crude conception of what it means. The Brightman, the Wise, and the Witty, to whom we must add the men of Fancy and the Ladies Novel, are found so anxious to shun the society of the Muff, the Doll, the Daft, as of him whose former acuteness has been Dulled by long excess.

The genius homo has its genders and relationships, and these are pretty fully expressed by the following:

-Male, Baby, Suckling, Child, Bratt, Boy, Daughters.
-Male, Husband, Youngusband, as the case may be: the Dame may be a Virgin—classically Virgo—vulgarly Wench, or taken from the interesting class of Widows. Cousin and Uncle, and many another. Kinman, form the kindred which Fathers of families may be prepared to treat with relative amenity and good will.

Eating and drinking constitute so important a portion of human occupation, that a liberal inventory of articles of fare may be expected in the surnames of the land. Meats of the Flesh description are plentiful—Gammon of Bacon, Lams, Veal, Mutton, and Gibblet; with liberty to Friers and to Bakers. A variety of Fish and Fowl is also present—from Turtle down to Trout, and from Chicken up to Goose. Eggs are at hand, with Mustard, Pepper, and Pickles as condiments. Cabbage and Butter are not lacking, with Pease and many a Spice besides. Rice as a pudding is on the board. As a desert, every kind of fruit is in waiting—the Date, Figg, Cherry, Almond, Nut, Orange, Peach, Plum, Raisin, Grapes, &c. For tea, there are Cake, Cakebread, Muffin, Bun, Honey, and Sugars of every name. Of drinks there is no stint. The temperance man has his Wells and Streams, with the addition of Congo and other sorts of Tea, also Coffee and Milk; and the lover of intoxicating liquor is placated in hazardous proximity to his Gin or Punch, his Wines, yclept Port, Sherry, and Cland, and his Malt compounds of Beer and Porter. Tart, Sweet, and Mellow are borrowed from man's sense of taste, as Round and Square to his sense of touch.

Wearing apparel and domestic articles, from a Bodkin to a Broom, are represented by a long array of names. His sight is regaled with a diversity of colours—exclusive of the ordinary Browns, Blacks, and Greens—such as the various Blues of sky and water—Gray, Purple, Red, Yellow, and White the nondescript. But man is also a number of animal—a capacity which in its highest developments separates him from the brute; hence we proceed from the Unit to Two, Twin, Double, Treble,
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Tripplett, up to Twelves, Eighteen, Forty, and a Million. Scarcely, Few, Much, and Muchmore are indefinite terms in common use. Man, too, is a dealer in money—a propensity which is here indicated by the foreign Ducat, the obsolete Mite, the Farthing, Halfpenny, Penny, Twopenny, and Sixpound.

He distinguishes times and seasons—as Day and Night, and can even imagine a Doubleday. Half night is familiar to him. Dark gives place to Dawn, and so on to Noon and Vesper, till the Daily course is run. The succession of time is marked by Early, Late, Later, Last. Monday and Friday are recorded, and Midweek instead of Wednesday. Weeks appear, as also January and May, among the months. Midwinter and Winter, Northeast and West, are remembered, besides every other point of the compass. Man can measure things to an Ace; and other surnames remind us of the Inch, Halfyard, Yard, Ell, Furlong, and Hafacre. The retail trader has his Peck and Bushel; the apothecary, his Grain; the liquor merchant, his Gallon, Firkin, and Butt.

Of minerals there is a Treasure—the native Copper and artificial Brass, followed by Silver, Gold, Pearl, Ruby, and Diamond.

Our form of government is a limited monarchy, and the English have a high respect for Royalty. The Court is in public favour, for though we have no Rex, we have a Monarch who nobly wears the Crown, and is allied to a Prince who does homage to his Royal station.

The contrast with the preceding are a batch of names that call upon anything but cheerful images. The Deadman is the notion of Death (also Mort), and the funeral Knell tells his Coffin to the Grave. Murther calls us to meditate on the Graves that single crime has made for ever.

A long list of surnames descriptive of tame and wild beasts, birds and insects, fishes and fowls, trees and flowers, must be omitted, or reserved for another occasion. In bringing up the rear of these remarks, Catchaside, Godbelieve, Gotobed, Maybee, Sneezum, will serve as a few examples of the oddities sprinkled over this list of 2000 words.

Nothing can now be said of the ridiculous combinations of Christian and surnames frequently to be met with. To call a child, for instance, whom we knew, 'Napoleon Chick,' was just pinning to the poor boy a life-long joke. The family name cannot easily be changed, but parents may avoid, by a little exercise of judgment, increasing the laughable and absurd associations which are already too freely mixed up with the nomenclature of our native realm.

OÇEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.—AN ENEMY UNLOOKED FOR.

As upon the stage of a theatre, the farce follows the grand melodrama, this tragic scene was succeeded by an incident supremely ludicrous. It elicited roars of laughter from the men, that, under the circumstances, sounded like the laughter of madmen. Maniac, indeed, might these men have been deemed, thus giving way to mirth with a prospect before them so grim and gloomy—the prospect of almost certain death, either at the hands of our savage assailants, or from starvation.

Of the Indians, we had no present fear. The flames that had driven us out of the timber, had equally forced them from their position, and we knew they were now far from us. They could not be near. The burnt branches had fallen from the pines, and the foliage was entirely consumed, so that the eye was enabled to penetrate the forest to a great distance. On every side we commanded a vista of at least a thousand yards, through the intervals between the red glowing trunks; and beyond this we could hear by the 'swish' of the flames, and the continual crackling of the boughs, that fresh trees were being embraced within the circle of conflagration, still extending its circumference outward.

The sounds grew fainter space, until they bore a close resemblance to the clatterings of distant thunder. We might have fancied that the fire was dying out; but the luminous ring around the horizon proved that the flames were still ascending. It was only because the sounds came from a greater distance, that we heard them less distinctly. Our human foes must have been still further away. They must have retired before the widening rim of the conflagration. Of course they had calculated upon doing so, before applying the torch. In all likeliness, they had retreated to the savannahs to await the results.

Their plan in firing the forest seemed too easily understood. Perhaps they expected that the vast volume of fire would close over and consume us; or, more likely, that we should be smothered under the dense clouds of smoke. This in reality might have been our fate, but for the proximity of the pond. My companions told me that their sufferings from the smoke had been dreadful in the extreme—that they should have been stifled by it, had they not thrown themselves into the pond, and kept their faces close to the surface of the water, which of itself was several feet below the level of the ground.

It had been to me an hour of unconsciousness. My faithful black had carried me—lifeless as he supposed—to the water, and placed me in a recumbent position among the rest.

It was afterwards—when the smoke had partially cleared away—that the spies were put upon their trial. Hickman and Weatherford, deeply indignant at the conduct of these monsters, would not hear of delay, but insisted upon immediate punishment; as the wretches were seized upon, and dragged out of the pond, to undergo a thorough examination. It was at this crisis that my senses returned to me.

As soon as the dread sentence had been carried into execution, the ci-devant jurors came rushing back into the pond, and plunged their bodies under the water. The heat was still intense and painful to be endured.

There were two only who appeared to disregard it, and who showed their disregard by remaining upon the bank; these were the two hunters.

Knives in hand, I saw them stooping over a dark object that lay near. It was the horse that Hickman had shot in the morning. I now understood the old hunter's motive, which had hitherto mystified me. It was an act of this cunning foresight that characterized him—apparently insensible. They proceeded to skin the horse; and in a few seconds, had peeled off a portion of the hide—sufficient for their purposes. They then cut out several large pieces of the flesh, and laid them aside. The work done, Weatherford stepped off to the edge of the burning timber, and presently returned with an armful of half-consumed fagots. These were erected into a fire near the edge of the pond; and the two men squattting down by its side, commenced beating the pieces of horsethaw upon it, conversing as coolly and cheerily as if seated in the chimney-corner of their own cabins.

There were others as hungry as they, who, taking the hint, proceeded to imitate their example. The pangs of hunger overcame the dread of the fire.
atmosphere; and in a few minutes' time, a dozen men might have been observed grouped like vultures around the dead horse, hacking and levering at the carcass.

At this crisis occurred the accident which I have characterised as ludicrous. With the exception of the few engaged in their coarse cuisine, the rest of us had remained in the water. We were lying round the circular rim of the basin, our bodies parallel to one another, and our heads upon the bank. We were not dreaming of being disturbed by an intruder of any kind—at least for a time. We were no longer in dread of the fire, and our savage foemen were far off.

All at once, however, an enemy was discovered in an unexpected quarter—right in the midst of us. Just in the centre of the pond, where the water was deepest, a monstrous form rose suddenly to the surface—at the same time our ears were greeted with a loud bellowing, as if half a score of bulls had been set loose into the glade. In an instant the water was agitated—lashed into foam—while the spray was scattered in showers around our heads.

Weird-like and sudden as was the apparition, there was nothing mysterious about it. The hideous form, and deep bovine tone, were well known to all. It was simply an alligator.

But for its enormous size, the presence of the creature would scarcely have been regarded; but it was one of the largest of its kind—the body in length almost equaling the diameter of the pond, with huge gaunt jaws that seemed capable of swallowing one of us at a single gulp. Its roar, too, was enough to inspire even the boldest with terror.

Stand or fall, we had preserved upon the slippery ground looks of those in the water—their confused plunging and plashing, as they scrambled to their feet, and hastened to get out of it—their simultaneous rushing up the bank, and scattering off over the open ground—all contributed to form a spectacle ludicrous as exciting.

In less than ten seconds' time, the great saurian had the pond to himself, where he continued to bellow, and brandish his tail as if triumphant at our retreat.

He was not permitted to exult long in his triumph. The hunters, with several others, seized their rifles, and ran forward to the edge of the pond, when a volley from a dozen guns terminated the monster's career.

Those who had been 'ashore' were already convulsed with laughter at the scared fugitives; but the latter, having recovered from their momentary affright, now joined in the laugh till the woods rang with a chorus of wild cachinnations. Could the Indians have heard us at that moment, they must have fancied us mad—or more likely dead, and that our voices were those of their own friends, headed by Wyckom himself, rejoicing over the infernal holocaust.

CHAPTER XC.

A CONFLICT IN DARKNESS.

The forest continued to burn throughout the night, the following day, and the night after. Even on the second day, most of the trees were still on fire. They no longer blazed, for the air was perfectly still, and there was no wind to fan their flames into flame. It was seen in red patches upon the trunks, smouldering and gradually becoming less, as its strength spontaneously died out. From many of the trees the fire had disappeared altogether, and these no longer bore any recent traces of trees, but looked like huge, sharp-pointed stakes, charred, and black, as though profusely coated with coal-tar.

have been traversed, there were other places where
the fire still burned—enough to oppose our progress.
We were still besieged by the igneous element—as completely confined within the circumference of the glade, as if encompassed by a hostile army of twenty times our number. No rescue could possibly reach us. Even our enemies, so far as our safety was concerned, could not have 'raised the siege.'

The old hunter's providence had stood us in good stead. But for the horse, some of us must have succumbed to hunger; or, at all events, suffered to an extreme degree. We had now been four days without food, except what the handful of pine-cones and the horse-flesh afforded; and still the fiery forest hemmed us in. There was no alternative but to stay where we were, until, as Hickman phrased it, 'the woods shed gilt cool.'

We were cheered with the hope that another day would effect this end, and we might travel, with safety amid the calcined trunks, and over the black smouldering ashes.

But the prospect before us was even as gloomy as that around us. While our dread of the fire declined, that of our human foes increased in an inverse proportion.

We had but little hope of getting off without an encounter. They could traverse the woods as soon as we, and were certain to be on the look-out. With them the account was still to be settled—the gauntlet yet to be run.

But we had grown fiercer and more fearless. The greatest coward of our party had become brave, and no one voted either for skulking or hanging back.

Stand or fall, we had preserved upon the slippery ground looks of those in the water—their confused plunging and plashing, as they scrambled to their feet, and hastened to get out of it—their simultaneous rushing up the bank, and scattering off over the open ground—all contributed to form a spectacle ludicrous as exciting.

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minutes it came pouring down as if all heaven’s doors had been opened together.

We hailed the phenomenon with joy; it appeared an omen in our favour. The men could hardly be restrained from setting forth at once; but the more cautious counselled the rest to patience, and we stood awaiting the deeper darkness.

The rain continued to pour, its clouds hastening the night. As it darkened, scarce a spark appeared among the trees.

‘It is dark enough,’ urged the impatient. The others assented; and all started forth into the black bosom of the ruined forest.

We moved silently along, each tightly grasping his gun, and holding it ready for use. Mine was carried in one hand—the other rested in a sling.

In this plight there was no longer a need to intercept it. As we walked under the burnt branches, the black char was driven against our faces, and as quickly washed off again. Most of the men were bareheaded; their caps were over the locks of their guns to keep them dry; some sheathed their priming with the skirts of their coats.

In this manner we had advanced nearly half a mile—we knew not in what direction; no guide could have found a path through such a forest. We only endeavored to keep straight on, with the view of getting beyond our enemies.

So long unmolested, we had begun to hope.

Alas, it was a momentary gleam! we were under-ratting the craft of our red foesmen. They had been watching us all the time—had dogged our steps, and, at some distance off, were marching on both sides of us in two parallel lines. While dreaming of safety, we were actually in their midst.

The flashes of a hundred guns through the misty rain—the whitling of as many bullets—was the first intimation we had of their proximity.

Several fell under the volley—some returned the fire—a few thought only of flight.

Uuttering their shrill cries, the savages closed in upon us; in the darkness, they appeared to outnumber the trees.

Save the occasional report of a pistol, no other shots were heard or fired—no one thought of reloading. The fire was upon us before there was time to draw a ramrod. The knives and hatchets were to be the arbiters of the flight.

The struggle was sanguinary as it was short; many of our brave fellows met their death, but each killed his foeman—some two or three—before falling.

We were soon vanquished. How could it be otherwise? The enemy was five to one. They were fresh and strong—we weak with hunger—almost emaciated—many of us wounded: how could it be otherwise?

As I fell perhaps no one saw more; it was a struggle amidst obscurity—darkness almost opaque.

With only one hand—and that the left—I was quite helpless. I fired my rifle at random, and had contrived to drill a pistol; but the blow of a tomahawk hindered me from using it, at the same time striking me senseless to the earth.

I was only stunned; and when my senses returned to me, I perceived that the conflict was over.

Dark as it was, I could see a number of black objects lying near me upon the ground; they were the bodies of the slain.

Some were my late comrades—others their foes—In many instances locked in each other’s embrace. Red Indians were stooping over, as if separating them.

On the former they were executing their hideous rite of vengeance—they were scalping them.

A group was nearer—the individuals who composed it were standing erect. One in their midst appeared to issue commands; even in the gray light I could distinguish three waving plumes. Again Opelda!

I was not free, or at that moment I should have rushed forward and grappled him—vain though the effort might have been. But I was not free. Two savages knelt over me, as if guarding me against escape.

I perceived the black near at hand, still alive, and similarly cared for. Why had they not killed us?

A man approached the spot where we lay. I was not he with the ostrich plumes, though the latter appeared to have sent him. As he drew near, I perceived that he carried a pistol: my hour was come.

The man stooped over me, and placed the weapon close to my ear. To my astonishment, he fired it into the air!

I thought he had missed me, and would try again. But this was not his purpose; he only wished a light.

While the powder was ablaze, I caught a glance of the countenance. It was an Indian’s. I thought I had seen him before; and from some expression in man made use of, he appeared to know me.

He passed rapidly away, and proceeded to the spot where Jake was held captive. The pistol must have had two barrels, for I heard him fire it again, stooping in a similar manner over the prostrate form of the black.

He then rose, and called out: ‘It is they—both alive.’

The information appeared meant for him of the black plumes; for the moment it was given, the latter uttered some exclamation I did not comprehend, and then walked away.

His voice produced a singular impression upon me. I fancied it did not sound like Opelda’s.

We were kept upon the ground only for a few minutes longer, until some horses were brought up. Upon two of them Jake and I were mounted, and fast tied to the saddles. The word to advance was then given; and, with an Indian riding on each side of us, we were conducted away through the woods.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE THREE BLACK PLUMES.

We journeyed throughout the whole night. The burnt woods were left behind; and, having crossed a savanna, we passed for several hours under a forest of giant oaks, palms, and magnolias. I knew this by the fragrance of the magnolia blossoms, that, in the fetid atmosphere we had been breathing, each sweet and refreshing.

Just as day was breaking, we arrived at an opening in the woods, where our captors halted.

The opening was of small extent—a few acres only—bounded on all sides by a thick growth of palm, magnolias, and live-oaks. Their foliage drooped to the ground, so that the glade appeared encompassed by a vast wall of green, through which no outline was discernible; it before; and from some expression for mutual warmth. A large fire was burning in the midst, and around it were men and women seated and standing.

To the edge of this camp we had been carried, but no time was left us for observation. On the instant
after halting, we were dragged roughly from our saddles, and flung prostrate upon the grass. We were next turned upon our backs, thongs were tied around our wrists and ankles, our arms and limbs were drawn out to their full extent, and we were thus staked firmly to the ground, like a pair of horseshoes laid out to be dried.

Of course, in this attitude we could see no more of the camp, nor the trees, nor the earth itself—only the blue heavens above us.

Under any circumstances, the position would have been painful, but my wounded arm rendered it excruciating.

Our arrival had set the camp in motion. Men came out to meet us, and women crowded over as we lay on our backs. There were Indian squaws among them, but to my surprise I noticed that most of them were of African race—mulattoes, zamboes, and negroes!

For some time they stood over, jeering and taunting us. They even proceeded to inflict torture—they spit on us, pulled out handfuls of our hair by the roots, and stuck sharp thorns into our skins—all the while yelling with a fiendish delight, and jabbering an unintelligible patter, that appeared a mixture of Spanish and Yankee.

My fellow-captive fared as badly as myself. Homogeneity of colour elicited no sympathy from these female fiends. Black and white were alike the victims of their hellish spite.

The wonder was I was able to comprehend. Aided by a slight acquaintance with the Spanish tongue, I made out what was intended to be done with us.

The knowledge was far from affording consolation: We had been brought to the camp to be tortured.

We were sufficiently tortured already; but it was not all we were destined to undergo. We were to be the victims of a grand spectacle, and these infernal hags were exulting in the prospect of the sport our sufferings should afford them. For this only had we been captured, instead of being killed.

Into whose horrid hands had we fallen? Were they human beings? Were they Indians? Could they be Seminoles, whose behaviour to their captives had been so fiendish? Every insinuation of torture?

A shout arose, as if in answer to my questions. The voices of all around were mingled in the cry, but the words were the same:

* Mulatto-mio! Mulatto-mio! Viva, mulatto-mio!*

The cry of many hoofs announced the arrival of a band of horsemen. They were those who had been engaged in the fight—who had conquered and made us captive. Only half-a-dozen guards had been with us on the night-march, and had reached the camp along with us. The new-comers were the main body—who had stayed upon the field of battle to complete the despoliation of their fallen foes.

I could not see them, though they were near. I heard their horses trampling around. I lay listening to that significant shout:

* Mulatto-mio! Viva, mulatto-mio!*

To me the words were full of terrible import. The phrase 'mulatto-mio' was not new to me, and I heard it with a feeling of dread. But it was scarcely possible to increase apprehensions already excited to their highest. A horrid fate was before me. The presence of the fiend himself could not have made it more certain.

My fellow-victim shared my thoughts. We were near, and could converse. On comparing our conjectures, we found that they exactly coincided.

But the point was soon settled beyond conjecture. A harsh voice sounded in our ears, issuing an abrupt order that scattered the women away. A heavy footstep was heard behind—the speaker was approaching.

In another instant his shadow fell over my face; and Yellow Jake himself stood within the circle of my vision.

Despite the pigments that disguised the natural colour of his skin—despite the beaded shirt, the saah, the embroidered leggings—despite the three black plumes that waved over his brow, I easily identified the man.

**CHAPTER XXII.**

**BURIED AND BURNT.**

We had both been expecting him. The cry mulatto-mio, and afterwards the voice—still remembered—had warned us of his coming.

I expected to gaze upon him with dread. Strange it may appear, but such was not the case. On the contrary, I beheld him with a feeling akin to joy—joy at the sight of those three black plumes that nodded above his scowling temples.

For a moment I marked not his angry frown, nor the wicked triumph that sparkled in his eye. The ostrich feathers were alone the objects of my regard—the cynosure of my thoughts. Their presence upon the crest of the 'mulatto king' elucidated a world of mystery; foul suspicion was plucked from out my bosom: the preserver of my life, the hero of my heart's admiration, was still true—Oceloa was true!

In the momentary exultation of this thought, I almost forgot the peril that surrounded me; but the voice of the mulatto once more roused me to a consciousness of my position.

'Carajo!' cried he, in a tone of malignant triumph.

'Al fin verguenza!' (At last vengeance.) Both too—white and black—master and slave—my tyrant, and my rival! Ha, ha, ha!

'Me tie to tree!' continued he, after a burst of hoarse laughter; 'me burn, eh? burn live?' Your turn come now—trees plenty here. But no; I teach you better plan. Carrambio, si! far better plan. Tie to tree, captive sometime 'scape, ha, ha, ha! Sometime 'scape, eh? ha, ha, ha!

'Before burn you, me shew you sight. Ho, there!' he shouted, motioning to some of the bystanders to come near. 'Utile bands—raise 'em up—both—face turn to camp—basta/basta! that do. Now, white rascal—black man see you yernder.

As he issued these orders, several of his creatures pulled up the stakes that had picketed down our arms, and raising us into a sitting-posture, seated our bodies round till our faces bore full upon the camp.

It was now broad daylight, and the sun was shining brightly in the heavens. Under such a light, every object in the camp was distinctly visible—the tents—the horses—the motley crowd of human occupants.

We regarded not these: on two forms alone our eyes rested—the well-known forms of my sister and Viola. They were close together, as I had seen them once before—Viola seated, with head drooping; while that of Virginia rested in her lap. The hair of both was hanging in dishevelled masses on their bare breasts of the maid mingling with the golden locks of her mistress. They were surrounded by guards, and appeared unconscious of our presence.

This was but for a time. One was despatched to give them notice of it.

As the information was imparted, we saw them start, and look inquiringly around. In another instant, their eyes were upon us. A thrilling scream announced that we were recognised.

Both cried out together. I heard my sister's voice pronouncing my name. I called to her in return. I saw her spring to her feet, toss her arms wildly above her head, and attempt to rush towards me. I saw the guard taking hold of her, and rudely dragging her back. Oh, it was a painful sight! Death itself would have been easier to endure.
We were allowed to look upon them no longer. Suddenly jerked upon our backs, our wrists were once more staked to the ground, and we were left in the recumbent attitude till the parade was over. We were not allowed to indulge in them alone. The mutato continued to stand over us, taunting us with spiteful words, and, worse than all, making gross allusions to my sister and Viola. Oh, it was horrible to hear! Molten lead poured into our ears could scarcely have tortured us more.

It was almost a relief when he desisted from speech, and we saw him commence making preparations for our execution. We knew that the hour was nigh—nay, for he himself said so, as he issued the orders to his fellows. Some horrible mode of death had been promised; but what it was, we were yet in ignorance.

Not long did we remain so. Several men were seen approaching the spot, with spades and pickaxes in their hands. They were negroes—old field-hands—and knew how to use such implements.

They stopped near us, and commenced digging up the ground. O God! were we to be buried alive? The suggestion that suggested itself to my mind, then, was, if true, it was terrible enough; but it was not true. The monster had designed for us a still more horrible death!

We were dealt with and surrounded by the solemn air of grave-diggers, the men worked on. The mutato stood over directing them. He indulged in high glee, occasionally calling to us in mockery, and boasting how skilfully he should perform the office of executioner. The workmen, who were in groups, stirred round, laughing at their sallies, or contributing their quota of grotesque wit, at which they uttered yells of demoniac laughter. We might easily have fancied ourselves in the infernal regions, in the midst of a crowd of gibbering fiends, who every moment bent over, grinning down upon us, as if they drew delight from our anguish.

We noticed that few of the men were Seminoles. Indians there were, but these were of dark complexion—nearly black. These were of the tribe of the Tamassee—a race enslaved by the Seminoles, and long ingrained into their nation. But most of those we saw were black negroes, zamaobs and mulattoes—descendants of Spanish maroons, or runaway slaves from the American plantations. There were many of the latter, for I could hear English spoken among them. No doubt, there were some of my own slaves mixing with the motley crew, though none of these came near, and I could only note the faces of those who stood over us.

In about half an hour the diggers had finished their work. Our stakes were now drawn, and we were dragged forward to the spot where they had been engaged.

As soon as I was raised up, I bent my eyes upon the camp, but my sister was no longer there. Viola too was gone. They had been taken, either inside the tents, or back among the bushes. I was glad they were not there. They would be spared the pang of a horrid spectacle—though it was not likely that from such motive the monster had removed them.

Two dark holes yawned before us, deeply dug into the earth. They were not graves; or if so, it was intended our bodies should be placed vertically in them. But if their shape was peculiar, so too was the purpose for which they were made. It was soon explained.

We were conducted to the edge of the cavities, seized by the shoulders, and plunged in, each into the one that was nearest. They proved just deep enough to bring our throats on a level with the surface, as we stood erect.

The loose earth was now shovelled in, and kneaded firmly around us. More was added, until our shoulders were covered up, and only our heads appeared above ground. The position was ludicrous enough, and we might have laughed at it, but that we knew we were in our graves. The fiendish spectators regarded us with yells of laughter.

What next? Was this to be the end of their proceedings? Were we to be thus left to perish miserably and by inches? Hunger and thirst would in time terminate our existence, but oh, how many hours was our anguish to last! Whole days of misery we must endure before the spark of life should forsook us—whole days of horror and—Hai! they have not yet done with us!

No—a death like that we had been fancying appeared too easy to the monster who directed them. The resources of his hatred were far from being exhausted—he had still other and far keener pangs in store for us.

'Carrigo ! it is good!' cried he, as he stood admiring the work done. 'Better than tie to tree—good fit, eh? No fear escape—carrigo, no. Bring fire!' 'Bring fire!' it was to be the fire then—the extreme instrument of torture. We heard the word—that word of fearful sound. We were to die by fire!

Our terror had reached its highest.

It rose no higher when we saw sagota brought forward, and built in a ring around our heads; it rose no higher when we saw the torch applied and the dry wood catching the flame; it rose no higher as the blaze grew red and redder, and we felt its angry glow upon our skulls, soon to be calcined like the sticks themselves.

No—we could suffer no more. Our agony had reached the acme of endurance, and we longed for death to relieve us. If another pang had been possible, we might have suffered it on hearing those cries from the opposite side of the camp. Even in that dread hour, we could recognize the voices of my sister and Viola. The unmerciful monster had brought them back to witness the execution. We saw them not; but their wild plaints proved that they were spectators of the same.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire, and nearer licked the flames—my hair crisped and singed at the fiery contact.

Objects swam dizzy before my eyes—the trees tottered and reeled—the earth went round with a whirling motion.

My skull ached as if it would soon split open—my brain was drying up—my senses were forsaking me!

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AUGUST COMTE.

As through the narrow portal, the post approaches the Elysian fields, so in seeking to give a slight sketch of one of the greatest intellects of his generation, the writer is forced to refer to circumstances of his own insignificant existence.

In 1886, when the world was still young to me, or I to it—algebraically if not otherwise identical positions—greeting under the fancied insufficiency of private tuition in England, with hard prayers I wrung from my parents to allow me to receive the studies preparatory to going to the university, in Paris. Here, in each branch of the education sketched out for me with no sparing hand, I was consigned to the care of the first professors of the day. Long afterwards, I learned with what difficulty the lessons of one of these had been obtained, but youth though it then was, I still felt, indistinctly indeed, their value. The
tutor, whose last mathematical pupil I was, was Auguste Comte.

Daily as the clock struck eight on the hour of the Luxembourg, while the ringing of the hammer on the bell was yet audible, the door of my room opened, and then entered a man, short, rather stout, almost what one might call sleek, freshly shaven, without vestige of whisker or moustache. He was invariably dressed in a suit of the most spotless black, as if going to a dinner-party; his white neckcloth was fresh from the laundress’s hands, and his hat shining like a racer’s coat. He advanced to the arm-chair prepared for him in the centre of the writing-table, laid his hat on the left-hand corner, his snuff-box was deposited on the same side, beside the quire of paper placed in readiness for his use, and dipping the pen twice into the ink-bottle, then bringing it to within an inch of his nose, to make sure that it was properly filled, he broke silence: ‘We have said that the chœur AB, &c.’ For three-quarters of an hour he continued his demonstration, making short notes as he went on, to guide the listener in repeating the problem alone; then taking up another canvas which lay beside him, he went over the written repetition of the former lesson. He explained, corrected, or commented, till the clock struck nine; then, with the little finger of the right hand, brushing from his coat and waistcoat the shower of superfluous snuff which had fallen on them, he pocketed his snuff-box, and resuming his hat, he sat silently as when he came in, made his exit by the door, which I rushed to open for him. This man of few words was the Aristotle or Bacon of the nineteenth century.

Thus for a year I daily sat a listener, not always attentive, to the last but dimly conscious of the value of lessons which I can never forget in their higher meaning, though the angles and curves which they explained have long since become to me more meaningless than hieroglyphics.

One would think that such a teacher, gliding in and out like a piece of clock-work, without an interchange of any of the gentle courtesies of life, would raise only a repugnant feeling in his pupil. It was in vain I tried to break through the coldness of our relations, to establish that little preliminary gossip in which I have found some teachers too ready to employ all the time of their lesson; he seemed to say that he had never himself to a disagreeable duty, and that nothing should turn him from it. Only twice did I even succeed in gaining proof that he had something mortal in his composition. I had been six weeks under his tuition, and still persisted, with more, perhaps, of malice than of ignorance, in using the most abominably ungrammatical French in my written repetitions of his lectures. One morning he lost patience at some soliloquies more lasting than usual; and laying down his pen, he turned to me, and said: ‘Why do you perseveré in writing such barbarisms?’ ‘You know I am a foreigner,’ said I; ‘how should I do better?’ ‘You can at least do better than this: write as you speak;’ and he resumed his pen, correcting every fault of language. From that day, there were few grammatical blunders in my papers. Once again, and this time less wilfully, I encountered the same mild anger. I was at the time studying very hard, generally thirteen hours a day of book-work—a folly bitterly explicated and repented since—and I was seldom in bed till after midnight. One black wintry morning, after harder work than usual, I noticed over the shower of snuff no straining of the ears, could I drink in the sense; with no forcing of the eyelids, keep them open. I dared not rise and take a few turns in the room, for this would have been a violation of our habits. So I sat till the humming of the voice, and the scraping of the pen, noted like a lullaby, and I was already three parts asleep, when suddenly a change of tone aroused me, and the words, ’But you sleep,’ recalled me to myself, only to see my tutor walking out of the room, while I vainly tried to catch and appease him. The next day, he resumed the lesson where he had left off on the one previous to my nap, but not a word of reproach was uttered, or of apology allowed, by the insulted sage.

From that day, I began to love him. Cold or abstracted as he seemed, the intellectual giant henceforth won almost imperceptibly on the youth. I could not feel, much less measure his greatness, but I acquired an interest in the dry science he taught me; and had I continued under his charge, I might have become a mathematician. I had been taught to fear, not to revere my masters; if I had a liking for any, it had been in proportion to his laziness; and I now found myself half unconsciously, and quite unaccountably, gliding into a sort of affection for the most unapproachable, the most uncongenial of them all. I was then the most unreasonable of boy-mortals. I cannot, therefore, suppose that this feeling was due to the sway of pure reason over my mind; I can only think that it arose from an instinctive perception of the smothered kindliness which entered so largely into his composition.

I returned to England to ‘keep halls,’ and devote myself to a new range of studies—stigmatised, I believe, by my masters and pastors as pure idleness, because not set down in their books; and it was two years before I was again in Paris. By that time I had become acquainted with what was published of the Philosophie Positve. From its pages I had learned that my old tutor was a great man, though hardly yet a celebrated one. I had learned to contrast his earnestness with the fauses faire of others; and a visit to him was one of the first pleasures which I promised myself in the capital most fertile in pleasure to youthful visitors. I was told of the teacher of which had too often attacked my sternulatory muscles, I carried him a Cumnock snuff-box, with one of our Ayrshire pebbles in the lid, and was delighted to find it graciously accepted. He put it at once into a drawer of his writing-table, and then told me that he had given up the use of snuff. He said that he had withdrawn entirely from the world, to devote himself without distraction to the politics of his philosophy—that he no longer even read the newspapers, and had weaned himself from every superfluity.

It was not till 1851 that I again saw him. He was then the acknowledged chief of a school, and renowned, if not admired, among all thinkers. I had some little trouble in finding his house, and it was with a beating heart that I pulled the bell-string. An old gentleman in a dressing-gown, with a black neckerchief strung round his throat, opened the door. I almost thought I had misunderstood the porter's directions. ‘Monseur Comte?’ I inquiringly said.

’It is I, sir,’ was the answer.

The change in his appearance intimidated me, and I hesitatingly mentioned my name. At once he put out his hand and drew me into his sitting-room. Here I was able to remark the wonderful change
which had come over his expression since we had last met. He now reminded me of one of those medieval pictures which represent St Francis wedded to Poverty. There was a mildness in those attenuated features that might be called ideal rather than human; through the half-closed eyes there shone the very soul of him who had doubted whether he had anything more than intellect. 'I did not recognise you,' he said, opening a drawer; 'but I think of you almost daily. See, I still have your box, and I keep my seals in it, so that I am often reminded of you.'

He spoke unreservedly of the honourable poverty to which the last revolution, in depriving him of his modest competence, had reduced him, and he told me how the generous sacrifices of some of his disciples had relieved him of the cares of material existence.

He indulged me with a long conversation, every word of which filled me with fresh wonder. He was no longer the rigid thinker, regular and passionless as mechanism; he seemed to have renewed his youth, to have added something to his former self, but how or what, I could not at the time imagine. In terms unintelligible to me, he referred to relations which had given impulse to his affections; he spoke with enthusiasm of the Italian poets, and of Shakespeare and Milton, whose works he had learned to read in the original; and—O surprise!—taking from his chimney-piece a well-thumbed copy of the *Imitation*, he said: 'I read some pages of this book every morning.'

I already had had cause to suspect that under that frigid mask which he wore in earlier years, an impulsive nature and warm affections were concealed; I had heard at the time that the little keepsake I had brought had pleased him so much, that in speaking of it he had afterwards said, 'It is a book I understand, therefore, that far within him was a loving soul; and I now learned, from a book which he gave me, the story of how he had found and lost the counterpart, the other half, which he had so long sought. The story of the platonic love to which he owed the late development of his affections, is a strange one, and the story of its heroine one of the saddest in the history of crime.'

Madame Clotilde de Vaux was the wife of a man whom misconduct had brought upon him a condemnation to the galleys for life. If not the original of the *Maitre d'École* in the *Mysteries of Paris*, his career had been too similar to the one so hideously drawn by the novelist. This lady united to youth and an uncommon reputation, a poetic temperament and literary talents of a high order. She was pining in cheerless solitude, neither wife nor widow, a state void of hope, and incapable of forgetfulness, when she met Auguste Comte, the man of austere morals and unengaging manners, but towards whom she felt the secret attraction I have spoken of. The acquaintance quickly ripened into a friendship, which before long became an absorbing though platonic passion. It was she who had opened to him the treasures of poetry, she was the Beatrix who awoke in him the feelings of affection, and under whose guidance he trod the ideal world of Shakespeare and Dante.

So greatest and most glorious things on ground May often need the help of weaker hand.

It was a friendship late found and early lost, for the lady was cut off in the prime of her years. But her influence did not cease with life; her image haunted him like a celestial vision for the remainder of his days. In her he imagined that he had seen humanity carried to that highest perfection which he believed to be the end of our destiny, and he united her in his prayers with his mother and a female servant who waited on him to the last.

To one who had known Auguste Comte in former days, nothing can be more striking than the terms in which he writes of all these in the preface to his *Politics*; his self-reproaches for his want of tenderness—he had never failed in duty—towards his mother, his unbounded veneration for his St Clotilde, and his respect for the enlightened ignorance of his unlettered servant, afford a psychological study as curious as it is touching.

In the beginning of last September, I was again in Paris. As soon as I had fixed myself in lodgings in the same studios quarter in which I had first known him, I sought out the abode of my old master. It was an autumn evening when I stumbled into the gloomy porte cochère of his house. The porter was sitting on the sill of his lodge, knitting a wrent stocking in the twilight. 'Is it here that Monsieur Comte lives?' was my question. 'Yes, sir,' answered the man without raising or lifting his eyes from his work. 'Is he at home?' 'He was buried this afternoon.'

I never received a greater or more un expected shock. His temperament and his healthy habits seemed to promise a long career; and the last time I had talked with him, he had been speaking of the employments he had marked for his old age, with which he should be more than capable of working at his philosophy, for he had rigorously determined the period when he should retire from what he considered his apostolate.

I shall neither defend nor criticize his system. It is a subject too abstruse for these pages, and I wish I could not do justice. That it contains many truths, that it is a wonderful monument of a wonderful mind, few or none will deny, but fewer still will be found to accept his philosophy as a whole. He looks only on the positive, that is, the material side of nature; he has no tolerance either for spiritual weaknesses or for spiritual aspirations. He is a system-maker, and is his love for his system, he is unjust both to his kind and to himself. A true child of the Revolution, the qualities which he possesses and which he was so equally striking; but I do not fear to say that whatever pure morality and true conceptions abound in his works are the genuine productions of Auguste Comte, while the childishness and pedantry which also distinguish them may be laid at the door of the conventional Frenchman.
THE GENTLE READER.

Having written a good deal for the general public without receiving any acknowledgment from that particular member of it, the Gentle Reader, I, for one, am not going to flatter him any longer. It is my private belief that he never purchased a book in his life. I doubt whether he ever even went so far as to subscribe to a library. I believe him to be a sort of person who borrows volumes from the book-shelves of his friends, and writes in pencil his idiotic remarks upon the margins of them. It is exceedingly improbable, if he does buy books, that he ever bought any of mine, because, in plain truth, the Gentle Reader is unavoidably a fool. Otherwise, would authors, who are conscious of having been insufferably stupid and prosy, or of being about to become so in their next chapter, so unanimously appeal to his good-nature and foolish forbearance? They take such liberties with him, and place him in such positions as would be resented by any person of proper sense and feeling.

When a love-scene is about to be described at any intolerable length, the Gentle Reader is commonly lugged in as a third party, and made a confidant of, whether he will or no, by the two silly young folks.

It is, first of all, fawningly intimated that he, the Gentle Reader, knows all about it, being, as he is, so fascinating an individual, and having been the object of adoration of so many hearts; and then the whole tedious matter is laid before him in all its turtle-dove monotony, while the melancholy details are dwelt upon with a sentimental distinctness, to which impropriety itself would be almost preferable.

In descriptions of scenery especially, this patron of the novelists has to go through a very great deal for their sweet sakes; he has to accompany them, if he will be so good, to inaccessible heights, where the foot of man has never before trodden, and where the shriek of the goshawk, or other bird unknown except to ornithologists, alone is heard; or he has to wander among hanging woodlands, hand in hand with the writer, until he is deposited upon a dampish bank, by the side of a stream, whose course is presently compared, at prodigious length, to the life of man. When the novelist, indeed, is inclined to moralise, the Gentle Reader is apostrophised as though he were Lord Bacon, or Dr Paley, and made accessory to the most uninteresting and illogical sentiments of the author's, respecting being and human responsibility. If religion be the subject, the Gentle Reader is made a party to the strangest 'views,' and that sometimes by no means in the pleasantest manner; his opinions being taken to be identical with those of the writer, not as a matter of course, but as one about which, on the contrary, there existed no little suspicion: he is regarded with an eye not so much of respect as of a certain affectionate watchfulness, and his supposed scrupules are combated with a sort of tender authority, as though the author were his father-in-law, and an archbishop. In battle-scenes, again, and stirring incidents of that kind, this slave of literature is commonly carried to a slight acclivity, commanding not only a good general view of what is going forward, but—to judge by what he is made to see—a very particular one also; and I have even known the Gentle Reader, upon one occasion, to have been shamefully inveigled into a tree, under promise of becoming spectator of a deadly combat, only to be compelled to listen to some heroic verses of the seducer, who, taking advantage of the poor fellow's stationary position, inflicted a good three dozen. Nobody but a very weak-minded person, indeed, would suffer himself to be treated in this manner more than once, whereas there is no more cessation than limit to the persecution of the Gentle Reader. That he is put upon thus remorselessly, and attacked with this impunity, that every scribbler hails him as his friend, and leads him through all the stupidest scenes by the button-hole, is, no doubt, because of his gentleness. The Gentle Reader is unable to say no, or ho to a goose-quill. No author dares to treat the Reader—pure and simple—in any such way. On the contrary, his connection with that gentleman is wholly of a business character, and no obligation is supposed to be upon either side.

The Courteous Reader, even, is not so great a ninny as the subject of this paper, and is addressed, with hat in hand, indeed, but yet as a reasonably ill-tempered individual with whom absurd liberties are not to be taken. Our Fair Readers—who are always in the plural, and, I think, supposed to be the sharers of an eternal friendship which has lasted thirteen weeks at a boarding-school, and who lean over the same pages with arms round each other's necks, and in mutual tears—are trifled with somewhat, and not set at a very high intellectual estimate; but still they have not that catholicism of character which admits of their being so continuously ill-treated as the Gentle Reader. The Dear Reader is only apostrophised by female writers, who endeavour by that unjustifiable emotiveness to blind the judgment and enlist the affections on their side.

The General Reader is at the head of a totally different class. He is, in the author's eyes, the ring-leader of the unappreciating and illiterate mob; of that faction—and it is sometimes considerable—which is sure to decline to read, and far more to buy, his
book. When a chapter is about to be devoted to an object which the writer does not quite understand, or is about to be filled with got-up and unnecessary technical expressions, the General Reader is warned off in the opening sentences, as by a trespass-board. He is recommended, in a foot-note, to buy another work of the author's, written in a more popular style, and not to read any more of that which he has in his hand, because he won't understand it. The Intelligent Reader, and the like, are, at the same time, flatteringly beckoned on, it is true; but everybody knows pretty well what is coming, and skips the chapter. This notice to the General Reader is the first open declaration of that contempt which the author secretly entertains for many even of his own clients. A sneering reference to the Casual Reader speedily follows. The Casual Reader will not purse, and will not understand if he does purse; will not be entertained, and if he is entertained where no entertainment is meant, ought to be ashamed of himself; will fail to mark, or, having marked, will not be able to carry it in his mind to the place where it will be useful to him; will strike hastily—in fact, the Casual Reader is periphrastically informed that he had better shut up the book, go home, and get to bed. Having thus lashed himself into fury, and the worst passions of his professional nature being fully aroused, the author throws aside the last rag of courtesy, and falls tooth-and-nail and steel pen upon the Vapid and Irritative Reader himself. He has been waiting for him for some considerable time. The bonds of sympathy between the writer and the public have been long growing, and are now utterly dissolved. Scarcely anybody is ignorant that, under the name of the Vapid and Irritative Reader, the author is, in reality, anathematising everybody. Upon that unfortunate subject he avenges himself, with a hideous malice, for the servile adulation which he has lavished, in other places, upon the Gentle Reader, and others of that kidney. The slate, as generally happens, is now being blacked out. The style is fuller and bulkier than the matter of the work he is composing—and what is more, being well aware of it himself—he waxes fierce and more intolerant against that increasing majority of the reading public who are unlikely to read him. The common person, indeed, who can be compared to the Vapid and Irritative Reader as a type of all that is base and foolish, is that equally denunciating individual, the Sinner, who is the target of the divine. In the latter case, by some fortunate arrangement of our ideas, we rarely associate the object of so much invective with ourselves; but, in the former, we cannot fail to recognise some of our own familiar lineaments. Still, there is in this an honest out-speaking and an acknowledged misunder-standing between the author and his unappreciators, which is to me infinitely preferable to that hypocritical deference he pays to the Gentle Reader. Any allusion to him—and, indeed, to any Reader—only helps to destroy what little reality the writer may have had the good fortune to invest his scenes with, and to break that web of fancy which, Apollo knows, it is hard enough for him to weave. Moreover, as I have said—and this consideration has much weight with me—there is little or nothing to be got out of the Gentle Reader. The very mention of him, indeed, is a literary toadstool; from the practice of which, as of all other toadstools, no true benefit can be ever possibly derived. Therefore, though my brethren of the pen may tremble at my audacity, and the unacustomed public kneel its indignant brows, I hereby declare that I do not care two halfpence—the absurdly ridiculous price of his superlative periodical—whether this paper of mine shall please the Gentle Reader or not.

THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

True eager craving after knowledge evinced by all classes of the community, has, in these latter days of the world's history, summoned into existence an immense number of books treating of every science and art from astronomy to angling, in which necessarily termed a popular manner. A popular work, science, however, is not the one thing new under the sun. A certain Antonio Torquemada wrote a book of this description in Spain, as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century, and achieved a very widely extended popularity for itself. It was translated into nearly, if not quite, all of the European languages; bibliographers reckon its editions by hundreds. Nor was it thus surprised by the general reader. It was received with acclamation, and the great mass of science were pleasingly and appropriately introduced to the reader as the conversation of true friends—Antonio, Bernardo, and Ludovico—a real garden decorated with natural flowers. In my instance, each speaker, as he adds his flower or say to the collection, assigns his authority, saying 'as Pliny hath it,' 'as it is written in Solinus,' 'as may be seen in Olaus Magnus,' and so forth; the fides of the Church, too, are frequently quoted in a similar fashion, and the whole forms a very interesting and useful summary of the state of general and natural science at the period in which it was compiled.

Like the progress of an explorer of a new country, the world's advance in knowledge can only be correctly estimated by looking back to the last century left on the ground already passed over. Thus the Garden of Flowers, we could not have a better landmark for this purpose. It was long the companion of the grave and learned, and was dedicated to a select circle of scholars, a body of men who rejoiced in as many other names, designations, and titles as none other than a Spaniard could possibly possess. Let us then, hand-in-hand, friendly reader, enter this antique garden, and discover what was the gemmiferous, and what the sower of the hundreds years ago.

The three friends, having met in the garden, sat down, under the shade of a tuft of trees, on the bank of a river; and soothed with the pleasing sound of a clear stream and murmuring of the trees let us contemplate the flowers—so diverse in form, in dainty in colour, as if nature had used her extremest industry to shape, paint, and enamelled them. The naturally leads the conversation to the vexed question of the year, which is the first day's discourse or chapter, entitled, 'Many things worthy of admiration, which nature hath wrought, and only wrought in men, contrary to her common and ordinary course of operation.' Here we read of nations having heads like dogs, and feet like men; a tribe of one-footed people, and of several varieties of tailed men—some having tails like those of peacocks; others whose vertebral termination resembled those of horses; while a third had their backs braily. It is difficult to doubt the latter, for Bernardo speaks of a crowd of fox-tailed men that then existed in Spain. Their ancestors had offended a certain St Toribio, and thus punished them in sema secrorum. It may be generally known that a similar story is still told...
a district in England. St Augustine is said, by our old monkish chroniclers, to have endowed the people of Christ with a privilege that the ancient Greeks had for the preferred fishing by listening to his sermons. But though the story is still alluded to as a vulgar reproof, we must say to the reader, in the quaint words of our author, 'you commit no deadly sin though you believe is not.'

After a long discourse about Amazons, the three friends speak of 'a fierce people and of great courage, though only three spans in length,' called pigmies. 'They inhabit the utter part of India, toward the sea near the rising of the river Ganges,' where, at such times as it is in other places winter, the cranes come to lay their eggs, and to bring up their young ones, about the river-side; whose coming, so soon as the pigmies perceive—because they are so little, that the cranes regard them not, but do them much hurt, as well as in their persons as in eating up their victuals and spoiling their fruits—they join themselves in great numbers to break their eggs. And to prepare themselves to this terrible fight, they mount upon geese and rams, and in very godly language, go forward to destroy this multiplication of cranes, as to a most dangerous and bloody enterprise.'

Of the existence of the pigmies, the friends have no manner of doubt. They tell us that the Tyrians, whose name we may not fail to mention in all places memorable of the earth, retained numbers of these valiant little people as mercenary soldiers; that, in short, the pigmies are no other than the Gammaudios, who hanged their shields upon the towers of Tyre, as we may read in the ninth chapter of the book of Ezekiel. And we must ourselves add, that the belief in a nation of pigmies prevailed to a comparatively late period. Few of the old museums were without the skeleton or embalmed body of a pigmy; and it was no earlier than the last century, when Dr Tyson, in an elaborate anatomical work, first proved that all those embalmed bodies and skeletons were the remains of monkeys.

From the dwarf to the giant is no more distant a step, than from the ridiculous to the sublime. One Boccalino, who saw it himself, is given as the authority for the following story: 'Near Trapani, in Sicily, certain labourers, digging for chalk under the foot of a hill, discovered a cave of great wideness. Entering into the cave, they found it filled with the midst thereof a man of such monstrous hugeness, that, astonished therewith, they fled to the village, reporting what they had seen; then, gathering together in greater numbers, with torches and some time passed, they returned to the cave, where they found the giant, whose like was never heard of before. In his left hand he held a mighty staff, so great and thick as a great mast of a ship. Seeing that he stared no, they took a good man and drew near him; but they had no sooner laid their hands upon him, than he fell to ashes, the bones only remaining—so monstrous, that the very skull of his head could hold in it a bushel of wheat. His whole skeleton being measured, was found to be 140 cubits or more.'

To arrive at such a size, the man must have lived a very long time; so we are next treated with accounts of persons, who had lived from 200 up to 500 years. Centauras, mermenus, and merwomen, next furnish us with each other with stories. We are told that a family, appropriately termed Marins, then lived in Spain, who were the descendants of a merman. These Marins were webfooted and scaly. They lived principally on raw fish, which they caught with their hands while swimming in their great-grandfather's native element, being, as may readily be granted, the expertest of swimmers.

A fountain in the garden suggests the topic of the second day's conversation—'On the proportions and virtues of springs, rivers, and lakes.' We have little, however, about the objects specified, springs and rivers leading the way to the four great rivers mentioned in Scripture as surrounding the garden of Eden; and nearly the whole chapter is taken up with a discussion respecting the exact site of the terrestrial paradise. This, though a favourite subject of discussion at the period, forms a terribly dry one now; so we shall pass on to the next day.

The third day's conversation turns upon 'fancies, visions, spirits, enchanters, charmers, witches, and hags.' After a deal of curious matter, the friends come to a conclusion, as concerning that of Arabia and the ancients, as it is to the ideas of the modern ghost-believers and spirit-rappers—namely, that all apparitions proceed from the devils alone. We are told that there are six degrees of those very numerous and troublesome genitures. The first, in the upper regions of the air, attends to thunder, lightning, hail, and snow; the second, in the lower part of the atmosphere, causes heavy rains, blasts, frosts, storms, and whirlwinds; the third, on earth, has quite enough, indeed too much, to do with the affairs of human life, that in the waters, presides over inundations and shipwrecks; the fifth, in the upper strata of the earth, occasions earthquakes, and accidents in mines and wells; the sixth, still lower down, is actively employed in the affairs of human society. Among these last there are well-defined gradations of rank, from the 'arch-enemy' Satan himself, down to the lowest skote.

We here learn how it was that witches and wizards were generally deserted, in their utmost need, by the gods, and how they formed engagements. In their ignorance, they had made contracts with low, vulgar demons, that had neither power to fulfil, nor sufficient honourable feeling to carry out, their engagements. In all cases, however, when the bargain was made with a demon of rank, the terms were most honourably fulfilled, though the extreme penalty of the bond was always exacted. Indeed, some necromancers of superlative cunning and audacity, managed to cheat the demons—turn a corner jinkin', as Burns says; but of such highly presumptuous and dangerous experiments, the less said the better. Necromancers who wished to possess a private demonical attendant of their own always at hand, could have one confined in a ring, button, box, phial, or other small portative in the midst thereof a man of such monstrous hugeness, that, astonished therewith, they fled to the village, reporting what they had seen; then, gathering together in greater numbers, with torches and some time passed, they returned to the cave, where they found the giant, whose like was never heard of before. In his left hand he held a mighty staff, so great and thick as a great mast of a ship. Seeing that he stared no, they took a good man and drew near him; but they had no sooner laid their hands upon him, than he fell to ashes, the bones only remaining—so monstrous, that the very skull of his head could hold in it a bushel of wheat. His whole skeleton being measured, was found to be 140 cubits or more.'

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he dwelt. So he prepared two images, according to a prescription made and provided in Abel’s ancient book aforesaid, and having burned one of them at each end of the street, no horse or other beast of draught or burden could ever after pass the spots where those images were interred. He also made another image, from directions in the same book, and threw it into a fountain; and the effect of this wonderful image was such, that every pitcher touched by the waters of that fountain immediately fell to pieces. This certainly seems to have been a very mischievous trick, even though perpetrated by a saint; and it also savours of a tampering with forbidden arts. But our author sets us right on the latter score. Using the influence of the planets, he tells us, is so very lawful. The sleepy girl, slightly dressed in white night-clothes, losing her way, wandered over half the town, before she reached the church; and then, too stupid to give any explanation, frightened a silly sexton before she returned her mistress’s horse with the burning candle. But, in the meantime, the mistress herself, not choosing to wait in the dark, set off for the church, and also returned with a lighted candle in her hand. Now, it happened that a sick neighbour saw the two women, and his mind being wounded by disease, magnified their number to a considerable extent. The sexton partly corroborated the sick man; and as the story travelled, the number multiplied till the middle of the day, when it was currently reported and believed that a penitential procession of two thousand ghosts carrying lighted tapers had passed through the town during the previous night. For, says Ludovico, who tells the story, ‘let but one such matter as this come amongst the common people, and it will grow so, from mouth to mouth, that at last of a nilfe they will make an elephant.’

The fourth day’s discourse, suggested by the arrangement of the flowers in the garden, is upon chance, fortune, destiny, luck, felicity, and happiness—what they signify, the difference between them, and many other learned and curious points; and forms a very interesting chapter, far in advance of the age in which it was written. Astrology, and the supposed influence of the stars, at man’s birth, on his future destiny, are treated as ridiculous absurdities; while ignorance and misconduct are shown to be the principal causes of human misfortunes and miseries. Here Antonio tells a story of some mowers, who found, in a meadow they were cutting, a miserable leper that had crawled thither to die. The contagious nature of the disease, and the hideously disgusting state of the poor wretch, deterred them from attempting to render him any assistance. On going to their mid-day meal, however, they found that a viper had crept into and been drowned in their wine-jar. This rendered them very poisonous; but they had crept into, the leper became rather jolly than otherwise. In short, the mowers, instead of being philanthropic poisons, as they thought, were a sort of pre-Hannahemanite homeopathists; for the venom of the viper counteracted the virulence of the leprosy. Can it be, in all this, that man was not just as it is? The isle ‘So,’ continues Antonio, ‘as all herbs, beasts, and stones contain good and profitable virtues, we should not attribute to the stars the misfortunes that bed us, but rather to our own ignorance, which deems a few symptoms from properly administering to our health. Concluding, therefore, I say, that pestilential and infectious diseases are not caused by the stars, but by matters of the earth itself infecting the airs as dead carrions, corrupted carcases, sinks, muddies, and putrefactions. The account is not about fifty years, in which but little in comparison with the greater and deformity of its proportions and members. In head is as great as half its body, and round short full of horns, longer than those of an ox. It has four great feet, like to those with which you see dragons usually painted; and besides the two eyes in its head, it had two others in its sides, and one in its belly; and on the ridge of its neck certain black bristles, as strong and hard as though they had been iron or steel. This monster was carried to Antwerp and there live many who will witness to have seen the same.’

Among a number of wonderful fishes, we may only mention another, found in the rivers of Sweden. Its name is trevis; it is black in winter, and white at summer. ‘Its marvellous property is such, that binding it fast with a cord, and letting it down at the bottom of the river, if there be any gold or silver sands thereof, the same eleventh fast to its tail, which, how great soever the pieces may be, will fall off from it till they are taken off; so that some persons in that country use no other occupation to earn their living than this.’

Coming to our own shores, Antonio says: ‘There is a town in Scotland, the benefit arising to which...’
from an abundance of ducks, is so great and wonderful that I cannot pass it over. There is, near this town, a mighty cliff, a raggy rock, to which, at breeding-time, these fowls are addicted in such quantities, that they resemble immense dark clouds rather than anything else. The first two or three days they hover aloft, flying up and down about the rock; during which time, the people of the town sit not out of their doors, for fear of frightening them. The ducks, seeing all things silent and still, settle themselves boldly, and fill the rock with nests. Their sight is so sharp and piercing that, while fluttering over the town which borders the seashore, or see the fish through the water, which—incessantly plunging themselves into the same—they snap up with such facility, that it is scarcely to be believed but by him who hath seen it. Then the towns-people, knowing the ways and passages, get up into this rock, and not only sustain themselves by the fish which they find in the nests, but maintain a great traffic by selling them in other towns. When they perceive that the young birds are ready to fly, the people—in order to enjoy the benefit of the fish the longer—pluck their wings, detaining them in the nests many days, and at last take and eat them, their flesh being very tender and of good smack. These ducks are never seen in that region but at such time as the young birds are kept back from them, yet they never fail to come as many as the rock can hold. The generality of wonderful stories are founded on some slight substratum of truth; through the foregoing cloud of exaggeration, our creatures, desiring the Bass Rock and its feathered tenantry of gannets.

The sixth and last day's conversation was held in an arbour of sweetly-scented jessamine, where, in the intervals of speaking, the ears of our three ancient friends were regaled with the sweet and delectable song of nightingales, which, in their opinion, far excelled the curious forced harmony of musicians. As we must part with them, we surely cannot leave them in a more pleasant place; and so, at once, we shall say farewell to The Gardens of Flowers.

A RIDE ACROSS SARDINIA.

Assuming, dear reader, that you are not tired of Sardinia, but quite fresh with the thoughts of these wild creatures who inhabit it, I propose to take you across the island to Cagliari. You go by rough paths, over lofty mountains, attended by a guide who is quite a character. He carries a long rifle, and wears a slouched hat; is acquainted with everything and everybody; he is an intimate friend of the terrible bandit, whose stronghold you have to cross; he is on most affectionate terms with the padres of the different villages; and to know the village priest, is to know everybody. Well, you must trust yourself—horse and limb, money and all—for him for the next few days or weeks, and he will not fail you; he may just courteously cheat you out of a stray asodore or two, in the way of business—first, because you are an Englishman, and, of course, supposed to have mines of wealth; and, next, because you are a heretic—so the saints would only smile on the fault. Beyond this, he will do nothing to harm you: on the contrary, at each village, as he passes along, he will receive you with open arms, and propose, so that there will be a positive rush to catch a passing glimpse of the grand ‘Mildoro Inglese’—not that they have the smallest idea of what a Mildoro Inglese really means—an ‘Inca of Peru’ would be quite as intelligible to them as a ‘Mildoro Inglese’; but that there is this one time in the year, usually at the beginning of May or beginning of June—lovely sky, a country teeming with a varied and most abundant vegetation, not perhaps highly cultivated, but filled in a simple and primitive manner. The vineyards are especially luxuriant—no wonder that the wines of the island are so superior to those of Italy—the olive-grounds extensive, and when the orange-groves—you realise the garden of the Hesperides at Millis, and positively ride for miles through an orange-grove. But we are travelling too fast: we must halilong enough before getting to Millis; and how pleasant it is to watch the unpacking of those huge bocce: a piece of roast wild boar—excellent!—birds boiled and rolled in myrtle-leaves—Umph I say. Ah, they don’t look so well as they taste! Very white bread, and very red wine—green myrtle-branches for cups and plates and little twigs for forks—a hunting-knife to carve with. But the sun is very hot, and you can take a siesta under these lovely trees—on that sweet bank of wild-flowers, without any fear of cold, cramp, or rheumatism. And what wild vines and flowers, cheerful, healthy; others squalid, dirty. Alas, alas; and here, in these low, ill-drained situations, will presently come the dreaded intensario, the scourge of this beautiful land. The season is early yet; you will, I hope, escape it; but see how mufles up his head at sunset in the hood of his rugged cabanetta, surmounting the whole with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. He has had it once, and will not forget. You laugh at his precautions. Take care! And now you wonder where you will find the lovely locandas there are few. You need no care for this in hospitable, kindly Sardinia, only you must not always carry your ideas of fastidious refinement with you; they will occasionally cause you trouble and vexation of spirit.

The kindly dwelling of a squire of a village, with its simple and unpretending apartments, will be ever ready to welcome you; and what an amusing compound of extreme good and Ignorance, and superstitiousness is this village priest. Like his native molenta, how carefully does he revolve in his little orbit of daily duties, doing out his kindnesses; and, his charities and hospitalities also, on the miserable pittance assigned him for the cure of souls. He will give you a marvellously good supper, good wine, and perhaps a good joke too, for they are not saceetics; but, then, after supper comes bed, and with beds in Sardinia come fleas also—not in pairs, dear reader, not even in marts, but in swarms; and these sanguine little monsters, form themselves into heavy brigades, and make the attack en masse.

But you have a letter of introduction to the Seigneur of ——; your guide has been long desiring the grandeur of his house at Sussari, and also his campana, which you are now rapidly approaching. You have for many hours been within his feudal domain.

You, somehow, can connect feudalism only with the middle ages; but here, in this far-off, squalid, out-of-the-way land, you are in the very midst of it. The impression on your mind, drawn from the vivid picturing of the old priest last night, and of the guide all the morning, falls sadly short, as you behold the large tumble-down, quocst-looking building, which for some centuries has from time to time received within its walls the successive representatives of the F—— family during the hot summer months. You have a recent and very vivid recollection of fine English country-seats, and you will notice, so that there will be a positive rush to catch a passing glimpse of the grand ‘Mildoro Inglese’—not that they have the smallest idea of what a Mildoro Inglese really means—an ‘Inca of Peru’ would be quite as intelligible to them as a ‘Mildoro Inglese’; but that there is this one time in the year, usually at the beginning of May or beginning of June—lovely sky, a country teeming with a varied and most abundant vegetation, not perhaps highly cultivated, but filled
containing the signora, the young ladies, and their female attendants, but three days ago. There, under yonder shed, is the se plus ultra of antique and clumsy contrivances, in which they were dragged—once over your head, jolting, creaking, and tumbling; and sadly bruised they would have been, but for the family supply of wool-bedding which wedged them softly and tightly in.

But the guide has announced you with every flourishing title his inventive brain could suggest; it is in vain that your English taste for truth rebels; he has you at his mercy, and you have no chance of convincing him that you are not the Lord Chancellor, or her Majesty’s prime-minister, travelling incognito, on her Majesty’s private service.

Forth come a troop of clamorous dogs, and another troop of equally clamorous domestic cats, the very antipodes of our solemn and decorous Johns and Sarahs; and there, somewhere in the midst, stands the seigneur himself, hat in hand. He has a kind and curiously look, one may read his Spanish descent in every line of his high-bred features. There is pride, too; but not of that quality which degenerates into insufferable insolence. No, he estimates himself somewhat highly, perhaps; but in doing so, he has no desire to depreciate you. He is delighted to receive you, and he tells you—your advent is an immense relief to the monotony of his country-life.

His cousin, with his grated cheese, es pressant, that he has very few resources—the idea of reading has not struck him particularly; he has practised it but little since he left the Jeunot’s College at Cagliara; he delights in the wild-boar hunt, and takes great interest in the success of his vineyards and olive-groves, from the produce of which, and the mullets exacted from his feuars, his income is principally derived. Well, the seigneur triumphantly ushers you into his ancestral casa di campagna. There are many apartments, furnished with extreme simplicity. It is plain, the villeggiatura is a sort of encampment. The seigneur gives some orders to the domestic throng who buzz and clatter about him; some macaroni and tomatoes are drawn forth from an ancient-looking wicker-work hamper, and the principal is served with much chattering and gesticulating, hauled away to be cooked. Meanwhile, you are courteously offered some fruit and wine, by way of temporary refreshment; after which you stroll out to look after your good little hounds. The seigneur is intensely interested—his sure-footed sagacity having spared you many a terrible fall—and you begin to regard him as a thinking and reasoning being. After many mutuel caresses, you take your leave of him to lounge round the campagna, which you find a perfect labyrinth of orange, lemon, and mulberry trees, though with open spots here and there adorned with a few flowers, wildly scattered, and but carelessly tended. Your English notions of smooth lawns and gay exteriors vividly suggest themselves; you wonder that something of the kind has not been thought of here, where nature is so bountiful; you wonder, too, whether the pretty, dark-eyed, sylph-like damigella, of whom you accidentally caught a glimpse at an upper balcony, does not love flowers; and, if so, why she does not amuse herself by tending the graceful things she so much resembles.

And now you are rather anxious perhaps to stray beneath that magic balcony, for you fancy you heard the lovely airista in Alma inaudita,—

Al dolce quidem,
Castel nato,
Al verdi pianeti,
Al queto rio, &c,

in the softest and fullest of female voices.

But here comes the marchese again, bringing seng with him a priest, a certain Padre Benedetto, to whom you have no particular care to be introduced. The priest, like many other Sard priests, has large beard features, clothed chest in black, round head, keen black eyes, and peculiarly dark unctuous complexions: he takes snuff prodigiously, uses a red cotton handkerchief—makes you a bow and a compliment at every third word. You consider him decidedly a boor, till his loquacity is becoming intolerably tiresome, as you wish to hear the remainder of the lovely story, now in full progress—you, in self-defence, make less and interjections in return, still straining your ears to catch the dulcet sounds; and just as

Cota diminetio,
De corsi affannii,
there comes an official, the maggior domo; he makes bows more profound than the padre, says a flourishing term, and with many salutes to you signoria illustre, announces dinner. Dinner has an imposing sound, it is an era in the air, especially in the travelling day—it is the rest for man and horse during the moontide heat. Let us see what the marchese will produce in the approved style: there is a tower of luscious fruit in the centre; little appetite-exciting condiments at the corners, such as anchovies, hot pickles, dried sausages, &c. These are barely touched, for here comes in minestra with its grated cheese—not soup, for reader, good or bad as you are accustomed to meet with it—for minestra is broth flavoured with grated cheese, and slightly thickened with vermicelli. And now come a host of dishes, all different in taste, but all composed of one kind of meat; and

This, you would never have discovered, had it not been for the over-anxiety of your host, who laments in fervid tones the total absence of game, fish, or poultry; tells you that had he had the smallest idea of your visit, he would certainly have procured them; but he has not hunted since his arrival; and there is not a market within—I dare not say how many miles—not a shop: so he had no time—no opportunity.

The secret, therefore, is, that out of the sheep killed for family dinners, sausages, &c, the marchese concocted, much to the honour and glory of the marchese’s chef de cuisine, who, no doubt, is all this time secretly rejoicing at this opportunity of making a signal display of his culinary skill. And really—barring the injury by the consumption of oil and garlic—you are very much of his opinion. Meanwhile, as the repast progresses, you become nervous curiosity as to the sounds in the house; you expect each time any of the huge doors are opened, to see the hour of the balcony; but she comes not; so you give her up in silent despair. You are not aware that some fragments of old Spanish customs yet linger here, and that this is one: you will not see her here; you might probably see her at church with the capital; on the public walk, with attended by a matronly duenna, or just possibly at the operas; but she is well watched and guarded: most likely, she is betrothed to some neighbouring marchese, and will shortly be united to him without much consolation of her individual fancies.

In the meanwhile—and as you are brooding over your disappointment—on speeds the dinner. Some asprios, lightly fried in oiling oil, and dusted over with sugar, are really exquisite. You testily pass down those in season. But the marchese is enchanted, and loudly commends your taste. You, accustomed to liveried automotes of the Jamese style, are perfectly thunderstruck at his rudeness, but perceive that it is perfectly well received. And now the little tower of fruit is attacked; and very excellent coffee and cogni
supersede the wines, which were superlative. The padre, after a very elaborate application of the orange-wood mixture, seemed entitled to a quiet siesta, from which he will not awake for two good hours. The marquise is hovering between politeness and intense drowsiness; he has strained his eyes three times to make you a suitable reply to an observation; and at length—just as he tried to remark to you that he had heard at Terra Firma that England was a magnificent city—his words died away in a deep sonorous snore, to which, induced by example, you yourself at length willingly respond. So now, again, I say for the present, adios.

MORE BIRDS AS OBSERVED BY ME.

In Peeblesshire, amongst the green rounded hills of the south of Scotland, is the sweetly retired pastoral Vale of Manor, permeated by a little clear stream, in which it was my delight in school-days to throw my rod and line. I could tell every pool where a trout lay. But I adverts to the stream now with a design of saying a little about the water-ousel or water-crow, which I was wont to observe while engaged in this, my favourite sport. It is a little bird, rather smaller than a thrush, black all over the body except its breast, which is white. It is easily made out by this character. Sometimes it was perched upon a stone in the middle of the stream; sometimes on the gravel at the very edge; and often flying past, over the centre of the water. There were still two other retreats chosen by this bird—a hole in the bank, or one of the lowest branches of some elder-tree which grew over deep pools.

On being disturbed by any one walking up the river-bank, the water-crow, on rising, as frequently flies down-stream past you, as away up-stream before you. It is not a very shy bird, and, though I should have been sorry to have killed one, still I could not resist having many a shot with stones, as it went whirling over the water in its straight, rapid flight. I never hit one. If you take the trouble of watching the habits of this little bird, you will find the following remarks true: I have observed it carefully before venturing to write about it, and of course I know that others have written about it long ago. 1. When standing on a stone in the middle of the water, it has a habit of nodding its head and threatening to be off many times, before it opens its wings to be gone; it even partly loses its balance when dip, dipping in this way, though it always recovers itself again. 2. When standing thus, it, for the most part, keeps its head towards you, and more frequently its side than its back. When started, it prefers making the turn in the air, to simply turning itself on the stone—that is to say, if it intends flying from you; but I have as often observed it leave the stone, dive under water for an instant, and then fly past you. If there are companions with you, the water-crow will often quit the course of the stream in its flight past; but when it has flown about a hundred yards, it resumes the water-course, and alights soon: half a circle is often flown over in this way. Sometimes it will do this for a single person even.

2. The water-crow feeds on aquatic insects, the spawn of salmon, &c.; and on these foods, it dives usually in the streams, and propels itself under water by its wings and feet. This is a strange habit, and gave me much amusement, though it was only upon two occasions I was witness of the fact. It was looking after these small fish that I saw it full of warm ditty strike home, like cheerful words from an old friend. Besides, it so often sits by the road-sides.

trout as well. I once found a nest with three small white eggs under a cascade on the Tilland Hills. While I was standing by the fall, a water-crow burst through it from the inside, and flew fifty yards down the burn, where it alighted. I waded in and got under the water-fall, where I discovered the nest on a shelf of rock, with water dripping on it; the construction of the nest, however, was so ingenious, that though wet outside, the inside was quite dry, and the eggs warm. When I was putting on my shoes and stockings on the bank, the bird returned, and again darting through the torrent, reached its nest. I thought this shewed great courage. These are the only points regarding the water-crow worth noticing, that I can remember.

Of all the birds which help to add to one's enjoyment of summer-time, the one I fancied most was the yellow-hammer, or, as we called it, the yellow-ylr. This is a simple little bird, and has a song apt to be unnoticed by many, but never by me. I may remark that I have recognised the seasons, spring and summer, not so much from their visible phenomena, as from the songs of birds calling up the association. And summer was not summer for me, unless the yellow-ylr charmed her simple roundelay from the green hedgerows.

I have often thought that the seasons are ushered in to almost every one by some little favourite association. Thus, spring to you is perhaps not spring without violets, or primroses, or budding trees; for me, the song of the lark, the mavis, the cuckoo—is spring. Flowers are your spring—birds are mine. The same with summer, you cannot think of that season—the word itself cannot be sounded, without your calling up something summer-like, such as green leaves or shady lanes. I see summer at any other time in the year, by thinking of the yellow-ylr; for the song of that bird has always had the feel of that warm season.

If the weather is warm and genial, the song of this bird is sure to be in full measure. Its favourite position is on the top of some hedgerow, where it appears very like a brownish-yellow ball of feathers. The notes begin suddenly and end in a prolonged cadence, something like the following words, familiar to many a school-boy:

\[ \text{Viooe} \]

A little bit of bread, but no-oh ch-e-e-e.

If the day happens to be chilly, the yellow-ylr's notes reach only as far as

A little bit of bread, but no-oh——

with a sudden break-off before coming to the cheese; and if she is not at all in singing mood, she is longer in the intervals, and then content herself with simply

A little bit of bread.

In cold weather, these notes are sung sharply and quickly, with a kind of shiver; but when enjoying the full meridian sun, she will sit on her favourite hedgetop for an hour at a time, sounding to her mate, as often as once or twice a minute, her plaintive calls for

A little bit of bread, but no-oh cheese.

This fancy about the yellow-ylr must have often struck many a one; for though its sweet notes may be uttered in vain for many a passer-by, still I know there must be those who feel warm ditty strike home, like cheerful words from an old friend. Besides, it so often sits by the road-sides.

I must just add that this little favourite's petitions
for bread in summer-time so many times repeated
ten, were not forgotten when winter came round; for
it always came in for a share of the crumbs scattered
from the cottage-door.

O C E O L A:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XCVII.—DEVILS OR ANGELS?

Was I enduring the torments of the future world?
Were those its fiends that grinned and gibbered
around me?

See! they scatter and fall back! Some one
approaches, who can command them. Pluto himself?
No, it is a woman. A woman here? Is Proserpine?
If a woman, surely she will have mercy upon me?
Vain hope! there is no mercy in hell. Oh, my
brain! horror, horror!

There are women—these are women—they look
not fiends; no, they are angels. Would they were
angels of mercy!

But they are. See! one interferes with the fire.
With her foot, she dashes it back, scattering the
fagots in furious haste. Who is she?

If I were alive, I should call her Haj-Ewa; but
dead, it must be her spirit below.

There is another; she: another, younger and fairer.
If they be angels, this must be the loveliest in heaven.
It is the spirit of Maimée!

How comes she in this horrid place—amongst fiends?
It is not the abode for her: she had no crime that
should send her here.

Where am I? Have I been dreaming? I was on
fire just now—only my brain it was that was
burning; my body was cold enough. Where am I?

Who are you that stand over me, pouring coolness
upon my head? Are you not Haj-Ewa, the mad
queen?

Whose soft fingers are those I feel playing upon
my temple? Oh, the exquisite pleasure imparted
by their touch! Bend down, that I may look upon
your face, and thank you—Maimée! Maimée!

I was not dead. I lived. I was saved. It was
Haj-Ewa, and not her spirit, that poured water
over me; it was Maimée herself whose beautiful
brilliant eyes were looking into mine; no wonder I
could not be as blind as an angel. Caramba! you no
interfered. Pile back the fires!

Yamasses! cried Haj-Ewa, advancing towards
the Indians, 'obey him not! If you do, dread the wrath
of Wykome! His spirit will be angry, and follow you
in vengeance. Wherever you go, the chita mico will
be on your path, its rattle in your ears. It will bite
your heel as you wander in the woods. Thun king of
the serpents, speak I not truth?'

As she uttered the interrogatory, she raised the
rattle-snake in her hands, holding it so that it might
be distinctly seen by those whom she addressed.
At that instant, the reptile hissed, accompanying the
sibilation with a sharp 'skrak' of its tail.

Who could doubt that it was an answer in the
affirmative? Not the Yamasses, who stood awe
bound and trembling in the presence of the mighty
sorceress.

And you, black runaways and renegades, who
have no god, and fear not Wykome, dare to rebuild
the fire—dare to lift one fagot—and you shall take
the place of your captives. A greater than you
yellow monster your chief will soon be on the ground.
Ho! yonder the Rising Sun! He comes! he comes!

As she ceased speaking, the hoof-strokes of a horse
echoed through the glade, and a hundred voices
simultaneously raised the shout:

'Océola! Océola!'

That cry was grateful to my ears. Though
already rescued, I had begun to fear it might
prove only a short reprieve. Our delivery from death
was still far from certain; our advocates were but wit
women; the mulatto king, backed by his ferocious
followers, would scarcely have yielded to their demands.
Alike disregarded would have been their threats
and entreaties. The fires would have been rekindled, and
the execution carried on to its end.

In all probability, this would have been the event
had not Océola in good time arrived upon the ground.
His appearance, and the sound of his voice, at once
assured me. Under his protection, we had nothing
more to fear, and a soft voice whispered in my ear
that he came as our deliverer.

His errand was soon made manifest. He drew
bridle, and halted near the middle of the camp,
directly in front of us. I saw him, dismount from
his fine black horse—like himself, splendidly
caparisoned; the black reins to a shining sword,
descenting the spot, he stopped, and gazed seawards
looking towards us. His port was superb; in
costume brilliantly picturesque; and once more I
beheld those three ostrich plumes—the real ones
that had so often mocked in my suspicious fancy.

When he approached the three Americo, who stood
looking towards us. He might have smiled at the
absurd situation, but his countenance betrayed no
trace of levity; on the contrary, it was serious and
sympathetic. I fancied it was so.

For some moments, he stood in a fixed attitude,
without saying a word.

His eyes wandered from one to the other of
them, and at last, his eyes met mine. He smiled
smilingly at me. His smile was apologetic; but
sympathetic. I fancied it was so.

For some moments, he stood in a fixed attitude,
without saying a word.

His eyes wandered from one to the other of
them, and at last, his eyes met mine. He smiled
smilingly at me. His smile was apologetic; but
sympathetic. I fancied it was so.

For some moments, he stood in a fixed attitude,
without saying a word.
he came up, the trampling of a large troop had been heard; and it was evident that his warriors were in the woods not far distant. A single Yo-ho-hee, in the well-known voice of their chief, would have brought them upon the ground before its echoes had died.

The yellow king seemed himself to be aware of their proximity; hence it was that he replied not. A word at that moment might have proved his last; and, with a sulky frown upon his face, he remained silent.

"Release them!" said Ocoela, addressing the ci-devant diggers; "and be careful how you handle your spades; Randolph!" he continued, bending over me, "I fear I have scarcely been in time. I was far off when I heard of this, and have ridden hard. You have been wounded; are you badly hurt?"

I attempted to express my gratitude, and assure him I was not much injured; but my voice was so weak and hoarse as to be hardly intelligible. It grew stronger, however, as those fair fingers administered the refreshing draught, and we were soon conversing freely.

Both of us were quickly 'uneathered;' and, with free limbs, stood once more upon open ground. My first thoughts were to rush towards my sister, who, to my surprise, was seated, and was just raising in the chief.

"Patience!" said he; "not yet—not yet. Matimee will go and assure her of your safety. See, she knows it already! Go, Matimee! Tell Miss Randolph, her brother is safe, and will come presently; but she must remain where she is—only for a little while. Go, sister, and cheer her."

Turning to me, he added in a whisper:

"She has been placed yonder for a purpose; you shall see. Come with me; I shall show you a spectacle that may astonish you. There is not a moment to be lost. I hear the signal from my spies. A minute more, and we are too late. Come—come!"

Without opposing a word, I hastened after the chief, who walked rapidly towards the nearest edge of the woods.

He entered the timber, but went no further. When fairly under cover of the thick foliage, he stopped, turned round, and stood facing towards the spot we had left.

Obedient to a sign, I imitated his example.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE END OF ARENS RINGGOLD.

I had not the slightest idea of the chief's intention, or what was the nature of the spectacle I had been promised.

Somewhat impatient, I questioned him.

"A new way of winning a mistress," said he with a smile.

"But who is the lover? who is to be the mistress?"

"Patience, Randolph, and you shall see. Oh, it is a rare experiment, a most cunning farce, and would be laughable were it not for the tragedy that accompanies it. You shall see. But for a faithful friend, I should not have known of it, and would not have been here to witness it. For my presence and your life, as it now appears—more still, perhaps—the honour of your life, you are indebted to Haj-Ewa."

"Noble woman!"

"Hast! they are near; I hear the tread of hoofs. One, two, three. Yes, it must be they; yes, yonder—so!"

I looked in the direction pointed out. A small party of horsemen, half-a-dozen in all, was seen emerging from the timber, and riding with a burst into the open ground. As soon as they were fairly uncovered, they spurred their horses to a gallop, and with loud yells, dashed rapidly in the midst of the camp. On reaching this point, they fired their pieces—apparently into the air—and then continuing their shouts, rode on towards the opposite side.

I saw that they were white men. This surprised me; but what astonished me still more was that I knew them—at least I knew their faces, and recognized the men as some of the most worthless scamps of our own settlement. But a third surprise awaited me, on looking more narrowly at their leader. Him I knew well. Again it was Arens Ringgold!

I had not time to recover from this third surprise, when still a fourth was before me. The men of the camp—both negroes and Yamarthes—appeared terrified at this puny attack, and scattering off, hid themselves in the bushes. They yelled loudly enough, and some fired their guns as they retreated, but like the attacking party, their shots appeared to be discharged into the air!

Mystery of mysteries! I what could it mean?

I was about to inquire once more, when I observed that my companion was occupied with his own affairs, and evidently did not desire to be disturbed. I saw that he was looking to his rifle, as if examining the sights.

Glancing back into the glade, I perceived that Ringgold had advanced close to where my sister was seated, and was just beginning to raise in the chief. I heard him address her by name, and pronounce some phrase of congratulation. He appeared about to dismount, with the design of approaching her on foot, while his men, still upon horseback, were galloping through the camp, a buzzing fiercely, and firing their pistols in the air.

"His hour is come," muttered Ocoela, as he glided past me—"a fate deserved and long delayed; it has come at last;" and with these words, he stepped forth into the open ground.

I saw him raise his piece to the level with the muzzle pointed towards Ringgold, and the instant after, the report rang over the camp. The shrill Ca-ha-Queen pealed from his lips as the planter's horse sprang forward with an empty saddle, and the rider himself was seen struggling upon the grass.

His followers uttered a terrified cry; and with fear and astonishment depicted in their looks, galloped back into the bushes—without even waiting to exchange a word with their wounded leader, or a shot with the man who had wounded him.

"My aim has not been true," said Ocoela, with singular coolness; "he still lives. I have received much wrong from him and his—very much wrong—or I might say, his wretched life. But no; my vow must be kept; he must die!"

As he said this, he rushed after Ringgold, who had regained his feet, and was making towards the bushes, as if with a hope of escape.

A wild scream came from the terrified wretch as he saw the avenger at his heels. It was the last time that voice was ever heard.

In a few bounds, Ocoela was by his side—the long blade glittered for an instant in the air; and the downward blow was given so rapidly, that the stroke could scarcely be perceived.

The blow was instantaneously fatal. The knees of the wounded man suddenly bent beneath him, and he sank lifeless on the spot, where he had been struck, his body after death remaining doubled up as it had fallen.

"The fourth and last of my enemies," said Ocoela, as he returned to where I stood; "the last of those who deserved my vengeance, and against whom I had vowed it."

"Scott?" I inquired.

"He was the third: he was killed yesterday, and by this hand."

"Hitherto, he continued after a moment's silence, "I have fought for revenge: I have had it. I have
plain many of your people. I have had full satisfaction; and henceforth—"

The speaker made a long pause.

"Henceforth?" I mechanically inquired.

"I care but little about it," she added.

As Opeula uttered these strange words, she sank down upon a prostrate trunk, covering his face with his hands. I saw that he did not expect a reply.

There was a sadness in his tone, as though some deep sorrow lay upon his heart, that could neither be controlled nor comforted. I had noticed it before; and, thinking he would rather be left to himself, I walked silently away.

A few moments after, I held my dear sister in my arms while Jake was comforting Viola in his black embrace.

His old rival was no longer near. During the sham attack, he had imitated his followers, and disappeared from the field; but, though most of the latter were instantly despatched in search of the missing chief; but after a while, these came back without having found any traces of him.

One only seemed to have discovered a clue to his disappearance. The following of Kingold consisted of a report that the Indian chief had gone for some distance along the path by which they had retreated. Instead of five, there were six sets of horse-tracks upon their trail.

The report appeared to produce an unpleasant impression upon the mind of Opeula. Fresh scouts were sent forth, with orders to bring back the mulatto, living or dead.

The stern command proved that there were strong doubts about the fidelity of the yellow chief, and the warriors of Opeula appeared to share the suspicions of their leader. The patriot party had suffered from defections of late. Some of the smaller clans, wearied of fighting, and wasted by a long season of famine, had followed the white men, whom the tribe Omala, and delivered themselves up at the fort. Though, in the battles hitherto fought, the Indians had generally been successful, they knew that their white foemen far outnumbered them, and that in the end the latter must necessarily prevail. The spirit of revenge, for wrongs long endured, had stimulated them at the first; but they had obtained full measure of vengeance, and were content. Love of country—attachment to their old homes—mere patriotism was now balanced against the dread of almost complete annihilation. The latter weighed heaviest in the scale.

The war-spirit was no longer in the ascendant. Perhaps, at this time, had overtures of peace been made, the Indians would have laid down their arms, and consented to the removal. Even Opeula could scarcely have prevented their acceptance of the conditions; and it was doubtful whether he would have made the attempt. Gifted with genius, with full knowledge of the strength and character of his enemy, he must have foreseen the disaster that was yet to befal his followers and his nation. It could not be otherwise.

Was it a gloomy forecast of the future that imparted to him that melancholy air, now so observable both in his words and acts? Was it this, or was there a still deeper sorrow—the anguish of a hopeless passion—the drear heart longing for a love he might never hope to obtain?

To me, it was a moment of strong emotion, as the young chief approached the spot where my sister was seated. Even then was I the victim of unhappy suspicions; and with eager scrutiny, I scanned the countenances of both as they met.

Surely, I was wronging both. On neither could I detect a trace of aught that should give me uneasiness. The bearing of the chief was simply pitiful and respectful. The looks of my sister were but the expression of unfeigned gratitude.

Opeula spoke first:

"I have to ask your forgiveness, Miss Randolph, in the scene you have been forced to witness; but I could not permit this man to escape. Lady! 'twas your generous spirit, as much as his own, that inspired the co-operation of the mulatto, who had planned his ingenious deception, with the design of inducing you to become his wife; but falling in this, the mask would have been thrown off, and you—and I seal at this moment to your soul. It is fortunate I arrived in time."

"Brave Opeula!" exclaimed Virginia, "twice have you preserved the lives of my brother and myself—more than our lives. We have neither words or power to thank you; I can offer only this pen token to prove my gratitude."

As she said this, she advanced towards the chief, and handed him a folded parchment, which she had drawn from her bosom.

Opeula recognised the document; it was the title-deeds of his patrimonial estate.

"Thanks, thanks!" he replied, while a sad smile played upon his lips. "It is indeed an act of disinterested friendship. Alas! is it come too late? She who once coveted to possess this precious paper—who so much longed to return to that one loved home—is no more. My mother is dead. On yesternight, her spirit passed away."

It was news even to Mallimee, who, bursting into a wild paroxysm of grief, fell upon the neck of my sister. Their arms became entwined, and both wept— their tears mingling as they fell.

There was silence, broken only by the sobs of the girl, and at intervals the voice of Virginia, murmuring words of consolation. Opeula himself appeared too much affected to speak.

After a while, he awoke himself from his sorrowing attitude.

"Come, Miss Randolph!" said he, "we must not dwell on the past, while such a doubtful future is before us. You must go back to your home, and rebuild it. You have lost only a house; your rich lands still remain, and your negroes shall be restored to you. You have restored my people to their home. This is no place for her," and he nodded towards Virginia; "you need not stay your departure another moment. Horses are ready. I myself shall conduct you to the borders, and beyond that, you have no longer an enemy to fear."

As he pronounced the last words, he looked significantly towards the body of the planter, still lying near the edge of the woods. I understood his meaning, but made no reply.

"And she," I said. "The forest is a rude home— especially in such times—may she go with us?"

My words had reference to Mallimee.

The chief grasped my hand, and held it with earnest pressure. With joy, I beheld gratitude sparkling in his eyes.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed—"thanks for that friendly offer: it was the very favour I would have refused. You speak true; the trees must shelter her no more, Miss Randolph! I can trust you—with her life—wilt her honour. Take her to your home!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEATH-WARNING.

The sun was going down in the west, as we took our departure from the Indian camp. For myself I had not the slightest idea of the direction in which we
should go; but with such a guide, there was no danger of losing the way.

We were far from the settlements of the Suwanee—a long day's journey—and we did not expect to reach home before another sun should set. That night there would be moonlight—if the clouds did not hinder it—and it was our intention to travel throughout the early part of the night, and then encamp. By this means, the journey of to-morrow would be shortened.

To our guide the country was well known, and every road that led through it.

For a long distance, the route conducted through open woods, and we could all ride abreast; but the path grew narrower, and we were compelled to go by twos, or in single files. Habitually the young chief and I kept in the advance—our sisters riding close behind us. Behind these came Jake and Viola; and in the rear, half a dozen Indian horsemen—the body-guard of Oceola.

I wondered he had not brought with him more of his followers, and even expressed my surprise. He made light of the danger. The soldiers, he said, knew better than to be out after night; and for that part of the country, through which we were to travel by daylight, no troops ever strayed into it. Besides, there had been no scouting of late; the weather was too hot for such work. If we met any party of the enemy, let them do it rather than the other way round. From these, of course, we had nothing to fear. Since the war began, he had often travelled most of the same route alone. He appeared satisfied that there was no danger.

I was not. I knew that the path we were following must take us within a few miles of Fort King. I remembered the escape of Ringgold's crew. They were likely enough to have ridden straight to the fort, and communicated an account of the planter's death, garnished by a tale of their own brave attack upon the Indians. Among the authorities, Ringgold was no common man. A party might be organised to proceed to the camp. We were on the very road to meet them.

Another circumstance I thought of—the mysterious disappearance of the mulatto, as was supposed, in company with these men. It was enough to create suspicion. I expressed it to the chief.

'So fear,' said he, in reply; 'my trackers will be after them; they will bring me word in time. But no,' he added, hesitating, and for a moment appearing thoughtful; 'they may not get up with them before the night falls, and then—' You speak true, Randolph. I knew as well as you, I should not care for those foolish fellows; but the mulatto—that is different: he knows all the paths; and if it should be that he is turning traitor—if it— Well, we are astart now, and we must go on. You have nothing to fear; and as for me, Oceola never yet turned his back—and will not now—upon danger. Nay, will you believe me, Randolph, I rather seek it than otherwise?'

'Speak low, do not let them hear you say so.'

'Ah, yes!' he added, lowering his tone, and speaking in a half soliloquy; 'in truth, I long for its coming.'

Thus we were spoken with an emphasis that left no room to doubt of their earnestness.

Some deep melancholy had settled upon his spirit, and was praising upon it continually. What could be its cause?

I could remain silent no longer. Friendship, not curiosity, incited me. I volunteered the inquiry.

'You have observed it then? But not since we set out—not since you made that friendly offer? Ah, Randolph! you have rendered me happy. It was she alone that made the prospect of death so gloomy.'

'Why speak you of death?'

'Because it is near.'

'Not to you?'

'Yes, to me. The presentiment is upon me that I have not long to live.'

'Nonsense, Powell.'

'Friend, it is true—I have my death-warnings.'

'Come, Oceola! this is unlike you. Surely you are above such vulgar fancies! I will not believe you can entertain them.'

'Think you I speak of supernatural signs; of the screech of the qua-bird, or the hooting of the midnight owl—of omens in the air, the earth, or the water? No, no; I am above such shallow superstitions. For all that, I know I must soon die. It was wrong of me to call my death-warnings a presentiment—it is a physical fact that announces my approaching end—it is here.'

As he said this, he raised his hand, with a gesture as if to indicate the chest. I understood his melancholy meaning.

'I would rather,' he continued after a pause—'rather it had been my fate to fall upon the field of battle. True, death is not alluring in any shape, but that appears to me most preferable. I would rather, they would choose it rather than lose it, I hope.'

Ten times have I thus challenged death—gone half-way to meet it—but, like a coward or a coy bride, it refuses to meet me.'

There was something almost unearthly in the laugh that accompanied these last words—a strange simile—a strange man.

'I could scarcely make an effort to cheer him. In fact, he needed no cheering: he seemed happier than before. Had it not been so, my poor speech, assuring him of his robust looks, would have been words thrown away. He knew they were but the false utterance of friendship.

I had even suspected it myself. I had noticed the pallid skin—the attenuated fingers—the glassed and sunken eye. This, then, was the canker that was prostrating that noble spirit. I had assigned a far different cause.

The future fate of his sister had been the heaviest load upon his heart. He told me so as we went onward.

I need not repeat the promises I then made to him. It was not necessary they should be vows: my own happiness would hinder me from breaking them.

CHAPTER XVI.

OCEOLA'S FATE—CONCLUSION.

We were seated near the edge of the little opening where we had encamped—a pretty parterre, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers. The moon was shedding down a flood of silvery light, and objects around us appeared almost as distinctly as by day. The leaves of the tall palms, the waxen flowers of the magnolias, the yellow blossoms of the sand-aconitum trees, could all be distinguished in the clear moonbeams.

The four of us were seated together—brothers and sisters—conversing freely as in the olden time; and the scene vividly recalled the past.

But memory now produced only sad reflections, as it suggested thoughts of the future. Perhaps we four should never meet again. Gazing upon the doomed form before me, I had no heart for reminiscences of joy.

We had passed Fort King in safety—had encountered no white face—strange I should fear to meet men of my own race—and no longer had we any apprehension of danger, either from ambush or open
attack. The Indian guard, with black Jake in their midst, were near the centre of the glade, grouped by the fire, and cocking theirappers. So secure did the chieftain feel, that he had not even placed a sentinel on the entrance. His approach was utterly in danger, as he saw the nearest pass through the serried line, and stand secure beyond the reach of his vengeance.

It was but a fancied security on the part of the renegade. His death had been decreed, though it reached him from an unexpected quarter.

As he stood outside, and facing toward the captives, a dark form was seen gliding up from behind.

It was that of a woman—a majestie woman—whose grand beauty was visible even in the moonlight, though no one saw either her or her beauty. The prisoners alone were fronting her, and observed her approach.

It was a scene of only a few seconds' duration. The woman stole close up to the mulatto, and for a moment her arms appeared entwined around his neck.

There was the sheen of some object that in the moonlight gleamed like metal. It was a firing weapon—it was the dread cimeter.

The noise of its passage could be heard distinctly; and the following rose a wild cry of terror as its victim felt the cold contact of the reptile around his neck, and in sharp fangs entering his flesh.

The woman was seen suddenly to withdraw the serpent from her holds its glinting body over his head, she cried aloud:

'Grieve not, Oceola—thou art avenged! saith the chittamico has avenged you.'

Saying this, the woman glided rapidly away; and before the astonished listeners could cut off her retreat, she had entered among the bushes, and disappeared.

The horror-struck mulatto staggered over the ground, pale and terrifed, his eyes almost staring from their sockets. Men gathered around, and endeavored to administer remedies. Gunpowder and tobacco were tried; but no one knew the simples that would cure him.

It proved his death-wound; and before another sun went down, he ceased to live.

With Oceola's capture the war did not come—though I bore no further part in it—neither did it end with his death, which followed a few weeks later.

There was no formal execution of the prisoner, no court-martial execution of the dead, no formal court-martial heard the case, nor passed judgment, nor pronounced sentence on the prisoner. The case was tried by the war, and sentence passed before the war, and condemned by the war to death by the war. The sentence had been pronounced by the war, and the war had executed it.

Friends and enemies stood around him in his last hour, and listened to his dying words. Both alike wept. In that chamber of death, there was not a tearless cheek; and many a soldier's eye was moist as he listened to the muffled drum that made music over the grave of the noble Oceola.

After all, it proved to be the jovial captain who had won the heart of my capricious sister. It was long before I discovered their secret, which let light in upon a maze of mysteries; and I was so spited about their having concealed it from me, that I almost refused to share the plantation with them.

When I did so, at length—under threat of Virginia—no her solicitor—I kept what I considered the better half for myself and Matamie.

The old homestead remained ours, and a new housetaken upon—it—a fitting casket for the jewel it was destined to contain.

I had still an out-plantation to spare—the fine old Spanish clearing on the Tupelo creek. I wanted a
man to manage it, or rather a 'man and wife of good character, without incumbrances.'

And for this purpose, who could have been better than Black Jack and Virginia—since they completely answered the above conditions?

I had another freehold at my disposal—a very small one. It was situated by the edge of the swamp, and consisted of a log-cabin, with the most circum-
scribed of all 'clearest and brightest' for it. But this was already in possession of a tenant whom—although he paid me no rent—I would not have ejected for the world. He was an old alligator-hunter of the name of Simms.

Another of like 'kidney'—Weatherford by name—lived near on an adjoining plantation; but the two were often together as apart.

Both had suffered a good deal of rough handling in their youth, and told of all the hairbreadth escapes; and both were often heard to declare that the 'toughest scrape they ever knew' was 'the forest of dog-gone broom-pines, an' about ten thousand red Indians aroun' them.'

They did come clear out of this scrape, however, and lived long after to tell the tale with many a fanciful exaggeration.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Ten sessions of the learned and scientific societies are over; philosophers and savans, in common with under-graduates, are dispersing for 'the long,' and, except at the British Association meeting at Leeds in September next, science will not have much to say for herself before next November. The Fellows of the Royal Society have something to occupy their thoughts with in the shape of a new president, Lord Wrottesley, a well-known astronomer, and excellent man of business—has announced his intention to resign the chair at the Society's anniversary, next Sir Andrew's Day. This announcement has been made the occasion of appeals to the Fellows—in some instances, more wordy than wise—to lay aside flunkery, tuft-hunting, and so forth, and to ask why Mr Faraday should not be chosen. As it happens, Mr Faraday was asked to allow himself to be put in nomination; but, on those who know him best anticipated, he declined the honour. Sir Benjamin Brodie was next applied to; he has given his consent; and there is every reason to believe that he will be elected president when the time comes. The right course for the Royal Society, as well as for other people, is to do that which is best and wisest, without regard to what the world may think thereof.

Of things exhibited at the soirees of certain scientific societies, some, as for example, the large collection of water-colour landscapes painted by Mr Atkinson during his long travel in Oriental and Western Siberia. To most persons, the vast country in question is but a name, a patch on a map; but these views present it to the eye with its extraordinary characteristics of river, rock and mountain, and sky of marvellous splendour. And in that remote land, Russia is now developing its resources to the utmost, even to the borders of India and China. Other things which surprised all who saw them, were the products of Burmese naphtha, or Rangoon tar, as it is called commercially. Some account of this tar was communicated to the Royal Society, last year, by Mr Warren de la Rue, showing it to be rich in materials for the chemist; and since then, by diligent researches, most satisfactory results have been obtained. As Mr Barlow explained, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, the practical results have been worked out in the laboratory at Price's celebrated candle-factory at Vauxhall; and what these are was shown by the specimens exhibited.

Out of that black tar, the chemist extracts Belmontines, a beautiful wax-like substance, of which candles are made so brilliant and transparent that wax appears dull in comparison. Three qualities of oil are also obtained; one resembling gin in appearance when seen in a flask, burning with a brilliant flame, and ignitable only with a wick—hence now dubbed. Formerly, and two, brown in colour, useful for machinery and spindles, and with the advantage that they produce none of the corrosive effects on metal produced by other oils, for they are not decomposable into an acid. Then there is a detergent fluid that removes spots without staining even delicate coloured silks, to which the name of Sherwoodoo is given; and we have seen small specimens of a splendid crimson powder got out of the wonderful tar, which, it is thought, will be much prized by dyers. And the researches are still going on, for the products are not yet all discovered. Hence we have a new import, and a new resource for the industry. The Burmese dig holes in the ground near the Irawaddy, and the tar flows along the surrounding soil, and, as it accumulates, is laddied into iron tanks, and hermetically closed, to prevent the escape of the volatile matters.

A paper, by Mr Fairbairn, read before the Royal Society, contains, under the title 'On the Resistance of Tubes to Collapse,' some most important experimental results, and practical applications, which may be briefly summed up as follows: The construction of steam-boilers has not kept pace with the increased pressure to which they are now subjected. Formerly, the pressure was from ten pounds to fifteen pounds to the square inch; now, it is 150 pounds. Hence frequent explosions, with, at times, disastrous consequences. The outer shell of boilers is commonly made three or four times as strong as the internal flues, whereby the flues collapse, explode, and blow the outer shell to pieces.

The remedy is, to make of equal strength all parts of an engine or boiler acted on by the steam, so that the resistance shall be uniform. That is, the flues shall be perfectly cylindrical, that being the form which resists best. To remember that the longer a flue or tube is, the less can it be depended on for strength. A tube thirty feet long is weak in comparison with one of ten feet. Hence short tubes or flues are to be preferred; but long ones may be strengthened by fitting on them rigid hoops at regular intervals, the effect of which is to render the space between any two hoops as strong as if the tube were of that length only. Another precaution is, to put the flues together, not with lap-joints, as is the usual way, but with butt-joints, covered by a ring through which the rivets are passed. Where lap-joints are used, angle-irons should be introduced to give strength.

Although these results and improved methods will be best appreciated by engineers and practical mechanics, they are important to the public at large, seeing how dependent the eye was upon the results of travelling. If Mr Fairbairn lessens the risks of travelling, the community will have to thank him for highly meritorious service. For our part, we gladly assist, by this brief summary, in making his improvements known.

Experimental researches are assiduously kept up by the authorities at Woolwich: among the latest are those on the flight of projectiles, with a view to combine the utmost accuracy of aim with the greatest
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Economy of powder; and others with superheated steam in navigation which give satisfactory results, for it heightens power, accelerates speed, and lessens the consumption of coal. And something has been done in the way which will consider as the most important of all—namely, improved cooking for soldiers. A stove apparatus, invented by Captain Grant, bakes, boils, and stews all at once, with a saving of four-fifths of the coal required by the old method, and without stifling the kitchen by clouds of steam and disagreeable fumes. It was found that three meals for 1000 men could be cooked with 600 pounds of coal, and that there is no loss, but equal economy in cooking for a smaller number.—At Portsmouth, trials have been made of a chain porcellus, constructed after the manner of the chain-armour of the olden time, to see whether it could be depended on to keep besiegers outside of town-gates. It is made of three-eighths chain, properly linked together, and will resist the explosion of bags of powder, but gives way before cannon-balls. A notion prevails that in some circumstances the contrivance will be eminently useful—in baffling an assault, for example.

A report, favourable to the undertaking, has been received at the Admiralty from Captain Pullen, who was sent out in the Cyclops to sound in the Red Sea for a track for a telegraph cable. A telegraph to India is much wanted; and while the experts are deciding on the merits of the Red Sea and the Red Sea routes, the people are wondering why the telegraph was not laid months ago. Some imagine the delay to be owing to secret political reasons.—There is talk of a new telegraph to America, connecting France and the United States by submarine cables, from Hull to Cuxhaven; thence by lines already established to the Mediterranean; thence to the Azores; and so across the Atlantic. It is proposed to use sounds instead of signs, and experiments are making with differentiated bells to communicate messages.—The Portuguese government are about to establish a monthly line of steamers to trade from Lisbon to the Azores, and the west coast of Africa; and here we are led to remark, that while even minor European states carry on ocean steam-navigation successfully, the United States lines either fail or are worked at a loss. Clearly the race is not always to the swift. After all, canvas is not to be despised, seeing that the Red Jacket sailed from Melbourne to Liverpool in sixty-three days on her first voyage,—Sir JohnPkington, with an anticipatory liberality unusual in a lord of the Admiralty, has made known to the Royal and Astronomical Societies, that a free passage will be granted on board one of Her Majesty's ships, to any English astronomer, who, being at Rio de Janeiro in September next, may wish to observe the total eclipse of the sun then to take place, from St Paul's or St Catherine's on the coast of Brazil; and that instructions will be given to the commander to render all needful assistance in setting up the instruments, and the work of observation.

Sir Charles Lyell's recent explorations of Teneriffe, Elba, and Venetia, have borne fruit in the shape of a paper to the Royal Society on lavas, and certain volcanic phenomena therewith connected. The subject is one in which geologists are deeply interested. Another geological matter is, the discovery of a cave in the limestone near Brixham, in Devonshire. Labourers, while digging the foundation for a cottage, broke into a cave in the side of a hill, which, on examination, was found to lead into a cave, where, besides stalactite and stalagmite, the bones of numerous animals were discovered. Precautions have been taken to preserve the cavern from pilage, until it can be properly explored by competent geologists, a task that will not be long delayed, for the Royal Society have voted £100 from their Donation Fund towards the cost, and the Geological Society are going to accomplish the work. It is thought that the exploration will throw new light on some questions of geology. The limestones of Devonshire are rich in fossils, and Brixham is a well-known specimen of its caverns.—Professor Ramsay has made the geological characteristics of Canada the subject of a paper for the Geological Society, and a lecture at the Royal Institution. We mention it because it became known to us during which one of the great geological periods—the drift period—closed. The great escarpment seen at Queenston and Lewiston was once a coast-line washed by the sea. This sea deposited a clay, later locally as the Ledo clay; and while this deposit is going on, the falls of Niagara began to plunge over the escarpment. The falls have worn a deep gap back through the rock for seven miles to their present site, at the rate of a mile, as geologists calculate, in 5000 years. Hence 86,000 years since the close of the drift-period. If this calculation can be verified, 'an important step will be gained,' as Professor Ramsay observes, 'towards the actual estimation of the duration of geological time.'

There is something interesting to be said concerning physiological subjects. M. Brown-Séquard, one of the most distinguished of living physiologists, is lecturing at St Bartholomew's Hospital, and at the College de France, on the subject of the action of labour and researches on the phenomena of the nervous system, in which he has made remarkable discoveries, especially as to the effect of incisions. In one of his lectures, he exhibited guinea-pigs which had ten months ago by cutting certain nerves; the hind limbs became paralysed, but at the time the animals recovered the power of voluntary motion, attended, however, with a very curious result—the operator could put them into a fit of epilepsy whenever he pleased; and while this depression of the nerves, the animals lost sensation except in one cheek, and if that spot be irritated, a fit is the immediate consequence. Another noticeable particular is, that the life which infects the animals engraft on that spot, and nowhere else. Whether it be that there is more warmth, or more perspiration than on other parts of the body, is not known; at anyrate, physiologists are agreed as to the singular and suggestive nature of the phenomenon. It seems, moreover, that on some months ago by cutting certain nerves, the nerves can be destroyed, then the guinea-pig ceases to be liable to epilepsy. Applying this fact to human physiology, M. Brown-Séquard says that there is in the human body a spot, discoverable, as he believes, by galvanism, which, if deprived of its sensibility, would in a manner completely prevent attacks of epilepsy. These are important facts, which, while they lead to the hope that a distressing disease may be arrested or altogether removed from the list of diseases, teach that we have yet very much to learn concerning the economy of the nervous system. If M. Brown-Séquard's conclusions can be successfully worked out and applied, he will deserve a monument not less than Jenner, to whom tardy justice has at last been done by a commemorative statue among the warriors in Trafalgar Square. We cannot forbear calling attention here to the registrar-general's last quarterly report, as it contains matters in which we are all concerned. It shows that the total number for the year was 158,392. The births were 632,884, and the deaths 430,019. In the first quarter of the present year, the births amounted to 171,901, and the deaths to 43,899. These are the corresponding figures of the last quarter, was below the average. He states the number for the year at 158,392. The births were 632,884, and the deaths 430,019. In the first quarter of the present year, the births amounted to 171,901, and the deaths to 43,899. These are the corresponding quarters. It is as if nature were sessions to make up the losses occasioned by war, when she
sends children into the world here in England at the rate of 1900 a day. Allowing for deaths, there was to be a net increase of 60,000 in 1856. At the same time there has been a remarkable fall-off in emigration from the United Kingdom since the Russian war. In the first three months of 1849, the number of emigrants was 60,626: in the first three months of 1868, only 19,146. In discussing the deaths in the first quarter of this year, numbering 123,902, the registrar tells us that out of these there were 488 every day which may possibly be called 'unnatural deaths.' This is a startling fact, but the winter was cold, and whenever the temperature falls below forty, the death-baronet rises rapidly; and diseases of the respiratory organs become fatally prevalent. Besides, our attention is called to dyspepsia, a new form of 'seasickness' in London, and a disease sometimes called the 'Bouline disease,' because of so many English having suffered from it in that town; and at a time, too, when the French authorities declared it to be unusually healthy. For this disease, it seems, no evidence is to be found in the various exhalations from cess-pools, sewers, guily-holes, and the like. Dr Barker has made a number of curious experiments on dogs and birds by confining them in a chamber into which air can be introduced direct from the street. In the cold, and the effect was hurtful, and would have been fatal if continued long enough. This, on a small scale, is but an example of what is going on in towns and cities, villages and country mansions continually—day and night. 'A variation in the pressure of the atmosphere draws up the stinking air from the sewers, like Dr Barker's bellows.'

Who is there will not unite with the registrar, who here says: 'But how can this cruel experiment cease? Last year, when no epidemic prevailed, not less than 14,795 unnatural deaths were registered in London. This was the aggregate effect of the impure air, and of other sanitary defects.... The decay of human life is then a continuous, and every one has witnessed the admirable zeal of Her Majesty's customs' officers in their searches for Eau de Cologne. If a tax could be levied upon odours of another description, bearing some proportion to the amount of stink and unhealthfulness which these odours cost the community, and if they were levied through the agency of the Boards of Works in London, and the Sewers Commission elsewhere, it might be more beneficial, as they would undoubtedly find it economical to substitute fountains of rose-water for their present guily-holes.'

Among the lectures delivered before the United Service Institution—on subjects important to the army and navy—is one by Dr Guy—'On the Sanitary Condition of the English Army,' and especially on the Want of Space in Barracks.' That the mortality of our soldiers, especially of the foot-guards, should be greater than that of the civil population, he calls 'a distressing and disgraceful fact.' Chief among the causes of this mortality is overcrowding, whereby the men breathe over and over again air fouler than a horse-pond. If it could only be rendered visible, they would mutiny forthwith every man—and why not? Another cause is want of work. Idleness is fatal to longevity, as proved by returns concerning classes who are not soldiers. At the age of thirty, an agricultural labourer may expect to live forty-one and a half years longer; a nobleman, the lord of parks and broad acres, only thirty-one years. The labourer's life is long, and poverty bides him; but he works, and works every day; the nobleman rarely does anything that can be dignified with the name of work—he dies of ennui and self-indulgence. Dr Guy makes a list which commences with the agricultural labourer; sailors come next; then policemen; the fire brigade; aristocrats; tailors, composers and licensed victuallers; and last, soldiers. It will surprise many readers to find the labourer at the head of the list, the aristocracy half-way down, and infantry at the foot. Let soldiers have more varied exercise than that of drill—let them have more air, let them do farm-work whenever possible, and play at cricket and quoits every day.

Dr Guy feels deeply on the subject, and in closing his lecture, called attention to the achievements at Balaklava, to the 'soldier's victory' at Inkermann, to the heroic discipline on board the sinking 'Pechora,' and the rescue of the Sarah Sands. 'I have paid,' he said, 'the first instalment of my debt of gratitude to the noblest and bravest army that ever rallied round the standards of a careless, indifferent, and too often ungrateful nation.'

ALL FOR A PENNY.

Among the evils which were predicted by the opponents of the 'cheap press' was this, that each inconsiderable trade would have its own weekly organ, and every parish its particular penny trumpet; but although we must accept the fact, there is no necessity to accept the evil. A monthly journal which now lies before us, modestly entitled the Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser, is a proof of this; it is a monthly periodical consisting of some ten broad pages, about four of which are devoted to advertisements, and one to the times of arrival and departure of the metropolitan trains; the rest is taken up with the ordinary intelligence of a local paper, with some interesting and unusual matter in addition. This last consists of a careful meteorological report of the district; of a catalogue of all the wild-flowers which grow in the neighbourhood, with an accurate description of their whereabouts, such as might have been written by some botanical White of Selborne; of an account of the insects which make their appearance in each month respectively; of a monthly almanac adapted to local circumstances, with meetings of the choral society of Tottenham instead of European battles, and with sittings of the bench of magistrates instead of a rival-letter saints; and especially of antiquarian or archaeological investigations, such as may give an interest to the locality.

It seems to us that this is not only a very liberal carte, but just the fare which a local journal should endeavour to provide for its readers. Nor should we omit to mention that in addition to all this pleasant intelligence there are not wanting the graces of the muse, and the lively efforts of fancy. The bard of the Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser, to use the words of a great critic, 'treads in the shadow' of Longfellow himself, and indeed parodies him, in the following description of two dignitaries of the parish:

On a seat beside the highway,
With their pipes and their tobacco,
In the fading light of evening,
With their faces looking westward:
Gazing, as the sun descended
O'er the purple hills of Muswell;
Watching all the darkening shadows,
As they lengthened, lengthened, lengthened;
With their faces dusted and reddened,
In the glory of the sunset—

As a maiden's cheeks are crimsoned
When she first beholds our author;
When she feels her heart departing,
Passing into his possession—

Sat the Beadle of our parish,
And beside him, in his glazed hat,
With his blue coat and his choker,
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

With his white gloves and his truncheon,
Sat a 'Bobby,' a policeman:
Each recounting his adventures,
Telling of his deeds of valour;
Telling of his might and prowess,
Boasting of his might and prowess.

While, under the head of 'The Board of Health and the Civil Service Examination Commission,' the following examples are given of the probable ordeal the local authorities will have to undergo—as being especially suitable for them—before Her Majesty's Commissioners.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH AND THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION COMMISSION.

It is rumoured that the new members of the above Board will have to undergo an examination by Her Majesty's Commissioners, and the following, we are credibly informed, are some of the questions which they will have to answer:

Latin.—Define accurately the difference between meum and tuum. Explain the relation between proprio que maribus et ceteris paribus.

Mathematics.—How many churchwardens go to a beardie? (As this is an important local question, the sum must be worked out to fourteen places of decimals.)

History.—Mention the two instances in the last 800 years when the parish engine had arrived before the fire was extinguished.

Geography.—Point out the precise spot in Carbuncle Ditch where boys find good sport in fishing. (For fact, see Mr. Ward's Report, published in February 1897.)

Grammar.—Put into grammatical English the last month's minutes of the Local Board.

Literature.—Enumerate the first-rate authors who contribute to the Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser.

Moral Qualifications.—How often can you eat your own words without feeling any bad effect?

Sanitary.—How much soft sawder would you recommend the Board to administer to the parish annually?

If this be not very good or very witty, it is, at least, better and wittier than what passed for information and fancy in newspapers affecting to be universal not many years ago: and we hail it as a proof that the Penny Press, even when solely local, can be made of value, and are glad to see that similar papers of equal cheapness are growing up elsewhere.

MAY MORNING.

Up and away! 'tis jocund May;
The lark already is singing,
In every bush spring glories flush,
And the fresh green corn is springing.

Waste not the hours when early flowers
Their sweetest scents exhale,
When the budding thorn salutes the morn,
And fragrance scents on the gale.

Oh, the main prime is the loveliest time
Of this lovely month of May,
And to gather its dews will joy diffuse
Throughout the live-long day.

The sun is come, and the insects hum,
With joy the air is filling;
With mellow note the black-bird's throat
In ecstasy is thrilling.
The arums peep from their long, long sleep,
And their lordly stems uprear;
Kingcups unfold their stars of gold,
Pale cowslip buds appear.

With silver tide the streamlets glide,
And as they wander by,
The forget-me-not, with its bright blue spot,
Opens its laughing eye.

The wind-flower nods to the silvan gods,
The sweet blue-bells are ringing
Their faith-like chime to the main prime,
And the violets are incense singing.
Then let our hearts take up their parts,
And join the grateful choir,
In echoes long repeat the song;
Such strains can never tire.

Ah! the morn of May is a holiday
Not only to birds and flowers,
It gladness brings on its joyous wings
To these human hearts of ours.

For children greet, with offerings meet,
The year's most favoured child,
With pastimes gay, and roundelay,
And garlands richly piled.

And on the green they choose their Queen,
The happy Queen of the May;
In a merry ring they dance and sing,
And who so blithe as they?

And the sooty hosts—so London boasts—
This day allowed to rest,
Are called to share their master's fare,
Nor dread his stern behest.

Oh, human flowers! these happy hours
Of sunshine and of joy,
Their fruit shall bear, though toil and care
In future years annoy.

For the thoughts of bliss that the heart may raise
When life grows sad and drear,
Yet shed a light which still glows bright
Through the tints of autumn sere.

Then up and away! to greet fair May,
With smiles the earth adorning;
Cuckoo's best flowers, and let well-spent hours
Shed joy like a sweet May morning.

The present number of the Journal completes the Ninth Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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SHOWS AND SHOWMEN.

The remarkable history given by Mr Barnum, in his renowned autobiography, of the various enterprises he had successfully conducted as a showman, and his exposure of the numerous intrigues, manoeuvres, and hidden machinery by which he had worked ‘the oracle,’ would, it was thought by many, be a complete death-blow to the exhibit interest. Such, however, has not proved to be the case. Public curiosity is as rampant as ever; and great and little shows continue to pass and repass the same as if the great showman had never laid bare the secrets of the prison-house; indeed, we should say they have rather increased since that time; and even Tom Thumb, one of Mr Barnum’s greatest cards in the way of showmanship, is again on the road, notwithstanding all that has been exposed in the autobiography.

The exhibition-world, and what it contains, and the singular people who are in most instances connected with it, have ever been a pleasant source of wonder, especially to the gullible portion of the public; and a really good show is one of those things which is certain to yield any number of fortunes. It is no matter what it is; it may consist of but one thing, or it may be a museum, containing a thousand articles; it may be either Tom Thumb, or Wombwell’s united collections of wild animals, the original learned pig, or Richardson’s dramatic booth—only let it get properly afloat, under the charge of an enterprising manager, and it becomes straightway a magnet drawing to itself the superfluous cash of the country for miles around. Has any person ever calculated the enormous amount of money annually expended on shows? Were the receipts of all our exhibitions, stationary as well as itinerant, added together, and the amount shewn, it would appear fabulous. Without including an occasional show like the World’s Fair of 1851, but taking into account all established places of amusement, from such high-class shows as Her Majesty’s Theatre, down to the humblest exhibition at a country-fair, we could easily shew, startling as it may seem, that the annual amount expended on our various shows and exhibitions is greater than that expended on books and periodicals. Mr Richardson, the proprietor of the well-known dramatic booth, or ‘Richardson’s Show,’ as it was called, died, we are assured, worth £50,000; and the late Mr Wombwell, the proprietor of the extensive menagerie, was equally wealthy. Many other showmen have likewise accumulated fortunes, and left sums of money at their death greater than those accumulated in the publishing trade.

The gullibility of the public, and the love of the marvellous, calls into action the inventive genius of a class of people who are ever ready to turn the public craving into a means of making money; and, in addition to what we can make up at home, every portion of the globe is ransacked in turn to find novelties for the showman: the hippopotamus is caught, and hurried away from his African haunts to the Regent’s Park; the united twins are taken from one of the distant slave-states of America, and conveyed to Europe for the same purpose; and we have good reason to suppose that an enthusiastic showman has started off to St Helena, in order to secure, if possible, the great sea-serpent that has been seen so frequently of late dispersing itself off that island. When a showman has secured something with a look of novelty, the next great point is to dress it up a good story, by which to recommend it to public notice; or, as the showmen say, get out ‘a stunning gag.’ Nothing is so attractive as a marvellous legend of some kind or other; in fact, everything connected with a show should smack of romance. Barnum was completely master of this art, and the history of how he ‘worked’ the Feejee mermaid may be taken as a type of the quality of good showmanship, as devoted to this particular branch of the business.

The Feejee mermaid was one of Mr Barnum’s most successful American speculations. This young lady was heralded to the public of New York by glowing descriptions and flattering criticisms, in the leading papers of that city; and the ingenious exhibitor contrived numerous plans to increase the interest the press had created, and keep up at its full height what he designated ‘the mermaid fever.’ Wood-cuts and transparent views were got up, portraying the mermaid at full length; and a pamphlet was issued under Mr Barnum’s auspices, detailing her history, and proving her authenticity. Editors and reporters were favoured with ‘private inspections,’ and went away honestly persuaded that what they had seen was a veritable mermaid. In fact, it was almost impossible to detect the hand of the manufacturer in the composition. This was a combination of the upper half of a monkey, with the lower part of a fish; and the monkey and the fish were so ingeniously connected, that nobody could discover the point at which the junction was formed. ‘The spine of the fish proceeded in a straight and apparently unbroken line to the base of the skull—the half of the monkey was found growing down several inches on the shoulders of the fish—and the application of a microscope actually revealed what seemed to be minute flas-
scales lying in myriads amongst the hair. The teeth, and formation of the fingers and hands, differed materially from those of any monkey or orang-outang over our earth, while the location of the fin was different from those of any species of the fish-tribe known to naturalists. The mermaid was an ugly, dried up, black-looking, and diminutive specimen, about three feet long. Its mouth was open, its tail turned over, and its eyes thrown up, as if it had died in the greatest agony. The person from whom Mr Barnum bought it informed him that it had been obtained from some Japanese seamen, by a sailor in Calcutta; and not doubting that it would prove a valuable speculation, Mr Barnum became its proprietor and exhibitor; with what success may be inferred from the fact, that the receipts of the American Museum for the four weeks immediately preceding the exhibition of the mermaid, amounted to 1272 dollars. During the first four weeks of the mermaid's exhibition, they amounted to 3341 dollars gains.

For the success which attended the speculation, however, Mr Barnum was indebted in a great measure to the notices in the New York papers, and the rumours regarding the history of the Feejee mermaid, which he caused to be industriously circulated. On this point, he says in his autobiography: 'I caused to be published in the New York Herald, and two of the Sunday papers, and tendered to each the free use of a mermaid cut, with a well-written description, for their papers of the ensuing Sunday. The three mermaids made their appearance in the three different papers on the morning of Sunday, July 17, 1842. Each editor supposed he was giving his readers an exclusive treat in the mermaid line; but when they came to discover that I had played the same game with the three different papers, they pronounced the trick.'

Previous to introducing the mermaid to the 'cute people of New York, Mr Barnum contrived to create for it a wide reputation as a curiosity, by means of a very ingenious stratagem. A letter was sent to the New York Herald, dated and posted in Montgomery, Alabama, giving the news of the day, trade, the crops, political gossip, &c.; and also an incidental paragraph about a certain Dr Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of Natural History in London, who had in his possession 'a remarkable curio, being nothing less than a veritable mermaid taken among the Feejee Islands, and preserved in China, where the doctor had bought it at a high figure for the lyceum,' &c. About a week afterwards, a similar letter, dated from Charleston, South Carolina, was published in another New York paper. This was followed by a third, from Washington, published in another New York paper, and expressing a hope that the editors of the New York papers would beg to have the mermaid exhibited in the ['empire city,' before its removal to London. Two or three days after the publication of this thrice-repeated puff, Mr Barnum's agent—who had assumed the name of Dr Griffin—was duly registered at one of the principal hotels of Philadelphia. His gentlemanly and dignified manners, and his amiable temper and liberality, gained him a 'fine reputation,' and when he paid his bill one afternoon, previous to setting out for New York, he thanked the landlord for his courtesy, and offered to let him see something extraordinary: this was the Feejee mermaid. The host was so highly gratified, that he asked permission to introduce some of his friends, including certain editors, to view the wonderful specimen. The result was the publication of several elaborate editorial notices in the Philadelphia papers, which thus aided the press of New York in spreading abroad its fame. Of course all this work, with printer's ink, as Barnum loved to call his billing and puffing manoeuvres, was but the prelude to the one grand object, the exhibition of the mermaid, which was obtained as a great favour, and positively for one year only. The location of the date was guessed—the mermaid became ultimately a chief attraction of the American Museum.

At home, we are nearly quite as clever. The romantic history of two children, who were carried away by some missionary, and given up to the Americans, and have been treated with such kindness, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. We may call them the 'Bird-children,' and a first-rate story was got up about their having being stolen from one of the mysterious cities of Central America. Where they had been worshipped as idols. They were to be treated to a series of wood-cuts, showing the dangers encountered in carrying away the children from the temple. We need not enter, however, into the details of this romantic story, being in possession of truthful details of their real history, which is as follows: The children in question were found in America exhibiting along with a great pig. They were purchased, or, in showman phrase, 'committed to the guardianship' of a person. who exhibited them in a penny-show throughout the State, in company with a large picture, roughly painted on canvas, entitled 'Death on the Pale Horse.' While they were thus being exhibited, they were seen by a gentlemen who 'an editor of the New York Herald,' and were struck with the idea of bringing them to Europe, entered into a partnership with the person who was exhibiting them. They were at once brought to London. A good story about them being necessary, this was written in the parlour of the White Star Tavern, Catherine Street; and the locality of the position of the city in which the children were said to have been found, 'fixed up' by studying the map. The 'Bird-children' consists in their being accepted as children, where most infanticide born was, either by Vandalism, and without cerebellum and without cerebrum, die at the birth, and get pickled in show-bottles, and exhibited in museums.

Another story of a similar kind, as far as getting up was concerned, although from circumstances not so successful as a pecuniary speculation, was very recently before the public. It was an exhibition of two female negro children indissolubly united by nature, and therefore considered by the showmen to be, like the Siamese twins, a certain fortune. The real history of these children differed considerably from the romantic version of their history palmed off on the public. The advertisement heralding their appearance was headed A Remarkable Case of Nature, and announced that the twins would be the 'drawing-room leves,' and that the price of admission were fixed at two shillings during the day, and one shilling in the evening. Then came a little bit of the story, which was as follows: 'These children are indissolubly united by a mysterious freak of nature, are of African descent, and were born in Columbus, County North Carolina, United States of America. Their parents are persons.
of more than usual intelligence and piety, being both members of the church. These children are now five and a half years old, and are named respectively Christian, Titus, Emily, and Tessy. Of course, not like the wonderful action of nature which has for ever joined them together, is yet another illustration of the old adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the winter of 1868, a surgeon, of North Carolina, was on a visit to an old college church, heard of these children, and, upon seeing them, and learning their history, he expressed a desire to purchase and take them to the free states, a desire which was greatly strengthened when he thought of the wonders such a curiosity of nature must excite among men of learning and science. The purchase having been negotiated, the children were carried by the doctor to Philadelphia. Unfortunately, however, shortly after he had carried his benevolent intention into effect, the doctor died, and the wishes he had thus thrown destinies on the charity of the world.

"The attention of the exhibitor having been drawn to their condition, he undertook the charge of them, made arrangements with the public, and, for the purpose of exhibiting them to the learned and curious, intending, if the exhibition should realise a sufficient sum of money, to make these helpless infants the means of ultimately freeing their parents from slavery, and thus to accomplish the indescribable scene, as the children left this country, and after all the preparations for their exhibition had been made, they were stolen from the exhibitor by a body of prize-fighters, hired in London for the purpose.

In the interim, the showman had opened up communications with his agents in America, which have resulted, after putting him to great trouble and expense, in his freeing the mother of the twins from slavery, trusting to be reimbursed for his outlay by the proceeds of his new, and most extraordinary, and, at one time to think, all the wonders of the world were concentrated, where, under canvas roofs, there was a heaven upon earth, since the very angels could not be more beautiful than the beautiful being who was constrained in the tight-ropes in the travelling circus.

A whole street of shows, with the caravan of wild beasts, containing the great lion-king in the centre of one side, the grand original Cirque Olympic being its vie-a-vie; and next door to these we had a theatre, with Blue Beard, the Castle Spectre, Fortune's Fairies, and a pantomime every twenty minutes. On either side ranged booths of various sizes. One held the astonishing black brothers, Muley Sahib, and Hassan, celebrated for jumping down each other's throats, with lighted candles in their hands; another contained the only real yellow dwarf now travelling. In the immediate neighbourhood of these celebrities were located the great Hibernian conjuror, the pig-faced lady, the spotted boy, the Norfolk giant, the wonder- ful black giants, the celebrated ventriloquy, the original theatre of arts, containing the best storm at sea ever yet invented, the five-legged sheep, and the sea-unicorn—these two in the same booth—the learned pig, and a host of similar exhibitions. All around the busy hum of the show, the eternal iteration of 'walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen; the grinning of clowns from the "parade" of the booths, the tumbling of posturers, the ceaseless whirl of the merry-go-round, the popping of the pop-guns at the nut-stalls; the shrill squeak of a punch; the everlasting crack of the ring-master's whip in the Cirque Olympic; the terrific growl of the 'celebrated spotted hyena,' or the cry of 'the jackal, the lion's provider;' in the neighbouring menagerie; the clash of cymbals, and the sound of the drum, as well as the terrific clangour of the gong, used by the actors in one of the theatrical booths to announce the awful doom of The Bloody Usherer, or the Caledonian Bloodhound and the Hag of Cape Wraith,ounding every half-hour on all the galleries of the doomed Baron' was tossed into the 'bloody foam,' amid a magnificent display of fireworks—two or three, and a blue-light—all these sights and sounds were mingled with the sharp move on the heads of the hopeful policeman, and the red crowds of gaping rustics circulated up and down, wondering, no doubt, whether the giantess inside would really be as big as the one painted on the canvas outside; or

got up quite regardless of expense, and the prices charged for exhibition being proportionate to the lavish outlay. We will now say a few words about the penny-show, which is the life-blood or at least the most conspicuous feature of the exhibition-world of the present day. Poor Barnum was sadly shop-fallen, upon his arrival at Liverpool, on being told that a penny was the usual sum charged for the exhibition of dwarfs, spotted boys, &c.; and when the great enterprising exhibitor, in the wax-work line, called and offered to engage both Barnum and the General, in order to exhibit them at three-halfpence, the great American showman's heart literally sunk within him. He had in his mind's eye a crowd like Tom Thumb than the booth at a fair, and that he realised his ideas on the subject, we all know from his book. The country-fair is the great field on which the penny-showman fights his battle of life, industriously working his way through the season, in most instances with the show on his back, and accompanied perhaps by his better-half, carrying the child. At these places are usually congregated a multifarious crowd of exhibitioners—swings, merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judies, and living statues—the general price of admission being limited to the coin we have indicated. What a powerful cause of excitement to the whole country round is that almost annual visit of the 'colored negro race,' as, one time to think, all the wonders of the world were concentrated, where, under canvas roofs, there was a heaven upon earth, since the very angels could not be more beautiful than the beautiful being who was constrained in the tight-ropes in the travelling circus.

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whether the great Hibernian conjuror could, in solemn earnest, eat fire, and bring out yards of ribbon from the dimmost recesses of his intestinal canal, as he promised in his speech; or what kind of a show 'Hajax, a defyn of the lentinin,' might be, and whether there was really any difference between the lion and the dog, in the renowned combat, except—the skin; or whether the whole effect of the menagerie was not a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and whether it would not be better to spend their money at the ginger-bread stalls, than risk it upon the great sea-serpent—seeing that there were three of that genus in the fair—or the cobra capella, or the negro lion, or any of the hideous other exhibitions that dotted the show-ground.

All this lasts, however, only for a day. The morrow comes, and the magic of the scene is over, the dregs of the excitement alone remain, and all who have come part in fatigue and blindness. The tents are speedily struck, and the show-folk are again on the move to the next place of rendezvous. The roads are covered with caravans; the great wagons containing the unequalled menagerie of wild beasts hurry along the dusty highway, closely followed by the circus and its 'end of highly trained hanimals,' and the theatrical booth with its blood-thirsty dramatic paraphernalia. Following in the wake, the clean little pigmy wagon, with its brass rails and polished knocker, which the showman calls his living wagon, and which is looked upon by the fraternity as an index of social condition—as we have been informed that 'it has always been considered a proof of the showman's improving circumstances when he adds the living wagon to his establishment.' The road from the fair is but the road of life. We have the aristocrat of the 'perfection,' travelling comfortably in his pig, his wife and family settled, may be in a pleasant farm in the country, from whence the food for the animals is obtained; the middle-class showman rides again in the wagon; the next class move on in their donkey-carts; while the lowest grade of all leave the fair as they came—on foot—the man with show on back, and wife and child trudging patiently by his side, happy in having collected two or three pounds' worth of penny-pieces by the preceding day's exertions.

This part of our subject naturally leads us to a consideration of what has been called the showman's mission; touching which a grave political journal condescended, once upon a time, to leave off politics and discuss the social position of the 'brutal showman,' and his victim, the show. The line of argument adopted was that the pig-faced lady, the spotted boy, the yellow dwarf, and all similar exhibitions, were in the position of slaves, held captive against their will, in order that the showman might grind them into cash. Now, seeing that it is within our own knowledge that a pig-faced lady has been manufactured out of a slaved bear, we cannot help thinking that, in her ladyship's case, the best thing that could have happened, both for herself and the public, was her being strictly retained in slavery by the showman. Giants and giantsness, again, may be presumed to be so well able to take care of themselves as to be beyond the pale of our sympathies; while the spotted boy, seeing that his spots are amenable to the well-known action of soap and water, may be considered one of the knowing ones himself. And as to the 'victims' of the showman in general, we beg to inform all who may feel interested in the question, that they are great adepts in the art of what is vulgarly called taking care of 'No. 1.' In fact, to speak the truth, the 'show' is often more than a means for the showman; and we once knew a 'wild Ingian' who made little ceremony about hiring a new master whenever he thought the present one slow in his duty.

To conclude, we might greatly enlarge our gossip about shows and showmen, and so enforce our extensive knowledge of the various dodges peculiar to the exhibition world, and trace the 'mission' of the pig-faced lady—but we pause for the present, although it may be that we may find another opportunity of still further illustrating the AGES OF SHOWS.

ARTIFICIAL ICE-MAKING.

'This our planet' is for the greater part a bare desert. How things may be, as to heat and cold, with our neighbours further afield, it is not our present purpose to inquire; but considering our point of nearness to the central luminary, it cannot excite surprise that the inhabitants of our globe should for the most part experience, in an invariable degree relatively to their physical constitution, the power of his rays.

Even during the short summers of the north, the heat is oppressive; it is still more so in the long ones of the temperate regions; while the wide tropical belt embraces the greater portion of the earth's surface and the vast majority of its inhabitants suffer an almost continual oppression and distress from its exposure to the unmitigated glare.

Under such circumstances, the supply of ice, when it can be had at all, is a cost representing only that of the means of preserving the absolute necessities of life. It so happens, however, that within the tropics, where it is most needed, it can scarcely be procured. In vast regions it is virtually unknown; while in Southern Europe, and other places in more temperate latitudes, ice can be had in abundance, and at a moderate rate, in many favorit cities.

In these special, fortunate instances, the source of supply is accessible as well as inexhaustible, and is cost representing only that of the means required for transport. Thus, the snow-harvest of Naples has long been an interesting subject of observation for the statistician, employing, as it does, a considerable number of hands, and a numerous army of small-craft, by whose means the treasure house of Etna is conveyed to the burning streets of the capital; and the sweltering Neapolitans are served with their indispensable sorbetto in the highest state of perfection.

In this country, where labour is at a price almost nominal, and a man will be content, as Foruy says, 'to wind up the rattling machine for a day with a few fingers of macaroni,' it is doubtful whether any method of obtaining the same result artificially would be worth while; but, perhaps, few places can boast of the same advantages, the question of ice-making by chemical means has long been a deeply interesting one, and engaged the attention of naturalists and philosophers.

The judicious and habitual use of ice as a cooler of ordinary beverages, and as a sort of estable, is the way we all understand so well, is the one available resource against the debilitating and coercing effects of heat, whether encountered within the tropics, or during the summers of more temperate regions. Hitherto, the great expense attending its use, whether natural or artificial, has been for the most part an insurmountable obstacle.

We ourselves know a lady whose husband was forced to resign a valuable governorship in a tropic climate owing to her health giving way; but at the same time, the opinion of her medical adviser was that nothing more than a sufficient supply of ice needed to enable her to remain. The invariable property of iced beverages renders them effective in such cases as this, when the materia medica can provide nothing as a substitute, and gives to this subject a balm altogether distinct from any it may be as a delicious momentary refreshment. We, for
own part, do not pretend to despise it in this latter capacity; but it is rather in relation to the high importance of ice in a medical and sanitary point of view, that we have brought the subject before the public at this moment.

Artificial ice-making has long been practised on the burning plains of India. It is made by exposing water during the night in unglazed earthen pans, and a very thin coat of ice thus procured each morning. This resource is, however, partial in every sense, and can in no way meet the necessity of the case. The great pains required and taken for so small a supply only show the great value attached to the commodity. Other modes of obtaining the same substance have been introduced from time to time, but, as before observed, at an almost prohibitive expense.

In many cases where great heat is felt in the lower levels, a tantalising scene is presented; for snow lying on lofty hills is in sight of the panting dwellers on the plains below, but quite inaccessible for all useful purposes. We ourselves spent a hot summer, a few years ago, in an Alpine region, where a glacier, containing thousands of tons of ice, was within an hour’s walk of our house; and yet, such was the difficulty of procuring a regular supply, that we were forced to abandon the attempt, after getting the apparatus necessary for domestic use into readiness.

It has long been known that artificial ice may be obtained by condensing the vapor of hot water, and we will utilise ourselves of the property of quick evaporation possessed by ether and other volatile liquids, this effect can be produced at pleasure; the only difficulty being the expense, which, on the grand scale, is prohibitory. A man of good spirits, in the midst of a cold room, and with ether, may be frozen to death in a very short time under "the line." In fact, the warmer and drier the atmosphere, the more speedily will the effect be produced. A bottle of wine or other liquid so treated will freeze, or become ice, most effectually. Even the evaporation of water under a strong sun produces an excellent effect—in cooling down liquors in warm climates; and "coolers" of unglazed earthenware saturated with water, and then placed in the sun will prevent the heat in the Goods of their trust in a very desirable state of refrigeration after an hour or so.

But the most wonderful fact connected with ice-making is the glorious experiment by which water was changed into a fluid dense and solid body, and then back into a liquid. This wonderful achievement proceeds upon the theory, that water will not touch a body of metal heated beyond a certain degree. A most important fact it is for all connected with steam—producing, that it will assume in such a case a spheroidal shape, and that a clear space will be preserved between it and the glowing metal, owing, doubtless, to the repulsive effect of great heat in all cases whatever.

Professor Faraday has carried this marvel even a step further, and actually frozen a ball of mercury in the midst of a glowing furnace, by the judicious admixture of carbonic acid and ether, so as to give greater vigour to the evaporating process.

We merely allude in passing to these more recondite matters connected with refrigeration, as they will prepare the reader for the process of ice-making on the grand scale, which is our object to explain, resting, as it does, on the essential principle of rapid evaporation; and, to express it technically, the condensation of the caloric contained in the substance to be acted upon.

All we see, all we are, and all the changes that have taken place in our world, seem to be referrible to the facts of heat. Rocks are hard and "solid" because they contain not only a certain amount of caloric. With more of it, they may be fused, and, with still more, evaporated like water.

Keeping this principle in mind, we shall see that water, in the liquid form, depends for that form on its actual caloric state; with more heat, it would evaporate; with less, it would condense into ice. The object, then, of artificial congelation is to extract the caloric from it, and this may be done by evaporation, as we have mentioned.

The highly interesting process for which all this preparatory matter is intended to prepare us, is this: An ingenious inventor has now produced an apparatus, by which the invaluable properties of ether as an evaporator are fairly called into play, and thus large quantities of ice can be speedily produced; but he has done much more; for he contrives matters so that the precious liquid is recovered after it has done its work, and employed over again, for any number of times, without the slightest loss.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey to the general reader a clear idea of the machine itself without the aid of engravings; and even these do not convey—at least to us—any notion of how the result aimed at is obtained. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a description of the principle of the machine, and an enumeration of what may be called its achievements.

The evaporating vessel is merely a tubular boiler. In this, the ether will boil at a temperature much below freezing-point. The ether is contained in air-tight vessels revolving in a cylinder, and the pressure of the atmosphere. The cylinder, in the centre of the apparatus, is fitted with air-tight valves, so that each stroke of the piston withdraws a quantity of ether-vapour from the left-hand vessels, and forces it into a condensing vessel on the right-hand. When the vapour is raised, an intense cold is produced; when it is condensed, a corresponding degree of heat is evolved. The ether, after remaining the liquid state, returns by a self-regulating valve to the evaporating vessel, and the process thus continues uninteruptedly, and without the slightest waste of material. Indeed, as the pressure inside the vessel is less than the outside atmospheric pressure, it is impossible that any ether can escape.

It will be seen that the evaporation of ether goes on in this machine in a cold medium, and that, once versed, it is re-liquefied for further use in a warm one, being a reversal of the ordinary processes—as with water, for example. Intense cold being produced in the machine, this is transmitted to the freezing portion of the apparatus by the ingenious employment of a stream of salt water, which does not freeze at the same degree as fresh water does. It thus carries with it, in a fluid state, cold enough to freeze rapidly the fresh water with which it comes in contact. This salt water circulates in a continued stream also, being returned to the 'boiler' again after having parted with its cooling power. Thus, it will be seen, no waste of material is incurred, except of the fresh water, which is the object of the operation to convert into ice, and of the fuel and water necessary for working the engine.

The ice, we are informed, 'can be made of any required shape or thickness. It is at present turned out in slabs of eighteen inches square on the sides, and an inch and a half thick. These slabs are placed together so as to form blocks of any thickness. The ice formed rapidly at the coldest end of the trough is white and opaque, whereas that formed midway at the lower end is more transparent. By increasing the dimensions of this trough, and thus insuring more uniformity of action, the ice will be transparent throughout. The white ice is colder, and more effective for immediate use, but it does not bear carriage so well as the other. Experience must decide which is preferable for general purposes.'
is simply that of the motive power. An ordinary steam engine of ten horse-power consumes a ton of coal per day, and the product in ice will be four to five tons. The removal of the ice when formed, and refilling the moulds with water, are the only parts of the operation requiring the services of an attendant. The whole expense of making ice in London, including interest on capital, &c., will be considerably less than ten shillings per ton.

'It is in hot climates, however, that the full value of the invention will be felt. Ice, within the tropics, will soon be looked upon as a necessary of life; and much so at least as fuel is a necessary in the winter of temperate regions. The preparation of cooling drinks is one of the least important of its uses. The preservation of animal food, and the cooling of apartments, will be the most important.'

'The process is applicable to many other purposes, however, such as the cooling of worts—a matter, sometimes, of great difficulty and expense even in London. The inventor estimates the expense of cooling a barrel of worts from 76 to 65 degrees at 1d. The salting of provisions in warm weather is also a great difficulty—sometimes almost an impossibility. By this machine, the brine of the meat itself can be brought to the temperature best suited for success. But perhaps the most beneficial and the most applicable of the process will be to the cooling of rooms in hospitals and in tropical regions. The fearful mortality arising from the prevalence of fevers, in an atmosphere varying from 80 to 100 degrees, can only be checked by keeping the patients in cool apartments. It is evident that buildings can be cooled, as they are now warmed, by the circulation of water in pipes. The cooling of the water for this purpose is estimated at a few pence per barrel.

'The machine was first made in Geelong in 1855, but, from the inferiority of colonial workmanship, the trial was a failure. Discomfitted, but not disheartened, he came to England, and achieved success. He has wisely abstained from bringing his invention prominently into notice, until he has had it fairly tested both on a small and a large scale.'

'For these latter particulars we are indebted to the Illustrated London News of May 29, 1858, in which an engraving of Mr Harrison's machine is given, but which has not been observed, can convey but very little idea of the process.

THAT FARTHING.

I do not believe in trifles. What we are in the habit of calling by that name have changed the prospects of a lifetime, or even brought life itself to a close; and I doubt much whether the same thing would appear equally trivial to any two persons.

'Some time since—I will not say how long—I received a letter, and enclosed with it a post-office order for two guineas. In the missive that sum was alluded to as 'the trifle due to you for so and so.' 'Trifle indeed!' thought I. 'I wish I was able to speak so disrespectfully of a couple of guineas. The fact is, I was penniless when that opportunity came to hand; but I cannot say I was without a single coin. I had in my possession one farthing, and on it— a trifling matter, you will say— hangs my present story. That farthing had come among some other change; and as one does not often happen to want that particular coin, it remained long after its kindred brows were scattered. Besides, I confess I should not have liked to tender a farthing in payment. Even if that would have exactly sufficed, I should have preferred offering any other coin. My consciousness of extreme poverty made me suppose that any looker-on would be able to read my penury, if I were seen to draw a farthing from my waistcoat pocket. A rich man can afford to seem poor, but a really poor one never.

'Thus that farthing remained with me for months. It clung to me, as a poor friend often does, long after his wealthier brethren have departed; and it certainly looked a trifle in comparison with the two sovereigns and two shillings, for which I lost no time in exchanging my bit of official-looking paper; but the same vindicated its importance, and taught me its real value. When I rose from my bed that morning, I had every prospect of dining with a certain titled personage. This personage's place was progressively accessible to all, though only the very poor avail themselves of it. With a good appetite to appease, and a couple of guineas in my pocket, this was not to be thought of. I dined, comfortably and substantially, and that day, leaned back in my chair with a feeling of indescribable contentment.

'Searching in my waistcoat-pocket for my toothpick, my finger and thumb came in contact with that farthing. I drew it from its hiding-place, laid it on my extended palm, surveyed it, now from one side, now on that; but with what a different look from the rueful one with which, two hours sooner, I had gazed on the thing, did I now regard it! Well, thought I, I was never before reduced quite so low, but perhaps the most beneficial and the most approaching need. I will keep this farthing with me, as a memento to whisper, 'Never despair;' for I am inclined to murmur at the decrees of fortune.

'I adhered to my resolve. Regularly as I champed my tooth-pick, the little coin accompanied my pick-case, penknife, and toothpick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment.

'Singularly enough, from the time of my being reduced to a farthing, fortune ceased to frown. I had not the little coin, the little coin accompanied my pick-case, penknife, and toothpick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment.

'Singularly enough, from the time of my being reduced to a farthing, fortune ceased to frown. I had not the little coin, the little coin accompanied my pick-case, penknife, and toothpick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment. I was no longer the penniless wretch that I had been; the little coin accompanied my pick-case, penknife, and toothpick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment.'
Nevertheless, I looked at her fair face, soft brown eyes, and flowing chestnut curls, and worshipped Flora, quite forgetting the difference between a boy and a young lady.

But was boy-poet ever without a divinity? So to her, after expending an amount of toil and thought which no after-work of mine ever cost me, I addressed sundry verses, entitled Lines to Flora. And what was my reward? I met her, with her confidante, Lucy Jones, the lawyer's daughter, and as they passed, she said, at me, but to Lucy: 'Poor, foolish boy, I shall not tell papa, for I should not like him to be whipped.' And she tossed her head, shaking the glossy curls I had been striving to immortalise.

There was only one, my gentle mother, who gave my luckless compositions a word of praise. She, bless her! used to soothe my ruffled vanity, call my verses pretty, and kiss my forehead with right loving touch; but she placed me in my time. The end of it all was that, after distinguishing myself for deficiency in Latin at the school-examination, and filling my father's ledgers with poetical in place of arithmetical figures, I forsook the counting-house, and went to study law, for which I had been brought up, only to return in search of the same superficiality of feeling. In place, however, of renewing my lost youth, and resuming my old home habits, I was doomed to be exhibited as a 'lion' of the first-water. My father publicly owned he had made a great mistake in his estimate of my mental powers. My writings having been, in a great measure, published anonymously, everybody gave me credit for more than I deserved, and, as do I myself, the Mudforks folk persisted in thinking it necessary to talk only of literature in my presence.

My former preceptor was amongst the first to call upon me, and a few days after my arrival, I spent an evening at his house. Again and again did the revered doctor shake the hand, kiss the hand, and say, 'Many a moncy a获得了 of days when I trembled under his touch. He introduced me to his goats with great pride as a pupil of whom he was justly proud; 'though once,' he added, 'I fear I scarcely appreciated the peculiar talent you possessed. In that I was not, I believe, singular. A prophet, my dear Dick—paragon of the family—is never without honour, &c.'

And there was Flora—Flora Snaffles still—more beautiful than ever. She did not say, 'Poor, foolish boy!' nor belaughed my hand in mine, and with a gentle, half-hesitating voice, bade me welcome to the vicerage, dropping those bright eyes the while, and letting her luxuriant chestnut curls almost shade her fair face.

Fortunately I got on amazingly. A little later, she brought her album, begging for some contribution in addition to what she already possessed. This last remark required solution, and the bright eyes were archly raised as she pointed out the maiden efforts of my muse in a state of perfect preservation. Need I tell what such a beginning led to. Coming home, as I did, with a predisposition to renew all my old loves, and finding there not only the charms of memory, but of novelty also—for of late my life had been so disturbed, it interfered that the diligence of my school-days became the goddess of my riper age.

There is a certain homely proverb, much in vogue where I was born, which says: 'Old broth is sooner warmed than new broth made,' and it is commonly applied to lovers who make up matters after a separation. I verified its wisdom. Flora was very beautiful; she had preserved those verses, which proved that her former indifference was only assumed, and she plainly regarded me as the greatest genius in the world. We got a long way in a little time. My sisters began to giggle and look silly at me when Flora's name was mentioned. Other young ladies, shaking off the awe my literary reputation at first inspired, and finding me in society quite as commonplace as any other man, demurely sought information respecting the mythology of the ancients. They never forgot to ask some question about the floral goddess, whether poets still worshipped her as they felt tempted to believe, &c. Doubtless all this seems silly enough to tell about, but I deemed it very pleasant folly then. Yet smoothly as my love-affair seemed to progress, I was not so much afraid of the other male individual; I flatter myself there was little risk of successful rivalry to annoy me. The cause of my vexation was a certain Dorcas Society, an admirable institution, yet I hated its very name, because Flora bestowed so much of her time upon it. A species of amiable rivalry existed amongst the young ladies as to the amount of work contributed, and Flora made herself a perfect slave in the cause. If I asked her to sing or play for me, she would cast a glance at the nameless society, and say, 'I must excuse you; I must excuse you;' and, after excusing herself, would continue, 'I shall not be able to give you time. I am so busy with the society.'

It last not to tell how the point was argued between us; Flora insisting that she did not take one stitch more than it was her duty to do as the vicar's daughter. She seemed almost inclined to pour at my persisting in a contrary opinion, and was mollified only when I promised to make one at the anniversary tea-party in connection with the society, which was to take place on the following Wednesday. On the Tuesday, I made myself generally useful, and assisted to decorate the national school-room for the festival, receiving the boughs of evergreen and paper-roses from the fair hands of my lady-love. I was rewarded with many a gracious smile, and more than once had the delightful task of disentangling a spray of holly from those lovely children's tremulous hands.

'You must come to my table,' whispered Flora as we parted; 'and, remember, I shall expect a contribution from you, to make amends for your unkind speeches about the Society.'

As though I could ever have breathed an unkind word in your ear, said I, pressing the soft palm which lay in mine.

The day came. I duly dressed in public, and, I flattered myself, entered into the spirit of the thing, by zealously promoting the locomotion of the cups. After tea came the platform-work—addresses, reports, and vote of thanks to the fair labourers. Lastly came the collection, and Flora stood before me, holding a delicate china plate, on which her eyes were bashfully bent, to receive my contribution. I felt upon me the sovereign ready to hand, and as I deposited the coin in the plate, looked keenly at Flora to see how she relished the gift. Fancy my surprise on seeing the delicate head turned back, while a look of ineffable scorn was darted at me by the fair plate-bearer, whose face now wore the hue of the deepest-coloured paper-rose. She swept past, and that night I saw her no more; so, in place of escorting her home and popping the question on the road, I had to give an arm to each of my sisters. I could not understand it, especially as the two girls would deign nothing but mono-syllabic replies to my questions, and made themselves
as disagreeable as young ladies can be supposed to be. As my sisters and Flora also sometimes, for a time, kept little or no sign of what sort of lady they craved to be enlightened by them as to the cause of this change in her manner.

"You ought to know," said my sister Jane, with a toss of the head very similar to the one with which I had been favoured earlier in the evening.

"What have I done?"

"To pretend not to know!" shrieked both girls at once.

"I do not know," said I. "I put a sovereign on her plate, and she gave me just such a haughty, disagreeable look as she did long years ago, when I foolishly sent her some verses."

"A pretty sovereign!" again in chorus. "But perhaps," added Jane, "you use a poet's licence to call all coins sovereigns. We ignorant country-people cannot be supposed to see these things in the same light as you great literary men."

I was out of all patience. "What do you mean?" said I. "You are enough to drive one crazy with your absurd sneers and allusions. Do I want to be made fastidious as a literary man or what has that to do with Flora Snaffles?"

But I might as well have talked to the doorpost. They indignantly retired, leaving me to my anything but agreeable reflections. I slept little that night, and rose the following morning rose early. On transferring the contents of my waistcoat pocket from the last worn garment to one more suitable for morning costume, the mystery of Flora's conduct was solved: the sovereign—at my intended contribution—was still in my possession. That farthing was gone. I had carried it in my pocket until I had become almost unconscious of its existence; and, all unaware of the mistake, had transferred it to the collection-plate in lieu of my golden neighbour. Of course Flora had set it down as a studied insult—following, as it did, on the heels of our little dispute about the Society. I remember hearing the amount of the collection announced as thirty-two pounds, six shillings, and eight farthings. With some surprise, little deeming the unlucky fraction was my own contribution. I would not tell my sisters a word, but determined to have a delightful reconciliation scene with Flora. I pictured tears in her soft eyes when I told of my past trial, but I was a hopeless butler, and the romance of the thing, and charming confusion when the whole ended with a declaration of love. I almost felt her head on my shoulder, and its glossy curls in my caressing hand. With these feelings, I went to the vicar's house."

"Not at home," was the only reply to my inquiries for the family.

Never mind, thought I; a little suspense will enhance the bliss of the meeting. I went again. Dr Snaffles, who was stern, and monosyllabic. He was evidently in the secret; so I proceeded to explain.

He remarked in his most pompous manner, "that my practical joke was decidedly out of place.

I was dignified at the instigation, but asked after the ladies.

"They were quite well; somewhere in the town, making calls, with the exception of Miss Flora, who had departed that morning by an early train to pay a long-promised visit to an aunt resident somewhere near the Land's End."

And my holiday was just expiring; I could not await her return. I would not say anything to my sisters, being too indulgent to take them into my confidence about their distasteful behaviour.

So I went back to town, resolving to take a run home again in a couple of months, never doubting that all would yet end well. Alas! that I should have it to tell. In six weeks from that date, I received, via my sister Jane, the wedding-cards of Captain and Mrs. Verey, of the 17th Light Dragoons.

She is in India now, poor Flora! and I am still a bachelor of the Albany. Trifles indeed! That farthing!

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSEHOLD BOOK;
OR, HOUSEKEEPING THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

All who have read Miss Strickland's lives of the Scottish queens, will remember the lively description she gives of a certain Earl of Northumberland, who rode forth from the gates of York, at the head of the northern chivalry, to welcome the daughter of his sovereign, the fair Margaret Tudor, then on her way to join her husband, the young James IV of Scotland.

The youthful princess was surrounded by some of England's choicest knights and nobles, all richly arrayed and gallantly mounted; but if contemporary chroniclers are to be relied on, the Percy far outshone them all. He, in order to borrow the gaudiest colors of these, 'what for the richness of his coat, being of goldsmith's work, garnished with pearls and stones, and the costly apparel of his heavy men, and gallant trappings, to suit the fashions of the time,' was 'very tall, well armed, and apparelled in his collars, he was esteemed both of the Scots and Englishmen more like a prince than a subject.'

Nor can we wonder that he found such favor in her eyes; for, led to all this, by his own pomp and circumstance, he was in the prime of manhood, of a godly presence, and the representative of one of the noblest families of the realm.

But pageants, however grand, last but their little day; and those who take even the most part of them, when they have laid aside their veils and ermine, their tiaras and their bells, are, in thought, word, and act, marvellously like other men. So with this gay and gallant cavalier, who, when a few more years have passed, we may very easily sup-"
in which he lived; while we gather from his example the advantage of seeing, each in his own little sphere, that things be done decently and in order.

The new and convenient arrangement is fixed in 1512, as we are by inference continually reminded, for its various enactments are all drawn up in rigid regal fashion, and if not given from 'our court at Wressel,' are at least 'ordained by me and my counsellors on the 30th day of September in the 5d yere of my sovereign lord Henry the 8th.'

It opens with an assignment to 'Richard Gowe, comptroller of my houes, and Thomas Percy, clerke of the kitchinge, of various sums of money for 'the hole care and keeping of his said, and not the clerks late yere,' and then proceeds to lay down minute directions as to the proportions in which every possible article of consumption is to be supplied, with the prices that are to be given for the same. To some of these we shall also refer, for instance, to a particular notice of the family, and hung up wherever they happened to be, and carried to the foot of the table when the food was brought together to swell the list of expenses.

The family seems to have consisted, taking one month with another, of 168 persons, but 67 more were daily reckoned upon as guests, making the total 235. Of the regular inmates, some ten or twelve might be of the blood and lineage of the Percy; the rest were knights and retainers, grooms and yeomen, waiting-men and other domestics, brought together to swell the list of expenses.

The sometime companions of 'bluff King Harry,' saw fit to surround themselves. Many of these officers bore titles similar to those used in the royal household, and were, as appears from the number of horses and servants kept for their separate use, as well as from their sitting at what was called 'the kynghete's board,' gentlemen of good birth. Thus we read of my lord's chamberlain and treasurer, of the comptroller of his household, of the clerk of his 'kitching,' with a due proportion of gentlemen-ushers and grooms-in-waiting. Then, again, we have an almoner, a carver, and a sewor or sewer, whose responsible office it was to see that the dishes were 'straight set upon the board,' and that the family was curiously remembrance, even to the smallest article of plate, until in the exercise of their duties.

The titles given to others serve to illustrate the manners as well as the want of that semi-barbarous age. The courtier's guest, for instance, reminds us, especially when coupled with the mention of 'two washing towels for my lord to wash with, and a gentleman-usher to bring them in, to serve my lord with water when his lordship goes to dinner, and when he keeps up,' of the necessity there must have been for such frequent ablutions at a time when forks were not yet univention; and a child of the kitchinge to turn the brooches (or spits), betrays a similar lack of convenience in the cooking apparatus then in use. Yeomen and grooms, again, to serve at my lord's board-end, marks the distinction which placed the heads of the family, with their principal guests, at one end of a long table; while the officers of the household, and all persons of inferior rank, sat at the other—the line of demarcation being indicated by a huge salt-cellar; whence the phrase often met with in old authors, of 'above and below the salt.' The 'clark avenar,' too, whose duty it was to yield an account of all the oats and hay consumed in the stables, explains the former appropriation of the tower still shewn at Alnwick as 'the Avenar's Tower;' and the 'arris-mender,' who was to be 'daily in the wardrobe for working upon my lord's arras and tapestry,' conjures up the memory of days.

When round about the walls yelched were
With goody arres of great majestie—

the said arres being merely hung up on tenter-hooks against the naked walls, or, in some cases, suspended upon frames, and placed at such a distance from them as to leave space for persons to pass behind—a convenient arrangement, as it must often have proved, in those days of political and domestic intrigue. Falstaff, doubtless, but followed the example of wiser, if not better men, when, in a sudden accession of terror at the untimely approach of lively Mistress Page, he exclaimed: 'I will enconce me behind the arras.'

These expensive hangings—for the art of weaving them was but newly introduced into England—being thus rendered easy of removal, were, as we are led to infer from subsequent entries, frequently brought together to swell the list of expenses. The family, and hung up wherever they happened to be, and carried to the foot of the table when the food was brought together to swell the list of expenses.

The division of the day is another point on which the habits of the sixteenth century differ very materially from those of the nineteenth; and we can scarcely suppress a smile as we think of the long faces which such a regulation as the following would produce among modern lords and equerries in waiting:

'These be the names of the gentlemen-usurers, gentlemen of households, yeomen-usurers, and marshallers of the hall that shall wait in the great chamber daily scurrowe the weeke, on the forenoons, from seven from of the clocke in the morning, to the clocke, that my lord goes to dinner; whereby, for their waiting before noon, hath licence at afternoon to go about their own business from the said noon to three of the clock that evensong begins, and they not to fail them to cum in agayn, the rather if any stranger cum.'

But the dinner, thus early served, seems to have occupied a considerable time in eating, for the services of those who took their turn of waiting in the afternoon were not required till 'one of the clock that dinner is done,' and were to continue 'till they ring to evensong.' The castle gates were locked at nine, 'to the intent that no servant shall come in which is out at that hour.'

'Supper was served between four and five; but we are not told at what time the family retired, though the comptroller himself, be it remembered, one of the head officers—was enjoined 'to call up the cooks every morning after four of the clocke be striken.' Such very early rising seems not, however,
to have been quite in accordance with the tastes of his lordship's dependents: from some cause or other—it might be the soporific effects of the 'potesta of bere' that were so bountifully dealt out— slothful habits gained ground; and to avert the evil, it was ordained by my lord and his council, 'to have a morrow-mass, priest daily now to say mass at six of the clock in the morning throughout the yere, that officers of his lordship's household may rise at a daw hour, and here mass daily, to the intent that they may come to keep a private at the time the household, by reason whereof my lord and strangers shall not be unserved.' Well would it be for the peace and order of many a modern mansion if some such stringent rule could be enforced therein.

The mention of this morning mass reminds us that the spiritual interests of the Earl of Northumberland's household ought to have been well watched over, seeing that he had no less than eleven priests connected with it: the occupations of several of these reverend gentlemen were, however, according to our notions, somewhat unpriestly; one being the surveyor of my lord's lands; another, his secretary; a third, the clerk of his foreign expenses—who, we are informed, by the by, always made up his accounts on the Sunday— received a fee for his master of grammar—to instruct, we suppose, the youth of his household in the orthography and syntax of their native tongue. Others of the priests were most consistently employed as chaplains and almoners, and one of them—appropriately called the 'Casseller'—was for 'reading the Gospel in the chapel daily.'

The priests, whatever might have been their rank in the household, seem not to have enjoyed the privilege, extended to many other of the earl's dependents, of keeping a horse. There is some remarkable exception in favour of the almoner, who, if he be a writer of interludes, is to have a servant (or secretary, perhaps), to the intent for writing of the parts, and else to have none: a provision that bespeaks a degree of consideration for the claims of literature that we should scarcely have expected from the general tastes and pursuits of the age; but the subsequent mention in these pages of my lord and my lady's libraries, as well as the circumstance alluded to by the bye, that there is still extant a very curious manuscript collection of poems made expressly for this same earl, shews him to have been very much in advance of his times in his love and patronage of learning.

There is another still more remarkable proof of this in the fact of his having caused the walls of several of the rooms, both at Wressel and Leckingfield, to be adorned with a variety of poetical inscriptions, all containing, in the form of proverbs, moral precepts well worthy of being remembered. We must confine ourselves to one or two of these. In one of the chambers at Wressel was a poem beginning with this useful advice:

When it is tame of cost and great expens,
Beware of waste, and spend by measure;
Who that outrageously maketh his dispence,
Caseth his goodness not to long endure.

The family motto being 'Espérance en Dieu,' there were, in one of the rooms, the following rudely penned, but wise reflections upon it:

Espérence en Dyen: 

En Dyen esspéré: 

In Him put thine afiance.

Espérence in the word? Nay,
The worde varieth every day,
Espérence in riches? Nay, not so;
Riches agisteth, and soon will go.

How many a poet of undying name and fame has written volumes which contain not half so much true wisdom as is set forth in these few doggerel lines.

Very minute rules are laid down for the 'ordreynge of the chapell at matins, high-mass, and evensong; and as a proof of the attention even then bestowed upon the choral service, no less than seventeen gentle men and children are shown to have been daily employed in it.

The custom, so frequently and pleasantly illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in his novels, of youths of his birth being placed in the house of the chase, to have learned the arts of war and chivalry, is more than once hinted at in these pages. There seem to have been several residing under the earl's roof. They acted as cup-bearers and pages and were probably companions for the earl's sons, to three of whom we are here introduced. The idea of these, 'my Lord Percy,' became celebrated at a later period as the youthful rival of his mate sovereign in the affections of the queen's maid of honour, the lady Anne Boleyn, and he is also mentioned in history as having been employed to arrest Cardinal Wolsey, when the one brilliant star of that ambitious prelate was flickering on the verge of the horizon. There are some curious entries in the 'Household Book' to the effect that a young nobleman; for instance, we are furnished with a list of the number of horses which a magnificent stallion of the earl's fleet was deemed sufficient to support the dignity of his son and heir.

First, there was a 'great dole of amlynges' for my Lord Percy to travel upon in winter; and a second possessed of the same substantial quality for him to 'ryde on owte of towne'; but when is approached the haunts of men, a more showy seat was thought necessary; a 'stockynge gauntlet' horse (such as his father himself had loved in his youthful days) was provided for 'my said Lord Percy to ryde upon when he cometh into towne.' For his daily use, probably to ride about the town, he had 'an amlynges hores,' and strange as the fact may sound in the ears of modern fox-hunters, 'a proper amlynges lettel naghe for him to ryde upon when he goeth hunting or hawking.'

These, with a strong horse to 'carry his maile with his stuff for his change when he rydes,' comprised his stud—the sufficiency of which, considering that the list was drawn up in anticipation only of his being 'at yeres to ryde,' none, we opine, will object to. A gentleman in this chamber, a groom of the chamber, was the second groom for 'keeping of my Lord Percy's patements clean daily,' formed the young nobleman's personal staff; and the services of at least one of these was shared with his next brother, for it was his duty to 'be always with my lord's sonnes, for seeing the orderynge of them.'

'Two rockers and a child of the nursery to attend on them,' formed the nursery establishment of the little Lady Margarets and Master Ingeham Percy. Of the female head of this princely mansion, we find less frequent mention than might have been expected; but there is enough to shew that if the Countess of Northumberland did, like high-born dames of the present day, take no very prominent part in the domestic arrangements of her household, she was at least well provided with the externals needful for upholding the dignity of her high position:—my lady's gentlewomen, her chamberer, her pages, and her cup-bearers, are none of them wanting; and her private secretary is always associated with her lord's in the order laid down for the provision of breakfast, dinner, or supper, in a manner that bespeaks them to have been equally, unlike many fashionable modern couples, smooth and suaver.

Of this noble lady, all we know is, that she was as heiress with the Plantagenet blood in her veins, being
remotely descended from 'old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.' She survived her husband sixteen years, and at her death, bequeathed her body to be buried at Basingstoke, where her parents and likewise gave to Sir Robert Gell, her chaplain, her lease at Witterneose, to sing mass yearly for her own and her husband's soul.

The trifling amount of remuneration given in return for the various services we have described, occasions us at first much surprise. Comparing it with the standard created in our minds by the present rate of wages, we are inclined to charge the magnificent exult with a degree of meanness quite inconsistent with his high pretensions; and the more so, when we learn further, that L1,000 is the whole amount of the year's assignment for the payment of all expenses connected with the household; but one glance at the relative value of money then and now, dissipates our surprise, and we find that a calculation founded on the prices of wheat and other articles of consumption in 1609 and 1654, would lead to a result much more in accordance with modern ideas. Leaving this problem, however, to be worked out by the modern statisticians, we will proceed to give a short list of wages as we find them here set down, premising that it was the custom in those days for the nobility at certain periods of the year to retire from their principal mansions to some favourite lodge or cottage—style, "their lord's secret house"—where they enjoyed, like our own Queen in her autumn retreat at Balmoral, the privilege of living for a brief season free from the incumbrances as well as the cares of state. As the larger part of the servants were put on board-wages; some had 'licence to go about their own businesses,' and were no longer 'at my lord's finding,' and the same applies to those who had been with several of the head-officers and the young gentlemen who held posts in his household, who are often spoken of as being at their own or their friends' finding. The salary of the priests varied from L3 to L5. The dean of the chapel, though of necessity a doctor, or, at least, a bachelor of divinity, received, if he lived in the house, only L4; and the chaplains, if graduate, five marks; if not graduate, 40s.: the priests of the chapel, by which is probably meant those constantly employed there, were of the first order, L5; the second, five marks; and the third, four marks. It is, however, certain that the most discreet of the three be appointed to be sub-dean, and to have more wages! The treasurer, comptroller, and other high officers, 'if abdyngyn in the howse,' received L2 20s. salary; but if 'cominge and goinge,' only ten marks. Forty shillings appears to have been the general rate of wages for yeomen, and 20s. for grooms; but there is a kindly thoughtfulness evinced by the following entry: 'Every futenman to receive 40s., because of the much warring of his stuf with labor.'

My lady's gentlewomen had five marks, if not at 'my lady's finding'; but what amount of deduction was made in consideration of beef, bread, and beer, we are not informed. The wages of the area-steward and foresaid were L1, 1s. 6d, with the addition of L1 for 'fyndyngen all manner of stuff belonging to his facultie,' except silke and golde.

Every servant was required, immediately on entry into the household, to be truly entered, and sworn in the presence of the head officers, 'either by such an oath as is in the Booke of Othas, yf any such be, or eis by such an oath we give the extract verbatim' as they shall seeme best by their discretion.

The price of wheat was at this time 5s. 6d., and that of malt 4s., the quarter. Meet appears not to have been sold by weight, for we find an order for

667 mutton, for the year's consumption, 'at 20d., the one with the other, fatte and leyne;' and a second 'for 109 fatte beeves at 13s. 4d., to be bought at All Hallowes, for to serve my hous from that tymes to Michaelmas; and 24 leyne beeves, at 9s. the pece, to be bought at St Elyn's day (May 26), and put into my pastures to fede.' Pigs—or porks as they are called —were 2s. the piece; veals, the same price; and lamb varied, from 3s. at Christmas and Shrovetide, to 10d. from that time to midsummer.

In an age when fasting was rigidly observed, and where meat was entirely banished during the long season of Lent, fish would necessarily be an important article of consumption; and we accordingly find large quantities laid in and dried. 2090 salmon were valued at 6d. the piece, and 'three ferkynges of pickled surgeon at 10s. the ferkyge:' 'red and white herrings,' 'sprotts,' and eels, are the other kinds thus prepared. Of fresh fish, the price is not given.

Salt cost 4s. the quarter, and vinegar 4d. the gallon! but the noble financier seems to have demurred rather at this item of his expenditure; for we find an order given, that 'for the future vinegar is to be made of the broken rye.' The wine, by the way, was leased [we, we suppose] be provided by the clerks of the wines, and marked after they be past drawing, that they can be set no more a broche, and see it put in a vessel for vinegar.'

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

'A POODLE!' Such is the title of an entire chapter of a current serial work, by one of our most popular authors; and most truly interests the public in the character and fortunes of the animal thus signally honoured; and as every dog has his day, independently of the dog-days and perennial puppyism, we may take the occasion to offer a few observations on the subject generally—the instincts, habits, and qualities of the species, and the education requisite to develop such peculiar talents as distinguish 'Sir Isaac,' the poodle hero of the novel alluded to, by Piostratus Caxton.

About fifteen years ago, his—the poodle's, not Piostratus's—prototype, or rather, prototype, for there were a brace of them, were exhibited by a French savant in the Regent's Circus, and excited so much attention by their performances as to be visited by many scientific naturalists, and other philosophic virtuosi, including the greatest always and staunchest members of the Royal Society. They were certainly extraordinary creatures; and in the variety of their accomplishments, outstripped even the marvellous exploits related of Sir Isaac on his appearance before the mayor and inhabitants of Gateshead. But their owner, though assuredly born under Sirius, was not a mendicant showman. He, M. Adrien Leonard, had devoted twenty years to dog-study and dog-training upon philosophical principles; and the published, at Lisle, an Essai sur l'Educaion des Animaux, taking the dog for the type, in a goodly octavo volume of no less than 486 closely printed pages. The publication contained some new, and much curious matter of which that into which we swallow ourselves in the present paper. Nor is the subject unworthy of the notice of science, since Descartes discussed the question whether animals had souls, and inclined, moreover, to the belief that they had; G. Le Roy drew able deductions between mind and intelligence; and Réaumur, Buffon, Cuvier, and a host of other eminent men, entered into the careful examination of canine attributes and the remarkable extent to which they were susceptible of cultivation.

M. Leonard, as might be expected from his success, goes the length of Descartes as the strenuous

* See Blackwood's Magazine for October.
advocate of superior 'intelligence,' and lauglies to scorn Benefit of dogs as action from impulses miss or less balanced. He even accuses man of being too proud and biased in his judgment, through a sort of jealousy of the near approach to his boasted reason by the most sagacious specimens of the higher orders of animal creation. 'We have a body,' he says; 'so have these animals. They have the same organs as we, and these organs produce the same phenomena. Behold the dog; the nerves from his brain communicate with the five senses, and put them en rapport with the exterior world. Light acts on his eyes, sound on his ears, taste on his palate; and thence result sensations and images which determine action.' Locke and Condillac suggest no other origin for our ideas.

Becoming more metaphysical, he adds, in proof of the animal possession of sentient and thinking faculties, the following dilemma: 'Either it is not the soul which perceives, understands, considers, and wills in man; or animals, like man, have a soul which perceives, understands, considers, and wills. The two are the same; and, served by the same organs, they receive the same sensations. Would you, then, give to animals immaterial and immortal souls?' 'Certe,' replies our authority, Q.E.D.; but he confesses it is a mystery complicated and involved by events.

The grand problem which he proceeds to solve by his experiments is, accordingly, to separate the intellectual faculties of dogs from the intellectual faculties of men, so as to demonstrate what it is that constitutes a man, and what dogs' perceptions are. His experiments are tedious; but if so, M. Leonard seems inclined to think that Poulle & Co. have the best right to complain; at any rate, that his system of education can produce more moral and well-conducted dogs than the most efficient university or regent's-school instruction can turn out equally meritorious human beings. It is plainly Pop versus Child—literally, Zitter versus Family, let paterfamilias think what he will of it.

But when we go into details, we find that the qualified test does not run upon all-fours throughout. Children, for instance, are taught in schools gregariously, and example and emulation are the leading sources of their acquisitions and progress. M. Leonard takes the dog, and expects it to learn from a year-old, and begins with feeding, walking with, and attending to it; not permitting other pups to consort with, or other persons to interfere, so as to divert its attention from its original preceptor and course of lessons;—this said attention being the first, chief, and moving principle on which everything else is founded. Having secured this point, he proceeds upwards to cultivate memory, the most abundant source of ideas in animals; and, as their sensibility is purely physical, and directed, through the senses, to exterior objects, the exercises prescribed are of a nature to develop impressions produced by punishments and rewards. The dog thus treated, he states, soon learns to know what is good for him, and what is bad; what course of conduct brings him pain, and what caresses or food. He remembers, and he judges and chooses between the alternatives—of which thousands of examples might be cited—and if, adds our author, he judges, it must follow that he reasons.

With regard to instinct, whether social as in man, or individual as in beast—according to Magendie—M. Leonard observes that in the latter, among the numerous phenomena dependent upon it, we see a double end: first, the conservation of the individual; and, secondly, the conservation of the species. By a careful and continued education, holding these ruling elements in view, and directing them as is required, the possibility of greatly extending the sphere of intellect is accomplished. It is well remarked that instinct in animals is much more developed than in civilized man, the latter relying more upon reason, which supersedes the use of the instinctive faculty; and, therefore, it is through reason that men acquire habits of instinct; and, vice versa, animals, by having their instincts cultivated, acquire a higher degree of intellect or reason still further.

Having settled the philosophy of the case, the dog most suitable for education are, as 'justified by experience,' divided into three classes, according to the conformation of their skull. In the first class are dogs with large foreheads, and a capacious brain, including spaniels, barbers, pointers, terriers, and setters, all of which have pendent ears. In the second class are greyhounds and mastiffs, endowed with less intelligence than the first, their faces long, their temples closer together, and their ears semi-pendent; and the third comprehends pugs, and the many varieties of cur and mongrel, with circum-scribed skulls, and the least intelligent of their species.

Taking one of the first class as a pupil, the teacher must arm himself with untiring patience, without which nothing can be done. He must then, as already stated, adopt means to obtain the prompt and firm attention of the dog to his motions, gestures, look, or voice; and he uses them to induce the dog, in which he desires to be performed, and which is safe palpable to the sense of the animal. When he fails to comprehend, punishment ought to be moderate, but frequent, and administered on the Instant, as, if it be not so, the dog will not learn. He says: it is said concomitantly to develop, the consequence being no comprehension, of cause and effect. The dog is shown what is wanted, and thus exercised till he understands and obeys orders; and, then be caressed or rewarded with a favourable morsel of food, and we are informed, that though there is a strong carnivorous appetite, inclining to meat verging on putrefaction, a dainty veal cutlet is the epicure ideal of the canine race, which they esteem as aldermen to turtle, country bumpkins to bacon, and coal-heavers heavy meat.

Dogs are no philosophers, and it is a great mistake to fancy, as some do, that they understand the meaning of words. All that is needful is that they should recognise in a sound a command to perform a certain act. After six months to a year, he indicates that the words should be short, and not of a description to put upon—for example, instead of the word azis, 'sit down,' which may be confounded with ziz, 'come hither,' our satiric instructor 1 sur le cul, and upon his tail you see the observed mephitly at once demurely seated, and no mistake for thereby hangs a tale of the whip or birch-twig. Of imitation, however, dogs are obviously sensible, and M. Leonard liberally finds an apology for the English dogs, thought stupid in France, in consequence of their not perfectly comprehending the French accent. It might happen that Mr Grantley Berkeley's recent experience of the stupidity of French hounds might be occasioned by his faulty pronunciation of the tongue.

It is mere charlatanism in the showmen-jugglers to pretend that the dogs they choose for their tricks are more favoured by nature than others of their kind. They are usually rough spaniels (comicae), generally of a fair size, and having ears richly furnished with long and silky hair. In their exercises, they invariably have their heads lowered towards the ground, so that they appear to be considering the object spread before them, whereas they are only attending to the mechanical signs to which their master has accustomed them. Taps on a snuff-box, or, better, the clink of a toothpick, or, better still, a clicking on the nails, are the means most commonly employed.

Irrespective of this particular breed, our author
selects from his first class of intellects, specimens of fine open countenance and handsome form; for dogs and the animal in this respect display a Pin of personal appearance as to be silly and affected, like human coxcombs and flirts. They are only the more sensible and instructible. Notions of beauty or of superior attractions do not turn their brain, and make them foolish in their bearing and behaviour. Indeed, no animal has any idea of grace, form, or size: a cat will bark at an elephant as pertinaciously as at a mouse; and a horse will as readily consort with a dustman’s high-boned drudge, as with a duke’s high- bred butler. It is annoying to ask M. Leonard the conviction that all animals fear man, and that all the stories of their attachment, having the semblance of moral affection, are dressed-up fabrications or illusions. The dog of Montargis, and other similar sagacious creatures, are but sham and impostors. He has proofs in abundance, and no end of experiments, to show that the animal does not love his master; that he sees in him only an instrument of conservation; and if he attaches himself, it is but as the dog licking the hand about to strike him.

‘The two dogs,’ he says, ‘which I submitted to examination by the Institute of France and Belgium, and learned scientific societies of London, leaped, at my voice, from a high bridge into the river, one of them, indeed, in my absence; whilst they were swimming, I ordered the other to take it, and he did so in a moment, although I was at a considerable distance, and self-preservation in the stream must have had a powerful influence over their action.’ The animal drudges, it is true, are quicker in obedience to the order, as the result of instruction; and from what we witnessed of their ‘talents,’ as previously noticed, we could readily credit even more surprising evolutions of Braque and Phylax, such being the proper names of these most obedient quadruped servants. At a given order, they would come to be beaten, exhibiting at the same time signs of the utmost joy. M. Leonard called de la gaieté in a threatening tone, even accompanied by the lash, but nevertheless they leaped, barked, wagged their tails, pricked up their ears, and, in short, displayed every demonstration of pleasure. From such premises, he contends for the probability at least of reflection, as well as of memory and understanding in the animal, since, by means of a command, one can exact what he desired, though the command involved the most opposite conduct. Thus, he would say: Allez vous coucheur, and in an instant arrest their impulse and bring them to his feet by the contrary ‘Come hither.’ Or he would, in the same manner, and with the same effect, almost instantaneously give and reverse the orders ‘Be gay’ and ‘Be sad;’ or he would put a piece of bread before Braque, saying: ‘That is for Phylax;’ and vice versa, a second bit before Phylax, with the remark that it was for Braque; and leaving them untouched during an indefinite time, the word ‘Eat’ (mangez) sent each to the morsel assigned to him, neither venturing to trespass on his neighbour’s lot. This, M. Leonard observes, admits a strong presumption of the intellectual faculty for which he has hazarded the term reflection, since, to a certain extent, it implies a combination of reasoning and comparison. We ought to state that Braque and Phylax were large, heavy dogs, with long hair, English yellowish-brown spores, and in shape resembling the Spanish pointer.

The well-educated dog is a wonderful physiognomist. The instinct of self-preservation, and the natural fear it inspires in man, are equally powerful in the animal, and he knows well how to read in your countenance all you approve. If he perceives in the movement of your brow the slightest indication of discontent, he is puzzled, bewildered, stupified. Raising your voice produces a like effect; and if seen merely for the sake of teaching, it is expedient to add some gesture which brings to recollection a preceding infliction of which he has experience. When the animal has comprehended the lesson, you ought to be careful not to distract his attention; and to evince your satisfaction, and reward by a dainty, his habit of observation, which gradually diminishes his sense of fear. As the animal, like the child, is fickle, jumping from one idea to another, and happy to deliver himself from the fatigue of any long-continued strain upon his spirits (esprit), it is absolutely necessary to correct this fault, which would otherwise prevent the success of the best means resort to for his instruction.

In pursuing the illustration of his subject, the author mentions some curious phenomena, not uninteresting to the student of natural history. For example, he states: ‘In giving myself up to the education of my two dogs, I have made an important remark, which I will set down here. When I was occupied in instructing one of them—Braque, for example—the other, Phylax, who was left to himself during the time, was, notwithstanding, attentive, and appeared as if he took an interest in the lesson. When, afterwards, I undertook to teach him the matter I had been explaining to Braque, I found that he comprehended it far more readily and quickly. I was astonished at this first instance, and sometimes with Phylax, but always with the same result. From this I conclude that the animals are, like children, obedient to the word. The importance of what is taught to their companions, than what is directly impressed upon themselves. Thence we might believe that the instinct of imitation exists in the dog as in man, and is a useful auxiliary in the education of both; and perhaps, he modestly adds, ‘with the former as with ourselves, it may develop those potent contributors to success by giving birth to emulation and amour propre. In hazardizing this supposition, however, I place limits on these precious qualities in animals as in all other intellectual faculties compared with those in man.’ At all events, it evidently facilitates canine education to have two pugilists at a time. Although M. Leonard has defined the races among which the most intelligent or intellectual dogs are found, he allows that all are capable of some improvement, even the greyhound; respecting which he probably never heard the anecdote, that when the unfortunate Charles I. was asked which was the most pre-eminent dog-kind, he replied the greyhound, for he has all the good-nature of the others without their fawning—a fine reproach to spaniel courtiers.

It is conceded by M. Leonard that the pretty lapdog breed of Charles II., as well as the mastiff, may be educated to a degree of intelligence which renders them very agreeable or useful—almost as much so as the spaniel with his eye so full of expression, or the setter, so animated in his looks and movements. We would match the Scottish shepherd dog, in a lesser degree, the English butcher-driver’s uncouth-looking assistant, the cur in charge of goods on a cart in London streets, and the Skye terrier, against any of their congeners, however highly favoured by nature and the mother breed.

But the sagacity, as it is called, of the dog, whether instinctive or trained, has been so universally chronicled, and the tales of its wonderful manifestations so fully believed, that without denying the success of M. Leonard’s curriculum, we are strongly disposed to take a more loving view of the social relations between the animal and man; resting principally, as they seem to do, on the faculties and dispositions of the former. From the days of the
The detail of the ways by which M. Leonard brings his pupils to such accomplishments would be interesting to the general reader, though some of them might probably be introduced with benefit into the training of sporting-dogs, against the cruelty of whose masters, to whom the dog is on the whole the property of the master, insists on the greater perfection that could be attained by a milder mode of instruction. Yet a few of his leading rules may be noticed, and whoever likes to try the experiment, more or less completely, may witness the effect on pups of their own nursery names, and pay instant attention when they are pronounced.

Rewards of caresses and meat, accompanied by words of approbation, were constantly given, as lessons were comprehended; and by decrees only the words were retained to the entire satisfaction of dog and teacher.

Lessons were never prolonged so much as to partake of the mere torture of punishments, and even latitude and disgust.

Much depended on regular and judicious feeding. The devoted attachment of dogs to owners of the lower classes is ascribable to their frequent sharing of the hire and the brunt. Every a Bill Sykes will libel his faithful and ferocious associate, the ugliest of brutes, owing to such a mode of treatment. At the same time, it is the brutal usage they receive from their masters, and which they endure out of their dread of them, that renders the bull-dog and other fierce cross so savage towards strangers and all the rest of the world.

Leave to go out was requisite, and the open door the word liberty, with perhaps a piece of meat thrown forth, were the signs of ascent: obedience was the one thing insisted on. If it were required to teach the animal to abstain from the food, balls of the size of billiard-balls, with small spikes on their surface, were thrown at, or between the animal's paws, and when these were in this line, accompanied by certain expressions, they were taught not to approach or touch, even if left alone with them for whole nights. In issuing commands, they were ingeniously brought to attend to the hint and organ, and not to the tone in which they were pronounced.

There are many other curious ruses and contrivances to facilitate the progress of instruction; but as we do not pretend to supply a code of means for a complex science, our reader may be left to supply his instructions, to the sayings of those who, with the utmost oration, that 'Education forces Nature to confess itself.' Canine civilization!

After dwelling on the value of a dog, well-trained in the degree according to the wish and pleasure of the teacher, M. Leonard draws the opposite picture of the effects of spoiling, and ignorance, and consequent disobedience, in a manner so thoroughly French, that we are tempted to copy it for the amusement of our readers.

'For example,' he says, 'you enter the boudoir of a pretty lady, and lo! there is a villainous Shock that leaps from under the sofa, where he is keeping company with his mistress. He is not bigger than you two fists, and yet he makes more noise than a large dog. He yelps at you with a sharp bark and hubbub, very disagreeable to the tympanum.' 'Be quiet, Bichon!' says his mistress, in a tone of voice which has nothing of the air of a command. Accordingly, Bichon takes good care not to obey. He yelps the louder. You advance into the apartment; you would pay your compliments to the fair dam;
you assume a gracious air; you throw your body into all the postures learned from your dancing-master. But Shuck needs not, and springs furiously at your legs; his noisy brawling preventing her from hearing your soothing phrases. Your gracious air is converted into a grimace, and you are obliged to stop short in the midst of your best bit. Madame laughs at your ridiculous figure. Bichon is encouraged; he shows his teeth; and if it happen that your tights are not well guarded, beware: you are doomed to carry off the imprint of his jaws. The pain extracts an involuntary cry. It is then resolved to recall Bichon to order.

Bichon retreats under the sofa, casting an angry look at you; he receives one of those little tapes which are caresses. "You are a méchant, Bichon. What have you done to the gentleman? Hold! there is a bit of sugar for you; and, another time, don't begin such tricks. Alas! Bichon, make your peace." With such an education, observes our author severely, 'a dog cannot fail to be surly and mischievous, and occasion very unpleasant scenes; all which would be avoided if he were taught promptly to obey.' Perhaps we might for 'dog' read 'child!'

A NEW CALLING.

There are at least some novelists of our own day who possess genuine right to their title, in having introduced a system of entertainment which would not a little have astonished their predecessors. Half a century ago, it was a subject for boasting to have read a recent book; until very lately, it was unusual for people out of literary circles to know a real live author even by sight. Now, not only have cheap editions brought the works of great living writers within the reach of everybody, but the great living writers themselves have been made cheap, and are introduced to the world in their own proper persons. There is no more marvellous now about that sort of being in the flesh may this or that rich spirit be who has dowered us with this or that immortal creation, because, if we choose, we can see him, body and breeches, once every week at least, and for the moderate charge of half-a-crown, hear him read one of his own productions. The thing will get so common soon, that there will be nothing to be said about it, nor is there novelty enough in the matter even now more than may suggest a few new ideas.

Many of us, and alive, have at some time or other ardently longed to feast our eyes upon those whose writings have even whiled away a weary hour, or given us a hearty laugh; and surely much more to look upon the thoughtful faces of those who have made us wiser and better, who have reached out to us 'the shining hand' to help us out of the slough of the world, or, at all events, to scatter flowers on the road. Now that we can do this, we may not perhaps appreciate the opportunity as we ought; and as it gets more common, we shall be doubtless less grateful still.

What would we not have given to have heard old Chaucer, 'the morning-star of song,' describe his own pilgrims on their road to Canterbury! or Spencer read to us his Faery Queen, which nobody (as a wicked critic has said) was ever known to read for himself from end to end! Yet a time would doubtless have come when we should have tired of both of them. How highly should we have prized an hour of the 'native wood-notes wild' of Shakespear, warbled by 'Fancy's child' himself—a sight of that noble brow, of those eyes that saw into the hearts of all mankind! Yet, doubtless, Queen Elizabeth and court listened, if they did listen, to his 'dramatic readings' with much surprise, and most aristocratic lack of enthusiasm. Think what a vision of transcendent glory must blind John Milton have presented, rapt in his heavenly dreams, and uttering aloud his own immortal inspirations! And yet to those charming short-hand writers, the Misses Milton, their task became soon prosaic enough. Would it not have been grand—we are descending, but we are yes a great way up, and in noble company—to have seen Samuel Johnson, massive, ungainly, but yet not without a certain majesty, rolling forth, please ours, his Vanity of Human Wishes! Pleasant to have sat beneath Dr Sterne, and listened to his wilful digressions, and watched his eyes sly-twinkling over his solemn double entendre! And better still, to have heard Fielding reading aloud, and relishing as he read, the woes of his own Partridge, the triumphs of his own spoiled favourite, Tom Jones! Our descendants, be sure, will envy us the having seen and heard the Fielding of to-day—the biographer of the Blifil of our own times, Mr Barnes Newcome the younger—at his literary desk. Mrs Blimber would have died happy, she thought, could she but have seen Cleor in his retirement at Tusculum. How many of our children, may, as we believe, of our great-great-grandchildren, will envy us the having seen and heard that man who gave us Mrs Blimber, and a hundred other ladies and gentlemen with whom we have a very real acquaintance; envy us, especially, the having witnessed his impersonation of Mrs Blimber's favourite, and the favourite of us all, little Paul Domby! child, who more than all other fictitious children, has touched the universal heart of England. We ourselves remember travelling in a city cab to the Bank, in company with a director of the same, with an old London lawyer, and with a copy of that number of Dombey and Son that contains the account of the death of little Paul, which, as we read it aloud, drew tears from Pluto's eyes and Pluto's, caused both the lawyer and the banker to weep. Over such a pair of unsympathising folks, in such a vehicle and on such an errand, you never was the victory of genius more complete. Consider, then, how much greater must be her power when her rightful owner is wielding his own weapon in his own hand! Who can forbear to weep for Tiny Tim, when he himself who created Tiny Tim is weeping with us? Who but most desirous, and yet must pity, the iron Scrooge, when he who drew him himself exhibits the portrait, and marks out so unerringly the cruel lines upon the brow, and the place where the lines are in mercy smoothed away! Hail to this new-born art, we say, and success to the beginners of it! What matters it, that a hundred imitators, miserable, whose stock-in-trade is, not ideas, but a couple of candles, and somebody else's book, have started up and over-run the land? For our parts, we only wish that the example of our novelists were followed by our poets, of which, as we understand, there is some likelihood; that they would lead the music of their voice, and the illustration of their inspired looks—as they were wont to do in the golden age—to their own verses; and that it might be permitted to us, for instance, to hear the deep-voiced laureate pour forth 'his hollow oes and see 'in his own Mort d'Arthur, like • Noise of battle rolled Among the mountains by the winter sea.
BALLAD OF DARNICK TOWER.

The correspondent of a Scotch newspaper lately brought forward the following little grotesque ballad, with an inquiry as to the authorship and the circumstances referred to:

The devil sat in Darnick Tower,
Out of a shot-hole keeked he;
He saw Jamie Leitch come over the brig,
To storm his batteries.

Quoth he: 'Lang have I tarried here,
And though I'm far to e'er remain,
I was driven frae Galashiel's,
Which lang I'd deemed to be my ain.'

'But now farewell to Eildon Hills,
Farewell to Darnick Tower and tree,
For in the reach o' Jamie Leitch
There's nae dwelling-place for me.'

Wf that the devil's ta'en a flight,
And over the Tweed essayed to flee;
But Jamie caught him by the ramp,
And he has dippit Auld Cootie.

Darnick, it must be understood, is a little village about three miles from Galashiel, and an equal distance from Abbotsford, the poetical laird of which was extremely anxious to add it to his domains on account of the above-mentioned old tower. A gentleman sent the following answer to the inquiry in the newspaper: 'In those remote times, as we all know, when witchcraft and sorcery held possession of the minds of the people, it was customary, as in the case of Boisil, Michael Scott, and others, to attribute those misfortunes to the agency of men so-called in old town, and possessed of more than ordinary energy and knowledge. The Heitons, lairds of Darnick (see Tales of the Borders, vol. vii.), were great fighters, as old Watt Scott knew to his cost. Their crest was a bull's head, armed, which, according to the custom of the times, was prominent on the keystone of the portal. The character of the old laird at the time of the ascendancy of Angus was 'deevlish' enough to make him a good representative of 'Cootie,' and the horned head looking through a shot-hole would help the ballad-monger to his metaphor. As for 'wee Jamie Leitch,' he might be some noted borderer who had joined Herxford when he burned Darnick Tower in September 1546, and whom Heiton eyed with a true border feeling through a loophole—the act being very well represented by the head and horns of the crest on the seal.'

Now, the fact is, that the verses were written by a person recently living, and are simply a jeu d'esprit on a fellow-townman of their author, who had adopted a habit of preaching in his native village, and who, not content with his mission in that home-field, was finally ambitious enough to extend his ministrations to the equally benighted hamlet of Darnick. We put it to our readers, Could there be a better example of the conjunctural history indulged in by antiquaries where nothing is known, than the above answer to the newspaper inquiry?

David Thomson, the writer of the verses, has a place in Lockhart's Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, as the person who always wrote the poetical invitations to the 'Sierra' to come to the Galashiel annual dinner. He was a cloth-manufacturer, a simple-hearted worthy man, with a great fund of natural humour, which doubtless Sir Walter failed not to appreciate. 'Hogg came to breakfast this morning,' says Scott in his diary, 12th December 1825, 'and brought for his companion the Galashiel bard, David Thomson, as to a meeting of his Tweedside poets.' The late Thomas Peg, who was a relation of Thomson, was taken by him to Abbotsford, and introduced as the publisher of Jobey; which the prudent bibliophile thought rather daring on his friend's part. However, Sir Walter merely remarked: 'The more jokes the better,' and gave him a very kind reception.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Another progressive step towards the possibility of creating diamonds by a chemical process has been realised in the fact that sapphires have been so produced. M. Gaudin has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a process for obtaining alumina—the clay which yields the new metal called aluminum—in transparent crystals, which therefore present the same chemical composition as the natural stone known under the name of sapphire. To obtain them, he lines a common crucible with a coating of lamp-black, and introduces into it a real proportion of alumina and sulphate of potash, recombined in a powder and calcined. Then he exposes it for five minutes to the fire of a common forge. The crucible is then allowed to cool, and on breaking it, the surface of the lamp-black coating is found covered with numerous brilliant points, composed of sulphuret of carbon, enveloping the crystals of alumina obtained, or other words, real sapphires or corundum. The size of the crystals is large in proportion to the mass opened upon; those obtained by M. Gaudin are about a millimetre, or 3-100ths of an inch in diameter, and half a millimetre in height. They are so hard that they have been found to be preferable to rubies for the purpose of watch-making. It is thus that chemistry, by pursuing the recognised course of natural causes, will in its operation achieve similar results, and produce the diamond.—Willis's Current Notes.

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

Wax and bright in the summer air—
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughness breaks the steady day
The green highway to an unknown world—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
Like a heart content—yet desiring more;
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn?
A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray:
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow:
Till, one blast morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.
Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale;
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarce believing spring was near;
Saw chestnuts bud out, and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn.
The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn.
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then, just in reach of a child's weel land,
Then growing, growing—tall, green, and strong,
With the voice of the harvest in its song,
While in fond scorn
The lark out-carols the murmuring corn.
O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know,
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Nor whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree.
Yet—who is forlorn?
Heaven, that watered the furrows, will ripen the corn.

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MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

In a recent discussion on the subject, it was suggested as an argument in favour of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, that in such a case he would have but one mother-in-law. The general laugh which greeted this remark, proved how strong is the prejudice against that luckless relationship, upon which has been immemorially expended all the sarcasm of the keen-witted, all the pointless abuse of the dull.

Dare any bold writer, taking the injured and unpopular side, venture a few words in defence of the mother-in-law?

Unfortunate individual! the very name presents her, in her received character, to the mental eye. A lady, stout, loud-voiced, domineering; or thin, snappish, small, but fierce; prone to worrying and lamenting. Either so overpoweringly genteel and grand, that 'my son's wife,' poor little body, shrinks into a trembling nobody by her own fireside; or so vulgar, that 'my daughter's husband' finds it necessary politely to ignore her, as she does her h's and her grammar.

These two characters, slightly varied, constitute the prominent idea current of a mother-in-law. How it originated is difficult to account for; and why a lady, regarded as harmless enough until her children marry, should immediately after that event be at once elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness.

Books, perhaps, may be a little to blame for this, as in the matter of step-mothers—of whom we may have somewhat to say anon—and surely that author is to blame, who, by inventing an unpleasant generalised portrait, brings under opprobrium a whole class. Thus Thackeray may have done more harm than he was aware of to many a young couple who find 'the old people' rather trying, as old folks will be, by his admirably painted, horrible, but happily exceptional character of Mrs Mackenzie. He does not reflect that his sweet little silly Rosie, as well as the much injured wives among these indignant young couples, might in time have grown up to be themselves mothers-in-law.

But that is quite another affair. Mrs Henry, weeping angry tears over her little Harry, because the feeding and nurturing of that charming child has been imperceptibly interfered with by Henry's mother, never looks forward to a day when she herself might naturally feel some anxiety over the bringing up of Harry's eldest born. Mr Jones, beginning to fear that Mrs Jones's maternal parent haunts his house a good deal, and has far too strong an influence over dear Cecilia, never considers how highly indignant he should feel if Mrs Jones and himself were to be grudged hospitality by mis'ry's future spouse—little, laughing, fondling missy, whom he somehow cannot bear to think of parting with, at any time, to any husband whatsoever; nay, is conscious that should the hour and the man ever arrive, papa's first impulse towards the hapless young gentleman would be a strong desire to kick him down stairs.

Thus, as the very foundation of a right judgment in this, as in most other questions, it is necessary to put one's self mentally on the obnoxious side.

Few will deny that the crisis in parenthood when its immediate duties are ceasing, and however sufficient its pleasures are to the elders, they are no longer so to the youngsters, already beginning to find the nest too small, to plume their wings, and desire to fly—must be a very trying time for all parents. Bitter exceedingly to the many whose wedlock has turned out less happy than it promised, and between whom the chief bond that remains is the children. Nor without its pain even to the most united couple, who, through all the full years of family cares and delights, have had resolution enough to anticipate the quiet empty years, when, all the young ones having gone away, they too must once more be content solely with one another. Happy indeed that father and mother whose conjugal love has so kept its prior place that they are not afraid even of this—the peaceful, shadowy time before they both pass away into the deeper peace of eternity.

Nevertheless, the first assumption of their new position is difficult. Young wives do not sufficiently consider how very hard it must be for a fond mother to lose, at once and for ever, her office as primary agent in her son's welfare, if not his happiness; to give him over to a young lady, whom perhaps she has seen very little of, and that little is not too satisfactory. For young people in love will be selfish and foolish, and neglectful of old ties in favour of the new; and almost every young man, prior to his marriage, contrives, without meaning it, to wound his own relations in a thousand insignificant things, every one of which is reflected back upon his unlucky betrothed, producing an involuntary jealousy, a tenseness about small slights, a cruel quick-sightedness over petty faults. All this is bitterly hard for the poor young stranger in the family; unless, having strength and self-control enough to remember that 'a good son makes a good husband,' she uses all her influence, even in courting-days, to keep him firm to his affection and duty. Also, her own claim being, although the higher and closer, the newer, the more
dearly she loves him, the more careful she will be, by no over-intrusion of rights sufficiently obvious, to jar against the rights or wound the feelings of others who love him—especially his mother, who has loved him all her life.

Surely this fact alone ought to make any young woman, generously and faithfully attached to her husband, feel a peculiar tenderness towards the woman who bore him, nursed him, cherished him—if a woman in any way tolerable or worthy of love. Even if not, her disagreeableness ought to be viewed more leniently than those of other people. She must have had so much to bear with—as the younger generation will find out when the third generation arrives. Nay, the common cares and sufferings of mere maternity might well be sufficient, in another mother's eyes, to constitute an unalienable claim of respect, due from herself towards 'grandmamma.'

"But," says the incredulous reader, "this is a purely ideal view of the subject. Practically, what can you do with the old lady who comes flattering you in your domestic affairs, criticizing your housekeeping, dictating to you about the management of your nursery, finally cutting you to the heart by hinting that you don't take half care enough of "that poor dear fellow, who never looks so well as he did before he was married.'"

Yes, poor dear girl! it must be owned you have a good deal to bear on your side also.

Daughters and sons-in-law being always expected to be perfect—the daughter or son by blood being of course naturally so in the parental eyes—causes of necessity a few painful disenchantments on the part of the mother-in-law. She forgets that she must take her share of the difficulties which are sure to arise, so long as human beings are a little less than angels, and earth is not a domestic paradise. She had best early reconcile herself to the truth—painful, yet just and natural—that she has no longer the first right to her child. When once a young pair are married, parents, as well as relatives and friends, must leave them to make the best of one another. They two are bound together indissolubly, and no interference of a third party can ever mend what is irreparable; while even in things remediable, any strong external influence is quite as likely to do harm as good.

A wife, be she ever so young, ignorant, or foolish, must be sole mistress in her husband's house, and not even her own parents or his have any business to interfere with her, more than by an occasional opinion, or a bit of affectionate counsel, which is often better not given till asked for.

And in the strangeness, the frequent solicitude, the countless difficulties of newly married life, no doubt this advice would be eagerly sought for, had it not been overmuch intruded at first. A girl, taken out of her large, merry family, to spend long, lonely days in an unfamiliar house, be it ever so dear; or entering, inexperienced, upon all sorts of family cares, would frequently be thankful to her very heart for the wisdom and kindness of a new mother, if only the mother had early taken pains to win that confidence which, to be given, requires winning. For neither love nor trust comes by instinct; and in most of these connections by marriage, where the very fact of strangers being suddenly brought together, and desired to like one another, obstinately inclines them the other way—this love and trust, if long in coming, frequently never comes at all. Very civil may be the outward relations of the parties, but heart-warms is not there. It is always 'my husband's family'—not 'my family,' 'my daughter's husband,' or 'my son's wife'—never 'my son' and 'my daughter.' The loving patriarchal union, which both sides, elder and younger, ought at least to strive to attain, becomes first doubtful, then hopeless, then impossible.

One secret, original cause of this is, the family most people have of seeing their rights a great deal clearer than their duties. About these 'rights' there are always clouts rising; and one of the prominent causes of disunion is often that which ought to be the very bond of union—the grandchildren.

Now, if a woman has a right on earth, it certainly is to the management of her own children. She would not be half a woman if in that matter she submitted to anybody's advice or opinion contrary to her own; or if in all things concerning that one undisputed possession, 'my baby,' she were not as fierce as a tigeress, and as hard as a rock. One could forgive her any rebellion or indignation at unwarrantable interference from her mother-in-law, or even her own mother. And with justice; for if she have my common sense at all, she may, with less experience, have as clear practical judgment as grandmother, whose wisdom belongs to a past generation, whose memory may not be quite as accurate as in the times when she was young. Yet if the daughter-in-law has any right feeling, she will always be patient, and be grateful and yielding to the sense of her power. Nay, there will spring up a new sympathy between her and the old lady, to whom every new baby-face may bring back a whole life of long-suffering recollections—children grown up and gone away, children unfaithful or estranged—or, lastly, little children's graves. The most irritable and trying of mothers-in-law is a sight veritable and touching, as she sits with 'the baby' across her knees, gossiping about 'our children' of forty years ago.

But, speaking of rights, the wife has limits one to her. Surely the 'primal elder curse' must not upon the woman who voluntarily or thoughtlessly tries to interfere with her husband and his own flesh and blood—above all, between him and his mother. And putting aside the sin of it, what a pitiful, jealous coward must she be—how weak in her own love, how distrustful of his, who fears lest any influence under heaven—least of all those holy, natural ties which are formed by heaven—should come between her and the man who has chosen her for his wife—his very other self; and whom, if he be as a good man, he never will think of comparing in any way with any other; because she is an another—she is himself.

On the other hand, a man who, however low in station or personally distasteful may be his wife's relations, tries to wear her from them, excuses himself her sole and particular devotion, to the breaking of the secondary bonds, of which the higher bond ought to make both husband and wife only more tenacious and more tender—such a one is grievously to blame. People may laugh at, and sympathize with, the unfortunate victim of 'Mother-in-law Spirit,' but he is certainly a more respectable personage than the 'gentleman' who, driving in his carriage with his wife and son, passes an old woman—the boy's great-grandmother, crawling wearily along the hot dusty road—passes her without recognition. Or the other gentleman—living respectively, even handsomely—who takes
a deal of benevolent pains to solicit among his friends and acquaintance votes for admission to an alms-house. This does not exactly call her so: 'my wife's mother.'

It is a curious fact, subversive of the theories of novelists, that mothers-in-law of sons generally 'get on' with them far better than with their daughters-in-law. While it is no uncommon thing to see instances of a man's being kindly, even affectionately attached to his wife's mother, and she to him—almost any of us could count on our fingers the cases we know where a daughter-in-law is really a daughter to her parents by marriage. The cause for this is the difference of sex: no man and woman in any relation of life, except the conjugal one, being ever thrown together so wholly and so intimately as to discover one another's weak points in the manner women do. Consequently, one rarely hears of a lady being as daggers-drawing with her father-in-law. She is usually on the simplest, friendliest terms with him; and he often takes in her a pride and pleasure truly paternal. For truly, women who are charming to men, and by consent: a far from fair test of true beauty of character is it that a woman should be admired and loved by men. It would save half the family squabbles of a generation, if the young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their husbands, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law.

But the husband himself has often much to answer for. When with the blinding and selfish pride of possession natural to a man—and a man in love—he is all the more likely to be blind, the more he should remember that all the family to fall down and worship her, why, they naturally object to so doing. They cannot be expected to see her with his eyes. They may think her a very nice girl, a very likeable girl, and if left alone would probably become extremely fond of her in time, in a rational way; but every instinctive obstinacy of human nature revolt from compelled adoration. Heaven forbid that a man should not love, honour, and cherish his own wife, and take her part against all assailants, if needful, be they of his own flesh and blood; but one of the greatest injuries a man can possibly do his wife is to be always exacting for her more love than she has time to give, always shewing her forth as a picture of perfection which she is not. The devoted wife, the mother, as an ordinary woman, blest with the virtues and faults which women can so quickly detect in one another. The kindest, wisest, most dignified course for any young husband on bringing his wife home is to leave her there, trusting her to make her way, and take her own rightful position, by her own honourable deserts.

A man has ordinarily little time or inclination to quarrel with a woman. The things which irritations constantly occurring between women who do not suit one another, yet are trying hard to keep on good terms for appearance' or duty's sake, are ridiculous trifles which he cannot understand at all. Better he should not. Better she should not keep her little troubles to herself, and be thankful that on his side he is well disposed to be tolerant towards grandmamma. Grandmamma, on her part, not unfrequently likes her son-in-law extremely, asks his advice, is pleased to have his company. Of course, that he is not quite good enough for her darling child—as indeed the Angel Gabriel and the Admirable Crichton rolled into one scarcely would have been—still she has a very considerable amount of respect for him, and kindly feeling towards him.

If she has not, and shews her want of it, she is the unkindest, most dangerous mother that any married woman can be afflicted with. If by word or insinuation she tries to divide these whom God has joined together, if she is so mad as to believe she shall benefit her daughter by degrading her daughter's husband—truly this manner of talking is like upon unjust grounds, deserves any retribution that may reach her. Even for just cause, such an antipathy is a fatal thing.

And here we come to one of the most painful phases of this subject, one of the sharpest agonies that woman's nature can endure—that is, when a mother-in-law has to see her child, son or daughter, unworthily mated, forced to wear out life, to die a slow daily death, in the despair of that greatest curse upon earth, an ill-satisfied heart. Once can conceive, in such a case, the motherly heart being stung into direst hatred for the cause of such misery—na"y, bursting at times into the rage of a wild beast compelled to witness the torture of its young. This mother-passion, as helpless as hopeless, must be, of its kind, distinct from any other human wretchedness; and under its goading almost any outbreak of indignation or abhorrence would be comprehensible—nay, pardonable. To have to sit still, and see a heartless woman tormenting the life out of one's own beloved son, for whom nothing was too noble and precious; or a brutal husband breaking the heart of a tender daughter, to whom, ere her marriage, no living creature ever said a harsh or unkind word—this is a terrible thing. Yet and yet it has to be borne, again and again. God comfort these unhappy mothers-in-law! Their sufferings are sharp enough to make amends for the wickedness of a hundred Mrs Mackenzies. Yet until the last limit, the only safe course for them is to endure, and help their children to endure. Cases do arise, and a wise legislature has lately provided for them, when righteousness itself demands the dissolution of an unrighteous marriage; when a man is justified before heaven and earth in putting away his wife; and the counsel, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband,' is rendered nugatory by circumstances which entail sacrifices greater than any woman has a right to make, even to her husband. Every one must have known such instances, where the law of divorce becomes as sacred and necessary as that of marriage. But such melancholy unions are, thank God, the exception, not the rule, in our land, and form no justification for the machinations of bad mothers. Each man has his minor troubles, practise patience, courage, hope. If, according to the apostle, who wrote on the subject with that wide calm observation which sometimes seizes on a truth more clearly than does one-sided experience—the unbelieving husband may be convinced of the verity, and vice versa, who knows but that a harsh husband, a neglectful wife, may sometimes be won over to better things, by the quiet dignity, the forbearance, the unconscious loving-kindness, of a good, generous mother-in-law?

Let us take her in one last phase in her long life—it must have been a sufficiently long one—and these few words concerning her are ended.

There arrives often the time when the sharpest, most intolerable mother-in-law becomes harmless; when a chair by the fireside, or a bed-ridden station in some far-away room, constitutes the sole dominion from which she can exercise even the show of rule or interference. Then and shownly, what is desirable will be to a narrower pillow, where the gray head is laid down in peace, and all the acerbities, infirmities, or failings of old age are buried tenderly out of sight, under the green turf that covers 'dear grandmamma.'
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blessed is she who, living, lived so that her memory is hallowed by all her children alike, and who is remembered by them only as 'mother'—never, even in name, as 'mother-in-law.'

A TREE OF LIBERTY.

Guines is a dull town in the north of France, about seven miles from Calais; and needs much to enlivens it. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in December 1848, that I ran into a small apartment, shouting out: 'Tom! my lad, let us off to Ardres.' Come along. The elections are on to-day, I hear, and all goes in favour of Napoleon. Vive la République!

France in 1848! What pleasing recollections, what happy thoughts crowd upon me whenever I revert to the days I passed in La Belle France throughout that memorable year. Happy, I say, for I was a Briton, though a young one—left without control for the first time in my life, with a moderate amount of pocket-money, and a good deal of assurance. I was about eighteen years of age—had blue eyes and a fair complexion; and having, from a lad, imbibed a certain taste for raw beef and porridge, was equally fond of good whisky. It will, therefore, be seen at once, when I say that a kind papa had sent me to France to learn the language in a short time, and nothing but the language, that he couldn't have sent me to a better place. Young as I was, however, I was almost involuntarily driven into politics. I.

The Tom I addressed above, was an English youth of about my own age, but a great deal more bulldoggy, and a terrible cracker of cocoa-nuts, as he termed his horizon bread: a kind papa had sent him to France to learn the language in a short time, and nothing but the language, that he couldn't have sent me to a better place. Young as I was, however, I was almost involuntarily driven into politics. Tom was delighted with my proposition, and it was agreed that we should call for old B——, to accompany us. Off we started, and upon crossing the Place, came upon a real Henri, mouth, moustache, loose coat, and all complete. He shewed his dirty teeth as usual—for he had vowed vengeance on us—like a vicious horse, such as not even a Rarey could tame. Henri was the commission's head man, and an inveterate and undisguised hater of all and everything English, the folks of which nation he was continually looking up, and making them understand the true nature of a procès-verbal. His red moustache was so gummy and twisted, that it stuck out at right angles with his small turned-up nose, a distance of three inches on either side. He got up this forky appendage, he said, to keep in awe all mauvais sujets. A 'ha, ha, ha!' from Tom as he passed, annoyed him incredibly; and to the end of his facial crosier, he looked, and looked from under his shaggy eyebrows, as much as to say: 'I'll nail you yet, my chiks.'

We found old B—— indulging in a cigar, and sipping strong coffee and cognac. 'Will you go Young?' 'Yes, we have a youth.'

Who was old B——? Now, I cannot tell you, nor could any one I ever met tell me. He couldn't, or wouldn't, tell himself. This is all I know: he was a pompous, jolly, crafty, good-tempered, very poor professor of ten languages, but teaching only one—his own—German, which I was told he couldn't spell. He was, however, a baron; he would always stick to that. It is very desirable I should dwell somewhat on the merits and demerits of old B——. My narrative requires it. Old B—— demands it.

He was a policy, short-legged man, of about five-and-fifty, who got himself up for thirty, forty, or fifty, on Sundays and gala-days. He wore a wig, a broad-brimmed white hat, and a snuffy moustache; a very upright, and had all the appearance of a live baron, especially when supported by his gold eye-glass and immense diamond brooch, his tightly strapped blue inexpressibles of cheese-board pattern, his mail-pointed, toed patent boots, and well-fitting swallow-tailed dress-coat of a greenish hue.

His appearance was certainly distingué; but the most curious thing was, no one ever remembers the baron to have been dressed differently. He had been his gala-dress from time immemorial—when in prosperous times he lost his thousands at rouges et noirs in Paris; the garments, perhaps, he considered to wear when he dined tête-à-tête with the President of the United States, and those in which he and the Patagonians, or some other onians of South America, desired to crown him their king. He was, like himself, never grew threadbare, nor his eyes either. He was too fond of England to be often related, to our immense satisfaction, be it in consequence he was forced to fly from England; he had drunk tea in China, and flirted with the maidens of Othello; in short, he was the wonder and delight of all who met him. He was, however, a real baron, although his brilliants were past, and he had been a valet. This singular old père, strange as it may appear, nearly bought me to the hurls. This was the way it happened.

The Tom had a little more or the English ironworks to our left, ascending the hill, flanked by its double row of trees, until we stood on a mound in the middle of the field of the Cloth of God. I ventured to bring old B—— out on the subject of the professor evaded my general question, and easily answered that he didn't see anything about the time that it should be christened by so fine a name. The baron seemed colder than usual. Tom tried politeness, but it was of no use; I had to come back to the subject. And so, jokes blown yeux! Vive la bagnole! The right chord was struck; the baron yawned and yawned away, and kept us in a roar, and we were determined to jolly for that evening.

An hour's walk brought us an excellent view of the ancient town of Ardres, where many a battle had been fought, and a citadel still stands. We saw the walls crumbling—all is decay.

There resides here one remarkable Englishman—remarkable, because he ought to have been hanged fifty years ago, and is himself of the same opinion. He is a wiry little man, upwards of a century old, and receives a pension from the French government; for he told me in the Maltese, or he was intrusted, it appears, with some important dispatches and other documents from Nelson, which he ran off with, and delivered into Bonaparte's hands. Exiled, a handsome pension ever since has been his reward. He was wont to allure strangers to the plunder of Malta. I once asked him how he felt, when he heard afterwards of the affair in Abukir Bay. Tears started to his gray eyes, and a kick passed over his weather-beaten face. He invaded spoke well of old Albion, and I fancy there was a great longing within him to visit once again his native land. This old traitor lives at Ardres.
Through the famous long archway, we entered the town, and found all bustle and excitement. Flags were flying and drums tattooing. Some were discoursing, others were chattering away. The shawled, shagged, shrunken types of the region, the stories of La Belle France; while others marched in a row, bawling out the Marseillaise. Cries of 'Vive Napoleon' resounded from the old ramparts. The town was full, gay, and busy.

'Suppose we seek Monsieur H——', I said; 'we can then have a four game at billiards. He must have put up near here.'

'A la bonne heure,' rejoined the baron; 'I will go hunt him out myself. I know well he will come.'

Pointing to a particular house, he marched off in his usual dashing style, saying as he left us: 'You will enter it, and wait for us. Au revoir!'

Through clouds of tobacco-smoke, innumerable dominoes and cards, all kinds of noises and smells, we entered the café. The rapid clack of the billiard-balls was to be heard amid the incessant jingling of glasses and the clattering hubbub which Frenchmen alone can make. But now they had assembled to applaud the glorious privileges of wholesale liberty and universal suffrage. How, then, could there be less excitement? If a sinister-looking fellow had followed us from the time we first came into the town, and continued to track old B——'s steps from cafe to cafe, in my opinion, it would be his own fault. The baron was always an attraction. Monsieur H—— could not be found.

'N'importe! I will take you a game,' said the baron, examining a cue. 'It is a good table. Allez!' We continued to play upwards of an hour. I made some excellent gains; but the baron was, beyond doubt, the great gun of the room. Tired of play, we sat down at a small side-table over our cigars and grog, and placidly examined the motley groups around us. This was enjoyment. Vive la France.

More than another hour had flown by when we thought of returning; but lo! what meant that eager gaze of the outdoor population? There was no necessity to think even for a fellow in a blouse came quickly, in his cap, and more discovered, and must be off. Qu'est ce que c'est? Ha! we were detected and foiled. We were politicians—spies direct from Paris to tamper with the voters. Our, il n'y connait personne. Il vient de Paris out.

'There's how incredibles it may appear—the good people of Arders had really and positively been led away, by the baron's distinguished manners and appearance, to imagine that we had come to their town to interfere with the voting.

Half-a-dozen fellows, armed with stout sticks, were deputed to show us the way out, and gave us a sound drubbing into the bargain.

Upon leaving the café, we were roughly collared. Here Tom floored his man; the baron reconstituted and the breath snatched up; but it was no avail: we were spies, and off we should pack.

They dragged us through the town, and with kicks and cuffs sent us flying homeward under a heavy volley of stones from all the gamins of the place.

'O Liberty! Liberty! It's you absurdly duped manner that's done it all, baron,' I cried. 'But what shall we do?' again I shrieked, for I was in a towering passion. 'Fight? Nonsense. Pocket the affront. No!'

'Revenge!' echoed Tom. 'I will punch the first Frenchman's head I come across; but, I say, that was a good un on Crapaud's figure-head. My knuckle's cut.'

'Farble, my pack is cut too. Diable, we go to the prefect. Oh, my cost is ruined—my hat is smashed.' Thus lamented old B——

In quite a different spirit from that in which we had set out, we trudged homeward: I plotting vengeance—but what I didn't know; Tom intending to fight the first opportunity. The baron did nothing but eye his ruined coats and chapeau.

Upon entering Guines, old B—— parted hurriedly from us. Tom and I continued our way very dejectedly, and were crossing the Place, when, lo! vengeanceness was in my grasp; all, all was clear as noonday—we could shock the whole nation in its nicest point. My mind was relieved.

'Tom,' said I, with startling earnestness, looking him straight in the face, and clapping one hand on his shoulder, while with the other I pointed in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville—Tom, we will cut down that tree of humbug.

'Bravo, bravissimo!' shouted Tom.

'Hush!' I resumed. 'Come to my apartment to-morrow, and we will concoct our plans.'

'That tree is doomed. Bon soir.'

We met next evening, and, for the benefit of future historians, and guidance of all who would be plotters, I will explain how we purposed to carry out our desperate resolves.

'I have,' I began, 'thought over the whole matter, and see no great obstacle to the attainment of our wishes, provided we can overcome the first that presents itself. We must get a saw, and that so cleverly, that not a soul must even dream of such a thing. How is it to be done? Now, look ye here, Tom,' I continued: 'you know little W—— at the ironworks better than I; call upon him to-morrow—keep your eyes open for the tool-house—you will fall over abundance of saws there—unobserved, slip one up your back, butt it with your coat, bid little W—— see you, and hasten here to me.'

'Very pretty; to be nailed stealing a saw; no, no! hit upon something better than that.'

'Tom,' I answered quickly, 'I have pondered over the affair all night and to-day, and this is the only feasible plan I see; besides, if you are detected, it was a wager, you understand, and we must let our project fall to the ground.'

'Fall, yes; the tree must fall: all right—I'll get the saw.'

'Tom, you're a bric.'

Here, cigar in mouth, he threw himself into a chair, cocked his legs on the mantel-piece, and folded his arms, while I proceeded.

'The saw obtained, we must choose a dark night, and issue out of the house, about two o'clock, by the front-parlour window; for, by that time, we shall probably find Henri asleep.'

'Well,' rejoined my companion, 's'pose 't'other—s'pose Henri finds us awake—his carbine is loaded.'

'What, the white feather, Tom?'

'O dear, no; I should think not—go ahead: we shall only be shot down by Realspikes, or have a little quiet recreation for five or ten years in the hulks—the capital opportunity to arrive at a thorough knowledge of the idioms of the language. I never shall speak French if I don't do something—so down with the humbugging tree, and the sooner the better.'

We settled upon the following Friday.

The inhabitants of Guines were justly proud of their emblem, as three attempts had been made, and had failed, to transplant a suitable poplar to its consecrated space on the Place, just before the Hôtel de Ville, before they possessed the largest and finest Tree of Liberty in the whole of France. They dug about it and dug, to place a pretty tricolored painted wooden railing round its enclosure, and bid Henri guard it with his most zealous care, ay, with his life.

By Friday, it was known that Napoleon had gained the presidency. Guines said to have favoured Cavaignac.

'Tom, all right. Come along, are you ready? It
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rains in torrents, and the wind is awfully high—so much the better? Yes—shut your door. Hush! hark! Tread gently down this corridor—mind that step: c'est le premier pas qui carre!"

I had brought Tom to my room, as arranged. As the clock struck two, we buttoned up our old coats to the neck, fastened thick boots round our knees, tore off our slippers, and glided softly down a short flight of stairs into the parlour, where the window was soon opened, and the green blinds outside thrown back.

With palpitating hearts, we looked out upon the darkness. What a night! The rain fell, and the wind howled fiercely through the deserted streets. The prospect was anything but inviting, and I must own I began to feel my courage ebbing away like that of Bob Ainslie, when Tom very cleverly dropped into the street below, and called upon me to follow. In the open air my pluck revived, and we had taken only a few steps forward, when—bang, bang.

"What on earth is that row? It will rouse the whole place. It's only a loose half of the blind flapping against the wall. Quick, on to my back; you must close and tie it. Leave the window open."

Again we stealthily girded away along the most secret and tortuous way, now and then stopping to listen for an unwelcome step; but nothing was to be heard save the roaring wind and pelting rain. We reached the Place unmolested, and strained our eyes towards the Hôtel de Ville. We gained the door; another pause; good—Redcaps was asleep.

"To work."

A few hasty strides brought us to the object of our vengeance. The saw is drawn, Tom's arm is stretched.

"Doubtful!" he whispered, "I can't reach the tree. We are done—these cursed rails. Shall we get over?"

"No, escape were then impossible. By Liberty, we won't be done," said I, placing my shoulder firmly against the fence-work. "Now for your weight, Tom."

One, two, three. Ugh—crack went the wood-work; and in another minute we were in the enclosure, and hard at work.

Seeing to windward, we had wellnigh brought the monster low, when we heard footsteps approaching; and we heard also, as by the side of our victim till the unconscious individual had passed away. Soaked to the skin, we rose and resumed our task, and soon had the satisfaction to find the tree give. Another vigorous saw, and it cracked; then placing a round stone under the incision made by the saw, which opened wider and wider with every succeeding gust of wind, we prepared to leave the spot.

"Do you think she'll go?" said Tom.

"Depend on it, she'll go now with the first heavy squall; she'll go, but we'll wait the issue yonder at the corner. Sharp's the word. By Jove, she's off!"

I had barely uttered these words, when the ponderous tree fell with a roar, smashing through the fence-work that surrounded it. The noise was a fearful one to be heard in the middle of such a night. We had scarcely reached a sheltering position, a few yards off, when up flew a dozen windows, and out flew Henri, carbine in hand.

"Qui va là?" No reply.

He stood a moment, then dropped his head as in the act of listening. We suffered an agonising suspense. Just then a door slammed violently in the opposite direction to where we lay ensconced, and off we bounded. We had escaped. It was the work of a few minutes to fasten the parlour, fasten up the blinds and window, and creep quietly into bed.

Next morning, the town was in an uproar. Telegraphs were at work—so was poor Henri. Louis Nap. was furious—so was poor Henri. The authorities had the impudence—sheer thoughtless impertinence—to interfere with my appetita for a whole month, by quartering a dozen blood-thirsty gendarmes in a court-yard right facing our sale a manager. But, however, in spite of awful moustaches and Napoleonic messages; in spite of the tales of Cherie, the maid, who ashly hinted at dirty mats on the window-sill; in spite of the model they put made from the foot-prints found in the enclosure; in spite of more than one hundred examinations before the prefect—all they proved was, that Henri had been fast asleep, and the saw 'used by an experienced hand.'

The Northumberland Household Book; or, Housekeeping Three Hundred Years Ago. Part II.—Conclusion.

Having catalogued the estables of three hundred years ago, we now turn to the wines; the yearly order for which we find to be '10 tons, 2 hogsheads of Gascoligne wyne—namely, 3 tons of red wyne, 5 tons of claret, and 2 tons, 2 hogsheads, of wyne,' at L.4, 13s. 4d. the tun. The Earl seems to have retained the tastes of his Norman ancestor for the fair wines of France; but we would have known whether generous port, then so little open with the English, was ever admitted to his hearth, or whether sherry, immobilised by Shakspeare's new half-century later under its other name of sack, had yet found its way into the cellars of Wreast; let on these points the Household Book is silent, nor is there mention made of any kind of spirits. Beer was the principal beverage of the household, and in discover the cheapest method of manufacturing it, seems to have cost the earl and his council some anxious days, if not sleepless nights, for we find its minute calculations entered into on the subject.

We are able to collect from these pages the names of a large variety of birds, which, though now lightly esteemed, were, in those days, introduced as luxuries at the tables of the great; thus, it is thought that sea-gulls be had for my lord's mess, and more other, if they be in season. Wypes (or lapwps), stints, redshanks, bitterns, curlews, with many more equally strange, or equally distasteful to us as sides of food, mentioned with similar astonishments, seem to have been placed side by side with partridges, pheasants, snipes, and wood-cocks; even leeks are down as a delicacy not to be unreservedly enjoyed.

Swans and peacocks were in high favour, and a warrant, drawn up as formally as if it related to the conveyance of all the estates of the earl of Pesci, authorises the bailiff of his lordship's manor of Leckingfield, to deliver my well-beloved servant Richard Gowe, controller of my household, at Gilbert Wethall, clerk of my kitchen, against the faesta de Christmas next coming, 20 cygnet's, &c.

We find in this list no mention of turkeys; but had it been drawn up a few years later, they would probably have held a prominent place, for Baker in his Chronicles says of the fifteenth year of this reign:

"It happened that many things were now newly brought into England, whereas this rhyme was made:

'Turkies, carps, hops, plecarel, and beeves,
Come into England all in one year.'"

The Household Book, however, clearly proves this to be incorrect, so far as the articles of hope and less were concerned.
Let us now take a momentary glance at the earl’s breakfast-table, choosing for our visit a season when all good Catholics are supposed to eschew too great attention to creature comforts; and, first, we miss the now almost indispensable luxuries of tea and coffee, for which, to modern tastes, the ‘quart of beye and the quart of wyne’ are but rude substitutes; but there is the goodly loaf of trencher (brown) bread, the two manchets, made of delicate wheaten flour, the dysh of butter, and the pese of salt-fish, or dysh of buttered eggs, the latter to be replaced on flesh-days by half a chine of mutton or a chine of beef boiled: no great stint after all!

My lord and lady’s fast-day dinner consisted of several varieties of fish, such as ‘turbot sliced or baked, a dysh of flounders, a dysh of fried smelts, with salmon, sprots, and salt-fish, five manchetts, a pottell of beye, and a pottell of wyne;’ to this was added for them that had the ‘revercion’—that is to say, those who waited and took the leavings—three loaves of bred, and three pottells of beye.

It will be remarked that there is here no mention of vegetables: potatoes, peas and beans, were then unknown in England; but that others were at least occasionally introduced, may be gathered from a subsequent order, that ‘from heretoforth there be no herbes bought, seeing that the cooks may have them sewn in my lord’s garden;’ and in the list of the servants we find a ‘gardener for setting of herbes, chepping of knots, and sweepyng the garden clean.’

Similar minute directions are given for the ‘orderyng’ of the boards of my lord’s children and those of his various dependents; and we observe a gradual decrease in the scale of luxury as we approach the lower offices, the ‘dysh of fresh fish, and the dysh of cod or lyunge, with butter, bread, and beye,’ dealt out to the head servants, being exchanged in the latter case for a ‘pese of salt-fish’ only.

We have no bill of fare of any of the ‘principal feasts;’ but, from the variety of choice viands laid in for them, they seem to have been conducted on the most liberal and magnificent scale; indeed, no one who studies this Household Book can for a moment doubt that boundless hospitality reigned throughout the princely establishment of the Percy; but it is as a domestic economist we are now chiefly considering him; and of his pre-eminence in that character, amongst every page furnishes many, and sometimes amusing examples: thus, we find him on one occasion, always of course with the help of his councilors, taking a review of the operations of the past year, and gravely noting down such defects as the following, in order that the provision thereof be amended yereby from henceforth: ‘That there be no white salt occupied in my lord’s house, without it be for the panke, or for castyng upon meat or for seasonyng of meat; that, whereas mustarde hath been bought of the sauce-maker aforeside, that now it be made within my lord’s house, and that one be provided to be groom of the scullery that can make it; that there be no lambes bought when they be at the darrest, without it be for my lord’s board, the chamberlins mess, and the stewards mess; and that whereas earthyn pots be bowghte, that ledder pots be bowghte for them for servyng for lyveries and messes in my lord’s house.’

These are a few of many equally important matters that engaged the attention of one who, in early life, had directed the movements of an army, and who had yet to stand side by side with his royal master on the memorable ‘Field of the Cloth of Gold.’

In looking through these pages, we catch an occasional glimpse of some of the sports and diversions of the era to which they refer.

Shooting with the long-bow, once so much practised by the English both as a means of defence and a favourite exercise, seems about this time to have fallen into some disrepute; for, during the reign of Henry VIII., acts of parliament were passed, rendering it compulsory for every man under sixty, except spiritual men and justices, to have a bow and arrows constantly in his house, and also that every servant should possess a bow and four arrows, master providing the same, and stopping the purchase-money out of his wages. In spite, however, of these stringent laws, we find good old Latimer constrained a few years later to lift up his powerful voice in behalf of an act which he designates as ‘God’s instrument, whereby He hath given us many victories against our enemies,’ and which, he maintains, is ‘a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commend’d in physic.’ But that the use of the long-bow, however unfashionable elsewhere, was still practised at Wreall, is evident from the sum ‘payde yerly to my lord’s bowyer for sayyng and dressyng all his lordship’s bowes in the houses of the lord of Miserele to pastyme to tyme, and also to the flecher for sayying to all the shiff arrowes and all others—he to fynde,’ it is added with characteristic precision, ‘all faders, waxe, glowe, and silke.’

Christmas in the olden time was, as is well known, a season of almost unbounded mirth and hilarity: in the houses of the great especially, Folly, with her cap and bell, seemed for the moment to reign paramount; and we are not therefore surprised to find a record, as it is here styled, given yearly to ‘an Abbots of Miserele:’ this being doubtless, as the editor suggests, the same respectable personage who, after the Reformation, when the word abbot had acquired an ill sound, reappeared as the ‘Lord of Miserele’ over the Christmas gambols in the houses of our chief nobility. A master of the revels was also appointed for ‘overseeing and orderyng the plays, interludes, and dressynges that is played before my lord on the twelfth day after Christmas.’

The drama seems to have been the favourite amusement; and Scriptural subjects, not excepting those even which involve the deepest and most awful mysteries of the Christian faith, were chosen as vehicles for the display of dramatic action or pantomimic skill. The priests were not only the authors of these religious plays, but in most cases the actors also. We have already heard of my lord’s clerical almoner distinguishing himself as a playwright, and we now find others of the same holy calling ‘playing a play at Shrove-tide,’ and again ‘playing the play of Resurrection upon Easter-day in the morning in my lord’s chapel.’

Minstrels of various degrees of merit, dependent apparently upon the rank of their masters—for an ‘erle mynstrelle,’ we observe, was to receive more than a lord’s—are noted down amongst the regular recipients of his lordship’s bounty; in return for, or more probably in anticipation of which, some of their fraternity were always to be found playing at my lord’s chamber-door, and those of his family and guests, as soon as day dawned on New Year’s morning.

In the administration of his charters, the Earl of
Northumberland proved himself a good Catholic, for he lavished what must then have been considerable sums in gifts to the church; and though we, whose lot has fallen on more enlightened times, may feel indignant at the sight of the appropriation of some of them, we must not forget at the same time to do justice to the liberality of the hand that knew how to scatter its wealth in so many and such diverse directions.

The shrine of our Lady in the Whitesfriars at Doncaster seems to have been particularly favoured by the earl, being mentioned here as his own foundation. Both it and the prior who presided over it enjoyed a large share of his patronage. But he also assisted in building the first house of the Blackfriars, into which his lordship of the manor of its church of Lincoln, and the Holy Cross of London—this last being a pretended relic of the founder of the college of Saviours, brought from the Holy Cross of the temple of St. Peter in Granada, when the Emperor of Granada was it was put to an unaccustomed use, for various ceremonies.

If his lordship travelled accompanied by his family, six horses were required for himself and suite, as thus: "A mule for him to ride upon; a second horse to be led for him to change; a third, for the groom of the road and the groom of the stable; a fourth for the groom of the stable and the groom of the horses; a fifth, for the groom of the horses and the groom of the stable; and a sixth, for the groom of the horses and the groom of the stable."

Still, whatever form it might assume, the church took precedence of all the other conveyances employed, and seems on these occasions to have been put to an unaccustomed use, for such occasions were rare. The conveyance of the hereditary title to the title was a further charge of charges than needeth, &c., as the carriage, with my lord's own chariot, may be the same, and the stuf be bought at a much less price than was once required to be borne in a state coach and four.

All hail to the days of railways, and carpet-bag of diminished state, but added comfort, when a countryman journeyed to England occasional less trouble, and occupies not much more time than was once required to be passed in a transit between London and York. Well, though the days of the post chaise may not be forgotten, and the coachman, a nobleman, transformed into his lodgekeeper, remark late to a friend of ours, who is not employed in the loss of that golden harvest which has been so well deposited in his pocket in return for waiting on a visitor's carriage: 'Why, bless you, sir, now and a ride to the west, in the land of the great, at that gate, with his bag and wrapper under his arm, and nobody know that he is a lord.' And was matter, say we:

The rank is but the gains of a man.

It must now suffice that we give a fresh extract, taken almost at random, further to illustrate the prudence and foresight by which the framers of the curious book were characterized, and first of all:

'The usual mode of travelling for gentlemen was on horseback; while the ladies either rode on a pillion behind them, or singly on their own palfreys, which they exchanged, wheated, or in bad weather, for a covered litter. We find, however, several kinds of carriages mentioned, such as horse-litters, chairs, close 'carres,' chariots, and carts; but some of these bore small resemblance to the vehicles so named in the present day; the chariot, for instance, must have been a sort of wagon, as is evident from the lord assigned to it in the same family, and also from seven 'great trotting horses' being appointed to draw it, and a charioteer, on a smaller nag, to ride beside them. More than ten horses had never yet been used for carriages, commonly so called; and it was reserved for the most famous and ancient public carriages, brought to London, by appearing in the streets in a coach drawn by six horses.'
poultrers of Hemmingburgh and Clef hath taken great advantage of my lord yerele, of sellyngc of cuneys and wyldowl.

But the Lord of Northumberland was not easily imposed upon, and we should think there was marvelously little danger of the evil befalling him which lies thus guarded against.

That the Clarke of the kechinge see that the service appointed in the booke of directions for the expences of my lord’s hous be observed and kept without imprisonment, to be examined every day what lacks thereof, to the intent that the officers shall not per

hine it to their profit, if there be any, but that it remaine only to my lord’s profit.

The Lord of Wrelse was not, it would appear, the only nobleman who, after distinguishing himself at the court and in the field, retired to his country-house, there to relax his energies by paying a minute attention to domestic affairs: for in a note at the end of the Household Book, an article entitled Lord Fairfax’s orders for the servants of his household after the civil wars. And at the risk of trying the patience of our readers, we must give two or three extracts from it, for the edification of modern house-wives, no less than to shew the gradual progress of refinement as we approach nearer to our own times.

After appointing the servants to assemble by seven o’clock in the morning, as in his portraits, as it is required of the ‘clarke’ of the kitchen to direct the cooks what shall be for breakfast for the ladies in their chambers, and likewise for the gentlemen in the hall or parlour, which must be served by eight o’clock, and not after.

‘Breakfast to be ready by eleven.—quite an advance in civilisation this—and the great chamber being duly served, the steward and chaplain were to sit down in the hall, and call to them the gentlemen, if there were any unplaced above, and then the serve

nts of the strangers, as their masters be in degree; and if any unworthy fellow do unmanfully sit himself down before his betters, they must take him up and place him lower! With a regard to appearances scarcely to be surpassed by the most aspiring of modern purse, is next provided that ‘the best fashioned and apparelled servants shall attend above the salt, the rest below;’ and they are, moreover, instructed, that if one have occasion to speak to another about the service at table, let him whisper.

‘Dinner was to be ready by one.—as it is usual to go forth of the chamber for anything, let him make haste, and see that no more than two be absent.

‘For prevention of errants, let all sauces be ready at the door, for even a mess of mustard will take a man’s attendance from the table; but, lest anything happen unexpectedly, let a boy stand within the chamber-door for errants.

‘Let no man fill beye or wyne but the cupboard-keeper, who must make choice of his glasses and cups for the company, and not fill them hand over hand. He must also know which be for beye, and which for wyne, for it were a foul thing to mix the two together.

‘Let him which doth order the table be the last man in the room to see that nothing be left behind that should be taken away.’ And then his lordship thus concludes: ‘Many things I cannot remember, which I refer to your good care; otherwise I should seem to write a book hereof.’

And now, may we take our leave of this curious moment of days long gone by: we have cumulated only a few of its more prominent passages, in presenting which to the readers, we have purposely passed over many equally or even more curious: the signification of which, connected with the obscurity of the diction and the obsolete customs referred to, seems to be difficult to come at. If we should have succeeded in affording half an hour’s amusement to those who may not have leisure or opportunity to examine it for themselves, the time we have devoted to the study of the Northumberland Household Book will not have been spent in vain.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Thirty years ago, we remember Mr Cyrus Redding as a youngish man, of gentlemanly appearance and address, fond of society, and qualified by his manners and conversation to take a prominent part in it. This, together with his literary tastes and capabilities, is sufficient to account for the contents of the book before us; by which we find that the author扫 all progress through life, mixed much with the world, and possessed opportunities of seeing a good deal both before and behind the curtain. The present result is more a book of personal anecdotes than an autobiography; and the public applause to the author for his judgment in making it so, for already we have the second edition of it.

Our author tells us that he was dandled on the knees of Howard the philanthropist, and that he visited Lord North, although unable now to recollect either. John Wesley he both saw and heard in childhood. ‘A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, looked at me in the eye, and was as if he were watching something wonderful. Children were clambering on the timbers close to where I stood. On a sudden, he stopped in his discourse, turned round towards them, and called out in a clear, loud tone: “Come down, you boys, or I will beat you quiet.”’ Another divine of eminence in America, called Murray, he likewise remembers; the same who received from his countrymen the sobriquet of Salvation Murray, to distinguish him from another of the same name styled Damnation Murray. Franklin preferred the doctrine of the former, remarking, that ‘it was more natural than otherwise that God should reconcile a lapsed world to himself.’

When Mr Redding had seen, as he tells us, ‘a score of summers,’ he set out for London, and in due time—19 hours to 64 miles—arrived at Bath, and found it realize the descriptions we read in obsolete novels. The pump-room was too small for the crowd of fashion, and almost every house exhibited a hatchment. Quin called Bath ‘the finest place in the world for an old couple to go to,’ and it was so. It, however, were more various, for it was choked up by the beau-monde, who rushed thither to drink water and to dance, as well as to die.

Among the distinguished individuals then in Bath were William Pitt, and the overindulged Lord Melville; the latter under the cloud of his imprisonment. Pitt was rapidly sinking. The battle of Austerlitz, and defeat of the last coalition, pressed him to the earth. His desire was to be like his father, a great war-minister, without the experience and due appreciation of the difference of circumstances and times. His stamina were gone; Bath did him no good. Two or three bottles of wine a day ceased to stimulate, and he had constant recourse to large doses of laudanum.

‘An official, in attendance at the House of Commons, used to be ready with a full beaker of port-wine when Pitt arrived. This he quaffed off nearly to the quantity of a pint before he entered. He would repeat the draught in the course of the evening. I have at this time a friend who knew the official, proud of relating the circumstance. The reaction of such a custom was inevitable. Care about self-esteem did not keep him politically honest. Did the consciousness of it lead him to wine, or was it...”

pure love of the beverage? Perhaps it was neither—a stimulant had become necessary to a feeble stomach. His father was fond of port wine, and took it despite the doat.

The sight of Pitt's person was not calculated to strengthen his cause with his youthful advocate, for such was he then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellent of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and, as a whole, destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his haggard features. As I recollect, he seemed nearly as tall as myself—in flesh, the merest scarecrow, which, perhaps, made him seem taller than he really was, having, by the use of alcohol, attenuated the muscular fibre.

It was later than this our author found Gravesend 'a miserable little place,' where he was charged five shillings for a biscuit and a glass of spirits and water. A companion, disagreeing of the exorbitant profit, smashed stealthily half-a-dozen glasses on the sideboard.

Mr Redding's acquaintance with the author of Lacon, who is mentioned repeatedly throughout the book, commenced in this wise:

'You and I are alone expecting a summons to dinner one day, when the door of the room opened, and, with little ceremony, a hard pallid-faced gentleman in black entered, and began:

'I have heard of you, sir; wished much to be acquainted; came from Tiverton; called to ask if you had ever seen one of my pamphlets,' handing over one;

'singular thing, sir.'

'Pray, sir, whom have I the honour of addressing?'

'My name, sir, is the Reverend Caleb Colton,Cambria Fellow, curate of Tiverton.'

'Pray, sir, take a seat.' Here commenced my acquaintance with that singular personage, the author of Lacon. A first-rate scholar and shrewd thinker; most superstitious about spiritual appearances. His pamphlets related to the Sampford ghost, and most extraordinary things he stated as facts, and verbally re-affirmed. He talked of the church, of Horace, of his own poetry, of which he had a lofty idea, and of Dr Johnson's opinion of spirits. In vain was dinner announced; came from Tiverton; called to ask if you had ever seen one of my pamphlets, handing over one;

'singular thing, sir.'

'Pray, sir, whom have I the honour of addressing?'

'My name, sir, is the Reverend Caleb Colton, Cambria Fellow, curate of Tiverton.'

He jumped at the offer, and said it would prolong conversation. I remember there were ducks on the table, and hot soup was served, but the thought of them. Of wine, no dear, 'orthodox in port,' could seem fonder in moderation. It was midnight before he departed. His conversation was scholastic and clever, mingled with the wonder of the ghost. He had sat up two nights, had found the bells of the house rung, had undone the wires, and still the mysterious sounds were heard. He had rushed with a light into the apartment, and counted five or six vibrations of a clapper while he looked on. He had listened to footsteps on the stairs, where nothing could be seen, and had been so convinced of supernatural agency, that he had made himself responsible for two hundred pounds, to be paid to the poor of the parish, if the thing should be proved an imposture. This was a great proof of his sincerity, as no man loved money more. It may be observed, that he was so credulous about ghosts, he would not walk home of an evening across his own churchyard, unless he was lighted by some one, and a little girl of ten years of age used to accompany him on these occasions.

He gave me a pressing invitation to Tiverton, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing, called Hypocrisy.

'Now,' said he, 'do you think any lines of Pope are more euphonious than these?'

'His conceit at first surprised me, but seeing his weak side, I flattered him.

'Really they are good, and very like—I—'

'There, sir, I think these will convince you I am a writer verses of some merit.'

'His repetition was like a boy declining at a grammar-school; upon all other topics he was stouter, informing, and agreeable. He laid bare a sophistry admirably, and when he felt he had succeeded, he indicated it by a peculiar twinkle from the corners of his cunning grey eyes, bespeaking his satisfaction. His cheek-bones were high, and his features denoted none of that intellectual power which he undoubtedly possessed, rather the result of labour than genius. He seemed in conversation as though his whole life had been devoted to controversial debate, and that he had employed all his time in detecting fallacies. His learning was great, his reading extensive, his money retentive. He quoted from English, Greek, and Latin writers with great facility, when he wanted to illustrate any subject. His knowledge of the Scripture was vast and profound, yet he was sincere in morals, selfish, reckless in conduct, and sceptical in his faith.'

Mr Redding was, of course, disappointed with the appearance of Madame de Stael; who, however, was 'not ugly, but simply uninteresting and ordinary in feature, and somewhat heavy and rather full in person.' The conversational talents of this remarkable woman are well known; but the practical distinction shewn between educated English and German characters, in reply to a question of Mr Redding, is as acute and as true as anything of her we have seen. 'Ask her what she thought of the Germans, she replied in two respects they were mystics, fond of the excessive, because that's original; but she can't keep them Little else with which they could deal freely. They were not always acute reasoners, but that was an inconvenience under their circumstances which political amelioration would remove. They were baptized in theories, but might put to shame the logical English, who spoke cantily of Locke and reason, and obeyed custom. "Yes do not take the trouble to test the soundness of your customs. The Germans are only at liberty to deem, but cannot act on their dreams."'

The young artist was seventy-seven years of age as reacy as ever. As a physician, it seems to have been born a generation before his time. He outraged both the faculty and the people by permitting his fever patients to drink as much cold water as they liked, and by burning the apothecaries by analyzing their medicines; and he said to Mr Redding with his heretical candor: "A physician can do little more than watch nature; and if he sees her inclined to go right, give her a smell on the back." When Wolcott was in Jamaica, the governor's sister asked him the news one morning, and he 'told her that a cherry had been caught up in the Blue Mountains, and brought into the town. "What did they do with it, my dear doctor?"

"Put it in a sauce with a parrot."

"And what then, doctor?"

"In the morning, the parrot had pecked out both its eyes."

"You don't say so!"

Wolcott was the first patron of Opie, whom he brought forward in a very judicious manner. The young artist began with heads at 5s., which increased to 10s. 6d.; and on returning, after his first painting expedition, with twenty guineas in his pocket, 'so wonderful was the keenness of his unsatable eye, that he first flung the money on the doctor's table in a sort of rapture, and then sweeping the coin all off upon the carpet rolled himself over it, exclaiming: "Here I be rolling in gold!"

Among Mr Redding's acquaintance was Catesby,
whom he found "always the same elegant and amiable creature, with the same sweet simple smile, and modest manners." Through another acquaintance, an old lady, less known, he heard of some of the celebrities of a former generation. "Charles Churchill," she observed, "nobody could ever dream he was able to write such fine poetry, who knew him as well as I did. He was such a hussy, dull man, and had so little to say in company. He often dined with my father, and had a great deal of talk with the players." Wilkes, she told me, generally came to her father's house with Churchill, and had all the conversation, having something to say to everybody and about everything, but he was so ugly. I found that Mrs Kendal, for that was Miss Cote's name by marriage, did not think much of her father's friend as a gentleman, though as a poet, the world, she said, was full of his praises.

Among the originals in this amusing cabinet, not the least interesting is M. Mencileu, a French mathematician. He was a handsome man of four or five and thirty, who lived in a summer-house in a garden—a glazed room about ten feet square—which he occupied free of cost, giving a half-crown lesson once a week to a boy who attended his cell, occupied by himself and his books, nearly to repletion, together with a long box or chest, in which were several blankets, and across it a plank, on which he was sitting, his feet and legs in the box for the sake of keeping his back against the wall which received the sashes on both sides, some of which had a pane or two fractured, and mended with paper, on which I observed closely written Greek characters. Before him was a tilted board, which served him for a table, and by the side of the box, an old arm-chair, on which several folio volumes lay open, one upon another. From the ceiling, suspended by a rusty wire, just over his primitive table, hung a piece of tin-plated bent into the form of a lamp, with a wick and oil in it. A small can stood in one corner, and another, an earthen pitcher of water. This gentleman conversed fluently in Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, and Arabic; and read various other tongues, including Chinese. He had travelled on foot all over the continent, and was a member of the French Institute, and the principal men of science in Paris; and a curious figure he cut walking with some of them arm in arm in a soiled flannel jacket and trousers, without stockings, through the fashionable streets of London, Lady Blessington, who was a contributor, strongly advised the philosopher to abandon his cherished idea of coming to England, where poverty is only not as great a crime as robbery. 'Your innocent sleep by the wood-side would be deemed a crime. The dregs de pozn would send you to prison for that alone, and, if money were found upon you, it would aggravate the offence. He would ask why you did not get a bed, if you were an honest man. He would say you were a beggar, or were hunting game. Your knowledge, if displayed, would be treated as an aggravation of your offence, for one who knew so much must be an idler, who would not work for his bread.' Do not come to England unless you have money, and a good coat.

Let us now call up Forosco; for Mr Redding, with great good taste, concerns himself only with the dead. 'Forosco lived at Moulsey, but had a lodging in Blenheim Street. There my introduction took place to this friend of Alferi, well known as he was throughout Europe. Forosco was the only child of a rich merchant; the room, was under the hands of his barber, tethered to the eyes. The lower part of his face looked like the wood-cut of a monkey I had in an edition of Gay's Fables, when I was a boy. The upper part was fine, a good forehead, fine large grey eyes, his brow expansive, emaciate sandy-coloured hair, all, however, depreciated by the soles and napkin over his shoulders. He sputtered from his ample lips through the snowy froth: "Bit down, my good friend; I have heard of you—we will talk presently." His squinting neck was bare, but amid all, his countenance was expressive of high genius. He was scrupulously neat in his person, and gentlemanly when he pleased. His temper was his great failing; and he would too often disregard the exact truth in the relation of a fact, and thus get into a dilemma, and to get out of it, show his quickness of feeling. We used to play at chess together, when he would make a bad move, and flying into a passion with himself, tear off his hair by the handful. I therefore proposed that we should play no more, as it might lead to a personal quarrel. He said that he was sorry for it; he could not help quarrelling with himself, being so careless in his moves.' Here is a poetical portrait of Forosco by himself:

A furrowed brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, and mind and aspect bold!
The proud quick life, a wily self-containment,
Bent head, and well-formed neck, breast rough and cold,
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice;
Swift in to move, think, or through thought mind.
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old;
Ofttimes alone and mournful, evermore
Most pensive, all unsoared by hope or fear;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave;
My subtle reason speaks: but ah! I rave—
Twixt vice and virtue hardly know to steer—
Death may for me have fame and rest in store!

An amusing account is given of the indignation of a lady of the genus irritabile, who was offered twelve guineas per sheet by the New Monthly Magazine, edited nominally by Thomas Campbell, but really by Mr Redding. 'To imagine that I should write on such terms,' wrote Miss Mitford, 'is ridiculous. I left off writing for the magazines generally because sixteen was not enough, and in my letter to Mr V— was as clear as possible on the point: I especially said six guineas an article, long or short.' These were the palmy days of the monthly magazines. How much do they pay now? In the columns of the New Monthly in at least the first-class annuals—did not count the pages at all: they paid fifteen guineas per prose article. The contributions to the Book of Beauty were on a different footing: they were a hommage to the fair editoress, Lady Blessington, who usually received an ornamental pen, or some other article of trifling value, as a return of courtesy. Mr Redding is not an out-and-out admirer of Lamb. 'Lamb's dislike of the country, born and bred in London as he was, seems rational enough; and from the same cause, his affection for ale and tobacco, attachments worthy of those who dislike flowers, kitchens, gardens, and love company, particularly low company. Lamb felt himself at home here. He owned, notwithstanding, that he had a delicacy towards sleep-stealing. Were not the Edinburgh Reviewers right—could such a man be a poet? His charming essays came from his own habitual feelings, and the peculiarities of his social habits, and were quaint, fruitful pictures of certain things allied with those habits. Poetry is a different matter, and more universal in its nature—at least, that poetry which confers a lasting reputation. A poet born, bred, educated, and continually resident in a great city, with none but urban associations, is like a stained glass that never tasted. The map of Lamb's world, and that of his followers, extended from Hampstead to Camberwell, and from Brentford to Bow. They had heard, it was true, of other countries beyond those limits, which were the enchant of the Troglodytes, whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, for all they knew or cared about
them. Porter was their nectar; the tavern-board or the book-cleared table in chambers, the fresh lobster, and the roasted cheese at supper, a little discourse on their own theories, amid the incense of the Indian weed, and they were in their element. Lamb had not seen the "wide" world. He cherished his circumscription, and he was right if he liked it best. He was a kind relative, a good but peculiar man, but had no sympathetic rejoicings with wild wanderers. He was an original, radically of the city in his habits as well as literature. The Thames was his lake, not Bala at Denbigh or the cozy beds of the coal-lighters on the fragrant borders of their opaque waters bathed his spirit. He loved the place of his nativity, and the streets and dwellings that he had known so long. The dinginess of Fleet Street and the Temple was his precious cord antiques. All this was natural, nor am I aware that he ever upbraided or envied those who expatiated more at large. His "sect" died with him.

If we had room, we should be glad to quote a scene between Campbell and Professor Wilson. The former was talking with warmth of the tyranny of the Czar Nicholas in tearing away Polish children from their families; and Wilsoncontending in grave bedlam that it was all an error arising from mistranslation, but that young Poles were really young pigs. But we must have done; and we give Mr Redding the last word: - "Horace Twiss, with his grave countenance, who should have been called single-speech, for he made but one good speech in parliament, was a sober and a solemn man of business - his solemnity sometimes passing for extra wisdom. One day, going to see a friend in the Temple, I met him on the ground-floor. "Come with me," said he; "Twiss is rehearsing; don't make a noise." Horace had to be blown at the house that evening. We peeped through the keyhole, hearing him in practice, and saw him address the tongs, placed upright against the bars, as "Mr Speaker;" but we could not hear all the oration. The honourable member preserved wondrous gravity, and the tongs falling, said to himself: - "Ay, now the Speaker has left the chair.""

**LURKING POISONS.**

For years past we have been taking lessons in mistrust, and are more than half afraid of swallowing poison with our daily food. It would be well were we still more distrustful, not only with respect to food, but to various other articles which are continually passing through our hands. Poison lurks in a thousand places and things where we do not expect to find it, and a very slight circumstance often suffices to transform what we deemed a trifle of no account, into a death-dealing agent. Even when fatal consequences actually ensue, they are frequently attributed to any cause rather than the right one, especially in cases where children are the sufferers.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to instance a few such cases, and I do so with the view of putting persons on their guard, and inducing them to make themselves acquainted with the nature and properties of many dangerous things by which they are surrounded, and so prevent the repetition of accidents which are now, through ignorance, of frequent occurrence. Take, for example, the following:

Not many days ago, the wife of a well-to-do farmer with whom I am acquainte[ed] came to town on the market-day, leaving an infant of ten months old in the especial charge of her eldest daughter. Almost immediately after her departure, the child, a most engaging little girl, was taken suddenly ill. Violent attacks of vomiting, between which the child lay in a kind of delirious torpor, were the symptoms, and a tooth, which was just making its appearance, was blamed as the cause of her suffering. As, however, some time elapsed, and no perceptible improvement took place in the state of the little patient, the sister became alarmed, and despatched a servant to recall the mother. On her arrival, she also set down everything to the tooth, and but for the inquiries of a friend, to whom the circumstances of poor baby's illness were pathetically detailed, the aforesaid novice would have borne the blame of having caused it.

The friend, however, could not divest herself of the idea that the child's sufferings were not the result of teething, but of some mineral poison that had been accidentally administered to it, particularly when informed, that after it had taken the breast, though the sickness was greater, the bad symptoms began to abate.

"Are you quite sure," she asked, "that your little one had eaten nothing injurious?"

"Quite sure," replied the mother, almost indignant, at the base idea that her darling's sufferings had been caused by any carelessness or neglect on her part. "Indeed," she added, "knowing she was about those teeth, I would not trust her to a servant, but fed her myself; and she was in no other hands except those of my daughter this morning."

"Then had she no playthings near her?"

"Not any."

"O no," interposed the daughter; "the only thing she touched was a piece of paper, and as I thought it had made her sick, as she swalloed a bit of it, and sucked the colour off the remainder."

The solution of the matter was now made perfectly plain. A few more questions proved the correctness of the visitor's suspicions. The paper alluded to was a large ticket of a brilliant and beautiful green colour, which had been taken off some article of clothing. Its gay hue and the glittering letters had attracted the child's attention; and the mother, never dreaming such a thing could contain anything so putatively placed in the apparently outstretched little palm a portion of a most deadly poison. Fortunately, the dose did not prove sufficient to destroy life, though it was quite strong enough to place it in jeopardy.

When paper-hangings were more expensive, and consequently less common than they are at present, the walls of two rooms in my father's house were washed with a green solution. Whenever these sides were swept, the person performing the operation was sure to complain of sickness, and an acid copper taste in the mouth. This is easily accounted for, though I believe it occurred several times before any person attributed it to the real cause. Of course, the refuse removed a portion of the colouring matter from the walls, in the form of a fine and subtle dust, which, being inhaled, produced slight symptoms of poisoning. Here, too, a child had nearly lost her life from repeatedly wetting her finger with saline to rub the colouring matter off the wall.

Of a similarly injurious nature are the brilliant green-hued paper-hangings which have been so much in use of late. Only a few weeks ago, a nobleman, writing to one of our leading journals upon an account of his having suffered seriously from them, it appears from his statement, that being in the habit of spending a considerable portion of his time in a room hung with paper of the objectionable
line, he became ill, but, removing to another apartment, he speedily recovered. Soon after, returning to his old place and habits, the bad symptoms again appeared.

His suspicions were aroused; and certain chemical experiments proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that a highly poisonous matter had been extracted from the green-coloured paper, and transferred to his system, by inhalation, to an extent sufficient to bring on serious indisposition.

It seems, moreover, that in one of the continental cities, the police authorities have interfered, and actually rent paper-hangings of this particular colour from the walls, to prevent the dangerous results which might have otherwise ensued to those who occupied the apartment.

It was suggested, some time ago, that the gas contained in the air-balls which have lately been such favourite toys, might, under certain circumstances, render them anything but safe articles to place in the hands of the rising generation. But it seems that here again the suspicion is well founded, and the result is the use of poisonous colouring matters in their decoration.

The sufferers were the children of a man who manufactures these air-balls; and his whole family have suffered, more or less, by inhaling the poison.

For my part, I honestly rejouissance at the introduction of any new and attractive playing thing, deeming it no light matter to furnish a child with a source of pleasure; but surely novelty is too dearly purchased at the cost of such misfortunes.

Again, it is quite possible that a sufficient amount of poison to affect the wearer may be rubbed off a dress. A few months ago, many of the young women employed in a great Parisian dress-making establishment were making up a number of ball-dresses, of a peculiarly beautiful and novel shade of green, and the friction indispensably attendant on their labour, had displaced a portion of the colour, which they had inhale.

A physician of eminence, who was consulted on the occasion, gave it his opinion, that should these dresses be worn in a ball-room, a sufficient quantity of poison would be mingled with the atmosphere to produce most dangerous consequences to the company.

There are only a few out of numerous cases which present themselves as springing from similar causes. Indeed, I am not insufficient for my present purpose since they give ample testimony of the hazard which may result from ignorance in a very simple matter, and also furnish instances of the various forms under which one poison only may be presented to us without awakening suspicion.

Take the first case quoted. All persons who have anything to do with children, well know with what avidity the youngsters beg for pieces of coloured paper. They watch eagerly for the time when the last sheet of note-paper are taken from the cover, or the envelopes from the gay band which confines them, in order to appropriate these little works of art—for truly many of them may be called such—to the manufacture of sundry devices. And probably not one mother out of a hundred is conscious that a misapplication of some of these innocent-looking and much-coveted articles might cost a child's life.

We need only ascertain of what such colouring matters are composed to see clearly the cause of such disastrous effects. The majority of greens, in fact, all the most beautiful, are preparations of copper, the only mineral which produces that colour. In Ure's Dictionary, we find, under the head 'green paints,' a list of seven greens, nearly all of which are different preparations of copper. Scheele's green, and Schweinfurth green, the two most common preparations of this colour, are both deadly poisons. The first is composed of oxide of copper, and arsenous acid, or white oxide of arsenic. Schweinfurth green, which is a still finer colour, contains the above-named ingredients, but in different proportions, and with acetic acid in addition. With regard to the first, Dr Ure tells us that it was detected, a few years before the publication of his work, as the colouring matter of some Parisian bonbons, by the Conseil de Salubrité; since which, the confectoners were prohibited from using it by the French government. More recently, I have myself read of a case where a child was poisoned through sucking the green colour off some twelfth-cake ornaments.

Now, where so large a proportion of the various shades of green are known to be formed by a mixture of some of the most powerfully poisonous substances, and since only persons possessing considerable chemical knowledge can distinguish those that are the least injurious, it is surely not well that such results should be allowed to go on, and not so well informed. Even when green is produced by a mixture of blue and yellow, Prussian blue, the one most commonly employed, is in itself slightly poisonous.

Before passing from the subject of colours, I will mention a few of the poisonous substances used in producing different shades for painting and dyeing. To attempt to give the exact composition of each colour, and the mode in which it is produced, would occupy too much time and space; but it is only necessary to mention a few, simply with a view to put persons on their guard against the misapplication of articles innocent enough in their proper places, and hurtful only when, as in the case quoted at the commencement of this little paper, the poison was placed in the hands of those who divert them from their original uses.

Among the colouring substances used by the manufacturers of paper-hangings and painted papers, are white-lead, chrome yellow—a preparation of lead—Prussian blue, blue verditer—a preparation of copper—and the greens already mentioned. The above-named are all poisonous; and when we consider the immense number of articles wrapped in these painted papers, no more need be said as to the need of great care in placing them in the hands of children, since any one knows that almost everything given to a child under two years of age is carried to the mouth. Even those of larger growth are apt to do the same thing; hence the danger of poisoning.

Probably, with respect to paper-hangings, much of the mischief might be obviated by using those which are glazed; or—as it rather happens that the whole surface is so, the opposite effects produced by dead and bright shades being considered so desirable—they might be diminished after having been hung on the walls.

But green or other coloured articles are by no means the only ones against the improper use of which a caution is necessary. Take, for instance, the columns of a newspaper, we frequently meet with paragraphs like the following: 'A poor woman, who died lately at Braitho, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, after a few days' illness, had incautiously applied some tallow from a candle to a snuff-box on her face. In a few hours after the application, her head and face became very painful, and previously to her dissolution, had swollen to a frightful extent—the consequence of some very poisonous ingredients used by chamberlaries for purifying tallow.' This was inserted in November 1851. In the following January, a similar case is quoted: 'A young man has died at Hull from putting tallow on a pimple on his face. The tallow contained arsenous acid, and verdigris had in consequence accumulated on the candlestick.'
Amongst the poorer classes of the community, tallow is a very favourite specific. As in the instances already mentioned, it is applied to scratches, pimples, cuts, and a hundred other trifling hurts. If a child is suffering from a cold in the head, a thousand to one but its nose will be balled up before it goes to bed, while a tallow-plaster, applied to the chest, is considered the 'soveraign thing on earth' to relieve any oppression there, or difficulty of breathing. I once saw such an application made to a frightful burn on the breast of an infant. It produced no injurious effect, because it so happened that these candles did not contain the poisonous ingredient which is to be found in some, as all tallow is not exposed to the same bleaching process, some being simply whitened by age. Where, however, there is a quick sale, or an unusually large demand, certain substances are used to improve the colour which impart a poisonous quality.

Of course, only the initiated can tell which are harmless and which hurtful; hence the necessity for the diagnosis of tallow as a salve; for though I have mentioned the lower classes of the community as those who make the most frequent use of it, they by no means stand alone. It is an old-fashioned and very favourite remedy even with some middle-class folks, as I can vouch from my own actual knowledge; and those with whom it is not, may do good by water. It was said against it. It is horrid to think of the suffering which might have been entailed on the poor child to whose burned breast a tallow-plaster was applied, had it contained the poison so many candles do.

More recently than any of the above cases, two lives have been lost in consequence of the careless exposure of certain photographic chemicals of a deadly nature. In the first case, a photographer had left a vessel containing a poisonous solution on the sill of a window opening into a neighbour's premises. The child of the latter drank the liquid, and died.

The second case is still more to be regretted, since the case with which photographic chemicals may be procured, furnished the means of committing suicide to a girl of sixteen, who had been a couple of months in the service of the artist's mother. The unhappy young woman had deliberately carried a bottle of cyanide of potassium—a substance which, on solution in a pure liquid, becomes prussic acid—to her bedroom, and poured a portion of this into it. The coroner whom the inquiry respecting the cause of death was made, strongly condemned the indiscriminate sale of such deadly articles, and recommended the interference of the legislature to prevent it. I cannot too strongly impress on the minds of those who use such dangerous substances, that the greatest care ought to be taken to prevent their falling into inexperienced hands. Probably the amateur is less likely to err in this respect than the professional photographer, since the latter, from constantly having them in hand, is apt to forget they are anything but the tools of his trade.

To add to those instances would be easy; but I will mention only one more case of poisoning from the accidental misapplication of an article in daily use. A lady who was in the habit of using what is called 'almond flavour' for culinary purposes, incidentally left the bottle containing it within reach of a child, who, naturally supposing that what mamma put into her sweet cakes must be good, opened the pitcher, drank the contents, and expired instantly, from an immensely powerful dose of hydrocyanic or prussic acid.

Many comment on the above cases is needless. They speak for themselves; and should the attention drawn to them be the means of inducing persons to make themselves acquainted with the properties of the articles they use, and thus prevent their misapplication, the writer's purpose in collecting them will have been fulfilled.

CAMEL-EXPEDITIONS IN AMERICA.

Embarrassed with matters of European concern, perhaps few among us are aware of the energetic efforts which the government of the United States has latterly been making to establish means of communication across the great wildernesses which stretch from the borders of the Missisippi to the new American settlements on the Pacific. These efforts remind us of the almost continuous series of expeditions to lay open the course of the Niger and obtain a knowledge of the interior of Africa. Beginning with Lewis and Clarke, there have been numerous expeditions in the far west, all more or less successful, one of the more adventurous and interesting of these journeys being that of Colonel Fremont, late candidate for the presidency, whose achievements is opening a way across the Rocky Mountains grand for him the applation of the Fall-finder.

In pursuing these long and hazardous explorations, two chief difficulties were to be encountered—colds with the tribes of Indians, and the maulfulness of the ground for wheeled carriages. With their skill as strategists and marksmen, the Anglo-Americans are not found wanting in point of fact, what with slaughter, natural decay, and diplomatic conciliation, the Indians are not more formidable as they were even a few years ago. But the prodigious obstacles presented by nature still remain to be overcome—great trackless plains, deserts of sand and scoria, rivers of water, occasionally a broad river with shelving banks, rocky ravines, and lofty mountains. The transport of water in sufficient abundance for man and beast has, in particular, been found not more practicable than in the deserts of Arabia. Horses, bullocks, mules, under the privations to which the want of water exposed them; and nothing more dismal can be pictured than the track pursued by several of these expeditions—the route a thousand miles deepening the bleeding bones of animals, along with the wreck of carriages and other objects which had to be abandoned by the daily diminishing force that still continued to keep its face westward. At length it was proposed to try an expedition with the assistance of Camels, to be conveyed and trusted to the mules of Asia. The project, however, encountered the amount of doubt and opposition usually given to everything new and untried. It had been stated, on the authority of Father Huc, an old traveller in Tartary, that the camel cannot swim; and, strangely enough, no one could positively rebut the assertion. Now Father Huc was right, there was at once an end of the scheme for employing camels in America, whose deep and broad rivers must be crossed in the passage of the plains. After some little debate, it was resolved to import camels and make the trial; if they would swim—and, barring their obstinate temper, why should they not—the practicability of exploring in any direction was settled.

Who does not look with some interest on the discussion of this curious problem—now solved, as we shall proceed to relate?

Nearly a hundred camels and dromedaries were imported into the United States; their place of descent being the deserts of Mexico. Here, being turned loose for a time to recruit after the fatigues and discomforts of their long journey, they got into good health, and were conducted to San Antonio, to be employed in the expeditions to the interior of Texas and that of Captain Pike. For seeking Artesian wells in the deserts intersected by the Rio Placer. According to the account given in a New York
newspaper,* which we chiefly draw on for what follows, Lieutenant Beale left San Antonio on the 25th of June, having selected for his expedition twenty-three camels and three donkeys. The camels were laden with a large portion of the grain necessary for the teams of mules. Those of them which, in their native country, had been trained to this business, were found capable of carrying a thousand pounds weight. The expedition took the route from San Antonio to El Paso, and thence up the Rio Grande to Albuquerque, at some distance west of which the new explorations were to begin. From San Antonio to Albuquerque, by this route, the distance is over a thousand miles, a large part of it through districts very scantily supplied with either grass or water. It was accomplished in forty-five days, the train moving at an average rate of four miles an hour, and the camels bearing the journey perfectly well. From Albuquerque the expedition marched to Zuñi, an outlying settlement of New Mexico. Lieutenant Beale left Zuñi on the 29th of August, having obtained an escort of troops from Fort Defiance, situate some ninety miles to the north in the country of the Navajos. His route lay nearly due west, along the 36th parallel of north latitude, and through a region highly interesting to the student of the life of the Lamb. From the Lipan to the Colorado, the road, though with volcanic ranges of mountains constantly in sight, some of them capped with snow, was comparatively level. There were abundant supplies of grass, with timber sufficient for fuel. The camels drank from the numerous springs along the route. The Colorado, which was followed for some days, and which has a wide and fertile bottom, with a fringe of cotton-wood along the banks, the expedition encountered the San Francisco mountain, having on its eastern slope the famous Lipan and western forests of cedar. From the western foot of this mountain the country grows more barren, till, near the banks of the Colorado, it becomes a desert, excepting the bottom lands, a few miles in extent. The river here was found to be from two or three hundred yards wide, flowing at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and with nineteen feet of water in the mid-channel. It was unobstructed by rocks, and was apparently navigable for large steamers. The inhabitants of an Indian village represented the river as maintaining the same character as at Fort Yuma, near its junction with the Gila. Now it was to be proved whether the camel could swim. Lieutenant B. had looked forward with not a little anxiety. Having reached the Colorado, he was determined to settle the question for himself. The first camel brought to the bank refused to enter the river; but another being brought down to the great delight of the whole company, it took to the water freely, and swam boldly across. The others, tied one behind the other in strings of five, were taken across in the same way. They not only swam with ease, but, in this particular as in others, they seemed to enjoy the mere act of swimming. This appeared to be the only remaining test needed to establish the character of the camel as a beast of burden especially suited for those regions. Lieutenant Beale had started with the determination that the experiment should be unpartial, so far as it is a point to subject his camels to trials which no other animal could stand. As to the result, he thus expresses himself:

In all our lateral explorations they have carried water, sometimes for more than a week, for the miles used by the men—theemselves never receiving even a bucketful to one of them; they have traversed patiently with heavy packs, on these explorations, countries covered with the sharpest volcanic rock, and yet their feet to this hour have evinced no symptom of tenderness or injury; with heavy packs they have crossed mountains, ascended and descended precipitous places where an unladen mule found it difficult to pass, even with the assistance of the rider dismounted, and carefully picking its way. I think it would be within bounds to say that, in these various lateral explorations, they have traversed nearly double the distance passed over by our mules and wagons.

Leaving home with all the prejudice attaching to untried experiments, and with many in our camp opposed to their use, and looking forward confidently to their failure, I believe, at this time, I may speak for every man in our party, when I say there is not one of them who would not prefer the most indifferent of our camels to four of our best mules, and I look forward hopefully to the time when they will be in general use in all parts of our country.

The country, for eighty miles west of the Colorado, continues a sandy desert. The Florissant, a low table land of the Florissant, is far preferable to even the Gila, hitherto followed. It is especially adapted for the sheep-trade—sheep being the chief staple of New Mexico—and is likely to lead to increased trade and intercourse between New Mexico and California along the Florissant.

What particularly adapts the camel for use in those regions is not merely its capacity to endure fatigue and long want of water, but the very coarse and scanty food with which it is content. Those animals eat as they go along. In a westwardly direction they feed on sage and other natura plants they find in their path, bending their long necks and throwing their heads into every narrow crevice of the rocks where grows a cactus or a clump of grass, or cropping the leaves from the branches of trees without in the least weakening their progress. In this respect, as in many others, they have a great advantage over mules or horses, which require food as regularly as man himself. According to still later accounts, the camels were realizing the best expectations which had been formed respecting them; and we can fancy that their now thoroughly proved adaptability to exploratory purposes would suggest their being employed in expeditions to the interior of the Australian continent.

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* New York Tribune, January 23, 1856.**

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TRADE IN DRINK.

The liquor-traffic-suppression law of America is proclaimed in this country to have been a failure—that is, impossible of observance, in any state where it has been tried. The reports to this effect are, however, premature; at least they do not comport well with some facts of recent occurrences. In the year 1856, two hundred women entered the liquor-stores of Rockport, Essex county, Massachusetts, and destroyed all the liquors they could find. One of the sufferers by this Jenny-Geddes movement sued Stephen Perkins and his wife, who were concerned in it, and the case was lately decided in the supreme court at Salem by Chief-justice Shaw. The defendants were absolved, on the ground that the law had declared liquors kept for sale to be a nuisance, and it was therefore lawful for any person or multitude of persons to destroy them, wherever found. A salary of ten guns was fixed in honour of the decision, and many instances have since occurred both of public officers and private individuals walking into liquor-stores and deliberately smashing every vessel containing liquor which they could reach by course without being liable to any action in consequence. In fact,
liquor for sale is now, in Massachusetts, a species of property for which the law affords no protection. The lowest 'loafer' on the streets may walk into the gayest liquor-palace, and do as he likes with it.

The observation and working out of law in America is a striking instance of the power of natural justice that is in our old and long settled country. Hence we perhaps see in the above facts a procedure which would never be sanctioned in England. Yet we would not advise the liquor interest with us to be too confident of the future. Their enemies are small body, but they are indefatigable in their efforts to direct indignation at the public-houses—and when we see such astounding mischiefs constantly flowing from that source, can we wonder at their success? To take an isolated example: There are 2299 public-houses in Liverpool, and the habits of the working-classes in that city are thus described by a missionary (Rev. J. A. Steinthal): 'Saving is an exceptional virtue among them. . . . The great, the chief point of the expenditure of the money spent on drink—. . . . It is hardly possible to conceive the sums thus uselessly and foolishly spent. . . . There is nothing which a man addicted to drink either regrets or fears. . . . As long as the victim drinks any attempt at moral or religious improvement is altogether hopeless. There is a general belief that-intemperance is a very prevalent vice; I only wish it were more generally known how awful are its ravages, and that all persons would but see with their own eyes the ruin which it produces. I have seen fathers and mothers pledges their children's clothes for drink. . . . Until the curse of drink is removed, I have no hope of the permanent improvement of the working-classes. It is sad indeed to watch the degrading and hardening influence of the desire for drink. I constantly hear of men turning their wives and children out of doors, to find refuge where they can for the night. I have seen the ruins of domestic felicity, which in drunken frenzy he had destroyed; I have seen the wife's sparse garments scorched and burned by the folly of a man who wished to make his fire burn brightly. I have seen the awful horrors of delirium tremens, when a man was as effected by the passionate cravings of his heart as if laboring under mental disease, which indeed, for the time, he was. It has been my lot, of late, to see the tears flow down many a mother's face, as she told me of her starving children, and yet I have known mothers spending their money at the public-house, thus defacing their husband's hard-earned wages for that which is not bread. That which thus can daedon every natural affection, every appeal of duty, must be cast out from amongst us, if we are not to see greater degradations than we already deplore.'

In answer to the objection, you cannot make people sober by act of parliament, they affirm that to some extent you can. As is well known, a partially restrictive act has been in force in Scotland for some time past. The entire cases of drunken disorders reported by the police in the seventeen principal towns of Scotland during the three first years were 116,101, against 145,856 in the three preceding years; of such cases on Sunday there were 4290, as contrasted with 11,471.* Of them being a ratio, indeed, between the number of open public-houses and the amount of this appalling body-and-soul-destroying vice, we believe there can be no reasonable doubt.

How strange to contrast with the results of drunkenness in an industrious population the results of the prohibition principle in certain cases that inquiry case reveals to us a capital in the brewing-trade advanced, in sixteen years, from 1,200,000 to L600,000, enabling the fortunate trader to purchase a royal residence, to hunt in splendid style in the Highlands, to keep racers, to marry a lady of noble family, and settle on her a jointure of L15,000 a year! We suppose the enjoyers and partakers of fine drinks are, from the principle on the road to the Sulpician spirit—Non olet. A touch of Chief-justice Shaw wood, however, change their tune—and it may come!

INSTINCT.

Trium not of my kind, nor known
What manner of a soul I bear,
Save by that instinct which thou seest—
God's gift to thee, a jewel rare;
A charm by which to understand
The plying touch of this weak hand.
Like some lost human sense, to thee
It teaches what man cannot teach,
Our common nature's mystery.
That lies beyond his reason's reach;
Thy quick bright eyes—so meek, so true—
Can pierce my being through and through.
I do but look on thee, and lo!
Thou 'rt all one quiver of delight;
Thou seems, thus dancing to and fro,
Some beam of heaven's reflected light,
A flash of joy—a sportsive ray,
To haunt and guide my darkened way.
What is thy need, O gentle friend?
That thou must watch me where I sit,
Chasing vale shadows without end—
Nursing sick sorrow's fever fit?
Why whistest thou beside my door?
I did but cry: 'My heart is sore.'
Thou canst not heal it: go thy way.
Thou wilt not?—Nay, then rest thee here:
There's something in thy looks doth say
'To me thy chamber is not drear.'
Methinks thou'st sent—at last, though late,
To teach me how to stand and wait.'

I never owned thee; nay, nor fed,
Nor taught thee tricks as illers do;
Yet constant to my side thou 'rt led,
Drawn by a chain that draweth me.
Writhe as I may, in thee I find
A patience passing human kind.
What if I smote thee?—Never wince!
I would not do myself that shame:*
My soul is struck, poor friend; yet since
Revenge thou knowest not even by name,
I will go pray while strength is mine
For such a nature as thine.
Say, did I smile, wouldst thou leap up
And touch my check with silent tongue?
Ay, thou wouldst drain the bitter cup,
Nor inly cry: 'My heart is stung,' But melt my wrath with lispsome cheer,
Turning my passion to a tear.
I could not so: the more my need.
Heaven framed me with too keen a sense
Of wounds that rankle while they bleed,
And mine own helpless impotence
In this blank world that round me rolls,
Strewed with the wrecks of human souls.
Come! lay thy head upon my knee,
O gentle Teacher, wise as strong
I'll bow down, and learn of thee To win by a quietium
To find all rest beneath the sun
In the calm sense of duty done.

* From a pamphlet recently published by Mr Duncan MacLaren,

R. L. R.
CONTRARY TO THE CUSTOMS.

I am, for my own part, an individual of Spartan virtue and the strictest morals. If I picked up a purse of money in the street to-morrow, I am almost certain that I should advertise it in the newspapers. If I took somebody else's portmanteau home with me in place of my own, I should at once propose to myself to return it to its original proprietor without any consideration respecting the relative value of the two.

Still, as the moral philosopher observed who ate the suckling-pig which was sent as a present to his friend, 'One must stop somewhere; and there is a limit even to my notions of what should be expected of an honest man. I condemn but cannot help extenuating the conduct of that paterfamilias who, upon the troublesome question of allowance of luggage, describes his party as 'seven first-class passengers,' when three of the same name and pay no fares. The poor fellow reasons (I hope and believe) somewhat after the following fashion: 'The railway authorities permit little children to travel free; that permission is absurd unless they permit their baggage to travel free also, these iron cots are their private property; my own portmanteau has been partially usurped by certain heterogeneous garments of ridiculously small dimensions; this bag, which I am always instructed to 'see to,' and carry in my hand so carefully, and which clinks as I move, as though there were something fragilium in it, must certainly belong to them, and should be conveyed gratis. Moreover, I was not asked how many tickets I had procured, but how many persons were travelling with me.'

This last excitation I consider to be a reprehensible quibble; but if paterfamilias sticks solely to his first notion of the semi-generous manner in which the railway authorities behave in regard to infants, and practically reforms their half-measures—in spite of themselves—by giving a whole effect to them—that man has then my sympathy, though not perhaps my admiration. I confess I am not able to look upon a public company as upon a private individual. I have not imagination enough—my weakness arises from that, I think—to identify a Board with a human Being. I cannot detect that feeling of shame within me when I mutter an association of directors, which I should entertain if I took an article of value, or indeed any article, out of the coat-pocket of a single member of that body. I smoke in contravention of by-laws. I give money to luggage-porters, with a tacit understanding that I shall in return for it enjoy certain immunities, in spite of the particular requests to the contrary that are addressed to me in print at every station, and of the 'Certain Dismissal' which is threatened so inexorably to the recipients.

With these little flaws in my otherwise immaculate moral character, it is not to be expected that I should entertain a servile respect for Her Majesty's Revenue laws; that I should religiously observe those Duties which are not so much natural as Customary. I do smuggle a little, when an opportunity offers itself; and that's the honest truth. In addition to the pecuniary saving, which is not inconsiderable in articles such as lace and tobacco, there is a considerable charm in defeating an organised system, in setting at nought a whole army of individuals that has been expressly levied for my discomfort. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, if a smuggler falls into the hands of a revenue-officer, he cannot be put to death, nor even transported for life: the risk of fine or imprisonment is of course considerable, but not more than sufficiently great to enhance the excitement. I had done a little in velvets, and made insignificant ventures of silk and jewellery more than once before I tried my first grand coup in laces, but I felt upon that occasion, I confess, excessively nervous.

It was autumn, and I was crossing the Channel to Dover amid a crowd of returning tourists, almost all of whom were dreadfully inconvenienced by a strong westerly wind. Tot homines, tot sententiae, was never proved to be so false a proverb before. Numerous as the company was, it was all of one mind, or at least of one stomach; the deck, as a modern wit (who I wish was my friend) once observed, looked like some horrid picnic. It was terrible, as I stood at the bow, to see nothing else but the drooping hats and bonnets of my fellow-beings as the vessel dipped and rose—an endless game of pitch-and-toss, where nothing turned up but heads. One sea-green face, however, was visible, the property of a middle-aged lady of large dimensions, and it interested me very deeply. Those nervous eyes, that twitching mouth, that countenance vainly striving to look unconcerned, I recognised at once as belonging to the amateur female smuggler running her first cargo. She would have been ill, I could see, only she had too great a weight upon her mind to enjoy such relaxation. She saw that I was looking fixedly at her, and a blush came over her face, at once 'making the green one red.' Yes, it was plain she smuggled; she was stouter than any woman of her general appearance had any right to be.

'Madam,' said I, approaching her by a series of gymnastic evolutions, which the unstable character of the plane whereon I mused compelled—'I see you
have no attendant; can I be of any service to you? I am an old sailor, and have, as you see, my sea-legs under me.'

The poor woman gazed on the limbs referred to with an unintelligent and frightened air; she had evidently never heard of 'sea-legs,' or else she had understood me to say that I had three legs, and she started accordingly.

'I want nothing, sir, I thank you,' replied she feebly, 'unless you could put me on shore.'

'We shall be, my dear madam,' said I, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadily upon her—'we shall be in less than ten minutes at the Custom-house.'

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced over her countenance.

'You look very good-natured, sir;' stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to give her a better chance of seeing my watch. I think it is too much for me to keep to myself, oh, would you hold it inviolable?'

'I know it, my dear madam—I know it already,' said I smiling; 'it is Lace, is it not?'

'This is the sport of shame,' I said, and repeated it. I had got it there, among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

Oh, sir,' cried she, 'it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is I shall hang.'

'My dear madam,' replied I sternly but kindly, 'here is the piper, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty.'

I rushed up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed the business out to the legitimate authority; I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer, to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. She did not receive me warmly, and for a long time, indeed, refused to hear a word I had to say. As last I overcame her antipathy so far as to get her to look at a piece of point-lace of twice the value of that which had been so ruthlessly taken away from her. I then placed in her hand the amount of the fine in which she had been mulcted. Then I began my explanatory statement:

'You had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person, madam. I had nearly fifty times that amount. If you were alarmed for the possible consequences of your rashness, you must have been of the state of my feelings upon my own account. I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, for this sort of free-talking, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me in any manner, pray take more lace; here is lots of it.'

We parted the best of friends.

I had a second adventure, the other day, of a much less dangerous character, but which, as it happily illustrates my great natural ingenuity, I here take leave to add. Having come from the Mediterranean a few weeks ago to Southampton, I happened to be in possession of a couple of pounds of exceedingly fine cigars, adapted to my special taste, and which I was determined no custom-house fingers should meddle with. As soon as the vessel was brought alongside the quay, I left my cabin, and made my way to the movable gangway.

'Sir,' said the official at the deck end of it, with a malicious grin, 'I think I must trouble you to take off your hat.'

'To you?' cried I—'never! You are not Prince Albert in disguise, I suppose, nor the Boy of Tuni?'

'Come, come,' exclaimed the fellow—official person, it may be here observed, have the greatest possible dislike to being rallied, or, as the vulgar have it, 'chaffed' by anybody—'none of your jokes; you take that hat off, or it will be the worse for you.'

'Which hat?' asked I innocently—'whose hat?'

'Yours,' replied he savagely—'yours. It's tipped up over your forehead in a way which convinces me that you have something in it.'

'My very dear sir,' answered I blandly, 'of course I have something in it. I always carry such a check-handkerchief there; and there's my head besides.'

This suspicious person telegraphed, nevertheless, to his confederate upon the shore, who seized upon me as I touched ground, and with the same ridiculous pertinacity, requested me to take my hat off.

'If you lay a finger on my hat,' cried I furiously, 'I'll first knock you down (I was six feet one without the hat, which was an exceedingly tall one), and then bring an action against you for an aggravated assault. I want to get into the town particularly; there are friends expecting me—female friends; I insist upon being let go.'

The cold-blooded official smiled grimly without reply, and took me to his superior, by whom the same demand was repeated. I said that, inasmuch as I had not upon compulsion, I would touch my hat to him; but that I would not take it off without a warrant.

Then I was marched away in custody of a set of guard of honour to the office of the superintendent of that individual convinced me of his right to refer this absurd request of taking off my hat; and, under protest, and to oblige him, as being a very gentlemanly person, I did it. There was nothing in my hat as I had affirmed from the very first, except my paper handkerchief. Officials never apologize; but I hope that they felt they had wronged a fellow creature by their cruel suspicions. I hastened back to the vessel, dived into my cabin, and readily reappeared with my tall hat tipped over my forehead more than ever.

'Would you like me to take my hat off?' inquired I of the first gangway-man. 'Would you like me to take my hat off?' asked I of the second. I demanded in short, whether I should again but for the intercession of every custom-house officer who had been superfluous about that ceremony before. But they all looked sheepish or annoyed, and replied that they had had quite enough of me and my hat already. It was therefore, I said, that, in company with my two pounds of special Regalaces, which really were in my hat the second time, have not assisted, in the proper quota of some eighteen shillings, to swell the revenues of my native land.

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**DR MADDEN'S 'PHANTASMATA'**

Under this name, Dr Madden has given us a laborious, yet popular view of the various phantasmal manias which raged in Europe during the middle ages, and particularly during the two excites connected with the Reformation. It is a strange wild swarm, profoundly interesting, and capable of the mental history of our race, affording many important warnings, and perhaps worthy of deeper philosophical consideration than it has ever yet received.

Dr Madden treats it chiefly as a physician, tracing its connection with the more familiar forms of insanity, yet, being also a littérateur, he has not neglected to present it in such a manner as to attract the ordinary reader.

In the first volume, and earlier half of the second.
the learned author treats of the belief in sorcery in ancient and modern times, and of the lamentable cruelties which, flowing upon a succession of epidemic manias connected with religion, which marked the time when the Catholic faith was in its highest vigour; and of the hallucinations which beset individuals of extraordinary piety during that epoch, as Jeanne d'Arc, St. Theresa, &c. It fully appears that, when the public mind in any community is oppressed with calamity and physical terrors—as from pestilence, famine, or the convulsions of nature—it falls, as by a fixed law, into a condition in which it becomes capable of the wildest extravagance and follies. It is but necessary for one person or little group of persons to adopt some ridiculous course of behaviour—dancing, jumping, self-torturing—or to sow some monstrous belief, as that the doctors are poisoning the wells, or old women exercising witchcraft against their neighbours—in order to smit a large portion of the community with the same practice or creed. We have a remarkable, though isolated, example in the Barking Disease which broke out in a district of England in 1841. 'A certain wayfaring man,' says Camden, 'as he travelled the king's highway found a pair of gloves, and left thought, for his own turn, which, as he drew upon his hands, forthwith instead of a man's voice and speech, he kept a strange and mervailous barking like unto a dogge: and from that present, the elder folks and full grown, yes, and women too throughout the same country, barked like big dogges, but the children and little ones waughed as small whelpes. The plague continued with some, eighteen days, with others, a whole moneth, and with some for two yeares. Yet this fantastical contagious malady entered also into the neibouring shires, and forced the people in like manner to bark.'

Conspicuous among the self-torturing manias was that which gave rise, in the fourteenth century, to the order of the Flagellants or Scourgers; for we may date this mania in its full force, though it appears to have had temporary sway two centuries before, and even to have been known in the worship of pagan Rome. This order consisted chiefly of persons of the lower orders who took upon themselves the repentance, or, rather, the penance of the people at large, and offered prayers for the averting of the great plagues that at that time ravaged Europe. These Flagellants marched in solemn procession, wearing mourning garments, and carrying 'triple scourges tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed.' In 1349, two hundred of them entered Strasburg, where above a thousand joined them; and thence, divided into two bands, some wandered north, some south. We have here two forms of mania combined—the migratory and the flagellatory. The subjects of this complicated malady, shewing insubordination to all authority, secular or spiritual, soon became obnoxious to the court of Rome, as well as to the petty princes of Italy and Germany. But it was by no means easy to put down the movement, which would die down for a time, only to break out again and again. Certain enthusiasts went so far as to frame a table of equivalents in stripes and sins, and a whole year's penance was to be estimated at 5000 lashes. A holy man, St. Dominic Loricatus by name, obtained such efficiency, as to work off in six days, by the administration of 800,000 stripes, the penance of a whole century. His example was followed by devotees of both sexes. Indeed, in Portugal, the women had become so accustomed to this bloody and fanatical devotion, that they uttered reproachful cries, and banded in heaps on those who did not scourge themselves violently enough, according to their notions. Nor was scourging the extent of the self-inflicted torture, for the rigidly practised other mortifications—they went bare-footed, carried crosses of enormous weight, some bore naked swords stuck in the flesh of the back and arms, which, upon any unusually vehement movement, caused, or at least, extensive and continuing wounds, of which many died. Flagellant processions, we read, continued in Lisbon down to 1820; nay, even so late as 1843, Dr. Madden saw confraternities of penitents walking, astir as of old, and bearing crosses, but without, it is true, the same devotion.

A still more appalling form of epidemic theomania displayed itself, about the middle of the sixteenth century, among the frenzied Anabaptists of Holland and Germany. The outline of their brutalities and barbarities being so in some measure familiar to us all, we will not dwell upon them at any length. Suffice it to say that one of their leaders commanded men and women to lay aside and burn all their clothes as a burnt-offering, agreeable to the revealed will of Heaven; that a woman in Bazel believing herself to have received a divine promise of having her life supported without food, tried the experiment, and died in ten days; that in St. Gall a family, having passed two nights in visions and prophesies, one brother called another, whom he dearly loved, into the middle of the room, and in the presence of his parents, and with the perfect concurrence of the victim, struck off his head, in professed obedience to a heavenly command; that at Zulda a prophet having been re-baptised, announced his newly acquired power of walking on the water, and prepared to cross a river in the presence of assembled crowds. Such was the faith his pretensions inspired, that a mother ran forward to place her baby in his arms. We wish that some accounts had been handed down to us of the reaction felt when infant and themaniac disappeared under the water. Scarcely less terrible was the epidemic theomania that manifested itself among the French Huguenots in Dauphiné and Languedoc, in the reign of Louis XIV. They had been subjected to every species of oppression and cruelty; and as Calmet, who has profoundly studied the question of popular frenzies, justly observes: 'Every kind of mania has to produce this form of mental malady.' The Protestants, tried, tortured to the utmost, without help or hope on earth, took refuge in their belief in supernatural assistance, and in that faith prepared to disperse and conquer, in their own way, the forces marshalled against them. On one occasion, the insane and unarmed multitude, being led on by a brother and sister—maniacs in the strictest sense of the word—against troops commanded by some of the bravest captains of the time, the next day was marked to be the blowing with all their might upon the enemy, and crying aloud: 'Tartara, Tartara!' firmly convinced that nothing more was necessary to their triumph! It is painful to recall that hundreds of these poor lunatics falling on one day under the sword.

The theomania displayed in the Cevennes early in the eighteenth century was peculiarly prevalent amongst women and children. 'Thousands of women,' according to the Marquis de Guiscard, 'persisted in prophesying and singing, though they were hanged by hundreds.' 'I have seen amongst these people,' writes the Maréchal de Villars, 'things that I could never have believed, that they had not passed before my own eyes. Throughout an entire town, all the
women and girls, without any exception, trembled
and prophesied publicely in the streets.

A most remarkable outbreak of specific popular
monomania was that of the Jansenist Convulsionsaries,
which began in 1720. A certain Deacon François
Paris, having ended a life of self-denial and active
benevolence, his tomb became the scene of reputed
miraculous cures and convulsions. As usual, the
greater number of persons who came to this tomb in
the Cry所得ory of St. Michael, visited Janisiasitists,
shades of the Roman Catholic Church, the most
noteworthy of whom was a person of wealth who
visited the tomb. The tombs were supposed to
be haunted by the spirits of the dead, and those who
visited them were said to be possessed of unhuman
powers, evil spirits entered into the souls of the
visitors, who therefore saw a frightful change
of demeanour, falling into convulsions and agitations,
in the course of which they flung themselves about
in the most violent manner, foaming at the mouth,
roaring like animals, speaking occasionally in
vagaries that were thought unknown tongues, blaspheming,
assaulting altars necessitous de gorgeous; sometimes falling
on the floor, or being found to be insensitive to prickings and
lacerations of the flesh; at other times, bounding into the air
with a force that seemed to come from some source inde-
pendent of the natural muscular power. Occasionally
they were seen to be blown up to the size of a man,
bending backward so as to rest the whole weight of
the body on the forehead, while the rest was in the
air, and in this uneasy posture they remained a long time.
A strange bowling, like that of a day
in a strong wind, was sometimes heard, and from which
the affable was sometimes heard, and from which
the affable

...
came in December 1864 to assist in expelling demons from the Ursuline nuns of Loudun. Before he had been at work more than a month, he was so far affected as to lose his speech. Then a demon, who possessed the face of the superiors, and spoke by her mouth, suddenly left her, and took possession of Surin, causing him to change colour, constricting his chest, and also depriving him of speech. Being exercised out of the father, the demon returned to the body of the superiors; soon after, it came back to the father, who now began to suffer internal pains that caused him to twist his body like one afflicted with the cholic. Writing to a friend regarding his sufferings three months after, he tells how the demon passes from the possessed person into himself. Then he shows how he does not let it go, but makes it subject to himself. He now speaks in the name of the soul, and is able to converse in its name, and is able to go with it into the regions of the dead.

I cannot explain," says he, "what passes in me during this time, nor how that spirit unites itself to me, still acting like another self, as if I had two souls, of which one is a depraved nature and is possessed by her faculties, and holds herself apart, contemplating the actions of the soul which now occupies the body. The two spirits fight in the same field, which is the body, and the soul is, as it were, divided. On the one side are the demon and the possessed person, and on the other to her natural inclinations, or those which God gives. . . .

With the aid of one of these devils, I wish to make the sign of the cross on my mouth, the other devil, with great rapidity, turns away my hand, and causes me to strike with the teeth, to gnaw at me with rage. . . . The extremity in which I find myself is such, that I have scarcely one free faculty. When I wish to speak, my mouth is closed; as soon as I draw a sudden expiration, I am thrown into the same condition as before. I cannot convey the moral to his lips; at confession, I forget in a moment all my sins; and I feel that the devil comes and goes, as he is in his own house, within me. Directly I awake, he is with me at prayer; he descends into the depths of my soul, and my heart would expand itself in God, he fills it with rage; when I would watch, he sets me asleep; and he publicly by the mouth of the demoniac (the sister-priestess) boasts that he is my master.

It was the affection of these nuns of Loudun that led to the celebrated prosecution of the obnoxious priest, Urbain Grandier. When this diabolical case is treated among modern rational authors, it is customary to hold up the nuns as practising an imposture, and to ridicule them; but the theory of a deliberate or systematic imposture on their part is precluded by the fact of the continuance of the same painful demonstrations for several years after Grandier's execution; and, moreover, the Loudun phenomenon is but one example of many in which there has been no such malignant object alleged.

For anything that appears, the Loudun nuns were as much the victims of some influence beyond the control of their own better sense, as any others that go astray. One cannot be sure that one of such phenomena to present themselves, they would be treated as disease, and, instead of religious exorcisms, which seem only to have fed the malady, there would have been some strong alternative treatment of a purely physical kind. It may be suspected, however, that there was something more in these cases of so-called demonomania than what our orthodox medicine is willing to admit. The resemblance of many of the phenomena to those of mesmerism is extremely striking.

Our readers will understand that these are but glimpses at a series of strange and wild historiettes, which they will find in full and interesting detail in Dr Macauley's book. We can assure the volume of our learned author with thanks for his having so much of such curious matters into a regular and accessible form. With his theories regarding them, proceeding as these do on the narrow views of existing medical science, we cannot say we are satisfied. They all seem to us to rest on some assumption, and they certainly ignore whole classes of facts as well attested as any of the rest.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

As soon as the few friends who visit this little vicarage of mine at Woodislee, for the first time, have done admiring its low white front, all garnished with honeysuckle, and the wild growth of ivy overhead, they take to it as we approach, along with the murmur of their voices, making it seem doubly like the hum of bees; and the stock in its garden, and the sweetbrier that peers in at its open casements, make the air fragrant within. The schoolroom contains a group of both boys and girls of the village, and is so lighted, and however their young hearts may long to be up and away over the purple hill, there is, at least, no headache or drowsiness to dull their little wits. In the winter-time, too, all is snug and warm, so that fewer small red noses, and a less universal infant snuffle, are perceptible in the school-house of Woodislee than in any similar place that I am acquainted with. The squire built it at his own expense, and the cottage of the master and his family; it stands Higher upon the moorland yet—a beacon to be seen from half-a-dozen counties, and a landmark for the ships that come up from the western world—stands the new church, and has stood there those ten years in spite of the four winds. Oh, pleasant sight upon a Sabbath morn, while the bells are still ringing their first peal, and along the winding sand-road come the good people up by twos and threes; the young men in their clean white smock-frocks, and the girls in gay apparel; the old men rolling slowly with hat in hand, their grey hairs lifted by the breeze, and their old dames resplendent in the scarlet cloaks they are so loathe to leave off wearing, though the summer is come; and all, as they stop to rest, to breath the air, and to turn westward gladly for that glorious view. The glistening towns, from which, too, comes a faint and far-off music; the teeming hedgerows, with the deep blood-red Devon lanes; the crystal river hiding from the sun in the cool copse; the sparkling sea, with its fair burdens mostly motionless, but on its verge a dim white speck that grows, and close inshore (that was itself a speck when the bells rang for school an hour ago) a huge three-master ship—an isle of snow, or a white mist, as we have seen—now a thankful heart, I hope, for the fair world that has been given us to dwell in, we enter into church at Woodislee. Massive need its walls be, and the tall gray tower, straight and without flaw, when the fierce north-wester blows—and they are so. The good squire built this also—Mr Markham that is, who lives in the great house yonder with the gables, which is called the Grange.

When I first came to Woodislee, I came as curate, for the incumbency was near ninety years of age, and very infirm. I had a hundred pounds a year, and the little cottage that is now in ruins close by the old church, to live in, and never dreamed to have done better. That would have been easier, and to spare my good wife here and the four little ones of course, who then were not in the question—for the place is not a dear one as to living. The Brent,
which you have seen, runs by our door, supplied me well with trout, and I was my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too, were provided for me at the squire's board; and on Sundays, without exception, I was there to use them. No mere buff country magnate was Mr. Markham:

A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
And pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Or rather, he had all the qualities of such a man, and flouted beside: a good scholar, an elegant musician, and a gentleman as I discovered at the first; who pleased my Oxonian fancy with his classics, and knew the literature of his own land also at least as well; who played on flute and violin divinely; and who, when lords and bishop and county families rayed round his table, remembered not the less—a virtue very rare in hosts—the curate of Woodisale.

Of his real worth and goodness, I knew more as I knew him longer; his open hand, his kindly heart, and near even to speak of. I bring one proof of them, not stronger than I could select from a crowd of others, nor better witnessed, although it affects myself. The Sunday after poor Mr. Melville—the old incumbent—died, I was, as usual, at the Grange; and we conversed in our talk fully upon his loss and on the future vicar.

'T have appointed one in my own mind,' said Mr. Markham; 'and if he chooses to accept the living—

there is no reason whatever for delay—he will read himself within the month or so; a young man in my over-rich, who knows the people here, and is well liked by them.'

'I fear then, sir, he will not want a curate, since the parish is so small?'

'No; I fear not, Granstley. We shall be sorry to lose you, although we have seen so little of each other; but I will have you in my eye be sure, as will my wife, in whose way curacies come somehow more than they do in mine.' And so we parted for that time with a hearty hand-shake.

Ah, what a wife that Mrs. Markham was! a fair blithe woman then, with auburn hair just dusted o'er

with gold, and wearing her thirty summers like a flower.

She, with her pleasant smile, was the fit image to tell me up that I myself was the new vicar of Woodisale. She took as great delight to bring the news as I to hear it. 'The vicarage is yours,' said she; 'and may this please you, Mr. Granstley, as it pleases us. It was not with my will that it was kept a secret from you for so long; but you know my husband loves his kindly joke.'

It was not likely after this that I should be less their friend; and indeed the Markhams and myself were for ever together. Both as clergyman and as familiar intimate, my intercourse grew very close with them indeed. I learned (with pains enough) even to join their little concerts in the hall; I read with them old plays in winter evenings; and the vicarage was almost my home than was the Grange. I am not sure that they did not choose my wife for me, if so, I have the greatest gift of all to thank them for; and they stood both of them as sponsors to my eldest boy.

About two years after I had been installed as vicar, I began to observe a great strangeness in Mrs. Markham. She grew absent, started when addressed—especially if by her husband—wasted visibly, and lost in part her pleasant looks. The squire did not see this; she had always a smile to greet him with, however she might look to others; and would watch him sometimes, when he was not regarding her, with a concentration of affection in her gaze more intense than ever. Another change was this: the squire's fortune being very large, his wife had a most liberal allowance, and kept quite a little establishment of her own. Her charities, besides those that were in common with his, were extensive. When any one needed help beyond that which I was justly in giving, I had been accustomed to apply to her readily as to him; but now her alms at first diminished, and then altogether ceased. She upheld under the most frivolous pretence, with her charwomen, ponies, and, from being rather fastidious and choosy in her attire, she came to dress with great simplicity, and almost ill; so that upon that point her husband rallied her. One night she was singing with him in the hall, as usual, her favourite Scotch song of how she had sung a hundred times before, when her voice suddenly trembled, as though her heart was breaking, and she burst into a fit of tears. It was one of the exquisite melodies of Burns upon the domestic affections, and Markham spoke touchingly to afterwards of that excessive fondness of his wife for him which had so completely overmastered her.

'If I were to be taken from her,' said he, 'I believe her some would die.'

Certainly, to watch her anticipating his slightest wish, and listening to his every word as though it were to be his last, it might well seem so. Upon my venturing to remark to him that she was greatly in his power, he smiled and said, 'Very correct, but not in the least.'

spirits, he thanked me, and was reasonably sile this at once; and thinking a little company might cheer her, he sent for his maiden sister from the seat to spend some time with them—a quiet elderly lady, very excellent, but not incommoded by her brother and sister-in-law were. We two struck an acquaintance very soon, and the squire was well to make facetious allusions to it which would have been embarrassing from anybody else. She was filled up, in some measure, to this empty position of Lady Bountiful in the parish which Mrs. Markham had abdicated—although I confess she somewhat lost the gracefulness of her well-doing—and evidently to that lady's satisfaction. It left her more to burst, and at liberty to retire to her chamber or elsewhere, as had now become her favourite custom. This, combined with the other peculiarities in her conduct, although still veiled from her husband's notice, did not escape the quick womanly eye of Miss Markham.

'I cannot think,' said she, as we were taking a parochial walk together about three weeks after her arrival, 'what change has come over Jane. If we did not know herself and George to have been the most loving couple that ever breathed, I should be inclined to think her an empty coquette; and if I was not thoroughly convinced of the badness of her late husband, that she was regretting his loss.'

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs. Markham having been ever a widow, and I expressed my surprise strongly.

'Indeed?' said my companion. 'I had made certain that they had intrusted you with that revelation; but since you are aware of so much, you may have just as well know all.'

II.

'Mrs. Markham, whom, you perceive, even at the time, charming and almost perfect as she appeared to be to myself, and in her youth exceedingly handsome, and gifted with a great attractiveness but superficial talents. After living together a short time in great unhappiness, so far as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and sent her back to her friends. He did not appear again for years. He must have treated the poor girl very
brutally, to account for the horror and absolute loathing which she entertained for him. He knew that she did so, and used that knowledge for his own purposes, but had she marry bar to her she had not married a milksop like her for nothing, but for her money; and the moment which secured to her property, the very day on which she came of age, brought this happy to her side again. She bought him off with much that she had not, as the civilised nations in old time bought off the savage, and with the like result—he became more frequent and extravagant in his demands. When I say that he was a systematic gambler and a drunkard, I backed by her paternal uncle, and sole relative, in whose house the thing took place, refused to give him; and Heathcote, uttering the most frightful threats, was obliged to content himself with a draft drawn by Mr Raby upon his own banker for a hundred pounds. He drew it merely to save his niece, who was in an agony of terror from her husband's violence, and to get the man out of the house as quickly as possible; but, as the matter turned out, this was the least thing in the world. Heathcote got the money back, and the number “100” to “500,” and so got the check changed by the commission of a felony. The next time that this fellow came for his merciless tax—which was soon enough—Mr Raby had a policeman in waiting for him. "I," he said that gentleman, "you ever again attempt to persecute my unhappy niece, I transport you for the term of your natural life. You may thank her alone that I suffer you to escape your just punishment this time. If it rested with me only—"

which reminds the other, there being plenty help for him agreed to. Heathcote's brutality must have been something excessive to have trodden all traces of love out of a heart like Jane's; but he had quite succeeded in so doing. Although she had not consented to her uncle's terms; being held over him—and happy was it that it did not rest with her to use it—she could not but feel comfort from the event. Six months' experience of freedom did wonders in restoring her senses and lightening her hearts of a sorrow that seemed likely to crush it altogether. She began to move about less like an automaton, to wear the smile of content, if not of merriment, and to be in some sort like the Jane Raby of five years before. Then came some news which made her serious and excited a fear that she had not made; Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the hand of one of his own wicked compatriots. In a concealed pocket within his vest was found the roll of bank notes in their still unbroken cover. It had escaped the notice of his murderer, or the passers by of some honest settlers who had disturbed him in his unfinished search. They forwarded the parcel to Mr Raby, with a narrative of these facts. A year after this event, it would have been impossible to recognise the spirit-bowed and fragile Mrs Heathcote in the by no means insensible widow which she had then become. Thanks to her brief matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her now, Mr Grantley, or rather as you did see her until within these few months. My brother married her with the full knowledge of her former life, and has never had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice.

This narration, which the kind-hearted but mis-doubting little old maid made piquant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of flings at the foolishness of young girls, and the futility of early marriages, did not much enlighten me, as to what was ailing with poor Mrs Markham, although it increased my interest in her fortunes. Her conduct towards myself remained unaltered, or was marked by ever greater courtesy. There were many times when I ventured to advance several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me that she had often bewailed the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but that now she thanked God she was childless. The horrible thought began to cross me that my dear benefactress was going out of her mind; and that idea grew stronger, although Miss Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse. She was as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which somehow is always to think the worst that can be of all her sex. But when I had seen Mrs Markham come out of the firewood, under the sandhills, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as a spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an expensive breakfast, when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds for a very pressing emergency, and begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her piteous endeavours, so transparent to myself and her sister-in-law, to conceal her unhappy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unsettled brain—I felt quite sure of my painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this horror to Mr Markham, that remedial measures might be found, when it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which changed my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

(To be concluded in our next.)

T. A. B.

No person of a meditative turn of mind can long remain a spectator of the improvements effected in almost every department of the manufacturing world, without being profoundly convinced of the immense strides which have of late years been made in the practical applications of chemistry. Chemistry, to our forefathers, was a vague and speculative science, having no bearing, direct or indirect, upon any one of the arts or manufactures.

The learned found, in its unmeaning nomenclature, a convenient shelter for their own ignorance on many points; and the philosophers found a refuge for their pretensions to above their comprehension, and altogether void of useful or practical application. One or two great men, of whom Robert Boyle ought perhaps to be placed first, disgusted with the arbitrary rules which had been laid down by the chemists, founded, most of them, on the mere ipse dixit of men wholly unacquainted with the cause of any natural phenomena, attempted to overturn the more absurd parts of the so-called science; and their exertions met with a
good deal of success, and paved the way for great improvements. At the present day, chemistry is par excellence the science of an art, its simple, and very limited; it was spread over a vast variety of substances which required for preserving influence to guard them from the weather; it was used as a rough varnish for gigantic ironwork; and it is formed in an important ingredient in various compositions used instead of stones for explosive purposes.

Modern chemistry, however, attacking one by one the myriads of matters entering into the composition of this terrestrial ball, one fine day seized hold of tar; and after torturing the poor fluid in a thousand different ways, examining and cross-examining it by its ministers, heat and cold, acids and alkalis, tests and reagents, pronounced it a very remarkable and highly complicated substance. Tar is a union of a very considerable number of organic bodies, some being solid, and others fluid. It contains — if you desire a clear and satisfactory idea of its composition — ammonia, aniline, picline, quinoline, pyridine, phthalic, phenol, broenol, benzole, toluole, cumole, cyrene, napththaline, paranaphthaline, chryseine, and pyrene. As each of these sixteen substances is individually man or less of them are not, we think, wrong in saying that the fluid formed by their union is somewhat remarkable.

We won't go into the chemical nature of tar; we might say about every one of its constituents as we would fill half-a-dozen columns of this Journal, and yet those constituents are as yet but very imperfectly understood. We prefer rather glancing at the actual serviceable products which have been obtained from coal-tar.

The apparently simple business of the tar-worker is to take his tar to pieces; not to separate it into all the various components we have enumerated, for that would be a very difficult, and perhaps useless proceeding, but to extract from it a number of vastly different bodies, which have been put to a variety of uses in the manufacturing world. In nearly the whole of his operations, the simple agent used by the tar-worker is heat. It is one of the fundamental laws of chemistry, that every fluid body possesses at a certain point, 'preserves' the temperature at which such change takes place being entirely dependent upon the nature of the fluid operated upon. The highly complex body, tar, is therefore placed in certain large stills, each containing from 9000 to 9000 gallons; and in each of its fluid constituents, which assumes the form of vapour at a different temperature from the others, separately makes its appearance at the end of the still-works.

The first of these is a quantity of ammonia and other gases, all of which are collected in cold water, which soon becomes strongly impregnated with them, and is used for the preparation of a rough description of sulphate of ammonia, which finds a ready sale as an important ingredient in certain artificial fertilizers.

As the heat is increased, an oily fluid comes over, technically called 'light oil,' which is carefully collected apart from the other products. When a much of the light oil has made its appearance as about equals in bulk one-twentieth of the tar originally put into the still, it ceases to be produced, and is succeeded by a dense dark-coloured fluid, with a peculiarly offensive odour, known as 'dead oil.' The dead oil comes over in far much larger quantities than the light oil, equalling fully one-fifth of the tar. When the dead oil has ceased to run, the distiller knows it is of no use to keep the pot boiling any longer; the fire is therefore put out, a huge bag is
the bottom of the still is turned, and the thick black residuum, still fluid in its heated state, being neither more nor less than common pitch, is allowed to run along certain channels prepared for the conveyance of this immense underground tanks in which it is stored.

By simple boiling, then, our manufacturer has split up his tar into four very different matters—pitch, dead oil, light oil, and ammoniacal liquor. With the pitch he does very little. Shortly after running from the still, it is laid out of the great tanks already mentioned into moulds formed of the halves of reed-oaks, rubbed with chalk on the inside to prevent its adhering; and being sold in this state, it is used for a variety of well-known purposes.

The greater part of the dead oil, too, has no further process to undergo. The product is in reality a rough mineral creosote, and possesses in a high degree the antiseptic properties for which creosote is so celebrated. The dead oil is about the most important thing got out of the tar; thousands and thousands of gallons are every week sold to the different railway companies for the soaking of sleepers and other timber; for once well impregnated with the fluid, every bit, indeed, is distilled; it is distillate both wet and dry rot. A good deal of the oil is, however, used for a very different purpose. It is exceedingly inflammable, and contains a large amount of carbon; and these two peculiarities are taken advantage of, by the workers in the pharmaceutical trade, who connect with vast brick flues; the smoke from the burning oil is rapidly deposited on the sides of these flues in a form which washermen would recognize as ‘blacks;’ and being periodically scraped off, it makes its appearance in the market as ‘lampblack.’ The light oil is, however, a substance requiring a good deal more preparation, and serving a greater variety of purposes than any of the other products. Light oil is impure coal naphtha; and to free it from its impurities, especially those affecting its colour and smell, is the crowning object of the tar-distiller.

As it comes over, in the first instance, it is a dark brown liquid, smelling most horribly. Being in this state all but useless, it is at once redistilled, and loses the amount of smell and colour. It is now ordinary ‘naphtha,’ and used for a variety of purposes, but it still contains a large quantity of a peculiar greasy matter, called ‘paraphenazine,’ from which no amount of distilling will entirely free it. It is separated from the paraphenazine, the naphtha, is mixed with ‘oil of vitriol,’ in an iron reservoir, and the acid and naphtha are thoroughly shaken and stirred together.

For some little understood reason, the fatty paraphenazine is left in the naphtha, and attaches itself to the vitriol, carrying along with it a vast amount of impurity, and leaving the naphtha in a very commendable state of cleanliness. As the oil of vitriol is nearly three times as heavy as the naphtha, directly the stirring and mixing process is at an end, the two boths separate, and are drawn off from the reservoir into proper receptacles.

The naphtha is now either sold in its present condition, or again distilled. For the most particular purposes, indeed, it is distilled or redistilled to both the whole operation being conducted by the steam of boiling water; and the fluid is known to the trade as once, twice, or thrice run naphtha respectively.

Here the legitimate labours of the tar-distiller end. Before we leave our flues, paved out by the distillation of lampblack, naphtha, and sulphate of ammonia. The first three are used, as we have already said, in their existing forms; while the fourth, the coal-naphtha, has yet to undergo a greater variety of changes, and is fulfilled a larger number of offices, than all the other products put together. In the state in which the naphtha leaves the tar-distiller’s yard, it is used extensively for illumination, for which it is eminently fitted by the immense amount of carbon it contains; and if the lamp employed in burning it be only so constructed as to allow of the actual condensation of the light emitted, the proportion of light emitted is probably greater than that obtained from the same bulk of any other known substance. It is also a solvent of casuchoe, guutta-percha, and other gums, and therefore much in request by the varnish-maker; whilst purified, and deprived of its smell, by some secret method it becomes the benzine collas, extensively used as a valuable detergent of grease from wearing apparel, &c.

When coal-naphtha is submitted to the action of certain chemical bodies, totally different from itself in their nature, the most remarkable changes take place in it; certain of its principles unite with certain elements of the added body, and compounds are produced of the most unexpected nature.

Thus we have said that one of the constituents of tar is benzole; how, when the tar is distilled, and separated into the dead oil and the light oil, this body benzole suffers no alteration in its nature; its affinity for some of the other ingredients of the naphtha is so great, that simple mixing with benzole is sufficient to produce a disunion; and the consequence is, that the benzole goes over with the light oil, and continues to form part of it.

By using rather more energetic chemical means, however, the benzole may be separated from the naphtha, about a pint being obtained from two gallons. It makes its appearance as a heavy, oily substance, with very little smell, and a pungent taste. When this apparently useless fluid is mixed with nitric acid, or aquafortis, a singular transformation occurs—that is, the two substances, the benzole and the acid, unite, and produce what chemists call nitro-benzol, a fluid precisely resembling in smell and taste oil of bitter-almonds, and extensively used in various ways in place of the more expensive and poisonous substance which it represents.

Yet another strange transformation may be effected. Phenic acid we have enumerated as existing in tar; and phenic acid, like benzole, is not altered during the process of distillation, but passes over with the naphtha, and forms part of it. Phenic acid further resembles benzole in being of little use in its pure state. When, however, it is treated with nitric acid, already mentioned, some of it is separated, and the crystals, bright and clear, make their appearance, very beautiful to the eye, and intensely bitter to the tongue; these are crystals of carbazoletic acid. Their colour has caused a solution of them to be extensively used in dyeing silk; their taste has made them serviceable in adulterating beer.

Using only the multiform processes placed at his command by modern chemistry, the investigator into such matters has gone on experimenting upon all the compounds of this curious body, tar, and has baptised with fearful hard names the substances produced therefrom, until he has given us binitrobenzol, hydrobenzamide, b-bromide of chlorobenzaphete, and a dozen other no less mystifying substances. Those above mentioned are, however, the principal ones which have yet been put to any practical use.

Who will despise the nauseous black coal-tar now? With substances obtained from it, we have rendered our timber impervious to rot, have painted our walls, and covered our materials above ground, and water-proof garments, taken grease from our Sunday clothes, manured our fields, dyed our silken fabrics, adulterated our beer, and flavoured our soaps, sweetmeats, and confectionary. Who can tell what else we shall get from this queer stuff? Chemical research occupies a long time; and chemical experiments of any importance can be performed but by a few; hence many of the sixteen
constituents of tar have hitherto been little studied. When they yield up their secrets to the magic power of analysis, other benefits quite as useful and remark-
able as those we have mentioned, and perhaps even more so, may be presented to us from that most prolific substance, coal-tar.

STOP THIEF!

In some parts of India, house-robberies are almost unknown; you may leave your doors open every night, and take no precaution, yet never be one whit the poorer; while in most of the cantonments of the upper provinces and other places, you will be robbed for certain, unless you have a regular night-guard, or keep a chowkee dar or watchman. Your safety does not consist in the vigilance or prowess of this individual, but simply in the fact that thieves and chowkedin are, if not, as some assert, one and the same individuals, have a mutual understanding with each other, and when you literally fulfil the proverb of 'Set a rogue to catch a rogue,' by retaining one of them as your servant, all the rest respect your property.

Laziness enables the chowkee dar to sleep in almost any position; sitting, lying or standing, no matter how uneasy the posture or hard the resting-place, all come alike to him. He sleeps tranquilly in the verandah during the greater part of the night; occasionally he rouses himself, and stumps round the house making a great show of vigour, once or twice clattering his stick, and uttering a peculiar sound, as if he was clearing his throat in a passion; but this is entirely to display his zeal for your benefit, not from any regard for your goods and chattels. Sometimes he will ask leave of absence for a day or two, and your property remains quite secure, though you need not be astonished if you hear that your chowkieness neighbour has suffered considerably in the interim, and may form your own conjectures regarding the way in which your servant has employed his holiday.

Sometimes an individual was found hardly enough to refuse to pay this black-mail, and trust for security to a brace of pistols and a dog. But sooner or later, the fine morning dew on his chin, the consciousness that the rogues had outwitted him, and that all or some of his valuables were absent without leave. Pistols are easily tampered with; and though a good watch-dog is the best safeguard, the thieves generally manage to gain his confidence, and seduce his fidelity by gifts of sweet-meats and such-like dainties. If, as rarely happens, the road to the animal's affections did not lie through his stomach; if the dog was an honest dog, superior to bribery, and who refused to be influenced by such paltry considerations, the same appetite for bits and pieces presented the means of administering to him either a sleeping-potion or a permanent quietus.

But though robberies be common enough in cantonments, the camp is the great harvest-field for rogues. So many opportunities are afforded while marching, so many things kept scattered about, and a tent is so much easier to enter than a bungalow, that a regiment or detachment seldom make a march of any length without suffering from their depredations; but how these opportunities occur, and how they are taken advantage of, may be best illustrated by giving the details of a few occurrences on the line of march.

Near a native infantry messes, it is the custom, when beginning a march, to pack up all plate, glass, crockery, &c., only leaving out enough to serve up the estables on. Every officer is expected to bring his own plate, spoons, forks, and chair. The general dinner-hour was just as it grew dusk, and at sunset each servant carried the requisites for his master to the mess tent, and placed them in his allotted position. One evening just before the tents were un-
sounded, a chief watched the opportunity of the inen-
tent being empty, and coolly walked into it at the opposite side from the cook-house, where all the servants were congregated. He passed by the two yards of a sentry in doing so, but no one disturbed him, taking him for what he appeared, an officer's servant. He then went round the table, appropriating every silver article thereon, judiciously rejecting the plated ones; and, having formed a compact bundle, deposited them in the folds of his dhoti or waistcloth; then hearing a coming footstep, he emerged as deliberately as he entered. Fortunately it was the mess-bearer who entered; but he, being aware of the nature of the glance at the despooled table, did what natives irreverently do under all circumstances of excitement, whether he be joy, sorrow, fear, surprise, or anger—namely, he made a great uproar. The rest of the servants joined in the scenes, like a pack of jackals, and soon the camp resounded with the cry of 'Chor, chor!' (Thieves, thieves!)

The robber, with the missing articles in his han-
date for breeches pockets, had by this time reached the outskirts of the camp, and had taken a corner in the line of picket-sentries, when the cries, of which he well knew the cause, struck upon his ears. He had conducted the rest of his proceedings as deliberately as his former one, the chances were ten to one he would be got clear of with his booty, to chase over the stupidity of the Feringheens and their fol-
lowers; but conscience makes cowards of pagans as well as Christians. Anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the neighbouring jungle, he quickened his pace to a run, which attracted the attention of a classic (tent-pitcher), who was busily engaged in making tent-pegis from the wood of a babool tree (Mimosa Arabica), near the spot. Guessing at once that this was the individual who caused commotion in the camp, he applied the thick end of one of the tent-pegis to his pericranium with milt emphasis, that the thief bit the dust. The scout loosened the bundle he had deposited in his dustcoat and out he pulled spoon, forkis, ladies, &c., in an admired disorder.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of these articles gave the classic ample proof of the nature of the crime which had been committed, and he set off in hot haste over the camp, trying to raise assistance, which speedily arrived, and the man was carried off to the quarter-guard. While on his way thither, one of the servants identified the clothes he wore as his own; they had been made up in a bundle along with some other articles which had been stolen some nights previously off his master's baccy.

The culprit was tried by the civil powers, and revealed for his misdeeds with twelve months on the roads.

At some halting-places, a mess has various cases of paltry practice prevailed of poisoning horses for the sake of the hide. The poison was made up in a ball of paste (Coarse sugar), of which horses are very fond, and thrown into their grass whilst feeding at their pickets. The animal soon sickened; and when the troops marched off next morning, was left behind dead or dying, and the nascally choomars (leather-dressers) obtained what they wanted.

Cawnpore is celebrated for its manufacture of saddlery, harness, &c., in imitation of English articles of the same kind. They do not last long, and have a disagreeable smell; but being very cheap, meet with a ready sale. In consequence, leather is grown demand there, and the first halting-place, about three miles north-west of the station, for a long time enjoyed...
a most unenviable notoriety for poisoning horses. The practice has of late years been almost entirely discontinued, and was for a long time checked by the device of an officer, who, enraged at the loss of a favourite charger, determined to punish the authors of its death. He inquired of the guards who had been on duty, but, returning by a circuitous route, he concealed himself with several men near where the body of his horse lay. In due time, the chowmams thinking the coast clear, came to skin the dead animal, when the ambush set on them with sticks, and threshed them till they were tired. They then, with the chowmams' own knives, hacked the skin so as to render it useless; and before they had time to raise the neighbouring village, decamped to join their regiment, with the happy internal consciousness of men who had done a good action.

Every nation has its own code of morals, and its peculiar ideas on the subject of honesty. The Highland caterer was looked on as a gentleman, provided the meat he served was robbed in the most artistic way; and frequently see instances of men who consider imposition justifiable in matters of horseflesh, which they would repudiate in any other. The most lax notions of honesty are generally prevalent regarding the owner of the horse, who would have fared even worse, but the poor fellow seemed as if he would not mind taking another thrashing to get into such good quarters again.

While my regiment was stationed at Moerut, I took the opportunity of parades and drills being excused in consequence of the inspection of another regiment quartered there, to give myself and my horse some exercise. It was a cold bracing December morning, for there is such a thing as cold weather in the Provinces, and though the thermometer seldom falls below forty-three degrees, it appears quite cold to those who for eight months in the year are accustomed to double that temperature. There is something peculiarly refreshing, and invigorating in such mornings; the energies which have been dormant during months of latitudes and inaction, appear to awake with redoubled vigour after their long repose, and men and animals seem to feel the effect equally. My horse and myself being of the same opinion, indulged each other's inclinations. Going along at a slapping pace, we soon left cantonments far behind us. Proceeding in this way, I overtook Swanton, one of our married captains, who said he was going out to meet Dod and his wife, whom he expected to rejine from leave that day, and take up their quarters with him until they had time to get a bungalow for themselves, and asked me to join him. Adolphus Dod was our senior lieutenant, and had for many years held the situation of interpreter and quarter-master. A bravest captain and regimental subaltern of eighteen years' standing, the slowness of promotion had given him an excuse for grumbling, which he improved on all occasions. He was a steady, conscientious officer, and excellent linguist; and his long service, and intimate acquaintance with the language and habits of the men, gave him a good deal of influence with them and the commanding officer. Being of an unsociable, and close, almost purer disposition, he was not much of a favourite with the intermediate ranks; and we did not scruple to amuse ourselves at the expense of his
foibles. He had an idea that the gentility of a
name should be as measured by its length, and that
his brevity was a symptom of plebeian extraction;
he was therefore as much ashamed of his patronymic
as he was proud of his Christian name. We
youngerst used to irritate him exceedingly by writing
chits and letters to him on any and every occasion, superinduced, with his rank, titles, and
premonium, in as large characters as our space
admitted, and his cognomen as minute as our pen-
manship could effect, without being illegible. The
direction usually ran thus: 'Lieutenant and Breve-
captain, Interpreter and Quarters-master Adelphius
Dod.'
A gracious response was seldom accorded to these
missives; but as the contents were always strictly
polite, there was nothing to lay hold of, and Dod
chafed because he chafed in silence. Not wishing to lose his staff allowances, he had not taken
leave for many years; but during the previous rains
he had suffered so severely from intermittent fever,
that the doctors, much against his will, sent him to
Sin-Saik for three months, where he soon recovered.
There is no occupation to be found by the sojourners
at that sanatorium to consume their spare time,
except love-making and gambling. Too prudent to
indulge in the latter, he renounced the former, and
meditated his liberty to a young lady of the florid
and globular style of beauty, whose appear-
ance suggested to every reflective mind the idea of
a milk-pail. Perhaps, as people always fancy their
opposites, he loved her for the contrast she pre-
sented to his own tall raw-boned person, from which
the sun seemed to have dried every ounce of superflu-
ous flesh, making him a perfect cab-horse beauty,
all bone and sinew. At any rate, he made her Mrs
Adelphius Dod, and proceeded with his bride to rejoi-
c the — ; and it was for the purpose of meeting them
and receiving the stranger with due honour, that
Swanton and I were cantering along the northern
road from Meerut.
After riding a little distance, we saw some one
riding towards us, whom I took for a very seedy-
looking sepoy on horseback, and would have passed
on without pulling up; but Swanton recognising
Dod's splendid gray charger, exclaimed: 'By Jove,
that's our man, and Dod is behind him! who do you
ever see such a scarecrow! The man must be
mad to go about masquerading in such a trim this
chilly morning.' The figure which now presented
itself to us was stitted in a sepoy's red coat and
pantaloons, which had evidently been made for a
very small man, whilst the wearer was six feet two
with his boots off. Consequently, the trousers did
not go down low enough to hide the want of stockings,
or come up high enough to get within hall of the
waist of the pantaloons.
To fill up the intervening hiatus, he had tied
one of the servant's cummerbunds round his waist, the
variegated ends of which hung down in front apropa-
fection, where, to say the truth, they were much
needed. The coat, which could not be induced to
meet within several inches, was fastened in front on
fashion, with a string, and the narrowness of its back
gave him the appearance of a person in a street-wailcoat.
Robed in his neckcloth, and his voluminous folds of his sepoys' purpas (Turban), once
a bright rose colour, but now dawning signs of long
and hard service, in many a greyy mark and unctuous
stain. On his head was a hat, we had often seen him
wear under happier circumstances; it was a white
felt, something between a steeple-crown and wide-
awake — on the elegant and unique appearance of which
Dod used to pride himself; but now its glory was
departed: it was saturated with some dark fluid; the
leaf hung down limp and crumpled, and the crown
was bulged into the shape of the crater of a volcano.
His sallow face looked blue; his teeth chattered;
and his bare feet, thrust into yellow native slippers,
shivered in the stirrups from cold. He appeared a
crest-fallen and miserable, that we endeavoured to
suppress our laughter; but when he proceeded to
recount his sorrows, the whole affair, and the manner
in particular, looked so absurd, that he could not
stand it no longer, and we laughed long and
loudly, to his infinite disgust. Dod's account was
unconnected and mixed up with various superflu-
ously expressions, that I must give a version of his story in my own words. It is as he had ten
sentences; one for sleeping in, the other for use during
the day. The latter was always sent on overnights,
as to be ready pitched on their arrival at the tent
encamping-ground. He had with him the usual
garments, and a sepoy, for the protection of his baggage.
After dinner the previous evening, the large tent had
been struck as usual, and sent on ahead, along with all his
baggage and wearing apparel, except the garments
they were to wear next morning. The next day,
three men of the guard also went on, leaving one
sepoy behind in charge of the smaller tent. Early
rising and long marches produce sound slumber; and
whilst the tents were yet behind the men left behind, were far away in the land of dreams, some
reckless rogue managed to effect an entrance into
their tent, and made a clean sweep of its contents.
When Dod arose at daybreak, he groped about for
other garments, but not being able to lay his hands
on them, called for a light. When it came, the
appalling truth, in all its naked horror, burst on
his benumbed senses. Every individual article of wearing
apparel, masculine and feminine, had been carried off
without his knowing it in his absence. He was
the lady's riding-hat, a very cheap affair, a
drooping feather, but rather unsuited to her present
toille de nuit. Poor Dod was cleansed out; and he
at length bethought himself of the sepoy's cast out
pantaloons, which he proceeded to don. His wife,
wrapped in blankets like an Indian sparrow,
buried herself in the depths of her pelisse; and they
set out on their march until we met them, as above
described.
We learned our horses' heads to accompany
back to cantonments, who, being shy of making
an extraordinary an appearance in public, proposed that
we should go round to avoid the main thorutn-
fare. Swanton assented, but I thought there was
nothing more discomforting, and accordingly turned aside from the road, crossed a pin
then through several lanes, and into a large magnifico.
As we passed through this, the pace became a steep
gallopin, and we emerged on the brigade parade-ground,
where the 7th native infantry were to form the
Dod tried to pull up, but Selim was not to be sat-
stripped by his neighbours, and never stopped till
he arrived at the saluting-flag, amidst a group
of carriages and equestrians, just as the 7th advanced
as the grotesque figure of our companion, whose
composition, now inflamed with rage and shame, made him
other charmers more conspicuous. He seemed destitute
for some time, but then down Selim perforce
make a bolt for it, but finally chose the latter, and
rode off amid roars of laughter.
How different a reception was this from what Dod
had pictured to himself. He had intended making
a triumphal entry, a kind of matrimonial ovation; but
here was he the laughing-stock of the half the station,
whilst his lovely bride was ignominiously compelled
to hide her confusion, and conceal her scanty dressing,
in the deepest recesses of a palaquin.
Within a year after this, Dod was promoted, and
left the regiment for an appointment on the general staff, to his great delight, for he never got over his discomfiture on this occasion, or forgive Swanton for the trick he had played him.

SHALL WE MAKE THEM 'COME IN'?

In Scotland, where Burns is read as well as sung, and where stately hospitals stand frequent monuments of the desire of a nation to learn as well as to teach, the difficulties which cluster in the path of the poor in England can be scarcely estimated. Not only are the hands of the legislature hampered by innumerable sectarian animosities whenever it attempts to deal with the question, but the people themselves are in no mind to submit to the universal doctrine of Universal Instruction to be granted. That, in the agricultural districts, the Employers—such is their wisdom—are often avowedly indisposed to allow their work-people 'to be made dissatisfied with their condition,' by any practical means of improving it; but in the manufacturing counties it is the Employed, the Hands, who are found to have even a stronger objection of their own to the schoolmaster in any shape being sent among their children.

In the chapter on education, there is that, next to sanitary measures, next to the absolute necessity of improving the dwellings of the poor, this education of the mass of the people is the most pressing need of our social system. The machinery which is already working to that end is, indeed, of trifling power; it exceeds the work required of it; but even if it were of ten times the force, the raw material, the to-be-instructed, would not be forthcoming any the more. Even as it is, the supply of schools, in many places, exceeds the demand; let church schools, dissenting schools, secular schools, what schools you will, be multiplied to any extent, and still we shall find, as we find now, that the children don't attend them. Even if the political economists should take the objection to a comprehensive scheme of government education, the scheme, nevertheless, would fail as miserably as any other; inasmuch as the very sentiments, are scarcely less fair-seeming than the outside.

One point which Mr. Wrigley—who is himself a manufacturer employing a vast number of workpeople—is at least anxious; it is the constitutional Education of the People may be secured without State Interference or Compulsory Rating, and in strict Accordance with the Principles of Civil and Religious Liberty.* seems attractive enough; and its contents, we are bound to say, without pledging ourselves for the author's sentiments, are scarcely less fair-seeming than the outside.

These views, Mr. Wrigley, who is a political economist and a radical, and not all the sort of person to interfere with the civil and religious liberty of any man, most readily endorses. 'It is,' says he, 'the right of the child to be educated for its own benefit; and if, for the interest of society, it is necessary that it should be so educated, a clear right of interference is established in both cases.' Physical health in children is already insisted upon by the law in the case of vaccination, and why should not mental health be equally cared for? Among other propositions of which we have not here space to treat, but which seem to us to deal thoroughly with every branch of the subject, Mr. Wrigley has this principal one: 'That, in order to secure the co-operation of all who are interested in the employment of infant labour, it is necessary to prohibit the employment of every child under a certain age, say eight to ten years; and that after that period, it shall only be employed on the production of a certificate granted by a public officer after examination, showing that it has arrived at a certain standard of elementary education; and that a breach of this regulation shall subject both

* Manchester: Johnson & Rawson.
parent and employer to certain legal penalties.' This elementary education is to be given in the manner most pleasing to the parent; and upon this subject, after anticipating various other objections, he has the following: 'If there be one thing more than another that distinguishes this plan from all others, it is that it secures that which they are all aiming at, but fail to accomplish, whilst it successfully avoids the religious difficulty by which they are obstructed. It offers every facility for religious education, when it is desired, and at the same time preserves religious freedom untouched. The difficulty from the first has always been that the country would not sanction any scheme of general education of a moral character, and hence it became clearly impossible for the government to initiate any plan so as to meet the sectarian scruples of every denomination.'

The pamphlet, indeed, is full of interesting and suggestive content, and its propositions are the more striking, that they emanate, as we see, from Manchester, where any unnecessary interference of the government is not apt to be popular.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

I think I must have been born with a travelling mania, for, from my earliest childhood, travelling has been my one passion; and so far seconded my desire, that I have been a traveller from my cradle. With pleasure I commenced a journey, with pleasure it pursued it, and usually with pleasure ended it. I was never sea-sick, never land-sick, and, in my earlier travels, never home-sick, for all I loved were with me. The proverb says, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and I am not in a position to deny its truth, but the traveller lays up a rich store of thoughts and memories that will gladden more than gold the evening of his days, and, when, at the end of months, there moves an ever-changing diorama, bringing back to him the bright scenes of his youth with a vividness that gilds the gray hairs of his age.

My first travelling adventure of any consequence was in South Africa—and it now stands before me as distinctly as if it was but twelve days instead of twelve long years since I dwelt in the lighthouse-looking fort, perched on a rocky promontory overlooking the surging green sea of the Fish River bush, from which my wireless companion and I kept close watch for the Caffres, who never came within sight of our telescopes. What a dreary and monotonous life I found it, despite the beautiful scenery that surrounded us, and the occasional commandos on which we were sent out; and when, at the end of three months, I received orders to take command of another officer's detachment, at a post nearer to the frontier, how rejoiced I was, for I trusted that there a more Soldierly life was in store for me, and I knew that, as a revolutionary, I should have the pleasant excitement of a journey.

There were two routes by which I might reach Fort Nash, the more circuitous of which was a wagon-track, while the shorter one was practicable only for horses; despatching my baggage and servants by the former, I set out myself on the latter, attended by a mounted rifleman, in the double capacity of escort and guide. And a tight Coassack-looking fellow, a delight; and a tussle, I have tried, in his green jacket and leather trousers, with his rifle slung by his side, despite his Hollandia appellation and the flat Hottentot features, half hidden beneath the peak of his shako. There was infinite intelligence and good-humour gleaming in his rat-like eyes, and the white teeth that shone forth from beneath his woolly moustache. Yet once or twice I could not help smiling at the idea of this being my protector, as I looked back at the little fellow, perched, monkey-like, on the back of his large steed, following me so gravely down the steep rugged path leading to the nearest drift, or ford, across the Fish River. But as a guide he was invaluable, for I knew not a single foot of the way; and, therefore, as soon as we reached the bank of the river, our position changed, and Droghooner, putting spurs to his heels, trotted on in advance.

Before us glided the river, filling almost to the brink its capacious bed, for which it had recently been fighting among the mountains; while the rapidly rising sun was still further increasing its volume. Crossing the river obliquely, there was a line of broken water, rising occasionally into surges, which burst with a horrid murmur, and lost themselves in the whirling shallows, the opposing currents causing to froth immediately above. This line of breakers covered a ridge of red, shelving irregularly on the lower side, and precipitous on the upper, its summit being our path across the river. The deciduous trees, and most themselves in the washing, were only during very low tides that the eye of the steed or his rider can see where the foot of the former is to be placed; but now, rendered infinitely more insecure by the unusual depth of the stream and the increased velocity.

But with his usual quiet aspect, the Botswana brought his horse to the brink, and the animal stepped into the water with a readiness which must have been the result of long practice; for the horse at first refused to follow his example, rearing and curvetting on the bank, as if resolved not to wet a fetlock. At length, considerable coaxing, and a slight of the trooper-horse far in advance, induced him to enter, when he went picking his way cautiously along his unseen path, as if he knew the true —that a single false step would send him over the ledge among the gurgling eddies which wrestled themselves almost within reach of my hand. It was a betrothal moment, and lost themselves in the washing, was saved now and then a snort when they surged unpleasantly near his nose. I had advanced nearly to the middle of the river, and had reached a point where the breakers were becoming larger, when a loud snort and a great splash close at hand startled me, and sent my horse plunging almost over the ridge. I looked hastily round, and nothing was to be observed except what appeared to be an old shapeless boat, turned bottom up, coming against floating logs and branches. I thought, be the smothered cry of some unfortunate being drowning beneath the overturned boat! and I spurred on my horse, hoping I might be time to aid a fellow-creature perishing so near.

Another point was reached, the ridge, and immediately, to my astonishment, began to rise above it, higher and higher, until then stood out in contrast with the snow-capped black head, garnished with two gleaming tusks. My horse stood stiff and set his ears with amazement, as next came forth the shoulders, and then the body and rock-like legs of an enormous hippopotamus, down whose wrinkled sides the snow ran, which the bull river had diluted without being able to wash off, rolled in inky rivulets, while the huge creature puffed and panted as if wearied by the effort he had made.

I felt more astonished than alarmed at the sight of my new acquaintance, in his green jacket and leather trousers, with his rifle slung by his side, despite his Hollandia appellation and the flat Hottentot features, half hidden beneath the peak of his shako. There was infinite intelligence and good-humour gleaming in his rat-like eyes, and the white teeth that shone forth from beneath his woolly moustache. Yet once or twice I could not help smiling at the idea of this being my protector, as I looked back at the little fellow, perched, monkey-like, on the back of his large
Had I been on dry land, or in smooth water, I would have turned round, and fled without striking a blow in my own defence. As it was, I dared not venture on such a step, lest my horse should stumble and be set the risk of my own life and dangers I was unacquainted. The only plan, therefore, left me was to retire before the intruder as I would from the presence of royalty—that is, backward; and a very difficult matter I found it, for my horse was possessed by the fear and anger, so far gazed with starting eyeballs on the immense creature before him, and restive at being forced backward along a path the dangers of which he knew, but could not see, and of which I myself could only guess the direction by the line of my body and my ready my maine.

Meanwhile, the new-comer, rolling lazily along, drew every moment nearer, yet still appeared unconscious of our presence, unless I was correct in fancying that there was a wicked gleam twinkling in his small eyes. "How marvellous it is," ejaculated my escort, shaking his head with an air of experience.

Having no opinion to give, I held my peace, and rode quickly on, directing my course close by the green isles where the black stallion had been sheltered mentally resolving to inquire into the truth of the Hottonet's suspicions. As I drew near the groves of trees, the light feathery foliage of the acacias that composed them forbade the thought that they could conceal a Bushman or less Caffres. At last I approached one which the thickly clothed branches of the laurel and the wild plum rendered nearly impervious. Here, if anywhere, were the fugitives; and cantering round to the opposite side, followed by Steermann, I came upon a party of four coal-black Caffres, crouched beneath the trees, each with his bundle of assagais laid close by his side.

Calling Dragoon forward, through his interpretation I demanded to see the pass by which alone a Caffre was entitled to enter the territory between the Fish River and the Koksams, and then only unarmed. My trusty attendant had divined rightly, for there was no pass forthcoming, and the clumsy excuse they made of having lost it on the way, was too palpable; so, assuming an air of official dignity, I reproved them for being found in the neutral territory without a proper authority, and commanded them to return at once into Caffreland. But even while speaking, the Caffres, as usual, made a precipitate retreat, and I am inclined to think that the idea of the two rifle barrels of my escort at command—for my gun had been lost in the river, and my pistols wetted completely—should thus defy men, who had each, lying by their right hands, the price of five lives. Fortunately, the Caffres did not view the affair in the same light, but with an affectation of great humility, they gathered up their weapons and karosses, and departed across the flat, comforting themselves, probably, with the reflection, that any other moonless night would serve their turn as well.

Having arranged this business, I was at liberty to pursue my journey, though the tall grass among which we had now entered, reaching sometimes to our horses' knees, at others nearly to our own waists, was but a small impediment to our progress. Owing to this, together with the long delay at the drift, night fell while we were still many miles from Fort Nash; the road was bad, too, and there was no moon, so we had nothing for it but to unsaddle beneath the nearest acacia patch. This necessity in so delicious a climate we should have regarded as no great hardship, had we only been provided with supper; but though many a back and bare had crossed our path that day, we had been in too great haste to draw trigger at them: so our repeat consisted only of a few biscuits and the contents of my hunting-flask.
But short-commons and fatigue appeared to have no effect on the spirits and energies of Steernam Draghooner, who bustled about as if all the duties of an estate were cast upon him—knee-haltering the horses, and turning them off to feed—gathering sticks and making a fire on a spot he had previously desuded of the tall, dry prairie-grass that covered the whole region—searching about to discover whether any birds or lizards resided in our neighborhood, or any ostrich-eggs had been deposited about; and though all his quests were fruitless, still, not losing heart, but whistling, as with a wisp of grass he rubbed down the horses before he tied them to a tree, to insure their being forthcoming in the morning. Long after fatigue and my river-adventure had made me glad to roll myself in my cloak, and making a pillow of my saddle, stretch myself on the soft, dry grass, I could see his dark form sitting in the fire-light; and whenever I turned, as I stirred in my sleep, the tones of his low, sweet voice, as he sang the long-drawn cadences of Dutch hymns, echoed in my ear.

At length the Southern Cross had mounted high into the heavens, the fire died out, and Steernam, Wipwip, and As is As, lay down beside it. We must have slept for hours, for when I was suddenly awakened by the loud neighing and stamping of the horses, and then I became conscious of a suffocating sensation, as though the stiocco were blowing over me, and the stinging sand with its burning sand, and an impenetrable rushing sound seemed filling my ears.

I sat up instantly, but the oppressive heat was still around me, and louder than ever was that strange sound, while the whole atmosphere seemed filled with a lurid glare. Calling on Steernam, I sprang to my feet, and looking round me, saw that we were enclosed by a wall of fire. On every side were long forked tongues of flame leaping up wildly into the air, or springing up in the trees, and wreathing them with their fearful beauty for a few moments, till they fell into the blazing sea below; for like billows of fire did the conflagration rage, rolling along with almost incredible speed, as the dry prairie-grass yielded quickly to its influence; while, above all, the deep, hoarse voice of the furious element rose in triumph.

Thus surrounded, my companion and I stood beneath the trees beside our struggling horses, while the hot thick smoke, which now began to roll in volumes over us, oppressed our breathing, and confused our scarcely awakened senses; while the burning belt grew rapidly closer. It was a fearful moment, and we gazed on the scene around us in silent horror. Heaven grant that when death really comes, he may not come in that guise. Suddenly the Hottentot beside me cried in a sharp, bitter tone:

"Dem rascal Caffre, dey fire de grass all round—hope roast us like back!"

"Then we can do nothing?" I said, roused from my kewldemment.

"Notting, sur; only die," was the desponding reply.

We got no wings to fly, and would need jump higher than springbok to jump dat fire. Oh, it hard to die while Caffre laugh!" he added bitterly. "If me could only catch him!" and he raised his rifle menacingly, the next moment to throw it down in despair; then going over to his horse, he took his head silently between his hands, and leaned his own face upon it. The horse ceased its restless stamping; they were friends, that horse and man, and it seemed as if the fond caress brought comfort to the hearts of both. But it is not in the nature of an Englishman to yield his life without a struggle to save it. I looked round. The onward roll of the fiery waves made the view a narrow one; I glanced at the trees above our heads, but the site of one blazing not far distant reminded me that they too would share the general destruction. Then I thought of the grass: could we not tear away sufficient—for men work hard while the wage is life—to permit us to stand in safety, though the flames raged around us? I made the attempt, but the strong wiry grass resisted; I cut my hands. How bitterly, now when too late, I repented our want of caution in passing the signs where there was no water; but our horses had drunk half an hour before we stopped, and it was some distance to the next ey, or pond.

In such times, much both of thought and action is crowded into a short space. It was not more than ten minutes since I awoke, and already the flames had approached so near that I could feel their burning breath upon my cheek. It seemed as if the morrow got close upon us, without the martyr's last motive to bear us up. I felt I had not nerve to walk that fiery death advancing upon us fathom by fathom; I could better meet it in the battle and hurry action; and calling to Steernam to follow my example, I sprang on my horse's back, and putting on to his sides, galloped him madly at the flames.

On we went, through a body of living fire that ran over our skins and clothes; on these, a plain of burning stubble, that burned our horse's feet; on, with a speed greater than that of the fastest racer, while our blazing garments flew on the wind behind us; on, on, until at length we reached the water.

And only then, as we passed through a bit of open ordan, could tell with what delight both men and beasts cast themselves into the cool element.

At last day broke, and, remounting our service horses, we rode on to Fort Nash, where we arrived burned, blackened, and haggard, that none could recognize us; and it was many weeks ere any of us, bird or quadruped, recovered the effects of that moment's ride through fire and water.

On the Path

On the path toiling, I thought not of toil; Troubles might meet us, I did not recoil; Sunburnt above us, but is our heads and Kirk, Rich in bright hopefulness, outwardly poor: Twas thus we started, thy hand clasping mine, Thou my love owning, my faith built on thine.

On the path,' saidst thou, 'together we'll keep, Though it be gloary, love, though it be steep. And one might falter, but we have the strength each from each, love, can ever command.' Yet I—the weaker—have held to the track, Singly have reached the goal; thou last turned back.

On the path, sadly and lonely I sped, Silently, tearlessly, buried my dead; One by one buried them out of my sight, Deep in the heart that, near thee, was so light. Hope with its blossoms all withered and shed, Love, Faith, and Fellowship—these were my deir

On the path still, but my toil is nigh done; I've but to enter the home I have won. Home—what a word! but the name is too sweet: When the heart rests not, and the tired feet, As o'er the threshold they wearily tread, Raise by their echo the ghosts of the dead.

From the path stepping, too clearly I see Not what is present, but what was to be: From the dark grave where I laid them to rest, The Love and the Faith that were dearest and best; Like phantoms arise which the tomb cannot keep, And I lose them anew, having leavis to weep.

Brisb. Rec.

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A WEEK AMONG THE HEBRIDES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Eighty-five years ago, when Johnson, in following out a long-cherished wish, set forth on his famed journey to the Hebrides, his friends thought he was undertaking an exceedingly distant and dangerous expedition; and Boswell, his companion, on whose 'gaiety of conversation and civility of manners, he relied for counteracting the inconveniences of travel,' has told us that on his mentioning to Voltaire his design of visiting the Western Isles, the philosopher of Ferney looked as if he had 'talked of going to the north pole.' Nor were these apprehensions ill-founded. Not to speak of the ordinary difficulties of land-travelling in Scotland in 1773, the islands, stretching at lesser or greater distances along its western coast, were reached only by small boats, requiring no little skill in management, or by casual sailing-vessels, by which the very limited trade of the islanders was conducted.

Now, what a change! Railways on land, and steam-vessels on the seas, have worked such wonders, that a journey which was terrifying eighty or ninety years ago, and even much later, can now be performed with perfect ease, expedition, and certainty. What occupied Johnson about two months, may now be performed in about ten days. What he actually saw in the Hebrides during three weeks, may now be seen, and to infinitely greater purpose, in three or four days, while, in point of cost, the comparison is equally in favour of the present modes of conveyance.

Accustomed, once a year, to make a run for a few weeks on the continent, I resolved that this summer I should confine myself to the attractive scenery of the Hebridean isles; and others, I doubt not, may be similarly influenced. The recent regulations and troubles about passports—things disgusting to an Englishman at the best—have set us all to consider whether, within the compass of the British Isles, there are not scenes as picturesque as the Rhine, as grand as the Swiss mountains, and in all respects as interesting, in a social point of view, as anything presented in continental travel. I am at all events hopeful that some little account of what I saw and heard of in a short excursion among the Hebrides, may draw the attention of tourists to a line of route as remarkable for striking scenery as for the comfort and security with which it may be pursued. To give some assurance on these latter points, let me endeavour, in the first place, to describe what may be called the mécanique of travel to and from the Western Isles.

Boswell and Johnson, it will be recollected, took a tedious and painful route through a mountainous region from Inverness by Glenelg to Skye, which was the first island they touched at, by crossing a ferry in an open boat. Modern tourists have a choice of two principal routes—one by railway to Inverness, and thence along the Caledonian Canal, at the western extremity of which steamers are ready to take them to the islands; the other by the Clyde, the islands, and the Caledonian Canal, being just a reversal of the preceding. The plan we should recommend to tourists from London and the central parts of England, is to proceed by railway direct to Glasgow; there, going on board one of Hutchison's steam-boats, they have no further trouble, being conveyed in a series of elegant floating hotels for hundreds of miles, stopping here and there every night to sleep at nicely furnished inns on the islands or mainland. This being done as far as wished, the tourist may finish off with the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, taking, if he pleases, some picturesque side-routes on the way home by Edinburgh. With Glasgow and the Clyde, the stranger cannot fail to be astonished—a great, populous, and prosperous city, the creation almost of the last seventy or eighty years, and a great navigable estuary made by enterprise and industry out of a very ordinary river, which was not long ago only fit to bear boats and gabbards, and now carries to the ocean large American steamers. Among the marvels accomplished by the people of Glasgow, none is more surprising than their steam-boat system. It was the Clyde on which the first steam-vessel was attempted in Great Britain; and since 1812, when Henry Bell made this memorable experiment, the Clyde has kept the lead both as to building and running steamers. Favoured by the profusion of these handy vessels, Glasgow may be said to have dispersed itself along the shores of the Clyde and its lochs nearly as far as the ocean. Stretching along the lower slopes of the hills, nestling in nooks, and perched on craggy eminences, are seen an endless variety of cottages, villas, and castles, the summer or permanent residences of a wealthy and comfort-loving mercantile community. From point to point, at which commodious piers have been thrown out, steamers may be seen plying at all hours of the day; so that, according to pleasure, you may travel about agreeably on the water from place to place—now running up a Highland loch, environed by rugged mountains, next skirting along a villa-ornamented shore—and so seeing and enjoying a vast deal in a day at a most insignificant outlay. Of course, this immensely convenient system of steaming attained comparative perfection on the Clyde before it was...
extended to the western islands; and but for the enterprise of one individual, to whom the world owes something, it would in all probability not have yet gone that length—at least to an extent worth speaking of. I allude to David Hutchison, one of the remarkable men of this year, for the special advancement of marine engines. A notice of his projects embraces little else than an account of the existing Hebridean organisation of steamers.

Beginning his commercial life about forty years ago as a junior clerk to one of the earlier steam-boat companies on the Clyde, Mr. Hutchison was afterwards for many years connected with the firm of J. and G. Burns, a large shipping concern in Glasgow and Liverpool, and principal proprietors of the Cunard ocean steamers. Among other places on the coast, Messrs. Burns sent steamers to the Western Isles; but this branch of their trade, it seems, did not pay, and was willingly resigned to David Hutchison, who had formed his own opinions on the subject. With an eye to the future, and perhaps almost a poetic admiration of the West Highlands and Islands, and desirous not only to make tourists acquainted with their scenery, but to develop the resources of their immeasurable solitude, he entertained the notion, that by giving large vessels for the specially appointed steamers, and doing everything on a liberal scale, the intercourse with the Hebrides might be established on a solid and prosperous basis. Animated with this idea, he began his operations about 1851, assisted by his brother, Mr. Alexander Hutchison; and latterly, with the firm of Hutchison and Company has included Mr. D. Macbrayne, a nephew of the Messrs. Burns.

Passing over Mr. Hutchison's initiatory attempt to establish an enlarged traffic between Glasgow and the Hebrides, we come to what more immediately concerns tourists—the present arrangement of his steam-boats, which is in peculiar adaptation to the nature of the waters to be traversed. Looking at a map of Scotland, we see that the long peninsula terminating in the Mull of Cantire cuts off the lower part of the Clyde from any ready access to the western coast, but that to accommodate the transit of small vessels, the Crinan Canal has been formed across the neck of the peninsula—this very useful canal, a little over nine miles in length, commencing on the east at a place called Ardhiashag on Loch Fyne. Carrying the eye northward on the map, we perceive that, having got into the western sea and as far as the top of the Linnhe Loch, a transit can be made by the Crinan Canal to Inverness. Now, independently of sea-going vessels to go round the Mull, here are several kinds of vessels in requisition to sustain the intercourse of a line of route which is awkwardly broken into distinct parts. All, however, is provided for. The Hutchisons possess altogether two hundred vessels of different classes, consuming in the aggregate per annum 24,000 tons of coal, which for convenience are placed in depots at various landing ports.

To begin with the largest in this effective fleet, we have the Cumnor and Stork. These are strongly built for sea, broad in the beam, and with powerful engines—that of the Stork having a power of 220 horses. Both are fitted for carrying goods and passengers; and as a night to be passed on board, they can each make 22 or 24 miles by sleeping-bunks in cabins and on sofas. One of them leaving Glasgow every Monday and Thursday, proceeds round the Mull of Cantine, calls at Oban, Tobermory, Portree, and other places, their regular destination being Stornoway in the distant Lewis. They, however, make more extended calls beyond Stornoway; as, for example, Lochinver on the mainland, a favourite residence of the Duke of Sutherland and family, likewise Ullapool, and Gairloch in the western part of Ross-shire. Over this wide range they ply uniterply from March till November, and one alone plies once a week in the summer. Twice a week one of these voyages of the Cumnor and Stork, which, after passing the narrow, herring-fishers, they go round the north of Scotland to Thurso. Unless one were to visit the strangely indented west coast and islands, he could scarcely realise the extent of this country or how far any man may go in discovery of new objects of his country. A notice of his projects embraces little else than an account of the existing Hebridean organisation of steamers.

The next class of vessels to which we may draw attention, are those steamers of handsome structure, with sharp ends, and a fine line, and almost a poetic feeling, which are designed exclusively for passengers on the route from Glasgow to Ardhiashag by means of the Ionan, a vessel which I should imagine to be unmatched for its elegance and speed. Built in 1855 by J. & G. Thomson, of Glasgow, at a cost of £10,000, this beautifully moulded steam-boat, measuring 253 feet 6 inches in length, with 21 feet breadth of beam, draws only 4½ feet of water, along the surface of which it skims with a rapidity of nearly sixteen miles per hour. As to its remarkable speed, of which I can speak from some experience, it is said that it has more than once run between the Rock at Cumbrae light-houses on the Clyde, a distance of fifteen miles and two-thirds, in 47½ minutes; and it may be doubted if a like velocity has been attained by any steamer of its dimensions in Europe. With the rapidity of the route, it is unnecessary to make any comparison; for when the safety of lives is of no importance, and disaster incurs no obloquy, vessels can be urged to a degree of velocity alike excessive and dangerous.

The two large steamers, commencing on the east, one working on each side of a fixed exhausting cylinder—an arrangement which secures a certain ease of motion; and this latter quality is further promoted by the use of patent feathering floats on the paddle wheel, that is to say, each float, after making its propel stroke, rises slopingly and with the least possible resistance from the water. The smoothness of action, along with a certain saving in force effected by the peculiar process, would render its adoption desirable for ocean steamers, but for the risk of derangement. The feathering requires a good deal of mechanism intermixed with the floats, and were any part to break while a vessel was far at sea, the result might be serious; whereas an accident occurring on the Clyde or west coast could be easily remedied.

Strength and security are matters of prime consideration in building British sea-going steamers; speed and easiness of action being properly of secondary importance. In point of rate of fittings, the Ionan is likewise entitled to be called a crack boat. The long upper deck is furnished with an abundance of cushioned forms and chairs, and the saloon is decorated in a style of great comfort and elegance—ranges of seats covered with red pile velvet, long mahogany tables, mirrors and gilding, along with appointments.
in the steward's department as good as at any first-rate hotel. A health-seeker and gourmet might do worse than to live for a week or two in the Iona, thereby having the pleasant indulgence of inhaling the draughts of fresh air, seeing beautiful scenery, feasting on salmon so fresh as still to retain its creamy curd, and on herring caught only an hour or two ago in Loch Fyne—herrings per excellence, for in comparison all other creatures of this species are next to worthless. I may here add once for all, that not only in the Iona, but in all Hutchison's vessels, particular attention is paid to the alimentary departments. These, indeed, are conducted by the respective stewards on their own account, but according to certain terms as to quality and charge; and the good principle is followed of allowing no gratuities to be asked or taken by any one whatever. The usual charge is 2s. for breakfast, and 2s. 6d. for dinner; at each meal, besides the ordinary dainty delicacies, there being a profusion of dishes, and water with ice. Least any one should be impatient for an Iona breakfast, I should explain that it is not served till a few minutes past nine o'clock, when the vessel has taken on board passengers at Dunoon. The trip from the Broomielaw at seven, passengers have two hours to grow hungry, which they never fail to do; and the sight of Dumbarton Castle in the foreground, with Greenock in the distance, is for the most part looked for with an interest unconnected with the curiosity of these places. Those who do not choose to encounter this sumptuous hungering process, start by rail an hour later from Glasgow, and come on board at Greenock just as the steward's lads are carrying the hot dishes from the stoves. On board and breakfasted, the tourist pleasantly lounges on the deck, either skimming the morning's news in the North British Daily Mail, which he buys from a boy with a basket of books and papers, or gazing delightfully on the ever-shifting outlines of the Argyllshire hills. Touching at Dunoon and Inellan—populous village-towns of yesterday—next, running into Rothesay in Bute, celebrated for the amenity of its climate, and then proceeding through the narrow straits of the Firth of Clyde to Largs, a number of other places besides, the vessel at last reaches Loch Fyne. Up this arm of the sea it goes, detaching at Tarbert a boat-load of passengers, who design to cross the peninsula in order to reach Islay by means of a separate steamer; and passing into the Sound of Islay, from there entering Loch Fyne, which is occupied by the village consisting of a few houses and a hotel. Here, about one o'clock, all quit the Iona, and walking one or two hundred yards, they get to the banks of the canal, where lies a pretty tradeboat called the Sunbeam, which the Hutchisons keep for the convenience of their passengers. Drawn by three horses at a smart trot, the Sunbeam, with its load of passengers and luggage, glides smoothly and silently along the canal, that winds among craggy knolls, overlying with hazels, ferns, and wild flowering plants, and offering at various points glimpse of residences of Highland gentry; the more imposing of these seats being the princely castles of Montaillie, Strobe, and others to have cost as much as £100,000. As the Sunbeam is necessarily detained at the several locks, the time spent in the transit is fully two hours. If the weather be fine, many prefer walking a few miles. On arriving at the western extremity of the canal, we have before us an inlet of the sea, with a pier, at which lies hailing the Mountains—steamers bearing a close resemblance to the Iona; its only difference being that it is not quite so long, and is otherwise better adapted to pass through the seas which surge along the western coasts. The transference of passengers and baggage to the Mountains occupies but a few

tourists are usually somewhat nervous, they may keep themselves quite at ease, for at each end of the canal it is shifted in attendant carts and trucks by means of a properly appointed staff of the company; everything, including boots, carts, men, and horses, forms part of an apparatus which has for its exclusive object the forwarding of passengers with the smallest degree of anxiety or trouble to themselves. For those who may prefer riding from end to end of the canal, there are always Highland carriages and covered, in attendance for hire at Ardrosshaig. Matters are so arranged that passengers brought by the Sunbeam from the west find the Iona on their arrival, and ordinarily, therefore, on the small quay of Ardrosshaig there are for a few minutes two boats conveying to and fro floods of people—one streaming out of, and the other into, the Iona. It is further arranged that that very important affair, dinner, takes place in the Iona while passing homeward down the comparatively tranquil waters of Loch Fyne, and in the Mountains while proceeding up the Sound, which is bounded by the islands of Scarba and Lings on the west, and Laing and Shuna on the east.

By the time that dinner is over, the lofty peaks of Jura are sinking in the horizon; the Mountains is now ploughing her way past Seil, on the right; and on the left, are seen towering the gigantic mountains of Mull, one of the largest of the Hebrides islands. Holding on with an admiration towards the east, the vessel nimbly passes into a narrow sound, bounded on the west by the rugged but green island of Kerrera; at length, about five o'clock, it steams into the beautiful land-locked bay of Oban; and the traveller has reached what is justly a pretty city. The white-washed houses, but which, from its favourable position and mild climate, must eventually become the metropolis of the west Highlands and Islands.

Oban, of which more shall be said afterwards, is a favourite centre-point for tourists, who wish to make a trip in any direction—to the islands of Iona and Staffa on the west, Skye and Lewis on the north, Inverness on the east, and also in an easterly direction, the vale of Glencoe, Loch Awe, and a number of other places celebrated for their singularly grand scenery, as well as their connection with the stirring events of history and tradition.

After calling at Oban, the Mountains proceeds up the Linnhe Loch, by Fort-William, to Corprach, where it arrives the same evening. From thence, the Mountains immediately transfer themselves to a spacious omnibus, luggage is put into two vans, and the whole, in less than half-an-hour, reach Banavie, where they remain for the night. Tourists to whom time is of importance, or who habitually rush past everything, as if that which was worth seeing is still somewhere further on, place themselves next morning in one of Hutchison's vessels, kept for the passage of the Caledonian Canal, and at once get forward to Inverness in the afternoon of the same day. Others, more considerate, make a short stay at Banavie or Fort-William, to visit, if not to ascend, Ben Nevis, to see the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, to visit the parallel roads of Glencoe, or to make a trip of a few miles along the banks of Lochiel to Glenfinnan, where the unfortunate Charles Stuart first planted his standard in 1745.

Reverting to Oban as a general rendezvous for tourists planning Hebridean excursions, it needs to be explained that to afford scope for sight-seers the Hutchisons station here a third vessel of their swift class, the Pioneer, which on certain days proceeds to the highly interesting islands of Iona and Staffa, and on others to Loch Leven—a branch jutting inland from the Linnhe Loch—at the upper extremity of which vehicles are in attendance for a trip to
Mackenzie, the best accommodation to his Hebrides passengers.

If any one be disposed to accept our advice as the subject of Scottish tours, we should repeat the counsel, not to hurry too quickly over the very interesting stretch of sea and land between Glasgow and Inverness. Don't push on as if it were the end of life. Do the thing deliberately and satisfactorily—stopping a day or two here and there; making little side-trips to see deep mountain gorges, strange geological formations, scenes of deep historic interest, eat waterfalls which we can assure Lomondiners will be somewhat more effective than that at Shanklin Chase. With Hutcheson's steamers, with boats and light Highland cars, which can be hired on every occasion, and hotels with which even the most fastidious can find no reasonable fault, what can be more exhilarating—what, to many, more a physical and social aspect—than a well-arranged excursion in the West Highlands and Hebrides.

W. C.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

The theatrical world, considered more particularly in the light of a branch of the dramatic literature of which recently has attracted public attention, is in all probability terra incognita to the majority of our readers. Next door to the theatre, however—next door is every temple of the drama we know—is visibly suffering from a public indifference. After all, the world in question, a world embracing managers and actors, and their satellites and hangers-on general, but more particularly made up of lesser shareholders, renters, acting-managers, stage-agents, purveyors, leading ladies and army, heavy soldiers and leading ladies, heavy soldiers, singing chambermaids, juvenile tragedians of both sexes, first old men, first nurse, second light and low comedians, walking gentlemen, respectable utility gentlemen, character actors, comic men, copyists, scene-painters, clowns and pantomimists, leaders of the band, répétiteurs, fiddlers and other musicians, wardrobe-keepers, theatrical tailors, dressers, dancers, choristers, ballet-masters, ballet-girls, master and working carpenters, gas engineers, property men, chemists, hatters and tailors for men, supernumeraries, box-book-takers, messy saloon check-takers, and nondescripts of all kinds (including the watchful mammas of the afore-mentioned leading ladies and singing chambermaids), the more particular description of the last-named, as well as an inspection of the treasury books—the treasury being a place certain to receive a visit at least once a week from the whole corps of theatrical hangers-on, the dramatic playwright himself not excepted. In addition to these, we have a countless number of dangerous after actresses, admirers of actors, adapters of plays, theatrical critics, garish old players, whose great point is the début of Mrs Siddons; snobbish people, whose ambition is to talk theatrical and give instructions of Keane; a small poet or two, a few painters, and three or four budding authors, who have always a manuscript tragedy in their pocket. These varied elements, properly mixed together, the breath of this fast-walking creature, make up, as the old poet says, 'a mad world, my masters.' Next door to the theatre, then, at the actors' house of call, we might see representatives of this motley crew, and from their conversation gather an idea of theirs of the world. We say might do so, if we would. Unfortunately, we are not compelled either to enjoy the smoky atmosphere peculiar to the actors' house of call, or to submit to suffocation from the fumes of the hot spirits and wine which are there the fashion. Lend us your eye, kind reader, and look upon the broad sheet with us, and we will put you on another
and a better plan for your explorations of this mimic kingdom and its painted inhabitants. Our advice to persons wishing to view the theatrical world is to employ the Era.

The most correct idea of the theatrical world, and its appurtenances of men and things, is undoubtedly to be obtained from that world's own oracle and friend, the Era, which is, to those engaged in the theatrical profession, what Gold's Life is to the members of the sporting world. In the Era we find the week's theatrical affairs detailed at full length. No matter what branch of the profession we desire to scan, in that paper we find the necessary particulars—all that is known about theatres, opera-houses, singing-salons, tea-gardens, circuses, and exhibitions in general is chronicled, from the announcement to proprietors of first-class concert-halls, gardens, &c., of the disengagement of that eminent nigger, Herr Guilemets, the great original performer on ten tambourines at one time, to the astounding intelligence that Mr Waverley Mortimer Blank, 'the renowned tragedian,' is again, and for the third time, re-engaged at the Theatre Royal, Stratford. We can see also, in the new columns, that the walking gentleman, who was advertising his services in the number of a fortnight ago, has been engaged at the theatre of Begot-on-Shipton, where, we are informed, he has made a favourable impression on the hanger; and we are gratified to find that 'the heavy man,' whose wife is useful in the 'singing chambermaids' (their joint terms being very moderate), is still out of employment. Poor gentleman! perhaps he is too heavy for the present state of the stage, but, in a few years, the tide may turn to a lighter style than has marked their progress of late years.

There is no want connected with the profession that cannot be supplied by the advertising columns. As an example of what is done, let us take the case of the aspirant to stage honours. He will find from an advertisement that he can be 'practically instructed and completed for the theatrical profession,' by a gentleman who for twenty years has been 'master of the subject'; and we are sure to find that the aspirant is to be 'sung chambermaid' (their joint terms being very moderate), is still out of employment. Poor gentleman! perhaps he is too heavy for the present state of the stage, but, in a few years, the tide may turn to a lighter style than has marked their progress of late years.
respectfully, while the heavy woman retains her titbits of scandal about the singing chambermaid; or, by winks and nods, insinuates that the low comedian's wife was seen, upon a late occasion, in suspicious proximity to a pawnbroker's office; how beautifully, too, she throws out a little nonsense about the leading lady's penchant for brandy and water; and, finally, after settling these small matters, observes with what an air she manages to borrow five shillings from the edified Novice. Out of doors—in the tavern frequented by the company of our young actor, not having much study to get through, mixes in the outer theatrical world, and has already even a hanger-on or two wholly to himself, simply because he belongs to a place that has such an undefined charm about it as cannot command the amount of attention that almost any other world, whether of science or art.

There is centered in the theatre so much that is novel or wonderful, that even the utility actors of a fourth-rate town command their little circle of followers. In high life, the "Circus" never chronicles the exits and entrances of the great heroes and heroines of the lyric drama. Does not my Lord Fitz kernon get the programme of the opera season sent down to him by special train the moment it can be had—damp as it is—by the postman or the clerking-office? Of course he does; and there are a score of other noblemen who are equally ardent; and if our aristocracy do this, is it any wonder that Tom, Dick, or Harry, follow suit, and like to know what they can catch of what is going behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Slopperton?

But time flies, and the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, after languishing for a few weeks, and entertaining but scanty audiences, abruptly closes its doors; the manager, as the该县 says—accompanies the company in a wink of the eye and a twist of the tongue—is "nowhere;" and the company, left without salary and with no prospect of immediate engagement, make the best of their way to the nearest haunt of refuge. But the poor Novice need not be discouraged yet; he will frequently have to encounter such mishaps; they are a part of the system. But how is it, we are asked, that the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, is obliged to shut its doors? Slopperton is a large manufacturing town, in an intelligent population, fond of theatrical entertainments; and, in former times, when its population was much smaller than it is now, it gave to London some of its greatest actors. It was one of the nurseries for the London stage. Kemble, Kean, Siddons, Mrs. Dinah, O'Neill, Mathews, Bannister, Imlnclode, and a dozen others equally celebrated, trod the Slopperton stage on their way to London. We cannot tell, but so it is: the class who now attempt the reanimation of our provincial theatres are, with some few exceptions, mere parasites on the players of the past.

We may now, leaving our friend to find out a new field for the exercise of his histrionic talents, just glance at the country theatre. It is generally a dim dirty house, with a repellant poverty-stricken air, and situated in some hidden corner of the town, which only the most determined perseverer will enable one to find out. You play your half-crown, and enter. At once you are unfavourably struck with the dismal appearance of the place. The old tattered seats, damp and mouldy, the old torn green curtain, that never will come down straight, the old scenery bare and worn out, the old battered drinking fountains and other 'proptities,' that have been shewn at innumerable lunettes preceding over by immemorial Macbeths, are all characteristic of the place. Year after year are represented the same old stock-plays—George Borrow, or, it may be, Castle Spectre, with the everlasting force of Fortune's Frolic, or the Playhouse turned Lord. There is no thought of attracting the refined and elegant, nor even of interesting the intelligent mechanic; no idea is entertained of keeping pace with the advancing spirit of the age. In fact, the provincial theatre fell fast asleep forty years ago, and has not yet awakened. But the country theatre is bad, the country manager's a great deal worse. In nine cases out of ten, he is a mere adventurer, with little or no education, bred and vulgar, with bullying manners, and a tendency to oblivion in all pecuniary transactions. We don't allure to the managers of first or second class provincial theatres, who are most respectable men. The specimen we select takes a country theatre as 'a spec,' goes to some drab agent, such as Suckem, and so collects a company. He hires a wardrobe from some Jew costumier, nil by hook or crook, without a single regard to expense. He ward to the scene of operation. For the first vest all goes well, the company obtaining the whole amount of their salaries. 'Business,' as it is called, continues brisk, perhaps even for a fortnight, and then a dismal change overtakes the place. The manager, who is inclined to be stout, has the misfortune to be caught stuck fast in the rather narrow vistas of his wardrobe; and on the ground-floor, where he has got into through a vain attempt to escape it, just demands of her landlady. Her 'proposition'—consisting of five silk stockings, a pair of black velvet shoes, one and a half pair of white satin slips, a much-too-big suit of silk feaings, a red old silk dress and a tinale crown, a box of worn gloves and a white muslin robe—has been previously spirited away by the leading man's laima, who travels with her. That is all the news of the country. The manager, who travels only with a pair of slipper and a few wigs, has been more lucky; he never takes his 'props,' as he calls the articles in question, to his lodgings, but always leaves them next door to the theatre in the corner of the street. After the escape of the leading lady, a miserable attempt is made by the company, as a republic, to keep the place open for a night or two; but the mysterious disappearance of the wardrobe creates a difficulty which no amount of ingenuity can overcome; in addition to this, the printer (a green hand, newly arrived in the place) is wondering who he is to look to for payment of his bill; while to crown all, the landlord has taken the possession of the key of the theatre, glad to get rid of his 'miserable clients' as he calls them. The place is perpetually closed. So ends a season which is the exact counterpart of many more, and thus runs the theatrical world its existing round.

We can assure our readers that the picture we have painted of the unscrupulous manager who takes a theatre as a 'spec,' and the dire consequences which follow, is not over-coloured. As a companion piece, we present that of an honest manager struggling with adversity—it is painted by himself, and no touch from our pen could make it more graphic. As a result, it takes the shape of an address to his audience at the end of a disastrous season:

After the usual thanks to the 'ladies and gentlemen' for their presence, he proceeds: At the conclusion, however, of a season which is well known to be about the worst there has ever been in this town, you will not expect anything very cheerful of me, especially when I tell you that I am very ill, that my wife is worse, and that the house is both weighed down with turmoil, anxiety, and disappointment. I commenced my unfortunate season with an opera company for a fortnight, which was very unsuccessful. I then commenced with the dramatic company, which was still worse. Finally, everything going the wrong way, I strenuously endeavoured to procure the visits of some first-d
"stars." One, however, was in America, another settled for the time in London, and a third did not think this town would pay him anything, so he was ready to sail for somewhere else. The two great tragedies of the metropolis, as I could get, our receipts never exceeded £5, 1s., and were as low as £2, 17s. My friends, however, assured me that if I could weather the storm still Christmas, and then get up a pantomime, I might be sure of a good crack at it. I tried my best, and it was produced one—with much difficulty—that I believe gave general satisfaction; but alas! although there were one or two fair houses, the receipts fell during the first week of its run to L.4, 10s., and during the second to L.3, 1s. 6d. I unfortunately took the receipts of the metropolis on which there is a report, and assured them that the L.60 I paid down was sunk, that what money I brought with me was gone, what I had raised was spent, and what I had borrowed was unpaid—that having lost my all, my wife being so situated as to be compelled to give up her professional duties—with an anticipated increase to my family—my season at an end, and nothing settled for the future elsewhere, I must have the receipts of the metropolis, and good rental having been already realised—hope for a release. To all this I received no answer, but a brief inquiry about what security I could give for the balance. I replied that I had exhausted every resource, and could pay no more: but that I was anxious to do all an honest man could do—that there was a great holiday coming on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage, and I would get up a strong entertainment, and they might put their own men at the door, &c. &c. (Cheers and cries of "Bravo!") Now, ladies and gentlemen, I know that not one man in twenty would have made such an offer, and I ask you if mortal man could do more? ("No, no.") Well, to that proposition I could offer no answer, but at all events, while I was expecting one, I found the bailiffs in the theatre. But I had acted according to a hint I had received, very carefully removing all my best things, and safely disposing of my wife's dresses, upon the value of which I had heaped my hopes. But as so well the bailiffs came in, they found little more than would pay for the distrain. (Tremendous cheering, and cries of "Bravo," and hisses from the proprietors.) It is so that fact, ladies and gentlemen, that I am enabled to appear before you this evening. I was therefore placed in a position to treat; but no thanks to the proprietors if I am not now obliged to leave the town without one article of wardrobe, consequently, unable to take any other theatre, or even an engagement in one—for the wardrobe is property, what tools are to mechanics—and as the result, in a short time, perhaps, to find my children wanting bread.

As is the country theatre, so, generally speaking, are country actors. The grand and mould of the one, with its ragged seats and tattered scenery, are but representatives of the muddied brain and seedy estimations of the other. One cause of their decline is, that, in the present day, they can have no hope of a career, and therefore their services are closed to the British drama: the one is a temple for foreign music and dancing; in the other, horsemanship, tumbling, antidote feats, Tom Thumbs, and performing elephants, have taken the places of Mr. Barker. But where I can find in opera places the sublimity of the tragic scene has been usurped by the red-hot bombast of melodrama; and the fine old comedy of other days has been banished to make room for the 'screaming' farce and the extravaganzas. If we are so fortunate as to have even one great man to play a hero, he is surrounded by a mob of nobody—ill-natured, and with no fitness for their profession whatever, except their consummate impudence. A shadow, in fact, has fallen upon the stage; and at present we have few players worthy of the name. The great ones of former days, and the best of the presentment; and their memories are all that is left to us, for nobody has caught their mantles.

London, however, is still regarded as the common centre of the profession. Country managers—of whom there is about one score into the hands of the few strolling companies still extant—always resort to the great metropolis to gather together their little band, and pay their annual round of visits to such of the theatres of London as have an open door, and, in the present time, there are about twenty of these, of various kinds and ranks. The country manager, and also the respectable country actor, have both of them a great liking for London. They can enjoy a peep of that greater theatrical world of which their little town is but the miniature. The respectable provincial manager has usually the entrance to the best of the London houses, because most of the London managers being actors, and some actors getting parts from them, in their capacity of 'stars,' and so keeps up the friendly acquaintance. He thus gets wonderful peeps into the inner circle of some of our London houses, and obtains ideas as to how all the different 'oracles' are worked which help to clothe the machinery of a London theatre. He sees the great man in his 'sanctum;' finds out the real relation between the London dramatic author and the critic of the daily paper, and sometimes stares at them one and indivisible. Most of our play and farce writers are 'on the press,' and a shrewd manager takes care to select his authors accordingly, knowing that they form a clique, of which each member is bound to puff the other's production, because all in their turn need a similar favour. Still, however, the production of the new farce requires tact and management; and there are numerous interviews between the author (translator, ought we not rather to say?) and manager, before matters get formally arranged, and the puff preliminary is sent forth. If authors only get a piece accepted; but when they do, what a gantlet of criticism they have to run!

The country manager of the old school—Mr. Placeide, we will call him—not being engaged to dine either with Mr. Buckin or Mr. Rosin, his two most profitable stars, both of whom are managers of London theatres, steps down to Wych Street to the Sword and Tights, to enjoy a quiet pipe before the parlour fills with its wanted company. The organ of the profession, which has been the rising on the scene, as it opens up a new world to him: he recollects the time, not many years ago, when the drama had no such expositor; and he is more than astonished, as he glances over the advertising columns, at the wonders with which it is filled, never having known before that there were so many kinds of public amusements competing for patronage. What particularly strikes Mr. Placeide is the manner in which the actors and actresses of the present day advertise and puff themselves, and how men, who are but fourth-rate actors in a second-rate London theatre, pretend that they are stars of the first magnitude in the provinces. Then in every second advertisement he comes on the word 'professional,' and determines to hate it, because it is a new word to him. He likes better the old word comedian or actor: 'professional' includes, he thinks, all sorts of horrors, such as niggers, bounding brothers, anti-podeanists, and equestrian troopers.
Chamber's Journal

' Ay, ay,' says Placide to himself over his pipe, ' no wonder people have changed their theory that, like the windpipe, the arteries were simply air-passages, the air which penetrated to the lungs by the trachea being conveyed by the venous (or, as we should call it, the pulmonary) artery to the left cavity, or ventricle of the heart, and thence by the aorta, or great arterial trunk, and its innumerable ramifications, to every part of the system. From the functions thus hypothetically ascribed to them, the arteries derived the name they still retain (from Greek, aer, the air, and terein, to preserve, as a pipe preserves the breath).

With this theory, Galen was so little satisfied, that, while yet a young man, he set himself first to investigate, and then to overthrow it. He proved, by a series of experiments on the living body, that the arteries during life contained blood, but did not contain air; he showed that the air which entered the lungs by inspiration did not penetrate beyond their air-cells; and he even ascertained that in some essential property the arterial differed from the venous blood. But he this great physician, as it were, for so it was a great stride in advance of Erasistratus; but he did not, from his necessarily limited knowledge of anatomy, the means of determining the real nature of the respiratory functions. He believed that the office of the arteries was to nourish the body, and perhaps the heart, nor was it fairly ascertained until some years after the death of Haller, whose opinion coincided with Galen's, that the lungs, and not the heart, are, in a truth, the centre of animal heat.

The treatment of the vein, to which Galen rendered himself in the art of physiology, was to establish beyond a doubt that air did pass en masse into every part of the body—that it did not distend the arteries, nor cause the pulse to beat. His discovery that arterial blood differed from venous blood in some essential property, he attributed to a theory which subsisted so enduring was his authority—until the middle of the sixteenth century. The veins as well as the arteries so ran the hypothesis—were necessary to supply the system with blood. But the blood of the latter had its origin in the left ventricle of the heart, and therefore, as the more spirituous, nourished only the more refined and delicate organs, such as the lungs. The blood of the former, which issued from the right ventricle, nourished, as it were, the more gross and more base parts of the system, such as the liver. But the venous blood, without an infusion of the spirit of the arterial, would not always be able to perform its functions. The wall, or septum, therefore, which separates the two ventricles, must be perforated so as to permit the inferior fluid to be equally and uniformly supplied with a portion of the ethereal properties of the superior. I have already said that it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that this error was corrected and exposed by Vesalius, 'the father of modern anatomy.'

But here, in its turn, Vesalius stopped. The discovery of the pulmonary circulation was reserved for a man who had devoted his energies not to anatomy but to controversial theology, and whose name was associated with that of John Calvin—Michael Servetus.

Here, however, it may be necessary to remind the reader that, as we have now reached the higher classes of anatomy, we have a double circulation, the one wholly distinct from the other. The first is that which, under the name of the pulmonary circulation, transmits the blood through the lungs for the purpose of its being exposed to the influence of the air in respiration. The second is that which, under the name of the systemic circulation, distributes it, after having been so exposed, throughout the body.

Servetus, like Vesalius, denied in limine the truth of Galen's hypothesis, that a spirituous influence

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Some kind is transmitted from the left to the right ventricle through perforations in the septum. But he so far agreed with him as to admit, first, that there was an essential difference between the venous and arterial blood; secondly, that by reason of the spirit, it contained, the latter was fitted to perform a functional part in the finer processes of the system for which the former was utterly unfit. But here again the two hypotheses clashed. The air we inspire, Servetus argued, has nothing at all to do with the refrigeration of the blood—nay, it is the very spirit which Galen pointed to as distinguishing the arterial from the venous fluid; for the venous artery conveys the blood from the right cavity of the heart to the lungs; there the artery divides itself into a multitude of smaller vessels, which again unite to form the pulmonary vein; and by the pulmonary vein the blood is transmitted to the left cavity of the heart. It is during its passage from the one system of vessels to the other that the blood comes in contact with the air, assumes a scarlet colour, and is purged of its impurities, which are expelled by expiration.

It was reserved for modern chemistry to demonstrate the nature of the chemical change which the air undergoes in the lungs. The startling novelty of this discovery excited it was assailed at once by men of science, and by men of letters. By the former, the great anatomist was stigmatised as an impostor; by the latter, as a daw in borrowed plumes. By the vulgar at home he was held, says Aubrey, as a madman, and a man not worth committing to the gallows. I see myself, all of his proscrits amongst the faculty, not one exceeded the age of forty. On the continent, his assailants were numerous, powerful, and uncompromising. The opposition of the Paduan anatomists may have been in some degree influenced by jealousy of their ancient pupil; that of the medical faculty at Paris arose exclusively from what M. Florens calls their ridiculous infatuation for Galen. Still, the doctrine was early taught in the Jardin du Roi by Durozer, and by Dinnis, the first surgeon of that age. If M. Durozer, says Guy Patin, in one of his amusing letters, knew nothing more than how to lie and the circulation of the blood, his knowledge would be limited to two things, of which I hate the one and despise the other. Let him come to me, and I will teach him a better way to a good medical practice than this pretended circulation. To Patin, whose practice was limited to bleeding and the administering of seans. We have more patients with a good lancet and seans, than were ever shown by the Arabian physicians with all their sirups and opiates.

In France, however, as M. Florens remarks, this folly was confined to the faculty; it did not belong to the nation. Moliner ridiculed Guy Patin, and Boldeau ridiculed the faculty, and Descartes, the greatest genius of the age, proclaimed his belief in the circulation.

Dr William Hunter has said that, after the discovery of the valves of the veins, the remaining step towards the discovery of the circulation might easily have been made by any person of common sense. It is remarkable that the simplicity of great discoveries should always be made to derogate from the genius of those who make them. Now, Aquapendente was surely a person not devoid of common sense, and yet even he failed, as we have seen, to perceive the true bearings of his own discovery. He said, indeed, as Mr Lewes has remarked, that the purpose of the valves was to prevent the accumulation of blood in the lower parts of the body! Nor would it be a hard task to prove, in spite of De Blainville's insinuations to the contrary, that, even as a possible process, the true theory...
of the circulation was suspected by no European anatomiast during the time which elapsed between 1674 and 1618, except by Harvey—who, as even Hunter admits, was at work for many years 'upon the use of the heart and the vascular system in animals.' Any attempt, therefore, to rob our countryman of the glory of his great discovery 'must be silenced by a decisive verdict.'

Perhaps,' said Sir Humphry Davy, in reply to some one who was remarking on the value of his discoveries in the decomposition of the earths and alkalies—'perhaps you give me more credit than I am entitled to. Others discovered the voltaic battery; the time had arrived when it was to be applied to the purposes of chemistry; and it was into my hands that it first fell.' Something like this, perhaps, may be said of the discovery whose history we have been considering. A little later, and it could not have been made by some one else. With the old dogmas of a perforated septum unexploited, the discovery of the venous valves would have attracted no attention; and before the discovery of the venous valves—the idea of a double circulation would have been laughed at. Step by step in this wonderful story we mount, from Erasistratus to Galen, from Galen to Vesalius, from Vesalius to Servetus and Columbus, from them to Argyropulos, and from Argyropulos to Harvey, who, gifted with a more comprehensive genius than any of his contemporaries, took advantage of the labours of his predecessors, traced analogies which had been overlooked, laid bare the fundamental organism of the higher animal economy, and demonstrated the laws by which it is regulated.

DOWNTHEGRANGE.

III.

It was on a Tuesday, in the midsummer, and the squire was gone to a meeting, likely to be a stormy one, upon education, at the neighbouring town; Miss Markham, even dearer to me, had been shopping, had accompanied him, and I had intended to have done so likewise, had not the illness of a parishioner suddenly prevented it. His case requiring certain aliments which were not within the scope of our resources, I was induced to walk there according to custom, to request that they might be sent to the sick man's cottage. Mrs Markham was not within; but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon the terrace, the extremity of which communicated with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the squire and the head-gardener had the keys of it. Sauntering slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect dreamily, I had reached the extremity of the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the persons were, for they were behind the wall in the garden close below me; they had no business there, I knew, and had probably come after this very voice melody of the squire's. I made no scruple, therefore, of listening, but after the first few words, I felt as though I would have given both my ears rather than have done so.

'I tell you, Jane, that now or never is the time. Their withers are close upon a little leap of mine, and I shall have to go to the bank to-morrow. Markham is away at Ruffham, and it will not kill him when he comes to find it gone.'

'Never!' said a clear full voice which I knew to be Mrs Markham's. 'I will die first. I will go away with you yourself, before I would rob my husband.'

'Your husband?' said the other with a sneer.

'Pooh, pooh! you need not be so squeamish for a few pounds, since you are in for so many pennies already. Why, you've made free of hundreds—'

'Not a shilling,' she interrupted vehemently—'not one single shilling have you touched of his. My own, my own, my own. God's own. We have gone to support your profligacy; but not one farthing of his, Heaven knows.'

'Jane,' said the ruffian slowly, 'take you good heed to what I say: I'll blow you up, and tell all to his face. I'll clear you off, I swear, before his very eyes. What you have known of me hitherto is nothing to what you shall know of me when you and I come to live together again.' I seemed to see and feel through the wall all the shudder that poor lady's frame at these words. If I had thought the worst of her, instead of being assured, as I then was, that her wicked husband Heathcote was indeed alive, and persecuting her with a power more terrible than ever, my heart would not have bled for her less painfully, my indignation against him would not have risen higher; but as it was, my teeth were grinding in my wrath, and my sward was furiously gripped, as though it were a sword. Silently, like a thief in the night, I raised my attention, and turning towards the hedge, I charged my senses. Turning towards the hedge, I charged my senses, I heard of his brutality, swept over me in a sea of indignation. Oh, for one quarter of an hour of my college-days, before I had put on that ecclesiastical garb! Oh, to have given him ever so brief an example of that anger, one, two, three weeks ago! But the squire, the squire, the squire had some skill in, in the bygone time. My years and profession, indeed, were already so far forgotten, that I rather wished he might just have laid his hand upon her in his rage. My sward was an ashen one, and would not have broken for the time, I think. He wanted to see, I could see by his twitching fingers: the bowed and trembling, but still graceful figure; the appealing sobs, of which I could only guess the meaning; the young life withered and struck down in its joy by his cruel threats and presence—they moved him not one jot. I dared not trust myself to look any longer, but resumed my station at the foot of the wall. After a storm of menaces, met by almost hysterical expletions that grew feebler every moment, I heard him say: 'You go down to the Grange, according to custom, to request that they might be sent to the sick man's cottage. Mrs Markham was not within; but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon the terrace, the extremity of which communicated with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the squire and the head-gardener had the keys of it. Sauntering slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect dreamily, I had reached the extremity of the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the persons were, for they were behind the wall in the garden close below me; they had no business there, I knew, and had probably come after this very voice melody of the squire's. I made no scruple, therefore, of listening, but after the first few words, I felt as though I would have given both my ears rather than have done so.

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not been in his own house, and expecting to meet no
other but himself, I should not have known him. His
eyes were swollen and dull, his gait tottering, and his
speech was, however, as clear and melodious as that of a de-
line man. She had told him all at last; her first and only
love, his true devoted wife, the partner of six happy,
happiest years, was to be torn from him by another,
and doomed to a life of misery.

Greatly, as it was, in very lower unnatural tone, 'I
have that to tell which will wring your heart, I know
—it has already broken mine.' He had fallen into a
chair, like one whose limbs refused to sustain him, and
the tears coursed down his cheeks unchecked and uncon-
scenounced.

'Markham,' said I, 'I know all—everything—more,
I think, than you can tell me. Your agony is not for
yourself, but for your—her, I am well assured.
She shall not be dragged away. Be comforted. He
shall not touch a hair of her head.'

His despairing eyes turned towards me not without
a touch of hope. I was about to speak further, when the
front-door bell rang gently.

'The man is come,' groaned the poor squire, as if
inexorable fate had laid its very hand upon his
shoulder.

'Shew him in,' said I to the servant, for his master
seemed to have lost all power of speech. For my part,
I drew a hopeless anguish from that delicate being
which the relations of his being to things of fear would
have pulled with both his hands.

Heathcote slouched in with an insolent air, half
sneak, half bully.

'If don't want the parson to hear what I have got
to say to you,' were his first words.

'Mr Markham, who kept his back turned towards
him, waved his hand to me in sign that I should speak
for him.

'You may say whatever you will,' said I quietly.

'I am aware of the object of your coming: you want
to extort the money from this gentleman,
which you tried to persuade another to steal from his
own desk.'

'Don't, she told, did she?' said the villain, with a
diabolical smile. 'It will be the worse for her,
presently, that's all.'

'No, sir, she did not, if you mean your wife, Mrs
Heathcote. Ay, sir,' added I, as he started back, 'we
are aware of all you have been heard over in the garden.
There is more than one thing known, witnessed, Henry
Heathcote, of your old doings, which you are not aware of.'

I saw him turn as pale as the poor squire himself.

'Whether or no,' said he after a little, 'I shall have the
money or I shall have my wife—who has committed
bigamy—whichever that gentleman there promises.'

'That gentleman,' said I, as I observed Mr Mark-
ham was about to speak, 'is not to be intimidated.
month after month, Mr Heathcote was, into supplying
your bottomless purse. Nay, sir, your oath is not to
be trusted; I hold in my hand a warrant for your
reprehension, procured yesterday from Hampshire by
Mr Raby, upon a charge of forgery, the proof of
which I have now with me. The consequences are
upon your own head, remember, and when you leave
this house, it will be for a jail.'

'I was quite prepared for this, sir,' said the ruffian,
with a look of inexpressible malice. 'Mrs Markham
that was, will, however, accompany me to prison. Fine
food for the scandal of the county that will be; and
a good convict's wife she will make to me in my
banishment without doubt.'

Mr Markham withered like one in torture upon his
chair. We were indeed in the man's power, as he
said, and my journey into Hampshire had been but of
small service. One desperate course, however, which
I tried it. 'Miserable man,' said I sternly, 'do you
then dare to force us to extremities; you scoff at
banishment, but what say you to the gallows? you'
— I strode up to the trembling wretch, and laying my
hand upon his shoulder, whispered aloud—'you
murderer!'

The sweat stood out upon his pallid brow, his
knees smote together, and his hair seemed absolutely
to bristle up, so at all his account. 'Mercy, mercy,
mercy! I never found the notes,' he murmured.

'No,' said I; 'here is the packet—and I produced
it—and red with the blood that still cries out against
you!' At the sight of this frightful evidence, the
swear knelt upon the floor and covered his face with
his hands.

'Rise, wretch—go!' thundered the squire, who had
risen up like a man returned to life from the grave.

'Here is money, the sum that you demanded—take it.
If ever again the thought of it arises to you, as sure
as there is a son in heaven, I hang you.'

The cast-down, half-paralysed figure of Mr Mark-
ham seemed to dilate as he said these words; he
looked like some incarnate Nemesis denouncing a
certain vengeance upon the creature at his feet.

He gathered itself up like a stricken bound, seized
the proffered notes without daring to look up into the
donor's face, and rushing out of the door and from the
house, as though the executioner was even then
upon his heels, sped away under the flaming eye of
noon from Woodiaslee, for ever.

V.

Mr Raby's guess had been a true one. The packet
of Heathcote had been picked by one of his wicked
companions in the bush, and he had murdered the
thief for the purpose of recovering the packet, in
which hope he had been foiled. This having been
found upon the body, had been judged conclusive to
identify it with his own remains; and for these so
many years he had not dared to shew himself in
civilised parts to gain the pardon for which he had
never before had strength of mind to reveal his
extortions, nor the horrid truth of his being still in
existence; and now her confession, and the certainty
of having to leave her beloved Markham for this
dreadful husband, had brought her into the most
dangerous state. She had prayed for death more
fervently than any dying man for life; when, there-
fore, the squire had carried up to her the result of
my interview with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly
distress her with the account of his new
atrocities, and of the means whereby he had finally
got rid of him—she was almost beside herself with
joy. Her gratitude towards me was without bounds,
and as she strove to raise her attenuated form from
her couch to receive me, she burst into a flood of
utterance. The squire was but little more composed.
With their mutual confidence, which had been but
this once broken, quite restored, and their very life-
blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their
veins, it fell to me to wake them from their dream of
new-found happiness, by reminding them of the
real position in which they stood. The reaction from
the extremity of despair to the certainty of safety,
had been too great to admit of any thoughts save
those of unalloyed content. Good and Christian
man as the squire was, the circumstance of Mrs
Markham being still the lawful wife of Heathcote
therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to him. The man had been in the habit of getting rid of, and all ideas of personal annoyance at an end, Mr Markham had dissociated her in his mind from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her sad case, but had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless, she was the first to see the rightness of the path, which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a case wherein spirit and letter seemed at war, if ever one wherein an innocent error seemed to be more terribly avenged than crime itself, I acknowledged that it was this of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core, but I had no glimmer of doubt as to what was necessary for them to do. Tenderly, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, Mrs Markham sighed to me that it was enough.

"I go," said she, "dearst George, at once, while I have still strength to travel."

The vicarage, madam, is of course your home as long as you please to consider it such."

"Thank you, dear Mr Grantley, but I leave Woodissel," said she, "as far behind as possible this very night."

"And," chimed in the good little old maid, whom I had almost forgotten, she had been so silent a spectator—and I with you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care, George, from henceforth, for I have wronged her in my heart."

The aquire's grief was terrible to witness; but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the two ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the travelling-chariot ordered to the door; and after such a leave-taking as I trust does not often fail to the lot of mortals, the invalid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and borne away swiftly into the night. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the wildow—left mourning for the wife that was yet alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. The sketch-book on the table, the piano in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hands had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had loved to wander, her favourite walks, the very prospect which her soul had so delighted in, were robbed of all their charms for him at once. Tears instead of smiles sprang forth at the sight of them, horror was born of them in place of joy—skeletons of their former selves wherefrom the glory had departed, and into which the life was no more breathed. As kind and as good as ever, his cheerfulness seemed quite to have forsaken him, and he was growing old at heart and gray on his face. Mrs Heathcote—for she had reassumed her former name—never wrote one line to him, nor he to her; but his sister corresponded with the aquire daily, and to receive those letters and to talk with me and others who had known her of his departure was his sole pleasure.

It was some two years after the separation of Mr and Mrs Markham, that I exchanged my vicarage at Woodissel for the summer months, on account of the sickness of my eldest child, for a pariah on the sea-coast, with much difficulty, I got the aquire to accompany us. The novelty of the mode of life and scene were somewhat benefitting him, and long excursions on the water affording him most amusement, I persuaded him to take them continually. One evening, while he was thus employed, I was suddenly sent for to the beach, to see what could be done for a poor fellow who had fallen off the cliff. He was, the messenger told me, as we hurried along, a well-known accomplice of the smugglers infesting that part of the coast, and had met with this accident, it was supposed, while signaling to some of them the approach of the revenue cutter. He was speechless, and scarcely audible, they said; but a glance at his terrified eyes as I came up convinced me to the contrary. Mangled as he was about the head, and altered by what appeared to me to be the certain approach of death, I recognised the wretched Heathcote at once. He was borne, by my direction to the nearest cottage, and a man on horseback despatched for medical help, although I saw it could be of little avail. I remained by his bedside all through that night, and it was a fearful one. When the door told him that, without doubt, he was dying, man, I thought it would have killed him on the instant. "I have done everything that is horrible, and nothing I have done everything that is horrible, and nothing good my whole life long," he said. I gave him all the comfort as I could with truth afford him, and urged him to repentance and prayer. His manners, his felicity, and whatsoever other crimes he may have committed, did not seem to oppress him so heavily as his treatment of that poor wife. "An angel, an angel," repeated constantly, "I was a fool, a fool, in her. Markham, Markham, he will make her happy yet. Poor Jane! Poor Jane!" were his last words. When, after his burial, I told the aquire this, he was affected to tears. "My hatred of that man," said he, "has stood between me and heaven, I believe; but I forgive him all." In twelve months' time from that forgivness, I stood within this church upon the hill at Woodissel, and was married fresh unto Jane Heathcote by me. It was a happier day than any of us had hoped to see at the Grange again; the only person who saw a single tear was dear little Miss Markham, but that is her way of expressing intense satisfaction. Not a villager was there who did not rejoice in their joy, from the eldest to the youngest, who kissed the bride's hand at the door, to the little school-girls who scattered flowers before her feet. There is very little else to tell. Besides, see, there comes toddling up to us a little fellow before whom nothing further must be said. He has a smile—the old smile that is worn again now—of his mother. Once upon a time, I remember, the said that she was happy not to have him; but they were both glad at the Grange, too, I think, to welcome the young aquire.

**OCCASIONAL NOTES**

**MEDICAL WOMEN.**

In a recent number of our Journal, we took occasion to make further known the very interesting history of the education of Dr Elizabeth Blackwell of New York, the first woman, or certainly the first Englishwoman, who has become a regular diplomate in physical and surgical arts. Her trials and difficulties as that lady had to go through and overcome are now happily at an end for all others of her sex who contemplate making themselves useful to humanity as healers of disease.

A female medical college—of the sort which Dr Blackwell in 1849 trusted to see instituted—is of course of time—is has been established at Philadelphia for some seven years, and we hold in our hand the complimentary letter to its students of Ann Preston, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.

This seems to us to be a prudent as well as an eloquent composition. There is no indignant denunciation about women's wrongs or alleged intellectual inferiority, and no ambitious exultation at the idea of
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A department of remunerative and virtuous activity is indeed thus opened, with very moderate outlay, to females. And that is an additional reason why we cannot but highly commend the plan. Ann Preston, M.D., that those women who shew themselves competent for the medical profession, deserve without doubt to succeed in it. ‘Fitness and capability will indissuadably make them face the world: they are God's endorsement of the rightfulness of any position.’

EXORCISM OF THE SMOKE FIEND.

An act is to come into force next month for the final putting-down of smoke to factories. It becomes of course a point of wisdom with factory proprietors to prepare for a change which it will no longer be possible to avert; for, though their reluctance to make the required alterations has heretofore baffled local acts and local authorities, we apprehend that this will no longer be possible with a general act, any more than it was with the proprietors of the Thames steamers four years ago—all of which are now smokeless, much to the comfort of the public. We have no doubt that the old custom will go on; but there is, there is a way, will receive fresh illustration on this occasion. The old objections as to impossibility of preventing smoke in engine-furnaces without diminishing power, can no longer hold, after what we have seen on the Thames. Sarah Brown thinks that when engines are used in factories they will not be able to do their work, because they have not the heat. We think there is no necessity for fearing this. Smoke in our climate is a necessity, and if there is any danger to the machinery of the factories, it will be a small one compared with the benefit of cleanliness.

A Department of Remunerative and Virtuous Activity

The sphere of the new practitioners is declared to be mainly confined to the duties of a moral physician, who are especially the victims of a wrong hygienic condition, and need medical advisers with whom they can commune freely; and by whom they can be physiologically instructed. In the Appeal of the Correctors, the fervent desire of the family and the dejected address, this point is also judiciously urged:

"They consider that woman, as a wife and mother, pre-eminently needs a clear understanding of the functions of the human body and the means of preserving health and that high-toned and intelligent female physicians, from their relations to their sex, must be most important instrumentalities in imparting such knowledge, where it is most needed and will do the most good.

"And it is well known that there is a vast amount of suffering among women, which is lost without relief, from the shrinking delicacy of its victims, and it is therefore a demand of humanity that women should be put in possession of the requisite knowledge to administer the required treatment and practices.

"Indeed, among the more liberal of the faculty here in England, we have often heard it admitted that women would be, for many reasons, far fitter medical attendants upon their own sex than men; but, added, they have no time, though they believe they have nerve and intelligence in plenty, we fear their crochets: we scarcely ever knew a woman of mind without some twist in it.'

"Ann Preston, however, affords an example of one who has either been born without the twist, or whose professional education has enabled her considerably to rectify it; she gives satisfactory evidence, too, upon another matter, concerning which the ladies have been much maligned.

"Notwithstanding the common reproach that women are ungenerous to women, and that they exhibit pettiness in transactions of business, I am glad to be able to tell you that in my intercourse with them I have found, with few exceptions, the reverse to be true: nobleness, generosity, and sympathy all unlooked for, have been largely manifested, and my professional experience has deepened my respect and regard for woman and for humanity.

"We must truly hope that there will be no slackness on any hand in carrying out the benevolence of the act. The physical annoyance sought to be put down is ‘gross, open, palpable,’ leaving no excuse for neglect of remedial measures; but it requires only a little reflection to see the work of time; and slowly, carefully, woman also must work her way, building up the reputation which is her professional capital."

The opposition which these female practitioners have had to encounter has, of course, been very considerable; and even now the professor warns her class of the unacknowledged, or but half-acknowledged, position which they must occupy. ‘That sympathy and assistance from older members of the fraternity, much much need, will indeed be given by many of the wise and good: even now, numbers of those who are recognised as standing among the highest in the profession will meet you freely in consultation; but still we cannot ignore the fact that, as a body, physicians have not yet welcomed woman into their ranks as a needful or desirable auxiliary.’

The whole cost for two or more courses of lectures and for graduation at this Philadelphia college is only 27 dollars. And for the encouragement of those whose means will not allow of the usual expenditure, six students will be admitted annually on the payment of twenty dollars per session, exclusive of the matriculation, demonstrator's, and graduation fees.

*The system of revolving bars necessitates the use of a kind of coal which does not form large sower (clinker), as these make a choke at what is called the bridge. Where such a coal cannot be got at a moderate price, it will of course become necessary to resort to some other plan.
seek amusements and indulge in tastes of their own, wholly free of the moral element which an upper class can impart. A separation of sympathies also becomes unavoidable, and thus it may be that revolutions are partly prepared for even by so apparently insignifican agents as—smoke. If this fixed, then, can be effectually put down in our large industrial cities, we conceive that an improvement is effected, not merely in our daily physical experiences, but in our social and political estate.

DAS SECHSE LÄUTEN, OR THE SIX O'CLOCK BELL.

In the present age, when practical usefulness and scientifc inventions are driving poetry and imagina-
tion from the field, the old customs and festivals of former ages are rapidly disappearing. We are not amongst those who desire to mourn over the departure of the good old times. If, with the spirit of the days of light-hearted mirth and fun has passed away from this work-day world of ours, we believe it is only the shadow we have lost, and that the substance still remains; we believe that with fewer staid periods for festal enjoyment, life is a happier, nobler
being than in the days of tournaments and morris-
dancings, of May-poles and mumming. But we
would not have the memory of these things die; they
are interesting as signs of the times; and indications of the origin of manners, deserve a place more important than is usually assigned them in the pages of history. These ftes, which melt under the progress of civilisation like snow before the mid-day sun, still linger in some parts of Europe, and are carried on by the inhabitants of certain districts or
towns with fond reverence. One of these national festivals which prevails still at Zurich, is curious and interesting enough to merit especial notice. It is called 'Das Sechse Läuten, or the Six O'clock Bell.' This custom has existed from time immemorial, and its origin remains a matter of dispute.

Those who refer its commencement to a historical event, tell of a time when Zurich, having expelled from its council certain banished nobles to the state, was threatened with an attack from these malcontents, who incited the neighbouring Counts of Hagapurg and Toggenburg to join them in their treacherous design. The plot was defeated by the penetration of the plans, employed to carry them across in a frigate of
Liechstat, who, detecting in their words and gestures something which savoured of treason to his beloved
contryside, contrived to sink the boat, and bury the conspira-
ators in the waters. Meantime, a boy who had been concealed behind a large stove, had overheard words which betrayed the treacherous plan, and conveyed intelligence of it to the burgomaster; the
great bell of the church tolled an alarm, and quickly
the inhabitants flew to arms: those conspirators who had escaped drowning were met by men prepared for
their reception, and speedily put to the sword. A
walked-up door was formerly shown in the church, as a memento of the bloody night, through which some traitors attempted in vain to force a passage to stop the ring of the bell. This account of the origin of the Sechse Läuten is accepted by many, who affirm that on the anniversary of that day of deliverance, a kind of carnival was held in the town.

Another version, and one more consistent, we believe, with probability, is, that it was a festival in honour of the approach of spring. When the sun begins to rise higher and higher in the heavens, and the winter is retreating before his warm and life-giving beams, then the people rejoice with great joy; and on the first Monday after the spring equinox, the fite is held. On this day, the bell of the principal church
begins to toll at six o'clock p.m., and continues in
evening chiming until the autumnal equinox returns. Those alone who know what a winter amidst rocky mountains is, can comprehend the joy of the Swiss peasants when the days begin to lengthen, and the sun penetrates the recesses of the valleys. Nature, which has so long presented one monotonous and dreary aspect, put forth new signs of life; green leaves appear; and sky flowers peep above the snow; the meadows look fresh, and the birds begin their sweet notes: from the snow yields its place to verdure; and the breezes, forced from their icy fetters, dance as if from joy. Then the human heart rejoices too; the intercourse between the mountain hamlets and the towns, so long suspended by snow, commences once more. On Monday next, the bell meets his fellow-man in the market-place or in the church. Surely it is a season for joy and thank-
giving; and as a celebration of this return of life and
brightness, we are inclined to regard the Sechse Läuten. It is a joyous holiday of four days, as flocking of
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brightness, we are inclined to regard the Sechse Läuten. It is a joyous holiday of four days, as
trades; banners were embroidered, the halls beautifully decorated, scenic representations given of historical events, all the costume and scenery carefully prepared; declamations and speeches both grave and gay were held, and imagination tasked each year to produce some novelty. While the citizens were thus busy in their guilds, the people caught the spirit, and added their part to the glories of the scene. Early in the morning, boats, adorned with flags, and steamers filled with peasants from the neighbourhood, arrived, all in gala costume, and the streets were thronged with festive groups.

In 1880, for the first time, processions passed through the streets in broad daylight, with bands of music, all who joined in them being attired in the costumes of the olden times. In 1888, the guild of the smiths undertook to solemnise a political change which had taken place in the canton, and Zurich had been actively engaged in destroying old customs; in grief for these innovations, the guilds, headed by the smiths, bore their colours in funeral procession to an elevated spot above the town, and bade them be seen in a group, and depart to meet the great throngs.

We shall endeavour to give a more detailed account of two of these singular festivities, each of which was characterised by peculiar and interesting ceremonies. On one of these occasions, during which great hardships had been enduring by the Swiss people, there seemed an unusually eager desire to make the Sechs Lüten brilliant and imposing. As the spring broke with its promise of warmer days, and relief from the pressure of want, the joy of the people was unbounded; a general enthusiasm pervaded all parties: crowds filled the streets; and beggar and burgher, peasant and townman, joined hearts and soul in the rejoicings and festivities.

At noon, the butter was eaten, and for the theatrical performances, the usual costume was directed; in the afternoon, a great procession was formed in the old town, and the barges and steamers, carrying the townspeople, proceeded down to the river. The procession was formed of a great variety of people, and consisted of the usual array of floats, of which the most prominent was the float representing the town of Zurich, which was adorned with the arms of the city, and had a large platform upon which the mayor and other important personages were seated. The procession was accompanied by bands of music, and was drawn by a team of horses.

The festival continued for several days, and on the last night, the fire of the Sechs Lüten was illuminated with a great variety of lights, and the town was decorated with flags and streamers. The procession continued until the early hours of the morning, and the festivities lasted until the following day.

The city was illuminated with lights of various kinds, and the houses were decorated with garlands and flags. The streets were thronged with people, and the air was filled with the sound of music. The festival closed with a grand firework display, which was watched by thousands of people, who gathered from all parts of the city to witness the spectacle.

The next Sechs Lüten we propose to describe was celebrated in 1866. Expectation had been highly raised: it was made known that preparations were being made on a scale of magnificence unequalled in former years. On the morning of the 7th of April, the city began to fill; steam-vessels from all parts of the lake arrived, bringing crowds of passengers; gay country groups and northern folk, with people of all ranks and ages. Hundreds of little boats covered the waters, and train after train brought new multitudes of eager spectators by the railway. This new means of conveyance, however, only reached the country, thumped thousands from all parts of Switzerland, so that Zurich had never before seen her streets so densely crowded.

Hitherto, these annals discuss a festival during which persons who had been peculiarly local in their character; this year, for the first time, they assumed a cosmopolitan form. The march of civilisation was felt even in the remote cantons of the republic; the spirit of innovation—that restless sprite whose influence no nation can resist—asserted her right to share in the Sechs Lüten of Zurich. The guilds, inspired by one idea, agreed to unite in carrying it out in the best manner possible, and the result surpassed all expectation. Zurich was to be regarded as the centre-point of the revelation; the railways were supposed to arrive from all the four quarters of the globe, bearing deputations from all nations and peoples, who subsequently forming into processions, paraded the streets. Switzerland, with the strong prejudices peculiar to her national character, had long opposed the introduction of railways; at length one or two lines had been constructed, and the wild whistle of the locomotive, the whizzing and hissing of the steam, were heard resounding amidst her mountains and valleys, disturbing the peace and tranquility, yet bearing in their train blessings dreamed of by the alarmed inhabitants. It was a happy thought to mark this epoch; to bring before the Swiss people thus assembled from all parts the advantages which intercourse with other countries would bring their own, and, in sport, present them with pictures suggestive of so much future benefit.

The hour appointed for the opening of the festivities approached; every window and balcony was filled; the streets and roofs of the houses presented a dense mass of heads; the guild-halls gay with banners; music sounding everywhere; and all was gaiety and expectation. Suddenly the sound as of a rushing wind was heard; smoke curled in dense clouds from the chimney, the whistle shrieks, and the huge engine appears in sight, the Miranda Spectaculis, covered with the flags of the federal states. Eight carriages followed in its rear: the northern and north-eastern trains; the eastern and south-eastern; the southern and south-western; the western and north-western, bringing people from every country lying between the poles and the equator. Soon the streets were alive with the various groups which these trains had conveyed.

To describe the scenes which now followed each other in quick succession would be impossible; every moment brought a new party under notice, all mingling in seeming confusion, yet each retaining its
full costume from the Black Forest, from Saxony and Mecklenburg, &c.; here was seen a wedding-party from the rich Altenburger peasantry, with gaily dressed maidens and gallants on horseback; there, a gala-crowd filled with amusing merchants and brokers, with a shipful of Vieländern (the people who live in the neighbourhood of Hamburg). These were followed by Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians; and bringing up the whole, Mr and Mrs Esquimaux were seen, seated in a far-covered sledge drawn by two panting dogs. The north-eastern division sent forth vine-growers from the districts of the grape; a gay summer-party from Munich; carriages, laden some with nobles, some with peasants, from Bohemia; Bernard with his Kriederdrachen (the 'Punch of Germany'), guarded by a policeman in Prussian uniform; Polish droshkies, accompanied by noblemen on horseback. Then came the Emperor of all the Russians, surrounded by his staff and guard of honour, in his summer-established uniform; and the whole summer establishment of a Kremitskaya family. Amongst the eastern companies were seen the brave lads and lasses of the Tyrol and Steiermark, with Viennese citizens in gay attire; a marriage-party from Appenzell and St Gall; proud Hungarian magnates in their splendid gala costume; on horseback; and cattle dealers from the Carpathians, and in their suite a troop of dark-eyed gypsies. The cast sent forth her fair Circassians, Tatars on foot and horseback, with wandering families in national costume; even the Celestial Empire despatched representatives for this grand assembly. A Chinese fair was arranged, and a mandolin in solemn state was borne in rich eastern litter; and a Japanese general followed, attended by the oriental martial music. New elements came to the fête with the southern train—Italian serenades and carnival antics, bright eyes glistening, and soft mandolines keeping time to merry dancing feet; English tourists in Italy, brigands and Swiss guards; a crowd of delicious old châtelains; afloat, one knew not how, from Rome; peasants from the Campagna in all the glowing colours of the rainbow; pifferari, friers, and monks; lazaroni and Neapolitan fishermen, Calabrians and Corsicans. The new civilisation of the south, headed by the Sultan Abdul Meschid, seated in a carriage surrounded by his new Christian allies; fair creatures from the hareem, for this day unveiled, and exposing their charms to vulgar eyes; deputies from the Suez Canal commission, marching under a huge umbrella borne by Egyptian attendants; grotesque Bashis-bazouks, Greeks, pious pilgrims to the shrine of Mecca, Bedouins of the desert—all following in the sultan's train. Then came the dainty fire-worshipper, the follower of Zoroaster; the Indian nabob in his palanquin; a carriage filled with colonists from Sydney; and Lola Montes, with her graceful arts and wiles, taming the savages of New Holland. Africa, too, sent Arabs from Sehara, Algerian pirates, and the dark negro from Nubia, with Caffres and Hottentots from the south. Then came the aborigines from New Zealand and Southsea Islands, tattooed and draped in feathers. In the south-western divisions came Savoyard boys, with marmots, and organs, and plaster-casts; a bridal-party from the south of France, muleteers, and herdsmen from the Sierra Nevada, smugglers from the Spanish coast, and picnickers ready equipped for the bull-fight. The Spanish islands were represented by slave-drivers and planters, and his sereno majesty Soultouque from Hayti, attended with his dusky suite; merchants from Buenos Ayres; and giants from Patagonia.

The birth of a young heir to the French imperial crown was marked by a stork bearing a child in bill, while market-women (dames de la balle) brought gifts to grace the event; Paris sent her graces and students, in a car-covered sledge drawn by two panting dogs. The north-eastern division sent forth vine-growers from the districts of the grape; a gay summer-party from Munich; carriages, laden some with nobles, some with peasants, from Bohemia; Bernard with his Kriederdrachen (the 'Punch of Germany'), guarded by a policeman in Prussian uniform; Polish droshkies, accompanied by noblemen on horseback. Then came the Emperor of all the Russians, surrounded by his staff and guard of honour, in his summer-established uniform; and the whole summer establishment of a Kremitskaya family. Amongst the eastern companies were seen the brave lads and lasses of the Tyrol and Steiermark, with Viennese citizens in gay attire; a marriage-party from Appenzell and St Gall; proud Hungarian magnates in their splendid gala costume; on horseback; and cattle dealers from the Carpathians, and in their suite a troop of dark-eyed gypsies. The cast sent forth her fair Circassians, Tatars on foot and horseback, with wandering families in national costume; even the Celestial Empire despatched representatives for this grand assembly. A Chinese fair was arranged, and a mandolin in solemn state was borne in rich eastern litter; and a Japanese general followed, attended by the oriental martial music. New elements came to the fête with the southern train—Italian serenades and carnival antics, bright eyes glistening, and soft mandolines keeping time to merry dancing feet; English tourists in Italy, brigands and Swiss guards; a crowd of delicious old châtelains; afloat, one knew not how, from Rome; peasants from the Campagna in all the glowing colours of the rainbow; pifferari, friers, and monks; lazaroni and Neapolitan fishermen, Calabrians and Corsicans. The new civilisation of the south, headed by the Sultan Abdul Meschid, seated in a carriage surrounded by his new Christian allies; fair creatures from the hareem, for this day unveiled, and exposing their charms to vulgar eyes; deputies from the Suez Canal commission, marching under a huge umbrella borne by Egyptian attendants; grotesque Bashis-bazouks, Greeks, pious pilgrims to the shrine of Mecca, Bedouins of the desert—all following in the sultan's train. Then came the dainty fire-worshipper, the follower of Zoroaster; the Indian nabob in his palanquin; a carriage filled with colonists from Sydney; and Lola Montes, with her graceful arts and wiles, taming the savages of New Holland. Africa, too, sent Arabs from Sehara, Algerian pirates, and the dark negro from Nubia, with Caffres and Hottentots from the south. Then came the aborigines from New Zealand and Southsea Islands, tattooed and draped in feathers. In the south-western divisions came Savoyard boys, with marmots, and organs, and plaster-casts; a bridal-party from the south of France, muleteers, and herdsmen from the Sierra Nevada, smugglers from the Spanish coast, and picnickers ready equipped for the bull-fight. The Spanish islands were represented by slave-drivers and planters, and his sereno majesty Soultouque from Hayti, attended with his dusky suite; merchants from Buenos Ayres; and giants from Patagonia.

The night before the moving
All shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering with the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the moving!
All still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight—though void of stars,
Save where, low wending, Venus sits
From the red eye of Mars;
How peaceful sleeps the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Half stirring—like a child in dreams—
The night before the moving.
Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen—cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before it fragrance yield;
Plenty, and mirth, and honest gain
Its blameless death bestowing—
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the moving!

The question between the farmers and kids.
The truth seems to be this: during the spring, kids do great good by killing insects on which bees feed themselves and their young; but when the corn is in the ear, and ready to shed out, the crowds of kids which flutter about on the tops of the stalks are said to beat out the grain in large quantities, which falls on the ground, and is wasted. Young birds should be killed down before harvest; there will generally be enough left to breed in the spring. Something analogous may be said as to rabbits. They do very little harm, if any, except when the corn begins to form its stalk, and at the greatest expense of the legumes, and thistles; and they do considerable damage. They should therefore be killed down during winter, a few only being left to breed.  

CORRESPONDENT OF NOTES AND QUERIES.
LETTERS.

There are few things by which the flight of time is more sensibly measured than by the difference of feeling with which at various periods of our lives we indite or receive Letters. In the dawn of life, indeed, as at its close, we have the greatest unwillingness to set pen to paper at all; but the causes of the disinclination are different. In those very early times, we are not perhaps confident about our ps and qs; whether our & should have a loop in them, or whether the personal pronoun should be a little i or a big one. Our spelling is entirely phonetic; and maybe we are not unconscious of our want of ear even for the attainment of that accomplishment; while, in addition, we are sure to have some misunderstanding with our own middle finger, which the writing-master requires us to straighten, and which Nature as imperatively demands shall be kept bent. Unhappy epoch of pothooks and hangers, how well do we remember it! When we could not persuade our teacher that a child could possibly be near-sighted, and 'Sit up, sir! will you sit up, sir?' sounded so implacably in our ears. How nose and chin followed closely that serious pen of ours in all its round turns and exquisite up-strokes! How our lips, through a sense of the overwhelming importance of the task, formed themselves into the shape for whistling — when whistling, goodness knows, was far from our thoughts — as it delicately dotted this! How our whole face accompanied its horizontal movements, when it crossed — not the Rubicon, but — the Tees! Still, what we had to write, we wrote willingly enough; albeit, for the above reasons, and because composition itself was not at that time a very easy matter, our epistles were not of the longest; the paper superficies they covered was indeed considerable, but they did not in those early school-days contain much epistolary matter:

'My dear Ma — I am very well so is bob all our tin is gone, a cake would not be unexcectable we dont get enough to eat dear Ma indeed. Love to Pa and Nero who i hope is looked after — Your dutiful and affectionate son, Jimmy.'

We always accomplished that 'dutiful and affectionate' without mistake, on account of our having to send off a 'holiday letter' on the conclusion of every half-year, which ended with those adjectives. Doctor Whackem himself set the copy of this for the whole school, and looked over our shoulders with painful frequency during the epistolary process. What a number of fine sheets, with lines so carefully ruled

a hypocrical piece of composition it was when all was done, and how it smelled of india-rubber where they had tried to erase the pencil-marks!

'My dear Papa and Mamma — I am very well and happy here, for Minerva Hall is indeed a home to us; but I shall of course be very delighted to see you again. This is to inform you that the holidays begin upon the Friday after next, when Doctor Whackem will give out the prizes in the schoolroom at half-past one, D.V. The Earl of Redditternens has consented, with his usual urbanity, to take the chair. I hope I shall please you, my dear parents, by getting a prize. Doctor and Mrs Whackem desire me to give you their kind compliments; and believe me to be your dutiful and affectionate son, James Goodchild.'

It was a pleasure to write even such an epistle as that in those times, because of the holidays it heralded. Then the Letters we received at school, how unexceptionally welcome they were to us, especially if they weighed somewhat heavier than usual, and cunningly and safely imbedded in the sealing-wax there was found the desired half-sovereign; or if they conveyed tidings of 'a parcel' — expression delightful in its very vagueness — already despatched to 'my dearest Jimmy' by the carrier, the contents of which were to be equally divided with our brother Bob. Also! what memories the sight of one of those letters would awaken now; what regrets! what tears! We sometimes grudged poor Bob that equal share of his; we were glad when there were pats of gooseberry-jam sent — Bob didn't like gooseberries — and on all occasions drove too hard a bargain with him, he being the youngest. He never grew to manhood and to 'Robert,' but lived and died; and will be ever known among the rest of us — who are thinning by this time sadly — as our boy-brother, 'Bob.' There were no such associations about those school-letters then.

In our adolescence, letter-writing was even a blither matter still. There was then never any necessity compelling us to it. Out of the abundance of our heart, the pen indited. Our honest thoughts, fresher far than afterwards — and not less true, perhaps, though somewhat crude — flowed from us without effort and without fear. What aspirations had we at that epoch, which — to our present shame, be it confessed — our cheeks would burn with self-contempt to hear now uttered by the friend to whom we wrote them; and he again had the like radiant visions, and laid before our sympathising eyes his own fond dreams of life. What vigour, what elasticity, what overflow of genial humour one must
Now, unless compelled by direst need, we never catch ourselves loitering over foolscap, except for a consideration.

Love-letters — what a splendid occupation the writing of those was wont to be! How pleasant to issue from our mental mint a thousand honeyed synonyms for the Beloved Object! How we lingered over each soft expression, toy ing with it tenderly as though it were itself the half-angelic being to whom it was addressed...

She is sixteen stone by this time, and her (second) husband's name is Potts, a drysalter; but that dread future was, in mercy, unrevealed to us at one-and-twenty.

Jones was in love with her also; and I have got one or two of his letters now, which the dear girl let me have at that time, in the strictest confidence.

What an unsuspecting, generous, impulsive, affectionate young fellow he must have been! (I hope Jones has not got any of mine, composed about the same epoch.) Wifed, bloodless, grasping little money-sucker that he is, how could he have ever conected such epistles! I can't fancy him inditing anything beyond "Received yours of the 24th instant," and "I am, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant," by which he means their commercial rival, and most uncompromising foe.

I wonder whether it would be possible for a man to write a bond fide love-letter to a wife? I mean, of course, to his own wife, for in the case of another's (we have heard) the thing is practicable, and even easy enough. One couldn't have the face to call her an angel, although one might wish her in heaven; and as to her being addressed as a fairy — think of Bellinda Potts, and a fairy of sixteen stone! The handwriting of dearest Bellinda resembled a slanting shower of summer-rain; and when it was crossed, as it very often was, by another slanting shower, it was rather difficult to decipher. I think, however, that only enhanced the interest of her delicious meaning, which came out, when it did come, all the fresher like a flower from the mist. I could detect her longlooked-for communications by more than one organ of sense before they left the postman's hand; their envelopes being pink, and redolent of patchouli. That was how I discovered that Bellinda was corresponding with young Hitchins, as well as with myself and Jones. Hitchins was her first husband, and ran away with her from her paternal roof. I should like to see any unassisted individual attempting to run away with the present Mrs Potts.

When Cupid has once departed, taking with him the golden pen and the red (heart's blood) ink, there is no more joy in Letters. They henceforth become a matter of business only and of compulsory. We strive to trick the post-office by making a single stamp do double duty, and, on the other hand, grudge bitterly having to pay the least over-weight in the communications of our friends.

In our married and settled condition the postman becomes to us a daily nuisance. He brings earnest manuscripts from our wife's brother, who is in want of a hundred and fifty pounds for a special purpose, after which, he says, he will be an honour to the family; affectionate notes from our mother-in-law, who is looking forward to spending three or four months with her dearest Jemima, and her James, who seems like her very own blood; circulars from charitable societies, who 'make no apology for appealing to our sense of Christian duty' (there are so such satirists as your philanthropic people). Woe of all — because reminding us in the cruelest possible manner of the genial past — college bills for wine, cigars, or other vanity we had fondly deemed to have been paid for years ago.

Then, as we grow to be more and more of a patet'?<<< — more and more bills like those of a spirit as our delighted daughters hasten at that dear 'rat-tat' (rustling those expensive morning-dresses of theirs), to open the letter-box. What contents they bring us, to spoil our matutinal meal, and to impair digestions which is already in the most critical state imaginable!

Here they are. Bill, Bill, Business, Casual (social), Circular (religious), Death (Poor Smith's son; our own age, too, within six months or so, and similar habits of body; horrible!), Bill, Bill (I wish, Jemima, toss in over to the wife of our bosses, you will dress the girls more like young people of meaner means, and less like ballonets; I won't pay for such folly, that's flat), Mother-in-law (Here's your mother coming again; let her pay for them), Besom, Brother-in-law, Bills.

Also, this laughing mask of ours conceals a sad countenance. The satirist of our own day who calls old letters the best satires in the world speaks a truthful truth. Unlock the old chest full of these, the old drawer, or the old desk, and cast your eye over the yellowing rubbish it contains. Open the worn over, superseded in the forgotten handwritings, and read the once welcome words spoken by hearts that have long been changed: your mattress's, 'she that murd' the nebac, and for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth,' or your beloved sister's, 'how you cling to another until you quarrel about the twenty-pound legacy!' This strain of the modern humorist is terribly grim.

A genius of our own day likewise, but of a very different kind, has written something worthier than this upon the subject of Old Letters — of those false leaves which keep their green (he calls them) the noble letters of the dead.' He shows himself sitting alone in his chamber at late eve, when the rest of the house have retired, and when, without, 'the wist kine gimmer, and the trees lay their dark scon about the field,' reading aloud the old letters of his dead friend: when, strangely on the silence kept the silent-speaking words, and strange was the dumb cry, defying Change to test his work; and strangely spoke the faith, the vigour, bold to deal on doubts that drive the coward back, and hang, through wordy snares, to track Suggestion to let inmost cell; and word by word, and line by line, the dead man touched him from the past, and finish his living soul on his — Thus he held awful converse, till the doubtful dark revealed the knees on the earth, where, crouched at ease, the white kine plumed, and the trees laid their dark arms about the field: till, snatched from out the distant glean, a breeze began to tremble over the large leaves of the eucamone, and fluctuate all the still perfumes; and gathering fresher overhead, rocked the full sculpted elms, and swung the heavy-folded rose, and hung the lilies to and fro, and said, 'the dawn, the dawn,'
A WEEK AMONG THE HEBRIDES.
SECOND ARTICLE.

Imagine a pretty little town of white-washed houses stretching like a semicircle round the head of a bay with a sunny western exposure—a background of irregular protuberances rather than hills, which terminate on the right in the woody heights and picturesque ruined castle of Dunolly, and on the left by a similar piece of rugged scenery, amidst which, among embowering trees, are placed two or three villas: then, imagine that the bay is bounded so completely in front by a green and pastoral island, as to seem enclosed by the land, and you may have some notion of Oban—an object so calm, so pretty, so uncongenial on these wild and secluded shores, that at first sight it occasions an emotion of surprise. A little inquiry makes the stranger aware that Oban, like many other towns in the Highlands, is a modern Seoto-Saxon settlement, founded for the purpose of improving the country; and that latterly, very much through the efficacy of Hutchison's steamer, it has undergone considerable extension. Tasteful villas are perching themselves about on the rocky knolls behind the town; branches of banks and other commercial undertakings are being established; and hotel and lodging-house accommodation is recently much enlarged. Already, I have spoken of the Caledonian Hotel as a high-class establishment; but there are some other good hotels for tourists: I am, in short, told that the town can accommodate five hundred strangers, and that, by casual visitors alone, as much as £12,000 is spent annually in the place.

Two objects of much antiquarian interest in the immediate neighbourhood, the ruined castles of Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, usually attract the notice of visitors. By the politeness of the proprietors of Dunolly, the small party of excursionists of whom I formed one, were permitted to visit the ruins, which, clothed in ivy of the brightest green, and placed on the summit of a huge rock overlooking the sea, form a beautiful and imposing feature in the landscape. Dunstaffnage Castle—gray, massive, and of greater historical interest than Dunolly—is situated at the distance of three miles from Oban; and being shewn by a resident keeper, it can be seen at all times with no more trouble than a short walk or ride. No stranger should omit visiting Dunstaffnage, for independently of its connection with events during the old Scottish monarchy, and its being the original repository of the famed Stone of Destiny, now forming part of the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey—the scenery around, a happy blending of sea, rocks, islands, and lofty mountains, of which Ben Cruachan is the most conspicuous, cannot fail to evoke the most pleasing emotions.

It is time, however, to be getting on. While I have been talking in a very rambling way about how tourists are to transfer themselves to Oban, and of course things that are to be seen there, the Mornaisier, distinguishable, like all other of the Hutchison boats, by its red funnels, is hissing and snorting at the pier like an impatient Highlander, and threatening to break away and be off on what was intended to be a special cruise among the islands. It is a summer morning in the end of June, and our party, seven in number, having hastened from the hotel, are now on board; the hissing ceases, the paddles begin to rumble, and in five minutes we are steaming at the rate of nearly eight miles an hour. The Sound of Kerrera. It was a very joyous-looking day, bright patches of sunshine interspersed with deep shadows on the hills of Lorn; the air crisp and dry; and the sea in a tolerably well-disposed mood.

Our first destination, of course, was Lorn, that illustrious island, which was once the luminous of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To reach this classic spot, seamen proceed according to wind and tide, either round the north or south side of Mull: if by the northern route, Staffa is first visited; if by the southern, Iona—the usual practice, we believe, being to go one way and return another; by which means the tourist is enabled to see, in a single day, the whole of the island, which presents an opportunity of seeing, close inshore, various lofty and jagged precipices, and several ruined castles standing in desert loneliness on half-insulated peaks over the white foam which dashes on the iron-bound coast, while far out and above all objects he will have a view of huge, misty-topped mountain masses, one of which, the giant of a particular group, attains the height of 3000 feet. The voyage to Iona, by the shortest or southerly passage, ordinarily occupies about four hours; but on the present occasion, it was effected in three hours. We left Oban at seven, and at ten were in the Sound, a mile in width, which has the Ross of Mull on the east, and Iona on the west—the isles of Colonsay and Jura being seen far away in the south. At this point, the territory of Mull sinks into tameness, and offers some scope for cultivation, with space on the level shore for a village, whence there is a boat-ferry to Iona, which, at a glance, we perceive to possess the same unpicturesque features as the opposite coast.

Running up within a hundred yards of the island, a boat is seen to put off, manned by two or three natives, the leader of the crew being Alexander MacDonald, an intelligent and obliging fellow, who speaks English, and acts as guide and interpreter to strangers. Approaching the shore, which is covered with big boulders partially overgrown with sea-wrack, and over which, on landing, we pick our way to the dry award beyond, we perceive that, in the present day, the island of Columba is a simple pastoral bit of land, rising in the middle to a height of two or three hundred feet, and with a slope towards the sea, on which is concentrated within a space of a hundred yards all that is interesting to visitors. But, thus, such interest! Standing right in front of this gentle slope we have, first, close on the shore, a row of low huts covered with thatch, a species of roof not seemingly able to encounter of itself the gusts occasionally blowing from Mull, since it is supported on a netting of straw-ropes, held down by big stones, in a manner rather threatening to the heads of the Celtic children, who are sprawling about in their little kilts before the smoky domes of their clay-homes. It is proper to understand that this collection of some forty hovels is called, in Gaelic, Baile Mor, or the Great Town. I have no doubt that it is considered by the natives a very fine city, more especially as it possesses a slated house at the south end, where refreshments of a simple kind are dispensed. Baile Mor contains no inn, nor are any spirituous liquors sold within it, on which account it requires no policeman or magistrate.
little distance, on a rocky point of the shore, stands a
newly built Free Church; and scattered about behind
the village are an Established Church, a parish school-
house, and manses for each of the two ministers.
These last-mentioned buildings, which are of respect-
able dimensions, are, I believe, the only dwellings in
which lodging may be obtained by persons who
desire to make a deliberate inspection of the island
and its curiosities.

Let us have a look, however brief, at what distin-
guishes this otherwise uninteresting island. Partly
behind the row ofatched huts, and partly a little
bit to the north, amidst enclosures of low stone dikes,
are a series of ruins in three detached groups, to
which we gain access by a rude kind of pathway,
envisioned by the patches of potatoes and corn of the
humble vills; more by a boat than by land. This
monastic establishment for females is said to have been founded in the early part of
the thirteenth century, a date almost indicated by its finely rounded Saxon arches. Within and around it are several tombstones commemorating of priests
and ladies of rank who were here interred. On one.
considerably mutilated, the sculptured figures are
exceedingly fine, representing the last priores; her
head supported by angels, and the figure of a little
dog at each side—indicating, possibly, that she had
been attached to these animals. The date of her
death is 1543. Turning round an angle of the build-
ing after examining these relics, there stood before us,
rangd demurely along a wall, about a dozen little
girls, each holding in her hand a small plate of pebbles
and shells, which were silently offered for our inspect-
ion and purchase. There was something affecting
in the attempt of these poorly clad, but clean and orderly
children, to pick up a few pence in exchange for the
only articles they could find by sale, the coloured
stones—bits of serpentine, quartz, and feldspar—which had been worn by the attrition of ages on the shore of the adjacent seas. We selected and purchased
some of these tiny fragments; but on giving a shilling to each of them, among other things, we were not surprised to find that the girls did not understand a word of
English—a circumstance not very flattering, I must
needs think, to those who charge themselves with their
education. Luckily, Alexander Macdonald made
them understood, by translating our words and explaining our intention.
Strangely enough, it is alleged that the
custom of offering pebbles and shells for sale dates uninteruptedly from the period when pilgrims to the
shrine of Columba piously bore away relics of the
saintly island, which were prized for the purpose of being set in rings, which possessed a certain protective virtue against
divers accidents and misfortunes. Wordsworth, it
will be recollected, alludes in one of his sonnets to the
pebble-sellers of Iona:

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.

The next group of ruins to which we are admitted
is that of St Oran's Chapel, being apparently a
quadrangular, in the midst of the burring-ground,
which had received the remains of Iriabh, Scottiah, and
Norwegian kings for several hundred years, besides
those of abbots, bishops, chiefs, and others who had
deemed it an honour to be entombed in what, during
the middle ages, was one of the most noted ressorts
to the learning and piety in Western Europe. Several towns
of flat tombstones, sculptured and in good preser-
vation considering the use they have received from
iconoclasts and fanatical relic-hunters, are pointed
out by the guide; the whole being of a dense
species of mica slate, but gray, and partially covered
with vegetation. Eight hundred years ago, this spot
of earth was the most noted remains of Duness—an
historical event of which Shakespeare, with his usual
tact, makes proper use:

Rouse. Where is Duness's body?
Macduff. Carried to Colme's-kiln,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessor,
And guardian of their bones.

The various names given to Iona can hardly fail
to perplex a number of tourists. On the tomb-
stones, it is uniformly called of a still later form,
the single letter I or Y—pronounced E. Colme's-kiln,
sometimes written Toolmikill signifies the cell
of Colme. Latinised according to the medieval
usage, it becomes Colme's-yll, and is euphonised in Iona. The real name of the island, there is, I
or, in pronunciation, E. While so called, it became
in 593 the chosen residence of a handful of Irish
missionaries, who, under the charge of Colme, the
gifted but ruthless pioneer of Christianity, introduced the
Christianity into Scotland. Of St Colme, or Colmias,
however, the island cannot with certainty shew
my trace. The early and simple edifices of the apse
band were merged in edifices of a more aspiring
kind, while the ritual of the Church of Rome.
The nunnery, as already seen, is a com-
paratively modern erection, and so is the third
or last group of buildings to which we are conducted,
consisting of the cathedral, which latterly became
the seat of the bishops of the diocese of Rome. The nunnery, as already seen, is a com-
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pa
created billows rolled angrily inward, dashing themselves on the irregular sides, and surging up in masses of foam on the further end of the gulf. The Queen, on her visit to Staffa a few years ago, was to fortnightly have a boat to be rowed in the innermost recesses of the cave, a fest in which Her Majesty showed her usual intrepidity.

For the sake of science as well as art, it is to be regretted that there are no means of making a protracted stay in Staffa. During the necessarily short time allowed to tourists, they can just see that the whole island is a mass of basalt, broken irregularly into columns, perpendicular and sloping in all directions, some large and some small, some entire, and others which, being broken off mid-way, offer a convenient footing to visitors in their rambles about the shores. A regular inquirer into basaltic phenomena would, however, need to extend his investigations far beyond Staffa. Besides the curious formations of Ulva, there will be found fantastic groupings of columns on the coast of Mull, Skye, and Eigg; those in the latter island being of magnificent size and nearly equal to Staffa even if they had heard of its natural marvels. Johnson had no regard for scenery, however grand; he liked to go from one private house to another, conversing about social and political questions; while, in his conversations with the inhabitants of Staffa, he was much more interested in their mode of life than in any of the wonders. He was, however, a true admirer of nature, and his letters are full of the beauty of the scenery around him.

The cliffs on Staffa are of great height, and the waves breaking against them produce a noise like thunder. The sea is very turbulent, and the spray is thrown high up in the air. The rocks are covered with moss and lichen, and the air is charged with the odour of the sea.

From Staffa, the Mountaineer, still early in the day, steamed to Mull, where he saw the beautiful landscape of the island, and entered the Sound of Mull, passing through the Sound of Iona. The Sound of Mull is a picturesque and romantic place, with cliffs and rocks rising abruptly from the sea. The Mountaineer passed through the Sound of Mull, and entered the Sound of Iona, where he saw the beautiful landscape of the island.

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continuation of our cruise. A council being called, it was resolved to proceed first up Loch Hourn, an arm of the sea projected eastward into Inverness-shire from the Sound of Sleat, and which is bounded on the north by Glenelg, and on the south by Knoydart. Loch Hourn is too narrow to be visited on board; the excursion was perfectly new — nor probably would it have been quite safe, if we had not had the good-fortune to have with us a retired veteran in Hebridean navigation — Captain McKillop, who, it may be mentioned, was the pilot of her Majesty when visiting the Western Isles.

On entering Loch Hourn, which varies from a mile to less in breadth, we are struck by the picturesque mountain masses, here swelling into rounded pastoral hills, there dropping with precipices and cliffs, down precipitous gullies, dash long foaming cataracts that, from their whiteness, resemble at a distance streams of milk, while around the more elevated hill-tops, at the height of a thousand feet, placed, as it were, on the summit of the great cataracts, the habitations gradually subside into tranquillity, and un molested we wandered about the neighborhood in search of anything to look at. The only objects which attracted us were a recently erected wool-walk, and a cloth-mill, with the inmates gradually dispersed by the sun. On the lower braves, browse flocks of Chievot sheep; and these, with the figures of shepherds and their dogs, not less than the absence of smoky huts, plainly tell us that this is one of the hands of an improving low-country landlord. The scenery, interspersed with natural oak and hazel, continues beautiful as far as the steamer can advance. At a turn of the loch, a boat having been sent ashore to a village for a native pilot, the vessel securely passed into an inner reach of the loch, up which it proceeded to nearly its utmost limits. Here, on the south side, the party landed, and, favoured by a bridle-path, which, by and by, widened to a sufficient breadth for cattle, we walked several miles to the pass in Loch Duich, Glen Quoich, a gorge in the mountains environed with huge isolated rocks and boulders strewed about in all the rude grandeur of nature. Retracing our way, and again on shipboard, the vessel proceeded down the river to Glen Alsh, and then struck up Loch Duich, the mountain scenery at the upper extremity of which transcended, as we thought, even that of Loch Hourn. At the entrance to Loch Duich, situated on a rocky knoll on the beach, are the ruins of Ellan-Done Castle, and an ancient seat of the Mackenzies, 'high chiefs of Kintail.' On the same side of the loch, in Loch Alsh, are seen various modern improvements, including the mansion and new inn of Balmacarron.

This spot the channel between Skye and the mainland makes a sudden turn, and the steamer shortly passing through the strait of Kyle Akin, where there is a ferry, enters a wider Sound, and for our gratification turns to the right up Loch Carron. The scenery on this loch, which is about twenty miles long, is no doubt fine, exhibiting here and there along the shore good specimens of raised beaches; but we are by this time not a little spoiled for sights; after Houna and Duich, nothing of the loch nature will pass muster. After rounding the headland of Portree, proceeding past Raasay, on the shore of which island stands Raasay House, a handsome modern mansion — an improvement on that in which Johnson was hospitably entertained; the estate having passed from the hands of the Macleods into the possession of Mr G. Rainey, by whom great changes for the better have been effected.

The harbour of Portree, so completely encircled by jetting high grounds as to afford the best shelter to vessels, received ours for the night, and all went ashore to Ross's Hotel, a house offering good and extensive accommodation. Portree—a name signifying the view of the town—was the seat of one of the most remarkable families in the west; and James V. of Scotland, on one of his western excursions—a substantial little town occupying the brow of a high ground overlooking the harbour. The place was thrown somewhat into confusion with the unexpected visit of the steamer, and the inhabitants gradually subsided into tranquillity, and un molested we wandered about the neighborhood in search of anything to look at. The only objects which attracted us were a recently erected wool-walk, and a cloth-mill, with the inmates gradually dispersed by the sun. It is the custom of people to sit on the stone seats in the middle of the floor, finding its way out by a hole in the roof, window-holes, and door; the beds, beds, straw and dingy blankets huddled in corners; the clay floor and ragged yet healthy-looking children. In one of the houses was English spoken, and how do these wretched people live? Small patches of ground under crop, but ill cultivated, and swarming about as many weeds as stalks of corn or potatoes, as their principal reliance, along with fishing or excusing any odd work that came in. In one of the houses, on looking into a gloomy recess separated from the rest of the apartment by a few ill-put-together boards, we saw a man lying ill—a sad spectacle of human degradation. The only house in which there was an effort at comfort was that in which English was spoken. The inmates here appeared to labor under the like desperate poverty; yet there was an air of the most pious resignation to what was probably felt as a dispensation of the Divine will. I could not help thinking that human grumblers about such a fate would have been with us on this occasion. On one side of the peat-fire, which, as usual, was in the middle of the floor, sat an aged and lame man, the father of the family; on another side was the old mother, eating wood; on a kind of cushion on the floor, legs drawn up and helpless from rheumatism, was placed their daughter, who, according to her own account, had been so afflicted for the space of ten years. Administering on our departure some slight gruel to this unfortunate being, the immensely considerate force was exerted upon us that the oldcrofting system, which is throughout signalized by this depressed and hopeless kind of existence, is totally wrong, and should be obliterated at every available opportunity. Since as we have a specimen, can neither do any good for themselves, nor in any sense benefit mankind, and but for what to many may seem a certain degree of harshness, they would be in the form of an exaction from all the rental of the land. The common sense of the country, I should think, must come to this conclusion.
at last. Cruel as it may appear, there is nothing for the poorer inhabitants of Skye, and some other portions of the Highlands and Islands, but emigration. It is true, an outcry has been raised against the expatriation of the Highlanders, on the score of depeopling the lands with sheep for a southern market; but let any one visit the smoky hovels where are scattered about many dark and uncleaned hillyards, and see how utterly hopeless is the condition of their inhabitants. Their very contentment being not less an evil than the language which cuts them off from any chance of intercourse with the busy world beyond—and seeing all this, say whether the removal of this Celtic population to some country calculated to evolve their latent energies would not manifestly be a blessing.

Having caught a few glimpses of the Storr, the Cuchullin Hills, and some other striking features in the scenery of Skye, we returned with the Mountaineer to Oban.

In this voyage homewards, the vessel, after passing Ardnamurchan, proceeded down the Sound of Mull, by adopting which we were afforded an opportunity of calling at Tobermory, a neatly built modern town within this island, partly accomplished by the north-eastern shore of Mull. On the opposite and equally bold coast of Morven, a part of the mainland adjoining Ardnamurchan, we observed in succession, placed on craggy steeps overlooking the sea, the ruins of three old castles—Mingary, Arrochar, and Ardruiskie; this last one is the scene of the opening passages in Scott's Lord of the Isles, having been the residence of the proud chieftain of Lorn, whose

Turrets' airy head, slender and steep, and batted round, Overlooked dark Mull! thy mighty Sound, Where threatening tides, with mingled roar, Part thy swift wings from Morven's shore.

On the point of Mull, at the entrance to the Sound, are the remains of another of these strongholds, Duart Castle, an ancient residence of the chief of the Macleans. On the point of Lismore, a long green island which we skirted on the route to Oban, is seen another picturesque ruin. Associating these old Hebridean fortlets, places of importance in their time, with Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, Dunvegan in Skye, and other remains of a similar nature— all admirable studies for the landscape painter—along with the silent, grooping lines of old-fashioned hillyards, arises in the mind that here, in this western region washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and in ages long past, there existed a state of refinement, which receives little notice in the page of ordinary history. In fact, we see what till this day is so very limited known in the eastern and more populous districts of Scotland, that the sight for the first time, not only of these decayed remains of art, but of the grand and more imperishable features in nature, comes upon one with something like the effect of a revelation.

A special object with us in returning to Oban, was to visit the sinuosities of the Linnhe Loch as far as Lochell and the entrance to the Caledonian Canal; and this was happily accomplished by the Mountaineer in the space of a single day. What tourists have an opportunity of seeing in this accessible quarter, has been already hinted at—Glencoe, the scene of the unprompted and horrid massacre of the Macdonalds in 1692, being the chief. Of its historical interest and sublime physical features, a spot pre-eminentely deserving of a visit.

An impression left on the mind by a Hebridean excursion is, that the world generally is as little aware of the deeply interesting character of the scenery of the western islands and coasts, as of the comparative ease and inexpensiveness with which a pretty length-

A S C R E E W O F T A B A C C O .

Amidst the whirlwind of the late tobacco controversy, any statement irrespective of party, illustrative of that unfortunate nutriment would have been listened to by either side with impatience. Now that the storm has somewhat abated, all the smokers who are likely to be convinced are all having given up, almost adhesion to moral and medical authorities, and the rest being beyond the power of eloquence—a brief narration, having tobacco for its subject, may perhaps be borne. Being merely annals and impartial history, we say, the author of that celebrated tryst, entitled The Pipe-smoker's Fate, or the End of a Cigar, may appreciate the information we have to give him, equally with the wretch who may read it with a Havanna in his mouth.

We are tobacco-monarchs ourselves, and therefore open to the charge of prejudice if we took it in hand to give our own account of this matter; and we have accordingly selected the most sagacious-looking of the very oldest bundle of cigars we have in our possession, and requested him to narrate to the public his own story:

My ancestors first visited this country under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh; they were at that time foreigners, nor, indeed, are any of the thousands of us born and reared here, acknowledged to be sons of the soil up to this present writing. By a pleasant fiction of the tobacco-dealers, readily entered into by their agreeable patrons, we are supposed to be indigenous only to alien climes. As a matter of fact, we flourish almost everywhere. The American branch of our family is supposed to be the best—a word which signifies in that country, as in this, the richest. In Virginia, we are the crème de la crème, the weed of weeds. Next to that favoured region, perhaps Kentucky is entitled to make her proud boast of us. From Maryland we come with light bright faces, and are exceedingly esteemed in this country. Those of us who belong to South America differ much from their northern brethren. Brazil tobacco is a pretty short scion of the family tree, and is covered with the sands of the plains. That of Columbia is more tolerable, and of a fair complexion. German tobacco is a poor relation with which we are loath to own, with a most prolific growth—which poor relations always have—of dark-coloured leaves with little flavour.
mole-hills for twelve hours or so, and are then ready
for sale. Our leaf, cut without the central stalk, is
called filling tobacco; when cut with it, it is called
bud.
Different prices are caused by certain varieties, in
colour and flavour; and to produce these, we have
to sort, out of an original imported case.
Cigars are made from different kinds of tobacco:
Havana, Ceylon, and the West India Islands are,
most generally used. Each cigar consists of three
parts; the interior is composed of what is called
filiers, with leaves of leaf of every sort and kind:
this is surrounded by a tolerably large piece, which
yet is not so grand, as is made enough to form the
green and this last, selected for its beauty of appearance
and smoothness, is the mummy cloth which clothes
the whole. There is great difficulty in getting leaves
dressed itself well enough for this purpose; it is so
to look shabby and torn, and scarcely to serve. For
man leaves makes the narrowest and cheapest wrapper.
Both the inside and outside of a cigar are of some
made of materials varying as their price. A cigar
that sells for one shilling and sixpence is made
and out; one at twopence, of Cuban inside, and Ge-
man out; one at a penny, of German inside and set;
or, as some assert, of straw inside, and cabbage set;
but that has nothing to do with us.
When we come to our leaves, we have none
besides bestowed upon us than pickpockets: a great
deal of water, and a great many names, as the
say. Your twopenny cigar, for instance, is Wooded,
illas Haydée, alas Cabaños, alas Fragancia, alas
Marina, alas Cabañas, alas Tarquinio, alas
mean absolutely nothing. Boxes, brands, and labels
are all imitated, or made up by the junior clerks
of the Spanish dictionary.
Foreign cigars are rarely met with in any quan-
tity, the principal ones coming from the best foreign leaf. The foreign cigars
packed in hexagonal bundles of one hundred each.
Manilla cheroots have been analysed by an eminent
chemist, and proved to contain no opium—which
has been the heinous offence hierlito laid to the
charge of—there may be a claim of great danger
form than the cigar. The point of the latter is
made with considerable trouble, only to be bit
off and thrown away. Cheroots would be much
as good a material as are cigars, were there a
great demand for them. The cigar-makers had
out three or four hundred daily, and earn from one
two guineas a week. While they work at their desh
in the large establishments, to the number of thirty
forty in a room—one of them who work is some
done for him, is often accustomed to read aloud to
the rest. The employment of these human rolls is an
easy, ladylike enough, and might be practiced
instead of potichomania. Every fragment of us
is applied to some become perfectly
Scotch snuff, the Irishwoman’s ‘soft roe’ ground
very fine, sifted and scented (or not) with
different mixtures. Rappes snuff is our leaf powdered to a
powder grain—sifted, and watered, and scented with
roses. Roll-tobacco, used for ‘plugging,’ is made of
the richest Virginian, spun into different thicknesses
and pressed for months. There are far worse things
done with us in some places than those I have
been described; there is quite a Borgia system of power
administered to the British public, under pretext of
the pipe of peace. I am myself, however, in a respectable house. I am bound round with a spangled ribbon, like those worn by Spanish dancers, in company with ninety-eight of my fellows. The name of that at present enjoy is that of an *Imperial Lope Regalia*; but to-morrow I may be a *Nicholas*, and the next day an *Omar Pacha*. Tobacco for pipes comes to the consumer, as I have said, with but small profit to the dealer, but the cigar must be paid for—so that cadet of our family, Snuff, would say, 'through the nose.'

But, alas, alas, I am in the hands of a purchaser; it is well that my story is told; for my existence will be known to God, and then my ashes will be scattered on the winds.

THE FALSE DREAM.

Some time after Louis XVIII was restored to the throne of his ancestors, when the last of the emigrants had returned and set themselves up in the dilapidated *hôtel* of Paris and the still more ruinous châteaux of the country, with a large display of old crests and titles, and a great diminution of ancient state and style; when the Faubourg St Germain and its adherents firmly believed that the Bourbons were never more to be rooted up, but the régime would go on from one generation to another, and Charles to another, always maintaining etiquette and keeping down the people—the entire house of Courtois was thrown into confusion by two young persons, who insisted on getting married.

The house of Courtois belonged to the noblesse of Brittany. It was very numerous and very poor, with the exception of its venerated chief, a marquis of the twenty-three, who hate to lose. He was in the time of the Emperor, recovered all his own estates and part of somebody else's, married in regular succession three handsome dowries, were crape for the ladies who accompanied them, and was now a widower with no children. The marquis kept fast hold of all that came into his hands, and gave laws to the whole of his kindred. They knew he would die some day; and as most of their prospects depended on his testament, there was not a member of them who did not live in fear. They managed their houses, educated their children, they were married, and, it was said, born according to his commands. The number of the families that existed on the hope of his demise, and obtained consideration from their neighbours and credit from their tradesmen in consequence, may be imagined, from the popular assertion, that there was not a town or village in France destitute of a Courtois. Every one of them enjoyed a pedigree reaching from the first crusade; but, for the sake of ancient blood, it is to be lamented that not only fortune, but nature herself, had behaved in anything but a liberal manner to that noble house. It was a fact not less generally recognized than their numbers, that all the sons were stupid, and all the daughters plain; and the disposal of either was always a difficult business. The disturbing young persons above mentioned were striking exceptions to this thinly nècessité. The first was born at Bordeaux, and Adelise at Avignon. They were both orphans. Their relationship was that of cousins thirteen times removed. The gentleman's estate consisted of a ruinous building, half farm house and half château, which one of his ancestors had built for a hunting-lodge in Bas Brétagne; but the surrounding domain had diminished to some mètres of garden-ground: and the lady's dowry was old lace bequeathed to her by her grandmother. The whole house of Courtois had, nevertheless, formed high expectations of their future. Silvestre had taken so many honours at college, that his great uncle, who was confessor to one of the Duchesses de Berri's maids, promised to get something done for him if he went into the church; and Adelise came from the convent of St Clair such a pretty, graceful girl, that her cousin, the count of X, had staked something to enliven her large dreary hôtel in the Faubourg, and cheer up her very small parties, said she would introduce her to good society. Who knew but the girl might make a brilliant match, and the marquis might give her a dowry?

If there was ever the slightest probability of the latter event, it was rendered null and void by an unlucky meeting at mass in the Madeleine, where Silvestre saw Adelise, and Adelise saw Silvestre. Both remembered the past, and could not help regretting the abandonment and a love-making followed; and then, in spite of all good advices and every manner of warning, the pair would make a match of it. Of course the marquis was consulted by a family deputation, for he lived in strict retirement, at least in his relatives, though his house was never empty of company and cards. His decision was given in the course of a fortnight: that the young unmanagesables should be married with all convenient speed, supplied with two cheap suits each, and sent to live in their ancestral hunting-lodge in Brittany. These orders were carried into immediate execution. The lovers promised to pray for the marquis all their days, and went rejoicing, with the two cheap suits, to lead a life of Arcadian simplicity and unalloyed happiness, under the administration of old Jacquette, who had been Silvestre's nurse, and stewardess of the château and garden-ground, ever since he grew too tall for her management.

Their appointed residence was situated in a wild and solitary dell about a league from the village of St Amand. The country round was half marsh and half moorland; it had once been a forest, and in some spots there was still underwood enough for the wolf and wild-cat to bring up their families. The house had been a low square fabric, with four turrets; these were gone, and so was part of the roof. There were just four rooms habitable on the ground-floor, and three on the first, and one half-finished attic. Jacquette had inherited from her grandmother; but the arms of Courtois were still discoverable over its moss-grown entrance. There was a tradition that a robber had been hanged there by one of its ancient lords; so the whole country was proud of the place, and called it the Château St Amand. St Amand itself was one of the poorest and oldest-fashioned villages in all Brittany. Under the roofs of its timber cottages, the cows and the sheep, the hens and the family, all lived sociably together. The ground corn there with a handmill, and believed that the oven talked to each other every Christmas-eve. No physician or notary had ever looked for practice there; nor government had ever thought it worth while to appoint a _préfet_ or postmaster in that village. All its public affairs were managed by Father Martin; he had said mass in St Amand for thirty years, and so many changes of governors had occurred in that time, that the good man could never distinctly make out who had last come back to the Tailleurs; but nobody had ever known him to forget a fraction of his own dues. Under such temporal and spiritual direction, a Breton village might do very well without physician or notary, postmaster or _préfet_; but it could never do without a wise woman; and that important office was, by common consent, assigned to the stewardess of the château. Nobody knew her age; the more her
it with the red handkerchief which formed her only head-dress. Sun and wind had brought a naturally dark complexion to the identical tint of the russet woollen gown she wore invariably week-days and Sundays. Jacqueline's costume was not recherche, nor her beauty striking; but she was a robust, muscular woman, very active, very thirsty, generally good-humoured, and always proud of herself and her station. In one of its furnished rooms she had lived with her cow for the last ten years, keeping the other, which contained the floor of her grandmother's legend, religiously shut up against the coming of the young master; for it was her conviction that, when Silvestre made his fortune, or a great match in Paris, he would retire to his family seat and live like a Courtier. In the meantime, Jacqueline looked after her one cow and bit of garden-ground as the only estate she had to manage; and never were cow and garden turned to greater advantage. The good woman was accustomed to boast that she grew the strongest garlic, and had in the cabinet, the hardest cheese, in the commune. Certain it was that on the cow and garden lived, and contrived to save something—how much, no man was permitted to know—and that mystery, as usual, added importance to the subject. But though deep respect lived in this account, Jacqueline was still more venerated by the villagers for a faculty she had of dreaming. It was asserted even by Father Martin, that no event, public or private, had ever fallen out in the land, without information of it coming to her in dreams. For the rest, her country inhabited, and the people thus known to her somewhere between the setting and rising of the sun. The number of births, deaths, and marriages she had thus foretold, would have astonished anybody but a Bar Brestigre. The loss of cattle and sheep, the falling of harvests and sciences, and the success or misfortune, had been made known to her without measure. The young people of St Amand were accustomed to consult her regarding the prosperity of their love-affairs, the old about the probabilities of their harvests, and Father Martin himself held conferences with her in hard winters touching his Christmas dues.

To this gifted woman, her cow, her garden, and her one furnished room in that crumbling old house, came the newly married pair. Of all the relations, Jacqueline had been most disappointed and dignified at the match, particularly, it was thought, because she had received false information on the subject in some of her dreams, and predicted a charming bride and a surprising dowry for Silvestre. The honest woman scolded to the whole village till they arrived; then she did her best to make them welcome: opened the state-apartment, turned the cow into an empty one, worked early and late to make things go far enough for three, taught them all she knew of gardening and cow-management, and kept a sharp eye on their conduct, for Jacqueline knew they were but foolish young people. Count nor seigneur had resided in that neighbourhood for three hundred years; the villagers had, in consequence, an immense respect for nobility; and, as the young strangers were of the house of Courtis, did not wear sabots, and enjoyed the protection of Jacqueline, they were received with uncommon reverence at the church and market of St Amand. It was not a gay life on the village, a very promising one, but Silvestre and Adelise were in those years when prospects are of little account, and in that state of mind which makes people everything to each other. The young man had not been long enough in view of having something done for him, to miss that outlook and all its accomplishments. The girl had seen just sufficient of her cousin's good society to know that it regarded her as a young person brought home from the convent to be disposed of at pleasure. They had been poor and despised in Paris, it was better to be poor and revered in Brittany; so they lived contentedly under Jacqueline's government, shared her labours and her fun, and repeated to each other all the verses they could remember about the happiness of a quiet country-life, far from the cares of courts and the size of cities.

Things had proceeded in this fashion for about six months at the château St Amand, when no more of its roof had fallen in, nor had the cracks in its walls grown much wider, and there was very probability of its holding out for the rest of the season, as the winter storms were almost over at Easter at hand; yet her cow and two old cows astonished as they were to the good woman's eccentricities, must have been astonished one Saturday morning, for Jacqueline got up early and dressing, as if on only her own days, but those of the château had been numbered. The young people were not permitted to know it, but they could not help seeing that there was something wrong; she groaned over her spinning-wheel, she grieved to her garden spade, she passed it in the frying-pan, she cried out in the kitchen, and she admonished them to go and say their prayers. Not amazed than edified by these signs of affection, they naturally began to fear that Jacqueline's senses were giving her the slip; but, after mass next day, when they saw her今天的全部内容。
the tale which was not to be communicated even to Father Martin himself; and before the next Sunday, all St Amand were waiting for the château to be blown down or burned, in full accordance with the dream, and were also aware thatLazy Jules had determined to visit there no more. Of course, the state of the public mind at length reached the ears of the wise woman; and what she said on the occasion could not be understood. If it were true, and he, her ancestors, need not be recorded here, for Jacquette’s tongue was none of the smoothest when she had cause of wrath; but the scold was not fairly over till about three weeks after, when she was rouged one morning in the same way by a lad in his relations’ under door. The good woman’s heart died within her as Father Martin presented himself; but the priest’s countenance was full of joy and triumph.

‘Wake up your young master and mistress,’ he said, ‘for they will dance to hear, in spite of all your dreams. The old Marquis of Courtois is dead, and has left all his fortune to them.’

Father Martin never made a joke about money; it was too sacred in his eyes. Jacquette knew that; and scarcely was his tale told, till she was at the bedside of the sleeping pair, vigorously shaking them both, and crying: ‘Get up, get up; you’ll lie no more in my old grandmother’s bed, nor in garden-herbs; there’s silks and satins, horses and carriages for you; you’ll go to mass with two footmen behind, and be called my lord and my lady.’

After this roasting, it was some time before the young people could understand that Jacquette and her senses had not departed, and that the legacy for which the whole house of Courtois had done suit and service before they were born, was actually their own. The old marquis had died at last, and was to disgrace all his relations’ amanuensis, or to enrich the only promising members of the family, he had previously made his will in favour of Silverstre and Adelise, constituting them joint-heirs of all his possessions except the title, which descended to his heir-apparent, a lieutenant in the African Chasseurs, whom the noble marquis had cordially hated. The rage and disgrace of his numerous relatives when this testament was made public, may be imagined. They unanimously refused to accept it, and said they would have the château and all the glass and household goods, and it was debated among the pillars of the house in Paris, whether or not a commission of lunacy should not be had recourse to. Equally high rose the tide of public feeling at St Amand. It was feared that the widow Berthe and her son would drown themselves on the first announcement of the event; but they only set off for Upper Brétagne. Jacquette utterly lost her reputation for dreaming from that day; nobody would believe in any subsequent revelation she might get in her sleep; but the honest soul thanked God and all the saints; and it was glorious to hear her dilate on the new roof, the four turrets, and the general plastering the château would get when her young master and mistress came back from Paris in full possession of their great fortune, to keep their family coach, and buy up the whole country, with the right of hunting boars and hanging robbers, like their noble ancestors in the good old times. Away, and the walls were more set on fire in pursuit of their legacy. They had left that centre of civilisation under the cloud of a penniless marriage— they returned to it people of mark and consideration, protected by notaries, and envied by all their relations. As the complication of lunacy was not likely to be got, the latter transferred to them the homage they had been so long accustomed to the departed marquis. Once established in his hôtel, friends and advisers mul-
remembered that a great fortune had come to Jacquette's young master and mistress, in spite of her false dream.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

To say that hot weather has been the chief subject talked about, that it has taken the vivacity out of all other topics, except, perhaps, the noisomeness of the Thames, is to begin with a truism. As usual in extraordinary cases, Mr Glaisher and his brother meteorologists have been trying to find a parallel season, and they have had to go back forty years. Such extreme heat before mid-summer is indeed a rare phenomenon. As a consequence, rains almost tropical in character have fallen. In one of the storms, three inches of rain fell at Birmingham within twenty minutes. Hence we of the temperate zone have seen somewhat of the effects of great heat and moisture peculiar to the torrid zone.

The functionaries of the British Association have issued a monthly circular, to announce the meeting at Leeds for September next—22d to 29th—and to invite many, both Britons and foreigners, to the gathering, assuring them of amusement and comfort, as well as science. They promise a sight of manufactures, of interest, of railway, of works in progress; and so forth, attractive alike to the geologist and artist. If the invitation had only promised, besides, an entire absence of smoke, it would have been perfect.

With a view to foster their art, the Photographic Society are organising a scheme for the exchange of photographs among their members.—Photography is now brought into play for one of our social usages; and who would have supposed, instead of learning a card with their name, will henceforth leave a card on which their own portrait has been photographed in miniature. Likenesses instead of names; the notion is a good one; but will the select few who indulge in this luxury have a fresh portrait taken every year to insure a faithful likeness?

According to official returns, the quantity of paper charged with duty in this country in 1857 was 187,414,667 pounds, shewing a decrease from the former year. This falling off, it is said, would not have taken place but for the injurious and unfair operation of the paper-duty. Were this duty taken off, we should see a rapid development of ingenuity in the art of paper-making—materials which cannot now be worked up as a profit would then come into use, and many a languishing mill would revive into busy life. The government is not prepared to remove the tax; but the House of Commons have resolved that the duty on paper is 'impolitic,' so we may hope that in the course of next session the obnoxious impost will be repealed.

Mr Carrington of Redhill Observatory has drawn up a set of instructions for the guidance of astronomers who may travel to South America to observe the forthcoming eclipse of the sun. It has been suggested, that while one party observes on the east coast, and another on the west, a third should take observations from one of the elevations of the Andes, between the two. We hear that the United States government, now that the delusion about 'British outrages' has died away, intend to equip an expedition to follow up the discoveries made by the late Dr Kane within the Arctic Circle.—News from the Niger expedition reports that Dr Selkoe was at Zabba in good health and condition.—We have another instance of the intelligence of the New Zealanders in the establishment of the Port Nicholson Messenger, a newspaper printed in the native language for the benefit of the natives. Communications from natives in their own vernacular are frequent; and considering the advances they have made in other ways, we shall not be surprised to hear before long of their-press, printers, compositor, and publishers. At Cape Town, a new building has been erected for a library and museum; which affords satisfactory evidence that money-making does not, as has been said, supersede the whole intention of our brethren on the other side of the globe.

In a communication to the Statistical Society, a Public Works in India, Colonel Sykes recites certain popular misconceptions, and shews that much more has been done than is commonly supposed. Recent miles of road have been made in the Punjab states—the countries on both sides of the Indus—in Hazara—the Peshawar Valley, since 1855. A considerable proportion is, of course, roughish in quality; but a large proportion of the expenditure is on the railways. The Great Trunk-road from Calcutta to Delhi, 837 miles, is a good as any turnpike-road in England, and cut L495,100. The Great Deccan Road from Mysore to Naga Hills, L400 miles in length, cut L50,000. The Bombay to Agra, 785 miles. Four steamers and four flats ply on the Ganges, and on the Indus ten each. A line of what are called steam-trains is established on the river, to run between the towns of the Sital, or caverns, Kotree, and Mooltan, the terminus of the Punjab railway, each train to be capable of carrying a thousand men, or a proportionate burden of merchandise. The whole outlay for public works in 1854–55 was L2,293,000. Irrigation works are in progress; and where these are introduced, the land is fertilised, and the wealth of the empire increased. The Ganges Canal is to yield L1,60,000 a year of revenue. The value of water is great in a country where there is no rain falls the eighth month of the year; but, as Colonel Sykes observes, it is not all land that will bear a water-rate, and it is, moreover, quite a mistake to suppose that the bulk of the population in India lives upon rice, which, requiring a water-supply, has its cost so much enhanced above that of the plentiful panices and sorghums: as a general food, the consumption of rice is only general in the low districts of Bengal, oras, Madras, and Malabar.

The only thing this public works in India is a very different thing from what it is in this country, where all means and appliances are abundant. There the chief engineer must be ready with manual labour as well as mental labour; 'his resources are chiefly in himself, for he must be the only designer of the works, but the head-mason, the head-carpenter, the brick and lime-burner; in fact, the man of all detail, and of all general design.'

The Acclimatisation Society of Paris, having obtained a grant of fifteen hectares of land in the Bois de Boulogne, are about to establish a garden for the better carrying out of their various operations, which are to acclimatisise, multiply, and distribute minerals and vegetable species, either useful or ornamental. With this resource the society will be able to accomplish more than heretofore. As we have shewn from time to time, they have already done great things; they have introduced the yaks, with its wool, from France: a new species of yam, from the Andes; potatoes fresh from South America, to renovate the worm-infested stocks of Europe; the sweet sorgho, in the culture of which Southern Europe will become a sugar-producing country; the silk-worm of the castor-oil plant—Pamela Oliva, and with success, that the worm is now in its twenty-fifth brood, and is accustomed to feed on the leaves of the tassel; moreover, by careful management, the hatching
of the eggs is made to time with the growth of the teal leaves. This is a remarkable result, as the silk worm in question is a native of Algeria, where the warm temperature gives the silkworm skin a French Aid. Aided by French missionaries in different parts of the world, the Society has nearly succeeded in propagating the oak-silk worm in the open air, in countries where the climate is dry. And they have recently obtained a second species, which produces Chinese green, or green indigo, as it is sometimes called; which plants, it is said, will bear the winter of Paris. Other facts might be enumerated; but in these the Society fully demonstrate their claim to consideration.

This Chinese green will become a valuable addition to industrial resources, particularly for dyers. M. Rondot has written a book about it, entitled Notice du Vert de Chine, giving a clear history of that remarkable product and its properties. The book contains specimens of calico and silk dyed with the 'green,' and engravings of two plants, Rhamna vulgaris, and Rhamna chlorophora, from which it is derived. These plants are new to European cultivators; they are, however, allies of the Rhamna theacea, which has long been known as a tree from which the poorest class of Chinese pluck the leaves to use as a substitute for tea. The colour of the dyed silk is remarkably bright, a consequence of the alkaline climate which causes the increase in brilliance in the light. It contains, in fact, some immediate principle which can only be developed by light, and it is a nice task for chemists to discover what this is. Peraez says that it is used industrially as a 'green' for the production of green silk, and is used in manufacturing as an industrial agent; and of the Chinese green he remarks that it is sui generis, containing neither yellow nor blue. By experiments made at Lyon, it appears that six species of the European Rhamna will yield a green dye: all the others are to be tried.

Natural history has been somewhat popularised of late, and now another contrivance for promoting the study is put forward in the Butterfly Vivarium. Youthful students will doubtless derive as much pleasure and amusement from butterflies and moths as from fishes and water-snails. We have heard, too, of a Bryarium—a glass-case for moles—a description of which was communicated a short time since by the Rev. H. Higgins to the Linnean Society. He fills the case with soil, and keeps the plants in pots in proper soil, and waters them when needful by means of a syringe. Some of the pots require to be placed in trays of water. In this way a large collection of moles may be grown, and a little experience shows which kinds thrive best. Mr Higgins finds some species of Bryam very successful, and mentions the President as 'gims for cultivation.' A botanical subject reminds us that a veteran botanist, Mr Robert Brown, died last month, at the age of eighty-five. He was in many respects a remarkable man. As keeper of the Botanical Department in the British Museum, he continued his duties there within a few weeks of his decease, retaining his usual clearness of mind and lucidity of expression; and his sight was so good that he never wore spectacles. In him we have lost a link with the men of science of the past generation—John Edward Smith, the founder of the Linnean Society, Banks, and others.

Mr Clater has read a paper before the Linnean, in which he attempts to systematise a part of natural history in a way that will interest naturalists. Among the facts which he brings forward, he states that there are in the globe 7200 species of birds, and 6000 square miles of the globe's surface to each species.

The fourth volume of General Sabine's translation of Humboldt's Cosmos is published, or rather the first pages. It treats of the 'organic and inorganic domain;' coming down from the sidereal universe, where we can use only our eyes, to the earth, which we can examine and experiment on by our other senses and other means, and in which we are more interested. It sums up what is known of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism; of the density and ellipticity of the earth; of certain volcanic phenomena of the aurora; and a great deal more, and is a prodigious and power of generalisation as in the former volumes.

Apropos of volcanic phenomena, Sir Charles Lyell has read a paper before the Royal Society on lavas and the formation of Escorial. His recent visits to Sicily and Naples, and perseverance in further investigations while on the spot, have led him to conclusions opposed to those of Von Buch and Elie de Beaumont, who hold that volcanic craters are the result of upheaval. He regards them rather to the repeated outpourings of molten material which have built them up, so to speak, on the outside. With this the question is raised, and now geologists of both schools have only to argue it out to a true conclusion. Meanwhile, Vesuvius is proving once more the out new floods of lava, repeating phenomena which they may witness with their own eyes, and inform themselves by actual operations. Sir C. Lyell expresses surprise that so little should be known of the last eruption of 1872-75; and it is no longer notice taken of, considering its magnitude—the greatest for centuries. Where, on his former visit, he had seen verdant glens and forests, now all is obliterated, and for many a league the eye views nothing but ridges of black lava.

Some curious experiments have lately been made shewing the effects of electricity on thin jets of water. If an electrifier be held near a jet which forms a sheet-like stream on passing through an orifice, the dispersion occurs, and it becomes a single thread of water; but if the electrifier be brought yet nearer, then the drops are reproduced. Again, hold an electrified stick of sealing-wax at the top of a small column of water, and the cylindrical form will be unbroken; but shift the electrifier to the base, and the threads forms at once at the top of the jet. Mr Faraday shows that if a ball be placed on a flat metallic plate connected with a Grove's battery, it (the ball) sends off a stream of sparks as soon as the current is established, and runs rapidly around the plate.—De la Rive, in a letter to Mr Faraday, explains a method by which he produces an artificial aurora. Into a glass balloon, he introduces one end of a bar of soft iron, electrically connected with the necessary connections; he exhausting the air, and sends in a very small quantity of vapour of alcohol, ether, or turpentine, and then making a communication with a Ruhmkorff's coil, he gets an aurora on and around the end of the rod, which throws out luminous curvatures and rotates quickly. The direction of the rotation may be changed at pleasure. But for surprising effects produced by electrical discharges in a vacuum, Mr Gassiot's experiments, shown before the Royal Society, excite all other. He produces quantities of bands of light of surpassing beauty; and to demonstrate what further can be accomplished, he is making glass tubes for the vacancies of dimensions far exceeding any hitherto attempted for the purpose. Out of all this it is thought will derive some positive conclusions concerning the phenomena of aurora, besides other manifestations of electricity.

As regards a useful practical application of electricity, we hear that a manufacturing chemist in France, taking advantage of the sulphates thrown down by a battery in action, has produced 180,000 killogrammes of 'metallic white,' fit for house-painters, since 1835. 

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written a paper on the feeding of cattle, and presented it to the Royal Society, we may hope are long to be in the possession of sound, practical conclusions as the subject.

M. Gobley has made a careful analysis of each to determine how slow animals are formed, with a view to ascertain whether they really do contain a cure for these affections. His conclusions negative the belief that the carbonate of lime acts on the tubercle; there is nothing, he says, which makes it possible to excuse the constituents as exercising any specific action in maladies of the chest.'

PRECEDE IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

Having given a view of housekeeping three hundred years ago, we readily embrace an opportunity of now passing upon itself of saying a word on the observances of the time, as regards precedents. A rare black-letter book, to be found among Esay More's valuable collection in the Cambridge University Library called The Bokes of Kervey [Carving], W. de Worde, 1606-6, affords us a most interesting insight into the table etiquette of our ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It puts us also an additional proof of the falsity of the prevalent opinion as to the simple and patriarchal life of our forefathers of 'the good old times.' In part of fact, society was hampered with absurd conventionalities and cumbersome ceremonials, which are ceased to be in vogue with the reigns of the later Stuarts.

These relics of a quasi-obsolete feudalism, as regards the table arrangements, were still fully practised in the households of Elizabeth and the first James. We read that fully half an hour was occupied, she to be seated, to be laid for the royal repast, in entire at a few of court officials, usheras, marshals, chamberlains, and married and single ladies of honour, who each made a prostration or genuflection in turn on entering or retiring, either to imaginary majesty, which we not knew. As an instance particularly, they states the order in which our forefathers of the table were to sit, and, as was then, it seems, their duty.

The present article treats of that portion de Bokes of Kervey—a species of servant's manual of the time—which details the duties of the servants, and which we refer to in our previous article, combines the etiquette of precedence, as it existed. It even gives a tabular list of the ranks, and offices, which cannot but be found interesting.

Shenstone, a keen observer of the human mind, says, that there are no persons so punctilious as the preservation of rank, as those who have no rank at all, while the querulous assumption of the person's proversial; and when we recollect that nobility of Europe was an essentially practical to the breed or the breed, and that it was, as was then, its duty.

In our own day, the exclusive order has been ventilated; but we rather believe that the incredible member of the 'Upper Ten Thousand' would be surprised to hear, that in the three centuries a duke might not 'keep the hall, but estatage by themselves in chambers or in parlours' that is, that he could not eat in the public room, only in private with his own rank.

There are a few more things fully as interesting in the following extracts:

'The marshall and ye other must know as that..."
faution, violence, or intrigue having disposed of British kings in the very summary way peculiar to our early history, set up new despotisms on the throne, whose families, and even distant connections, must have been often surprised to have suddenly found themselves included in the 'ryall blood.' The marshals and 'sakers' of those days would have found such changes particularly perplexing to them occasionally, in the exercise of their somewhat onerous and responsible vocations.

### STORY OF A RURAL NATURALIST

This following truthful narrative exhibits, we think, a degree of devotion in the pursuit of science under difficulties which has rarely been paralleled.

There lives at present in Banff a journeyman shoemaker named Thomas Edwards. Ever since he can remember, Mr. Edwards has had a strong predilection for pursuits connected with natural history; more especially, he has devoted himself to making a collection of the land-shells of that section of Banff, as well as the productions of the neighbouring sea. In making this collection, he was engaged for eleven years. During five particular summers—between 1840 and 1845—when he was from about twenty-five to thirty years of age, he nightly passed only part of two nights each week in his own house—namely, from a little before twelve on Saturday night till late on Sunday morning; and again on Sabbath evening till near dawn on Monday morning. But even this latter portion of the night was necessarily passed dozing in a chair, or lying across his bed, having previously donned his working-clothes, so as to be prepared to start with the first peep of day. All this time Edwards was working from six in the morning till between eight and nine at night; his wages, with which he maintained a wife and a family of five daughters, being about twelve shillings a week. The other nights of the week, unless a storm prevented him, he slept out of doors in the woods with his gun, or by the sea-shore, or wherever he expected to find what he was in search of; but regularly he was at home for his work by six in the morning.

He used to sleep an hour, or so during the darkest part of the night, wherever he found shelter, if the rain was heavy, if possible under a tree, or such-like accommodation; if not, he did without shelter at all. By persevering thus, he made a collection numbering two thousand specimens. These, on certain fair days, he used to arrange for the town-sites—and expose for a small charge. Sometimes he made a pound or two this way. Unfortunately, he was advised, some years ago, to try an exhibition in Aberdeen. He paid a pound a week as rent for a shop in Union Street, and advertised liberally. The consequences were to him ruinous. In six weeks he was hopelessly in debt. A party of equestrians arrived in the town, and, to use Edward's own words, 'a few came to him after the performance, and said the birds were nearly as good as the horses—not so the mass. He commenced by charging sixpence, and ended by admitting visitors for a penny; but all was in vain.

Not having the means to pay the charges he had incurred, he advertised his collection for sale, and, after considerable negotiation, got L20 for it. This sum cleared him of Aberdeen, and brought him back to Banff, a saddler, if not a wiser man. For a while he was sorely discouraged; but, by and by, his old tastes returned, and although pursued now with moderated zeal—for exposure has not strengthened his constitution—Tom has again begun to collect specimens, has been appointed keeper of the local museum, which he has aided in bringing to high

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**ESTATES OF Y' LANDS**

The estates of ye landes, and ye highe estatte of ye kinge whilom ye bloude ryall, the estatte of a kinge, of a kinge son, a prince of a duke, of a marques, of an earle, of a bysshop, of a vyscounte, of a beroyn, of ye three chief judges, of a mayor of London, of a knightes batchouer, of a knightes desne, of ye archdeacon, of ye lordes of ye lyke, and others judges and y Baronets of ye peers of ye house of Countes (quenye, Callais), of a doctor devine, of a doctor of bothe ye lawes, of hym that hath beene mayor of London and sergente of ye lawes. The estatte of a master of the Chaunterie (and others worshipful drapers), and clerkes that be graduate, and al others order of chaste persons and prestes, worshipfull marchauntes and gentlemen—all these last may set at the squiers tabell.

It must have been something to have had 'esquire' tacked to one's name in those days. However, could the editor of the quaint old Boke of Krynge be brought to life, and could he stop one of our modern postmen, he would be as much astounded as scandalised. But thes estaties must be understood and knowe well of the bloude royall—for some lordes is of the bloude royall, and carouers of small livelhood. And some pore knightes is forsooth wedsed unto a ladye of ryall bloude; but she shall kepe the estatte of lordes bloude, and therefore yr bloude shall have yr reverence as before havo I sayde.

Also, ye marshal shall take haste bedside of ye byrthe, and next of ye lyne of ye bloude royall.

'Also, must he take bedside of the king his officers—of the chauneler, steeard, chamberian, tresurer, and comptrouiller.

Also, ye marshal shall take haste bedside of al straungers, and put them unto worshippe and reverence, for minde; and if that they do have good cheere, it is much to your soverayne his honour. Also ye marshall shall take good bedside if that the kinge do sende your soverayne annes message; and if that he sende a knighte, receave him lyke to a beroyn; and if that he do sende but a yeoman, see ye receave him lyke a squier; and if he sende but a groome, receave ye him lyke a yeoman. 'Mark that, it is no rebuke even unto a knight; that ye set a groome of ye kinges at his tabell.' Thus endeth the Boke of Servyce and Caryngye and Servinge, and al manery of offices [in his kinde] onto a pryncye, or ane otter [other] estatte, and al ye feesites in ye yeares.

It is amusing to remark, that all throughout this rare old tract, each servant— as in this case the usher or marshall, in our day known as grocer of the household—irrevocably styles his employer his 'sovereign.' The master may be a nobleman, however, as this quaint relic of the past sets forth on its title-page that its information is intended 'for the service of a prynce or ane otter estate.' In those days, but little two, marqueses, and earls were called 'princes.' This brief arrangement of titles of nobility was prevalent, indeed, for at least two centuries later; and we find that the profligate Buckingham is addressed, in one of the servile and fulsome dedications of the period, as 'The most High and Puissant Prince, the most Exalted and Noble Duke of Buckingham.' 4c.

That portion of the above extracts which speaks of some 'pore knyghte' married to a lady of the 'ryall
BARELY ANTICIPATED.

Dr. Caramus, in his work, entitled Of Credibility and Incredulity in Things Natural, Civil, and Divine, printed in the year 1688, speaks of one John Young, a 'horse-courser,' as follows:

'Whilst we were above, in the best room I had, and the servants in the kitchen by the fire; my son—the only I then had, or since have had; some twelve or thirteen years of age—comes in with his mastiff, which he was very fond of; as the mastiff was of him. John Young, to make himself and the company sport: "What will you say, sir," saith he, "if I make your dog, without touching of him, lie down, that he shall not stir?" Or to that effect: My son—for it was a mastiff of great strength and courage, which he was not a little proud of—defined him. He presently to pipe, and the mastiff, at a distance, to reed; which, when the boy saw, astonished and amazed, he began to cry out. But the man, fearing some disturbance in the house, changed his tune, or forbore further piping, I know not which, and the dog suddenly became as well and as vigorous as before. Of this I knew nothing, till the company was gone. Then a maid of the house observing that I much wondered at it, and wished I had seen it—"O master," said she, "do you wonder at it? This man doth it familiarly, and more than that, the fiercest horse or bull is that, if he speak but a word or two in their ears, they become presently tame, so that they may be led with a string; and he doth use to ride them in the sight of all people."

Dr. Caramus hears also, upon good authority, that 'this was some in company, and being in the mood, or to that effect, began to sing what he could do to any dog, were he never so great or so fierce. It happened that a tanner, who had a very fierce mastiff, who all the day was kept in chains or muzzled, was in the company, who presently—not without an oath, perseverance, it is too usual; good laws against it, and well executed, would well become a Christian commonwealth—offered to lay with him ten pounds, he would not do it to the said dog—that was, with any force or use of hands to lay him flat upon the ground, take him into his arms, and to lay him upon a table. Young happened to be so well furnished at that time, that he presently pulled out of his pocket— I think it was a tanner's account—ten pounds. The tanner accepts the money on both sides laid into the hands of some one of the company, and the time set. At time, to the no small admiration, certainly, of them that had not seen it before, but to the great astonishment, and greater indignation of him that had laid the wager, with a little piping the party did punctually perform what he had undertaken. But instead of the ten pounds he expected, being paid only with oaths and execrations, as a devil, a magician.'

Our author himself never sees any of these wonders performed, but he appears to be well convinced of them, and he is greatly impressed with Mr. John Young's own manner, who, 'earnestly looking upon him, begins a discourse, how all that creatures were made by God for the use of man, and to be subject unto him; and that if men did use their power rightly, any man might do what he did.'

COLOUR OF WINE.

The colour of wine is owing to the following causes:

If the skins of the grapes, or marce, are entirely excluded from the fermenting vat, a white wine is always obtained, the juice of almost all grapes, black and red, as well as green, being colorless. Champagne is made from a red grape, so deep in colour as to approach to black; and

Chambers's Journal.
FEATHERED MINNESINGERS.

There are two things for which I have a passion—wild-birds and wild-flowers; by which avowal let me not be understood to mean that I am insensible to the delicious aroma of conservatories, or the gorgeous bloom of parterres; much less that I have any rooted affection for the harpy-eagle, or entertain a special predilection for the serpent-eater. But I fear I must confess that I prefer a harebell to a cactus, and speedwell and forget-me-not to calceolarias; and no rajah lory or scarlet macaw need attempt to make up to me for the little wildings that, 'whether heard or not,' sing by myriads in the hedgerows, hiding in the scented clumps of the milky hawthorn, or shaking free its ruddy berries from the new-fallen snow.

Since the days when I gravely followed sparrows in my pinacle, with a handful of salt, the victim of an infamous nursery fraud relative to a caudal application thereof, I have been a devout bird-worshipper, loving with my whole heart, though perfectly innocent of scientific mysteries. My ornithological conclusions, at that time, however, were chiefly derived from the curious antediluvian specimens indigenous to a Noah's Ark, and the sparrows-allied to take place in those small murlaco enclosures which go in cities by the name of gardens.

The dove was my undoubted favourite, secretly, I believe, owing to its prerogative of olive-branch; and after this, my affections wavered between two chrome-yellow canaries and a very remarkable pure scarlet species—name unknown. There was no robin that at all came up to my preconceived ideas, formed upon the dear old ballad that has immortalised the bonny bird—no modern version, plastered with proxy incident, or hammered out into smooth and polished rhyme, till its pathos and its raciness are lost, but the real lifting lines that are so inexpressibly sweet and touching. Children who have read the original, scoff at Babes in the Wood in prose. I suppose I may have been six years old, and the book has long been dust; but do I not remember the thin oecno, grecious as an Elzavir, with its limp, shining cover of pale green, and leaves of burnished satin; the clear type, speaking from the glossy page; the soft wood-cuts, infrequent, perhaps, but each one honoured with a separate leaf, and its own excerpted legend, and carefully protected from the ravages of the unwary by a dainty film of pink paper? We are not so prodigal of margin and letter-press now.

The Death and Burial of Cock Robin, a legend of a very different stamp, unveiled new marvels of birdlore, infusing martial armour by the very abruptness of its initial question and answer, and the haughty apparitions of the audacious criminal, bow and arrow in hand, on the title-page. The catechetical plan of this startling drama is highly original, and the excited spectator is introduced to a wide field of ornithological inquiry, not to mention the edifying episodes of the fish and the beetle, and the rather anomalous introduction of the bull as bell-ringer. How the fish obtained possession of that most terrestrial-looking dish, used to be to me a serious mystery, rousing painful misgivings as to the individual honesty of the benevolent blood-catcher, and involving deep speculations on the subject of fish-potters and their possible connection with potted fish. The beetle's undertaking capacities were more admissible; but I always considered the owl's feat of sextonship as the nota plus ultra of legendarium. Why the lark so strenuously insisted on the obeques taking place by daylight, I never could understand, since she made it a point of honour that she was to carry a torch on the occasion; but I rather contemptuously concluded that she must have been afraid of ghosts, and suffered the matter to drop. Of course, I had not the remotest suspicion of any base, underhand doings between rhyme and reason. But all honour to these good old nursery classics! I would give a whole wagon-load of modern importations for Jack and the Beanstalk, Cinderella, Cock Robin, and the History of an Apple-pie—which last, by the way, forms the most admirable system of baby mnemonics, and whose most illogical sequences I now gratefully acknowledge, for they taught me the alphabet.

'One swallow does not make a summer,' says the ancient adage; and yet when we see the beautiful darting creature careering swiftly in the pale April skies, we are apt to ignore the wary old saw, though the hedges are sprouting very timidly, and the morning primroses are still cold with frost, and the hoary dew lies white upon the dead bee-chleaves till the sun is hot, and hardly a tree but the larch and the sycamore is green, and the snow-clouds are perhaps hovering ominously upon the sky-line. We cannot, it is true, take up the full burden of the quaint old English song—

Summer is yornen in,
Loud sing cuckoo,
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new;

but there rise to our lips the words of a yet older refrain, that 'the winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come.' We must, indeed, make up our minds to wait for the helicon days when the life of the little lovers is nothing but a gush of song;
when, from dawn to twilight, the ear vainly listens for a break or a hush in the ‘fast thick warble’; but even now, many a winged minstrel is piping music by succrets; and the faithful trial of voices that cheered me green wood; but all is hushed; the sun is already morgan. In a fuller chorus: the brave sweet robin, the daisy of birds; the little wren, chirping softly by her ‘ain fireside’, as she looked out at the dripping snow; and the stormcock, or misell-thrush, whose cheery whistle was heard among the loud black winds that swept howling through the rowan-trees, and stripped the branches of their scarlet fruit.

The robin and the wren are among the sacred birds of England. This is the old chint current among the peasantries of Warwickshire, who make their children learn it with all reverence:

The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty’s cook and hen;
The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty’s bow and arrow.

This feeling with regard to the redbreast is perhaps connected with the pretty legend—one of those harmless and suggestive superstitions which extend to certain of the dumb creation an indirect interest in the higher mysteries of the universe; and which, scattered among the more questionable traditions of the Romish Church, certainly tended to humanise the manners and bring the things which had life within the limit of a catholic blessing, and casting over the birds and the flowers the beautiful shadow of Christianity.

As in the German myth of the crossbill, a place is claimed for the robin among the Josephs and the Magdalenes, who were not contented with standing ‘far off’ the day that the sun was darkened. It is said the fearless little mourner flew straight against the heart that had just been pierced by the soldier’s spear, and was bidden to wear his redly plumes for ever.

Of course, robin is a favourite with the poets. Thomson draws him tapping at the frosty window, and boldly picking up his morning crumbs; Keats hears him ‘whistling from a garden croft’, when the swallows are gathering in the autumn skies; Gray’s robin ‘builds and warbles’ among the churchyard violets; Wordsworth’s chases the crimson butterfly; Collins pictures him still at his legendary toil, heaping up moss and flowers in the warm summer evenings, and wandering through the alder trees except the loosened icicle that drops in the winter noon into the rustling leaves at his feet, and the short, broken song of the robin, perched in a gleam of frosty sunshine among the rimy branches. The affectionate and confiding nature of this little bird wins him a way everywhere. He is capable of strong personal attachment; and one of his most winning attributes is a strange rapport, which he has not seldom evinced towards the sick and the infirm.

Wordsworth has a pretty sonnet to a wild redbreast that pecked confidingly from his lips in Rydal woods; and he tells of another which took up his nightly abode in the chamber of one entirely confined to a sick-bed. Roosting there upon a picture-nail, he constituted himself the delegate of the countless warblers from whose songs she was shut out; and his cheery matins broke forth with the returning dawn, sweet and clear as if he was nestled beneath the stars in the white clouds on which the green mist descended. We know he displayed a similar instinct, emboldened, it would seem, by the presence of sickness; and which in the fresh summer mornings would enter unbidden at the open window, take his welcome for granted, fly with little sliding thinness upon the bed, and take his breakfast under the very eye of the invalid. The robin builds a neat and unperturbing nest, rather brown than green, and generally contrived so as to elude observation. An anecdote is preserved of one who made a little autumn eyry in the shades of the war-ships which was building at Chatham to come mountebank. It was determined to proceed un molested, and the little patriot actually laid the first of six eggs on the 21st of October, the anniversary of the battle—quite unmoved by the presence of the hundred guns, whose sleeping thunders was destined to wake by an in the sea the name of England and the memory of Nelson.

But ‘the wren, the wren, the king of all birds’ bears off the palm in nest-making. Fabulous is that alone of the whole feathered race had patience to conclude her studies in architecture; and she certainly presents the most finished specimens of patience and perseverance. The tiny moss-hose, roofed over from the rain, appears hardly large enough to accommodate the diminutive owner; yet it affords a cradle to near a score of wrenlets; and during the leafy summer the wren alone can fill literally the pretty line of the American poet,

The little bird sits at his door in the sun;

so in the darker days, when the infant brood is fledged, and the leaves are blown from the shivering boughs, the parent bird returns with faithful love to its summer home, and, hidden in its mossy porch, sings at its musings the mighty messages turned on assurance to proceed un molested, and the little patriot actually laid the first of six eggs on the 21st of October, the anniversary of the battle—quite unmoved by the presence of the hundred guns, whose sleeping thunders was destined to wake by an in the sea the name of England and the memory of Nelson.

Nor is the wren without his proper legends. In Ireland and in Germany, the story goes he is crept unperceived on to the outstretched wings of the eagle, when the birds were flying high for a kingdom; how he had flown by an in the sea the name of England and the memory of Nelson.

Faddly, however, has private reasons of his own for paying homage to his little majesty, who is said, during the commotions of one of the civil wars, to have awakened a sleeping sentinel by tapping him with his beak upon a common drum, and by his timely admonition, to have saved a party of rebels from impending destruction. The Munster boys still drink to his health and happiness on St. Stephen’s Day, and think him worthy of being ranked with the gods of the Capitol: and so he is.

But the wren’s greatest glory is in his skill and ability to build his nest, which he is often able to do with a green leaf, in the space of a minute, and in any climate. The nest is the regular golden-crowned wren. This fairy ‘kinglet’—as he is sometimes called—is not more than three inches long in his feathers; but this is only the dress standard; for those who have studied him in Paris parks, ayer that his actual length is somewhere about an inch. He sits with his tiny queen among the past oaks and elms, like an autumn leaf, or a swallow-tailed butterfly; and here, with a slender cordage of moss and down, they string their nest, sometimes a salicel fashion, from a bough, and bring out a numerous progeny of crested stumps—more like buzzers birds—to swing in turn upon the swaying branches, and creep among the sunny leaves.

Lower down, upon the same tree, fixed, perhaps, in some young bough that has sprouted from a bough in the elm, or hidden in the brier-rose that is winding round the roots of the oak, is the beautiful nest of the cliff-nest. No one who has not seen a spider’s nest, knows what a bird can do. The delicate cup, unspotted with line, but fresh as the dew on the spider’s web. It resembles an exquisite bowl of frosted ice, within which lie the fawn-coloured eggs, flecked with irregular purple stains. The cliff-nest, like the West Indian humming-bird, makes use of the cobweb, which is woven by a spider one upon another, each of the spider that it stitches the mossy thatch to its fibrous walls. It commonly stations the larger forest trees.
and chooses a box, a juniper, or an apple-tree in the garden, a furze-bush or a bramble by the roadside, to shelter the callow nestlings that come blind and helpless from the shell. The bird does not sing in winter, for its voice breaks entirely, and nothing but the lost song of its summer melody but a shrill cry of terror or defiance. Yet it does not leave its familiar haunts; and its well-known form may still be seen, with wings of ashly blue, and a breast paler than the snow, as it darts with quick and sparkling eye a worm or a barley-corn in the brown stubble-field; or roots out with its azure bill the soft golden heart of the scarlet dog-hip.

In Thrangis, that ancient home of the troubadours, the chaffinch is so highly esteemed, that a large price may be obtained for one by those who make merchandise of the 'feathered minneisiers;' but in some of the continental countries, this lovely little bird is the victim of a barbarism so cruel and dastardly as almost to exceed belief. With the avowed purpose of improving the wild forest music that it has of nature's gift, its hazel eyes are burned and seared away with red-hot iron, and it is condemned to bear its pretty wings for ever in a wooden cage of some few inches square. Here, in its blinded and bloodless capacity, it sings, and sings, as if it was mad with joy; its wild glad music bursting in piteous frenzy up the warm sunbeams that creep through the grating of its narrow prison, past the mute, merciful sky, till it rings the ears of Him who, and the land and heavens of heaven, hears the young ravens cry; and who, thronged among worshipping angels, numbers the sparrows as they fall.

Honourable mention must be made of the goldfinch, the most beautiful of all the finch family, and the perfect model of 'buddy and swarte,' the 'Arachne of the grove.' This gentle and lady-like bird is extremely sociable in its disposition, rarely not only to be at peace with all the world, but even to attach itself to a cage-life with happy docility. It has not the slightest objection to practise under a singing-master, and can soon be taught to echo in its soft flute-like tones the louder strains of a professional wood-lark or canary. But fascinating as the little creature may be in his civilised state, go with old Chaucer into the Saxon fairyland; and with feet crushing the glittering dew, seek him out among the broad branches of the hushed, sunny trees, the charmed, the silence, the freshness of that golden summer morning, which, caught by a sunbeam, lives for ever in that ancient heirophant, *The Flours and the Leafe*:

And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye,
I was ware of the fairest medler tre
That ever yet in all my life I se,
As full of blosoms as it might be;
Therein a goldfinch lying prettily,
Fro bought to bought, and, as he list, he ete
Here and there of buddis and floweris swete.

And at the last the bird began to sing
(When he had etin what he etin wold),
So passing sweetly, that, by many fold,
It was more pleasant than I outh devise.

And again, at evening:

The goldfinch, eke, that fro the medler tre
Was fled, for hete, unto the bushis cold,
Unto the lady of the flouris gan fie,
And on his hous he set him, as he wold,
And pleasant his wingis gan to fold.

The bullfinch, a native of England, but much more common in Germany, is quite as fond of 'buddy and flourish' as the hero of the medlar-tree. He is, moreover, quite as amenable, much more sagacious, and will readily exchange his wild-wood warble for human ditties, which he learns to whistle with a sweetness and correctness truly astonishing. The little tricks and devices to which he can be trained add to the attractions of the piping bullfinch. He is likewise capable of the most artistic personal attachment, the most violent hatred, is easily ruled by his affections, and is possessed of a memory wonderfully acute and retentive. The following passages are from the life of a pet bullfinch, now departed, who, if he had been born a Douglas, might have carried the scutcheon, 'Tender and true.' He had conceived, from the first, a passionate and instinctive affection for his master, which he evinced on all occasions by the most winning ways, and tokens the most intelligent and unmistakable. A soft whistle from the well-known voice would bring him fluttering to the side of his cage, where he would lay his little velvety head against the brazen wires, rubbing it caressingly on his master's cheek, pecking food from his lips with his bright ebony beak, and sending forth the whole time, from his rosy breast, a low chirrup of deep joy. His rooted antipathy to another member of the family was equally striking; and as there was no ostensible ground for his hatred, every effort was made to arrive at an understanding; but both emotions stood the test of flatery, cajolery, and coercion. In vain the enemy assumed friendly tactics, made humiliating advances, and offered ambrosial fare and emerald robes. The bullfinch, on the other hand, contented every one to himself the citadel of honour by a nefarious system of sapping and mining, and then to take the fortress by storm. 'Unshaken, unseized, unextracted, his fidelity he kept;' and not only never wavered in his allegiance, but died with an equivocal token, the rising choler of the foe. At last, during the absence of his owner, by a most unjustifiable treachery of that ancient fraud by which Jacob imposed himself upon his blind father, the little hero was cheated into a momentary acceptance of the hostile advances. Arrayed in stolen raiment, his features hidden by a large green shade—the well-known signal of the beloved presence—the wily masker softly approached his face to the bars; and after enjoying for a few moments the wicked satisfaction of the fond twitter of recognition that was meant for another, suddenly withdrew the visor, and revealed his identity to the deluded little Isaac, who nearly broke his heart upon the spot with wild and bitter rage. But Bully was quite beyond all that; he had not till a full month had elapsed that the absentee returned, and then without any previous intimation; so that nothing could possibly have transpired to awaken the expectations of the sagacious little bird.

He had betaken himself to bed as usual, at sunset after the manner of all well-ordered 'foulis,' and was roosting peacefully when the parlour clock chimed ten, with his little black night-cap under his wing. Suddenly the outer bell began to peal, and 'letting fly' the sound, the creature started on his perch, and began to move his head from side to side with an uncertain and attentive gesture, which quickly became impatient and eager. Every moment increased his flutter; his feathers were ruffled, his eyes danced, his motion bespoke expectation. A step sounded at the door; he became more and more excited, and began to creep and whistle. The little faithful thing was not deceived; and when his anticipations were realised, and his master actually opened the room door, he burst out into a pretty wings, struggled against the bars, and poured forth such a flood of joy and welcome as Blondel rang from his minstrel harp when he found his minnesinger king. Alas for the gallant little hero! Not long after, a hateful cat, ripe for blood and murder, made her way to his defenceless prison; and dashing himself in his wild terror against the wires, her cruel claws choked out his innocent life. It is a pitiful consolation
to add, that his tiny corpus was rescued unprofaned
out from the clutches of the destroyer.

Let us hasten away from these poor little unfortu-
nates, out into the free blue air, where the sky is
filled with the warble of swallows, and God’s sunlit
discovery of their beauty: the scene is where the swallows
wheel onwards and upwards for ever; when
the house-swallow cater, open-mouthed, for her young;
and the marten hangs with clinging feet to its nest on
the face of the sea-cliff, and the bank-swallows creep
into the hollows of the trees. So long as there was life
in the captive swallow; for over this beautiful bird there
rests an almost universal aegis, a feeling of veneration
something akin to that which is so magically woven
into the Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Nor can one
wonder at the innocent superstition that hallowes the
‘prophet of the year.’ All glad instincts are awak-
ened by the reappearance of the little Ariel who is
chasing spring for ever round the world, himself the
living sapphire that girdles earth with a diadem. So, if
the lightning itself is more rapid than that darter wing,
which fascinates the eye by its wonderful grace
and velocity, as it wheels its ceaseless and untrilling
flight from the deep sunrise, when it bathes in the
dark purple of a night’s home of the morning-as with
the last golden tinge has faded and rippled from
the edge of the western sky, and it is sheathed in the
trembling silver of night. One of Shelley’s most
exquisite stanzas to the skylark would apply with
even greater felicity to the swallow:

In the golden lightning
Of the sunset sun,
O’er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost fast and run,
Like an unbounded joy whose race is just begun.

Has anybody ever seen a Pre-Raphaelite swallow? Would Mr Millais ask this one to sit for its picture
in the sun? We hope not. What sort of a hybrid, compound reflecting micro-telescope does he use in
drawing his perspectives? Not the little ‘winged seraph’ for one moment into your hands, and observe
how passingly beautiful he is. Stroke the sleeky
purple of his slender wings, note the soft scarlet of
his sobbing throat, feel the warm panting of his snowy
breast, meet the quick terror of his pleading eye, and
then let the ‘musical cherub’ away. You will from
henceforth be able to form your own conclusions on the
pros and cons. The spirit and the letter, to put
your own sense, comment, and interpretation on the
literally, grammatically, possible, and intrinsic philo-
sophy of at least one old English proverb: ‘A bird in
the hand is worth two in the bush.’

For house-sparrows, it must be owned, we have
no especial favour. They are greedy, and noisy,
and impudent—lazy withal, when it serves their
purpose. Still, as we have no desire to lay our-
selves open to the charge of partiality, we must
acknowledge that if the sparrow occupied a furnished resi-
dence than to build one, provided they could sit rent-
free, established themselves very comfortably and
unceremoniously in the last year’s nest of a couple of
residences of elderly swallow, which had not yet
returned from the continent. The owners, on arriv-
ing at home, found their desirable family mansion
taken by the intruders; but, apparently satisfied that
possessed nine points of the law, they gracefully
waited the tenth, and retreated before the reignign
power. But when the sparrows were laughing in
their sleeves at the discomfiture of the houseless pair,
the swallows were laying deep and deadly plans of
vengeance. Days passed on. The little nature
sobered down as she brooded over her eggs, and her
mate watched with proud importance for the instant
that were to fill his quiver. At least the young birds
chipped the shell, and of course there was immediate
hunger. So they were back in the shanty and the
doors. Suddenly there was not only hunger and
departed to procure the initiatory breakfast; at
the swallows, I am sorry to say, chose this interrupting
moment for their coup de main. Flying pelican in
their decorated habitation, they gave the poor little
mother a kiss, and then, all together, they flew out
both come, and having the necessary bricklaying
apparatus close at hand, they walled her up with her
helpless brood as sternly as if they had been masts of
the middle ages.

The monks, however, if their own credentials
are to be taken for gospel, kept their swallows in better
order. The swallows were mild and gentle under the
regime of Holy Church. St Francis of Paula, accord-
ing to the Golden Legend, was quite a bird-enthusiast.
‘A bird sat singing on a fig-tree by the side of his
chapel. He called it to him; the bird came upon his
hand, and he said to it: “Sing, my sister, and praise
the Lord,” and the bird sat singing till he gave it
liberty to go away. Going to Venice with his com-
panions, and hearing birds singing in a grove, he
proposed to sing the canonical hours, but the monks
could not hear themselves, for the chancers of the
grove, wherefore he entreated the feathered choir
to be alienated, and they remained so till he gave them
liberty to proceed. At another place when he was
preaching, he could not be heard for the swallows
which were building their nests: he said to them:
“Sister swallows, it is time for me to sleep,” and
you’ve heard enough, be quiet.” And so he went on.

We might go on and on for ever; it would still be
a story without an end. We might tell of the gentle
hedge-sparrow, which sings so sweetly in the first
days of spring, when the mornings are still frosty,
and a bird’s voice rings on the air like a bell. Beneath
the thorn is green enough to hide its early nest, we
might look into the leafless hedge for the blue eggs
that lie gleaming there like jewels, and not so
wiser! as Alfred’s golden bracelets. We might send
by the door for laurel to listen to the sweet morning
hymn, and hear the mavis answer him from the
orchard, and the skylark, as she drops into her nest.
We might dive into a hollow tree for the eggs of the
blue titmouse, that beautiful and mischievous little
vixen, who will bite if she is in the least cross, and
probably creating a panic at the bee-hive, by tapping
mysteriously at the door, and eating the bees when
they come to see what is the matter. We might pay
on to the great dark moor, where the morning air
still hangs like a veil of steam, and hear the pale
domestic linnets singing by hundreds in the sweet
yellow gorse. We might pause in the deeps of the
forest, to listen to the dim voice of the stock-dove,
among the sweet breath of pines, and the wild
leaves, in the still presence of autumn. We might
steal into some grassy dell when the cowslips were
saleep, and watch for the nightingale’s midnight
lyric.

But before taking leave of our feathered minis-
singers, one word must be given to the pleasant
memory of that good troubadour, Walter of the
Birdmeadow, whose dying bequest to his fellow-
musicians is the theme of one of those quaint and
pretty ballads in which the poet Longfellow emu-
lated the tender minstrelsy with his Lyrical
Waltzer von der Vogelweide was a minstrel from
his cradle. He lost his first patron, the son of the
Emperor Leopold, in Coeur de Lion’s crusade, when
he was but a child of seven; and from that time
forward his life was that of a wanderer. He said he
had learned his songs of the birds; and he was ever
for a device upon his shield. His lays were generally
of a grave and gentle cast, and his name calls up the shades of birds and flowers. After a pure and peaceful life, he was laid to rest in the cloister of Würzburg Cathedral. In gratitude to the singing-birds, which he always regarded as his teachers, he left in his last will an order that they should be fed daily at noon by the chorister-boys, beneath the tree which shadowed his tomb. A niggardly abbot at last, it would seem, mulcted the pretty pensioners of their dole; the 'Deus itus miserere' has crumbled away with the rest of the monkish epitaph; and the children of the choir no longer know the spot where the voice of the minnesinger sleeps.

But around the vast cathedral
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A FIGHTING-MAN.

Some two months ago, I was walking up and down the Lime Street station at Liverpool, in company with a friend, waiting the departure of the evening mail, by which we aimed at reaching London the next morning. Having waited but a few minutes to the time, we selected a compart-

ment in a second-class carriage; but before we could enter, we had to wait some little time to allow of the egress of two or three of the porters, who were descending the steps. They were already seated, while sundry other porters were clustered round the carriage-door, peeping in with looks of admiring curiosity.

Surely, thought I, we are to have distinguished passengers. Who can they be? Are they the Siamese ambassadors—who were then daily expected. There were to have been two of them, one from each of the kings. No; it is second class; it cannot possibly be they. Could it be Spurgeon and one of his deacons 'doing it cheap'? No; hardly likely. So we entered the carriage with doubt and curiosity.

At the further end of the carriage, with his back to the engine, sat a man, whose closely clipped hair, bullet head, and broken nose, plainly told me what his profession was. Facing me, on the opposite side, sat his companion, a person of much more proposs-

essing appearance and manners. A glance convinced me that they were both prize-fighters.

Now one of the most remarkable things about a prize-fighter's head was bullet-shaped, is very much to malign that pro-

cuticle; for surely no piece of metal shaped as that head was, by any possibility, be got down a gun-barrel; or even suppose it to be once down, could any known means ever get it up again. No geometrical term with which I am acquainted could possibly convey any idea of that head. It was not a decahedron, and it was not a dodecahedron; and its only claim to the title of an 'oblate spheroid' would arise from the fact of its being flattened at the pole.

My friend glanced at me, and I at him.

They were literally, and figuratively, 'ugly customers;' and I secretly hoped that they would not again in my sight bring their art upon us. However, I soon found that there was no cause for alarm on this head, for the 'spheroid' was very soon in a slumbering, passive state; and as I am naturally rather partial to eliciting information from peculiar characters, such as one does not meet with in the daily walks of life, I very soon got into conversa-
tion with my opposite neighbour, whom, despite his profession, I found to be a very polite, I had almost said gentlemanlike man. He spoke in that peculiar tone of assumption common to most Londoners, and I soon learned that his name was —— say, Jones; that he was a prize-fighter; that he had fought seven prize-battles, and had never yet been beaten; that he held himself liable to be challenged by any man alive, no matter who, or what the amount of the stakes; that, at that moment, he was acting as 'trainer,' or professional tutor, to his compa-
nion 'George,' as he called him; that they were just returning from 'George's' first prize-fight, which had come off three days before in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; that his adversary's title to the honours of victory was open to dispute, there being reason to suspect foul-play and bribery, and that it had there-

fore been decided that the battle should be fought over again.

All this information led on, of course, to further conversation; and on my making some remarks as to 'George's' present personal appearance, he assured me that he was very decent-looking now, compared with what he had been two days previously; for then his head was just double its present size, and that he had brought it down to its present dimensions by the copious external application of castor-oil, and that in a few days' time he would look quite respectable.

I thought to myself that his ideas of respectability must certainly differ very much from my own; for, glancing at the man before me, I was much inclined to doubt whether all the castor-oil in creation, let it be ever so 'cold drawn,' could possibly impress the stamp of respectability upon it. But as I considered that tastes differ, and that it was not for me to set up my own as a standard, I did not dispute his statement, but led him on to further conversation.

He informed me that in early life he had been a carter or drayman in London, and that he had never but once come into conflict with the authorities, and that occurred when he was pursuing the comparatively peaceful calling before named. It appears that he had a difficulty, as brother Jonathan would express it, with a turnpike-man, relative to an alleged act of extortion on the part of the latter.

In writing the biography of all great men, it is customary to relate anecdotes of their early life, to serve as a foreshadowing of what their future developments were expected to be. So in the case in question, the latent fire of that genius which in after years was to shine forth so brilliantly, flashed out gloriously on this occasion. In his own expressive language, he 'jammed his cart, squared at the man, and gave him one for his knuckle.'

He was about to resume his seat, with the pleasing consciousness of having resisted oppression, and done his duty like an Englishman, when he was suddenly seized by two myrmidons of the law, was brought up on a charge of assault and battery, for which he got certain days in durance vile, and then returned to the bosom of that society he was afterwards so much to adorn—a wiser and a sadder man.

This appears to have been the turning-point in his life: disgusted with the commercial pursuits for which he felt that he was in no way adapted, he entered into his present profession, which he appeared to have followed with that success which invariably attends perseverance and assiduity.

His conversation was marked by a somewhat desultory nature, I found great difficulty in getting at anything like a consecutive account of his life; but from his various remarks, I gathered that he had worked very hard at his profession.

His first introduction to his companion, George, struck me as having some claims to the credit of originality, to say the very least of it. He said that George was brought to his house by a mutual friend, with a request that he (Jones) would take him in hand. 'I rather liked his looks,' so I up with my fist and hit him a blow on his nose; upon this, George began to "shew fight" in good style; so, seeing
him to be "gamey." I undertook to train him, and make the best I could of him.'

On my making some remarks about George, and what his future prospects were, he replied that he could hardly make up his mind as to how he would be likely to turn out. Tapping his own forehead, he remarked that 'George was rather soft there'—"that he had no head," and that a fighting-man should have a 'good head,' so as to know when to take a 'liberty'—that the success of a fight often depended as much upon the head as the feet; and that though George was the 'gameyest' fellow going, he was fearful that was that want of head, and the need for drink, would prevent his rising to the dazzling height attained by some others of his profession.

It was, he maintained, a strong argument in favour of teetotalism, by saying that although he kept a public-house in London, he never drank anything when going through the fatiguing operation of training, and very little upon any other occasion, except upon the very rarest of the present kind; and he instanced it as a proof of the great goodness of their Liverpool friends, that he had been kept in a state of partial inebriation for nearly six days without its costing him a penny.

On the occasion of his first visit to Liverpool, and he expressed himself much pleased with the kindness they had received, and likewise with the general urbanity of the police authorities in that town, who had never once molested them during the engagement. He was a teetotal man himself; and was happy even to have seen saved money. He replied that it was quite impossible.

When a man had been fortunate, he was made a good deal of by his companions, who kept him in a constant whirl of drunken excitement until his money was all gone. Then he got up early and saved money, which he could not possibly pay, for the trade expenses alone amounted to over L30; the principal items of which he enumerated, one of them, I remember, consisting of a 'trainer at L3 a week, and his keep for seven weeks at least. Only fancy letting one's self out to be punched and hammered at a prize-fighter day by day for seven long weeks! For the trainer's office consists of a series of daily encounters with the trainer, so that they may be in good practice when he comes before the public.

He intimated to me that, however much I might be fascinated by the outward show and glitter of their kind of life, it was in reality a very hard one, at least until a man had obtained a position; and that nothing but the excitement of popular applause, and having a public reputation to keep unsullied, could possibly carry them through it.

I have often remarked, in all public professions, the great amount of brotherly feeling that pervades the whole body. See with what generosity and willingness authors, actors, and musicians come forward to the aid of a needy brother—by benefits at theatres, by public readings, by concerts, and similar means. And the same feeling extends, strange as it may seem, even to the profession in question, as the following instance will shew; and in spite of the horrid and revolting circumstances attending the affair, it yet shone like a streak of sunlight through the awful moral darkness—a proof to my mind that, let a man debase and brutalise himself to the lowest possible point, he cannot entirely eradicate his manhood; that now and then it will flash up and reclaim its lost throne, let the reign be ever so short.

My companion casually inquired whether I was acquainted with Ede. I replied that I had not that pleasure, and, moreover, that I was never at a prizefight in my life. At first, he seemed not disposed to believe me; but on my assuming him that such was really the case, he looked at me more in pity than in anger, but still seemed hardly able to concieve how in this enlightened nineteenth century we could possibly have gone so far on life's journey as I had without having at least heard of the barest question. He therefore encouraged me to recall him to my mind by enumerating some of his more celebrated acts of personal prowess. 'You surely must remember Ede, he who killed "Jack" Somebody in his last fight.'

'Killed his man!' I replied with horror. 'Yes,' he said, 'it was a bad job, poor fellow;' and then he told me all about how the man had been hit on the jaw after four hours' fighting; how he was carried off the field; how he never spoke a word after the fatal blow; and how by six next morning he was dead.

"But how about his poor wife and children!" said I.

'Ah, poor woman!" he replied, 'it was a bad job; but we all did the best we could for her. We got her up a benefit, and managed to raise about three hundred pounds, which put her into a good situation. But if we all do our best to make it pay, but what's added, is all that, compared with the loss of such a husband as she had? For my part, I would lose my life for three millions of pounds. She is everything to me, and I cannot bear the thought of her being left.'

Bravo I thought! I there is a green spot yet even in this rough debased heart—one little thread yet remaining to connect it with human nature. Imagine for a moment that your best friend, your mother, a mother to whom, perhaps, he owed so dear for early lessons of love and kindness; of whom, in the recollections of his early days, he can recall pleasurable memories, few early admonitions from her lips, which might have stood him in good stead through life as his counsellor and guide.

Even the poor brutalised George, who all this time had been doing away in a state of batters stupidity—even he had some one who loved him, and when he loved he never returned.

Of Nero it was said, that over his tomb was loving hand was seen each day to drop a flower; so poor George found it impossible to keep away a girl in London whom he loved, and who felt long without him, although he had to return to Liverpool in a few days to have another mauling, for his friends were going to get him up another fight for his own peculiar benefit, to reimburse him for sandy legs sustained during his last engagement.

And so I drew near home; and on leaving the train, my companion shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when I next came to London I would give him a call.

So he went on his way, and I on mine; and as I walked, thought as I good I thought, the more I became confused. Wrong seemed to be getting right, and right seemed to have no merit attached to it. My conscience told me that I ought to hold that man and his profession in utter and complete abhorrence; but when I thought of the little crowds of sunlight which ever and anon broke through the dark and heavy cloud, I was faint, though still condemning all fighting on general grounds, to suffer certain angry feelings, and to take shelter under the master's lesson, 'that if I was without sin, I might then cast the stone.' And I asked myself a question.
which I could not answer—why am not I the fighter, and he in my place, wrapping himself up in his phar- 

maceutical cloak of spiritual pride, and thanking Heaven that its favor is reserved for me? No, I do not feel quite comfortable in sitting in judg- 
ment on this unfortunate person, as I must consider him to be, without first ascertaining whether the five 
talents committed to my care, with a clearer knowledge as to their uses, have been made to produce other five 
also? If it has turned out that I have learned a lesson in charity, my half-hour's ride was not in vain.

PEPSIN.

When food first enters the stomach, it is not, as our 
readers know, in a condition to be absorbed at once 
into the blood, for the purpose of renovating the effete 
tissues of the system. It must first undergo the 
process of digestion, so as to be reduced to a soluble 
state, or, generally speaking, to such a condition as 
to be capable of absorption and assimilation. The 
digestibility of various kinds of food, and the exact 
character of the digestive process, have been tested in 
many ways. Schultz experimented on dogs and 
cats, which he killed at successive stages of the 
process; Beaumont on a patient whose stomach had, 
by a gunshot wound, been made tolerably accessible 
to observation; and Gosse—who possessed the strange 
power of vomiting at will, and was so enabled to 
recover portions of food which had been for a time 
exposed to the action of the gastric fluid—experi- 
menced on himself. The results of these various 
 attempts to elucidate the digestive process were in 
many points conflicting; and but little less satisfactory, 
as far as concerned the comparative digestibility of 
different alimentary substances, were the phenomena 
which resulted from the dissolvent of food in situ, 
by artificial means. The modus operandi alone was 

established with any accuracy. Under the generic 
name of catalysis, chemists are accustomed to group 
those mysterious processes in which a substance is 
converted into what they call an isomeric variety of 
itself by means of some other body or bodies which 
are in themselves incapable of being affected by the 
operation. Of these processes, that of digestion 
proved to be one. It was found that, by the action 
of the gastric fluid, the food is converted into a 
substance chemically identical with the original body, 
but, nevertheless, possessing very distinct and peculiar 
properties; and that the gastric fluid is a combination 
of a substance called pepsin, or the cooking principle, 
with an acid which is now generally supposed to be 
that—which, under the name of lactic acid, gives to 
sour milk its pungent and peculiar flavour. It may 
be that other acids, such as acetic, phosphoric, and 
hydrochloric, are also present in smaller quantities; 
but on this point the greatest chemists are still at 
variance.

Whether pepsin is secreted in a neutral state, and 
generates the acid by acting as a ferment on the 
amylaceous substances of the food, or whether the 
acid is a primary constituent of the active natural 
juice, is also still disputed. The prevalent opinion 
would seem to be that pepsin is a neutral secretion. 
It certainly possesses the inherent property of causing 
fermentation, although, without the acid, it has no 
digestive power. The question altogether is an 
important one; for, if it be a neutral secretion, we must 
assess conclude that one of its constituents—distinc- 
tions—is employed in the stomach to convert the starchy 
matter of the food into grape-sugar, which is in its 

* Saturday Review, No. 74, p. 290. To the article here quoted we are indebted for much that may be deemed valuable in the present paper. But the reader may be referred for further information to Dr Ballard's Artificial Digestion, and to British and Foreign Medicinal-Chirurgical Review for 1857, passim.
had "no words to describe," for three or four hours after the meal. The natural consequences were excessive prostration and complete disgust for food; and she had for many weeks limited herself to four roster and a little milk and beef-tea _per diem_. The first day pepsin was used, she ate with ease and enjoyed a mutton chop, although, on the day before, she had endured intense agony for no less than five hours after her ordinary meal. In a few days, she ate pretty freely, and gradually improved, and at length was able to give up the pepsin entirely, to eat without pain, and walk some miles without fatigue.

Now, when we consider how common a disease dyepepy is, and how immense, in spite of the systematic opposition from many quarters to everything like surgical intervention, how rare in its type is the scientific and critical interpretation of the connection between physical and moral phenomena, the influence of the physical condition on the mental condition is—producing suicides in cases where, with a different state of health, only depression or grief would have sufficed, is a discovery as the discovery that of Drs Landerer and Corvisart cannot be over-estimated. In comparison with unhealthy secretions in confluence with untoward circumstances, all other causes, except insanity—disgust of life, poverty, despair, love, shame, remorse, despair and jealousy—exercise but a very small suicidal influence. Nor, when it is considered that the juices which flow into the intestinal canal during the twenty-four hours amounts to about one-seventh of a man's body, and which are secreted by the stomach with the greatest difficulty, and which contain about six ounces of solid matter; of bile, he will secrete as much; of pancreatic juice, which will contain about six ounces and a half of solid matter, he will secrete thirteen pounds; of pancreatic juice, seven ounces; and nearly the same quantity of intestinal juice. With these fluids to contend with, it is not to be doubted that the physician might often avert a catastrophe against which the moralist would preach in vain.

A WIFE BY ADVERTISMENT: A STORY OF 1768.

My grandfather was appointed rector of a little village in Nottinghamshire in the year 1758. I am myself an old man now, and have long been in the present age, and I am too old to have the sight of my father's eyes, as he had before eighteen hundred was born or thought of. A man of my age was not quite so strict a matter a hundred years ago as it is to-day. The priests neither cared to rule themselves by so high a standard as our modern clergy do, nor was it expected of them by their flocks. Mr Hume's Essays had a great influence on those younger clergy who thought, and on the customs and laws of the town, among those who did not think. Though this was an evil of a tremendous kind, there was one benefit in it which we are apt now-a-days to overlook—the clergy had more sympathy with those persons who would not come immediately under their influence than they have under the present system. It is thought very shocking now for a priest to be seen in the theatre, and scarcely less so at the opera-house; while, if he were to visit Cremorne or Rotherhithe Gardens, or Highbury Barn, it is most likely his congregation would take such offence that they would move away in a flock as multitudinous and final as a migration of swallows.

But in my grandfather's time, priests and actors were found in daily communion; indeed, such men as Bishop Warburton and David Garrick were friends; even Mr Whitfield desired his company in the comic real Ned Shuter's benefit, as the comedian's actor was a 'gracious soul'; and the son of other clergymen than Dr Primrose went upon the stage as a means of livelihood; while every country rose who could come up to town made a point of seeing Mr Mossop and Mr Garrick in Shakespeare's plays, as of visiting Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

Just such a time of visiting London had come to my grandfather in the spring of 1758. He was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and he paid himself for a time on the strength of his recent presentation. He had never been in town before; the nearest approach he had made to metropolitan pleasures were such as his restricted allowance had afforded him during. He was therefore as much under the influence of the day, as the day was under the influence of the nation. He was at Mr Shuter's benefit in the _Bolster Stroke for a Wife_, which had not been acted so long. He went to the entertainment at Marylebone Gardens, and the wire rope dancing, and concerts at the Jewish Synagogue; and to Shadwell's _Saxer's Wife_ wonder at the statement. A man weighing ten stones will secrete during that time about three pounds seven ounces of saliva, which contain about half an ounce of solid matter; of bile, he will secrete as much; of pancreatic juice, which will contain about six ounces and a half of solid matter, he will secrete thirteen pounds; of pancreatic juice, seven ounces; and nearly the same quantity of intestinal juice. With these fluids to contend with, it is not to be doubted that the physician might often avert a catastrophe against which the moralist would preach in vain.
who came up from the provinces to spend a little time and money in London, my grandfather the rector thought it not improbable that in so plentifully stocked a society, he might perhaps run across a young Imogene. This Imogene was registered in his diary the night before he started: 'Now the custom is reversed. Our city-clerk, with the air and talk of a capitalist, and the costume of a beau, rushes into the country at Kirtling White side, or Christmas; finds his way into the simple susceptible heart of a country maiden, wooes her, adds visit to visit, and condescends to wed her; for she believes it a condescension, until the slow process of marriage-troubles reveals to her the painful sight and sense of her own superiority. Gentlemen were bolder in my grandfather's days than they are in mine; and ladies also. If either saw a person of opposite sex at church, at the theatre, Banleigh, or elsewhere, they very often made signal of admiration or invitation too plain to be doubted. This was indeed one of the things which aided young men of property and title in their frightful 'affairs of gallantry,' and is the pivot and turning-point in all the memoirs, comedies, novels, and magazine-stories of that time.

One evening, in the summer of 1788, my grandfather betook himself to Vauxhall. He had seen very many young demoiselles during his stay in town; but he had as yet received no wound which the arrow of Cupid was still keen. He had been also to Vauxhall two or three evenings previously, and had glanced and ogled with all the earnestness and pertinacity of an unengaged man; but this fateful evening put a close to all these wanderings and uncertainties. While he was looking for his lady-love, with his customary inquisitiveness, a young lady entered between two gentlemen, who suddenly drew his roving eyes to herself, and unwittingly kept them fixed there during the whole performance. Before he looked for it, my poor grandfather was overcome.

As soon as the songs were over, he followed her from the orchestra to the banqueting-room, and through the long leafy colonnades, with their myriad of pillars, and out onto the terrace. He and by the composition of his person, and his manner, and by degrees, these reinterested him; next, he glanced at the bright faces with their mighty cuproides, their 'post-chaise and horses, chair and chairmen' on their heads, in the boxes; he began to find himself curable; and he returned to New Northumberland, the little church altered, still a very merry man; he amused himself reading, on his road, the two new volumes of Tristram Shandy by his brother in orders, the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

My grandfather had been absent from his cure exactly two months, during which time his very light and easy duties were taken by an unbefuddled friend, a schoolmaster in Nottingham, and man of high repute at Cambridge. These consisted in riding over on Sunday morning, putting on a clerical cap kept in the sacristy, and a surplice much more like a smock- frock than that habiliment recognised by ecclesiologists as the officiating costume of an English priest, and reading a sermon of Dr. Sherlock's on the evidences of Christianity, to a few old women, a dozen framework knitters, and a number of children, who, as they perceived neither the drift nor the need of it, thought it mightly learned. Pastoral visitation was an exercise my grandfather, at this polite period of his life, conceived quite unnecessary, on account of his non-residence was not only not a sin, but a laudable and gentlemanlike habit in the town season; and, if funds permitted, in the Bath and Matlock season also.

To these not onerous duties my grandfather returned with a heart almost whole. There was just a scratch in that organ—I can scarcely call it a
wound—which gave him a little smart at eye and in the pitch, in all such idle times and conditions as court memory. To get rid of this he made twilight lively by inviting an old college friend, a county captain, or one of the pupils of the Nottingham tutor, to stay with him; and, when no visitor was to be had, by smoking his pipe at the Lord Ligonier Arms. He also added to his light clerical tasks the heavier avocation of an angler; and often, when his parisioners were taking their dogs rattling along the Trent-side on summer-eveings, they came upon their solitary priest with his fishing-rod, who, although he looked upon apostatical succession in that sense in which the non-jurors and the Romanists held it, as quite beneath the notice of a man of taste and ton, very frequently found himself their successor in the placental set of toiling all day and catching nothing.

Just at this time some leading political persons in the county were using great efforts to start a new church and anti-gallic newspaper for the midland district—I forget its name. Like so many of modern devices this did not start by reading a little way, bragging of its power and vitality, and suddenly dropped down dead. The promoters mainly depended on the support of the squar and clergy; letters were addressed to all these persons; amongst others, to my grandfather; a little light, I am glad to say—it came to him in the light of that deliverance from excommunication which he had long been looking for. He not only promised to use his utmost efforts to further its circulation amongst his clerical brethren, but also very kindly lent this newspaper to read the secretary. While they were doing so, he himself was the channel of a whole flood of unlooked-for thoughts and reflections. Here was the perpetual cure for the mawkishness of country life, the longed-for salve to make the recollection of similar meditations in a place so gloomy. A London lady, too; not like some rich Nottinghamshire damsel he had been interested in, who had twice been to the county town, and who thought herself the cynosure of all, and of their grandmother's seldom worn pin. Yet, it was a lottery; and amongst so many he was likely to lose after all. He felt disinclined for the butt-shooting.

The captain began immediately to rally him on this advertisement, saying he was evidently determined to fit its standard. He spoke the thoughts that were in my relative's own mind. He advised him to set off for town to-morrow, and he is the first, I suppose, of the London coy to hear her up. 'You will be a fool, if you don't try,' said he; 'it will but be an adventure if you lose. But,' (with a military and fashionable expostulate), he added, 'you are sure to win, old boy.'

My grandfather appealed to his clerical friend. 'I will say nothing;' said he. 'You ought to remember what fine things you have told me ever and over again about a certain young lady; nothing love; and so on.'

The captain informed the younger clergyman that the elder, 'like all other schoolmasters, was an ass, and always remembered his trade was to teach, and spoke to men as if they were lads.' A controversy ensued between the priest and the soldier; in what (my grandfather) I heard, making so forth remarks on every article of dress as he put it on, at every glance he gave towards his legs, or in the mirror, were his friends, Captain Clayton, that renowned markman, and the Nottingham tutor, who had been confessor and adviser in that delicate matter of the heart which occurred to my relative when in London. He lengthened the already too-extended and too-interrupted dressing-time, by occasional glances at the newspaper; a paragraph, and then another, and then the trotter again. News, however, was the smallest matter in those days. 'Our own correspondent' was not yet allowed the honour of being his entire communication appear in print; the nine was skimmed off clean off it, which he presented to readers after his own confection. Hence it was set the rector had soon finished the news, and began upon the advertisements. There was not that sameness which appeared in the London papers, and what there was was odd and peculiar, so that the reader had to make it up in ten days to liquidate in this in; but the advertisers in the oldland print averaged from three to six. Promptly, amid these few, stood forth the following:

If any young clergyman, somewhat acquaintance with a person, and who has a small independent fortune, is to be well recommended as to strictness of life and good temper, firmly attached to this present happy establishment, and is willing to engage in the matrimonial estate, with an agreeable young lady, in whose person he is the farthest from an idiot, he is to apply to the rector of Berkeley Street within four days of this advertisement, having previously left a line directed to L.L. as the same house.'

This was to my grandfather with such a smile, peculiar, and visible effect, that both his friends inquired if there was any very astounding news in the paper. He laughed, and said there was an advertisement for himself. He tossed it over to them, telling them to read the secret of the news. While they were doing so, he himself was the channel of a whole flood of unlooked-for thoughts and reflections. Here was the perpetual cure for the mawkishness of country life, the longed-for salve to make the recollection of similar meditations in a place so gloomy. A London lady, too; not like some rich Nottinghamshire damsel he had been interested in, who had twice been to the county town, and who thought herself the cynosure of all, and of their grandmother's seldom worn pin. Yet, it was a lottery; and amongst so many he was likely to lose after all. He felt disinclined for the butt-shooting.

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LITERARY LIFE IN GERMANY.

Two graceful and charming volumes are lying before us, to which we would invite our readers' attention.* The author's design is to give a popular history of German poetry, with sketches of the lives of the poets; and this is executed in such a manner that we rise from the perusal with a wonderfully clear view of so extensive a field; while the career of many of the personages is so artistically delineated as to give the narrative all the interest of a romance. We cannot, however, include the verse in this warm commendation, for the volumes, to use a favourite phrase of our ancestors, are 'interspersed with poetry'—consisting of translated specimens of the German works referred to. If those translations are faithful, the specimens must be ill chosen, since they do not bear out our author's criticism; but the most courteous, and probably the most correct, supposition is, that, as usually happens, the subtle spirit of poetry has escaped in the process of translucence from one language into another.

In the first volume, the history is brought down to the period when in Germany—devastated by the Peasant War, then by the atrocities of Anabaptism, and the more dreadful atrocities in which it was extinguished, then by the Thirty Years' War, which cut off two-thirds of the population of the country—the lamp of poetry, and indeed of literature generally, after one or two trifling flickers, was wholly extinguished. It was later and more slowly re-illuminated at the Revival than in any other country in Europe; but gradually, at length, the spirit of German poetry arose from its ashes, though streaming no longer in the national gushes of a homogeneous character which had before distinguished it. Acted upon by new influences, it was divided into numerous schools, all insignificant when viewed from the column of history, but each appearing great in the eyes of its contemporaries. In the eighteenth century, the erudite hymns of Gellert, and the lackadaisical idylls of Gesenius, procured for their authors unbounded reputation; but, at the same epoch, Klopopok came forth, and achieved a fame that even now, though dimmed, is not altogether extinguished. Then, as time flowed on, Lessing, Herder, Bürger, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe rose above the brightening horizon. It is not with the genius of individual poets, however, we have anything to do for the present: we wish to inquire into their status in the aggregate as a portion of the literary body; and while obtaining some idea of this, an instructive comparison will unconsciously suggest itself between them and their brethren of our own country.

In England, there is no such thing as a republic of letters; there, each literary man has a little house on one day when the young rector called there, and was bent upon seeing and speaking with him; but her determined relatives sent her home, promising to arrange an introduction before the month was out. She confessed she liked the look and constancy of her companion, and entered heartily into her uncle's merry scheme of the advertisement. The captain was taken into counsel as an accomplice, and agreed to urge my grandfather to

recognised by the rest of the people as belonging to a distinct profession. When the young and poor Klischke, for instance, the victim of love and poetry, was indulging his dreams and his sorrows by the Lake of Zurich, he suddenly received a letter from the king of Denmark, inviting him to his court, and offering him a trifling annuity in the meantime, and the reversal of some past woe by his acceptance.

When Lessing published his dramas, the Loo- ccoon, he was at once invited, as much to his surprise as delight, to remove from Berlin, and undertake the superintendence of a new national theatre just about to be founded at Dantzig. He accepted; and when he reached the scene of his labours, he was no sooner seated in his chair, than the theatre—where he had never seen a foot of their abode; and the trees and flowers that surrounded it gave it an air of cheerfulness and gay which, in the eyes of the young lovers, stoned for the abundance of everything but the most simple necessities. The event after his arrival, they visited Cottbus, and many a happy evening did they spend in its garden, where a chosen few were wont to meet for two or four times a week. Every description of luxur was banished as unsuitable to the means of the entertainers; and their salary consisted of home-brewed, with bread and cheese, and sometimes a little cold ham, or bacon, were the only refreshments permitted; but the mirth and good-humour of the party required no stimulants; they were as happy as youth, health, friendship, and us.

One evening, it was discovered that the provision of home-brewed beer was exhausted, and even that of cheese was waxing low. Some potatoes, however, and the small rice-soup remained from dinner, and with these, Ernestine tells us that they raised them as princes. "When Claudius came to spend the evening with us, he always bound his little daughter to his back; she was then laid in our bed till he returned with a dinner of the party, and joined in all their innocent gayety."

We have lingered on this picture of rural enjoyment, because it proves how possible it is to unite the highest literary culture with the simplest mode of existence; and how the most perfect refinement of mind and manners with the total absence of wealth or splendor.

This is delicious; but to complete the idea it conveys, we must give a glimpse of a very different interior, that of Wieland, in which refined comfort is heightening the utmost degree. "The house of my friend is at once elegant and rural. It has a little kitchen-garden extending to a beautiful wood, in which, in its turn, stretches to the banks of the river. I dine every day with the patriarch and his charming daughters in the library, where we converse like a view of an extensive and verdant meadow. I inquired who was that robust and handsome youth, mowing the grass around a thicket of roses. It was his son. I for my part assist the mother and daughters in all the laborious tasks which are here in all its charming simplicity. Goethe comes to dine with us the other day; nothing could be more simple than his manners. It was delightful to see these two poets seated side by side, without jealousy, pretension, or the least consciousness of Christian names, as they did in their youth, mingling much less two beaux esprits than two real merchants of Gröningen, united by the ties of affection and relationship. The daughters of the poet Herder shortly after join us, beautiful, wise, genius, and sincere affection—all united in this little room."

The minnesingers passed away, with the thirteenth century, and the meistersängers were, naturally, extinct at the close of the fourteenth; but the poets of Germany seemgregarious by nature; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century another national association arose of a similar kind, called the Hainbund. "Almsnach," already mentioned, was established by them as their poetical organ; and the association is the course of time included the names of many distinguished authors, such as the Stolberg, Schlegel, and Bischoff. The earlier members met every Saturday at each other's houses, and there met and criticised their own productions and those of men of more established fame. At times they would assemble in some romantic spot "under the shade of lofty oaks, in the glimmering moonlight, by the side..."
of murmuring streams or in grassy meads; and there give full vent to that passionate and somewhat exaggerated love of rural and rustic scenery which formed the principal characteristics of their poetry. On one occasion they went out to a neighbouring village. 'The weather was most lovely,' says Voss; 'the moon full; we gave ourselves up completely to the enjoyment of nature, drank some milk in a peasant cottage, and then hastened to the open meadows. Here we found a little oak-wood, and at the same moment it occurred to us all to swear the holy oath of friendship, under the shadow of these sacred trees. We promised declining the wine and them beneath the spreading branches of the oaks, and clasping each other's hands, danced round the massive trunk. We called on the moon and stars to witness our union, and swore eternal friendship. We pledged ourselves to the best of our faith, and in the course of an hour, we were seated round the hearth at the hotel.' Among the compensations of that tribe whose badge is poverty, we find love the most remarkable. Elsewhere and usually an episode; here, it is an important part of the history, its golden threads intertwined throughout the whole web. We have seen literary men introduced by their works alone to court the love and sympathy of the heart, and the same thing is now filling with advantage; but the same works gave them entrance — sometimes personally unseen and unknown — into the hearts of women. Kloestock affords an example of this. A friend one day read to him from a letter some criticisms on the Messiah, which struck the gratified poet by their depth of thought and poetical feeling. He learned that the critic was a maiden; and although at the moment smarting under a love disappointment, called on her with a letter of introduction. Margarete Moller was one of the most enthusiastic of Kloestock's admirers. Ardent and imaginative, endowed with talents of no common order, with a heart as warm as her intellect was cultivated, the author of the Messiah was in her eyes the ideal of all that was great and good in human nature. To see him, to know him, seemed to her a privilege which would gratify her utmost wishes, but which she could scarcely ever hope to enjoy. Her delight and astonishment may be imagined in that moment; but the fair enthusiast would not hear of such a suggestion. The letter was quickly concealed, and Kloestock introduced. 'In this first interview, at which he showed the young lady 'at once so gifted, so amiable, and so charming, that he could hardly avoid giving her the name dearest to him in the world,' a correspondence was agreed upon. He found that she wrote as naturally as she spoke, and that, besides French, she was well acquainted with English, Italian, Latin, and adds Kloestock—perhaps Greek, for taught I know.'

Meta never thought of concealing her love—a love which marriage had only the effect of increasing. 'Since Kloestock and I have met,' writes she to her correspondent Gleim, 'I firmly believe that all those who are formed for each other are sure to meet sooner or later. How could I ever dream, when I knew Kloestock only by his Messiah and his odes, and so fondly wished for a heart like his, that very lady would have been my Delilah?'... In the thirteenth year, I thought seriously how I should arrange my life, whether I married or remained single. In the first case, I settled how I should manage my household, educate my children, and above all, conduct myself towards my husband. I formed the ideal of the consort I should desire, and Providence has given me precisely the one who fulfils the type, the model of man and woman.'
warmerst admirers was a Susian maiden, called Elisa H—-. Young, ardent, and romantic to excess, she had hung with rapture over Burger's poems; she had listened with pitying sympathy to the recital of his love and his sorrows, and her imagination had pictured him, erect and impassioned, in the firelight of his form. Way was easy and passionate, thoughtless and unreflective, now gladsome as a child, now plunged into the depths of sadness— "everything by turns, and nothing long"—Elisa was the most charming and the most provoking of her sex; her beauty and grace were at least independent, and her wit and beauty attracted numerous admirers. As none of her adorers had yet found favour in her eyes, probably because they fell short of the standard of excellence her imagination had formed, she was still unmarried and fancy-free, when the tidings of Molly's [the wife's] death reached her, and awakened feelings which at first she herself scarcely dared to analyse. Burger, he whose poems had been so long the delight of her heart, now thrilling her with terror, now moving her to tears, was free! That being whom he had so passionately loved was torn from him by the cruel hand of death; and, as Elisa pictured his wild despair, his hopeless anguish, his utter loneliness, her enthusiastic soul warmed with mingled tenderness and pity. To see him, to know him, to console him, this was at first the sole end and aim of all her wishes. Gradually others arose—might she not by her love and care reconcile him to that world which was now become a desert to him, and replace his lost Molly in his heart? She did not pause to consider whether a union with a man double her age, who had already twice entered the bonds of matrimony, would be likely to insure her happiness. She trusted to her charms, to her influence, to efface all remembrance of his beloved Molly, and to mould him to her wishes—a delusion which has blasted the peace of many a fond heart.

The names mentioned by our author are not those of Goethe or Schiller, or of the writers who have flourished in our own generation; but these will form the subject of a future work. In the meantime, we have thought that it might not be considered an unmerited or an unimpressive service to devote from the present volumes some slight account of the compensations of literary life in Germany.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY AND FRIDAY PAYMENTS.

A MEMORIAL from the Early-closing Association has been laid before the governor and directors of the Bank of England, with a request that they would sanction the movement by closing the Bank at two o'clock on Saturdays, and thereby confer an important privilege on those engaged in that establishment, facilitate the adoption of the practice in the London banks generally, and at the same time give a powerful impetus to the cause in other quarters.

Upwards of eleven hundred of the leading city firms have given their hearty concurrence to this proposition, believing that no inconvenience can arise to the public from such alteration being immediately effected, and their names are affixed to the memorial. It sets forth that this generous concession will not only enable many thousands of the mercantile and industrial classes, with their families —without interruption on Thursdays—to those engaged in exchanges of friendship, and to take that healthful relaxation, which constitute some of the chief enjoyments, and even necessities of life; but also that an indirect result of great importance will arise from it. In the more general payment of wages on the Friday instead of the Saturday.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the advantages of such a change. 'When a workingman has a leisure day,' says a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider this subject, 'securely the receipt of wages, the workman encounters less temptation, is in a better temper of mind,' instead of employing them in the purchase of necessaries for his family. If gentlemen-manufacturers, master-tradesmen, and farmers were aware of the benefit which must result to the labouring-classes from paying on the Friday instead of the Saturday, especially if that day precedes a market-day, your committee entertain no doubt that feelings of kindness, as well as duty, would soon cause the practice to become general.

And again: 'If the labourer does not receive his wages in proper time on the Saturday to allow him a Sunday as a day of rest or recreation, he is insensibly injured by being deprived of that portion of the day which has been the design of laws, both human and divine, to secure to him. If, on the other hand, he receives his wages in time to enable him to make his purchases on the Saturday evening, he is committing an injustice on the shopkeeper by causing him to lose the benefit of a day of rest by delaying his purchases to the Sunday.'

Nevertheles, we must remember that the almost universal stoppage of Sunday trading is impossible so long as the poor are so infamously lodged a day or two at present. When seven or eight persons compose the same room, eating and sleeping, the premises in addition, of a leg of mutton hanging from the ceiling —which is their only 'safe'—is far from wholesome on the Saturday night, nor is the morsel itself rendered more savoury by the prospect of the coming day; but with respect to commodities which are not perishable, they need never be bought upon the Sunday by persons who receive their wages before the preceding evening. All the weekly labourers in the Queen's employment are paid on Friday, and all those in the government establishments either on that day or before Saturday afternoon; while the same is the case with the Metropolitan and City police forces. Moreover, all the Friday-paying firms agree that the notice is not received service to decline from the present system, some slight account of the compensations of literary life in Germany.

The Association, as might have been expected, have indeed been far more successful in effecting the alteration than the pay-day than in procuring the extension of the hours of toil. It is hard to persuade the commercial mind that a few hours gained is not a few hours lost, nor does it quite see the necessity of 'refreshing the machines' at all—in the case of other people.

Still, there is a very large minority of thoughtless merchants, manufacturers, and traders, who have sympathised with the early-closing movement and adopted more or less entirely the Saturday half-holiday, including the Stock Exchange; Likewise the Balo Coffee-house; a large majority of the insurance companies; the General Post-office in its departments; the railway companies in certain stations; the distillers; many of the brewers; the baker-factors; the leather-factors; several of the printers; the wholesale fruitellers; the wholesale stationers; the wholesale booksellers; numerous merchants and brokers; with all the great warehousers to the north and south of Cheapside, except the Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Coventry, Manchester, Nottingham, and Scotch trades. While, as an example of the progress of the cause, 'the Mayor's judges, and subsequently the lord chamberlain, have established new rules touching the service of oaths, notices, summonses, &c., to facilitate the carrying out of the movement in the legal profession; and
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really availing themselves of these new rules, upwards of seven hundred of the leading London solicitors now closing their office on Saturdays. Indeed, I was told on Saturday, we find ourselves to stating—In Edinburgh, there is no such conflict for the bare life; no such penning in unwholesome atmospheres the whole day long; no such ceaseless offering up of human health at the desk and counter altars, as in all our other places. The hours of toil are certainly not so numerous as in English towns; and the Early Closing Movement—the Saturday Half-holiday—is, in addition, generally observed.

THE SCOTCHMAN IN IRELAND.

The Times correspondent and such-like literary locusts would appear to have exhausted the Green Isle and the Irish churches; but the author of Baldyduck, or a Scotch Setter in Ireland, proves to us that there is something to be said upon the subject still. It really is a remarkable book for some reasons; and not the least that we have in it the Thistle reproaching the Shamrock with its unornamental appearance; the pot contemning the kettle upon the ground of its being black underneath; in plain terms, one who is familiar with Edinburgh Old Town and the Cowgate, giving the rough side of his character to the city of Belfast and the sister-land, upon the score, forsooth, of its being overcrowded and not overclean.

Mr. Vincentius Pennam, as the author calls himself, is certainly not inclined to be complimentary; but there is such an air of truth about what he goes on to say concerning Irish farm-letting, as proves it to be a personal experience. He is himself a Scotch settler in want of a farm. Such excellent, he has the ability to give us a few advertisements, that he scarcely knows which to choose; all 'in most quiet and respectable localities;' all 'in sporting counties;' all 'in the neighbourhood of Protestant churches, good schools, and market-towns.' Some of these turn out to be such as the thriving city of Eden, in the United States, appeared, in reality, to Martin Chuzzlewit and Company; some are only 'put into the newspapers in order to meet the landlord's eye, and do not last long.' One is engaged to some one at a certain rent, or intended to be retained in the agent's own hands;' and some 'are advertised solely for the purpose of ascertaining how much of the marketable value, in order to raise or maintain the rent for their present tenants; whereby strangers are often induced to incur long and expensive journeys fruitlessly.'

Let it be granted, however, that the unfortunate settler gets his stock and tillage-farm at last, consisting of 800 acres, and situated in that most civilised of Irish counties, Dablin; and suppose that his horses, cattle, sheep, are all that could be wished, and that he is fortunate in his husbandmen; even with these advantages, he is not, it seems, an enviable agriculturist. His two wedders are slaughtered nightly, and the skins alone left to tell the tale, while the shepherd who narrates the misfortune is himself privy to the crime; or the sheep again suffer, and this time by a reverse of the felony, their wool being taken and their backs torn and bruised, and pelished with the cold; or the mazes and tails of the plough-horses are found torn to the skin, and even the tails of the milch-cows laid under contribution.

The settler's most difficult task, however, seems to be the management of some twenty farm-labourers; five of whom, being men, are appointed to the horses;
and 'fifteen women, ten of whom without shoes or stockings, in short, with one-third of their fair superfluities in puris naturalibus—their heads, in most instances, uncovered—their vestments consist chiefly of night-dresses, and those, tucked together by pins and threads, and their hair smeared into cakes by ham-grease, and folded up under a ribbon; others have it hanging in slattern folds about their ears, or twisted like snakes around their temples. At six o'clock A.M., the work of these farm-labourers is (supposed) to begin; and at the same hour, allowing an interval of two hours from eleven to one, they (very readily) retire. The wages for women are 8d. per diem; and for men, from 16d. to 18d. Let the unfortunate farmer relate his own experience of day the first:

'The First Day.—With the sound of the morning-bell, precisely at the hour of six, our illustrious husbandman enters the field. One only of his ploughmen is there; his horse is a lean, broken-down beast, and has left his horses grazing by the way until he "just go fetch them;" another has let slip out of his hand one of his spirited mares, and is pursuing her about the farm; the fourth has slept in "because his wife is sick;" and the fifth has gone to the forge, having neglected to go on the preceding evening....

Of the number of females engaged, two only are forward at the hour appointed, and these are a soldier's widow and her daughter. About an hour hence, a noisy band of singing and frolicking on their way, is seen advancing on the field; and at every hour or half-hour from this till past noon are stragglers coming in. The morning, it is true, has afforded a sorry start; but patience is a virtue, and hopes are entertained of a mustier for the afternoon. At the hour of one the roll is called. Twelve tell up; for though the complement has now appeared on the ground, three of the number are missing—gone off to meet their little boy, or little girl, their brother or sister, who was to fetch their "bit o' bread and sup o' tay."

Day the second is not much better, and day the third is worse; so that, if we are to believe the author of Ballyhoober, the Scotch emigrant in search of a farm, who is not grieved with the patience of Job and the purse of Fortunatus, had better go further afield than into the sister-island. Nevertheless, as Mr Pennan does stay in the place after all, one may conclude that things get better in time. Here is a damnable trick of one of the best contrivances, perhaps, for making them better that has yet been hit up; by those interested in Ireland's welfare—namely, Court of Encumbered Estates. Its importance causes us—in true Irish fashion—to end our notice of Mr Pennan's experiences with an account of that institution, without which they would never have begun. The court is held in Henrietta street; and the auction generally commences about noon.

You approach from this street through a goodly dwelling-house, now converted into offices in connection with the business of the court; thence by a long and narrow passage in the rear of this building to the court-room itself. On entering the discharging hall, you will naturally uncover, unmindful of the counter-example of some gentlemen you will see there—they are up from the wild countries where a new hat is a novelty, and Baron B——de is a man of feeling. Taking your stand or seat as accommodation will afford, and running your eyes over the interior of the chamber, you will see a vast number of men seated on the different rows of benches; some with sharp, lively, trickish looks; others with sad and sorrowful countenances; and some, again, complacently watching at their ease the progress of the business. The three divisions of the company are the lawyers, nominal owners, and intended purchasers; and each order may readily be distinguished by the various expressions and emotions impressed upon their features. Some, you will perceive, are following the biddings with a nervous and visible anxiety; others engaged in the perusal of and perusing of the terms of the lots; some once hospitaliz'd but now deserted bachelors, where festivity and mirth seemed to promise aance with the rising and setting sun, about to depart for ever from one whose name has been identified with the soil, whose lease or memorial tears, once counted by centuries, is now within a few minutes of its eventful end—the glory of an illustrious ancestry about to be for ever severed from the territory which some noble founder had "called after his own name!"

THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE

SWEET June, I greet thee on thy birthday morn With song and gladness; now my heart grows young As many kisses on its chords are strung As bright-eyed flowers thy new-wove robe adorn. Hail to thy coming o'er your eastern hills, Treading on gorgeous clouds whose humid beds Are steeped in heaven's own purple; the high red Gleams of the path like gold; thy glory Mountain and vale, the meadows and their streams; The sweet birds in the forest are awake, And of a new-born joy like mine partake— The whole earth of its primal Sabbath dreams, While fragrant airs in wooing whispers come Kissing the opening flowers to brighter bloom.

A MAINE LAW THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

When whisky was first introduced into Scotland, it appears to have been used only as a medicine, and to have been kept strictly under the lock and key of the medical profession, as it is now in those Atlantic towns where the Maine Law is rigorously enforced; but by the sympathy and support of the people, the medical practitioners of Edinburgh—of the college of Surgeons—indeed united in the persons the rather to incorporate the excisemen and barbers, and, in that capacity, applied to the town council, in accordance with the customs of the age, to be formed into a separate incorporation. The town council granted the prayer of 'their bill and petition,' issuing the 'seal of cause, granted be the town council of Edinburgh, to the craft of Surryeveney and Barbers,' dated July 1, 1666. In the spirit of the times, and by the act so granted, they in the exclusive keeping of the medical profession for nearly a century and a half; and by this act, it appeared to be irrecoverably placed in their hands.—_Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland, by D. Mucluer._ Edinburgh: Oliphant.
LATTER-DAY COACHMEN.

An elaborate monograph on the omnibus-drivers of London, and their interesting congeners the conductors, would prove an invaluable contribution to the natural history of mankind. Philosophers are much to blame for having allowed the habits of this important class of beings to escape their observation; and unless they make an early attempt to fill up the deplorable hiatus that exists in our knowledge, we shall cease to regard them with anything like respect. My own researches have led me to place the omnibus-driver between the fossil stage-coachman and the modern railway-guard, as I am convinced that he partakes of the nature of each of these distinct types. My endeavors to assign a true position in the chain of being to the conductor have unfortunately been less successful. The peculiarities of the driver are not well marked, owing to his transitional character. Now, his thick shawl wrappings, his countless capes, and his purple visage, recall the old stage; and now, his trim figure and jaunty air remind us of his connection with the railway official. The conductor is subject to still greater variation, his forms being truly Protean. Now he seems ... now a curate; sometimes one might mistake him for a decayed tradesman, a man about town, a ticket-of-leave holder, and sometimes, wonderful to relate, for a gentleman.

My local habitation is situated at a nice inconvenient distance from Charing Cross, and my frequent journeys to and from town afford me many opportunities for studying the physical and mental characteristics of busses.

The Brown omnibuses pass my door every quarter hour. From nine o'clock till eleven, these crowded vehicles are crowded with government officials, West-end banking-clerks, wealthy tradesmen, and all those varieties of the human race comprised under the head of men of business. I have an indescribable dread of these early passengers, and seldom venture to accompany them. They converse in a language I do not understand, and make free use of coarse, mysterious words consolida, divested, percentage, rock, and discount, the true import of which I have ever been able to master. All these early commercial birds look as if they had picked up the golden worm, and they all bear themint-mark of respectability; so are the severe fathers of families who discuss the state of the money-market on the front-seats; and so, indeed, are those pale-faced boys in long coats and tight collars, who smoke huge meerschaums and fat cigars on the roof. Nevertheless, I would rather not ride in such good company. I would rather wait till noon, when the mothers and daughters of our suburb begin to besige the Brown buses, when the driver is being continually requested to pull up for another lady, and when the conductor hears nothing but a rustle of silk dresses and a clanking of iron hoops. The fair ones are bent on shopping, and will return in a few hours loaded with ducks of bonnets and divine mantles. Of course they ride inside, and I have seldom anybody to dispute me my right to the box-seat.

My favourite driver is young Webb, a striping over whose head some sixty summers may have flown. I do not know how the veteran came by the prefix of young, but young Webb he is, and young Webb he will remain, until his turn comes to take a trip in that dismal black omnibus which carries only one inside. His youthful spirits may have procured him the title; but I am inclined to believe that there is an old Webb hanging about the stables, and that my young friend is his son. This opinion is not without foundation, as mysterious allusions to the 'old party' are not uncommon in the driver's speeches. Young Webb looks out of place on an omnibus, and feels his degraded position acutely. He drove four horses in former times on the broad Oxford Road—a fact which he takes care to mention every time he sees me. He dresses in a costume approaching that worn by him in happier days, when, as he says, 'nobody thought them railways would answer, and when coachmen was almost as well cared for as bishops.' A light drab coat ornamented with large pearl buttons covers his portly person; gaiters of the same colour protect his well-shod feet, and an ancient beaver-hat with a broad turned-up brim shades his rubicund face. The hot weather does not seem to affect him in the least, and he holds blouses and straw-hats in great contempt. Plenty of beef and an extra allowance of porter, he assures me, keep 'his head cool in the 'blazingest' weather. Young Webb is very communicative; but it is rather difficult to get at the meaning of his enigmatic sentences. I will endeavour to report a conversation we held together a few days since; but his speeches want a running accompaniment of winks, elbow-nudges, and flourishes of the whip, which cannot appear on paper. We were passing the establishment known as Mr. De Pluken's Homoeopathic Institute, when I ventured to address Young Webb on the subject of that medical man's capabilities.

'Oh, you want to know something about the doctor, do you? Very likely. Perhaps this ain't the
right shop though; perhaps you’d better apply over the way, with which establishment there ain’t no connection.’

‘Do you know the gentleman?’ I asked as mildly as possible.

‘Do I know him? Ah, now, I see what you’re driving at. I know him fast enough. If he wasn’t a lawful vagabond, he’d perhaps be a most respectable man; but what might be, and what is, is two worlds different horses.’

I assented to the truth of his last proposition, and requested to be furnished with further particulars.

‘My opinion don’t stand for much, sir,’ continued the mysterious drummer; ‘but I generally knows what oil is worth; it’s at dinner-time; and if my private opinion that Dr De Fluke is a cure. Now, I’ll just give an idea of the man as he is, leaving what he might be out of the question. This is him to the life.

He’s got a long white calico blind always drawn down to the waist, with a bit of silk ribbon, and a gold-headed cane, and all the rest of it. When the shutters is shut, Heaven only knows—but I suppose it’s after everybody’s a-bed; and when they’re opened, I can’t say, I’m sure, but very likely afore everybody’s up. Oh! the peculiar property of the!

Not exactly seeing the connection between the doctor’s shutters and his private character, I asked my friend to explain the hidden meaning contained in his words.

‘There’s nothing to explain,’ said he; ‘the calico blind speaks for itself. But that ain’t all. There’s his advertisements in the penny papers about his invis-able pills which ain’t feasable. (Webb is very proud of this advertisement.) I’m sure I hopes them pills’ his hands, makes the folks take them as much good as they does him; but what I hopes, and what I believes, is also different horses. But that’s not all, sir. Look here—he’s a-calling for a gallows-great letter-box in his parlour, with a hundred and forty-nine letters in it—all of them stuffed full of postage-stamps. This is merely a outline of Dr De Fluke. If you want to know more about him, you go over to the Markis of Granby and have a drop of something warm—gives him a kick, with a bit of liquor, and a gold-headed cane; but rum-shrub has its merits. If you light a Havan-annah afterwards, I’m not the one to find fault with you. When you’ve taken your drop of comfort, just go to the bar and ask for Crissy the postman, and they’ll bring him out to you. Then take him wepy-quietly aside, and whisper in his ear that you want to know something about the doctor; and tell him that young Webb sent you. Oh, he’ll give you full particulars, he will! Oh, he just is a cure, and no mistake!’

At this moment, Mr Webb pulled up for a passenger, who had scarcely seated himself when my friend asked him whether he knew anything of Dr De Fluke—a most respectable party, sir—most respectable! The mythical personage alluded to as Crissy the postman, is Webb’s authority for everything. It was only yesterday that he refused to give me any opinion as to the probability of having wet weather until he had ‘reckoned it over’ with Crissy.

Mr Higgins is a scholar and a gentleman, though he condescends to drive the one o’clock omnibus. His tastes are literary; and he passes much of his time in putting together some verses on a coachman’s life.

Start not, reader; there are ‘mute infeligious Miltons’ on the box-seat, as well as eloquent, as it may seem, I can bear witness to the artistic powers of a conductor! Mr Higgins is a severe critic, and does not spare the highest reputations. He will tell you that such a writer isn’t of much account; that another is going to the dogs, and that a third had better shut up shop. He makes up, however, for the abuse he so freely bestows on some writers, by the lavish praises he awards to his favourites. He almost worships Eliza Cook, and is for ever quoting her poems, introducing each recitation as ‘that pretty little verse by Miss Eliza,’ or ‘one of Miss Eliza’s best.’ He invariably asks me whether there are any things on in the book-line; and is extremely sly when I reply in the negative. When he hears a new song, he makes a note of it for my special edification.

‘I heard a pretty little thing last night, sir,’ he will say. ‘I gave a little musical supper to some friends from the country, and one of the young men—my wife’s cousin, in fact—sang a song I think you’d like to have a copy of. I’m sure I forget the name of it; but it begins: “Alone on the desert, alone—Alone on the desert am I.” Then I think it does a bit of dirt which is scarcely worth pocketing; but if you convince me at all, sir, it’s a pretty thing, if I could only remember it. You see, sir, it describes how a poor fellow walks away from the caravan which contains his wife and family, and is overcome by the heat and dusty roads. However, just as he is at the very last gasp, the bells of the camels are heard tearing through the distance, and he and his animal are saved by the arrival of a peculiar party. It nearly makes me a fool of myself, I can assure you, sir; and I felt rather relieved when Mary Anne (that’s my wife) began jingling a bunch of keys in imitation of the camels’ bell. Mr Higgins has promised to see me with a sight of his own composition, which I am convinced must be a literary curiosity.’

Jones is a sporting driver. His face is long and thin like a horse’s; the brim of his hat is perfectly flat; his coat is short; his waistcoat is large, and his trousers fit so tightly that his legs, I have reason to conclude that he must sleep in them. I think he has a notion that I am a horse-watcher, as he is always making me to put him up to a good sight of the horse, but cup and bowl, a-cross, and by the Flying Dutchman year, and so on, as if all the world could understand him. Jones is not an interesting person, nevertheless he has his points; he can work him up to a pitch of it, and more than one of the conductors rave by him.

Omnibus-driving has an acridifying effect upon men’s dispositions, at least I should judge from the chronic peevishness of old Baxter, with whom I have often been in the box. He cannot bear the delusion that he is a victim of continual persuade. When he is not at enmity with his passengers, he will inform them of the cruelty of his master, expect him to work night and day for a pittance, and be willing at times to rise at half-past one in order to give a ride to some day bring on a fit of apoplexy. Whenever he is at a loss for a topic to grumble at, he falls upon his conductor, who appears to be a very great man, according to the driver, is little less than a fiend in more or less human shape.

These are a few of the varieties of the genie-become-naked, which have fallen under my immediate notice; some less equally interesting awaiting the coming of the moon elsewhere; may, impr-
I have generally found the end to be a sprightly good-natured creature, rather too fond of indulging in 'chaff,' but capable of displaying considerable attachment to his regular customers. It would be impossible, within the narrow limits of this article, to do justice to my favourite conductors, but I cannot resist a temptation to lay before the reader a characteristic anecdote of Mr Edward Brown, or, as he is sometimes called, Smart Ned.

My friend Bilberry sometimes accompanies me to town; and as he has a strong objection to mount the box, I sacrifice my own comfort on the altar of friendship by riding inside. Bilberry is a popular lecturer of considerable name, and what is more to the point, a very charming companion. He is a huge man, with a jolly round face, which is slightly tinted by the best of clerics. He dresses in a very clerical style, and his turned-up hat, gold spectacles, and black suit, gave him the outward semblance of some high-church dignitary. A few mornings ago, we met at the corner of the name is perhaps more unpromising and less happened to be the one to which Mr Brown is attached. On our way to town, we could not help noticing that worthy's frequent glances at my portly friend. Every now and then he would peep cautiously into the vehicle, and look at Bilberry's hat, his shoes, or his spectacles. At last he dismounted from his elevated post, and took up a position on the step, so that he might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the lecturer. He seemed completely fascinated with the man, his goings, his spectacles, and never averted his gaze for a moment. At Charing Cross I got out, and Bilberry followed. Brown touched his hat to him with a reverential air.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said he; 'may I speak with you a minute?'

'What is it, my man—what is it?' asked my friend.

'I'm afraid, sir, you'll think me very rude, but the fact is, the driver has a bet on about you.'

'A bet about me, man? What do you mean?' Bilberry is rather irascible, and will not be trifled with.

'Well, sir, it's rather a ticklish question to put to you, but isn't you Cardinal Wiseman?' 'Cardinal Wiseman!' roared Bilberry, flourishing his cane. 'Do you mean to insult me, you impertinent rascal. I have a very good mind to—'

My excited friend could not finish his sentence before Smart Ned had slammed the doors, mounted his perch, and shouted out at the top of his voice:

'All right, Bill! Drive on! It is his Homenance!'

SOCIALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Some years ago, the present generation witnessed what we may probably regard as the last existing efforts of a school of political and social reformers, who were not unrepresented than that of any other sect of philosophy. The extreme section of the Republican party in France, and some of the most earnest and liberal members of the clergy and laity of the Church of England, were each engaged in their respective countries in endeavouring to lay the foundation of a new system of society, which all the worst evils of the present phase of human affairs were to be avoided, and which was to be a basis, soon or later, a complete moral revolution throughout the civilized world. The failure of the political Socialists of France, and of the Christian Socialists in England, was complete and decisive; it is not likely that we shall, during the lifetime of the present generation, see another attempt made to carry out in practical experiment the principles of the economical system vaguely denominated Socialism. This being the case, it is possible to inquire into the nature and abstract merits of its doctrines at more leisure, and with more impartiality, than could be expected at a time when the questions at issue were presented in a practical shape, and appeared as subjects of political contention rather than of philosophical discussion. And, though such an inquiry may savour somewhat too much of a 'warring with the dead,' which is at once unprofitable and undignified, it has its value both for those whose minds have been attracted by the brilliant promises of the Socialist writers and speakers, and for those who have rejected their system as a monstrous and palpable absurdity, without any very clear idea of its character, or of the definite objections which have been conclusively urged against it. There are thousands of the working-classes, and among them often the most intelligent and estimable, who have neither forgotten nor wholly lost faith in the doctrines which they or their fathers first learned some quarter of a century ago. They cling to the idea that existing evils, and the inequalities of human conditions, are the fruit, not of any causes within the control of the sufferers, or beyond all human control whatever, but of an abnormal state of society, which might be cured and rectified, but for the obstinacy of those who are not stirred in reflection, and the selfishness of those to whose lot have fallen the prizes of fortune. Holding this belief, they are naturally and rightfully discontented with their fate, and disposed to murmur against all who are more happily situated, as against those who keep them out of their due.

These are men who deserve attentive and respectful sympathy; and the social theories on which they rest their hopes of a good time coming are entitled to be heard with patience, to be elucidated with fairness, and to be refuted with care and in good faith. The horror with which the name of Socialism is still regarded in the spheres of sober and commonplace conservatism, had its origin in the associations attached to it by the earlier and less-considerate professors of the doctrine. The idea which the term is intended to convey is simple enough. As generally used and understood, Socialism implies the association of labour, while Communism infers the association of property. The Socialist advocates the extirpation of all competition for employment or for custom, for profit or for wages. He would organise the industry of the country after a republican fashion, dividing among the labourers the produce of their toil, instead of a stipulated sum in wages from the master-capitalist, to whom that produce now belongs. He would have the labourer to work not for a master, as in our factories, nor for himself, as on the small farms of France, or in the small workshops of Britain, but jointly for himself and his fellow-workmen. The Communist proposes, in addition, that the produce, instead of being divided, shall be held in common property by all. These theories are put forward, not as plans to be forthwith carried into effect by a sudden and violent revolution in the whole frame of society, but as the natural and most hopeful development towards which civilisation should tend.

The unhealthiness, folly, and mischievous nature of competition is the idea that lies at the root of the ideas. Competition is regarded as the very life and soul of society; nor—unreasonable though it be—is this view unnatural. It is not surprising that men, seeing
only the mechanism through which an effect is produced, should mistake that mechanism for the cause. It is but as if some one, not seeing the engine at work, should attribute the motion of the wheels and shafts to the revolving fly-wheel. It is natural that men of sensitive benevolence should be pained and outraged as they witness the ceaseless jar, and strife, and struggle of life. It is terrible, in very truth, to see how, in every business, in every rank and grade of existence, men are crowding one another out of the comfort and decencies of life; by sometimes striking one another out of life itself—merely in the effort to make their own way, or even to maintain their own ground. It is not wonderful that men more philanthropic than philosophical should regard this aspect of life, understand its tendency, and attribute to it the sufferings of which it is the instrument; forgetting that, if it were to cease, while the want of room continued to impede progress, stagnation and suffocation must be the result.

The great object was to discover some system of social arrangements by which the present evils and inequalities of human life might be avoided or redressed. Believing that these misfortunes spring principally or wholly from the competitive principle which underlies the existing state of society, and from the selfishness which it engenders, something to supersede this mainspring of society was sought for. Association and organisation from without, instead of organisation naturally arising from competition among the members of the social body, were expected to remodel the world. By this means the socialists hoped to insure that every man should have a sufficiency of leisure, and an adequate and steady proportion of the common labour. By the means they hoped so to adjust the supply of all articles of desire to the wants of the community, as that neither scarcity nor repletion should ever afflic them. It was their intention so to distribute labour among different occupations, as none should ever be unemployed because his particular trade was overstocked, or should be forced to labour day and night for a remuneration which hardly suffices to save him from dying of hunger. It was their object to make the way for a juster and more equal distribution of the produce of human labour and abstinence, than at present exists. Pure Socialism, as the word is understood in this country, would achieve this simply by a more equitable method of taxation; and by such a general diffusion of education as would preserve and elevate the classes now poor by reason of ignorance and vice. Communism, with less patience and more audacity, would sweep away at once all inequalities of fortune, by destroying at one blow the institution of private property.

The writers and preachers of this doctrine propose to return to that which may not improbably have been the first condition of human society, and which is not unlike the form of property rights subsisting among the nomadic tribes of the east. The community, state, or family, is to be the sole proprietor; distributing to all, not according to their deserts, but according to their needs. All labour is to be employed and directed by the state; the produce is to belong to the state; and the state is to be responsible for the comfortable maintenance of each individual citizen. Now, there is the widest possible difference between these two theories. The former proposes simply a different organisation of industry from that at present subsisting; the latter demands a complete reconstruction of human society, hardly to be accomplished without a radical change in human nature. The objections to the schemes of the Socialist lie in matters of practice and of detail, and amount on the whole to this: that the plan could not be made to work, and that if it were set in action, its working would produce results of very questionable benefit to society. Communism is liable to objections far more vital and fundamental; as a theory which could only be carried out by the annihilation of all existing rights, which would be an enormous retrogression in civilisation, and could hardly fail to produce just as much festering upon its prosperity as a reification of human nature afforded by the stern necessity of earning their own bread and under which he would derive only an almost inappreciable individual advantage from the immediate results of his toil, men would labour as diligently as now appears to be most economically, beneficially, and comfort, if not their very existence, depend on their own exertions. One great economist, who is inclined to look with favour upon the communist scheme of society, expresses a strong belief that the influence of public opinion would be sufficient to prevent any attack from shrinking the task assigned to him. This influence, in a community so constituted as to give the fullest possible effect, would be very powerful, and can hardly doubt; but it is by no means certain it would obtain. It is no workman at present paid by the piece; and it is not likely that many men will be found to labor as anxiously for the community as they would if working on their own account and for their own sole profit. In the United States of America, the Communist state of society is far more prevalent and in the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic when one such as a Flanders, Switzerland, and the western provinces of America, the Communist state of society is far more prevalent and in the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic when one such as a Flanders, Switzerland, and the western provinces of America, the Communist state of society is far more prevalent and in the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic when one such a man as a Flanders, Switzerland, and the western provinces of America, the Communist state of society is far more prevalent and in the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic when one such a man as a Flanders, Switzerland, and the western provinces of America, the Communist state of society is far more prevalent and in the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic when one such a man as a
most unfavourably with the work of the practical Socialist, whose "labour-partnerships," at least so far as they have yet been actually tried, have done much to develop individual character and personal dignity on the part of their members. That the tyranny of a Socialist organisation which should embrace the whole industry of a country, leaving little or no control over the workmen at the mercy of a vast centralised administration, would be intolerably severe, no clear-sighted person can well doubt. But the habit of working together with others in a self-governed association, with the foundation on which the most valuable institutions of this kind may, and generally do, fall, either from want of capital or from want of the necessary qualities of patience, prudence, resolution, and mutual confidence and forbearance on the part of the members, may be made the basis of most valuable institutions, and in the dignity of independence which is so highly prized by the educated British workman, is a training, moral and industrial, than which it would not be easy to devise a better.

As the new institutions are still flourishing, of which we need only advert to the most successful—the Rochdale Co-operative Store—which does infinite credit to the working-men who founded and managed it, and which has been the best possible school in every sense, for all connected with it, the institutions of this kind may, and generally do, fall, either from want of capital or from want of the necessary qualities of patience, prudence, resolution, and mutual confidence and forbearance on the part of those who belong to them. When organised by the working-classes themselves, and kept in their own hands, they may be made the basis of the many valuable institutions, both for the elevation of their members both in moral worth and temporal wealth, and for the material and educational improvement of their neighbourhood. And perhaps not least among their advantages, we may reckon the insight they can afford to the working-class into the practical truths of political economy; into the hard necessities of commerce, of which they are the only victims; and into the true nature of those laws which, when their operation is severely felt, turn the face of the world, put the selfishness of masters or the avarice of landlords, into the possibilities of their own future, and the means by which the highest and happiest of those possibilities may be realised; as well as into the broad and simple principles for the coming industrial regeneration, and the triumph of Socialist and educational principles which perhaps inspired them at the outset.

Naturally, those who have talked with the working-men who have had experience of the management of these concerns, and the peculiarly interesting to their class.

Are such institutions more commonly successful, and such knowledge more generally diffused, it is probable that much of the money and time wasted, and good feeling destroyed, by fruitless and irrational strikes, might have been spared. The friends of the original preachers of Socialism, it is quite certain that the only portion of their work which has taken practical root in this country, is so far from being hostile to the well-being of society as it appears constituted, that no better education could be found for the working-classes than the establishment in every large town of such co-operative associations as the Rochdale Store and the Leeds Corn-mill. The test of practice has been applied, and has effectually separated the really valuable principles from the mass of error and extravagance in which the preachers of Socialism had buried them; and in doing so, it has shewn how much of sound sense lay at the bottom of a theory which had been pushed to such irrational extremities.

O U R N E W O R G A N I S T.

This old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldon Cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not entirely of course—the organist was, I believe, Wunderlich; I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by name—was a pleasant little place, on the time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent, cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the lord-bishop of the diocese; but I do not think that it is noted at all. Nevertheless, though I have travelled much, I have never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and grandly suggestive as Waldon Cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which people, not contempt, but true reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral-yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house; I was not called upon to give the organ at all. But my patience wore away, and I was eventually induced to accept a post. The organ was in a bad state. I went to stroll in the palace-gardens, and remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the choister, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-gardens from the cathedral precincts. I listened to two tones of the organ, I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-gardens immediately. As I passed into the cathedral-yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened; I was not disappointed, the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument; it was the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

'This man will do,' I thought, as I listened. 'He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius.' Ah, ye Waldonites, ye shall shudder through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye.'

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. I fancied that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent
noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounded the other; I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a footfall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if human fingers had pressed the keys that night. I glanced at the book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night; only one echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had 'drowsed' from the time I left Midian’s Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unfinchingly. I had hidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. I drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. The daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporize, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously dim security of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the pine top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unaweveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the organ. Nightlight, as I gazed, was bathed in the only light that the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotched manuscript score, while my chum strode and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor’s library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarlatti’s. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed up stairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. "Hola! I thought you were in the other room, I exclaimed."

"Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old—" My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found none. Everything was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checked my men about there; in the corner, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night; only one echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had 'drowsed' from the time I left Midian’s Twelfth Service open on the desk, and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unfinchingly. I had hidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. I drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. The daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporize, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously dim security of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the pine top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unaweveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the organ. Nightlight, as I gazed, was bathed in the only light that the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

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"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.
the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

'She give me this (shewing a shilling), and want away the very minute she'd done playing.'

'She? It flashed upon me.

With I spied upon to see what than I thought plain young girl. She would surely come again—I would secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn lines of poetry seem to dance in the midnight air.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I would assure you that this was my very reward.

An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the Sibyl Master of Pargoloi, that Domnichiano of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure slided through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands and crying: 'There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you.' I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-left. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure you that this was my very reward.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She tugged at the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did note it was a mere mimicry. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absent eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on her brow, and another; a smile of satisfaction made the month very sweet.

She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's smile. By service she passed, and covered that face with hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I swooned beside her. She did not start; she rose and walked before me in all the mild, mused-musing expressions gathering into her; last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reproach her for the trouble she had given me, and to command her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

'If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate my right) shall touch these keys.

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

'Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since; you must fill his place in this cathedral.'

'Are you not the organist?'

'No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it.'

'Are you the bishop, then?'

'No.' I laughed. 'But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon Cathedral.'

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her; if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, and she shook her head.

'I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here.'

'I am the best judge of that; I shall try you. I will call at your home, and arrange with your relations.'

'I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow.'

'Your answer must be "Yes;" and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?'

She shook her head; so, as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

'Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again,' I said.

'O yes, if you wish it.'

'You have not asked my name, or where I live.' I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She passed there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble lines.

'It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night; you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again.'

I said 'Good-night,' but followed her still: it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's impressive, because meek dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight playing on the grotesquely carved figures and rich tracery of the façade of the cathedral immediately opposite me (sometimes my idle days were almost wholly passed in this intent watching, till I could have believed my life to have been passed into the shadow I saw stealing more and more of the building from the open sunlight)—as I sat thus, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a "middle-aged female" wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognised the woman who had joined the young musicians under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

'I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor,' was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

'I have yet to learn the young lady's name,' I reminded her.

Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town.'

'Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?'

'She has no friend in the world but me.'

Mrs Smith—that was her name she told me—turned
back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I despatched Margaret with Mrs Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I showed Miss Hall the instrument, and helped her to play through some of the last organist's favourite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play anything she chose.

'Is it a misfortune for a musician to have such happy an audience?' she said.

'I try all I can to stretch them,' was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course I did no such thing; their accidental contact did not affect me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trimming assistance by present some Scotch Rocheffe. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go. I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered at the peculiarities of the instrument, and the main.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexplicable industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practising in the cathedral.

'You have had a thorough musical education,' I observed to her one day.

'My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since.' There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. 'Here I shall be happy,' she added calmly. 'I feel sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral.'

'You must have been very young when—'

'When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child.'

'Alas, Alice! It is time to go home,' Mrs Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her kind, tearful, and deeply pale. I repeated my tyrann, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

'You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?' she looked at me wistfully.

'I will take care that you do not do that.'

'Will you be near me?'

'Where I am now—ready to turn the page.'

'That makes it all different,' said the child. 'I thought you would be down among the people, and I should be quite alone. I do not mind now.'

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist, and she sighed, 'I bless thee, dear child,' I murmured as I looked at her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange the place, and thought Miss Hall would look like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes; she was quite to be relied upon. She was all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my & I bent down, removing her books.

'How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all as I had not been by your side.'

'I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest.'

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seem so large, nor her face as white. She thought her for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many gazes were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, as did I not. I was moved to repeat to her the admiration with which I had felt that I could not praise her; she was too far pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others some comment than I had conceded, and chose to hide her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practise with mingling diligence. I saw her at least once, often the child days; yet how she loved to rely upon others. Her music was healing of inward sorrow, restoring the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her? There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arches way out of the cathedral east, Alice looked back lovingly:

'Would it be possible for me ever, always, to forget the days when you looked at me with holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs Smith), I should like to be buried very near the cathedral.'

'No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am gone.'

'I do not wish to die,' she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self is my bosom—the gifted heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead estate. I had opportunity of observing the delicate neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the refinement that characterised her as an artist, infused the humble details of her daily life. When I went home many things in the arrangement of my grimmer house displeased me—there were faults of common, yet more of omission: evidently, a central something was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced new young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens were frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Everything was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.
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Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seemed to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent perturbences of the world. It had, in my eyes, become another world. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice anything beyond these instructions—anything personal, private? I decided that to do so would be delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was small, I hoped she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then illness deposed me; then affairs overtook me. To return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards, well wrapped up. I was too cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression, haunting me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral-yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and sighing about me; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure; it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I had to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full grand of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. 'Alice is dead' was my firm conviction. I managed to rise, and creep to my house. I did not understand how 'name' had become 'the cathedral'.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. 'Returned after her death,' I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery; I brooded stupidly over a newly kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

'When did she die?' I asked stolidly, by and by.

'Nigh a month since, sir.'

A long pause.
I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, unsought care.

'You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill,' she said, looking at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

'I have been very ill. I have much to plead an excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain.'

'Tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return.'

'No, no: you never frightened me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been rough to me to think of you unkindly.'

'Why did you shock but now?'

'I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night.'

'Tell it me.'

'I had rather not.'

'I have a reason for wishing to know it.'

'I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem.'

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so, too. A queer thrill went through me at the first time, I fully recollected the events of the past night.

'You must let me take you home,' I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

'You must not spoil me so; if you had done, I should not have found it so hard to do without you.'

This was just too much for me. I gathered her little figure into my arms, kissed her sweet bow lips again and again, and cried:

'Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!'

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

'I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?' she asked earnestly.

'Yes, because I love you.'

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining in it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice—(not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral-yard. It was on New-year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, as she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New-year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice! my wife, my star! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end? I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to turn. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a grand one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed, and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal may touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumour in Waldon the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my under-
new meekness, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in Thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Wallon, the congregation, of about half-a-dozen persons, assembled one evening, December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long-feebler organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.

THE BASS ROCK AND ITS TENANTS.

The Bass is a solitary, precipitous rock in the Firth of Forth, rising to the height of 420 feet sheer out of the sea. An easy journey of a couple of hours takes you from Edinburgh, and lands you at Canty Bay, a small secluded fishing-station on the coast of East Lothian, immediately opposite the rock itself, which being only a mile from shore, is here readily accessible by a boat.

Within such close proximity to the smiling, richly cultivated lands of East Lothian and Berwick, and at a distance of but three-and-twenty miles from the northern metropolis, it is strange indeed to think of the scene of wild animal life presented by this solitary rock, the annual retreat of thousands of sea-birds, which wing thither their weary flight from the eastern shores of America, and the far-off rocky coast of Greenland and Labrador. Viewed from Canty Bay, the island presents nothing very striking with regard to its external aspect, saving its abrupt elevation from the sea, and, in sunny weather, a certain white glimmering appearance. But upon nearing it in a boat, it gradually and steadily rises in majestic grandeur upon the view, till its lofty cliffs seem to tower to a dizzying height overhead, impressing the beholder with a feeling of awe.

Like many other rocks on the British coast, and indeed all over the world, this has yielded to the constant wearing of the winds and waves, and has been gradually broken away in rectangular fracture, leaving a system of ragged shelving ledges on those sides most exposed to the violence of the elements; namely, the east, west, and north. Thus the Bass presents to those points a high range of perpendicular, and in many places, overhanging cliffs, and is accessible only from the south. This peculiar conformation seems to have been taken advantage of when state-prisons were more in vogue than now; for this day may be seen the remains of fortifications, barricades, cells, and dungeons, once tenanted by many an unhappy captive, and zealously guarded by a governor and troops at that time stationed permanently on the island. History has handed down an interesting account of these state-prisoners, together with the proceedings which led to their incarceration; and I may as well here state, that not only have ample details of the martyrlogy been furnished in a volume called The Bass Rock,* but likewise treatises on the civil and ecclesiastical history, geology, zoology, and botany, severally—486 pages having been written by authors of the highest repute on a lonely and distant rock, although a circumstance! Were it solely on account of its relics of bygone times, the Bass would be well worth a visit, especially for the antiquity and artist, as the cell in which worthy covenanting John Blackadder, and others were confined, the governor's house, and the fortifications generally, are in a state of tolerable preservation. My tastes, however, are for the natural history of this singular island, more especially the multitudes of sea-birds which make it their home.

Several species of birds breed on the Bass, but by far the most numerous is the solan goose or gannet. This is one of the few stations in Great Britain selected by it for breeding purposes; the other places principally resorted to are Lundy Isla, off the coast of Devonshire; Ailsa Craig, on the Ayrshire coast; St Kilda, in the Hebrides; and Sulaikerry, between the Orkneys and the Butt of Lewis. A few other places of minor importance are sometimes chosen by straggling members, but those are exceptions, and as such, are not worth mentioning.

On my first visit to the Bass, I was much struck by the novelty of the whole scene. As the little sailing-boat neared the rock, I described innumerable numbers of gannets sailling on poised wings round and round it; but at the first discharge of a gun, the air became partially darkened by the multitude of birds that quitted their ledges and launched forth into the air. One small crested gull—bird of the gull genus—flew screaming from their nests, and kept up their deafening shrieks for many minutes; while parties of gannetos and razor-bills quitted their retreats silently, and flew far out to sea. The greatest height of all was the extraordinary number of solan geese that filled the air, sailling round and round the rock in long graceful sweeps. Looking up from a boat towards the cliffs, one is surprised that so many birds should find room on such apparently narrow ledges, to construct their nests and rear their young in safety; but doubtless the great height creates a deception as to the size of objects.

The habits of the solan goose are somewhat peculiar. These birds are, strictly speaking, gregarious; they arrive at the Bass in the beginning of February—a few birds heralding the approach of the main body—and remain there till October, for the purpose of hatching and rearing their young. By far the greatest number then depart for the American coast, some going southward to the Mexican Gulf, and others northward to the shores of Greenland. A few birds remain on the British coast all the year round, but these are always very much scattered. The number of geese that annually comes to the Bass is estimated at about ten thousand. On their arrival, they at once set about the weary process of constructing their nests: a weary process indeed, from the time required to accomplish it, and the longitude frequently travelled in search of materials. The nest is composed almost entirely of sea-weed, to procure which the bird flies many miles from home, returning empty with the material. As this moves the birds is altogether rejected, though sea-weed is preferred. The nest requires constant repairs during the season, as great heat shrivels its proportions, while moisture decomposes and enlarges it. It is about fifteen inches in diameter across the top, and several inches deep; and in it is deposited one egg about the size of that of an ordinary goose, but longer and harder. From the exceedingly awkward motions of the gannet, while quittting or returning to her nest, the egg would in all probability be soon broken, were it not coated with a hard calcareous substance, to
protect it from rough usage. On rare occasions, two eggs are laid in one nest, and I have been told that in these cases one of the young is much smaller than the other. Though the solan is an extremely awkward bird on land, and shuffles clumsily off her nest when scared by intruders, the instant she launches herself from the cliff into the air, her motions are graceful and easy. Her wings measure six feet from tip to tip, and her flight consists of a few regularly timed beats, followed by a long elegant swoop of several hundred yards. These beats are usually in a direction towards the sea, and continue till the bird arrives within a few feet of the water, when with an elegant curve she ascends till the impetus is exhausted, and then has to beat her way back. As the ocean swell and change, the solan goose will sail round her sea-girt home for hours at a time, apparently enjoying the exercise: multitudes are to be seen thus engaged, crossing and re-crossing, and following each other in long gliding lines, or scoring the way homewards after having been many miles away.

To procure food for the young one, the solan will sometimes wander thirty, fifty, or even ninety miles from home. Young herring form the chief sustenance, and are caught by first biting them, then disgorging for the benefit of the hungry little one. The method of obtaining fish is very remarkable: Nature has gifted the bird with keen organs of vision, and with these she keeps a constant look-out when on a fishing excursion; if a fish is seen, the gannet starts her flight instantly, and gliding perpendicularly down like a shot into the sea, secures her dinner with usual uncerring certainty; the middle claw and the sides of the bill are serrated, which enables the solan to hold a firm grasp of fish with either the foot or mouth. It is a beautiful sight to see those birds hovering over, and diving at a shool of herring; scarcely an instant elapses before one of their number makes its rapid descent into the waves, throwing up a torrent of spray, and leaving a white mark in the sea, discernible at the distance of a mile; and one after another swoops in rapid succession, playing as it were a game at follow the leader, and driving an immense herring-traffic the while. The solan will sometimes dive from the height of six feet from the surface of the sea, and at other times from elevations ranging from twenty to fifty feet. I have never seen the bird dive from apparently greater altitudes, nor have I ever seen one stop as if balked of its prey, while on the swoop. The swoop is similar to that of the falcon or sky-lark, the wings being folded close to the body. When emerging from the sea, the gannet rests for a few moments, and then flaps lazily out of the water. She seldom if ever swims continually, and never dives from the surface. If over-gorged with fish, she will rest on the water for several hours at a time, and in this state those birds are frequently caught by fishermen and others.

The food is digested sometimes into the mouth of the young solan, and sometimes into the mouth of the parent bird, for the young one to help itself, but more frequently by the former method. The young is at first of a leaden-black colour; it is totally helpless, and very meek and submissive in appearance, as may be seen from the manner in which it receives occasional spitleage from its neighbours, during the absence of its parents. This, however, is compensated by the tender solicitude of the mother while feeding and rearing it. I am not aware that the male bird assists in rearing the young one, though, I believe, he acts his part in foraging for food, and feeding it before the female while she is on the nest, for I have seen disengorged pellets so placed.

On the Bass, there are several distinct colonies of geese, apart from those that breed on the cliffs, and the stranger may approach within a very few feet of them while they are sitting. This allows of close observation being made. The bird is nearly as big as the common goose, and is pure white all over, excepting on the pinion feathers of the wings, which are black, and the neck, which is sandy grey. The male and female are almost similar in appearance, the head is large, the bill long and pointed, and the neck capable of opening wide enough to admit a man's foot; this may be proved by placing your foot close to the bird's head. The bird is bare at the same time that your toe is strong and thick. The head of the male is perfectly destitute of nostrils, opening being visible where they usually occur in other birds; nor do the middle claw and beak become serrated till the young bird is more than a score of solan geese; but this species is the only one which has been observed to feed in this manner with this bird. The young do not arrive at their full plumage till the expiration of several years; two stages of colouring intervening—namely, black and piebald; neither do they pair until the adult plumage is complete.

The solan seldom utters a cry while on the wing, but just before lighting on her nest, she gives out a harsh guttural note, which is usually responded to by the neighbouring sitting birds; the responses, however, I suppose to be quite imitative. I suspect that the gannet is accompanied by menacing gestures towards the newcomer. Again, when intruded upon, she utters her hoarse cry, resembling the words kerr, kerr, or crc, crc, and this cry is taken up by those nearest her. These are the only occasions I have heard the gannets' voice, excepting when two were quarrelling together.

Where so many birds are grouped together within such circumscribed limits, one would naturally suppose the noise to be terrific, and yet comparative freedom from noise is what has always struck me as being a very remarkable circumstance. A single round kitiwake will, it is true, make more noise than a thousand gannets; this is accompanied by menacing gestures towards the intruder. Again, when intruded upon, she utters her hoarse cry, resembling the words kerr, kerr, or crc, crc, and this cry is taken up by those nearest her. These are the only occasions I have heard the gannets' voice, excepting when two were quarrelling together.

I have even noticed certain intervals of almost total cessation, with hundreds of geese flying around at the time, but they must, of course, be rare. Geese breed all over the faces of the rock; kitiwakes usually at an elevation of about two-thirds of the entire height of the precipice; they, in fact, occupy a zone to themselves. The gannets nest at the base of a small cliff, close against the kitiwake, and the razor-bill in holes in the fortification. The puffins, I believe, breed in deserted rabbit-holes, though I never saw any there. Besides those, a few pair of herring-gulls, black-backed gulls, and cormorants, breed upon the rock; the last frequented the peninsula of the cave—which perforated the island like a tunnel—and emitting at times the most unearthly sounds, or rather howls. These singular sounds are rarely heard on any other portion of the line, and have always associated this gloomy cavern with feelings of mysterious awe. Boatmen have attributed these gloomy cries to the guillemot tribe, a few members of which do certainly frequent the cavern, but I am inclined rather to implicate them to the cormorant, as I have never heard the voice of the guillemot, or 'marratt,' as the sailors call it, under any circumstances whatever, saving the low sharp croak, emitted during their dying struggles after a gale. A solitary pair, a day or two before, lay down to rear their progeny of 'bratockles' on the rock; several pairs of jackdaws; and a single pair of peregrine falcons: these, together with rock-pipits, rear the species known to me; but there may, of course, be others which have escaped my observation. I heard a common wren from some long nettles close to the fortifications, and, by the same way in which it settled close by, waiting, doubtless, for my departure.
I inferred that she must have had her nest there; but I failed in finding it, though I searched diligently.

The Bass is let at a considerable sum annually by its owner, Sir Hew Dalrymple, to a person termed 'the keeper.' The rent is made up first and chiefly by the money obtained for the young geese, which, when cooked, are sold at from 5d. to 1s. a piece; and secondly, by the exacted from the strangers for the privilege of visiting the rock. The number of young geese slaughtered annually is about two thousand; and these are first skinned, then soaked, and baked slowly, after which the greater number are packed and forwarded to various parts of Great Britain, while others are reserved for home-use. The young of the solan goose, when properly prepared, is a dainty morsel than many might suppose, especially when eaten cold; and I believe her Majesty has an annual treat of solan-geese eggs. These should be boiled for twenty minutes—the albumen congealing merely to the consistency of jelly—and eaten with pepper, mustard, and vinegar; and for breakfast, I know not better fare.

At three different times in the year do the cliff-men essay their dangerous task—1st, when the eggs of the kittiwake, &c., are ready for hatching; 2d, when the peregrine falcon's brood is fit to be carried off; and 3d, when the young geese are sufficiently matured for killing.

The eggs of the first are sought after by collectors, and are always kept in store at Canty Bay, ready to be blown, price 6d. A supply of the herring-gull, puffin, guillemot, and razor-bill or 'Famme Kirtar,' or even those of the solan and eider ducks, or even those of the solan and eider ducks, is also kept, though in much less quantity than the kittiwake's; and sometimes the eggs of the greater black-backed gull and commoner may be had.

On the second descent, the cliff-man carries away the falcon's brood in a basket slung round his shoulder for the purpose. He is let down to the spot by means of a rope tied round his waist, and another loose in his hand; the rope is previously made fast round a rock, and further held by a man above. The falcon and its companion by the rope he holds in his hand, and so is let down, steadied, or hauled up at pleasure. Young peregrines require to be dexterously handled, or they may inflicts severe wounds with their talons. When the cliff-man reaches the eyrie, they instantly begin to scream vociferously, far outwitting in their piercing shrieks the cries of the other denizens of the cliff. They always turn upon their backs, and strike viciously with their feet, so that the operation of being carried away is often tedious. The men, however, now generally wear gloves, and are thus enabled to lift their screaming captives at once from the nest. The female falcon usually sails close at the tail, and often lights on a piece of rock at hand, a sorrowing spectator of the scene.

This has been a blank year for falcons on the Bass.

On the third and last occasion of descents, which last from the middle of August till the middle of September, the cliff-map is let down three times a week by a rope round the waist, with a steadying or signaling rope in the left hand, and a stout cudgel in the right. From cliff to cliff he gropes his dangerous way, sometimes dangling in mid-air, and then regaining the path. He knocks a young goose on the head, which kills it at a single blow; he then places the cudgel in his rope-hand, and seizing the dead bird, treaues it clear of the rocks into the sea. A boat is waiting below to gather the slain birds; and I may here remark, that it has to give them a wide berth, as one falling into it might stave it. The art of hearing the dead birds into the sea is one not learned all at once, as it requires both strength to guichet far enough outwards, and an eye accustomed to judge of distances at great elevations, to calculate the necessary force to be employed. Sometimes the man is let down into the boat, and at other times he is hoisted up again if the proceeding, too, is considered most dangerous in very weather, and is on that account rarely attempted except upon fine days. Accidents to cliff-men are very rare on the Bass.

I will now take leave of the Bass and its tenants, though I have not noticed the rabbits which abound on it, nor the sixteen sheep its somewhat scanty pastureage maintains. The view from the fortifications is truly magnificent, and of itself well repays the trouble of ascending thither. The associations connected with the ruinous cells and dungeons are deeply interesting; and the fair marks presented by two geese, which hold as their own two ledges of rock 150 yards from the fortifications, and are termed Baird's and Elcho's geese respectively, are amply sufficient to test the skill of the rifleman. These are considered legitimate targets by the keeper, who permits any amount of practice at them gratis; but five shillings a head is charged by him for old geese killed in cold blood; so, as it was before, and when directing thine unerring rifle at either of the above solans, see that thou dost not riddle another instead!

MY FIRST PLAY.

When anything new happens to us, it is an event, not only for the time being, but for the future. Thoughts, feelings, and intelligences unknown before, spring up and give birth to others which never again seem to leave us, and which indirectly, but certainly, influence our future actions and sentiments, although we may not take the trouble of tracing to their source the 'little things' which gave the first tiny tinge of colour to what forms our present and permanent bent of character. I had never seen a play of any kind, and had heard marvellously little about plays or scenic representations in general. To be sure, my nursery-maid, Mary, talked occasionally about the 'theatres,' and had even told me a long story concerning one Jane Shore, and a wicked king, whose wickedness, I concluded, consisted in making the said Jane Shore cry water-cresses, that she for the first time related the pathetic tale—assuring me that such was undoubtedly both the mode and the tone by which the lovely and unfortunate prototype of the dirty draggle-tailed drab then passing us, used to call the attention of the Londoners, two or three thousand years ago, to the fresh leaves she had been forced to gather for them, to eat with their bread and butter, early in the morning, at the cold brook-side, before the wicked tyrant himself, or the sun, or the birds were awake.

Mary, being somewhat romantically and sentimentally disposed, desisted chiefly in tragedies where ladies died for love of handsome young gentlemen, who stamped about and stabbed each other in measured time, which she practically demonstrated, by making a ferocious attack on a pillow with the poker; which, after having performed part of a rival lover, was rendered available in soothering Desdemona—that is, the unconscious cat, which never would lie quiet and allow itself to be killed as that, exemplary wife did, but ran mewing and splitting under the bed. She was not, it must be confessed, particularly clear in her descriptions; and there was a strange jumble of kings and queens in crowns, poisoned cups, bloody daggers, gold waistcoats, purple and crimson robes, crowns and suits of armour, helmets, battle-axes, and hanging swords,
wailing, woe, death, and dismay, dancing in con-
fusion through my childish brain, and telling me
alternately with curiosity, terror, delight, and a
strong desire to witness myself the wonders she
dilated upon.

One Monday morning, when snow lay thick on
the ground, frost in the very air of the house, I
sat with purple nose and red fingers at the school-
room piano, picking out a new music-lesson, my
father unexpectedly entered—a very unusual event.
He brought in a smart good girl; and then, in
case my prim goodness should insinuate anything to
the disadvantage of my character, quickly added: 'We
have secured a box on Thursday at Covent Garden,
and mean to take you, Lilian, where I hope Miss Birch
—henceforward in his opinion she had expressed to myself—will accompany us.' Whereupon Miss Birch's counten-
ance, hitherto anything but smiling, brightened; she
generously signified her assent to the proposal, saying:
'I was a very good girl, and deserved indulgence.'
And now for this reason above all others, I ad-
opted the opinion she had expressed to myself; some ten minutes
before, I was not disposed to be critical, but jumped up in a
fever of joy, kissed first my father, and then Miss Birch, my blood circulating so rapidly, that through the fog of the snow, I could not close the sight of
neither purple nose nor red fingers remained.

What was it to me now that the fire burnt low, or
that the streets were covered with snow; was I not
going to the play? I bustled through my lessons with
unusual gaiety, and only heard the stranger and street
-twelve, bounded off to the nursery, where my little
sister Susan always stayed till she joined me at two
to commence her lessons also. The joyful news had
already been imparted there, and Susan was longing for
me, for she felt there was something more for me, for some treat with Mary, who entered into our feelings most good-humouredly,
bolted her head to the nursery, where I must see
Jane Shore, insomuch as that was an entertainment of too lofty a
nature to take children to; but she dawdled we
should see 'harlequin and columbina'—more amusing,
and better suited to our intelligence; and then she,
nothing loath, tried to enlighten us in the same confu-
sed manner she had before attempted to describe her
favourite scene, and all that was wild in the tangled
maze, which only still more whetted our curiosity.
How Tuesday and Wednesday passed, it is
easily impossible to recollect as imagine. Going
to the play was ever present; and the time seemed
so near we feared it would never come. Thursday sidewas short; for at Christmas, children far the
greatest part of the audience, and what is likely
pleases them is then more attended to than at other
seasons.

I cannot now remember what the name of the play
first acted was; but although I knew it was mis-
believable, I still could not help fancying it real; the
scenery was so like nature; for we saw it thus the
centre-boxes, which favour the illusion; only the
ladies were almost too beautiful for flesh and blood;
anything but wax; however, they sang and danced in
a haymaking scene, which, but for these beautiful
doll ladies, would have been just like the real count
as I have seen at my uncle's the night before, where the
clodhopping clowns and rosy-cheeked rustic figures
dressed. And there were also waltzers
in plumed helmets, such as I read of in my story-
books; but I could hear with difficulty so far off, or
the drum, as some might call it, the gurgle, and the
ladies kept whining about. At last it came to an
end; and although we ventured some fears that all
was over, our patience was helped by an orange and a
ban; and, after an overture, even prettier than the last,
came the pantomime.

Ah, these were the palmy days of pantomime!
Grimaldi was clown; Bologna, harlequin; and
Mrs Parker, who, though sixty, the age of my venerable grandmamma, looked as young and as blooming, and danced far better than any of the eldriest ladies there—Mrs Parker, who, however old, was colubrine. Perhaps I confuse, perhaps I may be introducing parts of another pantomime, or perhaps there were three pieces played; but a live elephant and horses appeared on the stage in Elibeon and our kind parents, stilling their yawns, remained until the curtain fell, that we might see the whole, we both declared we should like it all to begin over again. Once in the carriage, however, nature reasserted her claims and the flowers that grew within reach, for those further afield, to which distance has lent its charm; but certainly this weakness of theirs is especially obvious in the matter of "going abroad."

Why, within a few days journey of Society's townhouse—if Society did but know it—and on English land, there lie whole tracts of country as beautiful as soul can desire, as wild as brain can bear, and whole tribes of its own craftsmen whose dialect would be as strange to its ears as Tyrolean or Swedish; mountains, whose summits, even yet, cannot reach from below any more than it can Mont Blanc's; lakes, which yield in beauty to no inland waters even in gorgeous Italy, and which reflect a cloud-canopy such as the sheeny South can never behold; rivers, winding in slumberous style of a better style of reading than the unchanging sing-song she was before remarkable for. The happiness of this our first play did not terminate when the curtain fell, for even now, as I write the above description of what occurred so long, long ago, I seem to live it over again; the tunes start up in my mind, the perfume of my white satin tippet in my nose; for a moment, all the innocent imaginings of that period of life are mine once more; and not only mine, but my little daughter and niece find the description so pleasant, that they have had it read over to them three times, which makes me hope it may meet with the approbation of other young readers of Chambers, and so I send it.
Walter White and men like him, therefore, for putting in their protest against this blindness in a very effectual way—namely, by exploring their own beautiful country for themselves, and giving us an account of it in a manner which combines the liveliness of travelling adventure with the accuracy of a guide-book. Almost every summer, as it seems, this Londoner, who has walked to the Land’s End, spends his one month of summer holiday in this or that English town, seeing it thoroughly, and taking copious notes of what he sees; the result of which is a new book ‘tasting of Flora and the country green,’ as surely as spring comes round. His volume for this year is A Month in Yorkshire—the same spirit which was so often allowed itself for seeing Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, the south of France, and Spain—nor do those thirty days seem to have been at all too long a time for exploring that most interesting county.

Their resolutions not to be met during that ramble individuals quite as singular and to the full as foreign, in dialect, manners, and occupation, as he would have come across had he taken the grand tour; while, in nature, he witnessed scarcely less variety of pastoral beauty, its mingled grandeur, its scenes of history, and haunts of poet; romantic ruin, and wonders of modern engineering. He met too, we are sorry to add, some dwellers among all these striking scenes as careless of the beauties which lay around them as any doubting, modern worshipper of fashion itself. Two Yorkshiremen, whom he overtook near Malham, were bent solely upon seeing there a certain horse which one of them had sent thither ‘to grass’ a few weeks previously.

They were as much amused at my admiration of the scenery as I was at their taking so long a journey to look at a quadruped. They would not go out of their way to see Malham Cove, or Gordale Scar, not then, as they were worth more than all the scenery. And yet, judging by their dress and general conversation, they were men in respectable circumstances. Presently, as we passed a rocky cone springing all yellow and gray from a bright green eminence, I stopped and tried to make them understand why it was admirable, pointing out its form, the contrasts of colour, and its relation to surrounding objects. “Well!” said one, “I never thought of that. It do make a difference when you look at it that way.” Neither had I. But I had ever been to London, and what pleased them most was to hear something about the great city. They were as full of wonder, and as ready to express it, as children; and not one of us found the way wearisome. . . .

“Is that’s Malham Cove, is it?” he said, as a turn in the road showed us the head of the valley—“that’s what we’ve heard so much talk about. Well, it’s a grand scar.” He seemed to repent of ever this morsel of admiration, and helped his neighbour with his declinations not to turn aside and look up at the cliff from its base. . . .

Although Gordale Scar is not more than a mile from Malham, they refused to go and see it. However, when we came to the grasier’s house, and they heard that the Scar lay in the way to the pasture where the horse was turned out, they thought they wouldn’t mind taking a look, just, as they went. The good wife brought out bread, cheese, butter, and a jug of beer, and would have me sit down and partake with the others; regarding my plea that I was a stranger, and had just taken a drink, as worthless. A few minutes sufficed, and then her son accompanied us, for without him the horse would never be found. We followed a road running along the base of the precipitous hills which cross the head of the valley, to a rustic temenent, dignified with the name of Gordale House; and there turned towards the cliff by the side of a brook. At first, there is nothing to indicate your approach to anything extraordinary; you enter a great gap, where the crags rise high and singularly rugged, sprinkled here and there with a small fir or graceful ash, where the bright perpendicular rock, sloping up into all the ins and outs of the dark gray cliff, and the little brook babbling out towards the sunshine, between great masses of rock slain from above, enliven the otherwise gloomy scene. You might fancy yourself in a great roofless cave; but ascending to the rear, you find an outlet, a subtle bend in the chasm—narrower, and more rocky and gloomy than the entrance. The cliffs rise higher as you overhang fearfully above, appearing to meet inland at the upper end; and there, from that grim crevice, rushes a waterfall. The water makes a sound, rolls the top of a rock, and rushing down on each side, forms an inverted A of splash and foam. And now you feel that Gordale Scar deserves all the admiration lavished upon it.

“‘Well!’ exclaimed one of the Yorkshiremen, ‘who’d ha’ thought to see anything like this! And we living all our life within twenty mile of it! To a wonderful place.’

“‘So, you do believe, at last,’ I rejoined, ‘that scenery is worth looking at, as well as a horse?’

“‘That I do. I don’t wonder now that you came all the way from London to see our hills.’

OASIS.

Trot camest hither with the crescent moon,
And now his light is scarcely on the wave;
Sad is it thou must go away so soon,
And not return again.

So very sweet a friendship has been knelt,
So very brief its harvest-time has been!
Take heart! take heart! we may not think of it
As all in vain, I ween.

For as a traveller in desert lands
Rideth day after day from morn till night,
Weary with the hot sun and endless sands
And gleaning, lazy light;

With thick, incrusted throat and parched tongue,
Straining his leathen bottle, hard and dry,
Gasping and faint and sickly borne along,
And wishing half to die,

Cometh at once upon a sudden well
And pleasant grass and little grove of palm,
Stoopeth delighted all his thirst to quell
With water cool and calm;

And is refreshed and goeth in its strength
Many days more across the desert waste,
And cometh to his journey’s close at length,
In freshness and no haste;

So in the desert of this life for us
Friendship has made a cool and pleasant spot;
We shall go onward to the journey’s close
With strength that faileth not.

T. L.
LITERARY GOULS.

A PROTEST FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

I am a dead author.

What I wrote, or how, is unimportant now: I dwell 'in the land where all things are forgotten.' The reason why I am permitted 'again in complete steel'—both as to pen and heart—to reappear in the mundane sphere, through the medium of this Journal, will be obvious in the following communication. How communicated, by tapping, table-moving, or spirit-writing, befits not me to say, and is irrelevant to the subject under consideration. I will only solemnly attest that the sole devil which has had any hand in the matter is the printer's.

I am dead. For me, no more the delays of publishers, the stupidity or ill-nature of reviewers, the praise, blame, or curiosity of the public. Into 'the silent land' my works, whether 4to, 8vo, or 12mo, happily do not follow me; I shuffled them all off with this mortal coil; left them to take their chance of surviving me; and may their faults lie on them as gently as library dust!

For my dust, that also is a secondary consideration to me now; yet I have a kindly feeling for the relics of what often hampered me most terribly during life. Occasionally, I wander airdly round a certain suburban cemetery, to take an amused observation of a certain elegant vase with a marble laurel-wreath at top, and underneath an inscription attesting my great literary merit, and the irreparable loss which I am to society.

Yet that insconcilable society is gradually ceasing to name me, even as 'Alas, poor Yorick!' and shortly I shall only be remembered by a faithful household or two as 'Our poor dear John.' I am not now ashamed of being 'John,' and should be well content to see on the aforesaid picturesque vase only that name and my surname, with the date of my birth and death—the sole facts of moment to me now—or perhaps some modern version of the familiar old epitaph:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To digg thy dust enclosed here:
Blest be he that spares these stones,
And cursed he that moves my bones.

Query, had Shakespeare any foreboding of, or did he mean any occult reference to, a certain race of literary ghouls, which, in later ages, delight in exhuming, not the bodies, but the souls of dead authors, who, unlike himself, are hapless enough to leave behind them any materials for biography? Fortunately Will's 'second-best bed,' left to thy wise Anne, is the sole due to thy matrimonial history—whose few scribbled signatures are thy only autographs extant—who tookest no steps whatever to make thy life known to posterity, but wast content to lie down and sleep by Avon side, leaving only that sacred dust, and a few unconsidered trifles of chiefty manuscript plays, which have made for thee an earthly immortality!

It was reserved for the resurrectionists of modern times to do worse than Shakespeare's curse deprecates—to dig up, not the bones, but the memories of the departed great; exposing them like mummies under a glass-case, sixpence a peep (namely, three vols. 8vo, charged twopence each for perusal; may be had at any circulating library). After which, all the critics in all the reviews and newspapers place them on a sort of intellectual dissecting-table, where they are lectured upon learnedly, and anatomised limb by limb, muscle by muscle—not at all out of mere curiosity, oh, dear no!—but simply for the good of science and the benefit of mankind. A proceeding vastly interesting and quite unobjectionable—except for any who may chance to find—as has been found—some near relative or beloved friend in the inanimate 'subject' of Surgeon's Hall.

I am incited to express myself thus, by being the elected spokesman of a committee of ghosts, who, in so far as spirits can suffer wrong, save from the sorrowful bearing of it, have been wronged in this fashion since they left the mortal sphere. Although to us, in our celestial Hades, all this clutter about us

No more disturbs our calm repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose;

still, we deem it right, for truth's sake, that a voice from the other world should convey our opinion on the matter.

We abide—where, it matters not; as space, like time, belongs only to the flesh. We are often drawn together, as congenial spirits are, in life and after; and we converse sometimes of earthly matters, which we are aware of; for to be spirit alone implies to know. How, or how much we know, I shall not explain, as you will all find it out for yourselves at no distant day. We rarely speak of our own books—we have said our say, and done with it—but we sometimes note the books that have been written upon us since our departure.

These are of every sort: from the humble one-volume Remains—compiled by some affectionate heart which deemed the loss as fatal for the world as for itself—to the large and boastful Memoir of somebody
who was never heard of till he became a biographer, solely, it would appear, for the glorification of his biographer: from the plain, honest Life, with nothing in it to chronicle except useful deeds, or scientific researches: and the pathetic Final Memorials, throwing light on the character and manner of life, and the probable end of the biographer's career, down to the heaps of Reminiscences, Recollections, Journals, and Correspondence, piled up like a cairn over some unfortunate,—of whom, after all, the utmost that can be said, is included in a verse by one,—whose hint the biographer had not written home at once lessons have taken—

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man. And who was he?
Mortal, how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

And all that need be told of him—which he has not told of himself, by writings or actions,—the bard goes on to say—

Is this—There lived a man.

But these ghouls have no respect to the image of man, either spiritually or corporeally. They have dragged into the open daylight all our mental and physical defects; described minutely our personality, living, and in two instances, the appearance of our poor corpse after we were dead. Our vices, follies, sufferings, our family secrets and domestic wrongs, have been alike paraded before the world. Truths, half-truths, or two truths so put together as to form a whole falsehood, having been grubbed up in all directions, and either dovetailed into a ground-work purely imaginary, or arranged into a mosaic of most charming pattern—with the slight drawback that the design of it and of our history is entirely owing to our ingenious biographer.

All this harms us not; but we regard the matter as something sad and strange, which may be harmful to authors now living, who, one day, will in their turn become ghosts and biographical subjects.

Thus, suppose we, who most of us passed our sublunar existence like ordinary men and women, wrote our books and published them; but for ourselves courted peace, privacy, and the meditative life which all true authors love—suppose we had been aware that our memoirs, deficient of course, biographer would seized —rape up all our deeds, doings, and misdoings; record how we dressed, and walked, and ate our dinners; jot down, in various incorrect forms, which we have no power to set right, every careless or foolish word we said, with our motive for saying it; lure from weak, faithless, or indifferent friends our most private letters, written, perhaps, as others beside the luckless genus iritabile do write letters, on the impulses of the moment, or under the influence of some accidental mood; call upon our kindred and acquaintances—one half of whom knew little of us, and the other half never understood us at all—for every possible reminiscence concerning us. Alack, alack! had we suspected this, what a living death of apprehension, annoyance, and mistrust would have been ours! And for the result? We should either have doubted our nearest and dearest, and retired in disgust from the impertinent world, to leave our bones moulderling uncelebrated in some African Desert or American cave; or we should have carefully arranged our whole life with a view to posthumous publication. We should never have made a remark without considering how it would look in Smithiana. We should have combed our hair, tied our neckcloth, selected our gowns and gloves, strictly for the public, and for posterity. Our very ledger-house-accounts, and washing-books, would have been penned with an eye to autographists. We should have eaten, drank, and slept, like flies under a tumbler-glass, waiting to be put in amber; or like strange beasts, conscious that their destiny is from the Zoological Gardens to the British Museum. Nay, those of us whom a beneficent providence removed from the world before the development of the present biography mania, would have trembled last even at the slender date attainable concerning them, some literary Professor Owen might put them together, and lecture on their deaths and ends of extinct animals.

This last case is the least reprehensible. Was his own generation has died out, and no living being can be wounded by any revelations concerning him; when an after-age has decided his permanent position in letters, the biographer had more at stake in silence—just with regard to both his faults and his virtues—then the world has some right to know the man's fate of an author's personal history; at least so far as to discover whether his life corresponded with his works, which makes the works themselves valuable.

But that one whose whole or chief intercourse with the public has been by the pen—who has never put himself forward as soldier, politician, or desired any of those positions which necessarily make a man public property, should be seized upon as each the minute the breath leaves him, for the entertainment of the world—is a proceeding the justice of which is certainly debatable.

On one point, at least, we suppose a case is with the writings are the one valuable residue of a very worthless life, during which the unhappy author is

Known the right, and yet the wrong pursued;
Wherein, from weakness, wickedness, or folly, in career as a man furnishes no possible example a posteriori, except to wonder how he ever could have written as beautifully as he did.

Take, for instance, Hermon, whose worldly work did I, I will it, what is written in his autobiography, which the man himself had cunningly written, and which might have had one value only—puts forth a garbled Life. A sentimental, half-shabby lady-acquaintance details his Courtship, other acquaintance, denominated friends,—as he could not have had one real friend in the world, the wretched Hermon, who loved only himself—they say, in successive years, through the press, diluting as a private history and manner of life, how he wrote noble poetry of nights, and talked slang and ribaldry by day; how the worshipped bard of half the century was in reality, when you came to be intimate with him, a selfish, conceited, paroxysmic, narrow-minded, vacillating, irritable fellow.

Which, in degree, he was, and yet a poet, for poets are but men; yet was it for the friends, on purpose of elevating his memory, to hang up his plumed helmet of humanity on a kind of garland gibbet for every crow to peck at, and every passer-by to shudder or sneer? And will their doing so
advantage any human being? Will it not, in those who have never spent a moment to create a belief that all poets are weak, puppyish, egotistical, because this undoubtedly great poet was so? Will they not be led to think that poetry itself must be a beautiful lie, because a man could sit in the quiet dead of night, writing out of the utmost depths of his nature his best, truest self, things worthy of it and him,—yet rise up next day, put on his weak, foul, conceited self, and persuade shortsighted people that that was the real Hermon after all. And that for this man, of a like many another man, was tormented with two warring natures in his heart—there was no influence strong enough to make him

Throw away the worse half of it.

And live the purer with the other half.

And so he died; and a fine carrion-feast has he made for biographers ever since.

So has his contemporary, who, among us ghosts, strangely surprised to find himself immortal,

Came wandering by.

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood—

and salt sea-brine.

A saintly journal, whose comments on our departed often make us mightily in the upper sphere, asserts, noticing the last of the numerous memorials of Spiriion, 'that it supplies reasons why a complete life of him never can be, perhaps never ought to be, written.'

I put it to the conscience of mortals, whether 'a complete life' of any human being can be written, except by the pen of the recording angel?

If it be so difficult for a biographer to get at the simplest information of a great man, how shall he discover the life in full, inner and outer, and paint it clearly, honestly, capably—cramped by no prejudices, hesitating at no revelations, both able and willing to shew forth undishly the whole man?

How, even if he wished, can be done this, unless he were the man's alter ego, sufficiently understanding all his peculiarities to place his character in its true light before the world?

And was there ever, in his lifetime, any alter ego who the truly understood Spiriion?

Unaccountable as it may be, it is no less true, that most poets are all their days more or less children, and want taking care of like children. The mens disirisio seems to undift them partially for the hard necessities of life, unless, as is sometimes—would it were oftener—'the case, their moral conscientiousness is strong enough to force them to acquire qualities not innate or coexistent with what is termed 'the poetical temperament'—namely, prudence, forethought, common-sense; that solid wisdom which, in the sum of life, outweighs all genius.

This, Spiriion never had. How the busy world, deep in counter and merchandise, houses and lands, thrusts its hands into its pockets, and laughs over the picture of the headless youth and his baby-wife, running from place to place, intending at each charming spot to stay 'for ever.' How afterwards, when he had broken laws, creeds, and women's hearts, it turns disgruntled from the poor poet—living contentedly a life that is like a melodeon as that of a mesquirl, yet, with one or two sad exceptions, almost as harmless.

Utterly incomprehensible, to any respectable gentleman coming home at six p.m. precisely to his three courses, is the portrait drawn of Spiriion, standing reaching a whole day long with his untasted cold meat beside him—then starting, with a girlish blush: 'Bless me, I must have forgotten my dinner!'

And worse than incomprehensible—altogether hateful, and anathema marnathsa—is the daring blasphemy

of indignant youth, when, blindly confounding the Christianity of a formalist and semi-rotten Church with the Christianity of the Lord Jesus, he dubbed himself atheis, to shew his abhorrence of both. Poor Spiriion!—yet any one studying his life, which, with all its faults, was so pure, unselfish, generous—so essentially the Christlike life of love—making even his enemies love him as soon as they came to know him—cannot but acknowledge that many a saintly bishop has been, practically, less of a Christian than he.

But why write his life at all? Why expose the miserable arena of a loveless marriage—a disorderly home?—which many a man has to suffer, through the natural wish of the human heart to be remembered after death a little, and causing the world and beauty of good men's histories to be indeed

Interred with their bones.

Not so. Everything that is great and noble, virtuous and heroic in any author's life—in the life of any man or woman—by all means, after a decent time has elapsed, let it be faithfully related, for the comfort, instruction, and example of later generations. The world has a right to hear and exact such chronicles of its generations gone by.

But let us be chronicled not as authors, because we have written a book so rare and reading, but because we have lived a life worth remembering—the story of which will have a beneficial influence on lives yet to come. If any incense poured upon or saintly odours arising from our mortal dust can reach and delight us in our immediate obscurity, then thus to know that neither our doings nor our sufferings have been altogether in vain. And for all that concerning us was purely personal, in ways differing from the rest of our species—which can neither 'point a moral' nor 'adopts a tale,' but only minister to an idle and pruriens curiosity—in charity's name, let it be buried with us.

Here, in this abode of calm, where the strongest puff of fame cannot send a single ripple across the sea of eternity, we ghosts wish it were better understood, that, however great our writings, we ourselves were but human, and no more was to be expected of us than struggling humanity can achieve; that our genius was an accidental quality, in novices exemplifying us from the temptations any more than exerting us from the duties, of our kind; that, if we dared, it was not our genius, but our miserable human nature that overcame us, as it does other men. We claim for our memories neither more nor less than the immunities granted to others—not anything, that, except for some great benefit to the human race, you have no more right to drag a man's history, fair or foul, out of the merciful shadows of the tomb, than you have to dig up and sell his dead body, to be exhibited in a penny peep-show at Bartholomew Fair. The true manner of dealing with the dead at all times Shakespeare seems to indicate when he makes Queen Katherine say of Wolsey:

Yet thus far, Griffiths, give me leave to speak him, And yet with charity.
She would not criticise her bitter enemy, after he was no more, without the apology, 'Give me leave.' It would be well if some biographers among us who had been as tender and womanly,

And this brings me to speak a word on the part of some gentle ghosts among us, who, inasmuch as women naturally shrink from publicity more than men, have been thus far strangely aggressed: I refer not to those who, conscious of living always in the public eye, designedly left their Diaries, &c., behind them, elegantly and artistically arranged—a little couleur de rose may be—on the principle that

One would not look quite frightful when one's dead,

but still vastly amusing; and no doubt an appreciative public made itself very merry over these dead women, whose life was a perpetual pose plastique, and whose words, if not the most interesting, were the most interesting.

They have had their desire; though every one of them may be wise enough to be ashamed of it now.

But for others who lived naturally, painfully, finding the burden of existence quite hard enough of itself, without taking heed to how it would appear as a picture for future biographers—who arranged no materials, kept no intentional records, and evidently had not the slightest notion of ever being made into a book—the case is widely different.

If female authors do not desire, living or dead, to be made into a public spectacle.

Something in womanhood instinctively revolts from it—as it would from caressing its dearest friends at a railway station, or performing its toilet in the open air. (Some women do, however, for outward reasons, indulgence is so much more demonstrative, and, at the same time, more reticent than men's, that to tear the veil from their lives seems a far more cruel wrong.

And in many instances even to do it, is most difficult. The true key to feminine nature is so delicate, so hidden, that it is all but impossible to find it. Thus, in nearly all female biographies current of later years, we feel by instinct that not one half of the truth is told—too much has been left away in the prime of her years.

Now, the public thrives with curiosity about her; now publishers foresee that any fragment concerning her is sure to sell; now her few friends and fewer acquaintance discover that they had entertained without a murmur—indeed, sometimes, for the simple reason, that the intricacies of female nature are incomprehensible except to a woman; and any biographer of real womanly feeling, if even she found them out, would never dream of publishing them.

Take, for example, one of the most touching memoirs of modern times—the subject of which was a shy, timid, suffering being, utterly unknown, except through her books, until she died. Death—waiting but for the crowning of a long-sad life with one drop of happiness—tore her suddenly away in the prime of her years. Now, the public thirsts with curiosity about her; now publishers foresee that any fragment concerning her is sure to sell; now her few friends and fewer acquaintance discover that they had entertained a woman of genius, and eagerly rack their memories for all possible memorials of her.

So, a Life is written—carefully, delicately, and honestly, with due regard to the feelings of the living and the cherished memory of the dead; written as tenderly and wisely as such a Life could, possibly have been written; but—ought never to have been written at all. For what is the result of it?

A creature, so reserved by nature that the ordinary attention of society to a 'celebrated author' was abhorrent to her, making her shrink with actual pain, is, after death, exposed openly to the world; her innermost thoughts, words, and actions displayed; her letters, written in the anguish of religious doubt, or family affliction, or intolerable bodily pain, printed and published, for the amusement of every careless or sarcastic eye; her books analysed, in order to appreciate the fame and immortality they originally aimed at; and the whole to be extracted from the imagination the history of the heart. Every misfortune, error, and disgrace of her kindred, which you feel sure the woman herself would have concealed to the last extremity of sacred embarrassment, so, if you were not taken out to achsel, cynical, or indifferent world—of which the tender-minded portion can but feel instinctively one emotion: 'For charity's sake—for the dead woman's sake—leave the whole history untold. Cover it up! Let her name and her beauty live, but let her life and its sorrows be heard of no more.'

For, after all, what moral is gained from it?—a chronicle so sad, so incomplete, that apparently it does not 'justify the ways of God to man.' To mortals, on whom its page closed with that pitiful sigh of hers—'Am I going to die, when we have been so happy?'—it can administer no possible lesson except of tacit, hopeless endurance. Many similar lives there are—of which we on the other side the grave are alone permitted to see the binding up of the broken web—the solution of all dark mysteries is the clear light of eternity: but such lives ought never to be written. It is impossible that any human being can write them, fairly and fully; and to stamp—by doing them incompletely, is profanity to the true men set men, as well as towards the Father of both.

'I would not have used any living creature as some of my dear friends have used me,' said, in the set utterance of the unknown world, this gentle ghost of whom I am speaking; 'I would not have seemed to have been so foolish as to put her heart in her letters, have after her death put it also into print. I would have done with all her intimate correspondents as a friend of mine, estranged, yet soon to be repaired—there is wise and tender enough to do her honor.

All the publishers and public in the world hammering at my door should never have got my friend's secrets out of my heart. I would have hid all things done for her, dead, exactly as they would have been done by her, living. Not one breath of the idle curiosity which she hated during life, should have been allowed to expend itself over her mort. But it harms not me,' said the silver voice, speaking calmly, as if in a dream—'in a dream of the circle from which, I, the appointed delegate, give this communication. 'My body sleeps among my moorlands, and I live here—and in the one true heart that loved me.'

And, as one of your poets, still in the full flush of youth, tries to describe, painting the world which he knows not yet, but shall know—

Her face

Glowed as I looked at her.
She locked her lips—she left me where I stood.
'Glory to God,' she sang, and passed on.

Thrilling the sombre beakage of the wood Towards the morning-star.

[We print the foregoing article—to say nothing of our esteem for the accomplished author—of its suggestiveness, and the germ of truth it contains; but we would not be supposed to endorse in its whole extent. To do so would be to condemn utterly a popular and important department of literature, to cut off the sources of biography and history, and bury in the grave the materials that are the hands of the skilful are used for developing the science of human nature. Authors do not belong less to the world than kings; their influence is more exalted, and more lasting, and they are entitled to as much interest or curiosity of men. Our inquiries into their lives may, of course, sometimes involve mistakes, or give currency to calumnies; but that is all the more reason why inquiry should be...}
THE MAN OF TWO SHADOWS.

Seraphic and fantastical superstitions are confined to no part of the world; they flourish within the tropics, they locate themselves in the arctic and tropical zones, and they are perfectly familiar to all the inhabitants of the temperate zone. If, however, they have any favourite residence, it is assuredly in Africa, where, from time immemorial, they have reigned paramount over all the races of the population. In other parts of the world, especially where men are affected to be civilised, they who have enjoyed the advantages of education laugh when they meet together at everything denominated superstitions; but when you ask in what multitude of existence, become individuals again, walk home along tree-arched lanes, traverse midnight churchyards, and retire to bed alone, by one dim rushlight, in a room high up in some ancient building, and soothed by the mutterings of the wind, they often glide back into timorous infancy, and shiver as they pull the sheets over their faces.

This I say by way of apology for the two unphilosophical individuals who figure in the adventure described in the following narrative. They belong to a tribe of Arabs who encamped many years ago on the banks of the Upper Nile. The country in the whole neighbourhood is almost beyond imagination wild. Rocks naked, splintered, and precipitous rise on one side of the river to a great height, and are penetrated here and there by gorges so narrow and tortuous, that in some places the sun’s rays never, during the whole day, illuminate their depths. On the stream’s other bank, golden sand in billowy undulations, either alone with a broad expanse of water, on both sides there is a strip of vegetation green as a pre-Raphaelite picture, and broken and diversified with singular beauty. On one particular point, the Libyan bank projects a little into the stream; and as you stand on this projection about the middle of the afternoon, and look directly southward, your eye catches a glimpse of a landscape which you have some difficulty in persuading yourself belongs to this world. Through a gap in the mountains, which appears much narrower than it is, since it permits the passage of the vast Nile, you behold a valley warm with sunlight, beautified with a broad expanse of water, looking like a fairy lake with patches of green-scum, here flat, there sloping and undulating, dotted with copses of mimosa, tamarisks, kheena, rhododendrons, silk-trees, palm-christi, and an abundance of nameless flowering shrubs; and overhead, the majestic date-palm fluttering its leaves in the warm breeze. Here and there, creating small eminences, the airy cupolas of the tombs of holy men are seen between the foliage; and the whole stands relieved, like a landscape on canvas, against a chain of rose-coloured mountains, throwing up confusedly their jagged pinnacles into the blue.

The Arabs from the desert never encamp in the cultivated country, but on the sandy edge close to it. At the time I speak of, the tents were many, and stood pitched in an immense semicircle facing the east, and projecting its horns on either side to the very verge of the palm-groves. The chief of this encampment—a man with green turban, to mark his descent from the Prophet—had a daughter named Selima (I wish the Arabs had more variety in their names); and among the youth of the tribe there was one who rejoiced in the name of Ibn Safrar. It was the misfortune of this young man that he had not relatives. How he found his way into the tribe, the chief only knew, if, indeed, he did. Yet Ibn Safrar was generally respected, because, as some believed, he was descended from the people of the Jimn, or, as others thought, came from Persia, wherever in the mountains especially—there are people with blue eyes, and hair of the colour of gold. This was Ibn Safrar’s case; and instead of shaving his head like the children of the Arabs, he suffered his long locks and shaven brows, with all the blood running in his veins, and laden with their skins to the camp—was still very anxious that no intimacy should grow up between him and his daughter Selima. For this he had no less doubtless his own Indian eyes, and looked with admiration on the beauty of Ibn Safrar. It is true he was not gentle. His fierce eyes flashed habitually with an expression of cruelty; his short upper lip curled with disdain; and he appeared to be always eager to engage in conflict. Yet, as often as he came into the presence of the daughter of Abou Bernak, all his fierceness foresaw him, and he sat at her feet as gentle as a gazelle. All his countenance wore a serene aspect, and his eyes were tinted like the light of the evening-star. He talked to her often of regions lying beyond the Bahr el Kolsun and the Shat el Arab, where the mountains are clothed with trees, where bright rivers rush down impetuously from the rocks, and where the believers in El Islam inhabit magnificent cities like those which the unbelievers of old times have left in ruins on the banks of the Lower Nile. Selima’s imagination was inflamed by these accounts; so that she often wished to take a fleet dromedary and journey towards the rising sun, either alone, or accompanied by Ibn Safrar, whom she loved with a trembling love, because she seemed to her a man of another race, of other beliefs and other feelings, who sympathised with nothing in the valley but her.

Often and often as they sat together, Ibn Safrar’s face appeared to be transfigured, but whether by good or evil emotions, she could not tell. Some violent struggle appeared to be going on in his mind. Fainting, accompanied by big drops of sweat, came over him; his eyelids drooped, and his whole figure appeared to be bent with premature old age. Then, the fit being over, his face flushed, his eyes grew doubly bright, and tears as of rapture stood in them. These appearances, however, were painful as they were mysterious to Selima; but she feared to question him respecting them, for there was a loftiness in his manner, and a tone of authority in his voice, which entirely overawed her.

Once in the butchery of daylight, when the sun was a full hour from the summit of the arch of noon, they walked together to the banks of the river. Why did Selima start? why did she seize Ibn Safrar’s arm? why did she look so fearfully into his face? why did her own become so deadly pale? why did her limbs tremble, and almost refuse to support her weight? There, high up on the bank, was the cause.

‘Look at it!’ she exclaimed to Ibn Safrar; ‘we are haunted, or the place is haunted. See, there are two
shadows, which appear like mine and yours, moving high up there upon the bank! They must proceed from individuals moving invisibly above our heads. Oh, Ibn Saffar, explain to me this mystery, for you belong to the people of the Jinn, and there is nothing that is hidden from you!

For a moment the young man could make no reply; but the expression of his countenance was terrible, and he appeared as if labouring to suppress some emotion. I was violent to be described by words. Who has whispered to you, Selima?" he asked, extending his hand. "Who has whispered to you, Selima?"

"The falsehood that I belong to the people of the Jinn!"

"I know, not," answered the maiden; but I have heard among the women of the tribe—many things respecting you; and among others, the suspicion that you are not one of the descendants of Adam."

"Selima," he said, "you are not sincere with me. It is by Abou Bernak, it is your father who has poured this calumny like poison into your mind."

"You wrong my father," exclaimed Selima, "the spirit of the Arabs rising in her breast—"you wrong my father. He is incapable of calumny, as he is incapable of doing evil; and blood of the Prophet is in his veins, and in my veins, too, Ibn Saffar. No man, therefore, shall speak of anything like falsehood in the chief of my house; and if you have no connection with Afeef, or the Jinn, you shall not belong to the Jinn at my request."

"I know," said Ibn Saffar, "but I am weary, and haunted, and why ponder shadows pursue us, and hover over us, while our own rest here beside us on the sunny bank."

"It is for me," inquired her lover, "to explain the mystery of the creation of God? I am agitated, like you, by those shadows; but I do not say to you, Selima, account for that appearance, or I would suspect you of being an Afeef or a Jinnyet. If the place is haunted, let us meet here no more; there are other walks as beautiful, and the majestic Nile flows to the north and to the south, and we can come down to it anywhere, and speak together, and be happy."

"Nay," answered Selima, "I will meet you nowhere but here, and you must tell me why we are followed by shadows other than our own."

"I cannot," answered Ibn Saffar."

"It must be so," observed Selima modestly, "I am disturbed by the fear that you belong to the people of the Jinn, and I swear to you by the Prophet."

Ibn Saffar put his hand on her mouth. "Do not swear, Selima, I conjure you! I am not acquainted with the secrets of God."

Selima retreated a step or two, and then said: "I swear by the Prophet I will never be your wife until you explain to me the mystery of the two shadows."

They then separated, Selima to her father's tent, and Ibn Saffar to wander in the desert. They met no more for many days, because Selima avoided her lover, who began to regard with superstitious dread. Meanwhile, he was plunged in deep affliction, because he loved her with unbounded love, and would have sacrificed his life to render her happy. He therefore took an instrument of music, and went at the fall of night to the Jinn's side, sitting down among the rocks, sang to himself a melancholy song, while his tears fell on the instrument as he touched its strings. He compared his life to the mists which hang upon the mountains of Kurdistan, which are touched by the wonder of dawn, but are carried from mankind for ever—to a shooting-star which emerges from the depths of the sky, and describes a bright track through the heavens, but, just as it begins to attract the gaze of men, is extinguished by the breath of Eblis, and forgotten by all beholders. The moon had risen as he sang. Presently, he laid aside his instrument and soared up on his breast, and said aloud: "Woe is me—the light that had begun to dawn, upon my soul is changed into darkness. The daughter of Abou Bernak is devoured by suspicions, and at last ceased to love me. Verily the days of my exile are drawing towards a close, and I shall return when I am unloved and unburnished. What then? It is written, and I must be numbered among those who are unfortunate."

"Nay, Ibn Saffar," murmured a sweet voice beside him, "you cannot be unjust. God is my witness, I love you like my own self, but fear, the nature which I which I need not speak of, oppress and overawe me."

The young man arose and bowed before her, and said: "This is the action of one whose nature is beneficent. Let us walk together along the river."

"Yes," she replied, "let us go to our own place of meeting. It may be there will be no shadows there to-night; the moon is at the full, and floods the whole earth with beauty."

They repaired to their favourite walk; but Selima's eye, instead of resting as it was wont on the face of her lover, sought among the shrubs, and the grass, and the sands, the fearful shadows which were never absent in the desert. Did she believe they were there, they were, fainter, more indefinite, and indistinct; but yet, there they were, moving as they moved, standing still when they stopped, mimicking all their gestures, and appearing to put on every moment a more alarming aspect? Was what is done? Selima's soul was petrified with terror; and Ibn Saffar in the greatest perplexity found no words in which to express his affliction and astonishment.

"Verily," he said, "twelve individuals from among the people of the Jinn are walking over our head, tracking invisibly the soft air, but casting shadows nevertheless, which prove them to be solid substances, with the rays of neither sun nor moon can pass through."

Selima made no reply, but gazing with new apprehension at her lover for a few moments, turned away towards the encampment, leaving him to decide whether he should quit the valley for ever, or lay his sorrows in the mighty river before him. By degrees, wiser thoughts came over his mind; he wandered on the beach, which had brought him thither, on Selima's character and his own. It has been said by travellers that there is a mystic music in the Nile, which, as you sat listening to it, enters your soul, and diffuses in tranquillity over your whole mind. There may, in fact, be a supernatural power in that ancient and fabulous stream. It rises no one knows when, is augmented no one knows how, it flows through deserts without fertilising them, through a lead of its own creation, without apparently losing a particle of its volume, and as it descends with soft murmur towards the sea, it appears to be conscious that it bears the primitive legions of a whole continent on its surface."

Ibn Saffar gazed at it with feelings little suited to a believer in Ed Islam. It is one of the properties of the Nile to act irresistibly upon the imaginations of those who behold it, and to infuse into them some.thing like the passions of the music and dance makers. Ibn Saffar was young, with a fervent, and fierce, un governed passions; wild projects thronged his brain; he formed and rejected many resolutions, and his thoughts were fixed on him towards a desperate, and perhaps dangerous, enterprise, when he beheld a dervis approaching him from the south.

"Verily, O dervis," exclaimed the young man,
you are come to deliver me from extreme perplexity. I will relate to you my adventures, and describe to you the manner in which, having wandered by walking to and fro over the earth, will enable you to dispel the doubts and suspicions of one who is dear to me.

The dervis seated himself upon a stone and replied: 'Say on, my son; I am attentive.'

The lover then related all that had befell him among the tribes of the Arabs, and the relation in which he stood towards the daughter of Abou Bernak.

'Young man,' observed the dervis, 'you have not laid before me the whole truth.'

'I have told you all that bears upon the present matter.'

'You are mistaken. It is of consequence to know what happened in Diarbekir before you fled from your father's house; it is of still greater consequence to know what account you have given of yourself to Abou Bernak and his daughter; it is of yet greater moment to ascertain whether an attachment to the creed of the Faqirs qualifies you to become the husband of a Soond maiden.'

Ibn Saffar stood abashed before the dervis; his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth; his heart, which had never yet quailed in the presence of man, sank to its lowest ebb; his eyes upon the earth, and he was sorely troubled.

'What I have said,' observed the dervis, 'was only designed to reprove you for your half-confidence. Had you been frank, I also should have been frank. If I will then, know that I too am a Sufi; but what I must do in this matter must depend upon an interview which I shall have this night with Abou Bernak.'

'Ibn Saffar turned his eyes fiercely on the holy man.

'Do you then intend—'?

'If I interrupt you,' observed the dervis mildly, 'it is only to give you the assurance that I do what is best. Now lead the way to the encampment, and, please God, we shall see what will happen to-morrow.'

Exactly an hour before noon on the following day, Selima stood with Ibn Saffar and the dervis in the middle of the favourite walk on the banks of the river. She perceived that the number of the shadows had been multiplied.

'Take this cloak,' said the dervis, addressing himself to Selima, 'and cast it into the river, exactly in the spot from which the sun's image is reflected.'

She did so, and large ripples arose and moved in circles on all sides, and the sun's disk disappeared on the mirror of the waters.

'Now turn round, daughter,' he said.

She turned round and looked, and beheld, their own shadows fall beside them upon the pathway, but there were no others.

'Praise be to Allah!' exclaimed Ibn Saffar, 'the people of the Jinn are put to flight.'

'Bismillah!' murmured Selima, 'it is as you say, O beloved of my soul.'

'Wait a while,' observed the dervis.

They waited. The waters of the Nile again became tranquil, and brilliant along their surface as polished steel. The glowing disk of the sun again became dispersed in the stream, and sending up rays almost as bright as those which streamed from the burning orb in the sky, threw high upon the bank shadows almost as opaque and definite as those produced by the sun itself.

'You see, daughter,' observed the dervis, 'what has occasioned your perplexity. You stand, as it were, between two sons, one below, another above, and their beams falling upon you produce the pheno-

Blessed be God!' exclaimed Selima, 'who has made such wonders and marvels upon the earth; and bless you, my father, since your wisdom has removed an obstacle.'

With the modesty of an Arab maiden, she left the sentence unfinished. Ibn Saffar completed it.

'Tes, O dervis,' he said, 'you have indeed removed an obstacle to the union and happiness of two hearts, which nothing resting on earth shall keep asunder. Selima is mine; and with this broadword,' he added, drawing his scimitar, 'I will vindicate my right to her against the whole-world.'

'Be content,' said the dervis. 'Abou Bernak will not refuse her to you when he knows.'

'But he shall give her to me, O dervis, before he knows anything but that I love her, and will have her, though all the tribes of the Muslims should say nay.'

They returned to the camp, where Abou Bernak, upon hearing all that had happened, consented, without any explanation, to bestow his daughter upon Ibn Saffar, who then acknowledged he was a prince of the Persians, who returning here was come to his own country, distinguished himself in battle, and, under the name of Ahmed Shah, founded the Durani empire.

In his barren, when, in the evening, he sat down upon the carpet of grass with Selima by his side, he laid to the very instrument upon which he had played among the rocks of the Upper Nile, and laughed and joked about the people of the Jinn and 'The Man of Two Shadows.'

THE HAIR-HARVEST.

Physiologically considered, there appears to be no essential difference between the hair and the skin, between the skin and horn, between horn and scales, and between scales and feathers; all five are mere modifications of the same thing. Hence, the most charming of our lady-readers, when she disentangles her luxuriant tresses with a comb, is acting on the same chemically composed material with the same chemically composed instrument as the bird when he sets right some erring feather with his beak. Anatomically viewed, again, the hair is made up of a vast number of horny laminae filled with a pigment which shews through its cortical interstument in the same manner as it does through the epidermis of a negro. The bulb or root of the hair rests upon a reticulated bed of capillary vessels, into which the colouring matter is carried from the blood, while the horny matter is secreted by the capillaries themselves. This colouring matter has been analysed by Liebig, from whose researches it would appear that it is to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen on the one hand, and to a deficiency of carbon and an excess of sulphur and oxygen on the other, that the blue-black locks of the North American squaw, and the beautiful golden tresses of the Saxon girl respectively owe their jetty aspect and their brightness. An oxide of iron has also been traced by Vauquelin in the pigment-cells of the dark-haired races.

The astounding labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours—blond, brown, black, and red—has been successfully performed by another German savant, who thus tabularizes the results: blond, 140,400; brown, 109,440; black, 102,962; red, 88,740. The scalps he found to be pretty nearly equal in weight; and the deficiency in the number of hairs in the brown, the black, and the red heads to be fully counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of bulk in the individual fibres.
after its removal from the body. Hair shut up for a thousand years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs in perfect condition, as regards both strength and colour. It is not, however, so durable during life. ‘It is generally stated,’ says Mr Hassel, ‘as an undoubted fact, that the hair may become white, or turn colourless, under the influence of strong depressing blackness of emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to, can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind.’

Amongst other ethnological peculiarities, the colour and the texture of the hair are determined by race: latitude and climate affect them little, if at all. Dr Prinsep, ‘is full of the colour of his people, and is not, after all, confined to the limits of Europe, and, within those limits, to a certain degree of racial last year; it has passed away. The forty-eighth parallel, which cuts off England, Belgium, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and the greater part of Russia from the ethnological map of Europe, may be taken, with considerable accuracy, as the line of demarcation between the fair-haired races and the brown. Between the forty-eighth and the forty-fifth parallels, again, there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair, in which France, Switzerland, part of Piedmont, Bohemia, and part of Austria Proper, nearly the whole of Hungary, and the Asiatic dominions of the czar to the north of the Caspian line, fail to be included. Spain, Naples, and Turkey are the seats of the genuine dark-haired races; so that, in fact, taking Europe north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light-frazen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores.’ Not but there are many exceptions to these limits. The Celtic and Scandinavian races of Ireland and the Welsh and Scottish mountains, have black hair in spite of their northern position. The Normans, too, in whatever proportion they were originally dark, now rank decidedly amongst the fair-haired red people of the Far West. The Venetian canoe—still glory in those luxuriant locks whose golden beauty has been immortalised by Titian. Nevertheless, the general rule, as we shall presently see, is sufficiently exact to have a practical significance in the eyes of the hair-dealers north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light-frazen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores.’

African varieties of human hair are carried. It has been ascertained that the London hair-merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons. But the market would be very inadequately supplied if dependence were solely placed on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for pea-brandy and brown brandy, so is there a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

The light hair is exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that dealers only produced it to favourite customers, to whom it was sold at eight shillings an ounce, or nearly double the price of silver. The rich and silky-like texture of this treasured article had its attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. ‘Shakespeare especially,’ says one of our authorities, ‘seems to have delighted in the fair-haired beauty; she locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece.’

But all this has passed away. France now rules the market. It is the opinion of those who have the best right to offer one on such a subject, that the colour of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the last fifty years, and that the cause is to be found in the increased mixing of foreign blood among the population, and the marriages with foreign women. The French deplore the change, and fret at the loss of their trade with Russia, by which they lose a large part of the traffic and more than half of the revenue. The fair-haired Russians pay much higher prices for hair than any other nation, and they appear to prefer it in greater quantity than any others. The loss to the French is, however, not great, as the Russian trade is now confined to the export of light hair, while the French have the market of Asia, India, and the East Indies, where they can find a ready market for all kinds of hair, and commands a large portion of the traffic.

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were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up in a wisp by itself, was thrown.46 As far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in Brittany to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the chevelure from being seen, and of course totally conceals the well-dressed wigs. A pair of slippers or slippers, and a hat and a cloak, with the whole house, by whom it is dressed, sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about ten francs per pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukers is purchased by a particular class of persons, who are called, and it is cleaned, curled, and sold to a certain stage, and sold to the perukers at a greatly advanced price—it may be forty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old chains, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

The peruke itself is at least as old as the Pharaohs. A wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebus, is one of the Egyptian treasures of our national museum. Nor should we judge from the bewigged busts and statues of the Vatican, would this triumph of the tonsor's art seem to have been unknown to the luxurious Romans of the Empire. But before tracing its after-history, we must premise that the men who lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, somewhat less sophisticated than those which anticipated the greatest glory of the reign of the Grand Monarque.

The Assyrians, as might have been expected from the anatomy of the Hebrew prophets, were dandies of the first water. A single glance at the engravings in Mr Layard's volumes will show how exquisite they were. The wigs, the plattings, and the curls which they passed on their hair, were done with such care, that they were often said to resemble the Virgin Mary in a veil. The Greek's innate love of beauty saved him from such ostentations. The Greek lady allowed her hair to fall from the forehead in a graceful sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, gathering it up behind into a bow-like ornament called the σημείωσις. A somewhat similar fashion prevailed amongst the men; but their gods they distinguished by characteristic variations of the cofiffure. Thus, the lord of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spots as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules, again, remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own sea-weed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, fragrant, bewitching tresses of Venus, denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus.47

The hair of the Roman men was worn short and crisp, and Cremona set the fashion of wearing it long, and powderring it with gold or mica dust. In the provinces, it was worn long by all slaves at least as early as the time of Caesar. The head-dress of the Emperors, who were always exalted above the abasurdity by that of the queen, Marie Antoinette, who invented a coiffure in which were represented 'hills and enamelled meadows'—we translate the description for the edification of our lady-readers—"silver rills and foaming torrents, the well-trimmed garden and the English park!" Long hair continued to be the fashion throughout the middle ages, in spite of the denunciations of the clergy. Serlo, a Norman prelate of the reign of Henry II, seems, however, to have been wiser in his generation than the rest of his brethren. He could act as well as talk. Having on one occasion brought the king and his court to a due sense of the iniquity of wearing long locks, the crafty churchmen secured his victory on the spot by pulling a pair of shears off his head and vowing to wear the royal head in a twinkling. Still, the "abomination" continued so much the more, that, in the reign of Richard II, the hair of both sexes was confined over the brow by a flax. Accident at length effected what threats of excommunication had failed to bring about. A wound in the head received at a tournament compelled Francis I. to have his hair cropped. The king's example was followed by his courtiers, and soon extended itself to England. Close cropping became the rage; and, as Holkin's portraits show, was adopted by women as well as men.

But as the hair was shortened, the beard was suffered to grow long. The end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century saw the beard of England in its prime, as it was called "par excellence" the period of magnificent beards. Henry's own was so large and profuse that it seems to have been celebrated in song: and who does not remember the great round beard like a grover's paring-knife, and the debate on the point when the Restoration came?" The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars. The cavaliers of the reign of Charles I. introduced love-locks; whilst the Puritans, to mark their sense of the 'loathsome custom and repugnancy of beards,' the houses of Parliament passed a law "that none should have any beards in the churches of England." The law was to be enforced in the House of Lords, and the King himself signed the warrant for the execution of the law. The hair lengthened, the beard in its turn was shortened. Peaked beards and moustaches became common, and continued popular with all save the strictest sectaries till the Restoration gave a blow to the cause, from which it is never recovered, according to the history of the race of Perukers.

This was the era of the invention of the peruke. Louis XIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors without a beard, but with hair which had never been polished from his childhood. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king's long locks, would look upon their own as too short; and the conjecture proved correct. Nature could be imitated if it could not be forced, and the manipulations of the barber became a science. For a time the people were ready to follow the dangerous example; but the peruke-fever at length became so universal that, in 1668, we find it raging in full fury in England. An entry in Pepys's Diary marks the date when the epidemic had spread to the middle classes of society: 'November 3 [1668]. Home, and by and by comes Chapman the perwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my hair, which went a little too my heart at present to part with it; but it being over and my perwig on, I paid him £5, and away went he with my own hair to make up another of; and I by and by went abroad after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and then concluded it do become me, though Jane was mighty troubled, and then was pleased for my parting with my own hair, and so was Bess.' Perukers grew so large during the reign of Louis XIV., and so numerous in size and form, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair, which was elaborately framed to guide the uninitiated in their choice. The most erudite of modern coiffures might well be puzzled by such items as these: 'Perukes great and little; in folio, in quarto, in thirty-two; round, square, and pointed perukes; pudding perukes; butterfly perukes; perukes à deux et trois marteaux.' (C)
children were not exempted from the infliction of
wearing these manifold monstrocities.
If the ladies were loath to follow the men’s example, and exchange their natural for artificial treasures, they at least succeeded in making their hands and foreheads glisten by clinging and drooping piles of lace and ribbons, in building up a coiffure of such prodigious altitude as to intercept the view of spectators at the opera, and compel the manager to refuse admission to all who wore such immediate headgear. So incidentally, too, were its details, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day; and, when engaged to attend ridottos on succeeding evenings, were forced to sleep in arm-chairs for fear of endangering its finish!

The next day, indeed, it was countermanded; but, to the great joy of the rank and file, it was then too late. The author of the Costume of the British Soldier relates that, on one occasion at Gibraltar, while this absurd fashion was at its height, a detachment was ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors were compelled to have their heads dressed overnight, and, so powdered, powdered, curled, and clubbed, to sleep as well as they could on their faces! Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period, that there was kept in the adjutant’s office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

The white periuke of the early Georgian era has now completely vanished even from the right reverend bench, and is only to be seen in our courts of law. Hair-powder has been banished to the servants’ hall; the frigate elevation, or the ‘head-part’ of the head-dress has dwindled into ‘buns’; and the thick and flowing locks of Lawrence’s early portraits have shrunk, in the man, to a coiffure, whose simplicity, if not exactly after the model of ‘the curled Antony,’ stands at least in the background of those devices even of sixty years since.

CAGLIARI.

We parted, dear reader, at the campagna of the Marchese, where I left you comfortably enjoying your siesta; and now suddenly you are transported to Cagliari, the capital of the Capo di Soto, and southern portion of the island of Sardinia, and the seat of government. You were no doubt fatigued, after your jolting and jogging over rough roads, and rugged mountain-paths; so you were in no mood to find fault with the accommodation at the one hotel of Cagliari, which even you might have been tempted to do, had you come straight from one of the palace hotels of superb Genoa. Neither did the portico quarrés of the streets excite your sensibilities so much as they would have done heretofore; you have become used to them, or they to you, which is about the same thing; for it is a well-known fact connected with their idiosyncrasy, that they are capable of sudden attachments to strangers, which, like many other sudden attachments, weaken materially on better acquaintance. There can be no doubt, why, positively their humming and buzzing has become your lullaby!

Neither have you any serious fault to find with the cuisine; verily, the roasted wild boar and the ragout of quails with which you were regaled last night, were delicious, despite the little amusebites 1 gently alluded to. But this morning—I sincerely regret to

1. *Journal, No. 324.*

say it—you were not quite so well pleased. Thanking to have a treat, and without asking or reflecting you most incautiously, may, most unwisely, order a simple breakfast of café au lait and bread and butter. The adventurous traveller, this last of the figs and the vine does not overflow with milk, although, indeed, it abounds in honey. Thus your treat ends in a grimace at sight of the thick sheep’s milk with which you spoiled your coffee; and the last-like sheep’s milk too, were its details, that you don’t spoil your bread. The dairy business is carried on somewhat peculiar principles here. But you sit imploringly, is there no cow’s milk? Is then so Christian-like cow’s-milk butter to be had? When are the brebis, pesca-di-borro, ready?

Cows are myths in Sardinia, and so are cars, though oxen are to be seen hour. Solve this how you will, I never could. But while you have some addition made to your meagre breakfast, let me tell you something about the plan. In the first place, Cagliari is almost of sufficient unquity to satisfy Jonathan Oldbuck himself, as it was founded by a colony from ancient Greece. It is a city which you may perceive, built on a conical hill, commands a most beautiful prospect, and is situated on the summit of the hill—where you now see is called the Castello, and is at once the most ancient and the most aristocratic portion of it. During the middle ages, the Castello comprised the whole city; but subsequently, the part called the Marina, standing down toward the sea, and the suburbs, Stamps, on the western, and Villanuova on the eastern side, have been successively subjoined. Those three square towers, which are so conspicuously situated, are considered to be fine specimens of Pisan art, and form enduring monuments of the Pisan occupation of the island. But do you hear that clank, clank? Are the poor galley-slave sweeping away yesterday’s accumulations? The road to the wash, which, at the bottom of the hill, is quite right across the street, for the purpose of singing motley woollen garments, or drying linen ones. FOREVER, it is a festa to-day, so they will soon be windrowed. Sardinia, you must know, boasts more sheep than any other country. So now the flags are flying from the forts and shipping, cannon are firing, and bells are ringing. Italians say the English know how to make bells, but don’t know how to ring them. This is a matter of taste; you may admire your own way best. At anyrate, it’s a merry jumble of sounds; and the streets are buzzing with soldiers and people, looking so slightly that their gait is positively infectious: even you forget your own Irish blood, and are betrayed into a whole wheed of the flag-end of some dear old English cavalier. Look, now, at the pretty panettiera; how excessively trim is her gay but modest toilet, how glosy the braids of her raven hair—pou retless, they don’t know how to dress her hair, either, why, positively their humming and buzzing has become your lullaby!

Nice custom, certainly; but you are early this morning; it is like having a peep behind scenes, sat by and by you will get used to all and everything. Especially, the English reader admires by all the plans. The streets are right across the street, for the purpose of singing motley woollen garments, or drying linen ones. FOREVER, it is a festa to-day, so they will soon be windrowed. Sardinia, you must know, boasts more sheep than any other country. So now the flags are flying from the forts and shipping, cannon are firing, and bells are ringing. Italians say the English know how to make bells, but don’t know how to ring them. This is a matter of taste; you may admire your own way best. At anyrate, it’s a merry jumble of sounds; and the streets are buzzing with soldiers and people, looking so slightly that their gait is positively infectious: even you forget your own Irish blood, and are betrayed into a whole wheed of the flag-end of some dear old English cavalier. Look, now, at the pretty panettiera; how excessively trim is her gay but modest toilet, how glosy the braids of her raven hair—pou retless, they don’t know how to dress her hair, either, why, positively their humming and buzzing has become your lullaby!

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in its elegance. Shall we follow her to church? She is going with a stream of others to the cathedral. The cathedral is a fine building, much like other cathedrals, and the music is enchanting; but the soldiery; the variously handsome uniforms of the Piedmontese officers; the elegantly dressed ladies, intermingled with the rich wild rustic costumes of the different villages and the different crafts; the black velvet mantles of the monks; the gay costumes of the various government officials; the foreign consuls, the monks, priests, and acolytes, form a tout ensemble only to be seen here, and worth travelling hither to see. It is impossible to appear even decently dero-

tional, one is much attracted by the deep devotion of everybody else.

Ah! I now see the use of mammoth fans, besides making a current of air sufficient almost to turn a mill. I just now detected from behind one of them the furtive glance of a most glorious pair of midnight-


looking eyes; the shot was directed towards a very handsome young cavalry-officer, who evidently was on the look-out for it, while the dunna-like personage on the other side of the fan was calmly and unconsciously telling her rosary.

But the high-mass is over; the stream moves off, and you and I go with it. It is far too hot to go further now; we wend our way back; the stones, so piled, so angular, so cunningly placed during our feet. We are glad to get back to our hotel.

And now the streets are vacant, and so quiet, that, but for an occasional little burst of dog-dialogue, one might dream of being at Hercules. The fact is, Capigliani and Capiglianieri always sleep; doors are shut and bolted; you may as well rob a Capiglianitano of his purse, as invade the sacredness of this his darling dinner-hour. I think I deliberately hinted to you before that my beloved Sards had but a little math of the gomrann; and now, while you are tossing on that very hard couch—sofas are all hard here—and getting up a very sharp appetite, spite of the heat, for a very good dinner—I will just tell you something about the Capigliani dogs—not the Capigliani puppies; these are too various in their species.

The dogs in Capigliani are stationed at the doors of their respective masters. There they sit, basking in the sun, and in general of a very easy, gentlemanly demeanor. As the time of going another street, or intruding on another dog's territories, excepting it may be for sociability's sake. Their numbers are restricted, and these have collars round their necks. They are in a certain way, a symbol, a sign, and feel it, and show it, too, for there is a consequ-
entual wag of the tail, and an erect carriage of the head, which plainly bespeaks it. Besides these town-

tbred, gentlemanly dogs, there are lower-bred fellows living in adjacent villages. These enter the town regularly every morning in a troop, go to the market, make a round of the streets, and devour all the refuse of the town: they are canine scavengers, and thereby render a most important service; after which they range itself as a tramp, to the quietness, with an equally picturesque and equally earnest custo-

Here their eyes flash!—how vehement they are! There, he has paid a trifle more, and got the melon!
of the Roman amphitheatre, in such excellent preservation that we ascend the deep yawning caves, underneath. All is very beautiful and wonderful; but we must leave it to go to commonplace-life again. It is dusk, the evening-drum is beating, candles lighting, the bédetriânes pealing. It is twenty-four old clock, and I wonder if all; the man to parte has set; he will not set again for twenty-four hours.

Lovers are dragging canes heavily along the pavement, to attract the quick ears and light footsteps of their belles to the balconies. Serenades, some anything, but melodious, are progressing; but what, was the theatre is closed now until the return of the autumn season, you will proceed, either to the consulate, to spend a quiet evening with the best and kindiest of England’s representatives; or otherwise, if you incline to a little foreign society, in the house of the Comtesse C—, or the Marchesse D—, or Madame G— (the ladies, you know, receive), or half-a-dozen other places, where you may spend a pleasant evening, have lemonade and biscuit, partake some friendly conversation, and, in any case, a kind reception; only take care that your toilet is soignée, and that you retire early.

LIVING IN BARRACKS.

Many years have passed away since it was the custom in the south of Ireland to live in barracks. Not in the military quarters, usually so named, but among a set of merry boys and girls, and good-humoured men and women, in some wide, rambling, hospitable country-house. The rebels, or Whiteboys, banded themselves together to destroy, without exception, every Protestant man and grown boy in the country; but they usually, except in rare instances, respected the lives of women and children. The gentleman, gay, gallant, well mounted and well armed, formed themselves into yeomanary corps for the defence of their lives and property; and in order to concentrate their forces and protect their families, a large mansion in each district was selected, into which as many of the neighbours as the rooms would accommodate congregate. Despite of the burnings, pikelings, murders, and cruelties of the irrepressible stamp of discipline which were going on around, the party inside usually contrived to amuse themselves with eating, drinking, laughing, dancing, and love-making, in a highly satisfactory and thoroughly Irish manner.

The houses of the officers of the garrison of Cherbourg, situated some miles distant from the town of Killylaughain, was selected for this purpose; its master and mistress being a kind and hospitable pair, never so happy as when every closet and cranny-hole was crammed full of guests.

The house itself was as curious and comfortable a specimen of the in-and-out style of architecture as ever was seen. It and the fine old estate that lay around it are now gone—the one into ruins, the other into the Encumbered Estates Court. But some sixty years ago, both were filled with life and merriment. Family after family had arrived, and had been hospitably welcomed, and comfortably accommodated by Mr and Mrs Syngé. Every available corner, including a dark recess, known as 'the cat's closet,' had been converted for the nonce into a sleeping-room. Dinner-time arrived, the whole company were assembled in the drawing-room, and the lady of the house was mentally congratulating herself on the admirable cubicular arrangements which enabled her to accommodate every one, when a loud ringing was heard at the hall-door. Bolts and bars and iron grating were cautiously and creakingly withdrawn, and presently the servant announced: 'The Reverend Athanasius Wyke.'

Angels and ministers of grace! he was the largest, the most uncouth, and the worst-dressed man in the diocese.

His presence at dinner made no difference; the viands provided would have sufficed for a dozen guests in addition. But the sleeping-room! And Athanasius sinuously informing his hostess, that he had brought his carpet-bag, and the rest of her hospitalities in some baggage, for some days, he had receiving a threatening notice, which rendered it expedient for him to quit his field-house. Of course, under the circumstances, a less hospitable person than worthy Mrs Syngé would have made him bid adieu with a double debt to pay, and meant nothing more for a visit from one, as an apparently cheerful compliance; but in his secret he registered a vow, that wherever, and with whosoever Mr Welbore might sleep that night, it should not be with him.

One of the facts illustrating the personal habits of Athanasius may perhaps be regarded as justifying Mr Skottowe’s repugnance to his company. He was accustomed to use, and display somewhat ostentatiously, certain very large and self-laying white pocket-handkerchiefs. Some observers are reported to have remarked that these articles were invariably used with a series of brown diagonal lines; and by some skilful cross-questioning, the fact was elicited that the so-called pocket-handkerchiefs were doosed a double debt to pay, each one figuring first as a cravat, and then doing duty for a second in the parson’s pocket.

With this pleasing circumstance and other similar peculiarieties full in his memory, the sexton Mr Skottowe took care to be the first to retire to his room, and was snugly ensconced in bed when Athanasius, who remained up the very last of the company, made his appearance. While he was leisurely proceeding to disrobe, and talking over the eventful but pleasant evening he had passed, Mr Skottowe began to scratch his own wrists and ears in a most ostentatiously noisy manner.

'What’s the matter with you, man? ' said Welbore, at last, looking at him curiously.

'Oh, it’s nothing, signor: I’m nearly well now."

'Why, what ailed you?"

'Not much; but you know I’m one of the army appointed to travel through the country, and (with uncharitable mind, the poor people who are learning to read Irish) one day or another I’m going to Bennettsbridge, and I’ve got a most unfortunate time ago, from handling their books, or coming somehow in contact with them, I caught that very unpleasant and infectious complaint—the Caledonian Cremora—you know.

'Speak plain, man!' thundered Athanasius. 'It’s a

'Just so,' replied his friend coolly. 'But I have given up for some time past instructing the poor people who have it, and I hope soon to be quite well. Indeed, it is only at night that your virus annoy me.'

Vociferating a specially unclerical explanation, and I fear consigning his intended bed-fellow to a locale abounding in the specific remedy for his complaint, the sexton, maledly, Athanasius, now arrayed solely in his nocturnal garment, seized his candle and rushed wildly down stairs. Mr Skottowe, with a quick chuckle, bolted the door, and calmly betook himself to repose. The unlucky fugitive, meantime, sped into the drawing-room, the only apartment in which he was found open, every one in the house having by
time retired; and seizing two sheepskin mats, together with the hearth-rug and the table-cover, he washed off his beard and mustache, and made himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

Now, it happened that Mrs Synge was always an early riser, and at this particular time, with such an additional weight of housekeeping on her hands, it especially behoved her, she be up betimes, and look after the regulation of her household; so about six o'clock the following morning, she entered her drawing-room, and proceeded to open the shutters. The early daylight streamed in, and the first thing that caught the lady's orderly eye was the 'mangled heap' on her best sofa.

'Dear me,' she thought, 'that careless Kitty! She has gone and beaped the mats and hearth-rug on the sofa, instead of taking them out to be shaken.'

And with one energetic pull dragged off the offending articles. What was her amazement to behold start up the awakened Athanasius, who in his wrath, utterly oblivious of the very scanty nature of his clothing, began to pour out his indignation at the manner in which his hostess but treated him in sending him to sleep with such a companion. She, poor lady, naturally thought he was stark mad—very particularly stark indeed he looked—and she ran off as fast as she could to summon her husband to the rescue. But in the meantime, the patient, as if he did him much good, had said, 'I feel I am much more in my element here,' and had leapt to his feet, and covered himself with 'inexplicable surmounting his sole calico garment. The master of the house discretely retreated, and sought an explanation from Mrs Skottowe, who, with that gentleman prudently gave him through the key-hole of his bolted door. At length, however, a truce was concluded between the two belligerents, and Athanasius admitted to resume his garments. We will leave our reader to imagine the scene at the breakfast-table. Poor Athanasius gulping down cup after cup of tea, and half choking himself with enormous slices of ham and cold beef, in order to conceal his confusion; while the bland Mr Skottowe, with an air of unaffected politeness, bore the amused expression visible at the corners of his mouth, busied himself in eating a new-laid egg.

The genuine good-nature of the whole party, however, soon laugh off everything unpleasant; and in the course of the day the inventive genius of old Mr Mahoney, a jewel of an upper servant, found out and arranged a separate sleeping-room for the Reverend Athanasius.

It was a dull drizzling day in autumn, such as is very common in the south of Ireland, when there is no cold in the air, and yet you have such a feeling of thorough and diffused dampness, that you involuntarily hang over the fire, as if to air not only your garments, but your hands and face. After breakfast, the gentleman was shut up in a parlour as usual, and the ladies amused themselves, as they best might, with needle-work and gentle gossiping.

"How I wish," said Mrs Synge, laying down her embroidery, and politely trying to suppress a yawn, "that Hugh Lawrence was here! He is the very life and soul of a party, and so good-natured—there is nothing he would not do to oblige a friend.'

"Yes," said Mrs Warren, "and children are so fond of him. My little Ellie, who is so shy to every one else, actually flies into Hugh Lawrence's arms, and will not leave him for nurse or any one else.'

In addition to the grown people, there were about a dozen children collected in Carrigrow House; and elected for them in the person of one of the second-class refugees, a tithe-proctor named Dick Harris.

And as a sad time was on hand, he had ordered himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

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A warm pressure of the hand was Mr Synge's
'They were out,' was the reply. 'The old cook and the housemaid had asked leave to go to a dance in the neighbourhood; and Leavy, my man of all work, had gone out to the stable to feed the horses.'

'Where was Hennessey, your steward?' asked Mr Wren.

'O, poor fellow, he has been sick these two days,' replied Mr Lawrence. 'I sent for him this morning, and heard that he was confined to bed with a heavy cold; and there I found him with his head tied up, when I went down to see him and take him a few things that I thought would do him good. If he had been with me, he'd have shed his last drop of blood for you: you know he's my foster-brother.'

There was no difficulty that night in finding a bed for Hugh Lawrence. Poor Athanasius was the first to propose to resign his dormitory, and betake himself once more to the sofa. Mr Skottowe followed suit by offering, with a hypercitical twinkle of his eye, half his bed, if Mr Lawrence had no objection to share it.

'Why, then, you've a deal of brass, that's all I can say for you, Skottowe,' said Athanasius, shaking his fist at him good-humouredly. 'If you don't die a bishop, it won't be for want of asking.'

In the morning, the delight of the children at meeting their friend was vociferous. He was not so much inclined to play with them as usual, for the loss of his favourite little terrier lay heavy at his heart. And the bright, round, young eyes that were fixed on him soon filled with tears, when they heard of the fate of Minny, who had been as well known, and almost as much liked, as her master.

After breakfast, all the gentlemen accompanied Hugh Lawrence to his cottage, now a heap of smoking ruins. The police were also in attendance, with a view to making every possible investigation. Of course, there was no chance of eliciting any information from the servants or the peasant. They had seen nothing, known nothing; and the party were on the point of going away, when one of the police picked up on the lawn a gun with the barrel burst, and three fingers of a man's hand, which had evidently been blown off by the explosion. Here was a clue. The party immediately set off, and visited every house for miles round, without finding any man with a disabled hand; but as they were returning from their fruitless search, they passed by the cottage of Hennessey, the steward.

'Ah, there's no occasion, my friends,' said Mr Lawrence, 'for any of you to come in here; but I'll just step in for a moment to ask how poor Tom is to-day.'

'If you have no objection, Hugh,' said Mr Synge, 'I'll go in with you.'

They entered the house, where Hennessey's wife was ready to receive them, and to pour forth most voluble expressions of sorrow for 'the poor darling master's misfortune.'

'But how is Tom?' asked Mr Lawrence, moving towards the door of the inner room. 'I suppose I can see him.'

'Indeed, your honour had better not,' said the woman earnestly. 'He's very bad in his head to-day, and I'm afraid of my life 'tis the sickness he's getting; and maybe your honour might catch it from him.'

'Oh, I'm not in the least afraid.' And gently putting the woman aside, he went in, followed by Mr Synge.

The room was nearly dark, and they could discern only the outline of Hennessey's figure in the bed. He seemed scarcely able to answer his master's kind inquiries, and spoke in a hoarse, tremulous whisper.

'Typical fever.'

Well, Tom, my poor fellow, indeed I'll send Dr Taylor to see you before night. Good-bye.'

'No, sir, thank ye, no doctor; I'll be gone to-morrow!' exclaimed the sick man, in a deep, strong voice, whose changed tone struck even the unsuspecting Lawrence.

Mr Lawrence immediately flung the shutters open, and walked up to the bedside.

'Show me your hands,' he said. 'No sooner.'

He pulled down the bed-clothes, and Hennessey's right hand appeared bound up. The next moment the police were called in, the bandage was removed, and the three fingers exactly corresponding to those picked up on the lawn were found wanting to be ghastly bloody hand.

The hardened traitor said nothing; his kind master burst into tears.

The sequel of this true tale may be told in a few words. Hennessey was lodged in jail, fully contrived at the next assizes, and most deservedly expiated in crime on the scaffold.

There was one gleam of comfort for Hugh Lawrence after witnessing Hennessey's arrest; while going off his horse at Mr Synge's gate, he thought he had a faint whine, and looking down, he saw a miserable little animal, with its hair singed off, lying exhausted on the ground.

This was his little favourite terrier, which had somehow crept out of the burning ruins, and with the wonderful instinct of her race, had painfully tracked her master's footsteps.

He took his tenderly in his arms. 'Missy is found! Minny is safe!' was the cry through his house. And if Minny had been the daugher of a heiress of a noble family, more care could not have been bestowed on her comfort and restoration.

The little animal was brought to the cottage, and Mr Synge's servant offered to take her master to England, whither some of his kind friends took him on a tour, until the terrible scene of Hennessey's execution was over.

THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS OF ADE.

Many and great have already been the vicissitudes of the town of Aden. In remote times called 'Emaulmore' or the Prosperous, it continued to prosper as the principal entrepot of trade between Europe and the East; till the adventurous Portuguese opened out a new and more convenient route for the merchandise of India and China. This trade was diverted from Aden, its prosperity gradually declined. The Turks, once conquerors of it in an underhand way, just forty years after Van de Gama had rounded the 'Cape of Storms,' as it seems to have done a good deal to ruin and improve the town. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, Aden was governed by a native prince. By this time Mocha had successfuylly rivialled it as the seat of the coffee-trade; and when the East India Company took possession of it in 1839, it was a poverty-stricken, decayed place, having only a lingering remnant of trade going on, with about six hundred squallid Arabs for inhabitants, and with no foreign ships to rock securely within its noble harbour.

However, the tide has now turned in its favour, and British rule and the overland route to India combined, bid fair to raise the place to far more than its ancient importance. It can now boast a large population of 35,000, gathered out of almost every nation under heaven; the annual value of its imports and exports is little short of a million sterling, and its port is crowded with shipping. It is a depot for steamers, and a principal coaling-station. Every voyager gladly disembarks before or after the what anxious threading of the coral-reefs in the fab
To 'take their ease in their inn,' and explore—
as we are now about to do—the marvellous reservoirs with which we reveal the fact that the district abounds. For a thirsty district indeed it is, without trees to shade it, without running streams to freshen, its lofty semicircle of barren limestone and lava rocks—but for the relief of the seas-breezes—reflecting in- tolantly the forms of the towns below. The one serious drawback to the permanent importance and prosperity of Aden threatened to be the inadequate supply of fresh water: experiment after experiment was made, many wells were dug with no other result than that of drying up old ones, and vast sums laid out, all in vain.

It would seem, therefore, that the nineteenth century must be content to take a lesson in practical science from the wisdom of the past; and that having dis- covered the magnificent 1500 cisterns of ancient reservoirs for the collecting and storing of rain-water, it can do nothing so well as persevere in their restoration, or, if need be, undertake the construction of others.

It appears that this plan of collecting water in reservoirs is of extreme antiquity in Arabia the Blest. The earliest and most gigantic work of the kind we know anything about is the great dam of Mareb, built, some historians aver, about 1750 B.C.—the time of the Exodus. But Old Testament times form the earliest story of the cisterns, under the care of her father's flocks, 'while in the day the drought consumed him and the frost by night.' M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who reached Mareb in 1848, describes the ruins of this wonderful dam as situated between two hills, which, he thinks, the embankments, formed the reservoir. So vast was the space thus enclosed, that even in that desert stillness, no shout, however shrill, could reach from one end of it to the other; and the massive fragments of masonry yet remain bear witness to the former solidity of the whole. Probably this was the great original of other reservoirs in this and other parts of Arabia, as well as of those which the Sarcens introduced into Spain during their period of triumph.

Mr Playfair, the political resident at Aden, to whom we are indebted for our information respecting them, is, that they were begun after the second Persian invasion of Yemen, about the year of our Lord 660. Possibly, many owe their origin to indi- vidual pietie and patriotism; possibly, some were intended as monuments to perpetuate the fame of the dead, as well as to promote the welfare of the living, for under the domed entrance to one of them a tomb has been discovered, and it is said that an inscription was removed from the tank which might have given some clue to its history.

According to local tradition, it was about the year 1350 of our era that these reservoirs began to fall into disuse, the governors of Aden having persevered in digging wells with sufficient success to meet the wants of the already declining city. We read also in a Latin tract, written in 1530, of another expedient: 'The water was daily brought in on camels, whose murrain sometimes amounted to 1500, 1600, or even 2000.' If this gaunt and clumsy provision arrived in the daytime, the water was circulated through the city; if in the evening, it was deposited in a large cistern near the water-house. This large cistern was description: 'Among the ruins, some fine remains of ancient splendour are to be met with. The most remarkable of these remains consist of a line of cisterns situated on the north-west side of the town, three of which are fully eighty feet square, and proportionally deep, all excavated out of the solid rock, and lined with a thick coat of fine stucco, which externally bears a stone slab. The main aqueduct, although broad enough to be traced which formerly conducted the water to these cisterns, from a deep ravine in the mountain above. Higher up is another, still entire, which, at the time we visited it (November), was partly filled with water. In front of it extends a handsome terrace, formerly covered with stucco; and behind it rise some immense masses of granite, which, being in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the reservoirs, formed, during the hot weather, a most delightful retreat. It was the custom to record the fact that, since the occupation of Aden by the English, the tanks have been not only neglected, but injured. The hanging tanks, fortunately, were pretty much out of reach; but the stones of those that lay ready to hand, were ruthlessly carried away for building purposes—the hollows filled up with the debris washed down from the mountains, and the whole believed to be ruined beyond the possibility of repair.

Meanwhile, more than half the population of Aden was drinking water brackish beyond what is usually considered endurable; and many thousand tons of rain-water were annually lost from want of means to retain it. And now, let us gladly learn how efficient an apparatus for so doing has been all the while buried out of sight, to be restored by the energy of the political resident.

Four years ago, government sanctioned the repair of the three tanks known to be in tolerable pres- ervation; the supreme command of the works was intrusted to Mr Playfair, who, at first, was obliged to content himself with convict-labour, and such assistance from free labour as the small surplus of the town-funds, and the sale of the rain-water collected in the cisterns, enabled him to obtain. At that time he had no idea that the tank-system was so widely extended, and he expected to carry out the under- taking on the inexpensive plan above mentioned.

But day by day, new discoveries were made; and government came forward liberally to insure the successful completion of an enterprise, which we shall be better able to understand when we have read Mr Playfair's description of the environs of Aden:

'The range of hills which forms the boundary of the crater of Aden is nearly circular; on the outer side, the hills are very precipitous, and the rain-water rushing rapidly down them by means of long narrow ravines separate from each other. On the inner side, the hills are quite as abrupt; but the range is broken about halfway down by a large table-land, intersected by numerous deep ravines, nearly all converging from the principal range of hills into the Taweela Valley, which thus receives about a quarter of the drainage of the peninsula. This valley is 700 feet in length from the point where it leaves the table-land to its actual junction with the level plain of the crater. The hills throughout are perpendicular; and at the head of the gorge they meet, leaving barely
then gradually opens out to a breadth of a hundred and fifty feet, and the hills circling to the right and left form part of the walls of the crater of Aden.

The steepness of the ravines, the exceeding hardness of the rocks, and their scarcity of soil, all combine to prevent, or at least considerably reduce, the amount of absorption. Thus even a moderate fall of rain will send a raging torrent down the Tawela Valley, which, ere it reach the sea, not unfrequently swells to an unfordable river. Much damage has thus been frequently done. Reed-houses, standing near the banks of, or even in, the river, have been swept along the sea; and during a December fall of rain in 1842, such was the fearful rush of water through the gorge, that two hundred animals were carried away; and when the morning broke on the scene of devastation, not a trace of them or their bodies were ever found.

Thus, then, we see there is not only a great good to be gained, but a great evil to be avoided. The watersprings have to be subdued into a blessing, or submitted to as a scourge. The wisdom of earlier ages had taken the first course—their gigantic reservoirs chiefly occurring in and near this main water-course. These have been described by most travellers as carved out of the solid rock; but Mr Playfair's account differs from theirs in this particular: he describes those at the foot of the hills as generally built at some re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water; there the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient angle or curve of masonry built across it, while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

The overflow of one tank is conducted into another, and a complete chain once existed to the very centre of the town. Their construction is extremely fantastic, the only principle which seems to have been adhered to being an avoidance of straight lines; and his correctness of this principle has been proved in the recent excavations, as in almost every instance where straight lines existed, they were forced in by the rush of water. The tanks are generally of stone and mud-masonry, roughly plastered on the outside, and smoothly coated with plaster within; flights of steps, gradients, platforms, are heaped together, and give an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the whole. Each large tank has a smaller one in front of it, built for the purpose of retaining all the earth and stone removed in the course of the work, and permitting a pure stream of water to flow into the reservoir beyond. And now for what has been already done.

Thirteen reservoirs, having an aggregate capacity of 3,600,000 gallons, have been cleared out and restored; their usefulness has been largely increased by the new roofs, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

Up to September last, the expense incurred amounted to 1,100 rupees; and in the same month, a moderate fall of rain, lasting only three hours, sufficed to fill the restored tanks to the brim. The water thus collected realised, up to the following February, 2,200 rupees, or double the expenditure incurred—water having a ready sale in Aden at one rupee per hundred gallons; nor is this all, for over and above the quantity disposed of, there remained a surplus of about 600,000 gallons. A pleasant sight this filling of the restored reservoirs must have been to all, especially to those whose energy had been instrumental in the work—a pleasant sight to see the mountain-torrent, no longer wandering at its own will, but led from tank to tank, gurgling over the lip of the highest, running along the skilfully constructed aqueducts, getting filtered in the smallest reservoirs, and gradually filling those lowest down in the valley. Thousands of all classes and ages flocked to the refreshing sight—how refreshing we, in our cloudy and temperate climate, can little know; and the noise of the rushing water was fairly drowned by the acclamations of the crowd.

It is calculated that even in the most unfavourable season not less than 6,000,000 gallons will be collected; and thus a minimum annual value of 3,000 rupees (210l.) can be expected, while the restoration of the tanks would insure an annual supply of from twenty to thirty million gallons. We therefore trust that the Indian government will not stop short of this great result. Rendered independent of all external sources for its water-supply, it is difficult to place any bounds to the possible importance and prosperity of Aden. Should the projected sea-canal from Suez to Pelusium be ever carried out—and the equilibrium of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea being now established, affords a strong hope that it will—a direct passage to the east would be afforded to ships of the largest size. The great Indian trade would probably take this route, and the importance of Aden as a coal-depot and mercantile station be proportionately increased, for it would, we hope, look back to the past for its palmy days, when coquing Rome bestowed on it the title of Romanum Emporia, but forward to the future, with commerce of civilization ever increasing, and under British seapower.

WORDS:

FOR THE GERMAN STUDENTS' FESTIVAL-TIL.

(In Memorial: November 1857.)

'Thou wilt call, and I shall answer Thee: Thou wilt be respect to the work of Thine own hands.'

With steady march, along the dairy meser
And by the churchyard wall we go;
But leave behind, under the linden shade
One, who no more will rise and go.
Farewell, our brother, left sleeping in dust,
Till thou shalt wake again—wake with the jut.

Adown the street, where neighbour nought is nick-

Adown the busy street we throng;

In noisy mirth to live, to love, to labour—
But he will be remembered long.
Sleep well, our brother! though sleeping is dust;
Shall thou not rise again—rise with the jut?

Farewell, farewell, true heart, warm hand, let the jut
Beneath the linden branches sleep;
'Tis his to live, and ours to weep for dying—
To win, while he has won, the palm.
Farewell, farewell, our brother! But one day, we trust,
Call—he shall answer Thee—God of the jut!

TO THE ADVOCATES OF 'WOMEN'S RIGHTS.'

A gold medal of the value of 1200 francs has been offered by the Imperial Academy of Science, Letters, and Arts, of Lyon, in the name of improving the moral and economical position of women. A shewing first, how the remuneration of women may be raised to an equality with that of men, when there is equality in usefulness and work; and second, giving out new careers for the sex, and distinguishing new kinds of work to replace those of which they are and may be successively deprived by the competition of men, and changing the customs and manners by which we are to send their works free to the secrétaire-général of the Academy, each manuscript to be distinguished only by a motto, and the same motto to be repeated in a small note containing the name and address of the author.

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A MEDICAL MAN'S EXPERIENCES.

Although, in the eyes of the world, I may seem to be middle-aged, and of limited income; to have a tendency to baldness, and to possess a profusion of small children; to be in a state unpromising and unpromising in a very high degree—I am still, in the opinion of the faculty, a rising young man with very excellent prospects. In the medical profession, no man is old until he is superannuated, and Hope—by means, as it would appear, of some curious chemical preparation—is made to flourish as an evergreen, whether it ever bear fruit or not. Let the weather be ever so favourably unhealthy, let the street-accidents be ever so interestingly serious, no case over comes to my door—that is to say, no case with anything in it. There are, of course, however, candidates for my gratuities attentions, enough and to spare. And here are three of my best patients, selected out of a ten years' diary.

Case I.—A. B. Female. Age 49. Profession, sick-nurse. Habit, plethoric. A. B. came upon my hands not at all before it was necessary. She had been seriously ill—the effect of years of indulgence in spirituous liquors—for weeks, and during that time she had been taking hairs of the dog that had bitten her, by way of cure. When I told her, as I felt it my duty to tell her, of her immediate danger, and of the almost certain result of her complaint, she was exceedingly affected and alarmed. Used as she had been to contemplate death in all its phases when it occurred to other persons, she was terrified to the last degree at its approaching herself. She shuddered to think of that cold shadow creeping over her, which she had often watched, unfeelingly enough, and even with impatience, darken the features of her fellow-beings, when its delay chanced to interrupt some trifling scheme of business or pleasure of her own. Her countenance, with the exception of her nose, whose colour circumstances had long rendered quite independent of the action of her feelings, blanched at the few serious sentences which I addressed to her, as though they had been veritable thrusts from the javelin of the grisly King. Her respectable, I might almost write her colossal legs, trembled beneath her while she listened. It was evident that A. B. had some very particular reasons of her own for living a little longer. This feeling, as far as my experience goes, is not peculiar to A. B., but the intensity of it was. Horror at the thought of dissolution is seldom exhibited, if even felt by this class of persons; object fear such as hers could, I deep-dyed guilt. I was not much surprised when I was sent for to her lodgings for the second time upon that same night. She had been revolving in her mind what I had said to her, and it had disturbed her greatly. She felt more hopeless than in the morning, and thought herself sinking. 'The worst,' as the nurse in attendance upon her rather unpleasantly remarked, upon my entrance, 'had come to the worst,' and I was required, she hinted, less as a doctor than as a father-confessor.

'Send that woman away,' said the patient in a hoarse whisper, and pointing to the attendant; 'all nurses is bad un. I was a nuss myself.'

I motioned the obnoxious witness out of the room.

'I'm dying, doctor; I feel it. You're sure I am dying, ain't you?' interrupted she, changing her solemn tones for very shrill ones, and suffering her mask of forced repentence to drop momentarily aside, and disclose an expression of suspiscious cunning—'you're quite sure?'

'We are sure of nothing,' said I gravely: 'you are very seriously ill.'

'I know,' exclaimed she bitterly, relapsing into her melancholy phase again; 'that is what all you doctors say; but it means death. O, sir, I have been a very, very wicked woman indeed. I have something—I have three things on my mind, which it will do me good, I think, to get disburdened of: they will kill me else, I feel, of their own selves. And, sir, I have not got a soul in the world to tell them to, only you.'

So this dreadful old person had indeed dragged me out of my warm bed for the purpose of reposing in me a dangerous confidence, which my own good-nature lavished. I should like to have seen A. B. venturing to make a confidant of Dr Crassus in the next street after this same fashion. But it was just like my luck.

'Do you remember the very stout gentleman, doctor—him with the appleplexy in Ward No. 2—at St Barnabases?'

'446. Pleurisy. Left convalescent?' inquired I, from memory.

'The same, sir. I bled him to death, doctor, at his own house within the week. His friends paid me by the job, you see, and I was overanxious to get it over. 'Good heavens!' cried I; 'and to save yourself a little trouble, you committed, then, a cruel murder?'

'He went off like a lamb,' cried the wretched creature apologetically. 'But there's worse than that. I once gave a young gent. four doses of laudanum in one, and you wouldn't a known when he was dead from when he slept. But them was murders for all that, I
‘They certainly were, miserable woman,’ cried I indignantly. ‘Have you anything yet more upon your mind?’

‘Hush!’ whispered she, pointing towards the door; ‘she’s listening; they always does, bless you—I know ’em so well. Once—only once, as I’m a sinful woman—she caught me at his head, with his warm pimple pillow; that was for his money; he would have died any way, because he had the lock-jaw. Now,’ added she, with a long-drawn sigh, and after a pause, ‘I feel somehow better and more comfortable like, the way you, sir.’

The patient had sunk back from her sitting-posture, as if exhausted with this terrible narration; but I read in her yet anxious eyes that she had still something more to say. Presently she again broke silence, and this time the emphasis with which she spoke was mingled with a tone of gratitude. She desired to recompense me, I suppose, for my prompt attention and interest, and delivered herself of this adrift of thoughts that, in spite of his deprecating clause, I had a sincere liking for H. M., and pity for his unfortunate; as one of the dressers in his ward at that time, I had opportunities of doing him, occasionally, a little kindness, and speaking an encouraging word, who had executed on them would, in a few days at furthest, be out of the world, and no longer harmful, alone comforted me. My feelings, therefore, may be imagined by the sensitive, when, upwards of a fortnight after I had returned to the house, I was confided to the keeping of A. B., whom I had supposed to be far ‘otherwise,’ as the poet says, called one morning at my private residence, in tolerable health, and also slightly in liquor. She had been priming herself to act rather a difficult part.

‘Doctor,’ she exclaimed, addressing me, ‘do you care and trouble about me when I was ill. I was very ill indeed, was I not, doctor?’

‘You thought you were going to die,’ remarked I with meaning.

‘Yes,’ answered she ingenuously, and without heeding the slight discrepancy between her two statements, ‘and that is what I am come about to you, doctor. You know as well as me what a parcel of nonsense folks do talk when they are delicious, and think they are in particular notice. [I afterwards discovered this expression to be A. B.’s rendering of the phrase in articulo mortis.] You must not be hard upon what a party says who has got the trembles. You must let bygones be bygones, doctor.’

There was a deep and mournful sound in the singer’s voice, and I could not help wondering whether H. M.’s fortune was more likely to be in the funds or in railway-shares, when the grateful young man resumed as follows:

‘Here,’ cried he, drawing a coin or medal, strapped up in what he called a sovereign coat of blue, and offered it in payment for services which a friend of mine had performed for me. ‘Here, is it not money, at least money’s worth: to one in your station and with your opportunities, at a matter of—ah—a pound a week for life, is a very large sum. Even in my humble walk, it has been a pretty penny to me already.’

‘Why, my good man,’ cried I, unaffectedly a little affected, ‘this is only a half-penny!’ repeated H. M. with a Schedule chuckly, as he hobbled away on his crutches in order to preclude any thanks for his generous behaviour. ‘That’s what you’ll be trying to persuade others to believe before the day’s out. It is only a half-penny; but it is a half-penny with a coat of tails upon it!’

H. M. opined:—so little does one-half of the vast guess how the other half-lives—that the respectable profession of medicine demeaned itself like his by the practice of tossing for halfpence. They, not seriously, if things continue as they are much longer...
with me, I think I shall try my luck with that headless half-penny, the only pecuniary fee I have ever received.

Cost VII.—Once—and that day will not easily be forgotten—I was sent for to attend a lady at a fashionable hotel, and that lady a member of the aristocracy. She was a woman of strong force of will, and had made a point of having the nearest doctor summoned, or else they would have sent for Dr Croesus to a Mechanics' dinner. Upon my returning from my patient, I found myself at the bottom of my heart—but I am anticipating.

The Lady Letitia Beebonnet was Souch, and 'a wee bit crackit.' She was violent and impetuous upon all subjects—a monomaniac; as was said of a greater lady, 'she had one thing'; but indefatigable purpose and contempt for conventional practices and opinions were her forte. Her present idea was, that so long as she chose to remain in any hotel, no matter for what term of months or years, she would never settle the bill till she went away. She had come to the Elixir de Vie without any intention of staying beyond ten days or so; but as her ladyship's account had been sent in somewhat peremptorily at the week's end, she was now staying on, out of spite, and with the express purpose of declining to settle it. Under ordinary circumstances, a person of Lady Letitia's rank might of course have resided in an inn for half her natural life without being troubled by the host; but in this particular case, the hotel belonged to a company, whose accounts were audited every week, and to whom the manager was responsible. He also, piously though he was, had that quality in superabundance upon which her ladyship so justly prided herself—patience. Upon the reiterated refusal of his aristocratic lodged to loosen her purse-strings, he had given to her some pieces of his mind which were not only unpalatable, but had disagreed with her to the extent of sending her to her bed; she was ill, and very ill, absolutely through grief; and although threatened to become worse with opposition. The manager had sworn that, upon the morrow, which was the end of her third week's sojourn with him, the Lady Letitia Beebonnet should settle her bill or forego the house, I found that the exasperated manager had refused to let her ladyship's bell be answered, or to supply her with food.

She had comforted herself for some time by pulling at the rope at least believable, under the idea that she was at least creating a disturbance, although nobody came; but the domestics had placed a warded stocking over the clapper. She was very unwell, indeed, by this time, and her complaint was not improved by the fact of her having nothing to eat since the preceding afternoon. But she was considerably more obstinate than before, and quite prepared to starve rather than surrender what she imagined to be her legal rights.

Upon my reconnoitring with the manager, he protested that she might starve, and welcome, but that he would not put up with her nonsense, and be

lour longer. The company was of more consequence to him, he irreverently observed, than all the Beebonnets over the border.

'But,' urged I, 'if the Lady Letitia dies in your hotel, it will hurt the company seriously, and she will die, if she does not have sustenance shortly.'

Upon that view of the matter, some very weak gruel—with a cinder or two accidentally dropped into it—and a few slices of burned toast, were sent up to her ladyship's room.

The next day, I found my noble patient much better; invigorated by her food, but especially invigorated by her victory in having obtained it, and by an unlooked-for success of another kind. She had detected, as she lay in her bed, with nothing to do except to watch, like Robert the Bruce, the spiderwebs that began to adorn the cornices, a second bell-wire running round her apartment, and had established communication with it by combining her own useless rope with the business of her parson. As I entered, unannounced—for attendance was rigidly denied her—and she had, singularly enough, no maid of her own, she was sitting up in bed, engaged in tolling solemnly at this wire, which, indeed, exceeded her most sanguine expectations, for with every jerk she gave, she rang the alarm-bell. It was placed at the top of the house, so not easily accessible, and the wire, which pervaded the hotel, being of too great importance to be cut, she was mistress of the situation.

'I have been tolling,' observed she with satisfaction, 'ever since daybreak, as though for morning-prayers.'

The Lady Letitia was only at last induced to pay her bill by a pious fraud. She was informed that one of the directors of the company had offered to take the risk on his shoulders, and understanding thereby that she could annoy her foe, the manager, no longer by stopping, but would rather benefit him than otherwise, she left the hotel immediately, although in a very unfit state to be moved.

When she recovered, she wrote me a pretty little note, with a coronet on the top of it, expressing her grateful sense of my attentions; my services had been, she was good enough to say, above all prices, but she should nevertheless decline to pay me anything, upon principle. According to law, she had been led to understand that a medical man could not exact remuneration for the performance of his duties: she might be right, but she might be wrong; but all events she preferred, she said, to have the matter tried in court, before running into any unnecessary expense.

SCHOOLING IN INDIA.

A time like this, when our armies are struggling against terrible odds in one of the fiercest contests that ever shook India to its centre, it is by no means out of place to inquire more closely than we have been wont to do, into the actual condition of that country and its people; and as a means of doing so, we cannot turn our attention to a more fitting subject than their schools.

From official inquiries into the state of education amongst the masses of the population of the Bengal presidency, it would appear that in five districts in which the state of Indigenous education is most favourable as compared with other divisions, the proportion of adults who have received any degree of instruction is 6 per cent. of the entire population, so that there remain ninety-four persons in every hundred wholly destitute of education. In the least favoured districts, the proportion is above two eigh-
The entire population of this presidency—that is, of Upper and Lower Bengal—may be taken at thirty-eight millions, of which about fourteen millions may be set down as children, and of these we may fairly assume two-thirds to be of an instructible age, seeing that in India children mostly commence school when five years old. Now, insomuch as the data collected on this subject show that of the children of an instructible age only 7 per cent. receive any kind or amount of education, it follows that there are upwards of nine millions of children throughout Upper and Lower Bengal alone of an age to receive instruction, yet totally without it. Taking in the same way the adult population of twenty-four millions, and deducting from these the proportion of educated persons—namely, 5 per cent.—we find there remain nearly twenty-three millions of the adult population entirely without instruction.

Such being the state of native education in this one division of the Indian empire, it would not be very difficult to arrive at a tolerably accurate conclusion as to the total number of individuals, adults and juvenile, of the entire population of British India who are void of any instruction whatever. We do not believe that on a general average there would be found above four per cent. of the entire population able to read or write in the smallest degree, seeing that the whole of the female population—with the exception of the nautch-girls—are altogether and habitually left without any attempt at education. This being the case, the result would be, that there are in the Indian territories of Great Britain not fewer than one hundred and thirty-four millions of one of the uneducated persons! A fearful amount of uncorrected ignorance, superstition, and vice in the hands of the fanatic priesthood and the evil-minded chiefs, to work upon to their own bad ends.

The extent of private tuition among the Musulmans or Hindus is very small indeed; if we except the chief cities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, where of late years a few of the leading natives have availed themselves of private instruction for their children, both male and female. The public educational establishments of the Madras presidency are divided into the common vernacular schools, and schools partaking more of the character of colleges. In these latter, Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit are taught; seldom the three in any one establishment, but usually the schools are either Persian, Arabic, or Sanscrit.

The teachers of these are mostly of the Brahmanical caste, many living in extreme poverty, and supported mainly by presents of money and food. The scholars consist of boarders and day-pupils, who, in exchange for the learning imparted, supply their instructors with the daily necessaries of life, and also perform for them many little household duties. The age at which pupils attend these institutions ranges between eight and twenty, though there are some who remain to their twenty-second year. The instruction imparted consists of general literature, rhetoric, law, logic, medicine, and astrology.

In these high-class schools, the income in money of the pandits, or professors, varies very much, ranging, indeed, from the merest almsittance to a very liberal amount. It has been stated that the average monthly income of three hundred of these learned instructors is not less than 1L. 6s. 10d.; but the correctness of these figures may very well be doubted, as the Brahmins are extremely tenacious of giving information concerning their mode of living, property, &c. If, however, we assume this amount to be about correct, it shows that the cost of educating the pupils of these establishments is extremely high, far beyond the real value of the learning imparted, for the average number of students at each college does not often exceed seven.

If, however, we inquire into the quality as well as the cost of the education taught by these Brahminic pandits, we shall assuredly arrive at the conclusion, that they do little enough to elevate the character or improve the condition of the people. There is, indeed, no lack of indigenous literature in India. A tax official returns went to show that during the last thirty years, there had been not less than five hundred and fifteen persons engaged in literary publications in Bengal. The same document tells us that in the year 1839 there were two hundred and fifty tutors in the native languages published in the city of Calcutta alone.

The works on grammar, logic, and law may pass without much comment; but the absurdities, fancies and disgusting absurdities contained in all their most popular dramas, poems, and histories, leave little room for surprise that the people for whom this education these published should prove him, base, and cruel to the last degree.

The schools of medicine are less hurtful, though the little of real knowledge they inculcate is so blended with absurd quackeries and stupid fallacies, as to excite our pity. In those colleges where astrology, mythology, and philosophy are taught, we find the most absurd fancies, the greatest licentiousness, and the grossest licentiousness mixed up with the holy teachings. Truly has it been said in one of the government reports on indigenous education in Bengal and Behar, that the followers of these schools of philosophy and interphilosophy are interment and licentious, in habits and manners, not only believing that intoxicating liquors, and other vicious indulgences are permitted, but that they are enjoined by the system they profess.

If we analyze the system and, the morals of the higher class of native schools, what shall we find piercing among the hundreds of village schools and inferior institutions of town, the teachers of which main emoluments in the shape of fees, and presents of money to the monthly vernacular school, is two pounds, with an uncertain addition of donation of rice, fruit, fish, &c. It would be well if we could flatter ourselves that these schools were no worse than a negative evil—that they simply effected a good. It can scarcely be said that the acquisitive reading and writing is an advantage, as the boys employ their powers to little good purpose, and frequently for evil ends. The instruction is that schools, beyond the mere forming and designing of characters, is of the lowest and grossest description—a mere learning by rote without any attempt at instruction.

The course in these seminaries is to place the young scholar during a month after his first entrance to practise the formation of the alphabet, which he does by writing on the loose sandy floor of the schoolroom with one of his fingers or a small stick. From this initiatory stage he is promoted to the next where he is taught to construct words and short sentences by writing on a palm-leaf with an ink style. Thence he proceeds to use the finer leaf of the plantain; and finally, when well advanced, he is

Returns Relating to Native Printing-presses and Publications in Bengal. 1839.
taught to write on paper hardened by the juice of the tamarind-tree, and to draw up petitions, business documents, accounts, &c. In some of the Hindu schools, though not in the Bengali schools, a wooden board or a brass plate smeared over with mud, or chalk and water, is employed for tracing words by means of a wooden style, as well as for calculations in arithmetic.

It would be difficult to picture anything more miserable than the lot of the ordinary teacher in a native school, or more wretched than the localities usually selected for their operations. So poor, indeed, are the majority of them, that they most frequently add to their professional duties the occupation of accountants to bazaar-keepers, letter-writers, compilers of almanacs, petition-drawers, and such-like work—anything, in short, by which their pens may add to their scanty means.

The village school will frequently be held in an open shed, occasionally in the covered place in which the weekly market is held, on which day a holiday is given to the scholars, and the pedagogue occupies himself in selling, in Europe, we should call the "clerk of the market."

In the common schools now under notice, the language employed for instruction is Bengali in Bengal Proper, and Hindustani in Behar and other districts, though not, of course, in the Hindoo population, but the same rule applies to the Musalmun schools of these districts; for although the Hindostani is the common spoken language of the better classes of Musalmuns in Bengal and Behar, it is never employed as the means of instruction in their schools. The Urdu language, again, is far more poetical, and much richer in variety and force of expression, as it is also more polished, and is the language employed in the pulpit, and is, in popular selection, the poet; yet it has not found its way into any of the class-books of the schools, where it might be employed to the utmost advantage.

The number of Musalmun teachers, even where Musalmun scholars are taught, are very few. By far the majority of instructors in these schools are of the 'writer caste,' though the number of Brahman engaged in teaching is also large, contrary as it is to the custom of their caste, by which it is considered degrading to give instruction in any but the higher branches of study.

As regards the classes or castes of the pupils of these schools, the Brahmins are invariably in the preponderance; next to whom, following pretty closely, is the writer caste, then the weaver and other castes keeping at a tolerably respectful distance. Twenty years ago, it was rare indeed that the least degree of instruction was enjoyed by any of the lower castes of tailors, water-drawers, sweepers, or such like; but in the present day we behold learning fully established as a republic of letters, much to the disgust and indignation of the proud high-caste Brahman, who grows up impressed with the utmost abhorrence of all innovation—a true conservative of the old school.

Such domestic instruction as is imparted here is of a still more unsatisfactory character than that taught in the elementary schools. It is indeed little more than a handing down from father to son a knowledge of the mere rudiments of education sufficient to enable him to read the puranas and Vedas of his parent. Pride of family frequently prevents wealthy or high-born men from sending their sons to any school that may exist in their neighbourhood; sometimes, too, it is poverty which compels the home instruction of the seminaries, the trader, the headman, &c.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the state of indigenous education in Bengal; and having taken this view of it, we may render the picture more complete of the Europeans in the same part of the country. Missionaries from nearly every society in Europe are to be found, or were to be met with before the late revolution, in almost every province of India. Wherever these unwearying toilers for the truth located themselves, they formed the nucleus of a school generally for instruction in the vernacular. Contrary to the fact in the indigenous schools of the country, their pupils were more or less of the lowest castes; but naturally the Brahmins and other caste-proud men viewed the missionaries and their labours with jealousy and hatred. All the opposition they could give to missionary preaching and missionary teaching they did give, and in no small degree.

The progress made by these schools, although in some instances sufficiently encouraging, has been, on the whole, extremely limited, not only from many opposing causes, but also from a want of qualified teachers, and a great dearth of school-books in the vernacular. It was not until within the last few years that the labours of the Rev. J. Long and others placed within the reach of Christian teachers useful works in the vernacular of an unexcelled character. The instruction imparted at these establishments is of an entirely elementary nature, but thoroughly sound, and calculated to fit the pupils in after-life for some useful and profitable career.

The railways of the Bengal government are of comparatively recent origin. It is composed of a director of public instruction, a secretary, a staff of inspectors for the various districts, and a large number of trained teachers in every branch of education. There are professors, too, for the various government colleges, and altogether a very formidable array of workers in the field.

But although the official labours of the government staff are directed towards such private and missionary schools as apply for grants in aid, they are mainly employed in supervising their own establishments. It is to be regretted that the annual reports of this department are so utterly meagre and barren of all practical details as to render them valueless for our present purpose. By far the greater portion of the annual votes for education are expended in the liberal salaries of the director-general and his staff, whilst the sum left for the real workers—the teachers and other subordinates—is insignificant in the extreme compared with the amount of work to be done.

In Calcutta, there are the Presidency, the Hindoo, the Engineering, and other colleges, where professors hold their classes with all the form, and some of the effect, of similar institutions in Europe. At these, as well as at the Hoogly, Dacca, and the other Mosuul colleges, the principal classes are composed of high-caste and well-born Hindoos; indeed, the number of those from poorer sections of native society is very small. The proficiency attained by the students of these colleges, as well as by those of the medical college, is such as would be encouraging were it enduring, or did it produce fruit of any useful kind.

Unfortunately, however, the most that our present system of teaching effects is to overthrow the old superstitious notions of the land, without replacing them with any better faith, proselytism being a forbidden thing in the Company's colleges, punishable with instant dismissal, so careful are the authorities to avoid any appearance of offending the prejudices of the Indians.

To those who inquire the reason why our college education should prove so little use to the students in after-life, we reply that it is costs which prevents them availing themselves of much of their knowledge. The Brahmins and the writer caste can engage in but a few occupations. To step beyond that social limit, to break through the old bounds, and engage in any handicraft, or art or calling in which the would
penalties of Hinloo fanaticism and bigotry—a consequence which, as yet, but one or two of the rising generation have dared. Until costs—the curse of India—he trampled under foot, we can do but little for the country or the people.

BURIED ALIVE.

It was on a bleak afternoon in the beginning of last March that we stood at the drawing-room windows of our hotel in the village of Bury, facing the Mont Blanc, watching the clouds career wildly over the sky, and speculating whether Le Cuir and Mademoiselle, his sister, would come to tea. The huge mountains opposite began to look ghastly as the bright reflections from the setting sun faded from their snow-covered summits; the pine-trees in our garden creaked and swayed like the masts of a tempest-tossed ship; and as the soughing, moaning, whistling wind lulled for a second, there fell some heavy flakes of snow.

"Close the jalousies, Annette, and draw the curtains." Poor miserable things these last were—thin muslin with a red cotton border. The fire blazed and crackled merrily as our fair-haired Jessie threw them on log after log; our moderator-lamp shone like a small sun, lighting up even the most distant of the atrocious engravings of "Passages in the Lives of Diane de Poitiers and Jeanne d'Arc," which covered one of our walls; while on the other bloomed twin samples dedicated to "Une Paroisse," and "Une Mère Chrétien," and on which were embroidered wreaths of heartsace and forget-me-nots, each surmounted by a dove carrying a large O in its beak—undoubtedly crowns for our heads of the cherished father and mother.

Pussay lay curled up in his basket on the rug, pretending to sleep, but keenly alive to all that was going on at the tea-table.

We were determined in the most Christian spirit to show the curé and his sister how much more comfortable we English were than our Savoyard neighbours. So finest of our table-linen, the best of our china, were brought out for the occasion; a profusion of tea-cakes and preserves loaded the table; we laid our best plate and teapot had been so well polished they might have been mistaken for silver. The mention of them is premature, as they were only to appear at the last moment. We were not quite so bad to the lady 'who loved to sit in a snug room and think of the cost of the Swiss exercises at the sea;' but we all one tainted did peculiarly enjoy, on this stormy evening, the air of comfort which the inviting, soft-cushioned easy-chairs, the thick carpet, and well-spread board, lit up by the warm fire-glow, gave to our country quarters.

"Here he is!" we exclaimed, as we heard the cure's voice calling through the kitchen window to Annette to go and open the garden gate. One side of the house faced the high road.

"La petite fille is actually come with him," cried Jessie, running back from the door, where she had been to take observations. This was unusual, the one generally following the other at a short interval, for our cure did not like to be seen walking with a woman, even though that woman might be his sister. In they came, speckled with snow, but with cheery gleaming faces.

M. le Cuir was a thin flat man, so flat that he looked like a deil-planck dressed up in a priest's brown coat, a garment which closely resembles an old-fashioned scanty lady's pelisse, buttoning all the way up the middle. He always wore his boat fringed sash and newest tricorn when he paid us a visit. He had a small wizened face, in which twinkled a pair of waggish gray eyes, their lively expression heightened by a decidedly turned-up nose. It was worth some-
speech even to say 'Thank you;' but the cure, soon recovering his usual manner, condescended in a
great leather chair in front of the fire, with our dear
pesky, whom he always looks on a 'true gold of
mater,' at his feet. As soon as he heard the click
of his sister's knitting-needles, he gave us a look just
like the one he bestowed on his congregation before
beginning his sermon; and when we were all quiet,
he commenced his story.

In the autumn of 1828, just thirty-five years ago,
my sister and I went to visit a aunt, married to
a wealthy merchant of Bellinzona. I was then
eighteen, and I Pong some years younger. Our
uncle and aunt, who had no children, grew very fond
of us, and would not hear of our leaving them; they
talked of adopting the little one, and of taking me
to the wood-business. We on our part were willing
effort to stay with them; for never before had we
seen so much comfort, our parents being rich in
nothing but sons and daughters. The winter of
1828-4 was more than usually severe; the snow lay
days. We who, after a few hours of frost, so no
saw-mills could work. Our uncle grumbled
smoked, and smoked and grumbled, from morning
till night. He had several large orders, and he was
un uneasy at the delay he was forced to make in execut-
ing them. He was not very anxious about the snow,
the weather in the mountains was much finer than
in the valley, and we feared for our wood.

Burrator—the men were so called who cut and bring
the wood to the lake—would venture up to the
forests. There was nothing for it but to wait till the
cold moderated. But February, with its wild bleak
days came, and passed, and still the men refused to
work. At last some warm sunny days ushered in the
month of March. The snow left the valley, and the
icy fetters of the merry streams melted quite
away. The sunshine brought up the sunshine
within; my aunt's husband now whistled about the
house, making each of his fingers go off in small
reports as a sort of 'je de je.' Seven Burrati had
agreed to go up the mountain. As during the last
three weeks there had been neither a fresh fall of
snow nor a storm of a thaw, the weather-wise man
declared no danger was to be apprehended. In fact,
the mountain, from its nature, was little subject to
avalanches, nor had any worth speaking of occurred
within the memory of man.

Tired out by such long inactivity, I was wild to
join the intended expedition, and at last wearied my
un osc into granting me permission to begin my
apprenticeship at once. I was put under the care of
an old retired called Picurio, our woodmaster,
recognized as the chief of the Burrato. We were to set out on
the Monday morning, and it was hoped the job would
be completed by the following Saturday.

We had, however, forgotten to ask is Petite's con-
sent, now any more matter of consequence to me,
even for a day since her birth, was in tears from
morning till night at the idea of my leaving her for
a whole week. My uncle was, in truth, a soft-hearted
man, so he agreed to go with us himself, and take the
little one with him. In the end, however, the parting
in Blegio, lying at the base of the mountain to which
we were bound. This arrangement put an end to my
sister's tears; though, as the Burrator stop out night
and day till the work is finished, she would see as
little of me as if she had remained at Bellinzona. We
were well provided with woolen wrappers and the
means of kindling a fire; and as you may believe,
the thought of this bivouac had infinite charms for
my imagination.

The cold on that memorable Monday morning was
perhaps as intense as it had been during the winter;
but as there was no wind, the men kept to their
work. I cannot affirm that sleeping under a rock
was as delightful in reality as in anticipation;
still, I relished being treated as a man, and never
complained. On the Wednesday, old Picurio declared
it was beginning to thaw, and on Thursday it was
perfectly clear that the snow had broken as a distance.
I heard the snow slipping down the grooves cut in
the mountain's side by the spring and summer tor-
rents. The Burratori did not seem to care, for
the pine-trees prevented any dangerous accumulation
of snow in our immediate vicinity. Our only danger
lay in going to and from the forest, our night's shelter
being in the natural caves formed by projecting rocks,
which, as a matter of course, were on that part of the
mountain where there was no wood. We strained
ever nerve to finish our task on Friday evening.

'Three or four hours more would have done it,'
said Picurio in a desponding tone, as darkness over-
took us, and a large stack of timber still lay before us.

'We are almost done,' said the old man, who
smithed in the same way, and who had promised,
early in the morning, to give us a good dinner when
we finished. 'Well, then, let us at least have a bit of
rabbit,' cried I, 'and we may all be back at Bellinzona
by the evening.'

On the morrow, we only mustered five; three of
our party were missing. Had they deserted, or only
gone on in advance with the wood?

'We shall soon know,' said the remaining Burr-
ator, and with one accord they went forth with such wild,
ereathy yells, ending in air shrill peals of mad laughter,
that, though I had heard of their mode of holding
communication with their comrades, I was nevertheless
disagreeably startled. These yells can be heard an incredibly long way off. When there
there could be no reasonable doubt that the missing men
had deserted us, many were the snarled exclama-
tions of 'Gibb gente di maro' ('Cust d'arbitro,
meaning lazy fellow'), 'you shall pay for this.'

The loss dispirited us, for the work still to be done
required all our original strength of hands to get it
finished in the time proposed. The dawn was just
whitening the horizon when we began our ascent,
and a little breeze, barely enough to make the
pine-branches quiver, was blowing from the west.
Picurio's only son, a stout, handsome young man, the
wag of our party, propitiated us should have a fine
day; but as the light increased, great black masses
of clouds came up from the south-west.

'A bad sign, I say,' cried Picurio; 'we had better
turn back.'

I was somewhat vexed at this advice, and answered
bitterly: 'Those who are afraid, may go back; I shall
keep my promise to my uncle, if I send down the rest
of the wood unassisted,' and I walked on; the rest
followed, but in silence.

Our path up the mountain, now winding in and
out through pines, now passing under steep, bare
rocks perforated with caverns, ran along the edge of
a ravine several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of
which lay, silenced under a huge snow-drift, one
of the great mountain-streams which would be
heard miles away, as it dashed and roared in its
precipitous descent to join and swell the wide Ticino.
Far above, as high as we could see, were mountains-
topps bristling with spears of sea-green ice, which, as
I gazed, were gilded by the sun's rays under the
beams of the blue sky.

'Look! cried I, 'is not that the promise of a
fine day?'

Old Picurio shook his head as before, for at the
instant a pale, watery sun, encircled by a ring of
vapour, shot into view. In another moment it was
entirely obscured by the clouds which speedily covered
the whole sky. The sighing breeze suddenly grew
into a turbulent wind, and some pricking sleet fell.

The men stood still, looking uneasily about them,
muttering between their teeth: ‘Ah! vacca d’un ven’ mostro!’ (Cow of a monstrous wind!) ‘I told you so,’ cried Picurio; ‘those clouds are a sign of evil. Let us go back—we have no time to lose. The holy Virgin protect us from an avalanche!’ ‘Nonsense, father!’ replied the son; ‘you know there are never avalanches on this mountain.’ ‘Don’t say so, my son; I remember hearing my father speak of a terrible one.’ ‘As big as my hand,’ answered the young man laughingly, and god knows.

Nevertheless, the old man’s words had produced an effect; for, as if with one accord, we all turned round and began to descend towards the village. The wind would cease as if by magic, then come rushing from every quarter of the heavens—a mighty and a strong wind; the sleet changed to thick-falling snow, which, whirling in mad eddies, and flying up and down, almost blinded us. We walked as quickly as we could, following Picurio, who had assumed the lead; but what with the teasing of the wind, and the slipperiness of the path, we could scarcely keep our feet. After one blast, which nearly hurled us down the ravine, we joined arms, and kept as close together as possible. Not a word was spoken; for by this time the bravest heart amongst us quaked with fear, and many an anxious glance was cast around in search of any signs of the dreaded disaster.

We had reached a point about half-way down the mountain where the path passed through a narrow cleft between two rocks. Here we were forced to go two by two. At that instant, a boom like that of a distant waterfall struck on our ears. We stopped, raised our eyes in terror, and saw, right above us, a large white mass like a living thing, rise slowly with a convulsive heave from the edge of a rock, lower for a second, topple, then come crashing down.

‘The avalanche! the avalanche!’ burst from every lip. ‘To the left, to the caves,’ shouted Picurio, dragging me after him. In the twinkling of an eye down fell the enormous white mass in front of our refuge; there, we were unhurt, but shut in between a wall of rock behind, a wall of ice in front.

‘The first moment of awe and horror, Picurio cried out: ‘Who is here besides me?’ It was pitchy dark—no seeing even one’s own hand.

Mine was the only voice that replied. ‘My son! my son!’ exclaimed the old man; ‘oh, that I had died for thee, my son; and I heard him weeping. Awful were those moments. Buried alive—a father’s agony the only sign of life breaking the stillness and darkness of the grave. Often in the silent watches of the night do I hear again that voice of woe—often in dreams I live over again that terrible scene. ‘Have you your axe, young man?’ said Picurio.

No. In the perilous moment when he had forced me under the rock, the axe had slipped out of my hand.

With all the energy of despair, we flung the whole weight of our bodies against the inert mass which shut us into our living tomb—hopeless—hopeless. I must have then fallen into a lethargy; for the avalanche continued in the same manner, and the Ave Maria was ringing when I recovered my consciousness. Yes, we distinctly heard the bell of the church of Aquila. No words can describe the rapture I felt in listening to this voice from without; it seemed to say distinctly: ‘Hope in God’s mercy.’

‘Let us pray,’ said the old man. We recited the Angelus, and told the rosary. After that we felt more composed, and sat down side by side. The sound of the church-bells had taken away the horrible feeling of being entirely cut off from the living. We felt sure that, as soon as we were missed, all the village would turn out on the morrow to seek for us; and we agreed that, as we were able to hear the bell so clearly, it would not be difficult to make ourselves heard by any passers. Luckily, our day’s foot was in our pockets; we divided it into several portions, so that it should last twenty-four hours. With that portion for doubled obtaining our release.

Presently the church-bell began to ring again. It could not be the De Profundis; sufficient time had not elapsed; besides, the strokes were quick and sharp, mournful and solemn. Glory be to God, it was the storm-bell; the alarm was given, and we hoped would soon be on the search for us. Neither Picurio nor I spoke, so eagerly did we strain our ears to catch the sound of approaching steps, long before it was possible that any one could have reached the mountain. I think the beating of our hearts might have been heard in that dead silence.

At last, at last we distinguished the barking of a dog. I recognised the bark at once: it was Bisk’s Petrel. Nearer and nearer it came, until we could hear him whining and scratching the snow which hid us. Then the blessed sound of human voices became audible. Full of hope and joy, we threw ourselves once more against our snow-barricade; we dug a way through it with both hands; and there we found our friends, through which we might let our friends know our situation. We shouted with all our might, but the noise fell back heavily on our ears. Many times we were aware that the seekers were close to us—we heard their voices—nothing heard. Exclamations of horror, pity, and grief, met ours. The nasal sound of our unaccustomed noises were pronounced in tones that plainly revealed their sad fate. There was a bustle, many directions of how best to carry away the bodies, wonder about us, and then an expected deliverants departed. A horrible took possession of me as their retreating steps grew fainter and fainter; but poor Picurio always cried: ‘Let us pray; God’s right arm is long enough to reach us even here.’

I tried to pray; but my thoughts wandered to my home; all the childish griefs I had known were forgotten, and I wept bitter salt tears to think I should never see father or mother, brothers or sisters again, all my faults to them rose up in judgment. I knew I was saved. All that I had expected that should God save me now, I suppose I must at last have dropped asleep, for knew nothing more till Picurio called to me that he heard the bell for early mass. I raised myself at-sitting-posture, and we each ate a portion of bread. All that day and the evening passed in alternations of hope and despair. By the next morning—the beginning of the third day—since our entombment—our little provision of food was exhausted. We were oppressed by feverishness and gnawing hunger—a horrid death was before us, the fate of those who had perished at once was before me, envious in comparison with the lingering suffering we anticipated.

We had ceased to speak, ceased to pray; I had no hope now—no faith. In moody silences we sat apart, watching, I may say, the approach of the passage of death, when suddenly the deep hush was broken by
familiar sharp bark. It was Bibi again! Oh, the unutterable joy of hearing the little fellow teetering and scratching at the snow blocking up our cave! There was another sound that made hot tears rain down my cheeks; it was a child's voice—no other than la Petite's—crying: 'He is here, uncle. I am sure he is here. Oh, gig, good men, gig fast!' Carried in within an hour by hand many steps nearing our prison. There was danger, too, for many cautions were given. The child's voice still rose clear above all: 'Make haste; do make haste. Give me a hoe; I can dig. My poor brother will be dead. If you don't make haste.'

At last a long stick was pushed through the snow-wall; it touched me; I seized it. There was a shout of 'A miracle! a miracle!' mingled with the child's wild cry of 'Brother! brother!' Another stick was thrust through and caught by Picurio. Not a whisper was now to be heard; every one worked; minutes seemed hours to us before an opening was made large enough to drag us through.

When we once more saw daylight and dear familiar faces, we fell down fainting with joy. We were lifted out and laid at the feet of the old curé, who, in spite of age and infirmities, had ventured up the mountain to bless and encourage the efforts of the men who, touched by the child's agony of grief, had consented to throw them a rope.

'Thank God, my sons, for your deliverance,' were the old priest's first words, 'and devote to His service the lives He has so miraculously preserved.'

'It was this, Miss Jessie, that led me to become a priest; and la Petite, who bore the old curé's name and served God's mercy, saved my life, has made my home her home.'

'She would have made a capital lady-abbes, though,' said M. B.—, looking at her with unfeigned pride.

'And old Picurio blessed Jessie.'

'He died in my uncle's house.'

THE CUMBERLAND STATESMAN.

'The fashion of this world passeth away,' It was so in Paul's days, nor has the world's fashion grown more stable since. It is, however, only 'the fashion' that is so enduring; the substance of the world's life is much the same it ever has been since the days of Adam. 'The fashion' passes away, and seems to be more fleeting in our days than it was ever in the old time before us. Science and art have sent a mighty flood sweep against, through, and over all our ancient ways of doing, so that the tone and aspect of life has been in a great measure altered. The old is no longer like his father; the young lord is no longer a continuation of the old lord. The fashion of dress passes downwards from class to class, till it vanishes utterly among the clowns on the back of the beggar.

Change old infested island, that there is a briefly a corner uninfluenced by it. Old-fashioned folk are all dying off: even the Cumberland farmer is becoming an altered man; so much so, that we are fain to trace some lineaments of the old wild westward one before he drop into the grave, and be wholly forgotten. Our hero is one of those farmers or 'statesmen' who dwell in some one or other of the dales among the Cumberland and Westmorland mountains. They are a class of men, in many instances, boasting a very ancient pedigree; perhaps we should not say that they boast of this, for they are hardly conscious thereof, further than to know that time out of mind they have been at the same place—the Allsons o' t' How, the Jopsons o' t' Hollows, or the Wrongs o' t' Langthwaite. Thus have they lived on from generation to generation—tillers of the ground, and keepers of sheep; a hardy, long-lived race, fed and clothed out of their own produce; men mighty to struggle with the storm on the mountains, lovers of cur-dogs, and willi here and there a tradition of some forerather lost in a snowstorm, or drowned coming from market. They are a people who reckoned by days and months, not years, so much as by fests and festivals, fairs and merry-making's; great battles, and the times of great men. For the last two they are especially notable: you may hear them date a very ordinary event by the battle of Trafalgar, or Waterford, or the day of Pity, or any other prominent man of the time; and in this they shew forth the old Norse love of war and heroes, which still animates the hearts of their pastoral descendants.

There was once a man they dales one 'statesman' who bore the title of king—a title which was hereditary, having first been gained, doubtless, by the family's superior wealth in sheep and kine, coupled with a liberal spirit of hospitality. It was a bare title, however, conferring no vested rights, but was some honour and parochial consequence. For instance, his majesty usually sat at the head of the table on all public merry-making's, his voice carried somewhat of a princely weight with it in all disputes between neighbour and neighbour. Under good management, his funeral had the largest attendance, and there was the greatest abundance of cheeses and bread and ale. So exclusively was this title confined to one family, that no other was ever known to usurp it, no matter how rich in lands and tenements; and from instance, we have known it still given to the lawful heir, though he himself was a most sorry fellow, and without a foot of land beyond the measure of his last bed in the chapel earth.

These dales-kings are now nearly extinct; their descendants lost in the common population, and their lands passed into other hands. The dalesmen like to do all things of a special concern after a substantial fashion. They christen, marry, and bury one another in a right English style of hospitality. When an old 'statesman puts up his feet,' as they say of one who dies, two from every house in all the dales are warned to the funeral; and it is a happy thing that the honour of a hour at the old gentleman's funeral was plenty of everything on the occasion, and that the old man was 'put by decent.' They would count it an ill start in life for any child to be christened without a goodly gathering of friends and neighbours to witness the ceremony, and partake of the hospitality; but it is at a wedding where you best see this characteristic of the dalesmen. There are no marriages solemnised in the little chapel in the valley, and so they must needs go to the mother-church— in some instances a distance of eight or nine miles. It was their custom to start early in the morning, all on horseback, to the number of fifteen or twenty, and one horse bearing double 'with pillion,' whereon the bride and bridgroom returned from church. It must have been a fair sight on a fine morning, when the shadows of the rocks were lying cool upon the vale, to have seen the cавале р embarking down through the defile of the mountains, and by the shore of the blue lake. On their return, there were so much order, the spirits of the men the storm on ale; and you might often have witnessed very furious riding, for it was counted an honour to be first home from the kirk. In this substantial fashion the old farmer christened and married his children, and so gave them a cheerful start in life.

Let us take a view of the old farmhouse. It is a low, irregular building, the roof thereof being covered with moss, very modest in pretensions, and, indeed, giving but little outward token of its inward
comfort and hospitality. Its front duly in spring-time receives a fresh coating of whitewash, and very bonnily, on a summer-day, does it gleam from beneath the full foliage of its guardian yew trees. Adjoining it are placed the stable and byre, barn, cow-house, and other farm-buildings. But let us enter the old man's dwelling-place. The door is low, so you must beware of breaking your head. This little porch which first receives us is both a comfort and ornament to the house. There is a large window on either side, wherein you may see in the morning the clean scoured milk-pails placed to dry. In one corner there are three or four shepherd's staves, or 'felt sticks,' as they are called, hung about six feet long, and lashed at one end with an iron prong. There are, moreover, hanging up in the porch two or three old grey coats, used for wet markets, Sebastia, and fells. The room you enter from the porch is called 'the house,' wherein the barn, the cowhouse, and other farm-buildings, and the farmer lives in sight of his stables, which doubtless tends to keep his stomach in a quiet and healthy state, and, moreover, serves to set off the substance and abundance of his estate. It is common, indeed, to infer poverty or misfortune from this show, but not here; on the contrary, whoever looks into or at the house must meet the visitor's eye; and we have heard of a servant-lad, who, on going to his 'place,' and seeing nothing in the chimney, or on the shelves, was determined to run away; but was turned back by the bread and cheese, because the house was too far to run that night, and so he mustneeds stay where he was. On retiring to bed, he found a large oaken chest in the room, and being curious to lift the lid, he saw therein a great abundance of hams, legs of mutton, &c., which fully satisfied him that there would be plenty to eat. The reason of the provision being put out of sight was through the housewife having been white-washing and cleaning the house against Whitsuntide, according to custom. At the far side of the house stands an old clock, which seems out of all fashion with the clocks of the present day; and on the side separating the house and parlour there is a long black oak cupboard, with the initials of the original owner, and generally dated early in the seventeenth century. We find this date upon all the old oaken furniture in the farmhouses, which seems to show that the farmers of that time must have been somewhat prosperous, for modern furniture cannot compare with it in splendour and comfort. On this piece of furniture you find arranged a goodly show of huge pewter dishes and plates, now wholly out of use, and kept only out of honour for the past. There is generally a tradition or two respecting this pewter—how it was hidden in the orchard when the rebels of '42 invaded England; and how, moreover, it was proposed to do the same with it when there was loud talk of Borderpart sailing for our shores. The parlour we alluded to as being entered from the house by the oak cupboard, is the statesman's bedchamber, chosen to sleep in to prevent his sons and servants from coming in at untimely hours of a Saturday or a Sunday night, the usual times for sweet-hearing. Below the house is the kitchen wherein the family live in summer, and in general do all their rough work.

In front of the house is a small garden, which you enter at the side of the porch. It contains a bed or two of onions, and a few rows of cabbages, besides other vegetables, such as the housewife finds useful. Its flowers are of a sweet and single charm, and it contains, in addition to a colony of ancient date, as to claim a right to be considered natives. They are such flowers and shrubs as grew in English gardens when Shakespeare lived—daisies, pinks, and polyanthus, thyme, rose, and citron, violets, bluebells, and wallflowers. One of its pecu- limary interesting, whether it be for the richness of its purple-tinted blossom, or its golden fruit, or its quietness, one of the choicest, and, then, the most pleasing in youth. Ever since the days of Shakespeare, it has been consecrated to our English homes.

Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of an afternoon,
The father of Hamlet was cut off,
Says the mystic ghost;
In an orchard, too, Romeo wooed his Julia,
And swears by the moon 'twas that tips with sire of these fruit-tree tops.

But this is not the poem we should speak of the farm estate. It consists of forty to one hundred acres of meadow and arable land; and besides this, he has a right of pasturage on the mountains for sheep and two hundred upon the moor, to one thousand, fifteen hundred. The sheep are of the speckled-bell breed, called Herbertwick, and said to have come from Norway. The mutton is very sweet, especially that killed from the pastures, without any previous fattening. The prayer of the early Briton is that his flock may increase, and that he may be clothed with their fleeces, and feed their flocks, and give each other such satisfaction as they could of any sheep that had wandered into pasture. You may be sure they were good shepherds and mighty sticklers for a proper division of the fruits of the Sabbath. Very often their dogs were kept at home, and the farmer kept a watch over his flock, and the shepherd was always present when the flocks went to pasture. He may be sure they were good drummers and mighty sticklers for a proper division of the fruits of the Sabbath. Very often their dogs were kept at home, and the farmer kept a watch over his flock, and the shepherd was always present when the flocks went to pasture.
Let us now look at the old farmer himself. He is already past the fourscore years of man's existence, when his strength is but labour and sorrow. There you see him sitting by the fire in his old oak chair, his head bald, and his eyes grown dim, for ever poking the fire with his stick, and combing his grey beard. And when there was his aged partner sitting opposite on the other side of the fire; but her chair is now empty, and she had left her husband a solitary thing in the world—a last link between the past and present—and only in her days of old, when there was some improvement. The old man's thoughts are all in the past, for things are managed so differently from what they used to be, that he seems to care little whether they prosper or not. He will have it that there has been no luck since the spinning-wheel was cast aside, and the tea-kettle took its place. He thinks the world has grown very showy and unsubstantial; and, moreover, sadly decayed in morals and good behaviour. There is but little faith in woman or in her direct neighbour and neighbour which once existed; but every one seems anxious to exalt himself above his fellow, and pride himself upon some vain distinction. In the old time, he was counted the best man who could do the best at horseplay, wrestling, and never afraid to speak with his enemies to the face. The sons and daughters of a farmer reckoned themselves as no better than the servants; and when a Christmas feast was made, all alike were invited. But now, he says, there is nothing of this or that they talk about their education, and are ashamed of their mother-tongue; laying out all their money 'in fashions,' fine to look upon, but without a penny in their pockets to relieve a poor beggar. The old man feels that this is the light wherein the farmers are left to themselves, and that he is not so good as he used to be, for all things seem to thrust him aside, and to cast him out as if the world could get better on without him. He knows, too, that he is not 'charitable,' nor indeed can be, for now there are no beggars to bestow alms upon, and no means of gaining credit in that respect. It was very different once. There were many beggars who made regular calls at the farmhouses for the wonted handful of meal or crust of bread; and this was the light wherein the farmers were better understood charity—that charity spoken of by Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. But the beggars are all swept away, housed in 'the union' or cast into the grave, and so there is a necessary end of charity on our part. The Frenchman has no use for the beggar; he is thus the old statesman reasons with himself, and laments over the decadence of Christianity. It is quite a different world which surrounds him from that wherein were formed all his prejudices and likings, his sentiments and opinions; and hence he has a very strong and ingrown hatred towards a Frenchman, not because his larder was once endangered by invasion, but because the French are our hereditary enemies. From his earliest infancy, he learned to fight them in imagination. When a school-boy, it was customary, in games of contest, to name the contending parties as English and French, the latter generally being composed of the worst boys in the school, and such as could not do a day's work. But the butterfly-balls in the summer sun were named after the two nations, the red being called English, and the white French; and every little boy's heart burned with a desire to kill the latter. Yet, despite all this hostility to the Frenchman, the old Englishman thought the Gaul as alone worthy to be his foe, and meet him in fair fight on the field of battle. Victory over any other nation seemed hardly worth rejoicing for; but when the news of Nelson's victories spread through the land, there was no measure to the joy that filled the warrior-hearts of the daelemen. Every eye was wet with the patriot's tears of joy, and the English hero celebrated in many a song. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Cumberland statesman should have been slow to acquire in our alliance with France. He could never believe it; he said we would lose all our ancient bravery and skill in fight, and so fall a prey to some secondary power. Better things, better things, we trust, are in store for us; and as the men of the old generation die out, so will all ancient prejudices fall away, and the bonds of union be drawn tighter between the two nations.

The old farmer will soon be dead; and there are, indeed, some signs that the whole race of these petty 'statesmen' is dwindling away. In almost every vale, one or more old families have become extinct, or the estate has been sold and passed into the hands of some wealthy man. Arise to change, it may be, that they are not able to compete with the spirit of the times; or, perchance, in their decay they are only subject to that law of change which seems to rule all things equally, and leave no estate, however fair and steadfast, for a long season un molested. But whatever shall take the Cumberland farmer's place, and would be the equal of his predecessor, must needs be an honest and brave man, imbued with the spirit of a sturdy patriotism; with kindly and gentle feelings for all his neighbours, a man averse to all shams and pretence, and worthy of the soil that sustains him.

A WORKING OPERA.

Three minutes to eight o'clock, one Tuesday evening in this present year, and I find myself upon the great stage of the Italian Opera-house in Covent Garden. The piece upon which the curtain will rise in a few minutes is the opera of "Hugenots." Before the curtain is the white and gold, and blue and purple decorated area which contains the picked representatives of the refined society of the middle of the nineteenth century.

Behind the curtain, one can see, are the men and women who will, to the best of their ability, give a representation of the stern and rugged Paris society of the latter half of the sixteenth century. They are collected from many countries: sallow Italians, high cheekboned Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, tall thin Poles, Tartar-looking Hungarians, and the smooth-faced natives of our own land. Some are chorus-singers; some merely supers, or men who having two legs, two arms, one head, and one body, let these physical assets out of their employment, to be arranged in any costume the stage manager may direct, and the stage costume-maker provide—to hold any flag, gun, sword, staff, halberd, battle-axe, or goblet, that may be placed in their hands; and to be arranged in any position by the pantomimic director, upon bridges, in market-places, turret-windows, or princely halls; exhibiting in the mass every stage-expression, from stern unrelenting warlike fury, to easy conviviality. The super, if he does not bring to his labour a very high order of intelligence, has an almost military sense of duty; and I firmly believe that if directed to take up an attitude as one of the ornaments of the pediment, in the portico outside the nearly building in the old days, so, unthinkingly and mechanically, posing like an oriental faeke, or an ancient column-stander, exposed to all the variations of a severe and flickie climate, until the curtain of death rang down upon him at his post.

The chorus-singer is not so manageable an individual; he will sing, but he will not act. If he is a fat Italian, it only makes matters worse; for the old native indolent spirit can never be overcome by all the Anglo-Saxon energy in the world. And Mr Harris, the best and most active of stage-managers,
who with all the tact and experience, all the industry and determination, all the polyglot denunciations at his disposal, finds it a most difficult and heart-breaking task to infuse some appearance of life into those masses that stand like a row of butts in a brewer's storehouse; musical, most musical, but at the same time, most melancholy. The chorus-singer's most common notion of dramatic action is the throwing up of a single arm, as if hauling a cab in the public streets; his extraordinary notion is the throwing up of both arms, as if voting totally and energetically at a public meeting. Having exhausted these two very obvious, and not very elegant or elastic modes of pantomimic expression, he relaxes into a state of profound, undisturbed physical quietude and self-possession, and, in this mid-day slumber, is shrouded by the excitement of the pantomimic members of the chorus.

I pass on to the centre of the stage, and find it apparently a scene of hopeless entangled confusion. Machinists' labourers are raving madly about, bearing what appears to be the large solid blocks of architecture in their arms. Others are setting the elaborately painted walls, and deep-windowed recesses of the mansion of the Count de Nevers, the scene that opens the opera. Tables are being arranged covered with fancy cloths, golden wainscots, and drinking-goblets. Next page are walking listlessly about with wine-jugs in their hands; and the Catholic noblemen settle down one by one out of the surrounding confusion in their appropriate places at the banquet, awaiting the raising of the wall of canvas that conceals them from their audience. Their legs form an unbounded field for observation, tightly closed as they are in the long coloured stockings of the period. Thero are red, blue, black, white, slate, or blue, and scarlet legs of every variety of shape: some short and thick; some long and thin; some knotted like the trunks of oak-trees; some stiff and unbending; some springing and elastic; some a little—just a little—inclined inwards at the knees; some inclining in an equal degree outwards; some—the white ones—straight and equal all the way down, like altar candles; some like large parsnips, others—the red ones—like large carrots; some very pointed at the knees; some flat in the calves, as if their wearer had been too much in the habit of lying supinely upon their backs, with their faces turned upwards; others sharp in the shins—so sharp that it is a marvel how any stockings can be found sufficiently strong to resist the cutting powers of such members. The odd of the prompt bell is heard, and the opening notes of the opera swell up from the finest orchestra in the world, muffled, however, to my ears by the folds of the intervening curtain. The old Huguenot chant merges into the opening chorus; the verses, and the recitatives of the great opera-house—the stage and the audience—are made acquainted with each other.

While the banquet, with all its attendant music, is going on, a hundred bear-workmen are preparing; the second scene, the château and grounds of Marguerite de Valois in Touraine. At the proper moment, when the first scene has closed, the walls of the Count de Nevers' mansion are torn asunder, as if by an earthquake, by the troop of men who swarm behind them, and are hurried into recesses—called scenery-docks—at the side; the tables, the goblets, the flowers, and the chairs are swept away at the same instant; and the turreted castle, the river, and the high, solid flight of steps in the noble gardens of Chenonceaux, are displayed to the audience. The men with the curious legs crowd behind the scenes, or flow out of the different entrances, their places upon the stage being now occupied by ladies in flowing robes, the maids of honour to Marguerite de Valois. Melody follows upon melody; the plot thickens, under the straggling outbursts of the chorus, the warbling of the principal singers, and the song of sea of sound from the instrumentals in the orchestra; the stage gradually fills with the people of the drama; the great roll of gray canvas comes slowly down, like a mountain mist; the distant music falls away in a steady and energetic dirge.

The illusion of the scene is destroyed at this. The palace and gardens of fair Touraine are so more; a hundred men in caps and shirt-sleeves are running about the stage, hustling the scene performers enclosed in the gay Catholics of the sixteenth century; bumping against the tidal louters in their gibbous hats, white neck-ties, and patent boots—carrying turrets, trees, parts of stonework, fragments of houses, and beds of flowers in the mid-day sun, shrouded by the excited pantomimic director, excited machine, excited scenic director. Bit by bit the cloth takes the form of something like order; two old solid men are built up with pieces numbered and labelled in the parts of a church manufactured for some old church in the Loire; the whole is raised; the stage is grouped with all the characteristics usually attend a continental Sunday fair; the curtain again rises up, and a picture of life in the Pénitents-Bleus of old Paris is presented as a basis for the second act.

The stage, under the new mechanical arrangement, is in nearly all cases closed in—that is to say, the old plan of windows and 'flats' which side by side, each one side, and join in the centre, is given up; and every scene is built up, as far as possible, in a solid form, the whole being shut in by a piece of canvas. The picture thus presented to the audience will be, I think, a complete foreshadowing of the 'Paradise Regained.' The stage has been built about two-thirds of the available stage; and those who are before the foot-lights, with those who are behind the scenes, are left to enjoy their respective areas of comparative privacy undisturbed by each other.

It was while availing myself of this section for the tragic interest of the story that was apparent in the large and fashionable audience in the form of the house, that I found a Huguenot soldier rising to his feet, and shaking his fist at the harpist by throwing a modified back-somersault, technique known in the acrobatic profession by the title of the flag.'

Outside the charmed circle, or semi-circle of effect was the usual crowd of superfluous and draw-singers, interspersed with a few persons like myself, and half-a-dozen policemen, backed by the criers and brick-walls of the building, and the dirty windows—black from the intense light within the house—that shut out you upon the back-street of Covent Garden. Within the charmed circle, the highest order of scenic art; aided by the most dramatic music that was ever given by the greatest vocal artists that ever breathed the breath of life into the melodies of this immortal work, is to be wondered at, that, looking through the paneled window of that room in the castle of the Count de Nevers in the well-known third act, I should from this point of view, be completely impressed with the illusion of the scene, feeling like one who, in a fatal month of August 1672, gazed upon the walls and heavy hangings of some Catholic mansion; saw the hooded monks and nuns standing in through the arched doors; heard the blood-thirsty blessing of the sacrificial swords; and saw the motley
assassins slink stealthily out into the streets of old Paris to commence their fearful work. And when Roull, in the presence of the beneficent, upon hearing the deep-toned bell of St Germain, rushes to the same window and throws it open, although he gazes in reality upon a blank wall, a few grimy stage-carpenters, a policeman, and a female handkerchief with a negro mistress, when she comes off after the present duel, who shall say when they look on that pale face, and in those two glaring, startled eyes, that he does not see all he professes to see—the bodies of his helpless friends cast and clutched down in the narrow streets, or floating by in the dark waters of the Seine, with their upturned faces covered with blood? And even when the final leap from the window is taken, into the midst of the motley group who await him, it is at least a minute before the scene, and returns to the more mechanical business of the stage.

The fourth and final act is not hurried over or stared, because, after the great spirit and interest of the third act, it presents something of an anti-climax. The richly tinted windowed chapel is built up, inside which the full tones of an organ are heard, and from which the variegated lights stream upon an enclosed yard, where the final massacre takes place. Part of a cathedral is seen, and outside the yard is a Gothic shrine, beyond which are solid blocks of houses forming the opening to a large, narrow, winding street, at the end of which glint the waters of the Seine, lighted up with the pale glimmer of coming day. At the side, some of the windows with the curtains drawn, are once more, stationed to fire the final volley that ends the opera. At a given signal, it is done—the startled female members of the company are despatched for a few seconds with the roar of gunnery, the stage is partially filled with smoke; the last faint notes are gasped out, and the great curtain falls for that night upon the opera of the Figurines.

As I pick my way towards the stage-door of the theatre, I have a subsequent number of the same paper:—I feel that the faces I have seen under pumpkin-shaped helmets, beef-eater cloth-caps, black wide-awakes, and puritan buff hats, will come across me at intervals for months, with the roar of gunnery, the stage is partially filled with smoke; the last faint notes are gasped out, and the great curtain falls for that night upon the opera of the Figurines.

A HINT TO WEALTHY OLD PERSONS.

Wealthy men with no near relations have a difficulty in knowing what to do with their money. Hence the many fantastic bequests of rich old fellows; bequests which, as everybody knows, get eaten up by lawyers, or are subjected to a process of gradual absorption by administrators and trustees. Not an uncommon idea has been that of leaving money to found hospitals for the boarding and educating of children; but this being pretty well overdone, and in some quarters not particularly popular, rich old men will now more than ever feel a difficulty in knowing what to do with their accumulated—a becoming punishment, some will say, for having selfishly 'laid up for themselves treasures on earth,' instead of spending their wealth with reasonable liberality on proper objects—helping forward every good work in their neighbourhood—while they yet had life and opportunity.

Some time ago, a wealthy gentleman at Pough-
precisely what wealthy men of enlarged views could properly overcome. And if successful in his aim, how rich would be the reward of the philanthropist—the consciousness of having almost cut up crime by the roots, and imparted a new and sweeter tone to society!

But other advantageous methods of expending superfluous wealth could be pointed out. Passing over any consideration of the value of free libraries and reading-rooms in localities requiring these aids to social improvement—setting aside also the ordinary and well-recognized schemes in connection with hospitals for the sick and hurt, and for advancing religious knowledge—let us direct attention to plans, such as are in operation at Mettray, for reclaiming youthful criminals. Reformatories of this kind might with the most beneficial effect be endowed in Great Britain; and as to modes of management, we should only need to examine the working of what are called intermediate prisons in Ireland. These reformatories, as appears by a late parliamentary report, are simple rural establishments, movable from place to place, for cultivating and improving land, and to which prisoners are transmitted to acquire habits of industry and self-denial, and work out, as it may be said, a good character as independent labourers. The success of these institutions holds us to suggest to parishes with plenty means at their disposal, that movable rural establishments, adapted at once to reclaim wild lands and reclaim certain hopeful classes of offenders, are much wanted; and, excepting the plans already hinted at for dispersing by emigration of destitute children, we know nothing of a simply beneficent nature more worthy of being recommended to public notice.

W. C.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Harrison's process for making ice by means of a ten-horse machine has been exhibited at Red Lion Square, where all who were desirous of witnessing it—and they were not few during the hot weather—had the opportunity of seeing it in operation. The machine was constructed for use in Australia, where it will be a desirable acquisition, for the inventor describes it as applicable to the artificial reduction of the temperature of hospitals or dwelling-houses in tropical regions, and also to cooling purposes generally, whether of liquids in large quantities, or of provisions required to be kept sweet in the warm weather. The present season appreciates the assistance of such a machine; and if, as some think, we are only entering on a cycle of hot summers, ice will come more than ever into request.

Mr Mallet's monster mortar has been tried again at Woolwich, with a fifty-pound charge of powder; but as something always gives way after two or three rounds, no positive result has yet been achieved.

Better success attended the trial of Bray's 'traction engine' by the authorities of the artillery department: it took three siege-guns, weighing nearly twenty tons, and drew them four miles, partly up steep rough roads, with awkward turns, in one hour and a half. The engine is so contrived that it can alter its grasp to suit the work it has to do.

The Royal Academy Exhibition proved a triumph in a pecuniary as well as artistic sense, the total receipts at the doors having amounted to nine thousand pounds. The Photographic Society are making experiments with Grubb's patent lens, to which it appears their art is likely to be much indebted.

In their report on the discovery of the collection process by the late Mr F. Scott Archer, they call attention to a series of photographic drawings and plans executed by the Royal Engineers in reduction of various Ordnance maps, at a saving estimated at £50,000 to the country. The non-commissioned officers of the Corps are now trained in the art, and sent to different foreign stations, so that in a few years there will be a net-work of photographic stations spread over the world, and having their results recorded in the various departments.

The astronomer-royal's annual report to the Board of Visitors of the Greenwich Observatory—which, by the way, we omitted to mention last month though we wanted to mention—contains a few items of the science over which he presides, which are worth noting here, as it relates to the regulation of clocks by galvanic apparatus. Signals are received from four clocks in the General Post-office at intervals from twenty to forty minutes. The compensation is provided by a regulation that exists. He states, besides, the operations have been twice undertaken for determining the longitude of Edinburgh by telegraph. Owing to imperfections in the wires, the success was but partial, and it led us to suggest to parties with plenty means at their disposal, that movable rural establishments, adapted at once to reclaim wild lands and reclaim certain hopeful classes of offenders, are much wanted; and, excepting the plans already hinted at for dispersing by emigration of destitute children, we know nothing of a simply beneficent nature more worthy of being recommended to public notice.

The temporary failure of the great undertaking to lay the Atlantic telegraph-cable was felt as a national disappointment. All especially who read the interesting account of the Agamemnon's hazardous voyage, regretted that so grand an effort should not have succeeded. Since then, as every body knows, the desired consumption has taken place; but for all that, the lessons suggested by the misfortune should not be forgotten. Of course the failure brought out a host of criticisms and suggestions. It called for the sanest, not too heavy, or too brittle, or badly twisted; and a few schemers came forward with plans for the sinking. Among these, there is one for buoying out a given length of cable, and then by a systematic exhaustion of the buoys, to allow the cable to find its way to the bottom without strain. Another, proposed by Mr J. Maclean of Edinburgh, provides a compensation, which, preventing a great or sudden strain, pays out the cable at a safe and easily controllable rate. The compensation, in addition to the system of pulleys now used as means of pulling the two great steam-ships, consisting of two pulleys elevated some twenty feet above the others, and attached to a piston-rod, which, bearing on专利 rises or falls according to the state of the strain, would thus pass over and under five pulleys, with the advantage that any slackable quantity could always be had in readiness, and that the cable would never, under ordinary circumstances, exceed a certain pound, which is only one-half of the strain caused by the pitching of the vessel during the late experiment in the Bay of Biscay. Mr Maclean's plan includes details to meet contingencies; but we cannot do more than give this general notion of his contrivance to sinking electric-cables.
The Red Sea telegraph is now likely to be realised, as government have promised a guarantee. Besides this assistance, its chances as a commercial speculation are thought to be bettered by the fact that a Suez canal is impossible. Mr Robert Stevenson, in a masterly review of the whole subject, shows, in the Times, why it is impossible, and concludes thus: 'I will no longer permit it to be said that, by abstaining from expressing myself fully on the subject, I am tending to hide the profits of an unwise expenditure of their money, on what my knowledge assures me to be an unwise and unremunerative speculation.'

The Institute of British Architects, at one of their late meetings, discussed a paper by Mr George Morgan—'On Public Competition for Architectural Designs'—in which, while admitting that competition could not well be avoided, it was shown that architects labour under disadvantages as compared with other professions, insomuch as in the preparation of plans, they must undertake journeys, and incur an amount of trouble and expense, all at their own risk. Last year, 1857, was considered a slack building-year in the metropolis; and yet advertisements were issued, inviting sixty-nine public competitions for works and buildings representing a value of £1,600,000; and in preparing the plans for all these, there was an outlay of £30,000. Hence it seemed desirable that some way of saving architects from so much trouble and loss should be found. Mr. Rennie has been, as usual, a capital of sixpence, which he proposed to invest in buns. He caused it to be told to B, C, D, and all the other boys, that they might send in samples in the form of one bun each; and having received them, he proceeded to adjudicate by eating them all up; and having come to a conclusion as to which was the best, he invested his sixpence with the successful competitor. Each competitor, not knowing much of arithmetic, reasoned thus: If I get the order, I shall make a profit on the whole, though I shall lose what I have sent in; but that is only the loss of the material. This result, however, is only arrived at by an expense to all the others. 'Thus the question stands; we shall be glad by giving it publicity to aim towards a solution.'

While, as described in a recent Month, Rangoon tar is coming largely into use in the industrial and chemical arts, we are reminded not to forget the pitch of Trinidad, which is so remarkable in its use as the Burmese product. Information concerning the bitumen and petroleum of that island has recently been published from memoranda made by the Earl of Dundonald, who it appears has bought the estates in which the Pitch Lake is situated, with leave to lay down railways, and establish a trade. Already this pitch is made use of in this country under the name of Anti-oxide Paint, for the bottoms of ships, for metal pipes, roofs, and the like; but its applications are not only to the uses of walls, pillars, breakwaters, and other marine constructions requiring strength and durability, for it seems to defy alike the sun and the waves. Ages ago, the Pitch Lake overflowed, and forced a channel two thousand yards in length to the sea, and advanced thence five hundred yards into the sea, carrying imbedded within it all the loose materials and rubbish gathered on the way. These materials still remain imbedded; the pitch has neither seethed nor cracked, and there rests a natural breakwater against the heavy swell raised by the constant breakers of the tropics. Art, it is said, can imitate nature: the melted pitch might be mixed with other river; old lighters or hulks might be filled with it and sunk, for when cold, it becomes hard as can be desired. Chalk, or friable stone coated with it, becomes hard as granite. Loose shingles might be concreted with it, and kept from drifting; foundations might be formed for light-houses and the piers of bridges; and owing to the soft state in which it could be applied, the pitch appears to be one of the best things yet discovered for repairing under-water conduits and foundations. The pitch has been declared more durable than iron, and at less expense, and without risk of imparting any offensive taste to the water; for the pools in the Pitch Lake are as well known for their freedom from pitchy flavour as for their limpidity. When it was proposed to drain the Port of Spain with water by cast-iron pipes at a cost of £14,000, another proposition was made to try the pitch, which was adopted. Pipes were cast and laid along the hills, and the town was supplied with water, at an outlay of only £4000. This success has led some of the planters in Jamaica to recommend that the beds of their mountain-torrents, which are very porous, should be coated with a layer of the pitch to prevent the loss of water by rapid infiltration before the torrent reaches the low grounds. Again, the pitch makes a good japan, smooth and glossy; it keeps the worm out of timber, and iron from rust, and prevents the entrance of damp into the walls of some observatories. In the case of the London observatory, the effect has been remarkable, for there is much used for underground stores; it is said to answer even better than gutta-percha as a coating for telegraph-wires; and mixed with saw-dust or small chips of wood, it is an energetic fuel. And in addition to the uses above annexed, there is no lack of material from which the chemist may extract oils and other useful products.

Mr George Rennie has brought a question allied to this of the pitch before the Institution of Civil Engineers, in a paper entitled 'On the Employment of Rubble Béton, or Concrete, in Works of Engineering and Architecture.' He shows how largely this material was used by the Romans, not only for foundations, but for large domes and arches; and how the use of it has of late years been revived in France and in this country. The cement-works at Vassy now produce cement to the value of £32,000 a year. The bridges at Paris have been repaired with it, and, in the case of the Pont de l'Alma and the Pont de l'Invalides, built entirely of rubble and Vassy cement. The first mentioned was constructed in the short space of nine months; it has three elliptical arches, of which the centre is 141 feet, the other two 126 feet each, and, except the facing of cut-stone, all is rubble and cement. Thus, these large arches may be said to have been cast; as yet, however, they appear to be as strong as those built throughout of cut-stone. The saving of time is great, for the same bridge would have taken three years to build in the usual way. But how far this rubble béton can be reliev on is, as Mr Rennie observes, 'a question for futurity to determine.' The French government has used it in the public works at Cherbœuf, Marseille, and Algiers; but to stand in the shocks of the sea, the blocks must have a bulk of from ten to sixteen square yards, weighing about forty tons.

One of the earliest revivals of the use of rubble in England was in the foundations of the penitentiary at Millbank in 1812. At Liverpool, when the dock and river walls are built of rubble, the cost of which is from ten to fifteen shillings a cubic yard less than stone. The Chelsea Water Company used it in the construction of their river-wall 1200 feet along the Thames at Kingston. The piers of breakwaters of the harbour of refuge at Dover are built of it, formed into blocks of from six to ten tons' weight, and sunk...
when finished, will be eighty-seven feet. The harbour at Alderney, where the depth of water is greater than at Dover, is also built of it; but as regards the British constructions, it must be understood that the concrete is most commonly formed of Portland cement, with the necessary admixture of shingle and sand. Mr. Hervey’s main object in bringing the subject before the Civil Engineers, was to show that concrete may be much more used in engineering works than it is at present; but as yet the comparative cost of concrete and of squared stone has not been satisfactorily made out.

M. Kuhlmann, whose researches we have heretofore noticed, has made further progress in the production of hydraulic cements. The object is to combine certain substances in a proper proportion, so as to make it resist the action of water, especially of seawater. Alumina or magnesia kneaded into a paste with a solution of potash or soda, forms a compound which resembles natural felspar or talcose slate, and becomes hard and semi-transparent. If it be also并 with slaked lime, and a hydraulic cement is produced; and if the magnesia is properly proportioned, the cement gets harder the longer it is exposed to sea-water. From all this it appears that architects and engineers will henceforth have a multiplicity of resources for the construction of foundations and works in ports and harbours.

There is yet another substance by which damp and water are set at defiance—that is, Water Glass, or Oil of Potash. It is sometimes called. It is a preserve against fire; a good glaze, cement, stiffener, &c., a varnish for metal pipes, rendering them as clean and smooth as glass, no unimportant consideration in water-supply; and for metal surfaces anywhere, for the hulls of ships, and many other purposes. The Water Glass Company has been formed to give full effect to the invention.

Another interesting article is the wood printed and painted process invented by Mr. Taylor of Nottingham. He produces table-tops which, though but one kind of wood only, have all the effect of marquetry, so perfect are the impression and variety of colour. The embossed woods, chiefly chestnut and lime, are scarcely thicker than drawing-paper; and the designs are brought up sharp and clear, so that when glued on to walls, or mouldings, or panels, or furniture, they appear as cleanly finished carvings— and at but small cost.

And wood claims attention in another form—that of portable Swiss chutes, constructed by machinery, so as to be erected in any spot in three or four days. Capital things for folk who want a temporary residence, while trying whether a locality will suit them or not; they may now carry their house with them from place to place. A sportsman bound for the moors may have a picturesque shooting-lodge set up for his sojourn, or an angler a fishing-lodge, or boat-house, fashioned to suit the landscape. And now that wood can be rendered all but imperishable and fire-proof, wooden chutes may be occupied with safety.

MY POSSESSIONS.

["Ten years ago, I could scarcely write a half-dozen lines correctly; and six years since, I wore a canvas smock, and worked hard, physically hard, as a porter in Billingsgate market. This is the avowal of the author of a volume of poems now before us.* But the portership was a promotion to him, who commenced the work of life as a charity school-boy. At fourteen, he went into a solicitor’s office, to drudge at rough copying from morning till night for five shillings a week; then he set all alone upon the floor of a pawnbroker’s warehouse, for still longer hours, reading novels and rummaging out pledges; then, although wages were due to him, he ran off one fine day, with a solitary half-crown in his pocket, to be for the rest of his life in the merry green-baw, but came back when he reflected that his mother would be inconsolable at his disappearance; then he landed in the bust of a furrier’s warehouse, and then of a cony-cutter’s, till his poor wages and skimping held induced his father to send him to work among the salmon in Billingsgate. This was the turn of his fortune: our hero, at thirty years of age, has as a standing in the market of his own, his bismuth finishes at ten in the morning, he has a cottage, a garden, a wife and children, he entertains literary society not quite confined to his own rank, and he shakes hands with Leigh Hunt! Verse-making, Mr. Watts tells us, mentally and morally speaking has enriched him considerably; it has made him keener in every sense; it has elevated his nature, and given him the sympathy and friendship of those who are distinguished by more than wealth. The contents of this volume will have a corresponding effect upon others. It is full of a vigorous, wholesome, and inspiring spirit; as will be felt by all who read its pieces we quote, although others might be selected that are far more poetical.]

MY POSSESSIONS.

*I am not rich in worldly goods,
Yet rank among the really blest;
I’ve sturdy limbs, a hopeful heart,
By friendship true my hand is pressed.
Contentment cheers my lowly hearth,
Health mantles on my glowing cheek.
Hope lights my way from day to day,
And joys are mines no words may speak.

Loved arms entwine about my neck,
Arms of a wife and wee ones four.
A fifth in heaven now wears a crown
Of quenchless light: Say, am I poor?
Poor! poor! Ah, no, but rich indeed,
Rich in the smiles of those I love;
Rich in my health, content, and hope;
Wealth that God only can remove.

Though blasted luxury preside
At lordly feast in lordly hall,
Where streaming wine-cups sparkling steal,
The soul to cheat by foul enthrall;
Where gems blaze bright, with magic light,
From queenly brow and hearing breast;
Where beauty smiles and weaves her vise,
And flaxning lips are most caressed.

My rustic board affords more joy,
More true delight than they may know,
When wife and youngsters press around,
With eyes aaze and cheeks aglow:
The cares and troubles of the world
Without are all forgotten then;
I share with them my simple meal,
And reign the happiest of men.

* Clare, the Gold-smoker, the Riffa Brel, and Other Poems, by John George Wallis, author of Lyrics of Progress, &c. London: Groombridge. 1856.
FLUCKED.

To my mind, the old hospital of St Barbara was the jolliest place in the world. The very gargoyles had an air of being wonderfully learned, and of hearing their erudition with uncommon good-nature. Its buildings surrounded a vast square, with a pump in the middle. Along with their monastic antiquity, they seemed to carry with them the old monastic hospitality which we read of in romances; so much so, that I was fully prepared at any moment to see some fat brother at the principal gateway dispensing huge loaves to the poorer folk, after the fashion of those good old times which, thank Heaven, have passed away long ago. I say old St Barbara's was the jolliest place in the world; and verily—allowing for the enthusiasm of youth—it was. The students were the heartiest, the nurses the prettiest, and the professors the greatest guns in all Babylon. The very patients seemed to suffer from the most opportune diseases one could think of; and although their maladies were not perhaps particularly pleasant to themselves, yet its constant succession of capital cases and exciting operations made St Barbara's the envy and admiration of at least the medical fraternity.

In the midst of the festivities of student-life, however, sat the skeleton which haunts every feast, and lurks furtively in the secret closet of every house. The particular skeleton in my case was the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. If ever a university possessed stringent regulations, and untamable examining boards, it was the university of Babylon. And this was the reason why, being of an ambitious temperament, I eschewed frolic, cut the majority of my acquaintances, and betook myself to study with a laboriousness that astounded my fellows, and delighted the younger, and therefore the more enthusiastic of our professors.

Nine months crept along as the M. B. class pursued the harassing routine of study. It was an interesting study to remark its effects on my especial cronies—Vade Meum (son of old Meum the bibliographer) and Cranwell, a scion of the family of Cranwell, county Grindaway. The former wore pretty well at first. By and by he gave up fermented liquors—a pretty strong symptom, as Cranwell and I, putting our heads together, agreed. Then the jeers twinkled which so merrily lurked in the corner of his eye began to fade. Anon, his jokes—he was, and is now, a notorious joker—became, for him, notably dull in quality, and sparring in quantity; in the end, indeed, they were reduced to the most debilitated bottle of soda-water, and like it, ever ready to frisk out with something sparkling whenever the cork of opportunity should be drawn. Utterly imperturbable, his exertions—he never gave us the idea of using any—had the single and only effect of making him seem more wondrously profound than ever.

The eve of the examination had come. I was weary with long study; I was pale and thin, and excitable by reason of the debility which arises from an overtasked mind in an underworked body. My sleep was disturbed with dreams: night after night I sat in fancy in a long chamber, endeavouring to recall facts I had never perfectly learned. Morning after morning, I awoke in the agonies of despair. Daily I was tortured by the demon Anxiety, in the short intervals of rest from the coning of books and the taking of notes. My appetite failed me, and I grew pale and thin, and utterly wretched.

And now follows the day of registration. I have a vague recollection of standing in the presence of the registrar, who so much resembles a working undertaker, that I am half induced to believe in a coffin concealed beneath the table, into which it is the intention of the officials to smuggle me. We are in a chamber, whose fading decorations tell of bygone splendour. The Dukes of Mullington were the lords whilom of the gracefully sprawling mansion which bears their name, and which, with an evident sulkiness, lodges the learned university of Babylon. I sign my name in the archives of the place; the undertaker is by my side. I depart, and he bows; but from that hour I am a haunted man. In the courtyards—in the restless streets—along by palace, prison, and tomb, I see that gaunt black figure—that pallid face, and that purple nose. I seem to read my destiny in its cold pitiless features.

I am now so sick of study, so restless of purpose, that to attempt to read would be sheer absurdity. I run down into the breezy country. It is the Sunday. I hear the chiming of the village bells; I lie dreamily beneath the trees, and drink in the pure air with a sense of keen relish. I build day-dreams—am congratulated by the court, read my name in the list of happy candidates; while men who have passed, and men who hope to have passed, jog me, and press lustily to get their sight of that wonderful paper—that paper, whose very lines are each an harbinger of happiness to some heart. Then come visions of congratulations: my hands are shaken as hands were never shaken before; absent friends write intoxicating little notes; sisters bury me exultingly in crinoline and embraces. I am the
the St Barbara men speak with something of pride, whose friends advertise with such unwonted liberality. It is nothing but the emptiest of day-dreams; yet, for the time I have passed, and am happy.

The first day of the examination found me travelling like a common passenger on the omnibus, on the streets of Babylon. Considering the habits of the Babylonians, it was as yet early morning—that is, not later than 9 A.M. The sun was pouring its light most marvellously on the roofs and spires of the city. For a brief hour, the canopy of emulous and dimming which is as much a characteristic of Babylon as the dome of St John's, or the thousand-and-one sights which country cousins 'do' with such remarkable complaisance, had migrated to the suburbs. There was, or seemed to be, an unusual aspect on the street, or were we in reality, that same aspect which one notices when he is an actor in important or exciting matters—an air as if all nature entered into our feelings and shared our anxieties.

How long that journey seemed! I was wondrously incited to upbraid the driver as the slow coach of all slow coaches. Incidentally my watch was in my hands—not that I noticed the hour, or had the remotest conceit for the time, although I scanned its face most carefully. It was a habit, a nervous irritable action that had got the better of me lately. Mecum, the victim of the same circumstances, had taken to the biting of his nails, a practice to which he addicted himself incessantly. As for Cranwell, he was, as has been before indicated, a philosopher, and gave us the idea of being as profoundly cool as ever.

It is a desperately slow coach which never reaches anywhere. Our omnibus, after the most inconceivably immense of rides, landed me safely within the desired precincts an hour before time. I passed and repassed the prison-like dead-wall of Mullington House. I strode up the arcade, that gimcrack, ill-ventilated bazaar, which looked as if it were getting more of water by his side, and its décorating it with volatile; at Cranwell, who is, in all probability, sketching the Parthenon on a stray sheet; and at the candidates in general, who are bristling with expectation, I perceive that the printed questions are being doled out, and that some, at last night's delirium, as to surroundings, are already staring voraciously and biting their lips almost to amputation.

My turn comes. The paper is before me. I leaf its contents, and then look round to see if any one else is working on my text-books. There was no gregarious adventurers who stood on steps and discussed anatomical relations; there were solitary men who paced along the beautiful arcade that skirts the quadrangle in hand—occasionally running flat on their toes or falling grecipitously down the steps, by reason of an extreme temporary devotion at the shrine of knowledge. In an entrance-hall, other men stood, riding at anchor, as it were, or besiegling the beadle—a conceited creature, whose bandy legs did not tend to redeem the imperfections of a turn-up nose and squinting eyes. I, for my part, being of a curious turn, joined a band of exploring adventurers, which tumbled into deserted kitchens, and lost itself down-stairs in cellars. Time wore on. It was a matter for reflection, I ween, to watch the pale, stodous faces around me, faces which for weeks had scarcely looked upon a fairer sight than the close-printed, much beshamed pages of the text-book.

As the bells of St Joseph's are proclaiming the quarters, Cranwell and Mecum enter the massive gateway. I go to meet them, fancying that Mecum means somewhat more heavily upon the arm of Cranwell than friendship or courtesy demands. We could see thin greasing fromance. Mecum is deadly pale; he tells me he has been reading half the night, and that he has a bottle of sal volatile in his pocket; 'but he doesn't look seedy, does he?' Cranwell, for his part, speakslearnedly concerning the columned portico of Mullington House, the gay scenes that have been enacted within its precincts, the great men, and the handsome women—ah, those women, Cranwell—who have passed beneath its portals. He then changes his strain on an interpolation from Mecum, as to how he thinks he shall do, and whether the stylo-phrenagogues pass between the two curvati, and discover the occasional portico and the visions of Dante. At this juncture, we stumble upon three heavy men from our school; they seem hopelessly buried in manuals. Coddbe, Hodley, and Sodeby do not belong to our set; indeed, we rather superciliously regard them as rather coarse, their clothes scrappy, and their legs intolerable. They come from some far-away county in the north, and are, like all north-country men, peripatetic cyclopædists. Under present circumstances, how the questions we are on the examination-room, where the beadle, whose wet nose, and leg seem to twist more than ever, ever to be seated before a series of tables covered with green baize, and bedecked with writing materials. After glancing at Mecum, who has smuggled a glass of water by his side, and is desecrating it with volatile; at Cranwell, who is, in all probability, sketching the Parthenon on a stray sheet; and at the candidates in general, who are bristling with expectation, I perceive that the printed questions are being doled out, and that some, at last night's delirium, as to surroundings, are already staring voraciously and biting their lips almost to amputation.

One o'clock. 'Time is up, gentlemen; and now we come out of Mullington House. Myself and rest of our trio hold a consultation—first, as to astounding how the questions we are on the examination-room, where the beadle, whose wet nose, and leg seem to twist more than ever, ever to be seated before a series of tables covered with green baize, and bedecked with writing materials. After glancing at Mecum, who has smuggled a glass of water by his side, and is desecrating it with volatile. The heavy men are already heavily at it, recording their encyclopædists attainments with characteristic industry. I read, and then, she was forebodingly, self up to three hours of head-saching penmanship.

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St Joseph’s Park sparkling before me, and beyond, the trees which skirt its margin, the unfinished towers of the Palace of Northchurch rising skyward, with quaint basket-like canopies over their pinnacles. Never, perhaps, till that moment had I felt how accessory to his own plans each man finds the events which transpire around him. There was I, a medical student, as utterly buried in the obscurity of a great city as I was in the depths of the vaults as it were, in the ocean of souls that heaves and struggles under the shadow of St John’s, surveying the towers of Northchurch as though they had been built to point the moral of my thoughts, and form a background which should turn the moment I had made a point, and was only to see the Jared Clunes, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-flags—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies blow serenely in the damping marshes. There was a difference, I mean, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagladies (say) and the Gingerbreadmen.

Oh, the sultriness of that large chamber in Mullington House, and the gapping application of those half-hundred hot, tired students, who were writing most drearily, and now and then stealing a stray minute to breathe; and I, too, I had made a point, and was only to see the Jared Clunes, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-flags—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies blow serenely in the damping marshes. There was a difference, I mean, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagladies (say) and the Gingerbreadmen.

It was not difficult to see that botany was Mecum’s strong point—he perspired from very exertion. The words flew from his pen. He seemed to pooh-poo the views of those temporary Geologists upon a critical connaisseur—all volatile was out of the question. I cannot forget his elation when the time was up. He considered the queries ridiculously easy, and vented a storm of phylogeny which absolutely staggered me. In fact, he had made a point, and was only to see the Jared Clunes, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-flags—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies blow serenely in the damping marshes. There was a difference, I mean, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagladies (say) and the Gingerbreadmen.

But what is Mecum’s elation might have been on the last day of the written examination, it was far outdone by the dolcefulness of his visage when the first oral questioning was in prospect. Chemistry and Pharmacy were the themes which were to bring us face to face with those temporary Geologists upon a critical connaisseur—all volatile was out of the question. I cannot forget his elation when the time was up. He considered the queries ridiculously easy, and vented a storm of phylogeny which absolutely staggered me. In fact, he had made a point, and was only to see the Jared Clunes, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-flags—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies blow serenely in the damping marshes. There was a difference, I mean, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagladies (say) and the Gingerbreadmen.

I know that my elation was strangely heartbroken when the gray-eyed beadle, inspecting me as if I had been one of the anatomical preparations I had just seen, opened the door for me to pass. There was a lobby full of anxious faces, a court-yard wherein strolled men in evening coats, whose passengers, from the tattered Italian who was grinding the ‘Dead March’ in Saul lugubriously from a rusty organ, to the fair girl with golden hair and a profile that Raphael might have painted, all looked up in the face. Here I was, a half-hundred candidates, most laboriously killing time in the saloon where our written answers had been executed, while those first in the list were passing their ordeal in an adjoining chamber. It may be imagined how we stared multitudinously out of windows, and fraternised with a porter, who made his appearance at one stage of the proceedings, and was instantly installed in the office of purveyor—how we drank furiously the half-and-half, and devoured the ham-sandwiches he brought us, at the rate of a shilling a mouthful, or thereabouts—how at last, bored to death, our names were called out, and ourselves in the dread presence of Professors Nic and Taxis, and the Flamingo and the Flamingo.

A very gentlemanly fellow—I was not quite so familiar by the by in his presence—was Nic; and a very eye-searching, gray-haired, spectacled philosopher, his colleague, whom every one knows as the author of the Celestial Republic and the Flamingo and the Flamingo. I floundered nervously in my answers, and made many ridiculous asseverations which will not bear the repeating; but, nevertheless, left the place—I stumbled as I passed the threshold—with the pleasant assurance that ‘so far I should do very well, sir.’

The next day was to decide my fate: the examiners in anatomy had to be faced. I seem to have a vague recollection of standing up in the shade, and crouching down through the chill atmosphere upon the benches in the place; a strange smell of earth and putrefaction; and a silence broken only by the footfall whose sound returns in muffled echoes. There is no need of the two livid bodies upon tables in the background to tell that it is no other than a dissecting-room.

So much for the scene. Beside a desk or bench, wherein lie bones and anatomical preparations, intermingled with dried skins and dismembered skeletons, sit the two actors. The utter solemnity of their countenances as they gazed upon the trembling student in their presence, was to me more hideously sepulchral than the cadaverous dead who lay beside them. The one told of departed life—the other, of departed hope. I had been a very idiot had I not seen in an instant that I was FLOCKED.

If it had been a dream, I could not have had a more confused remembrance of the next few minutes that passed—of the speculations—of the suspicions—of the fears—about the shocking answers I had made—the unpleasant duty the examiners had to perform; and the abured artery (before unmentioned) that I had sent down the shunt into the foot. The reader will scarcely believe that so wearied was I by the anxious labours of the last week, and the previous year of hard study, that my first sensation was that of relief to find that all was over.
letters came gingerly from the country, wondering at my silence, and asking with grim sarcasm, if anything had happened to me. It was only after a consultation with Cromwell, who, on ascertaining a very pleasant termination to his labours, had walked home leisurely, and commenced an essay on the times of Charles Magne and, that I proceeded with much ingenuity to endeavour to convince the world that, as matters stood, my failure was on the whole a little more brilliant than success could have been; and I, in my turn, added, that there were not wanting men within the pale of St. Barbara, nor out of it either, to give credence to my reasons.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Some thirteen years ago, during a summer walk from Canterbury to Lynn along the old Roman road called Stone Street, Mr. Roach Smith reached the neighbourhood of a manor-house known as Hippington. It was a place in itself of no great antiquity, as the old castellated mansion of the reign of Stephen had been replaced by one less picturesque. But it had some local fame, as belonging to the Faussett family; and one, somewhat wider spread, as containing a very fine collection of Saxon antiquities, the result of considerable research among the tumuli of the Kentish downs. Still, this fame was little more than a sound. For nearly forty years the collection had not probably been seen by any critical antiquary, or visited for any higher purpose than the great number of children at the school. A report, therefore, that the antiquities were not very accessible, tended to restrict all knowledge to the circle of immediate friends and neighbours. But Mr. Roach Smith was too conversant with the antiquarian and literary history of the eighteenth century not to be aware of the labours of Bryan Faussett, and to guess at the probable value of the collection he had left to his descendants. He therefore retraced his steps after he had actually passed the turning which led to the manor, cut off, introduced himself and the object of his visit. He was most courteously received by the then possessor of Hippington manor, the Rev. Dr. Faussett, grandson of Bryan Faussett; but it is not being convenient at this time to inspect the treasures related to Hippington—a special visit in the succeeding year. The engagement was faithfully kept on both sides, and led to a reception of the British Archæological Association, and to a unanimous and strongly expressed opinion that this collection of antiquities, chiefly Saxon, was of the utmost importance and value. From this date, fresh researches and discoveries by such able antiquaries as Lord Lonsdoroborough—then Lord Albert Conyngham—Mr. Averman, Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich, Mr. Wright, and others, added to the object of his visit. He was most courteously received by the then possessor of Hippington manor, the Rev. Dr. Faussett, grandson of Bryan Faussett; but it is not being convenient at this time to inspect the treasures related to Hippington—a special visit in the succeeding year. The engagement was faithfully kept on both sides, and led to a reception of the British Archæological Association, and to a unanimous and strongly expressed opinion that this collection of antiquities, chiefly Saxon, was of the utmost importance and value. From this date, fresh researches and discoveries by such able antiquaries as Lord Lonsdoroborough—then Lord Albert Conyngham—Mr. Averman, Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich, Mr. Wright, and others, added to the interest thus originated; and, finally, the Faussett manuscripts and antiquities were offered to the nation through the trustees of the British Museum; with what result, the whole British nation knows. The antiquities were refused because they were considered not to rank as 'high art'—that is to say, they were simply English, not Greek or Roman; and thus was what was eminently national and eminently historic, stood a chance of dispersion or of removal to a foreign country. The collection was, however, spared from either fate by the enlightened patriotism and liberality of Mr. Mayer of Liverpool. This gentleman purchased and removed it to Liverpool, where—it even while we write—it has been enriched by a scarcely inferior gathering of Roman and Saxon remains, also from Kent, and lately belonging to Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich. Thus Liverpool possesses at a distant date, to possess the finest museum of national antiquities in the kingdom; and in that maritime city, amidst scenes which seem so incongruous, future historians will find no scanty materials for their historico-archæological contemplation. A work of which Mr. Buckle's recently published volume, Concerning England, is the first type and sign.

Under the title of Inventarium Sepulchralium—namely, An Inventory or List of Sepulchres—Bryan Faussett left a work in two books which, far from being the most charming and simple in language, recording a detail when and how he opened those old graves upon the greenest or most solitary of the Kentish downs, and what was his harvest from their still recesses. These manuscripts Mr. Mayer placed in the hands of Mr. Roach Smith: the result has been a noble-looking volume, ably edited, and with an introduction and notes of considerable value, as classifying the antiquities, and showing how they illumine the history of the Kentish Saxons. It is likewise beautifully illustrated by Mr. Fairbairn; and as from its costliness and the limited number of copies issued, it is likely to pass but through the hands of a few, we are not prepared to give some account of its contents, not only as a means of directing popular attention to the collection itself, but as a means of giving new and varied information on many points of national interest. The reader must not be scared from our little history by the fear of dry discussion or detail: we will simply defer to him the pleasant fruit of much research and mental labour in past and present times; and going back, as it were, to the hearths of those old Kentish houses, see what they wrought, what they wrought with, what they wrought for; what wares of men they were, from the secrets their graves give up. We have a right to go back to those hearths, from whence, in a large measure, we ourselves have come.

But we must have a word or two about Bryan Faussett; they will add to our interest as we accompany him to the old barrows on those solitary downs, or gather round him as he inspects the jewels of Kentish flibula he has for many years toiled and travelled to pay Hippington a special visit in the succeeding year. The engagement was faithfully kept on both sides, and led to a reception of the British Archæological Association, and to a unanimous and strongly expressed opinion that this collection of antiquities, chiefly Saxon, was of the utmost importance and value. From this date, fresh researches and discoveries by such able antiquaries as Lord Lonsdoroborough—then Lord Albert Conyngham—Mr. Averman, Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich, Mr. Wright, and others, added to the interest thus originated; and, finally, the Faussett manuscripts and antiquities were offered to the nation through the trustees of the British Museum; with what result, the whole British nation knows. The antiquities were refused because they were considered not to rank as 'high art'—that is to say, they were simply English, not Greek or Roman; and thus was what was eminently national and eminently historic, stood a chance of dispersion or of removal to a foreign country. The collection was, however, spared from either fate by the enlightened patriotism and liberality of Mr. Mayer of Liverpool. This gentleman purchased and removed it to Liverpool, where—it even while we write—it has been enriched by a scarcely inferior gathering of Roman and Saxon remains, also from Kent, and lately belonging to Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich. Thus Liverpool possesses at a distant date, to possess the finest museum of national antiquities in the kingdom; and in that maritime city, amidst scenes which seem so incongruous, future historians will find no scanty materials for their historico-archæological contemplation. A work of which Mr. Buckle's recently published volume, Concerning England, is the first type and sign.

* Inventarium Sepulchralium, An Account of some Antiquities up in the County of Kent from 1797 to 1799. By the late Bryan Faussett of Hippington. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Charles Roach Smith, author of Collectanea Antiqua. Illustrated by F. W. Fairbairn. Printed for subscribers only. 1856.
no existence—that even the signs of a pre-historic race lay as clearly in the sand and chalk beneath his feet, as if there in England, or in Scotland; but he knew that Kent was renowned as the most illustrious part of Britain, even before the days of Julius Cæsar. And he could trace its subsequent history—Roman, Saxon, Norman, English, till his own day, when the gloom of the great 20th August of that year had driven Kent, had given place to bounteous harvests and verdant pastures, and the laws of an eternal progress had effected much, and promised more to the generations yet to come.

Bryan Faussett’s first excavations were made at a place called Ternworth Down, in the parish of Cranulde, in 1757 and 1769; but as the discoveries relate principally to Roman remains, and are therefore less rare, their account is placed last in the volume before us. The Inuentorium Sepulchralis, therefore, as it now stands, commences with an account of some antiquities dug up at Gilton Town near Sandwich, in 1760–62–68. Being in the neighbourhood at the close of the year 1769, for the purpose of copying inscriptions in the parish church, Mr. Faussett made inquiry, as was his custom, as to antiquities or other remarkable things which might be in the vicinity. He then heard of a famous sand-pit in which, from time to time, for many years, antiquities had been found; and more particularly by the servants of a miller, who had wind-mills near at hand. Proceeding to the place and examining it, some of the miller’s men came also, and pointing out something a few feet above, assured him that it was the bed of a river; and that on the colour of the sand, a grave was there. They then fetched spades and ladders, and began to dig from the side of the pit, as though about to form an oven, and thus, much to the antiquary’s dismay, they destroyed the spear, as such it was, as well as broke up the skull and part of the vertebra of a human skeleton, besides nearly burying him and his servant in the sand thrown down. As this unscientific method of proceeding would never do, our good antiquary persuaded them, with the aid of a little brandy, without which, as he quaintly says, ‘nothing can be done,’ to dig downwards from the surface of the ground; but there was no discovery beyond merely to consist of human bones. Night coming on, they had to desist; but the men shewed Mr. Faussett various things they had found on previous occasions. Of these he purchased some beads; and of their master, the miller, the blade of a sword, straight and very heavy, five spear-heads, though none of them whole, two tombs—thats is, the central part of shields, also much broken, and a further quantity of beads. The latter were the only things which were got to Heppington in safety; the rest were so blistered with rust and so brittle, as to fall into countless pieces, though carefully packed and conveyed.

In the spring and summer of the succeeding year—1780, and subsequently in the autumns of 1782–53—Mr. Roach Smith explored one hundred and eighty acres in the space of eleven days. Though for centuries a harvest-field for spoliors, his researches were not unfruitful, as we shall now proceed to show; and since his day, many other relics of value have been from the time his discoveries. His superiors, supposing that this spot and its vicinity had formed originally the burial-place for the garrison stationed at the celebrated port of Rutupie. On the contrary, as Mr. Roach Smith shews, it had belonged to an adjacent village—the whole of this part of Kent being extensively populated in the Roman period, and subsequently in that of the Saxons; whilst Rutupie, at Richborough, about three-quarters of a mile from the Gilton, and had an extensive burial-place of its own, as excavations have proved.

The greater portion of graves showed that the bodies had been deposited in coffins, in some cases of extreme thickness, and probably scooped out of a single block of wood by means of fire. There were the long iron nails which had fastened down the lids; and where the wood of the coffin had perished, in many instances it had—signs of it could be traced in the longitudinal streaks of blackened mould. The male had been invariably buried with his weapons; his shield, his fibula or brooches, and the buckles which had secured appendages to his dress. His heavy spear and smaller darts lay at his right hand, his two-edged sword likewise, and his shield upon his breast. His knives, probably for war, as for domestic use, lay where his belt had been, or elsewhere. His javelin, or spear, and darts seem to have been wrapped together when deposited in some sort of cloth or linen—for the threads of such were found adhering to the rust about the weapons. The woodwork of the shields was likewise entirely gone, nothing but the central boss beneath, or the reverse piece of metal within, by which it was grasped, being found. The female graves were more replete with various matters of rude ornamentation. Beside the fibula subsectens, the brooch for fastening—many of these of exceedingly rare and perfect specimens, was set buckle by which the girdle had been confined; rings of thin silver wire with a sliding knot, so as to fit various sized fingers; beads of amber, glass, and glazed earthenware; pendent ornaments for the throat—these in one or two cases were set into a piece of wood. Beads were found in every child and woman’s grave; and even where all traces of an interment had disappeared, except in the discoloration of the earth, these evidences of human vanity in its barbaric state remained. The women were also buried with various articles for personal and domestic use. In five instances, keys were found—coarse copies of those of Roman fabrication, and with a string attached for suspension to the girdle. In many female graves a lump of rusty iron was found near the hips of the skeleton, and stretching from thence to the knees. It was usually the size of a closed hand, and appeared to consist of several pieces of a chain interspersed here and there with some straight pieces of the same metal; but they were so rusted together, and so very brittle, that they fell into pieces with the least endeavour to separate them. Mr. Faussett found one or two more perfect specimens, but he seems to have arrived at no very clear notion of what they were. Discoveries since his time have cleared up the point. They were châtelaines or girdle-hangers. The head, somewhat like that of a small flat feathered brush, was attached to the girdle; in this were holes in which were hooked small iron chains, at the extremities of which were bronze, silver, or brass appendages—such as large pins, tooth, ear, and nail picks, stillets, or borers for embroidery, little hammers and other trinkets, which, like the chains, were attached to a lady’s watch-chain in the present day, were mere ornaments. These châtelaines of the Kentish graves are quite peculiar as to shape and elegance. Those from other English counties, and from Normandy likewise, are mere hooks or fingers, but, and in many cases, as respects the jewellery, by exquisite taste; and a question of interest is suggested as to whether the Jutes who peopled Kent, and indeed in some degree extended themselves
were more civilized than the other divisions of the Saxon race. As a tribe, they came farther north, and must thus, upon their own soil, have been less affected by contiguous civilizations than tribes occupying sites nearer the Rhine. We know, however, that they frequented much the northern coasts of Gaul, and at a later date held intercourse with the Frankish settlements thereon. The only true solution to this and many other kindred questions which necessarily arise when we thus open their graves, and come face to face with facts which give results so different to those we gather from much which is miscellaneous history, seems to be that there was a far greater fusion of race with race than is generally supposed—that is, Celt with Roman, Roman with Saxon, and that the migrations of the Roman inhabitants of this part of Kent, but also, yet continuously, for centuries, in addition to the rapid influx of fresh tribes in the fifth and sixth centuries. This is Mr. Kemble's theory, and one rapidly gaining the assent of all scholars. In this, in the one which admits that the Romans did come to this country, and, in the immense probability that the arts connected with Roman civilization were carried on long after the recall of the legions from this country by purely Roman and Romano-British artificers, and so onwards, if even in a lesser degree, till they were caught up, as it were, by the genius of a new people, is to be found, we think, the clue to that strange thread of likeness which runs through the manipulative arts of those who, race after race, settled down upon our soil. There has been a difference due to the mental and physical idiosyncrasy of race; but the thread of continuance is not less clear for that. We shall, however, the better elucidate this point when we come to speak of Mr. Faussett's discovery of the Kingston fulcrum—this idea is strongly confirmed by the fact that this collective mind, despite of all the Anglo-Saxon art which has come down to us.

To return to the Gilton graves. In one of these was found a hand-mirror: it was made of mixed wood, and was about an inch and a half thick. It was very fine, and was highly polished, it was somewhat convex. Though greatly injured by rust, it still possessed a considerable reflecting power. The handle was likewise found, though broken to pieces by the labourers' spades. Since Mr. Faussett's time it has been cleaned and adjusted, and is thus seen to be similar to others discovered in London, Colchester, and elsewhere. 'The presence of such an object in a Saxon grave is remarkable,' says Mr. Boson Smith in one of his addresses, 'and particularly interesting in connection with the other Roman instruments and ornaments which we have noticed in the Gilton cemetery; for they indicate not only a close chronological relationship between the Saxon settlers and the Roman inhabitants of this part of Kent, but also a striking correspondence between the habits and customs of the two peoples. This affinity is less perceptible in the midland counties.' In the grave which contained the mirror, as also in another female grave, were found the hinges and clasps of small boxes, which had been probably used as deposits for trinkets and other things that had been valued by the original possessor. In two other female graves, as indicated by the discovery of hair-pins, beads, the twisted links of chalcalines, and other small articles, two brass pins and trivets were found. Both are much like our modern copper stew-pans, if regarded as without handles; those belonging to them, one on each side, being similar in shape to those affixed to the common wood and paper boxes we see at trinkmakers' doors. The larger pan of the two had been patched and mended in several places; and from this we may presume, that from its rarity, or some other cause, it had been considered of value. A subsequent excavation at Gilton brought so light a bronze basin, which had been mended with pieces of metal stamped with the figure of a religious design and playing on a violin, and grotesque forms of animals. This latter vessel belongs to the Rolf collection, now with Mr. Mayer, and is, with little doubt, of Roman manufacture. Vast quantities of utensils for domestic purposes, as well as articles of greater value, must have been scattered about the country after the withdrawal of a city like Canterbury (Framsey), which, singularly to say, was the only Romano-British city the hives utterly destroyed; and these Gilton vessels may here have been won by vandals and preserved by the descendants when as freemen they settled down to till the land they had helped to conquer. Be this as it may, these vessels must have owed their preservation to some real or supposed value. If the former, they may have served for many culinary purposes, and been interred with their last possessors, in testimony of domestic affection, for, with the exception of the monasteries after the proscription of Christianity in Saxon England, the cooking was done by women. We may add that knives of various sizes were found in most of the female graves, as well as scissors and tweezers, the last two much liked in modern use.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

I. GETTING OUT.

Two bell rings, the curtain rises, and discoeps on stage in our little drama. A middle-aged, neatly built man, who would have been good-looking, hair the deep, gray hair, deeply ingrained spots of anxiety and lines which were face exhibited: he was arrayed in a suit of white, of all the Anglo-Saxon art which has come down to us.

'The long an' the short on is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an'six, for three-an'six, an' here I only charge you five-crown, an' that you won't pay.'

'Won't pay, Mr. Niggs?' replied the poor fellow.

'Well, leasehands, we don't pay. To be sure, your mistress give me her bit of best gown yesterday, a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o'that? It's nowt but a old merina.'

'It was her wedding-gown,' mildely explained the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first 'the old merina adorned its then gay owner,—it was her wedding gown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose it.'

'That may be; but that's no use to me; it 'ill fit a half-starved shrimpl of a woman like her.'

'But, Mrs. Niggs, you've got my watch too.'

'A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!' said Mrs. Niggs.

'It was dear grandfather's,' sighed the poor man.
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'Tain' worth half-a-currin, I know,' returned the benevolent 'Nigg'; 'an' I want seven weeks' rest of you this very day. Now, don't jaw so more! talk's no use; it won't fill my pocket: it's money I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do nowt yesterday an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day.'

'Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am,' said the father, walking to the window, and rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to make a thoroughfare for his eyesight: 'it doesn't rain, but it looks terribly dark, as if there'd be a downfall of some sort—either rain or snow, and—looking apprehensively towards his thinly clad children—it's bitter, bitter cold!'

'Cold!' retorted 'Nigg'; 'cold, do you say? Well, I'm sure, I don't find it cold.' (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woollen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.) 'Indeed, it ain't cold for the time o' year; fine bracing weather, I call it—make the boys hardy to be out in it.'

'But,' said their father, 'they haven't broken their fast yet; and—'

'It's only twelve o'clock,' interrupted the humane landlady, 'an' many's the good Christian as hasn't had their breakfast yet; let alone a horsecrackin' an' the hounds in the drum, which I look on as bathins! What matters whether you takes your lads out afore their breakfasts or arter? You shouldn't indulge their appetites overmuch.'

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head—the children staring earnestly at Mrs Nigge, as if wondering what her notions of 'indulgence' might be. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty hours; the last morsel of the bread had been demolished for supper the night previous.

'There,' added 'Nigg, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—there's the gal with my shoulder and tasters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr Thingamy—if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go! Take them little creeters into the streets, an' see if they can't earn a trifle, as ye call it—beg a trifle. I call it: either way, the money's as good. Grumble about the weather, indeed! Why, for the time of year—Drat that gal! she's left the street-door ajar, an' the draught comes up their stairs enough to cut a body in two —n-u-g-h.'

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs Nigge humped heavily down stairs to scold the 'gal,' and afterwards, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner, the steam and appetising smell whereof, according to the mountebank's garret, brought tears into his eyes, as he turned away from his hungry children, not daring to meet their looks. So he paced the room, as people do when excited, or impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all of these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: 'There's sure to be a downfall, for the pavement's quite damp, and that's always a sign.' Then he went to the almost empty grate, put on the last remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with his breath into a tiny flame, then back again to the window, then again to the cheerful fireplace, fidgeting about, and busying himself with such little matters as sweeping the hearth, dusting the shabby mantel-piece with his want of an old claw-footed brush, and, finally, setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster: 'Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then—'

'And then, will there be brestas, daddy? ' asked the youngest boy.

'Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will.' Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alf to him, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come; by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

'Now, Midgkins, it's your turn,' said the father, after Alf had gone through his little board of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favourite, The Busy Bee; but when he came to, 'with the sweet food,' &c., his voice failed him; the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his pales, tiny face hidden in his father's breast. At this moment, a weary step was heard slowly ascending the creaking stairs.

'Mother, mother!' shouted Alf, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins's eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife and release her from the burden of a baby some ten mouths old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the woman was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The most cursory glance might serve to inform you that she was indeed the mother so anxiously waited for; she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. The child's nose was red, her cheeks blue, and her eyes were filled with water; it was evident, indeed, from the appearance of both the children, and of mother too, that the morning was intensely cold. Alfy met his sister, took off her lilac cotton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, slumped uselessly over her forehead. He next divested her of an old, tattered coat, made originally by mother for Midgkins to wear over his furnishings, but which Lucy had on because her own green stuff pelisse had last week been converted into a dinner. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to burn brighter as soon as mother entered the room! She sat down; Midgkins climbed on her lap; Alfy took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while father untied baby's cloak and hood—put on certainly more for appearance's sake than for warmth, four young mountebanks in succession having worn them completely threadbare.

'No use your long walk, I know, Agnes,' said father.

'Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if they were sorry to say it to me, for they looked pitifully at the poor babies—they told me that the turn-out and the lock-out together had made masters so bad that, in justice to their own townsmen, they oughtn't to have given me even that, and that I mustn't trouble them again.'

On mention of a shilling, Alfy quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and cap, and then nodded to
mother, who of course understood him to mean: 'I'm ready to go to the shop.' She popped the coin into his hand, and away he trotted on his joyful errand.

During his short absence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled about; how they set out the odd cracked cups and saucers, the tinfoil paper and the battered teapots, the jam in open jars, the old broken-spouted brown teapot! Father meantime recollected the particulars of Mrs Nidge's visit, which grieved his wife, although it did not surprise her. "Laden with a load, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfy returned, and the whole family doggedly rose to the bait, and turn-out, and the cold weather—enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the maternal nourishment must needs have been but scanty.

But everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, 'after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;' mother fancies that 'the weather's milder than it was two hours ago;' and the boys button on the corduroy jacket, and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong, went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. A moment after he was heard to cough, then the sneeze of the asthmatic, and the 'unwilling steps and slow,' as if sorry to be the deprived of the expected sight, the despair who moved off. Father and boys, perceiving that no chance remained of earning even the smallest pence, made ready for their departure. Just as they were walking sadly away, the young woman at the door called out: 'Bring a bit; I've summat for the little lads.' Presently, out she came, bringing a jug of tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, entreating, 'Mister, don't eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't sit in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop it, she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her the empty jug—sup bit? She ran upstairs, and returned with an old seat cushion and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude, in such kindness was something unusual. 'I'm sure you're heartily welcome,' said the friendly giver; 'I wish I could do more for you, but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we're now but the collection brass to live on. God-bless you to-morrow, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. As there's no knowing what the little uns may come to in this hard world!' Here she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom, and nodding a kind farewell to the street-artists, she disappeared.

Percussive, comfortable reader, you wonder how the children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, the boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation of their lives; and in such cases, the craving for food is incessant, and the combined grace and agility of their movements.

II. THE MOOR.

On they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, deserted-looking courts and narrow alleys where father thought it just possible they might raise a few pence. In front streets and bustling thoroughfares, he was aware that none would be tempted to stop and admire their performance. Indeed, had a few spectators been, by some wonderful凑巧， intelligence, yards away, he could not say what the mountebank seemed perfectly familiar, our little party gathered into a large open square—of former times, used as a hay-market—which, being surrounded by workmen's cottages, was a place where, perhaps, an audience might assemble; so father began to beat the drum with all his might, Alfred started the neighbourhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carpet, by way of giving 'note of preparation' to passers-by. The drum and cymbal overture continued for full ten minutes before any one succeeded to notice the efforts of the performers. Three or four workmen, having just dined, then sauntered to the doors of their respective dwellings, where they stood a while, leisurely smoking pipes and enjoying the fresh air; a few children, too, attracted by the noise, formed into a group to witness the proceedings of the professionals; and a young woman with an infant in her arms leaned out of the upstairs window of one of the smaller houses, and gazed admiringly upon the scene.

Father cast his practised eyes around, counted back, and shrugged his shoulders. He drummed away for another five minutes, and then took a second survey; but without any satisfactory result, if one might judge from the repose of his countenance; however, he muttered to himself: 'We must make the best of it, I suppose; it's the only likely place for a pitch at this end of the town.'

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the cue from him with great alacrity, directed themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle all beholders with the splendour of their wardrobe and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong, went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. A moment after he was heard to cough, then the sneeze of the asthmatic, and the 'unwilling steps and slow,' as if sorry to be deprived of the expected sight, the despair who moved off. Father and boys, perceiving that no chance remained of earning even the smallest pence, made ready for their departure. Just as they were walking sadly away, the young woman at the door called out: 'Bring a bit; I've summat for the little lads.' Presently, out she came, bringing a jug of tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, entreating, 'Mister, don't eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't sit in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop it, she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her the empty jug—sup bit? She ran upstairs, and returned with an old seat cushion and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude, in such kindness was something unusual. 'I'm sure you're heartily welcome,' said the friendly giver; 'I wish I could do more for you, but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we're now but the collection brass to live on. God-bless you to-morrow, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. As there's no knowing what the little uns may come to in this hard world!' Here she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom, and nodding a kind farewell to the street-artists, she disappeared.

Percussive, comfortable reader, you wonder how the children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, the boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation of their lives; and in such cases, the craving for food is incessant, and the combined grace and agility of their movements.
and how joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be nagged nor hungry any more. Of mountebanks, too, if anyone should so unluckily as he listened: he remembered that long years gone by, he, too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and resolves! His parents had died in the pariah workhouse! Not that he was unwilling to see them, but that he lacked affection towards them—but few and far between had been his opportunities of assisting them; for he had not been fortunate in a profession, which is, at best, but a precarious one. True, he had seen others, with a very limited amount of talent and industry, get forward in the race of life—rise in the world, and attain a high position in their calling; but his career had been an unsuccessful one; and though it would have been the pride of his affectionate heart to set the example of his respected parents, it was not to be; and, as I said before, they died in the workhouse.

'Cheerily, ho, Alf! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along.' So father led both boys; and who can say how many miles, or how many of the loftiest, to their great delight he opened his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the adventures of Alfred and the Great and the Good cakes; then the story of William Tell; and after those came the fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twentieth time at least, awakened in the juvenile auditors as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise. Formerly, when the children were too young to be amused in this manner, the mountebank, in providing for a business excursion, would purchase some comfits or pepper-mint-lozenges to divert their thoughts on the road; but now he was content with the less expensive article of tobacco. When the smoke of incense had exhausted, they would race with as much eagerness after a ball thrown by father in their onward path, as ever was manifested by jockey when competing for the Chester and the Derby. Latterly, tales and songs had taken the place of the comfits and the ball.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked darkest in the heavy black clouds over head, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began to assume a threatening aspect. He stopped suddenly in the most interesting portion of The Thrifties' Heaven, which he was relating, and felt irresistibly urgent to return even then, or to go forward. After a brief pause, he chose the latter alternative, for, as he argued mentally, to return without having any part of the rest to provide for Mrs Nigga, would only provoke her to carry into immediate execution her threat of turning all the family out into the streets; whereas, if he went on to the fair, his wife and the younger children would at least be certain of a roof to shelter them—and that was something in such inclement weather. Setting this aside, the little party was half-way to its place of destination. To be sure, the remaining half lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers from the weather. What of that? He'd carry Midgekins; and another horse was not to be turned aside, for it had been done previously, and wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loath, in his arms, although, encumbered as he to manage this additional weight. Still he toiled on, supporting Midgekins on one arm, and leading Alfie as briskly as his strength permitted. In a few minutes more he found himself entirely surrounded with snow, and by degrees it fell upon him until he was concealed from all view. The snow, as it fell, rapidly increased, and the air became so cold that Alfie even discovered an inclination to sleep. He wakened the boy with a slapping blow on his cheek, and Alfie, with a groan, and a shudder, started to his feet.

'Come, my boy, step out and let us get under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! Luckily, the first house we come to in Eglintonvrae is the Travellers' Rest; and a kind-hearted woman is Mrs Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not refuse to let you and Midgekins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I'm on the moor. The weather is too bad for Tom Whittlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy!

This the mountebank said in an anxious, husky tone of voice, for the binding snow prevented his discerning anything, and the snowflakes fell upon his face, and his eyes, and his nose, and his ears, until he could not hear, or make his way, or see; and darkness was spreading itself all round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

'Indeed, father,' feebly replied the child, 'I do walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoes in the snow, and I'm so tired, and am so cold, and so very drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep.'

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavoured to urge him forward. In what direction they were going, he knew not, and yet hoped for the best. He had walked nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature—the fury of the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Alfie, to 'sit and rest just a little while.' He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgekins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, his breath grew short, and his hands trembled from head to foot. Alfie was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait, what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to pour down his overworked countenance. Short time sufficed for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

'Now, Alf,' said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, 'I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgekins to the Travellers' Rest.'

'But, father, you mustn't go without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down.'

'Don't heed me, love,' replied father; 'but try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother.'

'Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers; Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble.'

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank; but he struggled manfully with his feelings; he embraced lovingly, again and again, Alfie and the unconscious Midgekins. He could hardly persuade himself to go; yet to stay, was to bring certain destruction on them, for the snow still fell, and the darkness still increased. Alone and unencumbered, he might reach Eglinton very soon—may, perhaps, at that moment he might be close upon the village, although the darkness obscured it from his view. These cheering hopes he tried to encourage, as if to brace his nerves for the approaching trial. A trial which was to be a heavy one, to leave his young ones in utter darkness on that dreary moor: but it must be. The father yielded to stern necessity, and with tears of agony, tore himself from the spot,
guess-work as to which way he was going—all haphazard—it being by this time so dark that, to use a common but expressive phrase, ‘you couldn’t have seen your hand before you.’

(To be concluded in next Number.)

AN AFTERNOON GLANCE AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The clock of Westminster Abbey is tolling two on a bright sunny afternoon in summery spring, as we emerge from Parliament Street into Palace Yard. That model clock in the clock-tower has not commenced its tolling career yet; looking up the shaft of the beautiful column to the fourfold dial, we are aware of a group of workmen busy upon the surface of the dial-plate, whose presence there suffices to impress us with a tolerable notion of the diameter of the huge circle whose numerals marking the hour almost vie in length with the human figures, but are yet in perfect, even modest proportion to the rest of the structure. From the gilded pinnacles of the crowning spire the sunlight radiates like jets of flame; itFIRST AND SECOND HANDS OF THE house of Commons. is catching the blue lines of Gothic tracery that climbs and twines over the entire surface of the building, and brings out the force and significance of the artist’s design, with an effect as exquisite as it is transient and fleeting. For now the big raindrops burst from a parting cloud, sparkling like diamonds as they fall; but in a moment they are changed from diamonds to watery bullets—a gloomy thunderous-looking pall covers Palace Yard—there is a sudden disbanding of the phalanx of cabs amidst the cluster of hooves, the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the jarves, the yells of the watermen, and reiterated cries of ‘Cabs! cabs!’ as the dingy vehicles, galvanised into sudden activity, dash for the kerb, take up, and roll off.

Meanwhile we have gained the hospitable archway of old Westminster Hall, with a route of other fugitives; and thinking we may be as well employed in a stroll through the House as in watching the falling shower and the deserted yard, we traverse the ample floor and in the gallery of the Commons; we are by no means alone in the ante-chamber. The confronting statues of Pitt and Fox, of Mansfield, Falkland, and the rest, seem to be holding a levee to-day. Fifty patient Englishmen at least have taken places in the car, taking the seats of the divisions, or brooding with the expression of fortitude in their faces, as though they had made up their minds to do something or other the advantage of which was doubtful, and were determined to go through with it. These are the ticket-holders—men who have obtained members’ passes to the strangers’ gallery of the Commons, and who are come thus early in order to secure admission if possible. For there was a long and stormy debate last night upon the India question, which was adjourned, and will be resumed to-night, when the bright particular stars of parliamentary oratory are expected to speak before the division takes place, which division, it is the expectation of the Whigs, will unseat the present administration from office, or at least compel them to an appeal to the country. A debate of this kind, or even one of far less importance, always brings its crowd of spectators to the House. It is by no means certain that all these expectants will get into the gallery, notwithstanding the series of easy-chairs, and perhaps half of them may be jostled out by the other half; but no matter for that—they will wait till the result is known, though it be far into the morning; after which they will go to bed and get up late, to find their secret in the possession of suds and sun-dry through the medium of the morning papers.

Leaving these persistent gentlemen, we pass on through the central hall, and make towards one of the newest frescoes. The panels are filling up but slowly, and what is done, though often excellent and lofty in design, does not so much in favour of the execution of English painters in the department of art. The surfaces of most of the pictures have an unpleasant line-wash effect, a remote from that of the Italian frescoes as anything can well be. We suspect that this is not so much due to climate as it is to unfamiliarity among artists with the preparatory details of fresco-painting. Continental frescoes show like stone walls interpreted with colour; the performances at Westminster are more like distemper paintings on a plaster-ground. Was time may do for them it is not easy to foresee.

There is little light for seeing pictures; and then is a continual traffic up and down stairs of persons hastily coming and going. Following the ascending troops, we are soon in that interminable gallery which runs parallel to the river-front of the legislative palace, contains the committee-rooms of the Commons. It happens to be a field-day with the committees. Numbers of them are sitting at their moments, and are accompanied by an attendance than usually populous. The benches along the windowed side are filled with strangers, provincials and loungers of a rather various class. Numbers of them are witnesses waiting to be examined. There are many in the art of life, and from all parts of the kingdom. One group are chattering together in Welsh; another are eloquent in the Irish brogue; and further on, there are samples of the west-coast face, and sonorous indications of the west-country dialect. Among them, in close contact and confabulation, you see here and there a white-wigged bearded, or a dapper clerk, note-book in hand, with some foolscap document spread open on his knee; and questions are asked and answered, and memos drawn, not much to the assurance, sometimes, if looks are a criterion, of the respondents. By and by now and then there trips along the gallery, with the peculiar motion of the body which seems all contrast to the lower extremities, a clerical-looking waistcoat from the region of the Commended Mammal. We see a number of small glass retortas containing wine, with a little mound of biscuits, and perhaps a half or two of pale ale. These appetising appurtenances never by any chance pass or linger in the gallery; we see them being cast in the rejecting manger groups, or brooding with the expression of fortitude in their faces, as though they had made up their minds to do something or other the advantage of which was doubtful, and were determined to go through with it. These are the ticket-holders—men who have obtained members’ passes to the strangers’ gallery of the Commons, and who are come thus early in order to secure admission if possible. For there was a long and stormy debate last night upon the India question, which was adjourned, and will be resumed to-night, when the bright particular stars of parliamentary oratory are expected to speak before the division takes place, which division, it is the expectation of the Whigs, will unseat the present administration from office, or at least compel them to an appeal to the country. A debate of this kind, or even one of far less importance, always brings its crowd of spectators to the House. It is by no means certain that all these expectants will get into the gallery, notwithstanding the series of easy-chairs, and perhaps half of them may be jostled out by the other half; but no matter for that—they will wait till the result is known, though it be far into the morning; after which they will go to bed and get up late, to find their secret in the possession of suds and sun-dry through the medium of the morning papers.
either side of the question under consideration. At the moment of our entrance, a torrent of Irish eloquence is in full career. The speaker is a gentleman, but not of the gentility, of about five-and-forty, with a hatchet-face, formed to cut its way remorselessly through all obstacles, no matter how formidable. He is a genuine Hibernian orator, and pours forth his vocabulary with such accelerated rapacity, that it is almost more than we can do to gather the sense of his utterances. A lawyer in a large Irish town, he has been retained to advocate a bill which has been petitioned for, the object of which appears to be to effect some minor tax reform. He leaps to the local taxation of the borough. To hear him, and to judge from his vehemence grandiloquence, you might imagine that hitherto a subject of equal importance had never been discussed in the councils of any nation, and that nothing save his success could have supplied the legal gratification. When he has wound up his peroration, he calls a new witness; and now, with a cooless as remarkable as was his fervor a minute ago, begins putting him to the torture. In so doing, you see, if you have any experience in forensic matters, that he is everlastingly travelling out of the record, and lugging in questions on irrelevant subjects—and you wonder what he is after, or perhaps you think him a booby. Not a bit of it. The chairman of the magistrates tries to defeat him by calling him to order; but the orator flies off at a tangent the next moment, and is again on the forbidden ground. The fact is, that the oratorical Irishman, perhaps not overconfident in the strength of his case as it stands, wants to produce an impression upon the committee in favour of his own side, and antagonistic to the luckless witness, by revelations concerning the poor man's antecedents, which cannot be made public, even though they have nothing to do with the case. Sometimes he disarmeth without being prejudicial to him and his party. In fine, the hard-headed lawyer does make such an impression by dint of persevering iteration: you see that that is the case; you see it in the faces of the committee themselves, you see it in the tone of the public; you see it in the face of the orator, not that he is given to demonstrate his feelings in any way, but that his earnestness relaxes a little when his end is answered; and lastly, you see it in the face of the uncompanionable attorney at law, who has the ordeal he has gone through, and flushed and angry, retires in haste from his unsavory position. All this is matter of pleasurable excitement to the on-looking public. The plucky Irishman, who is determined to have his own way, and does have it, carries the general sympathy with him, and is evidently a favourite: like the dog which draws the basket from the bag, he has all the plaudits, and there are none for the unfortunate creature on whom he eviscerates his prowess.

The next witness, however, is not to be managed in that way. He is a man of extensive property and of considerable influence in his county. You see that he has an antipathy to the bold lawyer, for he almost turns his back upon him, though he cannot refuse to answer his questions. But he is quick in response as the other is in demand, and purposely curt and keen in his repartee. The sentences are banded to and fro like a cross-fire—and the wonder is that the reporter does not interfere, and beg for a little more deliberation. He does not, however. Look at him; there he sits at his little table; one hand holds the pen, not as a clerk would hold it, but with the shaft perpendicular to the ceiling; the other hand turns over the leaves of his book; a setting paper between each leaf of manuscript. That right hand of his waves incessantly at a rate which your eye can scarcely follow; that cascade of words from the fast as they are uttered; to-night the whole will be copied into long-hand, not by the reporter himself, but by clerks skilled in that art, and his handwriting, and to-morrow, in all likelihood, it will issue from the printing-office in fair pica type, for the convenience of honourable members. The whole thing seems a miracle, and in good truth it is nothing less; but then this is the age of multiplication, and we have been trained to think nothing of them.

Let us now vary the scene a little. Here is another committee sitting on government contracts. The room is as like the first as two peas are to one another, only the members in attendance are rather more numerous. The business here is of a more interesting as well as a more practical kind. On the tables among the documents, and contrasting oddly with the bottles of sherry, glasses of ale, and fragments of biscuit, lies a piece of printed matter in the shape of soldiers' belts, as yet innocent of pipeclay, and stout regulation boots, broad in sole, and heavily armed at the heel. Honourable members are handling the belts and peering into the boots with much the same expression that is observable in a magpie peering into an empty bottle. It is evident that they are not up in the article of leather, and will have to depend for information upon the facts they can manage to express from the witnesses. Meanwhile a government contractor is seated near the short-hand writer, and undergoing examination. Staring indeed are the revelations which, by dint of a battery of interrogations discharged into him from all sides, he is compelled, reluctantly or not, to make. The history of a lot of pouch-belts is the immediate subject of consideration. They have been issued by some contractor, according to specification and pattern, for the use of the army, and the government have paid for them without having being prejudicial to him and his party. In fine, the head lawyer does make such an impression by dint of persevering iteration: you see that that is the case; you see it in the faces of the committee themselves, you see it in the voice of the public; you see it in the face of the orator, not that he is given to demonstrate his feelings in any way, but that his earnestness relaxes a little when his end is answered; and lastly, you see it in the face of the uncompanionable attorney at law, who has the ordeal he has gone through, and flushed and angry, retires in haste from his unsavory position. All this is matter of pleasurable excitement to the on-looking public. The plucky Irishman, who is determined to have his own way, and does have it, carries the general sympathy with him, and is evidently a favourite: like the dog which draws the basket from the bag, he has all the plaudits, and there are none for the unfortunate creature on whom he eviscerates his prowess.

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the belts, though why they have been subjected to condemnation at all does not appear. They are provided by a man who has a practical boot-maker, to be first-rate articles, of the very best quality, and in perfect condition. Yet they have been condemned and sold in vast numbers at about 5s. 3d. a pair, having cost the government from 10s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. What is characteristic of government economy in this boot-business, is the fact which comes out clearly enough, that the sale of boots at 5s. 3d. has been going on contemporaneously with the buying of them at 10s. 6d. In this way the stores have been ingeniously maintained at the desired level, at the paltry cost of 50 per cent, by simply allowing them to run off at the waste-pipe as fast as they came in at the fount of supply. Again the only satisfactory fact established is the arithmetical one. The chairman remarks, notshowing any remarkable eagerness to express his decided conviction that government cannot sell at 50 per cent, under prime cost without suffering a serious loss.

By this time the afternoon is wearing late; honourably beginning to show symptoms of weariness, not to say of ennui. One by one their easy-chairs become vacant, the occupants gliding off, while those who remain relax in their exertions, and the inquiry goes on in a fitful way, prophetic of a speeding ball. One of the shorter in the cabinet of the room is not sorry at such welcome indications. He has turned over some sixty pages of copy since we entered the room; and now for the first time he has leisure to shift himself on his seat—to stretch his stiffening limbs and his weary fingers, and actually to drop his pen for a moment and pass his hands through his bushy hair—a refreshing ceremony, which he performs with unmistakable relish, and repeats more than once as an appeasement to his occupation.

We have had enough of the boots and the belts and the scientific economy of the war department, and we step into another room. Here it is a railway bill which forms the subject of discussion. The room is hung with monstrous maps, as big as the side of a house, shewing the course of the line, the gradients, elevations, and engineering peculiarities. The witness is unpacking a budget of dry details which the reader would not thank us for reporting; and we ourselves glad to have our back upon them. We are about entering another room for another chance, when the committee within suddenly breaks up, and we are swept out of the doorway by the hasty efflux of the public. A few minutes later, and all the committees have adjourned for a future day, and the long gathering is rapidly clearing.

The rather musical tinkle of a small bell informs us at this crisis that the chaplain is about to commence prayers in the Commons' House below. Members are already beginning to enter, and the members emerging from that short cut through the side-door in the hall appropriated to their sole use, and struggling by ones and twos to their seats within. There is, as usual, a crowd of strangers marshalled on the other side of the lobby, made up in part of personal friends or constituents of members, and in part of strangers from the country, to whom the Commons' House is a species of lion's den, and who come to gratify their curiosity by identifying, with the aid of the bystanders, the remarkable personages of whom they have heard and read so much, year after year, at home. They will wait by the hour together for the sake of catching a glimpse of Palmerston or Disraeli, of Gladstone or Wood, of Cobden or Bright—with a special eye, you may be sure, for their own proper representative. For our part, it is long since we had any curiosity respecting any or the rest, and we pass through the crowd, and once more into the entrance saloon on our way out. Here the ticket-holders are being marshalled by the policemen in attendance on the left-hand benches, preparatory to being passed into the strangers' gallery in the order in which they arrived. At the same moment, some well-known faces belonging to the reporting staff flit by us: we encounter more upon the stairs as we descend into the broad hall, and quit the Parliament House just as the grand logomachy is going to commence.

As we stroll up Parliament Street towards Charing Cross, the familiar parliamentary faces meet us on their passage down. Some of them we can remember well for more than a quarter of a century, and can recall under very different effigies from those they now present. And some, too, we can recall, who were wont to tread this route at this same hour, who have passed away for ever. It seems but the other day that we saw the aged Duke amble past on his quiet bay; that Sir Robert Peel strode sturdily along the pavement, and unconsciously fenced the air with his walking-stick; that Bentinck dashed past on his mettled steed; that—But, phew! we must not be tagging a melancholy sermo to a random sketch like this; yonder comes our omnibus. H'y, conductor, set us down at the Angel.

THE GOLF TOURNAMENT.

The Scottish game of golf has existed for several hundred years, and has been practised by persons of all conditions, from royalty itself down to the bottom of the scale. As an out-of-door pastime, it certainly deserves to be ranked among the best, and, for certain classes, perhaps the best, as it incurs no great bodily fatigue, and may be followed by old staggers whose declining powers will not admit of severe exercise. Very severe is this sport to elderly gentlemen form so large a majority of the class golfers: in pleasant communion with each other, they take their daily rounds on the field, club in hand, and driving at no great feasts of 'driving' such as they could once accomplish, but content to play their own sure 'quarter game,' they quietly and happily gossip away the day.

Of late years, golf has taken a rapid stride in public estimation, and is now played not only in the British Isles, but in France, in India, at the Cape, &c. Commons, or, as golfing-courses are termed in Scotland, 'links'—hitherto sacred to geese-rearing and clothes-drying—have suddenly assumed a more distinguished position; and, indeed, to such an extent are these links now taken up by golf, that we are sometimes inclined to wonder where the geese will eventually find a living, or to what green spot washerwomen will resort to dry their clothes. Before touching upon the tournaments of 1837 and the present year, it may be useful to say something about the game itself. For its proper enjoyment, several things are necessary. Firstly, a wide-spreading common, with a tolerable sprinkling of sand-hills, whins (furze bushes), and other 'hazards,' that the game may not be rendered too easy, and 'science' become of little moment. At distances from each other of several hundred yards, according as the nature of the ground will permit, small holes of half-a-dozen inches diameter are bored in the turf: thus, if the links are extensive, as at St Andrews, the holes are frequent—eighteen being the round there—namely, nine out to the end, and nine home; but if the limits
of the green be circumscribed, as at Blackheath or Musselburgh, fewer holes occur.

Secondly, a set of clubs and balls are requisite. The shapes of the clubs are made of Hickory or lancewood, and the heads usually of apple-tree, faced with horn, and weighted behind with lead: others have iron heads, the use of which will be seen presently. A set consists of from five to ten, and sometimes of a dozen, clubs, each of a different degree of strength, and duties peculiar to itself during the progress of the game.

The names of the wooden-headed clubs principally used at St Andrews—the Melton of golf—are as follows: the play-club, the spoon-club, the spoon-club, driving (the 'a', pronounced as in 'but'), putter, and balling-club; those with iron heads are the cleek, sand-iron, and track-iron. Faddistic players make use of the whole of these, though, in ordinary practice, they may be reduced to half that number; or seven at the outside. It may appear strange to a non-golfer that a game, whose object seems to consist in striking merely a little ball along a green plateau, should require such a variety of implements, but the brief sketch we shall presently give of their separate uses, may set him right.

Thirdly, the player must be provided with several small hard gutta-percha balls, well hammered, and painted white.

A man who requires a caddie (porter) to carry his clubs, and— an opponent.

Furnished with those leading requisites, let us follow the pair out a hole or two, to see how they get on, première that they are pretty equally matched, and that each has purchased a game before. The object of the players is to drive their respective balls from one hole to another till the round is finished, and he who succeeds in holing his ball in fewest strokes, gains that hole; but if each party holes in the same number, it is halved, and pronounced to neither side. If two players start, one of whom is more skilful than the other, the weaker man receives strokes—that is, odds; thus A gets, say four strokes on the round from B, and he agrees to take his strokes between certain holes; if under those conditions A holes in six, and B in five, that hole is halved—A's extra stroke allowing him to reckon one less than B; and in this manner the play of the less-skilful golfer is brought to a level with that of his opponent. Brown and Andrews links, which, as we before said, consists of eighteen holes. Their caddies 'tee' the balls, or, in other words, place each on the top of a pinch of sand, to offer a conspicuous mark for the starting stroke—this, is it known, being only allowed for the first shot; as for subsequent shots, with certain rare exceptions, the ball must be hit where it lies, however awkward the situation. Brown places himself in position opposite his ball, grasps his play-club, the longest club in his set—keeping his eye on the ball, swings the club slowly back and sharply down, and has 'struck off his tee-shot.' Jones does likewise, but with less skill; so his ball does not have the drive of his opponent, which requires him to play the 'odds' when he comes up to it. Aiming in the direction of the hole they are approaching—the second hole—Jones plays the odds, and Brown the 'like.' In this manner, the players advance, exchange strokes, and having played an equal number of strokes, say three; fifty feet intervene between Brown's ball and the hole, and as he is further from it than Jones, he plays the odds. This short stroke he accomplishes with his 'putter,' a short-shafted, stiff club, and lays his ball within ten feet of the hole. Jones also takes his putter, and carefully surveying the 'lie' of the ground, that he may 'borrow,' if it be sloping, plays the 'like,' and, by well-judged strength, lies three feet from the hole. Again Brown essays the hole, and misses at the odds; while Jones holes at the like, and scores one.

Away they go again, Brown having cleared a gaping bunker or sand-pit some fifty yards ahead; Jones, alas! having swiped into it. But here begins the science of the game, its joys and woes; for, in reality, the golfer knows no joy equal to that of escaping 'hazards' by well-judged strokes and 'gripping' so as losing a match by hugging them! Though inwardly chagrined at his mishap, Jones puts his best face on the matter; he seizes his sand-iron—a short stout club, with a scooped iron-heel stroke, he skilful jerk behind his ball, from it 'griff,' and leaves it on the green. 'Play two more,' shouts Brown, and taking his long spoon—a wooden-headed club, with the face slightly scooped—our friend Jones drives forth his gutta from its not too favourably lying position—a swinging shot!

'Never mind,' observes Jones's caddie; 'we'll maybe halve the hole yet.'

In the meantime, Brown addresses himself to his ball, which is lying in a 'corn,' flanked by iron-headed tools, and with his short-iron, plays 'one off two'—or, in other words, two strokes less than Jones has played. The unfavourable position of his ball, however, has not admitted of his doing any great wonders, and not being up to his opponent's third stroke, he plays—the like.' Both men have now played three shots, and it is Jones's turn to play. He lies about a hundred yards from the hole, with another of those bunkers intervening; but he is 'good at the cleek,' so he takes that little iron-faced iron-headed tool, and, by a beautifully played shot, and admirable strength, 'lofts' his ball over the bunker, and drops it some twenty feet from the hole. This is rather a staggerer for Brown, who had plied himself upon having it all his own way when playing 'one off two.' He is forty yards from the hole, with a few bushes of gorse or whins between; he too, therefore, takes a club somewhat similar to the cleek, and jerks his ball—oh, ye fates of golf!—into the bushes. Dismay sits upon his countenance—placid sympathy (?) upon Jones's. Still, however, Jones's ball is furthest from the hole; so he plays the odds again, and curls a ball away to within a foot of the hole. Brown jerks his ball out of the whins with his iron, and lies a dozen feet from the hole, on the level of the first fair, while Andrews links, which, as we before said, consists of eighteen holes. Their caddies 'tee' the balls, or, in other words, place each on the top of a pinch of sand, to offer a conspicuous mark for the starting stroke—this, is it known, being only allowed for the first shot; as for subsequent shots, with certain rare exceptions, the ball must be hit where it lies, however awkward the situation. Brown places himself in position opposite his ball, grasps his play-club, the longest club in his set—keeping his eye on the ball, swings the club slowly back and sharply down, and has 'struck off his tee-shot.' Jones does likewise, but with less skill; so his ball does not have the drive of his opponent, which requires him to play the 'odds' when he comes up to it. Aiming in the direction of the hole they are approaching—the second hole—Jones plays the odds, and Brown the 'like.' In this manner, the players advance, exchange strokes, and having played an equal number of strokes, say three; fifty feet intervene between Brown's ball and the hole, and as he is further from it than Jones, he plays the odds. This short stroke he accomplishes with his 'putter,' a short-shafted, stiff club, and lays his ball within ten feet of the hole. Jones also takes his putter, and carefully surveying the 'lie' of the ground, that he may 'borrow,' if it be sloping, plays the 'like,' and, by well-judged strength, lies three
and putting, are held in greater repute than long
driving; for though the 'tremendous swipe' may
gain a stroke upon his adversary between every hole,
still the wonderful 'lofts' and cunning 'puts' of the
other, tell in the long-run.

Our friends Brown and Jones have started to
play against each other, in technical language, a
'single'; this, when repeated for several rounds, is
hard work, especially with such swift walkers as
they are. For our part, we prefer playing in a 'four-
some'-that is, two against two, each playing
alternately. A four-man is easier on the eyes and
admits of more 'chaff' and fun than a single,—hence is more
usually played than the latter on long rounds such as
St Andrews.

Previous to 1867, the members of golf-clubs had
been content to compete amongst themselves for some
annual medal, set of clubs, or other prize; or, at
most, had been in the habit of sending friendly
challenges to other clubs, to test their respective prowess.

At length, however, the happy idea of having an
annual tournament at which every club might com-
pete, was originated, and carried into execution for
the first time on record last year. A circular was
forwarded by the committees of the royal and ancient
golf-clubs of St Andrews to every known club in
Great Britain, inviting it to select two of its best
players to come forward on the 29th day of July, to
compete for the prize. The idea was warmly seconded,
and accordingly the principal clubs forwarded two of
their best men on the appointed day. The rules
drawn up for the occasion were simple and concise.
Competing clubs paid 4£ towards purchasing a hand-
some piece of plate, with golfing device; each pair of
representative members played throughout as partners
of another pair, forming a series of four matches;
some matches; opponents were drawn by lot before
each start, club against club, the 'winners' of the first
set of matches being drawn in the same manner for
the second set, and so on till one winning couple
was left. The matches consisted of the best of thirty
holes; and in the event of matches being halved,
both couples were drawn again for the next set.

An umpire was appointed, whose decision, in cases of
dispute, was considered final, he being guided by the
rules of the St Andrews golf-club; and the club repre-
sented by the winning couple was considered the
champion club till the next tournament, and entitled
to the prize.

St Andrews, Blackheath, Prestwick (Ayshire),
Musselburgh (Mid-Lothian), Brunstfield and Burgess
(Edinburgh), North Berwick (Leven), and many other
clubs, sent their chosen pairs; and on the appointed
day the grand struggle began. The battle waxed
'fierce and long,' mettle against mettle, skill versus
skill, science against science; and after many beauti-
fully played rounds, the Blackheath club-men alone
remained, to whom the prize was awarded. The
weather was extremely fine; and the tournament
having received so many stalwart men into the lists
was, as usual, graced by天气, whose presence, as
the local papers said, added not a little to the gaiety of
the scene.

So successful was the first tournament, that it was
resolved to make it annual; hence this year was
somewhat changed this year. Instead of inviting
two members only of a club to compete, the com-
mittee invited any amateur golfer in Great Britain to
enter the lists, upon his paying one guinea towards
the cup; and further, it was agreed that the prize
should belong to the winner himself, instead of the
club to which he might happen to belong. This
was decidedly an improvement upon the method adopted
in 1867, as it was calculated to produce the finest play
from individual golfers, and, moreover, would secure
to the winner the honour of being champion of the
year. As expected, so did it turn out. There probably
was never sent at St Andrews three days in a row
a 'single' play that of the 29th, 30th, and 1st of
July. Many of the competitors ran their opponents
close enough to 'tie,' or halve, on more occasions
than one; and then there was nothing for it but to
play again for fresh opponents, and in some cases
to play the first day, fourteen couples starting for the
first tilt; thus fourteen men were put hors de combat
(barring the ties) at the end of round No. 1; at the
end of No. 2, seven men; and so on, till, on the thirteen
of the 80th, three alone remained. Now, it was seen
to be a sort of fight to draw lots who was to be the old
man, and who were to be the competing members of the
tie, the old man having the advantage of waiting till
the victor of the other two was ready to play his. The
fortunate man, exempted from playing against anyone
but at the same time standing out till the next best,
beheld the struggle between his two less favo-
red opponents, and next day went in to vie the
conqueror for the grand finale that was due to
the day. At 11 o'clock on Saturday the 3lst, the te-
shots were struck off, and away went the site
over

IN A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

You, the general public, remember doubtless that I
have had difficulties to contend against for but six or
seven years, in getting private tutors for my boys.
In the advertisement-sheet of the Times
paper, and under the head of 'Education,' you could
but have often perused that rather compact
ment, which, to an outside eye, seemed to
be nothing but a very unprofitable notebook, but because
the prominent feature of the plea, which
sung by the 'three intelligent youths,' was the
'man of science,' and that was a very unprofitable notebook, but because
the prominent feature of the plea, which
sung by the 'three intelligent youths,' was the
'man of science,' and that was

I had some conscientious doubts about mixing
inquiries with the above, but the modest opera-
once not beginning with a Z, and of my Christian
name being William; but these were overruled by my wife.
She objected strongly to my real address being printed
in the paper, lest it should be supposed—she
argued, and I am not bound to find her request,
it only to render her obedience—that I was connected with
the public press.

'Never,' said she, 'let me see you so forgetful of
that stock I come of, as to put your name in the
name of a new paper, William.' Yet, indeed, am I likely
to forget it, since I am reminded of it every day.
my life. It was a great blow to my good lady’s importance when Mr Donald Macdermot of Glengarbhico, N. B., having answered the advertisement for the head of that office, had flown from his Highland eyrie and ancestral home. He gave us to understand that he was in his own country a personage of great power and dignity, three generations at least in advance (or rather behind) any southern pedagogue. He would have preferred, as he confided to his pupils, to have been called by his territorial name of Glengarbhico had not its inconvenience to our English tongues been too tremendous; but he was known, among ourselves, by a title conferred upon him by my daughter Georgias—the Macdermot, as conveying in some degree an idea of the singular and almost ferocious animal which he really was. My wife’s ancestral pride was grievously wounded by the assumption of this gentleman from North Britain, while her moral dignity, as you shall hear, received, at the same hands, a shock from which she has never completely rallied.

The young man had been with us for a month or two of spring-time; and the first summer day he had just arrived when I was awakened from my afternoon nap in the library by a succession of agonising screams from my wife and daughter. I heard them scamper up-stairs into my bedroom, and lock and double-lock the door, after which they began to scream afresh with all the vociferousness of which they are capable. I had just made up my mind to send assistance on the wings of a husband and a father; but it was long before the hysterical indignation of the ladies would allow them to find words to explain themselves.

We suddenly came upon Glengar-gaz,' sobbed my wife. ‘Yes,’ interrupted my daughter, ‘upon the Macdermot—er—er—’

Yes; and what do—do—do you think, William,’ continued her mamma; ‘there he was, this bear—bear—beautiful tutor of yours without any—'

‘Yes, papa,’ corroborated Georgias, ‘without any at all.’

‘Without any what?’ cried I impatiently. ‘Speak out—what had he not got?’

‘No tut—tut—tut—trowsers on,’ exclaimed the wife of my bosom, relapsing into hysterics.

At this moment, Papa, papa,’ shrieked my second secret from below, ‘he is wearing the costume of his native land; and the cook and the housemaid have locked themselves up in the cellar; and he has almost put poor Gus to death for laughing at him.’

The young man coolly informed me, in his defence, that he always wore the kilt in bad weather, and recommended me to discard ‘travys’ myself, and take to a shepherd’s plaid petticoat of black and white, such as would be appropriate to a clergyman. This respectable style of dress (which he preserved in), joined to the fact of my offspring acquiring under his tuition that least of all Scotch as Latin, caused the dismissal of the Glengarthen man from my unworthy roof.

Mr Donaldson Adams, who succeeded the young Scottish chief, was of a very different order. He was the best scholar of his years, and indeed a better than any old or young whom it has ever been my lot to know. He had carried off all the honours that were open to him at his university, both classical and mathematical; and yet he wore them as lightly and as gracefully as a wreath of flowers. How we managed to get him for a hundred guineas a year was always a marvel to me; and the reason which he gave for his acceptance of so humble a post, was itself most eminently characteristic of his beautiful nature.

‘I love retirement,’ said he, ‘and domesticity; and good as to say so) is more to me far than the applause of senate-houses. I have had enough of ambition. Here,’ he would say, laying his thin white hand upon the head of that one of my three boys who fancied to be most convenient—here lies my true duty, and it is one that is inexpressibly dear to me.’

My wife averred that it was quite a privilege to have such a young man as Mr Donaldson Adams in our houses. Georgias raved about the many edifices of it came down with a crash. If he could have managed to hold on to his tutorial position for another six weeks, I think it as probable as not that he would have received a piece of plate; but this he could by no means be induced to do. I tried all methods. The young man knew that he had put upon his irreproachable nature for half a year could be no longer maintained. He cast his slough of respectability, and came out, harlequin-like, when you least expected it, in his own proper colours at once.

My watch, my wife’s watch, the cook’s watch, Bob’s silver mug, given to him by his godfathers and godmothers on his baptism, Gus’s opal ring left to him by his great-aunt—everything of value, in short, which he could possibly get lent to him upon any pretext by anybody, Mr Donaldson Adams had pawned at various county-towns within a radius of sixteen miles from the rectory. He was so good as to write out a neat and accurate account of the respective places where each of these articles was to be found, and to leave it upon my study-table, when he departed at three o’clock on a certain morning, after having received his quarter’s salary overnight. It would bring my heart almost into the same crimes of that amiable young man. It is sufficient to state, that in him I nourished a serpent of the worst description in my bosom, and that he took advantage of that situation to pick my pocket of a very considerable sum. There was nothing true in the account he had given of himself in answer to our advertisement, except his statement of his university career, which was one-half correct—the half which related to his honours; the dishonourable part, containing an expulsion and other matters, he kept religiously to himself. ‘His worst he kept, his best he gave,’ as the poet sings; and I am sorry to say, recommends in addition. He certainly was, however, an admirable scholar, and taught my three boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, respectively, to make the neatest cigarettes that ever I saw, and to smoke them.

Our advertisement was answered many times after that without our getting suited. Mr Adams had, among other weaknesses, caused a domestic rupture between myself and my wife. She had the hardihood to observe, with reference to that young person, that what had occurred was all my doing; that she herself—she even went to that length—had seen how things would be from the beginning; and that I ‘ought to have known.’

‘Good,’ replied I; ‘in future, madam, you shall
Like that well-known political nobleman who has been said to be ready to undertake the superintendence of any department of war or science at ten minutes notice, my wife is impressed with a full sense of her universal fitness, and she accepted the post upon the instant. She examined the different candidates who presented themselves at the rectory, as teachers of the young idea, just as she was accustomed to interrogate the applicants for her household's situations—namely, with her hands behind her, and with an expression of countenance at once suspicious and patronising; it was long, therefore, before each party came to terms. Mr Joseph Buttatham, a washed-out individual of a whity-brown complexion, and with unreliable knees, was at last the lucky man. He was so young that he was not only whiskerless, but had not even the hint of a gingerwhisker; he could not be said to walk so accurately as to stumble; he termited his future pupils, to their great meritment, 'the byth', and when I asked him if he had ever taught boys before, he answered: 'The byth.'

Nevertheless, it is but right to say that Mr Buttatham fulfilled all the tutorial duties that were required of him; it was not in the bond that he should be a conversable companion to me, as well as a teacher of my children; still, after Mr Donaldson Adams, poor Buttatham did certainly seem a most uninteresting companion after the ladies had left the dinner-table, and not the less so, perhaps, that he had been chosen by my better-half. However, he was harmless, our dinner and our châtelaine in his hands were safe at least. He never came down to breakfast with a black eye in the morning, and the excuse that he had the misfortune to sleep on his flat. He was simplicity and guilelessness personified. For example, speaking to him one day of his chances of promotion in the church, for which profession he was steadily qualifying. I made use of the expression: 'If you play your cards well, you may be a bishop;' to which the picturesque young fellow rejoined: 'Ah, thir, but the misfortune is that I don't know how to play cordth.' Photography was his only joy. He took my own likeness from every possible point of view, in canons and in deshabille, on glass and on paper. He took my wife and daughter, and the three 'boys,' and the servants, full length and half length, full face and in profile, individually and in groups. My daughter Georgiana was instructed by him in this delectable art. Fool that I was, to think that all was simplicity and innocence, instead of being designs and camera obscura! One day—a capital day for photographing, what he called, in his absurd jargon, 'a white day,' but which I do not consider 'a white day' by any means—while he was taking a 'negative' of my daughter, he proposed to her at the same time, and she gave him an affirmative. The whole thing, as Mr Buttatham had the effrontery to tell me afterwards, was almost 'simultaneous' (another of his ridiculous terms); everything was then settled, except the consent of her parents—the drying process, I suppose—which they put off till after their wedding. Mr and Mrs Buttatham are now trying to a Westmoreland curacy the problem of a frugal marriage on £120 per annum; and they have already, to enhance the experiment, a couple of baby 'byths.'

**BRIDE-WAINS AND BIRTH-CAKES.**

From a very interesting paper called *Ancient Customs and Superstitions in Cumberland*, read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, by Mr Craig Gibson, we learn how it was possible to marry upon less than three hundred a year in the Lake country. 'The spots at these bride-wains were racing—by horses, donkeys, and men—wrestling, fencing, leaping, and other athletic games, of which the acquaintances have always been popularly fond, and in which they still excel. After the ceremony, these, with eating, drinking, and, of course, dancing, filled up the day and night; but the characteristic feature of these meetings was the manner of carrying out the object for which they were drawn together. The bride, seating herself in some conspicuous situation where she would be passed and seen by all the multitude of guests—say, on their way to or from the refreshment-tables—with a large wooden platter or pence dish in her lap, invited contributions from all and sundry. All contributed according to their means, and may very liberally; so that when the expenses were paid, a sum would remain sufficient to enable the pair interested to make a respectable start in housekeeping. Nor were these couples so poor, it seems, that they entertained their neighbours upon occasions of imper- ance. 'After marriages, we legitimately come to the customs connected with births. Of these, the only one I have remarked as being confined to Cumberland is the fashion of making, for the regalement of grooms and callers, a compound called room, or rum, bullet; I am not certain which name is correct. It is a concoction of butter, sugar, spirits, and spices; and when eaten in the orthodox manner, with crisp oat cake, is not so disagreeable as might be supposed. The quantity consumed in some cases has been such that the arrival of each new stranger, is something quite wonderful, especially to the more thinly peopled localities, where, as would easily be surmised, the number of congratulatory visits is always the greatest. The humble dwelling in the side of the fell dales, of a worthy clergyman who has reared tenone children on an annual income of less than £120, I witnessed the preparation and consumption of forty stones of this Cumberland charity, or twenty-eight pounds at the birth of each child.'

**CHILD-PHILosophY.**

Stern, the rain-drops as they fall.
Upon the summer leaves,
Are like the sad, low, whispered call
Of some soft voice that grieves.

Yes, brother, yes; no rain-drops fell
In Eden's happier years;
Till sin and sorrow broke the spell,
For they are angels' tears.

Sister, I often think at night,
When on the stars I look,
They seem like faces sweet and bright,
In a picture-book.

Yes, brother, yes; the stars look forth
From out the quiet skies,
And smile upon us in our sleep,
For they are angels' eyes.

Sister, the rainbow on the cloud,
Reflected in the sea,
So endless and so beautiful,
Is like eternity.

Yes, brother, yes; the rainbow's arch
Doth teach us wondrous things.
'Tis the light of God's own smile
Upon the angels' wings.

Sister, look on the calm blue sea,
And you fair line of light,
Is that the pathway to the sun,
Dear heaven's own portal bright?

O brother, yes; and may we rest
When we have ceased to roam,
For ever blessed, ever blest,
There, in the angels' home!
MY BABES IN THE WOOD,

Which was the title jocularly given in ours, to an interesting young family, reared this summer in a hole in the trunk of a venerable apple-tree, at the corner of the garden. Children, shall I tell you their history? 'beginning at the very beginning,' which you know you like?

It was towards the end of May, and our garden was becoming a perfect aviary. It is a very old-fashioned garden, stocked with ancient fruit-trees:

Apple and pear, and plum and cherry,

Or anything else to make us merry,

as many a bird sang, or meant to sing: with luxuriant undergrowth of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, running almost wild. In this paradise are admitted neither guns, nor traps, nor bird-nesting boys; so we presume it is well known to all our feathered neighbours; and that they mention it to one another privately—under the rose, or the hawthorn-bush—as 'a most desirable place for house-building.'

We had concerts gratis all day over, mingled with chirpings and squabblings among the sparrow's nest, the most quarrelsome birds alive; and a few inexplicable 'rows' of a general kind, after which a cuckoo would be seen flying, in her lazy, heavy way, from the scene of dispute, pursued by a great clamour of lesser birds. Mrs C, however, seemed indifferent to public opinion; would settle herself on a tree in the field, and indulge us with her soft, plaintive 'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' till she was tired.

Nest-building was at its height—namely, the tree-tops. The most important mansion was owned by a pair of anonymous birds—I believe of the thrush species, though they did not sing. They had gone about their domestic affairs so very quietly that the family were nearly fledged before the nest was discovered. Afterwards, for days, they gave me no little disquietude. I used to be disturbed at inconvenient seasons, from work or talk, by the misery of these big ungainly birds—they were nearly as large as pigeons—which kept flying frantically about the garden, and screeching discordantly, all because a curious but perfectly well-intentioned lad was peering into their nest. If my pet cat happened to lie in sleepiest innocence on the parlour window-sill, these indignant parents would swoop fiercely past him, close enough to have pecked his eye out, and sit screeching at him from the neighbouring tree. He never took any notice; but since my nature is weak, from the day that the nest was vacated, and more than one newly fledged youngster was seen hopping awkwardly about under the gooseberry-bushes, I was kept in mortal fear lest he should walk in at the window with a young thrush in his mouth. No such disaster happened; yet, I confess, that when the thrush family finally disappeared, it was a great relief to my mind.

My next friends were a pair of tom-tits, which took possession of a crack in the wall, underneath my bedroom-window. Their privacy was extreme. It was a mystery how they contrived to creep in and out of a hole, apparently not big enough to admit a large blue-bottle fly; and their little family must have been reared in very cramped lodgings. Nobody ever saw the young ones, for it would be impossible to get at them. Yet it was pleasant of a morning to watch the old birds flying to and fro, hanging a moment outside of the crack, and then popping in. They were very pretty birds—the papa especially—a most natty little fellow, delicately shaped, with a glossy blue-black head. After feeding-time was over, he used to go and sit on the nearest tree, in sight of his domestic establishment, brushing up his feathers, and singing 'tit, tit, tit,' the utmost he could do. When at last this worthy little couple vanished—children and all—I decidedly missed them from the crack in the wall.

But of all my garden families, the one most cared for was that I have to-day lost—my babies in the wood.

Let me resume their history.

It was about the end of May, when in my daily walk before breakfast—which you will find is the very best hour for observing birds or anything else in nature—I found that, whenever I passed a particular corner, I always startled some large bird, which flew away in alarm. At last I saw it—beck, head, and all, emerging from a hole in a half-decayed apple-tree. It was a black-bird.

'So, my friend,' said I, 'you are evidently bent on settling—a very laudable proceeding—and you shall not be disturbed.'

Therefore, though I passed the tree twenty times a day, and each time out flew a bird, for many days I generously abstained from taking any notice of the busy little house-builders. At last, after watching one of them scramble out of the hole—the hen-bird probably, as she was large, clumsy, and brownish; it really is hard that the female of most birds should generally be so much less good-looking than the male—I ventured to look in. There, with some difficulty, I saw, a foot or more deep in the hollow tree, four blush eggs.

Considering them now fairly settled in house-keeping, I took every opportunity that their shyness
allowed, of becoming acquainted with the new-comers. Soon I knew them well by sight, and they certainly had a fair chance of reciprocating the compliment. Gradually, they showed less fear; and though that peculiar cry, half twitter, half screech, which seemed used as a signal of alarm between the parents, was still uttered, it was not in that shrill pitiful anguish which really makes one feel that

To rob a poor bird of its young, or even to make it apprehensive on the point, almost transforms one, in one's own conscience, to an ogre killing a baby.

The old birds were a goodly pair. Mr. B., as I named him, was an uncommonly handsome little gentleman—jet-black, with the slenderest figure, the yellowest bill, the brightest eyes; quite a bear among black-birds. But with all his beauty, he was the most attentive of husbands, and the most cheerful and musical. He had great richness and variety of song, made distinct turns and trills; nay, I once heard him execute a distinct shake on two notes. His voice was very clear of singing. Lying awake one night I heard him begin with the dawn, loud as ever; and in showery weather, his exuberant carols lasted all day long.

But the treat of treats was to watch him perched on the topmost spray of a poplar, not yet in leaf, so that his delicate shape was clearly discernible against the sky; and listen to him in the still June evening, singing to his wife and family a song that almost brought the tears into one's eyes, to think there should be such a happy creature in the world.

Meantime, the world jogged on as it will; and all sorts of things were, week after week, happening to everybody in it, while, peaceful in his garden, which no doubt, he looked upon as his own personal property, currants, raspberry-bushes, and all—

That blithe and indefatigable bird,
Still his redundant song of love and joy preferred.

Mrs. B. I rarely saw—not even when looking dawn into the nest, though she was probably there all the while, brooding dusky and motionless over the four eggs. You may have noticed that nothing alive is so absolutely motionless as a hen-bird sitting on her nest. You may go up to her, almost put your hand upon her, and not a feather will stir; hardly a twinkle of the bright observant eye will betray her consciousness of your presence, or the maternal agony which at the last minute, and not till then, drives her away by the mere instinct of self-preservation from her rifled home. I wonder how any boy, who ever had a home and a mother, can take a bird's-nest.

I thought the eggs a long time hatching; but that was Mrs. B.'s affair, not mine. One fine morning, passing the apple-tree, I heard a chirp, weak and faint, but still the chirp of a living thing, and felt as pleased as—well, as most people are when silly, young, helpless things of any sort are newly introduced into the business of this world. But the parents flew about so wildly, and appeared in such a state of mind, that I had not the heart to frighten them further by looking into the nest. Next day, in their absence, I did so; and lo! four wide-open mouths—mouths and nothing else—stretched themselves up from the bottom of the hole, in true infantile fashion, clamorously demanding 'something to eat.'

'My young friends,' thought I, 'your papa and mamma are likely to have a busy life of it, if this is your behaviour on the second day of your existence.'

But the third, fourth, and all following days it was just the same. I never saw any young creatures—including kittens and babies—so incessantly eat preternaturally hungry. As soon as my step was heard passing, arose from the heart of the apple-tree that eager 'chirp, chirp, chirp,' and there were then four gaping beaks, or sometimes three, one being apparently had its worm and retired content—merely appealing to me for breakfast. Very flattering—to be mistaken for an old black-bird!

In process of time, my 'young family,' as they were called, grew wiser and less clamorous; but still, they always chirped when I looked in at the nest, and the parents, seeing no ill follow, became more at ease, even familiar. Many a morning, as I sat reading under a tree, about three yards off, Mrs. B. would come and sit on the bough within a few inches of her nursery, and hold a soft chirping conversation with her little ones, while her husband was practising his florid music on the topmost branch of the tree. They were a very happy family, I do think, and a parent to many unfeathered families far and near.

One night in June we had a terrific storm. The thunder, close overhead, rolled through the very dome like pecks of artillery; the rain came pouring through the roof and soaking in at the window-sills. We afterwards heard, with no great surprise, the churches struck, wheat-stacks burned up, and trees in the next garden blasted by the lightning; but amidst all these disasters, I grieve to confess, one of my most prominent thoughts was: What will become of my young black-birds? For their hole being open to the sky, I expected the torrents of rain would have filled it like a tub, and drowned them, poor little things, in their nest.

How this did not happen, I even now am puzzled to decide: whether the rain soaked safely through the wood, or the parents, turning their eyes into umbrellas, sat patiently over the opening of the hole till the storm was passed. But next morning, when I padded through the dripping garden to see if they were alive, there they were, all four, as pettily hungry as ever! And at noon, a stray musketeer piercing into their shadowy nursery, gave me a distinct vision of the whole family, sound asleep, packed tightly together with their heads on another's back, not a feather rustled—they had feathers now—among the whole brood. Who could they be for thunder-storms?

They now threw space. Once, coming around the corner, I saw on the edge of the hole a droppet little head, all beak and eyes, which looked about for a minute, and then popped down again. Doubtless, the eldest of the family, an advanced and inquisitive young bird, desiring to investigate the world for himself; and which he and the rest were probably well scolded by the old black-birds, on advice caution; for sometimes the silence in the nest was such that I thought they had all flown, I caught sight of the four little yellow bills and of twinkling eyes.

Still, one now might daily expect their departure and I own to an uncomfortable feeling at thought
the empty nest, until an incident happened which reconciled me to the natural course of things.

One morning, as our railway station, I overheard two of my neighbours conversing.

"Yes," said one, "they are very great annoyances in gardens. I shot this morning a fellow which no doubt had his nest somewhere near—a remarkably fine black-bird."

"Sir," I was just on the point of saying, "was it my black-bird?—have you dared to shoot my black-bird?" and a thrill of alarm, mixed with a sensation so fierce that I now smile to recall it, passed through me, and remained long after I became aware of the ridiculous impossibility of expressing it. If I could I have given 'a piece of my mind' to that stout middle-aged gentleman—who went on saying what a good shot he was, and how many birds he usually killed in his garden of a morning—be might not have gone into town to his office so composedly.

The wrong he did, however, was to some other 'young family,' not mine. I found them chirping away, neither fatherless nor motherless. Mrs B. was hopping, stout and matronly, among the apple-branches, while Mr B. was caroling his heart out in his favourite cherry-tree—where, probably, he feasted as contentedly as our gumpowder friend would on lamb and green peas in the merchants' dining-rooms.

My happy family! That was my last sight of their innocent enjoyment. The same evening, two warning voices insinuated cruelly: 'Your black-birds are flown.'

I denied it. Not ten minutes before, I had heard their usual sleepy chirp, before they were quiet for the night, at the bottom of the hole. I wanted proof.

'We can give it. We poked.'

'You didn't surely poke them with a stick?'

'No!' cried the accused criminals. 'But we dropped a gooseberry down into their hole. We heard it fall, and not a chirp—not a stir. Now, not even your black-birds could have received such an unexpected visitor—a large, hard, green gooseberry—without giving some sign of surprise. Depend upon it, they are flown.'

They were not. Next morning, I both heard and saw them again, snug as ever, or so I believed. But a few hours, taking advantage of the bright noon sunshine pouring direct on it, I looked deep down into the familiar hole. There was the nest, next and round, and there, in the middle of it, reigning in desolate grandeur, was the large gooseberry!

'My young family is gone!' said I, rather sadly, when, having peered in every garden-nook, and found no sign of them, I came indoors.

'O yes, they left the nest an hour ago. The boy helped them out. They had got to the top of the hole, and couldn't get further; so he just put his hand in and gave them a lift, and out they flew.'

'All four of them?'

'All four—and as big as their parents.'

And they have not been seen about the garden anywhere?'

'Nowhere. They just got out of the nest, and away they flew.'

So that is the end of my story.

I hope my 'young family' are enjoying themselves very much somewhere; that they find plenty of fruit, and worms, and sunny weather; above all, that they take care to keep out of the garden of my warlike neighbour taking his early morning rambles in company with a gun. But my garden, I confess, is a little duller than it used to be; and for some weeks to come, I shall probably prefer other corners of it to that which contains the empty cradle of my babes in the Wood.

ADVENTURES IN THE INDIAN REBELLION.

is almost all the published experiences of our suffering countrymen during the eastern mutiny, to behold them a small band of aliens, sprinkled over an immense tract of subdued country, about whose inhabitants they had little knowledge, and scarcely any care; content, so long as the profession of native obedience was made in bowing of heads and reading of arms, to believe all was well, and only not scouring the warnings of the more prudent, inasmuch as they seemed visionary rather than timid. The life of Europeans in India was, to say truth, for the most part frivolous and insinuous enough, and as the calamity which befell them was one of the most tremendous in the history of revolts, so perhaps the victims themselves were the least fitted, by previous experience, to bear it. It is almost unnecessary here to say that they never did bear it—both men and women—with a fortitude which would have become a sect of Stoics. A very few men, however, chiefly civilians, had long looked forward to the time when some such outbreak as the present must be occur, from causes of much older standing, and of much more real importance, than heterodox carriages or missionary colonies, but which at the same time it would have been inconvenient and expensive to rectify. One of these sagacious persons was Mr Edwards, judge of Benares, and late magistrate and collector of Budaso in Rohilcund, whose Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion we have now before us. Of this gentleman Sir Charles Napier writes in Magus and of government: 'As far as a not more than ordinary acquaintance gives means of judging, he is a man with most able and extended views of policy; and there is one who more staunchly protects the natives against injustice and insult, enough, and as the

* Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.
officials—without character or influence over their tenantry. These men, in a vast majority of instances, were also absentees, fearing or disliking to reside on their purchases, where they were looked upon as interlopers and unwelcome intruders. The ancient proprietors, the alienated estates which were again living as tenantry on the lands once theirs; by no means reconciled to their change of position, but maintaining their hereditary hold as strong as ever over the sympathies and affections of the agricultural body, were very ready and willing to join the cause of their feudal superiors in any attempt to recover their lost position and regain possession of their estates. The ancient landed proprietary body of the Budaun district were thus still in existence, but in the possession of persons who had succeeded them as landowners were possessed of sufficient influence or power to give me any aid in maintaining the public tranquillity. On the contrary, the very first people who came in to me, leaving us to our fate, was my only chance body, to whom I had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order. On the other hand, those who really could control the vast masses of the rural population were interested in bringing about a state of disturbance and general anarchy.

Mr Edwards determined to put in his lot with the rest of his fellow-countrymen, and with three or four companions and a faithful Afghan servant, Wazir Singh, fled across the Ganges towards Futtahgarh. After receiving much doubtful hospitality, chequered with one piece of real kindness from an old pensioner of the government, who refused any recompense for his hospitality in these terms: 'You are in far greater need than we are; we have a home, whereas you are wanderers in the jungle; but if ever your raj is restored, remember me and the little service I have been able to render you'; after many insults, only not breaking out into actual violence, the fugitives were attacked at a place where they had a small post of guards and gendarmerie. Mooltan Khan, assures them coolly that he pitied them from his heart, but that the people in a certain village wherein they have rested have determined to murder them; the little party mounted at once, and Mr Edwards beamed the only chance which he has the good fortune to have under him.

I was some way in front, and riding along by the wall of the enclosure in which the house was situated, and not far from the gate, when the mob opened fire upon me. About a dozen shots were fired at me. How I escaped I know not; but for the bullets were rapping into the wall all about me; but my horse, becoming very restive under the fire, plunged so much that they could neither hit him nor myself. Turning round to see what was going on behind me, I saw Mr Donald senior, without his hat, trying to get out of the crowd, and a number of men rushing in upon Mr Gibson and striking at him with swords and sticks.

I now noticed Mooltan Khan and our escort galloping off, having learnt the way the way they had set out with, and not being able to attempt to rejoin them; so I called out to Mr Donald senior, to follow me, and drawing my revolver, put my horse right at the crowd as hard as I could go. They gave way, run right out, and I passed close to poor Mr Gibson: I shall never forget his look of agonies, as he was ineffectually trying to defend himself from the ruffians who were swarming round him. I could render him no aid, and was only enabled to save myself through the activity and strength of my horse. Once or twice, I was on the point of being swallowed up by some of the fellows, but refrained; thinking that threatening them with my pistol was more likely to deter them, as when once a barrel was discharged, they might close in upon me, fancying that I could no longer hurt them.

Mr Edwards and two others arrive safe—if that word can be used of any man under such circumstances—at Diurumpore, Hurdeo Baba's fort, where they find a large body of fugitives from Futtahgarh. All the party, however, with the exception of Mr and Mrs Probyn, their four little children, and Mr Edwards himself, were happy enough to be in the midst of the 10th native infantry, and are all measured (save two), either in their passage down the river to Cawnpore, or afterwards at that dreadful place. The mutineers insist that Hurdeo Baba shall give up his unhappy guests to their destitute dependents. The Rajput chief gives his right hand to Mr Edwards, and pledges his honour for their safety—only at the same time requesting them to leave the fort to a village three miles off, where some connections of his own and party reside.

'We accordingly gathered together our bedding and a few things for the four children, and started: Mrs Probyn carrying one child, I, the baby, Wazir Singh a third as well as my gun, and Probyn's servant the fourth child. Probyn himself loaded guns and ammunition. How thankful did I feel at that moment that my wife and child were, as I hoped, safe in the hills, and that I had to face alone the alarms and dangers of the village, all being yet asleep. One of the thakooars round up the chief man, a wild-looking Abeer, who pointed to us a wretched hovel, which he said was for the Probyns. It was full of cattle, and very filthy; the mud and dirt were over our elbows, and the eaves still firing.

'My heart sank within me, as I looked round in this desolate, hopeless scene. I laid down the baby on the bare ground of a little hut; the window was open, and on which a child of one of the soldiers was fast asleep. Poor Mrs Probyn, for the first time since our troubles commenced, fairly broke down, and wept at the miserable prospect before us; the children were about and yelling. We remonstrated with the thakooars, saying: 'If there is no better place for us than this, you had better kill us at once, for the children cannot live here more than a few hours—they must perish.' In the mean time I had looked round, to see if any arrangement could possibly be made for sheltering them, and observing a little place on the roof of one of the huts, pointed it out to Wazir Singh; he immediately scrambled up, and having examined it, called out to me it was empty, clean, and dry, and the place seemed compared with the place below. I mounted up with his assistance, and was overjoyed to find a little room, clean and sweet, and with apparently a water-tight roof.'

Here these eight persons (Wazir Singh being still with them) established themselves, and remained for a long period surrounded by the saving water. From this place, Mr Edwards is enabled to send his letters, each enclosed in a small quill, so as to look in the mouth of this snake, to his wife at Nims Tal, and to a friendly native at Bareilly.

'I had but a small scrap of paper—half the by-line of Brydges on the 119th Psalm, which happily fitted with us—on which to write both names. I ate a bit of a fish I had, and only the stump of a lead-pencil, of which the lead was so nearly exhausted, that only a'
little storm remained quite loose. I at once commenced my writing; in the middle, the little atom of lead fell out, and I was in despair. At last, after much searching in the dust of the mud-floor, I found it, and contrived to fix it in its place sufficiently to enable me to finish two very brief notes, about one inch square, which was all the man could consult about his person, or would consult, as it was reported that the rebels were in the habit of searching all travellers for letters or papers, and had already killed several who were discovered with English letters on them.

"When the notes were ready, I got a little milk, and steeped them in it, to make the writing indelible, and then put them out to dry in the sun on a wall just outside my room. In an instant a crowd pounced on me and carried it off—it was that for my wife. I, of course, thought it was gone for ever, and felt heartbroken with vexation; as I had no more paper, nor any means or hope of getting any, on which to write another note. Wuzee Singh had, unknown to me, several envelopes, determined to embark for Cawnpore—and after a long chase of about an hour, saw the bird drop it, and recovering it, brought it back to me unimjured.'

The poor little baby was of course the first to sink in the terrible privation to which the party now became subject; to save it was impossible: 'our fear was if he died in Runjoorah, it would be impossible to get a dry spot in which to bury him—all the country being flooded to a considerable depth, except the site of the station. A little after this, another of the children perished.

On Sunday, August 2d, there arrives an unexpected visitor. 'I was roused this morning before dinner by a noise in the enclosure, and on looking up saw a tall specter-like figure standing before me, naked except a piece of cloth wrapped round his waist, much emaciated, and dripping with water. I recognised him as young Mr Jones, who, Hurdeo Bukhah had informed us, had been saved from the boat captured by the scoundrels.' He has a story to tell enough to curdle the blood of any listener, but we have no room to repeat it here.

On the ensuing day the messenger from Nynce Tal came, with his welcome answer; he had conveyed Mr. Edwards's letter to his wife in the interior of a bamboo walking-stick, and knowing that this would be most likely seized and examined, he cracked it across half-way up, so that if taken from him and broken, the letter, and all the portion in which the letter was concealed remain sound and escape detection.' All this occurred exactly as had been anticipated, and the little note reached its destination. The messenger related that the lady was dressed in black when she received it but immediately afterwards went away and put on a white dress.

On Sunday, August 30, after passing some three months in hiding, the fugitives, now consisting of six Europeans, determined to embark for Cawnpore—by this time recouped by the British—in a boat provided for them by Hurdeo Bukhah. During the first twenty miles of their course down the Rangunca, they ran little risk, as the chief's influence was such that they could protect them; for thirty miles beyond, and after the junction of that river with the Ganges, their danger was great indeed: they pass by the scene of the massacre of the Futtugbrh fugitives, still inhabited by the murderers, with beating hearts; they reach a ferry where the stream narrowed very dangerously. 'Except the boat at this and other ferries, there was nothing floating on the Ganges. Instead of the fleets which for the last fifty years had been passing up and down without intermission, not one which had escaped from Futtugbrh, and of whose fate we were in the utmost ignorance. The unusual sight of a boat running secretly from Cawnpore to Tirowhah Pulee, and containing a number of armed men on the roof and deck, attracted immediate attention, and we hardly dared to hope that we could safely pass this ferry. As we approached the place, our guards got their cartridge-boxes handy, and their powder-horns by them, all ready if required.

'We were, as we expected, challenged and asked who we were, and told to stop and pull inshore. The skakoor replied that he was taking his family down to Tirowhah Pulee, and could not stop of people called out: "You have Feringhees (English) concealed in that boat; come ashore at once." Feringhees on board," was the ready answer of the skakoor, Pirhtee Pal; "I wish we had, and we should soon dispose of them, and get their plunder." "Stop, and ashore," was repeated; but by this time, owing to the rapidity of the stream, we had floated past.'

Upon Dhiunsa Singh, a friend of Hurdeo Bukhah, who was one of the fugitives, and whose loyalty was relied upon to bring the news to the others, they half expected to find the party went to Cawnpore itself in the latter part of this perilous voyage. In a desolate spot opposite this man's territory they wait for hours in a most terrible state of anxiety and suspense, but at last he comes in person and joins their company; his guards, who still continued under his orders, that the passengers within are his own family being taken down to a famous bathing-place close to Cawnpore. The enemy upon the bank, however, are often unsatisfied with this, and insist upon having a reply from the chief himself, whose personally harsh and powerful voice never fails to convince them of his identity. 'On we went without interruption for some miles, where the snow carrying our close inshore on the right bank; we came, on rounding a point suddenly, on some of the chief's servants, some bathing, some sitting on the bank. On Dhiunsa Singh replying in the usual manner to their challenge, what was our delight and surprise to hear the party, who were completely deceived about us, earnestly warn Dhiunsa Singh not to proceed much further down the river, as he would in that case inevitably fall into the hands of the Gora log (Europeans), who were in force in Bithoor, and would kill all in the boat. Dhiunsa Singh, with presence of mind, affected great alarm at this intelligence, and winking coolly at me as I lay inside the covering, eagerly inquired of those ashore where our troops were posted, and how far we could proceed down the stream with safety, and then shifted the question and then, saying he would avoid that point, and cross to the Oude side of the stream, the told the ravers to give way. We shot rapidly away, and thus escaped a most imminent danger. So near were we to the party on shore that Phobyn and I each caught up one of the children and kept our hands on their mouths, lest they might speak or cry out, which would have betrayed us at once, and we must have lost.'

In passing Bithoor, they had another narrow escape; but at length Cawnpore itself is seen in the distance. 'Soon after, we came upon a packet of Sikhs posted near the old magazine. This was the most joyful sight our eyes had seen for many a weary day and night. The party, not imagining that by any possibility they could get off, cried out to all the boats down to oppose us, and were capping their muskets to fire, when Wuzee Singh hailed them in their own dialect, informing them who we were. The native officer in command, and all the men, then came forward to congratulate us on our escape; at which they seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been our own countrymen. They told us to drop down the stream until we came to the camp where our troops were intrenched, which we should know by a steamer being
hour reached the landing. After some trouble, owing to the violence of the wind and strength of the current, we succeeded in making our boat fast to another alongside the steamer. Then, indeed, with grateful and overflowing hearts, we stepped on shore, feeling that at last we were saved and among our own countrymen.'

Surely never was a more exciting voyage than this, or one with a more delightful termination. We have no doubt that this part of the book will be the most eagerly devoured by the public; but the whole volume, from beginning to end, is interesting in a very high degree.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

III. THE TRAVELLERS' REST.

The door of the Travellers' Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in furiously; and the wind, whistling along the wide passages of the old-fashioned public-house, disturbed the whist-players, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the little bar-parlour. Mrs Dawson, from her sanctum (the bar), where she sat in attendance on her customers, observed this, and called out to the servant:

'Bet, my lass, thou must shut the front-door; we shall ha' no more visitors to-night for certain; nobody would venture out in such a storm; so get thy supper, and to bed wi' thee—thou hast to rise early to-morrow. If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' fair-day folk here by seven o'clock.'

Betty went to obey her mistress's orders, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out: 'A ghost, a ghost!' she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance.

'A ghost! why, what does the silly wench mean?' said Mrs Dawson, as she put her knitting down, and came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the passage, she might have echoed Betty's cry—that is, if she, too, had been given to a belief in ghosts—for there, leaning for support with one hand on each doorpost, stood a figure ghastly to behold—a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his hair matted and dishevelled; shoeless; and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with snow. At last, the mountebank had reached the Travellers' Rest, whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

'Bless me!' cried the landlady, 'here's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of the showfolks, I see. Come in, good man; don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished.'

'The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few steps; uttered, in a hoarse whisper, the word 'water,' when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downwards.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber came to a sudden close, and the village doctor, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other members of the whist-party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlour, where he was deposited on the sofa. Joe Ostler, and Betty too, now that her fears of 'the ghost' were dispelled, hastened to offer their services in his behalf.

'The blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of 'wash pork-nug,' Mrs Dawson!' such were the doctor's hurried orders; in compliance with which, the persons addressed disappeared instantaneously, and returned anon with the appliances above named. Every one present leading a hand, the hot blankets were quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth and eyes were sponged successively for many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

'I'm afraid the poor fellow's gone,' said the sympathising Mrs Dawson.

'No, no!' replied the doctor, 'but he's in imminent danger; he has burst a blood-vessel, from over-exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of the neagus;' so saying, he slowly poured a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him, for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces round his couch; the doctor took this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having left the stranger in as easy a posture as he could, begs to make his arrangements for the night. Taking the patient's dangerous condition into consideration, he resolved to sit up with him all night. Mrs Dawson and Joe Ostler volunteered to watch too; and we agreed upon that, six in the morning, they should be relieved by the other members of the party. The good-natured trio of card-players had remained all night; but this the doctor would by no means allow; so, with many kind wishes for the invalid's speedy recovery, they took their departures. Betty retired to rest; and Mrs Dawson brought the doctor a stiff tumbler of his favourite bevage (brandy and water, hot); also a glass of strong rum punch for Joe, 'to help him to watch.' It didn't produce the desired effect though; for Joe, too, sat with a hard day's work—he was older, boot-sorer, and waiter, too, sometimes—after toasting the steaming potion, leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep. Mrs Dawson employed herself in bottling a stockling, and sipping green tea; the doctor, with his head on the fender, was soon deeply slumbering in newspaper politics; and the mountebank struggled uneasily. This was the state of affairs in the little bar-parlour until three o'clock, when suddenly the patient started up, seized a chair which stood him, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming in a hoarse voice:

'Bravo, bravo, Alfy! A capital pose that! Da, ha! We shall soon eclipse Blesley and Sons! Bingo! Now, little Midgkins, it's your turn! Now it's somersault! Here goes!'

Sitting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through a large looking-glass which hung over the mantelpiece; when the doctor, being on the alert, with a lucky kick on the shins, and by their united efforts, they wrested the chair from him, and forced him to lie down.

'Joe,' said the doctor, 'run across the road; the surgery-bell as loud as you can till my yarn answers it, and tell him to send me a comp'd draught.'

Joe hastened away on his mission, while the doctor and Mrs Dawson held the patient down, and that with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in
vain. He trembled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boy—his darling—about hunger—poverty—snow—the workshop—death.

Joe reappeared with the draught; this the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied to the patient’s burning lips, with, ‘Come, drink, my man, drink! a glass will drown cares.’

The mountebank shook his head; but, on hearing the landlady in a kindly tone add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said quietly: ‘Well, well, Agnes, if you wish me to take it, I will;’ and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous: the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquilly.

At the appointed hour, the gentlemen who had promised to relieve the watchers assembled at the Travellers’ Rest. Mrs Dawson, however, declared that she ‘didn’t feel fatigued—that it wasn’t worth while to go to bed, for the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour or two, and that she would rather stay up.’ So said the doctor too, and Joe agreed with them.

‘Bring breakfast, then, for the party, at my expense,’ cried Hopkins, the exexcise; ‘and let it be of the best.’

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty to assist her, and the breakfast was quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which all present did ample justice. As the meal drew towards a conclusion, the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting-posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with marked satisfaction.

‘Well, my man,’ said the worthy doctor, ‘you’ve had a tolerably long nap; now, take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm.’

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered, but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, when, with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday’s incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. ‘This is the Travellers’ Rest, then,’ said he. ‘Don’t you remember me, Mrs Dawson? You used to call me Bellphogor, because, like him, I was a mountebank, and, like him, I had one wife and one family. So it is, I declare,’ replied Mrs Dawson; ‘it’s the father of them two lovely boys as were here last fair.’

At the mention of his boys, the sick man’s face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped for breath. ‘My children—are they safe?’

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every present. The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of the tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak: ‘We’ll hope so, my good friend.’

‘Hope? Are they not here? Speak!—quick! quick! quick! You won’t answer me. O my boys! That—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!’

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman; he hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope—which he certainly did not feel—that the children would be found safe, and promised that everything possible should be done for them.

‘It’s my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!’ roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door from a light cart.

‘There’s Tom Whitlock!’ exclaimed the mountebank, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

‘Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?’ cried the Yorkshireman; ‘I be not glad to see thee, man: what’s up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hase been badly?’

‘Your cart—it’s empty, isn’t it?’ was the hurried reply.

‘Ay, for sure,’ said Tom. ‘I unloaded t’ goods down t’ fair ground, and now I’m for putting Toney into t’ stable here.’

The party, having followed the patient to the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend’s disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones, but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank’s having some refreshment before he started. But he could not; so he and Tom were each supplied with a dram to keep out the cold; the excise then lent his large blue cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied him with a thick woollen comforter; Joe Ostler produced his Sunday boat and stockings, and a warm, sleeveless waistcoat; and Mrs Dawson contributed a pair of trousers and a hat that had belonged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on, he should be detained by main force, the mountebank, reluctantly, consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although his impatience during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the ostler threw in a bundle of horse-clothes and a spade.

‘Now, Toney, old lass, as quick as thee canst!’ shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travellers’ Rest, except its mistress, followed; not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travellers had proceeded nearly four miles without finding any traces of those whom they sought, when suddenly the mountebank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionless, except a quick, nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth—hastily clutched the doctor’s arm, whispering: ‘See! see!—there!’ The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothing to his gaze but an unbroken surface of snow; his vision was not sharpened by parental love and fear. The father now attracted Tom’s attention to the same spot, and bade him drive that way.

‘See! see!’ said he—‘there!’

‘A sna-drift, loikely,’ replied Tom. ‘Keep up thy heart, mun; we’ll soon see what it is. Get along, Toney! Gee! gee! lass!’

As they neared the place, every one perceived, instead, a mound of snow, perfectly covered by the appearance of a grave; and to complete the resemblance, there stood a headstone.

‘On! on!’ said the father. ‘O Tom, drive on! How slowly we get along!’

At last they stopped; the mountebank pushed aside the hands extended to assist him, leaped wildly out of the cart, and stood for a moment silently contemplating their grave. Joe took the spade, and began removing the tall white heap that looked so like a headstone. In a little while, having shovelled away a quantity of snow, the top of a large drum became visible: at sight of this, the mountebank’s face was alternately flushed and pale, pale and flushed. Keen anxiety marked the countenances of the whole party, and all eyes were so intently fixed on Joe’s operations, that none had observed a recent addition to their number. It was a woman—young, fair, and of an
'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; missed, to Shakespear. With the subjects of our tale the tide had now set in, and that which all their professional talent had failed to achieve, accident painted for them—notoriety, the very life of public prosemen, was in what its hand affectionately inscribed, she said: 'Husband!' The effect of that one word was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose pent-up grief was driving him to the very verge of insanity, was now relieved of a corporeal burden. 'Gently, gently,' cried he, as Joe began to dig away the snowy mound which, it was now certain, covered his children—'gently! Don't disfigure my pretty darlings.'

'Joe threw the spade down, tenderly drew away with his hands the remainder of the snow, and revealed to the expectant parents the lifeless forms of their dear offspring. There they lay, as in a tranquil sleep. Alfy's right arm encircled his little brother's neck; his left hand grasped firmly the Thames of the old coast, in which they were enveloped, and it was evident that to the last the loving boy had striven to pull the garment tightly round Midgkins to shield him from the cold.

'Gentle, gentle!' cried poor father, with a groan of anguish: 'I know it.'

Mother fell on her knees beside her little ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. The doctor lost not a moment in parrying, but stopping down Alfy's frozen limbs, 'Joe!' he exclaimed abruptly, 'the wine! Look sharp! There's hope yet.'

What sweet music was in that simple sentence! Music that stayed the torrent of mother's tears, and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Husband's words were quickly put to use, and employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their earnest endeavours were crowned with success; for anon, Alfy half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his tender bending anxiously over him, he said—somewhat indistinctly as one speaks in a dream: 'Father, have you come to fetch us?'

'Yes, my love—yes,' replied father.

'But where's Midgkins?' murmured Alfy. 'I thought I had my arms round him,' interrupted the doctor; 'but, no more talking now; wait till you're stronger.'

'Look! he's breathing freely, and moves his hands,' said mother, referring to Midgkins, to whom she and father had been directing their care and attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-cloths, and desiring their parents to get into the vehicle, he placed the little ones in their arms, and whispered to Tom to drive on, as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done before he could pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, he dreaded the effects of the keen morning air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken as it had been by the excitement of recent events. Arrived at the Travellers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the behalf of the distressed family—warm baths, good beds; in short, all that her house afforded. Mrs Dawson freely placed at the doctor's disposal for their advantage, and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that his patients now required was plenty of 'kitchen physic,' seconded by good nursing.

These two important adjuncts to the physician's skill were not wanting on the present occasion, for the kind landlady was indefatigable in her superintendence of broths and jellies for the invalids; and as for nursing, why, mother was there. The consequences were, that in a few days the doctor discontinued his visits.
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their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in short, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank Al.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.
CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

In thus resuming our article upon the fine Anglo-Saxon antiquities possessed by Sir Mayer of Liverpool, we must not omit to notice one or two other points in relation to the excavations at Gilton, before we proceed to some description of Mr. Faussett's interesting labours at Kingston Down and Bishopsbourne.

His Gilton researches brought to light a set of scales and weights; the former small, and not unlike handles, and other ornaments of the same period. Mr. Rosch Smith considers that they were used for weighing the numerous varieties of foreign coin, both gold and silver, which must necessarily have been current in Britain, in the early Anglo-Saxon times. The weights were broken up in number, of copper and of different sizes. A few of these had been originally Roman coins, and had been clipped, or ground, to adjust them to variations of weight; others had been converted into rings to be worn as ornaments. In the same grave with these relics, the usual weapons of war were found; thus suggesting, as Mr. Rosch Smith well observes, that the occupant had laid by the implements of his early vocation to follow a more peaceful and civilizing profession. Another object found in one of the graves consisted of part of a small pail or bucket. Mr. Faussett conjectured that it had originally formed portions of a shield; but the discovery of a large number of much more perfect specimens since his time, in various parts of England and on the continent as well, has cleared up the point completely. They are always found in the graves of men. The staves, generally speaking, are formed of ash—the favourite wood of the Anglo-Saxons; and the hoops, handles, and other ornaments of the vessel, of brass or bronze, and in extremely good taste. A beautiful specimen is given in the plates of Mr. Ackerman's valuable work, Remains of Pagan Saxondom; and both he and Mr. Wright consider that they were formed of wood, and considered that the hoop was thought to be the most artistic. The ancient Britons thus appear to have been very particular in the choice of their drinking-cups, by the reputation or taping bottom, which fits them for the hand, but unites them for standing upright. This was a favourite shape for the Anglo-Saxon drinking-cup, as we may see by the illumination on the same manuscripts which have come down to our time, and that these existed in abundance, we may judge by the number found in all tumular excavations of the Anglo-Saxon period. Towards the close of the last century, as many as thirty were found at one time at Wodensborough in Kent; but so little value was set upon them, that they were used commonly in the kitchen of the farm upon which they were found. Only one of them, therefore, has reached our time. There was another form of drinking-cup, quite peculiar to the Saxons, and fabricated of glass—that in which they are adorned with two rows of hollow protuberances or claws, for the purpose of handles perhaps. They are more curious than elegant; but the type was spread over a wide area, from Ireland to France and Germany, so it is probable that glass-making was carried on, contemporaneously, in the three countries. One great mistake was made by Mr. Faussett and other antiquaries of his period: they considered that the peculiar characteristic of so much ancient glass, was due to an artificial coating of what they called, in somewhat alchemist style, electrum and armatura; whereas this variation of colour proceeded simply from parts of the glass was rapidly retarded by the nature of the soil in which the glass had been deposited. In the case of Saxon glass, this change of colour is more marked than in that of Roman glass, as both it and the Saxon pottery were in all respects decidedly inferior.

Kingston Down, the next scene of Mr. Faussett's excavations, forms part of a lovely tract of country called Barham Downs, a ridge of chalky upland lying about five miles south of Canterbury. The tumuli crowned a hill about the little village of Kingston which, with its pleasant farms and fields, its rivulet or bourn, its lanes, its rich woodlands, and what has been spared from the plough of the tracts of high-lying chalk, is the pleasantest and most delightful to choose for a long summer's holiday. Here, in the years 1776–71–72–73, Mr. Faussett excavated no less than 308 graves; and the result was, in some few cases, remarkable. From what we may gather, it appears to have been the cemetery of a more rural population than that of Gilton; as compared with the number of graves, fewer warlike weapons were found. Fewer bodies had been encoffined—a circumstance which in itself points to a period either anterior to the introduction of Christianity, or in

passage in Beda's Ecclesiastical History, who therein relates that Benedict, bishop of Wearmouth, had to procure men from France to glaze the windows of his church and monastery, English historians, till quite a recent date, repeated the worthless fiction, that the manufacture of glass was unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. Even Sharon Turner gives this fable in his own way, forgetting, that Beda's weight was well as Beda himself, dwelt on a remote north-eastern shore of England, from whence it was much easier to send by ship in search of workmen to France, than to cross miles of trackless morass and dense forests to the tidal defile of Soissons, in France. Two centuries after, during the middle ages, the counties of Lincoln and Cambridgeshire were indebted to their sea-board position for the magnificence of the brasses and stained-glass which still distinguish their churches, and which were supplied to them by the glass-wrights of France and Germany.
the infancy of its promulgation; and the majority of burials seem to have been those of women and young persons—a fact perhaps explained by the withdrawal of the adult male population for the exigencies of war. A good many graves contained less than three or four stones, and perhaps a rusty flake of flint, a few beads, or other appendages of equally homely character. But, generally speaking, the Saxon cemeteries were used by an affluent people, according to what was then considered as wealth. The question, therefore, is whether the vast majority of the more prosperous—the vast majority of those who were serfs either through the fortunes of war, necessity, crime, or birth? Mr. Akerman very justly observes, that even allowing for the obvious destruction of many Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, and the different, the more modest, which, long swept away by spade or plough, may still lie undiscovered beneath arable and pasture lands, there certainly exists no proportion between the places of burial and the known amount of population. The cemeteries received the bodies of those who were in any degree removed from indigence; but we may be certain that for a long period the great mass of the unfree were thrust beneath the sod of the next pasture, or amidst the leaves and brushwood of the adjacent forest. With the formation of churchyards in the eighth century, and from the care which the clergy took, for their own sakes, to convince the population of all classes that salvation was to be insured by burial in consecrated ground, a better state of things slowly grew; and however much the propinquity of such receptacles to houses is to be deplored early in the middle ages, and giving rise to pestilent disease, there can be little doubt that the gathering together for ages of the dust of blemish poor and rich had a civilising and beneficial effect.

Mr. Faussett's Kingston excavations had already been productive of some beautiful objects, when, upon the 5th of August 1771, his labours were rewarded by the discovery of the magnificent fibula already spoken of. The grave in which it was found was the 206th of these Kingston excavations, and it was of unusual size and depth. It was that of a female, the wife, probably, of some wealthy thane, whose child seems to have been the object of his whole affection. The coffin had been of great thickness, and secured at the corners with large clamps and riveted pieces of iron. The skeleton was small, the bones much decayed, and the skull indifferently developed. The fibula was found beside the right shoulder, and the fillet entirely preserved. The fibula proper, that is, the gold, is three and a half inches in diameter, and weighs between six and seven ounces. The stones with which it is set are garnet and turquoise—the white substance with which these are varied being apparently mother-of-pearl—and the effect of the garnets is heightened by layers of gold-foil. The reverse of the fibula is also richly decorated; and its safety is provided for by a loop by which it could be sewn to the dress. No mere written description can give an adequate idea of this costly relic of the Anglo-Saxon age; and as there is nothing Roman about it, beyond perhaps the effect of indirect influence, so far as manipulation went, it gives us perfectly new ideas as to the original taste of the Saxons in certain directions, and assures us that their fame as smiths in iron and more costly metals was well deserved. Mr. Roach Smith is decidedly of opinion that this and other fibulas of a like character, as well as other Anglo-Saxon ornaments, were of home-manufacture, as none of the Frankish or German ornamentation shews a like excellence; and he further adds, that these richly ornamented circular fibulae seem peculiar to Kent. They are sparingly and exceptionally found beyond the districts occupied by the earlier Saxon settlers.

In a previous grave, a fibula of silver set with ivory and garnets, and a pendant ornament of gold enriched with the like stones, were found; while a subsequent excavation brought to light another beautiful fibula, smaller, but set somewhat in the same manner. The grave we have first referred to in these Kingston excavations, contained, beside its master-piece of the silver fibula, perhaps a rusty flake of flint, a few beads, or other appendages of equally homely character. But, generally speaking, the Saxon cemeteries were used by an affluent people, according to what was then considered as wealth. The question, therefore, is whether the vast majority of the more prosperous—the vast majority of those who were serfs either through the fortunes of war, necessity, crime, or birth? Mr. Akerman very justly observes, that even allowing for the obvious destruction of many Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, and the different, the more modest, which, long swept away by spade or plough, may still lie undiscovered beneath arable and pasture lands, there certainly exists no proportion between the places of burial and the known amount of population. The cemeteries received the bodies of those who were in any degree removed from indigence; but we may be certain that for a long period the great mass of the unfree were thrust beneath the sod of the next pasture, or amidst the leaves and brushwood of the adjacent forest. With the formation of churchyards in the eighth century, and from the care which the clergy took, for their own sakes, to convince the population of all classes that salvation was to be insured by burial in consecrated ground, a better state of things slowly grew; and however much the propinquity of such receptacles to houses is to be deplored early in the middle ages, and giving rise to pestilent disease, there can be little doubt that the gathering together for ages of the dust of blemish poor and rich had a civilising and beneficial effect.

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savages, and the provincial museums, especially those of the north and north-west departments, give a curious insight into this habit of heathenism; and in other parts of our country as well. Wold's "Voyage to Britain"—a most delightful little volume—we find that weighty collars, bracelets, and other articles in gold, are still occasionally found in tumular excavations, especially in the wild region covered by the stones of Carnac, and swept by the surges of the Atlantic. In Ireland, accident, as well as research, has brought to light from time to time extraordinary treasuries in wrought gold, as the single collection of the late Mr Croker would have shewn; and Scotland, with so much native gold as she originally possessed, fabricated largely for her own races, as well, doubtless, as spared much to distant heathenisms. Of the amount of gold in a rudely wrought state found in this latter country, some idea may be gathered from one of the most readable books we know of in the whole range of antiquarian literature, Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," though we decidedly doubt the logic of its subdivisions into material periods.

This similar habit of the Saxons to bury treasure where they thought the worth of the material of which it was fabricated would be of least value, and thus the facility of stealing gold and silver drawn from general use. At length some conviction of the mischief done to society by this habit led to its reprobation, and also to severe laws against the concealment of treasure-trove. But two things which, as well as the accession, were novel for a considerable period this growth of common sense: these were the barbarous love of ornament, and the case with which articles like coins, gems, and rings could be concealed and carried from place to place; and so, as well as the danger, was willing to realise their gains in a fashion as practical as possible. The dignity of each petty king—and for a considerable period each division of Saxon England seems to have had several—was marked by a circle of gold worn round the head, that of the saxon or ducal by a sign; and the free women wore gold, silver, and jewelled pins in the long hair which was the sign of their freedom. After the promulgation of Christianity, the gifts of the laity to the clergy became enormous, and, not content with adornment and with few exceptions, to the heathen period. One monk was made an abbot on account of his skill in gold-work. The hermits belonging to the king or chief commander, not only arms and dresses, but gold and silver cup and rings of precious stones, as well as the relics presented by the monks were vast. The signal will bequeath a large amount of jewels. We read of a golden fly beautifully adorned with gems, of gold incrusted bracelets, golden head-beads and necklaces. The men wore winged ornaments more profusely than the women. Besides armlets and rings, gold and silver were also applied to their sword-hiltts, their saddles and banners. The wills also make continual mention of silver cups, gold dishes, and engraved, engraved on the outside with vine-dresses, probably, from the design, a relic of the Roman period; and the magnificent presents in gold and silver which the father of King Alfred took with him in his embassy to Rome must have been of enormous value. One Etheelwould, in Edgar's reign, is said to have made a silver table worth £800 in the money of the period.

The question naturally arises, whence did this enormous amount of the precious metals come? Silver was in a great measure an import commodity, but gold was the earliest metal known, and in early times there can be little doubt, found in this country in great abundance. Early in the historic ages, though its prolific sources had been worked out by races prior to the advent of the Romans. The hope, however, of obtaining the precious metals was one, among other causes, which led to the invasion of this country, and they seem to have subsequently been worked in localities. "We have no evidence as to gold-working in the Anglo-Saxon times," says Mr Calvert, in his clever book, "The Gold Rocks of Britain;" "still it is probable that it was yet found in small quantities. It could be obtained from streams and occasionally in nuggets and scales from the rivers of Wales and North Britain." Analysis shows that the gold found in tumular excavations, is metal obtained from river-washings. The stones are always of very pure gold, and, beingsoft, could be more readily worked; for alloys, that might add to the weight or strength of the metal, are the invention of a later period; hence the avidity with which tumular gold has always been sought for. The Saxon or Danish barrow was a treasure-house to kings and noble; and the smelting-pots of far later days have had things consigned to them, whose value, in a historical point of view, was incalculable.

Amongst the greatest rarities of the Kingston excavations, were five large ivory combs: one had been mended, and two were in almost a perfect state, and much like those which are found amongst Roman remains. In one woman's grave were found two ivory spindles; in another, four Roman spindles, were found in a poor state of fine coraline earth. Much of this beautiful pottery seems to have been preserved by the Saxons; and some has descended to our own time. Mr Rosch Smith mentions in his notes, that "it is not an uncommon incident to find, from that time, day here and there in cottages and country-houses in Kent." The sherds of bone-urns, or ossuaries, were found in considerable numbers in both the Milton and Kingston excavations. Many were subjected to the same treatment as the others; but one within the other—the upper in the lower—and this with a regularity and care which could not have been the result of accident. They were usually of coarse black earth, varying in size; and their existence shows clearly the importance of the Anglo-Saxon cemeteries had been in previous use during the Roman as well as the Romano-British period, and while burning the corpse and garnering its ashes was the ordinary custom. Cremation, or burning, was also a usage of the Teutonic races so long as paganism existed among them; and some curious facts connected with the urns dug up in Norfolk in the reign of Charles II., and which were the subject of Sir Thomas Browne's curious tract "Hydrocephales," show clearly that a body of Saxons were burned in the part of Britain as early as the close of the third century. In fact, the Saxons drove, as far as possession went, a wedge into this country, whenever and however they could; and the whole south and south-eastern shore—from what is now Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk, was, as Mr Kemble shews, more or less colonised by the Saxon race from a very early period. Thus eating their way, as it were, into the heart of a country, whose inhabitants, with the country which they occupied, were engraven on the outside with vine-dresses, probably, from the design, a relic of the Roman period; and the magnificent presents in gold and silver which the father of King Alfred took with him in his embassy to Rome must have been of enormous value. One Etheelwould, in Edgar's reign, is said to have made a silver table worth £800 in the money of the period.
districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Derbyshire. Cremation appears to have been the sole observance.

None of the wide-mouthed or other urns found by Mr. Faussett seem to have been applied to the purposes of cremation, but may have been placed in the graves for other uses, or as relics. The Saxon pottery, distinct in shape, is but a degenerate copy of the Roman. 'It wants,' remarks Mr. Roach Smith, 'the graceful form of its Roman prototypes; the ornamentation is less tasteful, and its material is very inferior.' Yet it is all marked by the influence of local fashion, and the manner of its execution was equally from that of other counties, and theirs, again, one from each other; so that, in fact, if the Saxons were copyists, they manifested at least the germ of originality. This is a curious fact, and gives a clue to some points of the chronology.

As far as regarded ethnological observations, Mr. Faussett did little with his discoveries. He makes some occasional remarks as to the frontal stature in a few of the skulls, as well as the cranial deformity; but he had not elicited much more than he had the knowledge of his time been favourable thereto; for, considering the very lengthened period which had elapsed since burial, the bones in the Kingston graves, more especially, were in a well-preserved condition. In the hands of one like the illustrous American Morton, the revelations of so many graves as those recorded in the Inventorium Sepulchralis, would have served for inductions of the highest value; for, after all, the study of man himself must range higher than man's works, in whatever point of view they be considered.

Excavations upon Sibertswold Down—a high and somewhat solitary district—occupied Mr. Faussett at different periods through 1772-3, but the general results are so much like those already described, as to make remark unnecessary. The only objects of novelty were two wooden bowls or drinking-cups of wood, rimmed and strengthened with brass, and one curiously mended. In another grave were some pendent ornaments of great beauty for the neck; and in a third was found a small bronze box, in which were silken strings, wool, and hair, in a state of excellent preservation. About two years previous to Mr. Faussett's earliest excavations on this down, some objects equally remarkable to light various articles of Roman pottery of great beauty; but they had wantonly destroyed them before their master could arrive. This has been only too often the fate of similar treasures.

In the next year, namely, 1773, Mr. Faussett opened some tumuli at a place called Bekenbourne; but the results were not of much account beyond that of the discovery that its site had been used from a Celtic period as a place of interment. His next and final researches were made at Chartain in the same year. The barrows opened proved it to have been a great Saxon burial-place; but at the present date, even these hillocks have disappeared, through the whole down having been brought into cultivation. The discoveries, though including a Roman stylos or pen, with some remnants of its leather case, and a key of the same period, looking curiously like those of the Chubb locks in present use.

Mr. Faussett's explorations at Crundale had, as already mentioned, preceded the others, having taken place in 1757 and 1759. The Earl of Winchelsea, conjointly with the then rector of the parish, had dug there in 1758 and 1759, and brought to light some Roman pottery. An account of this in a local history induced Mr. Faussett to turn discoverer. His first diggings were most prolific, his subsequent ones less so. The results consisted chiefly of Roman pottery; though most of it perished during excavation, or fell in pieces almost as soon as found. That which had been most covered by the chalk was best preserved. What was found included bone-urns, urns of other kinds, pattens, or flat dishes, bottle-like vessels, and some few things in glass. A portion of the pottery was true Samian; the rest probably of local manufacture. Towards the close of the excavation, the urns remaining were broken open, and the contents passed over many objects of great interest; but sufficient has been referred to for the reader to perceive that much of Saxon history, Saxon social life, and Saxon usages, is very different in reality from the romances and common-place histories we read. Liverpool will soon possess a museum worthy of the and similar collections; but whether now or in the to come, these Saxon antiquities will not be judged without due remembrance of the enthusiasm and diligence of Bryan Faussett, and the liberty and enlightened patriotism of Joseph Mayer.

THE OLD VILLAGE AND ITS INMATES.

In spite of railways, electric telegraphs, and all the other annihilators of peace, quietness, and silence, there are some quaint rural districts in Old England still—some old villages where everybody does not know, day by day, what all the world is doing, where the villagers are content to dwell from youth to age amidst their own people; as primitive in spirit as old-fashioned as if the great clock of time had stood still for them since the penultimate peace.

Such is the village of Thydton. Left between two great lines of railway, five miles from a post-town with only one 'great house' in its vicinity, and hardly any country neighbourhood, it is the Thydton of a century ago, unchanged, and with comparatively little chance of change.

Of course, being a place in which modern bricks, stones, and mortar are almost unknown, it has a magnificent church, the delight and pride of the village, as well as the admiration of every visitor. It is usually described thus: 'Our pulpit is a little in rosery or purple glory through their tinted glass. The belfry, too, is worthy of great admiration; it has a sad story attached to it—too horrible to be given here. Poor Joe Millward! he was a husband and father as the village ever boasted, well beloved besides as a kind neighbour. The whole village made people wish that the vacant little which stood close beside the churchyard might given to widows instead of to the eldest woman of the village; but the rector was not at the will of the founder. It must be a most and charity that would come to the aid of the poor Joe Millward; and she was taken care of and was cared for, both she and her six little ones, though in that way.

The houses near this glorious church deserve first attention. They are as ancient as the holy itself, and of the most picturesque description; each side of the entrance stand two small thatched cottages, destined—as we have hinted above—as for the eldest spinster, the other for the eldest hand.
of the parish, provided they were of respectable character. A small meadow is attached to each tiny dwelling, which itself looks like a bee-hive, buried amidst trees. It overlooked the old rector's garden. On one side of the church stands the parsonage, a long rambling dwelling with high gable-ends, tall chimneys, and a clock-tower; it also isimbosoomed in trees, and covered with ivy. Its quaint old garden opens into the churchyard in front. She had had a long-intended rose (not standards), lilies of the valley, and all the fair blossoms, now half-forgotten, which perfume, as it were, the poetry of the Winter's Tale and Lycidas.

Here dwells the good old rector, a widower with one child. The latter lives at Merton's End—the 'Home of the Old Ladies' as it is called even now—as a happy and adored wife. But we have something to tell of that fair dame before we quit the time-honoured rectory for her present dwelling, which is also the square—a deed of courageous that the village has been two or three degrees prouder of itself ever since it happened.

The square had fallen in love with the fair Adelaide, and the wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the village. It was to be a splendid affair, and the leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was 'a jolly wench, regular game,' and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next morning, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on slinking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone in the despised room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family the next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying when she had heard the 'three-fingered Jack' being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

The house to which this strangely preceded marriage led Adelaide, was a fine old mansion, dating its erection from the very days of Elizabeth. A straight drive through two gates, such as is peculiar to the entrance of old French chateaux, leads up to the entrance, on each side of which stand two very old tulip-trees, of unusual size and beauty. There is something very picturesque in the quaint gables, and the bell-tower in the centre between them; and again, the house is a wall-dial, the time, as it were, of its kind to be seen, perhaps, now in England. Here, on the weather-stained bricks, it has counted the hours of human life for three hundred years.

The last occupants were three aged ladies, whose long residence and venerable appearance gave a new name to Merton's End, which, from their time, has been called by the villagers The Home of the Old Ladies. The eldest of the three was but twenty years
old when she came to live there; she was ninety-five the very day the old wall-dial pointed to her last hour. So long a continuance in so quiet a place might seem to imply a life of unbroken tranquillity, and doubtless the great age to which they attained might have proceeded from the peaceful lapse of time; and yet they, too, had a history. There was a story of romance about their youth which had coloured their long slow life.

When, in the bloom of early years, they had come to dwell at Merton’s End, it had been judged proper—the eldest being only twenty—to place them under the care of a widowed lady, distantly related to their family. Now, it so chanced that this gentlewoman had been educated in Paris, and had there imbided much of the literary tastes and affection of philosophy which were the fashion of the day. She delighted in believing herself an English Du Deffand, far superior to the prejudices of her time and country; and read and discussed with great vivacity those gay French writers who, by their wit and sentimentals, divorced from common sense, were sowing the dragon’s teeth of the Reign of Terror. This lady had a nephew—English by birth, but brought up in France—a man about thirty, who held an office in the French court, and was at all times on the lookout and ready as his aunt was in the business of being. This gentleman was, soon after their establishment at Merton’s End, invited to visit his relative.

One can fancy how gay the old house was in those days, the fair ladies brightening it with smiles, and glad voices, and merry household ways—and how the neighbouring young squires would ride slowly by, on summer evenings, to catch a glimpse of the young ladies of the manor, as they sat talking beneath the old tulip-trees. It was thought they would soon wed, for they were all well grown and fair, and co-heiresses; and in those days, celibacy was less common than now. There was the old maid of Thyonard itself, and in families, rarely more than one remained unmarried. It was because it was rare, perhaps, that the single state was more marked then than at present; just as people then talked of the beauty of a county or of a ball—probably some damsel who had escaped small-pox—whence now so many stars twinkle, that she was so scarce she might be made, thanks to vaccination and refined education.

But the suitors who already aspired to the favour of the sisters, had small chance of success when the expected guest arrived. Truly, that same Walter Selby was perhaps the saddest of all the punch-drunk Nimrods of the vicinity. The man of dogs and horses stood no chance beside the finished French courtier, who preferred ladies’ society to the hunt, drank tea with them out of diminutive cups and saucers, understood and appreciated a graceful fashion, and told them fascinating stories of the brilliant world of Paris, with its gaiety, its bons-mots, its mesmerism, its mixture of fantastic superstition and bold indelicacy: how Marie Antoinette, choosing to wear shoes of a mixed green and pinky—red, which did not take the fancy of her court, appealed to the judgment of a reverend abbe, supposed to be the very ‘mask of fashion;’ and how the gallant priest replied by a punning compliment; ‘Monsieur de la Pointe [‘I want a tip of your shoe’]; or he told of the wonderful Count of St Germain, who contrived to persuade the Parissiens of his immortality on earth, till he died—he was not dead then—and quest and damselly gravely discussed the possibility of prolonging even to infinitude that life, their own portion of which was destined to drag on till its light and freshness had long perished. What, after such an abbe and such a magician, was the quiet, broad-brimmed young parson of the village, who coloured and summed at the slightest approach to a complaint; and the country doctor, whose patients died without at all surprising him. And after this noble Othello, how could they listen to the unvaried youth around them?

The stranger gave a new charm to Merton’s End, and, alas! threw an unhappy glamour over his immense individuality. Skilled in coquetry, he managed to persuade half the ladies of the place to sit on his knees; and the others, when they showed a preference, the spell which bound him for so long to Merton’s End. He had held the hand of one, as if involuntarily, and resigned it with a sigh; another he had found him continually beside her in her walk; all three could recall tender glances and most gentle words, and those indescribable notions that are the silent language of undeclared affection. Yet one could be sufficiently certain of his intentions to confide in his sisters, and thus rend the veil of suspicion. He deceived all three at the same moment, in an easy feat, when those betrayed were simple-minded and honest, and the betrayer an experienced wielder of affection.

At length his visit ended, with the promise of a speedy return; and a meaning in each parting word of their hands, and farewell in their ear; so that years that returned was was expected with something of the feeling, as time sped on, of Marivas in the novel gone. He was so much pleased his sisters with his love, so much admired his manners, so much across the wide heath from the drawing-room window, in hope of his coming whom they might see so soon! It was This unseen hope, this secret affection, that caused suitors after suitors to be rejected, till yoked to the stable-walls. But Walter Selby was not dead; the French Revolution had long since shaken Europe—they believed it had somehow occasioned Walter’s absence—and the sisters settled down the grave middle-aged ladies.

The eldest, who had been most infected by such tastes, preserved all her life a wittered Love Selby had given her, in a painted tiffin-case, she wrote poetry upon disappointed affection; some of which, very yellow, very oddily spelt, and a blemish in the feet, Adelaide had found since the possession of the old lady’s boudoir, or, as she would have called it, ‘her closet.’

The others took to lapdogs and parrots; as the youngest, was the Lady Bountiful of the village. All the love in their several breasts was brightened and saddened, were not immolated by disappointment. In the tulip-trees, beneath which they had sat in blooming girlhood, were their beauty then ever, and their own loneliness had been. Walter Selby came to Merton’s End more and more.

The letter announcing his approach was quite a sensation in the minds of the quiet host. Time flew back, as it were, or at least parriquet of his wings the mist spreading over the place; and the courier of other days returned so vivid their mental vision, that it was with a feeling of surprise and unconscious disappointment they beheld, thin, gray-headed gentleman—an aged parrot—which, instead of the graceful personage they had seen yore. Walter was as bland, as courteous, as be-fascinating as ever. The flirt was the first, even in undignified old age; but the days of mischief were gone by. The ladies saw him after a brief visit, with friendly feelings, but as for his return.

Of the sorrow he had once caused—of the ear and the solitariness he had brought on their lives, now retained little perception. They had, in due time, the beautiful church embraced, and the silent now tells hours of happiness for a distant kinsman and his bride, the ‘Adelaide’
rectory; and probably Merton's End will regain its real name once more.

The village is not without a haunted house, of course; but in this case there is a marked singularity in the site of the goblin's freaks: it is the school which is haunted! Nobody knows why, or by whom. Luckily, ghosts are not, like us, subject to the law of ownership, so that the school-room has, as she phrases it, 'got used to its ways,' so that many little ones still are taught there, and things go on much as if the ghost were quite an ordinary inhabitant of Thyonnd— a harmless eccentric,

Many an ivy-covered cottage, dotted about in green lanes, or clustering down the single grassy street, forms the remainder of the village; and the inmates of these dwellings are, as we have said, a primitive and out-aged population, though they are getting good teaching—which threatens to lay the ghost—at the village-school, and are quietly gliding into the superior knowledge and some of the arts of the present. To these rural lads 'Deserted Village,' and would fain see something of such as Auburn was in its bright days, we recommend a visit to Thyonnd.

**MACenas.**

O MACENAS, thou progeny of Tuscan kings, in thy disconsolate wanderings by the gloomy Styx, thou canst surely hear the pitiful wall of a thousand poor writers, who are poetry-proof: 'Beneath the shadow of thy mountain, and under the debasing system of patronage which thou didst inaugurate with such magnificence! Draw thy little hound tight about thy ears, to shut out the din of these half-starved students and Grub-street hacks! Forbade that loose, and thou wouldst have heard in each whilom wear with an ostentatious simplicity, close around thee; and let thy slaves, thy musicians, thy buffoons, and thy beloved poets encircle thee, or perchance those clausrophobic shades will wreak their vengeance upon thy ghost, Father of literary almsgiving, thou didst little think what a storm thou wert brewing in that lovely tower-crowned villa of thine on the Esquiline Hill, overlooking the smoke and opulence of flourishing Rome! This thou didst begin to pamper men of genius with the flesh of young-mules, and wine from the Calenian press! Had you possessed one atom of foresight, you would have perceived the disastrous consequences of your generous hospitality, and would have avoided setting a fashion which would inevitably be burlesqued by your unworthy successors. Had you not crowned the smooth narrow foreheads of Horace with roses, Scroccigen might have found a more dignified head-dress than a stocking night-cap. Had you not poured out the choicest Cecubian and Falernian at your banquet, some more kindly fluids than Calvert's butt-beer and Parson's black champagne might have regaled the poets of later times. Had you not loaded Virgil with favours, we should not have heard of great authors being dunned for milk-scores. In a word, had you not elevated the men of letters of the Augustan age, their poor brethren of the last century might have been spared the degradation of petitioning your professed disciples for alemonary guineas. Truly, dear knight Macenas, you have much to answer for, but you were a right good fellow for all that; and were you still in the land of the living, we know a deserving though obscure literary gentleman who would be proud of your friendship, and who would be content to share even your sober cups of ignoble Sabine wine, and the quiet pleasures of some towerless Ithingtonian villa.

Our thoughts have been sent wool-gathering on the Tuscan hills; a new work, entitled *Athenae Britannica, or a Critical History of the Oxford and Cambridge Writers*, which was indited some hundred and forty years ago, by Myles Davies, a West country clergyman, who abandoned his Flintshire parsonage, and came to London intent upon making his fortune as a man of letters. Poor Davies! profound scholar, linguist, critic, and politician as he was, he left his simple home and the green fields of his birth as one of the shepherds of his native mountains. He had to learn wisdom from the hardest of all teachers—experience, and was not long in discovering that this populous London, this very Sahara for a poor scholar who was forced to become the host of the city, or to starve to his own books. These books are now very rare, and are known only to the curious; the British Museum copy now before us, though incomplete, is considered to be a great treasure. The six volumes comprise a history of pamphlets and pamphleteers, a large amount of political and religious lore, and some highly interesting fragments of personal narrative. We value this literary hotch-potch for the vivid picture it gives us of a mendicant author, a rustic philosopher, and the stinginess of hard-hearted patrons,' he writes, 'had driven me into a cursed company of door-keeping herds, to meet the irrational brutality of those uneducated, mischievous animals called footmen, mummers, apothecaries, attorneys, and such like; and I never heard of a penny ignominius,' as he politely designates them, either refuse to accept his books and odes, or receive them and omit to pay for them, retaining the poor scholar's property gratis et ignorantia. His account of one of his interview with his patron, of whose whose gracehip he had written an elaborate ode, is rather too coarse for modern ears. 'As I was jogging homeward,' he observes with pardonable sacriety, 'I found it true that a great many were called their graces, not for any grace or favor they had truly deserved with God or man, but for the same reason of contraries that the Parce or Destinies were so called, that they spared none, or were not truly the Parce, qui nos pacuit.' This maxim of Horace reminds us of that pathetic kind of punning which Shakespeare sometimes introduces in his most serious scenes. Davies, though ordinarily a dull writer, grows eloquent under the pressure of his misfortunes. 'I think I can't choose,' he says, 'but make it my business to put two more upon the various encounters and adventures I met with, all in presenting my books to those I could anyways hear of that were likely to accept of them for their own information or improvement sake; or for the sake of the novelty of the present; or for the sake of helping a poor scholar; or for the sake of vanity and ostentation, which most people are subject to that have a mind to appear great, or more wealthy or learned than others. Accordingly, some parsons, as well as other persons, would call and bello to raise the whole house and posse of the domestics to raise a poor crown; at last all that flutter ends in sending Jack or Tom out to change a guinea, and then 'tis reckoned over half-a-dozen times before the fatal crown can be picked out, which must be taken as it is given, with all the parade of almsgiving, and so to be received with all the active and passive ceremonial of mendication and alms-receiving; as if the books, printing, and paper were worth nothing at all, or if it were the greatest charity for them to touch them or let them be in the house. 'For I shall never read them,' says one of the five-shilling-piece-chaps. 'I have no time to look in them,' says another. 'To so much money lying dead or quite lost,' says a grave dean. 'My eyes being so bad,' says a bishop, 'that I can scarce read at all.' 'What do you want with
me?” says another. “Sir, I presented you my Athena Britannica, being the last part published.” “I don’t want books,” says he; “take them again; I don’t understand what they mean.” “The title is very plain,” says I, “and they are writ mostly in English.” “However,” says he, “I’ll give you a crown for both, though they’ll signify nothing to me.” “They stand me, sir, in more than that out of pocket, and ‘tis for a bare subsistence I present or sell them; how shall I live?” “I care not a farthing for that,” says he; “live or die, ‘tis all one to me.” “Curse my master!” says Jack; “‘twas but last night he was recommending your books and your learning up to the skies, and now he would not care if you were starving before his eyes; nay, he often makes game of your clothes, though he thinks you the greatest scholar in England. I could no more do so,” continues Jack, “than hang myself. If I had but a shilling in the world, I would carry it five miles to a poor author whose books I esteemed or read.” Well done, Jack! The true Macenas spirit speaks out from beneath thy plump waistcoat, and puts to shame such miserable pretenders as thy master! Poor Myles Davies! we know not what became of him. We wish we could hear of him once more at the little parsonage of Trowbridge, but we fear his latter days were too sad to have been recorded.

Literature is in leading-strings no longer; the child has outgrown the go-cart of patronage, and walks alone. Authors have ceased crawling on all-fours, and walk erect before the greatest of all Macenas—the public. ‘Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?’ So wrote brave old Samuel Johnson to his courtly Macenas, in that celebrated letter which Carlyle terms ‘that far-famed Blast of Doom, that proclaimed into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and through him to the listening world, that patronage should be no more!’

A LEGEND OF SAINT BEES.

I.
Hand by the Abbey’s hallowed walls—
The fame of old Saint Bees—
The mellowed sunshine flick’ring falls
Beneath o’er-reaching trees,
And glints upon the rose-clad bower
Where Bega sits at noon-tide hour.
The falcon pluming on her sleeve
Hath not her eyes’ dark gleam;
Yet softened now, as tints of eve,
With holy love they beam:
She thinks of him who yesternight
Had knelt him there his faith to plight.
And well that flash of maiden pride
Bestirs her forward dream;
The noblest chief by Solway’s side
Is he, its golden theme?
What foe can seethe, what danger daunt,
Young Edgar, lord of Egremont?
A league toward the mountain land
The hunter tracks his way
To where you turrets frowning stand
‘O’er his ancestral way;
Beyond the ken o’ the warden tower
Is stretched his heritage of power.
No daughter of the castle-balls
From Calder to the Tyne,
But would the race her name recalls
Were blended with his line;—
But rank and dowry—all, are vain
To break the spell on Edgar lain.

The spell of Beauty, in the light
Of youth’s empyrean glow,
With tresses like the locks of Night
About a brow of snow!
Meet mansion for the queenly guest—
The soul that reigns in Bega’s breast.
And who is she?—The abbess’ ward,
A child of Erin’s shore;
From life’s gay follies self-debarred
And higher firm to soar;
When mortal Love’s immortal leaves
Thus touched the heart half-woed to Eanes!

II.
Is it that Heaven just vengeance takes
To lose a bride so fair,
So soon your dream of joy awakes,
Ye fond-enamoured pair?
Where sunshine lits the rose-clad bower
Now shades of sorrow darkly lower.
War, war’s dread trumpet, on hill, in dale,
 Hath echoed back the call.
For Albion’s sons, with sword and sail,
To meet by Carlisle wall—
Whereon the royal banners wave
That lead to freedom, or the grave.
Fall many a chieftain’s flashing crest
Gleams o’er the long array,
Awaiting there the stern behalf
Of Battle’s fateful day;
And stanslier than his proudest peers
Lord Edgar heads the Cumbrian spears.
Strew news of conflict wildly stir
The lonely maiden’s heart;
But soon the tidings come to her
To bid all hope depart:
That from the flying Northmen’s track
The chief who led returned not back!
They tell how in the headlong charge
That broke the Danish horse,
’Twas he swept through the serried mass
Of horse and rider’s corses;
And with three score true yeomen’s sways
Had chased till night the stricken hosts.
They tell, alas! how that grim night
Closed round a ’wildered band,
Where every blazing beacon-light
Betrayed a foe’man’s hand;
They tell, how ‘mid the watchfires glare,
Death’s grimmer night had gathered there.
Farewell, brave lord of Egremont!
No more, in field or bower,
Thou’rt wave the sword in battle’s fold,
Or share Love’s charmed hour.
Farewell! and sacred be the shade
Of that lone tomb where thou art laid!

The grave of two unallied hearts—
The living, and the dead;
For sought, O Bega, longer parts
These from the life then fled!
The bridal veil that decks thee now
Hath fluttered with a vestal’s vow!

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WASTE.

A most important inquiry might be instituted, as to the proportion of the industry of mankind which is misapplied, and of its fruits which is wasted. To most people it would be a piece of knowledge of a very startling character. If it could be proved, as the present writer has no doubt it could, that a full third of all that is grown, and all that ismanufactured, of all the results of the hard work, and even of the frugality and self-denial, of the British public, is the same as thrown away, and that, under the influence of ignorance, cupidity, and wilfulness, this goes on from day to day, and year to year, without cessation, some good effect ought surely to follow. It is a subject, notwithstanding its importance, remarkably little reflected upon—obviously because the great bulk of men, even of those called educated men, do not know what waste is when they see it.

Without a careful collection of statistics, we cannot of course give conviction as to the amount of waste going on in our country. But something may be done nevertheless. It will be much to impress on the many what is waste. Whenever, then, two shops are opened where one might serve; wherever there is a glut of manufactures in a particular direction; wherever anything meets what is called a bad market, and causes loss to the merchant; wherever a joint-stock concern fails to return a fair dividend; wherever a merchant is found losing instead of increasing his capital; wherever a workman strikes; wherever a trader fails; wherever damage and destruction of property of any kind takes place—there, there, is waste. Consider how much there is of such things in the world, and how much, moreover, of almost everybody's income goes in things useless or half-useful, unenjoyed or scarcely enjoyed—how much in what is positively hurtful, if not vicious—and you will see what an enormous principle is represented by the word waste.

The real wealth of the world is in the fruits of well-applied labour. The material happiness of the world consists in the judicious application and use of the results of labour. The measure in which any community labours happily and to good purpose, and judiciously applies and uses the results of the labour for support and innocent enjoyment, is the measure of the success of that community in working out the great divine purpose as to the creature man.

It may further be said, with equal truth, that wherever labour and its fruits are wasted, there a great contravention of that divine purpose takes place, and thence must proceed, as from all such contraventions only can proceed, injury, disappointment, and suffering.

We can tell in some large departments of the national economy the amount of waste. The national debt having been incurred for wrong purposes, its annual interest of about twenty-eight millions represents the portion of the annual results of the national industry which goes as waste in consequence of the errors of our predecessors. Reckon up the amount of the sums for which merchants have failed during the year, less the total of the assets presented to the creditors, and you have the sum of the annual waste incurred to the nation through the imprudence, unskilfulness, and unavoidable mishaps of individual traffickers. In the case of a joint-stock company, the degree in which its dividends fall below the average profits of capital, and the loss sustained by the shareholders at its winding-up, if that be necessary, represent the amount that has been wasted. A great bankrupt is simply a great waster. One of the Macdonald species has the honour of reflecting that he has wasted a few hundred thousands in a business which he conducted as a kind of Ishmaelish war; one of the Waugh type may have the more flattering reflection that he was clever enough to get similar sums of other people's money to waste on his own vanities and sensual indulgences. All, however, was equally waste. The difference between the liabilities and the assets is so much good property wasted, just as much as if it had been thrown into the sea. Suppose two hundred pounds to be the sum required on an average to bring up a child to manhood, and give him a sound education, it may be a strange consideration to one of the grander class of bankrupts, that he has been the means of destroying and putting out of the world what would have sufficed for the nurture, bodily and mental, of a family of two thousand sons and daughters.

The railway enterprises of our country supply a superb example of waste. Take the princely Great Western as a specimen. It had originally a line of a hundred and eighteen miles, which, being one of the great thoroughfors of the island, could not have failed to remunerate the shareholders. Indeed, it was at one time doing so at the extraordinary rate of ten per cent. But, to keep its ground against competitors, it has been tempted to make branch and side lines to such an extent that its total mileage is now four hundred and sixty-six, or more than triple. These latter lines do not pay, and form so heavy a burden on the main line, as to have, temporarily at least, deprived it of all profit. We see here an outlay of twenty-three millions, and a weekly receipt of
33,000, yet not a penny of dividend to the share-
holders, all receipts being absorbed in working
expenses and other charges. If this continues, we
must pronounce that twenty-three million is more
than has been wasted, for all the real good accomplished
for public ends by this railway company might of
course have been secured by an outlay which, from
its ample return, would have been completely replaced.
The number of railways of more or less public
service and of the kingdom and not inferior to
or less in similar case; and the amount of waste in
each instance is to be measured by the degree in
which the dividends fall short of a fair profit.
The total annual waste to the nation through
this one company must be millions. The conti-
nental railways stand in striking contrast, for they
are generally remunerative. If we search for the
cause of this, we soon find that continental people are,
in business matters, slow and pedantic as compared
with the English, and their governments only
permit a railway to be formed where it is needed.
They have few branch-lines, and no competitive lines
whatever. Rather oddly, our government affects to
be vast capitalists and permits railways which are
not strictly required. But it is all a question of
money. The English government machinery for the
sanctioning of railways can be worked upon by clever
pleaders and adroit witnesses to almost any issue. It
has cost the state railways of shareholders they could
raise additional millions to obtain parliamentary sanction
for the ruinous waste they desired to commit—in
itself surely a very magnificent amount of waste. It
may be said they half-ruin themselves in buying leave to
do so wisely. To all appearance, the impetuous spirit of our
countrymen might have been allowed to
make what railways it pleased, without any worse
result than what has arisen, and the seventy millions
might have been spared. But a true remedy for the
evil is only to be found in enlightenment of the
disposable public mind as to proper objects for the outlay
of capital, and a moral castigation of that spirit amongst
us which is perpetually seeking wealth by dexterous
anticipations and out-manœuvrings, and reckless
damage to others, instead of the fair course of indus-
try. Only look at the policy avowed and acted upon
by many of this class of companies. To snatch traffic
out of the teeth of some other company, although with
small gain relative to itself compared with the loss
to its neighbour, is a fine feat of craft on a railway
directorate. Is that a kind of work which can
ever truly succeed, or deserve to do so? Surely in
a professedly Christian land, it were superfluous to ask
the question; yet this policy have the railways of
Britain been reduced by the very waste they have
committed in the starting.
England has happily overcome one source of waste,
and a prodigious one, in her liberation of the indus-
trial energies of the people; but she has another to
put under her feet before these energies can be rightly
directed or yield truly good results. She must learn
to avoid the waste produced by unnecessary competition.
It is not to be expected that moral considera-
tions will here avail much; but it may be shewn
that the highest wisdom comes to the same conclu-
sions as a high morality, we may look for some good
results. Now, a just political economy can never
sanction two doing the work of one, or two outlays
being made for the benefit of the public where one
outlay is enough. Where the principle of competition
passes beyond a fair and reasonable emulation, and
goed the length of committing murder, science steps
in and tells us that we are abusing a good principle.
To counteract the enormous waste practised in our
merchantile system generally, we must look mainly to
the supply of a knowledge now wanting in the people.
It is literally true that we rarely meet a so-called
educated man who knows that money misapplied is
money lost, and that the loss of one is the loss of all.
The general belief is that money laid out unprofit-
ably, or on vices, is still somewhere—some one, they
say, has been benefited by it. Few are conscious of being
the representative of so much labour, it becomes
the mispent, so much labour lost—that is, so much
money lost. We have such an opinion of our kind as
1o believe that, if there were true instead of the
views on the subject in the country, there would
be fewer foolish speculations, fewer foul compe-
titions, and consequently much less waste to afflic
and impoverish the earth.

THE KILLING PRINCESS.

When Catherine II. had safely deposited the crown
of Poland, with the sixteen northern diadems with
the industry and enterprise of her predecessors,
collected, in the jewel-chamber of the Winter Palace,
her imperial majesty found it necessary to inquire
after the revenues of certain domains which had
always been considered its appendages. In the
immediate neighborhood, indeed, it was said that her name-day had
farmed and superintended by so many hands that
the accounts were in more than ordinary confusion.
Moreover, Catherine the Great wanted money, and
the Princess Prestovia Nicola Grodzitoff had of late
purchased in the market place on the Vistula, in order to build there a
summer residence for herself and suite in severe winter.
The princess was one of the richest subjects in
Russia. She owned forests in Liorion, fishing-buys on
the river, and dwellings on the banks of the
Vistula. Her family were among the oldest of the Russian nobility; the
blood of the ancient czars flowed in their veins, and
they claimed a left-handed descent from Ivan the
Terrible. Her excellence was accustomed to give
understanding, though rather in a private way, to
Catherine had too much trouble in getting the
energy to tolerate such imperial recollections: so the princess
contented herself with publicly mentioning the
occasion served, that she was of the noblest
race, mingled with any Swedish or German
cross. Sufficient people, who had not so pure a
blood to boast—and there were many such in St. Petersburg
—said as much might have been guessed from the
Tatar features of her excellency, were of the
fashion,上线, and luxuries than any of the court.
She talked, dined, and dinners à la Francaise, rivalledthose of the
aristocracy herself. She kept a French milliner in her
palace, had three or four hair-dressers duly imported from Paris every
two months, that period being as long as any of them could
be induced to remain in the service of the empress, who kept a French secretary for conducting her own
business. She had written in imitation of Rousseau
Princess Grodzitoff was a widow of unknown parents
—for hoops, false hair, rouge, and patches
age in those days a matter rather difficult
done out—but it was said that the
peach at a ball was laid on the barts of the
Neva, or a Finland peasant perished in its
Nest. In short, her excellency was older than the
capital, yet she bade fair to employ the French
liner and barge buyers for the crown to come
and keep a firm hold of her broad possessions.
These came partly by marriage and partly by
inheritance: the princess was the heiress of her family, and
sometimes happens to noble houses, all
povertised their estates, and got, into debt,

said she did wonders for them all; brought
up her daughters, found places for their sons, and kept
all on their estates, to guard against extrava-


while others sought after the motive for such benefactions, her highness not being the woman to part with a trifle easily. Her turn for hard bargaining was not thereby acknowledged; even Catherine was well aware of it, for the princess had bought crown-lands before; and the inquiry into the Polish accounts was accordingly instituted. The czarina had been told with her faultless subject to intrust that investigation to their hands. After the fashion of czars past and future, she looked out for a foreigner worthy of such confidential employment, and found one in the person of the French ambassador, a young attaché of the French embassy, and strongly recommended by her majesty’s agents at Versailles. The powers that preside over the exigencies of princes seemed to have cut out Gaston de Thienville for his work. The son of a former minister, his new civil-form, the children of de Pompadour, he had an early acquaintance with what might be called the more delicate details of business. Fortune had given him no estate but his wit. Nature had made him cool, keen, and clear-headed, always able to see his interest, but true as steel where his honour was engaged, and as ardent as the best of his countrymen in either love or war. Gaston was not very brilliant nor very handsome, but determined to be somebody; and finding himself well placed, he was allowed to be worn out, for when he came to try the northern market, like other wares that would not sell at home. There was not a town from Berlin to St Petersburg in which he had not looked out for his fortune in vain; the Russian capital had been his country of bread. He was to be an attaché, which he had assumed after waiting three weeks in the ambassador’s anteroom, and the hospitality of a poor state-councillor, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from a relative in the embassy at Paris.

This councillor was an old man nobly born, but very poor. His family had lost their fortune in building a palace to please Peter the Great, and carrying it into the coal-fields of the Neva had successively swept the building away; and at length, when their lands and roubles had been thus submerged, the noble proprietors were obliged to take up their residence in the only corner of the old building that was allowed to him to live in, where they lived with great economy, and quite forgotten by court and czar—timber huts and dirty warehouses multiplying round them, as that quarter of the town went out of fashion and grew low. The councillor considered his daughter, Princess Grodiloff, as a pretty girl to whom he was too long dead; and he had but one daughter, Sophia, whose prospects, as frequently rehearsed by her father, were to sell the old house, with all it contained, the expenses of his funeral, and retire into the coal-fields of the Neva. Sophia and her family, her being the most given to their own resources. The old man had a winter asthma, and was seldom in good-humour. The house was poor and cold; they had no servant but a mujik who was never sober when he could get anything to drink. But the councillor welcomed the stranger to his stove and table as heartily as if both had been better furnished; and the stranger was glad to stay—first, because he could not find more comfortable quarters; and, secondly, because Sophia, one of the prettiest and best girls in St Petersburg, kept that remnant of a palace habitable by her presence, doing not only all the household work, but all the good-humour and cheerfulness for the whole establishment.

Gaston had often wished to be rich; but he did so still more fervently after his admission to the state-councillor’s home. Sophia had no fortune; her education had been so neglected, that she could speak nothing but Russian, and she never wore patches. But she put his lace waistcoat in repair, when he could not buy another, to appear at the embassy; always smiled when he came in; and he thought a court-dress would become her. His eyes were on her forsooth; he was in looking for place and employment all the way from France, now it became tremendous: he laid siege to the hearts of courtiers, and the hands of valets, though his munitions for the latter kind of warfare were growing extremely slender. Gaston, intended to purchase, was importunate. Through some of these channels, however, his name came to the imperial ear, and Catherine fixed upon him as the man wanted to go quietly through her Polish accounts, and make a trust report of her majesty’s customs, he was not trusted so far without a check; her majesty’s private secretary, who had been deputed to manage the business, assigned him a humble dependent of his own, named Michel Clozoff by way of checker; he inspected it, and found that Clozoff had been a merchant in his day, and supplied the court with furs; but his trade went out of fashion after the French architect heated the Hermitage, and nothing thicker than taffeta was considered fit for a lady’s attire. Clozoff was allowed to be worn out, for when he came to try the northern market, like other wares that would not sell at home. There was not a town from Berlin to St Petersburg in which he had not looked out for his fortune in vain; the Russian capital had been his country of bread. He was to be an attaché, which he had assumed after waiting three weeks in the ambassador’s anteroom, and the hospitality of a poor state-councillor, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from a relative in the embassy at Paris.

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same street with me, behind St. Olga's Church, your excellency. She was the only person who would enter our house when we had the fever, of which my poor wife died three winters ago.'

'A good girl,' said the secretary. 'No doubt Providence means to reward her by the princess's kindness. It is a new prospect for the princess has provided for most of her female relatives; in fact, I believe Sophia Petrova is the last of them; doubtless she will be provided for also.'

'No doubt, your excellency,' said Cluzoff, but the look on his face spoke something reversed in their words. With the secretary, it was cold-blooded sarcasm; with Cluzoff, it was a Russian's resignation to the things and powers that be; and after a few more observations on the brilliant prospects of the state-councilor's daughter, and the state-councilor was so elated that he decidedly refused the considerable present which Gaston offered in return for his entertainment. 'No,' said the old man; 'you have not got much to spare yet, and your daughter is going to be provided for, and kept in a court, and made an heiress, perhaps. The saints guard my Sophia! I would not part with her, after what has happened to so many girls of our family; but there is nothing before the poor child but the constraint of the Fata Morgana, and that is a poor look-out for one's only daughter.' His last words tallied so strangely with Cluzoff's groan, and the secretary's cynical look, that Gaston felt there was some Russian meaning in them; but no endeavour could bring the guests united to a pleasant plan, speaking on the contrary, he was so astonished by the tone, enlarged on the excellences of the princess, her liberality to her relations, and the certainty Sophia had of getting handsomely portioned and well married, if she only pleased her husband, and her friends and relations who had not visited the house for years, crowded in to rejoice with father and daughter. There was good cheer, and even feasting in the old house; the mujik said it had never been so much worth while to eat there before. Sophia was happy to leave her father, and glad to be made a lady; besides, it was her belief she would see Gaston sometimes at court; but the Frenchman's heart misgave him: there was a dark background to her promotion, which he could not make out, and Cluzoff was no one; the ex-merchant had got his cue, and would talk of nothing but the great good-luck of Sophia Petrova, and how well she deserved it. Gaston had begun to know something of the country he was in; there was but one way of coming to the end of the mystery, and being interested as well as curious, that way he determined to take, though it cost his entire exchequer. All the money he could command by this time amounted to four hundred roubles. Armed with this sum, he sought a common tea-shop, which Cluzoff was accustomed to frequent when he had nothing better to do, because it was kept by his own son-in-law, and had very little custom. The old man could fortunately speak French, and was very proud of that accomplishment, as none of his neighbors in the Moscow quarter understood it. It gave Gaston an opportunity of dealing with him privately, where he found him alone in the back-room of the tea-shop, sitting close as he could to the stove.

*Cluzoff, you are a prudent man, and I want you to tell me something,* said Gaston, producing the silver, whose vibrations were fairly over. *Here are four hundred roubles, which shall be yours on the spot, if you will tell me plainly why you said "Her Sophia" in the office three days ago, and what is the story about the Princess Grodzoff and the ladies of her family for her. You know the princess has provided for most of her female relatives; in fact, I believe Sophia Petrova is the last of them; doubtless she will be provided for also.*

'Well,' said Cluzoff, 'since you must be told, it is known to all St. Petersburg that for the last ten years the princess's knowledge that he had told any report about her highness; on which Gaston assured him of his absolute safety, and chinked the four hundred roubles.

'Did so many deaths attract no attention? Was there no inquiry?' said Gaston.

'O yes, there was every inquiry that could be made about a house of such high rank,' said Cluzoff. 'Some of them died of strange diseases, at physician's advice. Some of them met with still stranger accidents. There was one, I remember, who fell down stairs in the dark; another went to the German spas, and the water disagreed with her. It is said they fell in the river; no one knows how. Cluzoff says that the old aunt's youngest daughter, who died very suddenly, had a blue mark round her neck. The princess has taken no girl since, and that is three years ago. People thought she would not try again. There was no use in it, for the princess was not inclined to any daughter, except perhaps one; and she was very sorry to have her father, and glad to be made a lady; besides, it was her belief she would see Gaston sometimes at court; but the Frenchman's heart misgave him: there was a dark background to her promotion, which he could not make out, and Cluzoff was no one; the ex-merchant had got his cue, and would talk of nothing but the great good-luck of Sophia Petrova, and how well she deserved it. Gaston had begun to know something of the country he was in; there was but one way of coming to the end of the mystery, and being interested as well as curious, that way he determined to take, though it cost his entire exchequer. All the money he could command by this time amounted to four hundred roubles. Armed with this sum, he sought a common tea-shop, which Cluzoff was accustomed to frequent when he had nothing better to do, because it was kept by his own son-in-law, and had very little custom. The old man could fortunately speak French, and was very proud of that accomplishment, as none of his neighbors in the Moscow quarter understood it. It gave Gaston an opportunity of dealing with him privately, where he found him alone in the back-room of the tea-shop, sitting close as he could to the stove.

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not brought up in the Greek Church. As to a post in the princess's household, there was none vacant just then, but that of second-valet, which could not be thought of for a man of his quality; but Gaston was welcome to stay in his house till something turned up; he would be lonely now without Sophia, and wanted somebody to help in the reformation of the mujik, which he intended to do in good time. Gaston made all suitable acknowledgments for his hospitable offer, hinted his own unfitness to assist in the revision of the mujik's morals, and added in a penitential tone, that he considered the post of second-valet was quite sufficient for his deserts; but as there were probabilities of promotion to come, he requested the councillor to see that mademoiselle, his daughter, did not recognise him in the Grodisoff palace. The old man was much edited by the present humility and future opportunity; and to have been welcome suitor to the best families of St Petersburg. Like most of his line, he was tall and handsome. The princess openly favoured his suit, the state-councillor concurred in the background he was expected to occupy, and everybody agreed that the bride-elect must be well inclined if she were in her senses. Gaston had observed her looking absent and thoughtful, as if balancing something in her mind. Was it for this he had become a second-valet, answered Russian bells, and abstained from kicking Paulo? The thought was sufficient to send a less sensitive subject upon the road to self-destruction. Gaston was nearing the borders of that romantic land one evening late in the St Petersburg winter, when the princess had driven him before Lent. From a corner in the picture-gallery, where he stood as if in waiting, he could see through the open doors of the ball-room Sophia dancing the minuet da la ceur with the young son of the Orloff line. The lady was gay with frills of Flanders lace and pendants of pearl; the gentleman was grand in his uniform as a colonel of husars. A consciousness of their approaching alliance seemed to pervade the company; the princess smiled graciously on the pair: it was afterwards remarked that her smile was wider than usual. She said she hoped Providence would permit her to send one bride to the Grodisoff palace; and Gaston, like other disappointed men, was making severe reflections on the fickleness, vanity, and mercenary mind of the sex, when Paulo's boot flew back, and he was in his usual state of happiness. He was received at the foot of the back-stairs with the usual volley of names. A carrier from the south had just arrived, bringing, among sundry packages of less value, two small cases of polished ebony, which Gaston was commanded to place on the tables of their owners—one was addressed to the princess, and the other to Mademoiselle Petrova. Both were labelled 'Peau d'or,' and Gaston's Versailles education made him acquainted at least with the repute of that article. In it the rank and fashion of those days put faith as a specific against all their dreaded ills, the loss of spirits, the decay of charms, and a thousand other evils quite as serious. Its composition was kept a profound secret by the manufacturing chemists. It was believed to be made only in Paris somewhere about the Sorbonne, and if not extracted from the precious metal, it cost nearly its weight in gold; to the vulgar eye, however, there was nothing remarkable about it but a clear tasteless fluid, thicker than common water, which, according to the invariable direction on the label, was to be drunk up the moment it was opened.

It was a long way up to the dressing-rooms of the princess and her protégé: they were situated in the

richly dressed, attended by waiting-women and pages, keeping well in mind the charge against recognition, yet now and then looking as if she had not forgotten him, too.

It was marvellous that the poor girl's head was not turned by her sudden transition from the old house with all the work to do, the mujik to keep in order, and the state-councillor; all good winter, but Sophia kept her balance, and seemed to make her footing sure. At the end of the first month, the princess was boasting of the accomplishments her young protégé had acquired from the half-score of masters and mistresses retained for that purpose. Before the second had expired, all her highness's circle voted Sophia brilliant; and with a Frenchman's perception of such matters, the second-valet at length discovered that Ecodor Basievitch, one of the Orloff family, was about to offer her half the lands and peasants, at the shrine of her charms.

That was a discovery for which he had not bargained; but common report soon assured him of its reality. The wealth and rank of young Basievitch would have made him a welcome suitor to the best families of St Petersburg. Like most of his line, he was tall and handsome. The princess openly favoured his suit, the state-councillor concurred in the background he was expected to occupy, and everybody agreed that the bride-elect must be well inclined if she were in her senses. Gaston had observed her looking absent and thoughtful, as if balancing something in her mind. Was it for this he had become a second-valet, answered Russian bells, and abstained from kicking Paulo? The thought was sufficient to send a less sensitive subject upon the road to self-destruction. Gaston was nearing the borders of that romantic land one evening late in the St Petersburg winter, when the princess had driven him before Lent. From a corner in the picture-gallery, where he stood as if in waiting, he could see through the open doors of the ball-room Sophia dancing the minuet da la ceur with the young son of the Orloff line. The lady was gay with frills of Flanders lace and pendants of pearl; the gentleman was grand in his uniform as a colonel of husars. A consciousness of their approaching alliance seemed to pervade the company; the princess smiled graciously on the pair: it was afterwards remarked that her smile was wider than usual. She said she hoped Providence would permit her to send one bride to the Grodisoff palace; and Gaston, like other disappointed men, was making severe reflections on the fickleness, vanity, and mercenary mind of the sex, when Paulo's boot flew back, and he was in his usual state of happiness. He was received at the foot of the back-stairs with the usual volley of names. A carrier from the south had just arrived, bringing, among sundry packages of less value, two small cases of polished ebony, which Gaston was commanded to place on the tables of their owners—one was addressed to the princess, and the other to Mademoiselle Petrova. Both were labelled 'Peau d'or,' and Gaston's Versailles education made him acquainted at least with the repute of that article. In it the rank and fashion of those days put faith as a specific against all their dreaded ills, the loss of spirits, the decay of charms, and a thousand other evils quite as serious. Its composition was kept a profound secret by the manufacturing chemists. It was believed to be made only in Paris somewhere about the Sorbonne, and if not extracted from the precious metal, it cost nearly its weight in gold; to the vulgar eye, however, there was nothing remarkable about it but a clear tasteless fluid, thicker than common water, which, according to the invariable direction on the label, was to be drunk up the moment it was opened.

It was a long way up to the dressing-rooms of the princess and her protégé: they were situated in the
 eastern wing of the palace, and at the opposite ends of a long corridor. As Gaston went up with the cases and his lantern into the darkness and silence of the upper floors, which the sounds of the festival scarcely reached, strange thoughts came over him. Why were the cases so distinctly addressed, and forwarded from Paris? Was he carrying to Sophia's toilet a passport to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan? Perhaps she meant to marry young Baselowich? Well, she had made him no promise, and he would disappoint the princess. Paula's bell rang till the whole palace could hear. He sat down on his sagging vassal, and cursed him in his three languages, for the carrier's bringings were all to be put away; but in her highness's own magnificent dressing-room, inlaid with mirrors, and hung with rose-coloured damask, the cards of address were removed, skilfully transferred so as to leave no trace of tampering, and the exchanged cases deposited on each lady's toilet.

The ball was not over till five in the morning. Her highness and the whole household retired soon after. The next day was some hours till the breaking of the Russian day, but it was long till Gaston slept; his attic above the horses had never seemed so full of moaning wind and creaking rafters; and when he did sleep at last, it was to dream that he was following Sophia's funeral arm-bearing him with Clouzot, who rehearsed him the whole history of the seven-and-twenty girls as they went. Suddenly, his slumbers were broken by a sound of loud and mingled cries. It was broad day, but the whole palace seemed to be turning upside down; there were hurrying feet and wild lamentations, for her Siberian maid, the oldest and most favoured, who always drew the princess's curtains, had found her highness seated at her toilet, as the maid had left her duty deserted for the night in her satin pinon and lace lappets, but stone-dead, and nothing to account for the fact—only an empty phial, labelled 'eau d'or,' lay on the carpet at her feet.

There was a great gathering of her highness's family, and a strict investigation commenced, but not proceeded with; for the same day a stranger presented himself at the gate of the Hermitage, crying an audience of her majesty's private secretary, whom he was conducted through one of the secret corridors to the imperial closet. He was seen to leave the palace within an hour; immediately after the Grodzisoff family received certain intimations, according to which it was publicly announced that the prince had been pressed by a sudden apoplexy; that Sophia Petrova was heiress of her Finland estates; that the rest of the property should pass to the male heirs; but whoever the young lady married, must take the name and arms of Grodzisoff. After her highness had been laid with becoming pomp beside her twenty-seven protégées, the fashionable of St. Petersburg mourned over the shutting-up of her palace for some time; but it was opened again, though with reduced splendour; for Sophia, the heiress, a most handsome woman, who appeared at court as Marquis de Thienville, sent on a secret embassy from Versailles. The princess's papers and all the water of gold which could be found were carefully gathered at an early stage of the business by a messenger from the Hermitage. Among the former were the title-deeds of the newly purchased estate on the Vistula, which once more reverted to the crown; and also a prediction, written in the old Slavonic language of Russia, by one who called himself Vukovitch of Klopp, setting forth that her highness would never die except by a girl of her family, who should inherit her wealth. All inquiries failed to discover either the prophet or the chemist with whom her highness had dealt; nor did time or chance throw any further light on the doings of that singular and most unscrupulous lady, who is still remembered in the traditional gossip of St. Petersburg by the equatitle of 'The Killing Princess.'

THE NEW GOLD-DIGGINGS
FIRST ARTICLE.

Strangely enough, it was reserved for the middle of the nineteenth century, the period fruitful of wonders of art, to be the great era of gold-discovery—the diggings of California, Australia, and British Columbia having all come into notice within the space of a very few years. So strange, indeed, is the lot, that one is puzzled to say what people were able that they never made these notable discoveries before. The circumstance, we think, shows that, after all, our knowledge of the earth's surface is still exceedingly imperfect. For anything we can tell, they yet may be many other places abounding in unexplored mineral wealth, which is destined to alter the scale of commercial transactions, and to work extraordinary changes in matters of social concern.

As regards the last of the gold discoveries, it may be said that gold can claim little credit for penetration or promulgation. The discovery was at first treated with distrust, reserve. Douglas, governor of Vancouver's land, writes on the 16th of April 1856 to Lafond, as head of the Colonial department, that gold was found within British territory on the Upper Columbia, and that he is, moreover, of opinion that valuable gold-deposits will be found in many other parts of that country. The dry reply which ensues is followed by a correspondence which gradually turns in interest; but only by means of parliamentary reports and public rumours does the great discovery become finally known in the summer of 1856, when suddenly the whole world is in a blaze on the subject, and from all parts—California, in particular—there is a rush to the almost unknown territory, which hitherto had been held as little else than hunting-ground for savages, and certain fur-trading companies.

In looking at any recently constructed map of this part of the western hemisphere, we see, yet it is not to adequately realize in imagination, the immense sweep of the stretch of territory belonging to the British crown, amounting as it does to one-half of the continent of North America. The more western and northerly portion of this extensive country, reaching its name from an inland sea in its centre—British Bay, into which might be dropped, without incommoding it, the island of Great Britain—but well known, had been hitherto as little explored as unknown, been held chiefly by the British Bay Company, an English joint-stock company, of long standing, that has its head-quarters at London, and with which, about forty years ago, a great undertaking, called the North-west Company, was successfully incorporated. Clerks, factors, voyageurs, and other functionaries established at trading or roaming over thousands of miles of this wilderness, and acquainted with the principal inhabitants, with the principal inhabitants, with the temperament of the Chippewas, for instance, such was not the case; or at all events, it was not known that there was gold, the fact was not even communicated, and it became known only by casual circumstances. Governor Douglas's first communica

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to the Colonial Office, in August 1856, appears to have been the result of a report obtained from Mr Angus M'Donald, a clerk in charge of Fort Colville, one of the Company's trading-posts in the Upper Columbia District. Already, according to M'Donald, persons had begun to dig and look for gold-dust, and were earning daily as much as from L.2 to L.6 each man. Finding its way, in the course of trade, to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, the gold excited some commotion; and persons began to migrate, for the purpose of mining, from adjacent parts of the United States, although the Indians, who had an interest in the soil, were not very favourably disposed towards the intruders. The spots alleged to be most prolific of gold lay from one to two hundred miles inland from the narrow channel called the Gulf of Georgia, which separates Vancouver's Island from the mainland. Into this channel, at Fort Langley, about the 49th degree of north latitude, flows the Fraser River, an important navigable river, which receives a number of feeders; the chief of these being the Thompson River, which joins it on its left bank about the 50th degree. On these rivers, gold was said to exist at various places in sufficient abundance to arouse the keenest spirit of adventure, and we can therefore fancy the excitement which prevailed soon after the reality of the discoveries was put beyond doubt. According to the Francisco correspondent of the New York Tribune, the first skilled miner who worked on Fraser River was a Scotchman named Adams. He happened to be travelling in this part of the Hudson's Bay territory early last year, on his way to see some relatives, and he stopped at one of the trading-posts, where he met an old acquaintance named Maclean, who told him that the Indians living on Fraser River had been bringing gold-dust to the post to trade with, saying they had dug it on the river-bank. This statement was listened to by Adams with greedy ears, and his resolution was taken to examine into the matter for himself. He had been a miner in California, and knew how to go to work. He accordingly provided himself with a pick, shovel, and large tin-pan, and went to the dwelling of a family of Indians who had been in the habit of bringing gold and gold-dust to the post. He found the squaws engaged in washing for gold with baskets, and from appearances, was satisfied that he was in rich diggings. He returned to the post, made a rocker, purchased some provisions, went back to the diggings, hired a couple of Indians to help him, and worked industriously for three months, in which time he realised upwards of a thousand dollars. Becoming tired of living away from society, he went down to Puget Sound—an inlet diverging into Washington territory from the Gulf of Georgia—and there told his story to some American sailors, who returned with him to the diggings on Fraser River, and by them the search for gold was prosecuted with considerable success. In this way, reports concerning the diggings spread abroad; the inhabitants of Victoria, and finally of San Francisco, caught up the marvellous intelligence, and in the early part of the present year, a run to the new diggings had commenced.

The arrival at Victoria of steamers from San Francisco, bringing a host of American adventurers on their way to the new Dorado, appears to have somewhat alarmed Governor Douglas. Under date April 27, 1856, he wrote on the subject to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom the communication was handed to Sir Edward Belcher Lyttton, the new head of the Colonial Office. 'I have,' said he, 'to communicate for the information of the governor and committee that the steam- vessel Commodore arrived in this port on the 26th instant, direct from San Francisco, with 450 passengers, chiefly gold-miners, who have come here with the intention of working the gold-mines of the interior. About 400 of those men were landed on the same day, and, with the exception of a few who left yesterday for Fraser River, are now engaged in purchasing provisions, taking up their quarters, and making preparations for continuing their journey by Fraser River into the Coutean country. They all appear to be well provided with mining-tools, and there seems to be no want of capital and intelligence among them. About sixty of a foreign population, whose appearance is in no respect inferior to the above, have also arrived here. Sixty-two of them are of Scotch extraction, about an equal number of Americans, and the rest are Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians. Though our little town was crowded to excess with this sudden influx of people, and there was a temporary scarcity of food and dearth of home comforts, there was no disturbance. The police force small, and many temptations to excess in the way of drink, yet they were remarkably quiet and orderly, and there has not been a single committal for rioting or drunkenness since their arrival here. The merchants and general inhabitants of Victoria are very much interested in the increase in wealth and business produced by the arrival of so large a body of people in the colony, and are strongly in favour of making this place a stopping-point between San Francisco and the gold-mines, which, as regards the development of the prosperity of the colony, is evidently an object of the utmost importance, as, both in going and returning, the miners would make purchases, and spend a great deal of money: the value of property in the colony is vastly enhanced, while the sale of public land and the colonisation of the country would be greatly promoted. The interests of the empire, if I may use the term, may not, however, be improved to the same extent by the accession of a foreign population, whose opinions are decidedly anti-British. From that point of view the question assumes an alarming aspect, and leads us to doubt the policy of permitting foreigners to enter the British territory, ad libitum, without taking the oath of allegiance, and otherwise giving security to the government of the country. In the meantime, the people who have gone into the interior will meet with innumerable difficulties of route in their progress towards the mines, both from the nature of the country and the dangerous state of the rivers. The principal diggings on Fraser and Thompson Rivers are also at present, and will continue, flooded for many months to come; there is, moreover, a great scarcity of food in the gold-districts; so that those united causes will, in all probability, compel many of the ill-provided adventurers to beat a retreat, and for the time to relinquish the enterprise. The licence-system has not been yet carried into effect, and it will be difficult to bring it into a general operation. It has since occurred to me that by levying a duty on goods, the gold-districts might be taxed to any desirable extent, without clamour or exciting discontent among the people; an object which might be effected at a moderate expense, by means of a customs station on Fraser River, and another at the point where the road from the Columbia strikes the ford of the O'Kanagan River, those being the only two commercial avenues of the Coutean country. I shall soon address Her Majesty's government on this subject, and in this communication, and it is also my intention to represent how seriously the peace of the country may be endangered by the presence of so many people wandering over the interior in a vagrant state, especially in the event of the diggings proving unremunerative, and the miners being, as an inevitable consequence, reduced to poverty, and destitute of the common necessities of life. We have this moment
been informed of the arrival of the Pacific mail-steamer Columbia, at Fort Townsend, with eighty passengers from San Francisco, who are also bound for the Conteau gold-district; and we observe by the latest San Francisco papers that several other vessels are advertised for the same destination.

About the same time, in a letter to the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company, Governor Douglas says: 'The tidings from the gold-district are of the most flattering description, but are not confirmed by a large return of gold-dust. Mr Simpson reports that gold is found in more or less abundance on every part of Fraser River, from Fort Yale to the Forks; but I presume those diggings cannot be very productive, or there would have been a larger return of gold. Chief trader Yale reports that parties are proceeding up Fraser River towards the gold-diggings almost every day.' Subsequent communications in the Blue-book whence we make these extracts shew that the flocking of Americans to the new diggings is quite too great to excite the serious apprehensions; but in these fears the home authorities did not participate; nor would the people of the United Kingdom sanction any plan to exclude foreigners from settling among, and working the mines with others. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, the colonial secretary, now roused to the importance of the discovery, wrote to Mr Douglas, stating that her Majesty's government, while determined on preserving the rights both of government and commerce with this country, and while having every intention to furnish such a force as will preserve law and order, declare it to be 'no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields.' On the contrary, the governor is distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purpose of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of her Majesty, to the recognition of her authority, and conform to such rules of police as it may be thought proper to establish.' Douglas is further instructed to exercise caution and delicacy in dealing with those manifold cases of international relationship and feeling which are certain to arise. By the compact, the liberal policy of the Americans in freely admitting British subjects to a participation in the mineral wealth of California is gracefully reciprocated, and, along with other explanations on the subject, have been received in a becoming manner by the citizens of the United States.

It being necessary, in the strange position of affairs which had evolved, to adopt measures for governing the country of the new diggings as a free crown-colony, the subject, as newspaper readers know, was lately brought before parliament; the result being that a distinct colony was formed with a constitution to last for five years. And here we may be allowed to express surprise at the paucity of invention which from first to last has been demonstrated in giving a name to this portion of British America. At first, when the matter came before parliament, the appellation of New Caledonia was fixed upon—a name not only bad in itself, as every name embracing the word new is acknowledged to be, but bad as being a repetition of a name already applied to an island in the Pacific which was lately settled by the French. Dropping New Caledonia, the Colonial Office at length fixed on British Columbia, which is about as clumsy as its predecessor, and will no doubt have afterwards to be abandoned for something shorter and more pointed. British Columbia, as it seems we must call it, is legally defined to comprise 'all such territories within the dominion of her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the watered between the streams which flow into the Pacific Ocean and those which flow into the Atlantic and

In making regular settlements in Vancouver's Island, the Hudson's Bay Company engaged a dozen of crown-lands to immigrants; and thus Victoria is latterly increased in size and population. Extending gradually as a resort for traders, it experienced as extraordinary accession of inhabitants, and local in its environs came rapidly into demand as soon as the tide of gold-seekers fairly set in. The accounts of sales of town-lots remind us of similar affairs in San Francisco and Melbourne. The land-office is here from early morning, and such was the amount of business that no arrangements were not means for making out titles fast enough.

The following letter from Victoria, dated Jan 30, appears in the San Francisco Bulletin: 'There are beautiful harbours here; the lesser one is very like the city of San Francisco, in which a passage to the north-west of Esquimual Bay, where the largest ships in the world may safely enter and lie. This harbour, however, will admit ships drawing dozen feet of water at low tide; and such boats as the Pacific, Commodore, or Columbia, may come round the town. Victoria has been the fort and principal trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company for a number of years, and a careful examination of the geography of the country at once shows their wisdom and foresight. The site of the town is beautiful, rising gently from the banks of the harbour, extending back and spreading out into a plateau, forming a beautiful site for a city. Already buildings have been commenced to accommodate the requirements of the town. Stores are set up as fast as the material can be furnished.

'The people here had not anticipated so sudden an influx of population, and consequently no preparation in the way of lumber for buildings, or provision for the people in the preparation of the United States.

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* The governor appointed to this new and hopeful station, which we believe, Colonel H. C. Moody, B.E., at present commandant of the Royal Artillery, British Columbia, has conducted the structural alterations on Edinburgh Castle. Both as regards accomplishments and general experience, no one could so well fill this important post. Colonel Moody was formerly lieutenant-governor of the Falkland Islands, with which he was connected with a party of his corps prepared for colonisation. Between 1841 and 1848. According to the newspapers, the gallant colonel will shortly proceed to assume the duties of his government, embarking at Southampton, and proceeding to the colony via Chagres and Panama.
easy and safe. As to the extent and richness of the mines of Fraser River, abundant evidence is on every side here to prove the truth of the extravagant stories before related. I have talked freely with a number of my friends who have worked on the river-banks, and have exhibited to me hundreds of ounces of the dust collected there before the waters commenced to flow.

Another writer in the same paper says of Victoria: 'This place improves on me on acquaintance. There is plenty of fish in the bay; both large and small are caught from the bridge. There is a great variety of pleasant walks in the neighbourhood. We went among the six miles to the sound shore. It is a curious beach, and consists of millions of tons of pebbles, from the size of an egg down to peas and beans. They are used a great deal in town for the streets, and in the fields, and the grounds are covered with ripe strawberries and blackberries. The wild rose-bushes are in full bloom. There is an abundance of young oaks, aspen, and other trees on up to the big old oak and lofty pine. The ground is not a dead-level, but just even enough to make it pretty, and the brush and trees are so thick that it is pleasant walking among them. The temperature is just right for walking; and the prevailing wind from Mount Halsey and the Coast Range makes the otherwise too great warmth delightfully bracing.'

A third correspondent describes the place as 'growing like wild-fire,' and in the account given by a fourth, we have a graphic detail of the process of buying town-lots. 'The great event since I wrote you last, in this place, was the sale of town-lots, under the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 21st. The sale created a great deal of interest and long before the hour of opening the Land-office, its doors were besieged by an anxious crowd of people, eager to invest their money in lots they knew not where situated, or when they would receive deeds to them. The Company owned some 6400 acres of land, upon which the town of Victoria is located, and had sold, from time to time, the most eligibly located lots, of 60 feet front by 120 deep, at first for 25 dollars, then 50 dollars, then 75 dollars each, until all the lots that were thought likely to sell had been disposed of. The rapid and wonderful rise in the value of this property was so great, and the demand so great, that the Company determined to throw some 1200 additional lots in the market, and raise the price to 100 dollars each. The people were eager to buy the lots, and the land-office was besieged by anxious people, and the result was a rapid and successful sale.

At the foot of the hill was a small sheet of water termed the Pot Loch, the margin and depths of which were supplied us with many interesting collections. We always visited it on our way to the moor-burn, to set lines for pike against our return and to institute a diligent search amongst the adjacent weeds and grass for anything we could find. During those investigations, we always separated, each having his own best. An examination of mingled delight and surprise would cause us to rush to the spot, to be rewarded perhaps with nothing more than a quantity of frogspawn, or a colony of tadpoles, or, as we called them, paddies and goads. We were allowed to purchase exceeding six lots. Notwithstanding this large amount of real estate thus suddenly flung upon the market, prices remain firm, with a strong upward tendency. Building-lots five and six blocks back from the water-front are selling at from 1000 to 2000 dollars each, according to location.'

A demand for land, not very dissimilar, prevailed in connection with some other places in Vancouver’s Island; the universal expectation, of course, being that much of the gold to be discovered would find

its way thither, and not a little of it be spent with a recklessness according to the ordinary improvident habits of gold-diggers.

WHEN I WAS A SCHOOL-BOY.

Well do I remember those delicious half-holidays at school, when we strolled off in groups to stand on the afternoon among the hills, or by the river-side. With arms twined round one another's necks, in school-boy fashion—my group consisting of three sworn chums besides myself, and our exact destination kept as an important secret from the other groups—we would start off, and plod onwards towards a certain moor-burn far up among the green hills. On our way thither, if a small bird chanced to be charming its happy song in the hedgerows, how instantly were our deliberations stopped on this new quest, and how eagerly did we discover the nest: the nest found, how eager to hear the report—eggs or young. We were all naturalists in our own special ways: one had a pendent for beetles; another for moths; a third was ever on the qui vive for birds' eggs; while I, perhaps, kept a heterogenous collection of caterpillars, to see what they would turn to. Caterpillar-collecting, I may as well observe, was considered capital fun; so was pupa or chrysalis hunting; and I remember, when one of the latter was found, how we conveyed to a certain defined portion of ground, the property of its captor, and there buried, and zealously guarded till the time came for its wondrous transformation into the perfect insect. The boy whose chrysalises changed into the greatest variety of insects, was considered exceedingly fortunate, and held a greater rank in our estimation than before.

As 'we four' wandered along towards our destination—the hill-burn—the objects that attracted our path were always carefully noted and commented upon. Birds were the chief objects of our solicitude, and many a weary search we made for their nests. Sometimes the skylark would rise mounting before us, with its glorious flood of song; but she, and her song too, passed comparatively unheeded by us, being of secondary importance to the tuft of grass from whence the bird rose, with the possibility of a nest therein. Poor larks! many an egg was stolen from them to grace our collections, and yet the skyward messengers seemed to be as plentiful as ever in the following spring.

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The much-prized but rare bull-rush would sometimes fall to our lot. Gold-coloured beetles were rich treasures, and as such were eagerly sought for; but I confidently affirm, that any delight at finding a beetle more variegated in colour than any before me found, could hardly be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any other pleasure that could have been offered to me.

Then there were water-hens, cots and bald-wits; but these were seldom spied, as they usually remained perched in the reeds; we knew they were there, however, from a peculiar single note they occasionally uttered. The heron, from our long acquaintance with him, became a great friend. I do not remember having ever seen two of these birds at once on the margin of the loch, so the solitary individual invariably encountered became the heron. He was, like all his brethren, a very patient, unerring fisher; nor was he very shy or clever, for, at the least possible position given by any of us, he would flap slowly over to the opposite side, and vice versa. If, however, he was much disturbed, he flew sulkily away to the neighbouring hillside, there to await our departure; and when we had left him, he would continue his journey to the hill-burn. We were often, upon looking back, just caught sight of him dropping quietly down again to his favourite position on the loch. Besides the heron, there was the hawk. This bird we almost always saw when we ascended a distant hill. He was on the hand; we believed to be the same individual from week to week—to have, in fact, an individuality similar to that of the heron; and the declaration of: 'Oh! there's the hawk!' was constantly uttered when he was seen for the first time that day. The bird was frequent, for the most part; the deserted quarry; but we were always at a loss to know what he lived upon, as we never saw him carry away anything in his talons or beak. He was, however, an easy prey; but he must have lived upon something, as he was as thoroughly wedded to the hills as the heron was to the loch. The quarry was a favourite resort of ours on our way to the hill-burn. In it we found soft places for which formed excellent slate-pencils, besides capital missiles to send skimming along the water.

Those breezy hills were truly our delight. Many a chase we had after the peewests that frigged broken wings to decoy us from their nests—an old trick now, but then 'tended with delightful, teasing novelty. Once, and once only, was a young peewest discovered. Three of us had bountied away after the parent lapwing, and were too eager in our impetuous chase to heed the fourth boy, who had remained behind, calling us at the top of his lung to return, as he had found the young one within a very few yards of where he was lying. At last we three gave up the pursuit in despair; and upon returning to our starting-point, were greeted with hurrahs, and could scarcely believe our senses when we were told to 'search,' and we should find a wee peewesweep close by.' We did find it, too, easily enough; examined the little hairy ball, and left it in its leather nest. Whamps (curlews) were plentiful, too, and elicited a wonder school-sensation by their peculiar dreamy cries. These each learned to imitate, an accomplishment intended by us to beguile the birds into coming within our reach; but our imitation was incomplete, or possibly so like the cry, that the birds never thought of responding, and the result was, that we never got very near them. The plantation on the hillside was at once mysterious and awful to our imaginations. Somehow or other, we always deemed it trespass to set foot within its enclosure, and that if 'the man' came, we should be consigned to prison; and yet we could not resist the temptation of wandering through it in search of cushion does. These cushion or wood-pigeons were rather numerous, and built on the larch-trees. But unless the nests were near the ground, we never molested them, as the idea of 'the man' catching any of us in the wood, and still worse, speaking, was impossible, and had the salutary effect of restraining our longings to climb. Now, we could have enjoyed the blooming through this plantation, and would most probably have devoted a good deal of time to it; for the nest of one of the larch trees were capital for birds; the papas, and the cushion does presented a splendid sight for stones; but a wholesome dread of 'the man' perpetually curbed our inclinations, and kept us in the most part, without its dreaded precincts. And how needleless were our fears, as we afterwards discovered that 'the man' was a mere myth!

Arrived at the hill-burn, the first thing we did was to bathe in a large pool. Our dip was usually of that duration, however, as the dread of deer-hies generally crowded out our contemplative position on the edge of the water. After running about in a cæpus to dry ourselves, we donned our attire, and then commenced the real business of the day—puurning for trout. I am not now, of some experience and tolerable skill; I use the language of the old, and have in my possession, in a pleasantly dressed file, and do not think several of good-sized trout a very great haul on a good day with the water in trim; but what are my later experiences of fishing to those dearly cherished puurning memories? Tarry on 'the hand's' hill,'—that is, the burn, which has worn off considerably; and though it is yet and always must be, a very jolly thing to hook up a fine trout, yet the flush of triumph which stained these very juvenile successes can never be returned to my heart. I wish to say, that I was, in a kind of way, perhaps, with my old friends that fly fishers use, that the trout was never to be found on the burn, unless it was close by some place, and was skirted by foogy (smug) banks. Under these banks we groped carefully, as we wore the line into a corner or hole preparatory to grasping it. Sometimes when wearing the trout in this manner, the hand and fish would be in contact the whole time, without any disturbance or attempt to escape by the latter; and this remarkable peculiarity we always ascribed to a sort of secret influence, exercised by the hand upon the dazed victim. The process was termed 'tickling the tails.'

Great indeed was our joy, upon a certain occasion, when one of us caught a trout, one point in weight upon the bank. How we gazed and admired, as fondled and gently handled the sparkling prize, field of shedding a single scale from his matchless form; how exultingly we beheld him lie panting at the turf, little remained of his beauty; how, almost self-confidently, we gazed around to see if any one else had witnessed the deed, and, finally, how carefully we rolled him in a pocket-handkerchief and bore him home. A feast like that was food for a man; we, and served in a measure as a date that, till some event or other, we reverted to the time the big trout was gumped.

The return from, was a weary job compared with the journey to, the hills. We were always late home; before we reached the school-house, and were glad to get to bed; but next week, the events of the last Saturday were recounted, and plans for the following day discussed and matured. The anticipation of the half-holidays was, I am convinced, more pleasurable than the pleasure itself, great as that pleasure was. How we each thrilled with eager joy when you proposed something peculiarly novel to be done the following day! How we chummed together in our dormitory, in school-hours, and in the playground, to strive to be amongst the number of those who wished to go to the hills on Saturday. The privilege being only extended by the master to those who deserved it by good conduct, was one we best
always tried hard to merit; and on several occasions, how great was our grief when the list came back from the master's room with one of us on the condemned side. This established the remainder of the quarter staying the playground to keep company with the unfortunate spoiler of the day's fun, for it would have been considered a disgraceful meaness to have left him alone.

Those cherished scenes were revisited by me years after I had left school; but the Pot Loch looked smaller and less imposing, the hills lower, and the quarry had dwindled down to half its original size; the school-house remained unaltered, and the playgarden where I was walking the week before, and the faces of the boys I saw, upon revisiting my old school, were evidences of fresh feeling which I recognised as akin to mine when I was in a similar position. It was the flush of anticipation, the wise and steady estimate, the experienced thinking, and the unimpeached honour of an Oxford examination. The authority and prestige of the ancient university had been directed to the task, not of checking or of discouraging, but of sympathising with and aiding the landable efforts of self-taught boys for the varied machinery of commercial and grammar schools.

On the 18th of June 1857, the university of Oxford passed a statute, establishing two examinations for 'those who are not members of the university': one for youths under eighteen and above fifteen, another for boys under fifteen. The convocation created a delegacy (or commission) with legislative and executive powers for the special purposes defined by the statute. These powers have a duration of three years only, and convocation will then have time to take the subject into consideration. In the meantime, it has devolved on the delegacy to frame a scheme of examination, to appoint examiners, to fix the scale of fees, and to arrange all other details. The Rev. J. E. Sewell, of New College, Oxford, has been appointed secretary, and no less than ten local centres of examination were established this year in communication with Oxford through that gentleman as the medium. These provincial 'centres' are each managed by a committee, whose duties it is to conduct the local details, and to provide for all expenses incident to a local examination. The localities, together with their respective contingents of senior and junior candidates, are specified in the following table:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name of Place</th>
<th>Seniors</th>
<th>Juniors</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oxford</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>77</td>
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<tr>
<td>London</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>237</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bath</td>
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<td>Bedford</td>
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<td>Birmingham</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheltenham</td>
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<td>Liverpool</td>
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<td>Manchester</td>
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<td>Southampton</td>
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The total number of persons to be examined at the Oxford examination was 1293—800 being juniors, and 493 being seniors. The examination was open to all persons of whatever social rank or religious denomination, age and non-matriculation being the only limits. Candidates must all satisfy the examiners that they have mastered the elements of a plain English education, after which a very wide latitude is allowed in the selection of subjects of study. The junior candidates, when successful, obtain a certificate; the seniors, who pass
the higher examination, receive the title of Associate-in-arts, the symbol of which is the letters A.A. Any person who can obtain, or who has obtained, a sight of the examination lists which appeared in the Times of the 5th of August, will at once discern the method of classification. Candidates, both senior and junior, may obtain 'honours' in addition to their certificate or A.A. degree, by attaining a place in the first or second of the three classes. The first class is, of course, the place of distinguished success; it is arranged in order of merit, or 'inferior honour' class, and the third, or 'pass' class, are arranged alphabetically. The chief difference between the classification of the seniors and that of the juniors, is that the bulk of matter in which the foundation is laid under the six sections—A, B, C, D, E, F, and a first and second class is appointed for each section; the junior candidates having been arranged in two general 'honour' classes, without reference to sections. The same principle of arrangement is, however, adopted in both cases; the first class being always in order of merit, the second alphabetically arranged. Seniors and juniors alike, who have done well enough to obtain the certificate or the degree, but not well enough to make the first class, have a special distinction, without reference to sections, in the large alphabetical third or 'pass' class. It will give some notion of the care and strictness which have marked this examination, if we state the numbers of those who have obtained first class, second class, and third class in the six examinations. In the A section (English literature), there were only fourteen 'firsts'; in the B section (languages), there were 28; in the C section (mathematics), 16; in the D section (physics), only 3; in the E section (drawing and architecture), only 3; and in the F section (music), 1. This, it must be borne in mind, was a selection out of no less than 423 senior candidates. We stated above that all candidates were obliged to satisfy the examiners in the elements of a plain English education. The meaning of this phrase, in the Oxford sense, will be best understood by learning that both boys and youths have to write from dictation, to analyse and pass a short English sentence; to write a short English composition, and to take in arithmetic, geography, and the outlines of English history. The younger candidates have also to read aloud a passage before the examiners, a part of the examination which has elicited some adverse remarks in the case of the Liverpool boys. In the case of the juniors, a book is to be 'got up' in the part of the examination which has to do with languages. These books are very well chosen, being such as Schiller's Resoln of the Netherlands, in German, and parts of Caesar de Bello Gallico, in Latin. The seniors are examined in the languages at large, irrespective of any special book.

We now proceed to give some specimens of the questions set in the English literature and language sections. From these the general quality of the examination is best learned; and we will append a few details relating to the other sections. The 'English Literature' comprised the four following subjects: English History, from the battle of Bosworth Field to the Restoration, and the outlines of the History of Literature during the same period; Shakespeare's King Lear, and Bacon's Essays; the outlines of Political Economy and English Law; and Physical, Commercial, and Political Geography. In this section, a candidate was open to questions like the undermentioned: 'What was the secret of the success of Elizabeth in governing, and of the failure of Charles I.? State the reasons which make the accession of Henry VII. an important epoch in English history.' 'Describe with all the detail which you can, one of these three events—the death-bed of Elizabeth, the execution of Charles I., the death of Oliver Cromwell.' 'Which of the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott refer to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: Is what case has he brought out strongly any historical character or incident of the period, and what has he deviated from historical truth?' 'Compare the characters of Lear and Cordelia with any corresponding characters in ancient tragedy.' 'Show how the introduction of the Fool is necessary for the development of the moral or the moral effect of the play.' 'Compare and contrast, in connection with their history, the physical geography of (a) the three southern peninsulas of Europe, and (b) the counties of Kent, Cornwall, Somerset, and Cumberland.' 'Mention the phenomena peculiar to the river Nile.' 'Give any instances which you remember of ordinary words used by Lord Bacon in a sense now unusual.' 'In what essay does Leo Bacon treat of colonisation? Name any particular in which his views on the subject have been revived by recent experience?' 'What is meant by the 'real' price of commodities, as distinguished from their nominal price? Which is of most importance in the ordinary transactions of life?' Few English candidates are placed. Without views would you raise to these questions the merit of judicious selection, and of the most equitable fairness. The subjects for a short English essay are, in our opinion, equally well chosen. The candidate might do one of four things: he might write a short or extended account of the life and character of Lord Nelson; he might write a short or extended account of the life and character of the Greeks and Romans; he might suppose that a friend had written to ask for some account of the school or schools in which he had been brought up, and he might write a letter in reply. Turning now to the section of languages, we find Greek paper comprising pieces for translation into English from the Third Book III., from the Missals of Euriptides, Xenophon's Cyropaedia, Heroidas, and the Olympian Orations of Demosthenes. Then ten or a dozen critical questions on points of construction, and a very short passage of English with Greek words supplied, to be turned into Greek. In Latin, the passages for translation into English were selected from the Bacchides of Virgil, from the Eneid, the Heroides of Ovid, from Cicero's Catilinae Orations and Treatment on Friendship, from Sallust's Catilinaries and from the twenty-first Book of Livy. In a more advanced paper, pieces were also set for translation into Greek and Latin. The French candidates were invited to compose in writing a letter in the language, describing a visit into the country. Here is a specimen of a piece set for translation into French.

My dear Charles—It is near Christmas-time, and it comes sadly round to me to remind you of your excellent grandmother, who was taken from us last year at this time. Do you, my dear Charles, pay attention to the wishes of your parents, and the wishes of the people about you, that you may have a self-righteous life, and know how to think of them at a future period. We will remember your health in a glass of claret about six o'clock at night, not that you will have exactly (allowing for variation of time) what we are doing at the same moment,—I am, my dear boy, always your affectionate father,
With regard to the remaining sections, there were added to the papers on pure mathematics, some very well-constructed ones on practical mechanics (including mechanism, on hydrostatics, on surveying, and ship navigation). In order to obtain a "pass" in mathematics, a senior candidate was required to take in four Books of Euclid, and algebra to the end of quadratic equations; the first two Books of Euclid, algebra being the backbone of all the questions. Questions were set on the facts and principles of chemical science; and a practical examination was given in the elements of analysis. A knowledge of vegetable physiology in general, and on the functions of vermin in animal physiology, was also proposed for examination.

Drawing was in all cases estimated at a very high value; and the drawing section included, besides drawing from the flat, models, etc., design in pen and ink and in colour, and the history and principles of the art of design. Candidates in music, if juniors, took in the grammar; if seniors, the history and principles of composition as well.

We have to make without one word on the practical utility of the movement whose chief features we have now sketched. The adoption of this system will be beneficial in two ways: it supplies an agency primarily for testing; and, secondarily, for increasing and securing a knowledge and love for the highest ideals destined for professional life. Great numbers of master-manufacturers, of railway directors, bankers, and others, have written to the university, stating their readiness to accept the A.A. degree as a guarantee of proficiency in non-professional instruction. Schools will be tested which have hitherto altogether escaped notice; and parents and guardians will have a safe guide in the selection of places of education. It only remains for the country cordially to extend the efforts of the university, and a great revolution will be effected in our middle-class system of education.

A FESTIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

The Sards call themselves a highly religious people; and, indeed, if the number of saint-days, religious festivals, etc., prove anything at all, they certainly may with justice be considered the most saintly race in the whole universe; for besides the well-known gooly array of saintly personages reverently worshipped in common with their Italian and Sicilian neighbours, they have a private supply of their own, on the recurrence of whose festas, mass must be duly attended, and all labour, however necessary, as duly neglected, under pain of mortal sin.

To these too-frequent festas may be attributed the extreme love of dress which I had occasion to mention in a former paper—to these their indulgence, and also, perhaps, to these the poetry which doubtless forms a component part of the true nature of every Sard.

Besides the general routine of fié-days, there are local festivals of a character so peculiar, so wild, and uniting in so strange a manner hospitality with good-humour, and pastoral simplicity with ferocity, that I shall not attempt to accompany me to one of them.

The place to which I would conduct him—in imagination, at least—is called Arequenna, and is situated quite in the north of the island; the time, a Saturday evening before the third Sunday in May.

On a beautiful hill covered with trees, and overlooking a broad expanse of richly wooded plain, there stands a small rustic chapel dedicated to Santa Maria di Arequenna. The soft, breezy iarbous or sea-wind, gently stirs the leaves of the acacia, myrtle, and cork trees, wafting a pleasant freshness through the heated atmosphere. The plain beneath is teeming with life, for around and on all sides there pours into it a tide of living, moving, festivity: not only so, but it is full of pictures—pictures altogether unique, original, and soul-stirring. For the pencil of a Turner to depict some of these bright moving groups! At first, the sun breaks through the mist, and glancing on the brilliant scarlet, green, and gold which predominates in the costumes of the women, is too dazzling. It is impossible to distinguish any one object from the undulating, buzzing, glittering mass; but by and by a group stands out in the sunlight.

Look now at yonder militia-man, with his long rife in hand, mounted on that fiery, snorting, Arab-looking steed. How well he rides! There is positive grace in the manner in which he manages the creature. One can see, too, that he has given him a sly prick with his spur, to make him curvet and caracole just in order to draw attention, for the animal is very handsome, with its delicate, well-shaped limbs and largely costly; so, it is true Sard, loves his horse. Now, see his own dress; there is the never-failing short, full, black cloth kind of kilt, with the equally never-falling white cotton mantuas or drawers puffing round the knees, and secured by an embroidered silver-buckled belt at the neck, so as to show to advantage the snowy folds of the finely worked shirt. How well it sets off his well-formed figure and bronzed complexion! And then that brilliant array of silver buttons pendent on each side, and decorating each sleeve as high as the elbow—how they jingle with every slight movement of the body! The very sound seems to give a piquancy to the whole picturesque effect, especially as the eye rests on the bill of that wonderful stiletto, sheathed within the broad, gently embroidered, and silver-buckled leathern girdle.

Next, we have a few family groups from Tempio. They are mostly on horseback, the women sitting, pillion-fashion, behind the men. And how terribly ferocious-looking are the horses! With long black hair and wild beards! No wonder the pirates from Barbary, who so often and so grievously, in time of yore infected these shores, imbibed the habit of distinguishing Christians—merely by that, civilised people—from Sards. However, the Sards are so comfortably seated behind, seem by no means to be of this opinion. How joyous they are, and how well do the brilliant colours of their exquisitely picturesque costume contrast with the large black eyes, glossy braided hair, and fine white teeth, which seem to be so general among them. It is wonderful, too, how and where they could have collected that jewellery. Those exquisite chains, earring-rings, and filigree studs are positively costly; and then some of their hands are laden with rings besides. They are all of gold, too. Perhaps the workmanship may be coarse; but they are set with real stones found in their island. But we must not stay to examine them much longer. Our train is in motion, hence priests on horseback brandishing umbrellas, mostly pink; monks, even, are not wanting; and I declare, besides you and me, dear reader, there is another Anglo-Saxon. You may know him by his fair skin, ruddy cheek, and blue-gray eyes. Yes, even here, I suppose—though here they seldom penetrate—the scene would scarcely be complete without some son of Britain.
bright British blood to boast of: he has but a dim recollection of his fatherland, rendered even more obscure by an ideal fog and small rain which in his mind constantly envelops it. He has long led a half-wild life in this semi-wild country; he has established his head-quarters in a brigg, moored sometimes near one part of the shore, sometimes near another; and here he is to-day on his brown horse, and with his long rifle, both of which he loves as dear friends. He is in language, and having no particular country, no particular language, and no particular religion; his outward man, too, is singular: the short light-brown curly hair, and gold-coloured glossy waving beard, to which no razor has ever been applied, are very characteristic, or rather they form one of a head by Carlo Dolce. But enough of our Anglo-Sardo.

Just watch that group of black-bearded shepherds, how earnestly they talk, how eager are their gestures; their dress, all coarse, dark, and singularly wild as it is, is at least became in its kind. The linen shirts and mutanda are passing white, and there has been evident care in the arrangement of their rustic toilet. They are capo-pastori, or owners of large flocks. To-day, that group, numbering between thirty and forty, are called in constant communication with the stonemasons during the festival. Each one of those wealthy shepherds must furnish forth a sheep or a goat, twelve pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of bread, a supply of oil, candles, fuel, cooking-apparatus, and four or five handsome bottles of wine; to which he will invite gratuitously all who choose to partake of these. Of course, they are already strewing the ground thickly with branches of myrtle, rushes, the scilla maritima, anacis, heath, &c., that is to form a table for this picnic which is being most spread here and there for the elite. If you, dear reader, were to go, you would be thus honoured of a surely; the strict laws of hospitality are sacred here for the stranger—nearly as sacred as the many traits of which mark their eastern origin. And where, you ask, are the dishes? Where is the feast, the preparations for which are so large a scale? We will pass by that clump of trees.

For on the ground is there strown with hides, hoofs, and feathers; there is the impromptu slaughter-house; and a little further on you may see a truly primitive cuisine. A small bird has been placed within a very small sucking-pig, the sucking-pig within a lamb, and the lamb within a wild boar or sheep. This curious mass has been placed in a large hole in the ground, surrounded with red-hot charcoal embers, covered well over, and thus gently allowed to cook. There are many other dishes in the same fashion, and cooked in the same manner. There are quantities of macaroni, quantities of fruits, and of sweets made of almonds and honey, and now the feast has begun. No need of dishes—the myrtle leaves are more delicate than any dish; no need of forks, for they grow beside you on the myrtles. Then for knives—why, those formidable stilletes, or hunting-knives, to be found within each embroidered leathern belt, answers the purpose very well.

No need of music either, for that wild-looking trio have never ceased playing the most monotonous of airs on the ancient lansæda; while guitars and oesters are piping and squeaking in all directions. The horses, too, are neighing, and, like all Sard horses, are trying to get up little kicking-matches; and, as there is scarcely a bush within half a mile on each side without one tied thereto, why, this adds to the concourse of sweet sounds. Reader, imagine, if you can, this motley multitude, those moody sounds. Vain would it be to describe the endless slight varieties of costume, as each calling and each village has some distinctive peculiarity. Now this Celtic feast is ended; the suppliant have well acquired themselves of the duties of hospitality, it is they who have provided for all, arranged for all, and waited personally upon all. Mirth is at its highest; the excellent wine of the country has made them all a little mad; the laughter and the song are a truce. Most truly, the last is all. The black-eyed, half-clotted little men are rolling over the heath-covered ground, gathering lapulps of lovely wild flowers; dogs are crooking their tails, besides them, but are no more; they are suddenly studded with its myriad bright lamps; and at last beautiful it is, that Sardinian sky! The lilo tondo is now in full activity; and how can I describe this ancient, singular, and truly purely national again? Dangio di sanu? Do you think the world is not; aerial graceful movements on the light fantastic too have nought in common with the animal tramp of the ancient Istrusa.

For instance, to yourself, imaginative reader, a deme chain, coiling and uncoiling, in one slen monotonous shred, to a solemn monotonous cadence, believed forth from the stentorian lungs of a group of sixen choristers fixed in the centre; just imagine the unwinding, the undulating, the unwinding unwinding, one incessant buzz, and glitter, and run, one steady tramp for hours together, to a priest dispassion of unearthly sounds, and I think you will have realised the lilo tondo.

Apart from these are smaller parties. See, there is a circle gathered round a poet, who is steadily and volubly declaiming in his extempore verse. You see I do not much admire so harsh and guttural a voice—but it must have many charms for his auditors, for their attention has been riveted upon him at least the last three hours.

Here is a knot of gay young shepherds from Chiasaramonte dancing the salto Sardo, and then again, when the music stops, they are there is the young Anglo-Sardo trying to teach a pretty young Temperian girl to dance. Ah, sir, you have good taste—she is very lovely, and she seems pleased too—she considers it an honour etc. An English gentleman is, after all, quite a rare sight here; he is no doubt considered a Mafioso furbish.

But evening has deepened into night; the beautiful sky is purple now; still the lilo tondo with song; it is, however, considerably diminished is distance. The poultry, it is true, is now in a state of ditt—pitty he has by nature so harsh a voice, for the language is the most beautiful of patois, made up of Spanish and Arabic, with a dash of Italian.

Night advances. The women and children are up in snuff little huts, and are fast leaping about the trees; they have taken good care to cover their pretty heads, for they have a secret horror of the night-damp. How beautiful are the fire-flies and glow-worms! Do you hear the note of the owl? Listen—perhaps you may hear him. No, he will not think she will remind you of your northern home. To there are very many of those sweet songstresses in your cluster of bright-leafed trees. And now, look a little further: do you see those dark forest glades, every variety of recumbent positions? Study them well—they are bandits. See, one is always ready to give the alarm in case of need. But there are a few Piedmontese soldiers about—no need, perhaps; such a true banditage, you may say. He should venture neither from their strongholds. Some have come to do honour to the feast of Saint Maria; and, barring the one deed of vengeance which branded them as bandits, are kind and gentle souls ready to extend their hospitality to all who put them in their path. Others are of a far different model; all he of the grizzly beard is the most ruthless of assassins: his name is Andrea Fuzzu; but even he
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morning in June, I found the express just about to start. I dashed into the first second-class carriage I came to, and sat down. Opposite to me, and the only other occupant of such carriage, was a respectable looking woman with a baby in her arms. I had hardly sat down when the woman, seeing a female friend on the platform, cried out: 'My word, if it isn't our Sarah!' and putting the baby on to my lap, leaped out of the carriage; the little children, too, how earnestly are they liing out their ares. There is nothing in life so beautiful as the prayer of infancy—nothing so heart-stirring as to see the hardened hoary sinner striving to recall the prayer his mother taught him when he was yet a child. To the prayers, again, succeed the poems, the dances, and the songs of the preceding day; dinner at noon, and supper at sunset, conclude the day. Night still finds them there. But on the Monday, the vast crowd, so inclined, move on few hundred ards to another chapel, dedicated to San Pietro di Baldolino, where the ceremonies and the feasting continue during the day.

I have told of the hospitality, of the good-humour, of the rusticity of this Sardinian festival; truth obliges me to add that seldom, very seldom, does this beautiful annual fete take place without the sacrifice of one or more lives; for while the Sard would on no account injure a hair of the head of his guest, he will not hesitate to take deliberative aim at the heart of the man whom he suspects of flirting with his wife or trifling with his sweetheart. It is enough to see him clap the palm of her hand within his, and make him his deadly enemy; and the fiery Sard forgets every consideration in his burning thirst for revenge.

THE RAILWAY NURSE.

Some people, figuratively speaking, always fall upon their feet—others fall exactly where they are most likely to hurt themselves; and I regret to say that I am among the latter, and I always do hurt myself. I will merely take my travelling-luck as an instance. There are friends of mine who have for their vie-à-vie in railway-carriages females of fascinating appearance and charming manners, with whom they carry on a delightful conversation. I have never any such good-fortune. Agriculturists of heavy demeanour and person, widows who will not be comforted, gentlemen hand-cuffed to policemen, and other companions more or less unpleasant, are always next me, and opposite me, and behind me, and in front of me, that I do not complain without cause, I will relate what befell me the very last time I journeyed by rail.

I cannot say that I rejoice in, for that is not true—but at any rate I possess the name of Mutton. A long line of Muttons have handed down to me the name, and nothing else; I have therefore to do something for bread and vegetables, and that something I do in a government office for a hundred pounds sterling per annum. Unfortunately, my feelings and my insecurity do not keep pace, and, in an unguarded and extravagant moment, I offered my hand and heart to a very charming maiden, and was accepted.

Marriage at the time was out of the question; we were to wait until something turned up, and waiting we were to have to endure. Of the two, I suppose that before one can reach the Elysian fields, he must pass over Styx; it has hardly ever been my lot to have had even a tolerably pleasant journey; the last, however, was dreadful. I have a very bad habit of being late; consequently, when I arrived at King's Cross one
got into the wrong carriage, from which, of course, it was impossible to change, as the train that moment started, she hurried off her prize without ceremony, saying to the baby: 'And did it come in a coachee-poacher with a nasty, dirty gentleman—did it then?'

Explanations were entered into between my Amelia's family and myself, which ended so satisfactorily, that her brother offered to place his wardrobe at my disposal; her father unclosed his clenchéd fist to clasp my hand; and my Amelia herself awoke from her swoon, and took my arm affectionately, though of course at considerable distance, and only with the tips of her fingers.

THE TRAVELLER'S VISION.
FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

It was midday in the desert; night her dusty wing had spread,
And my Arab guides were sleeping, sharing each his comrade's bed;
Far and near where streams of moonlight lay on Nile's time-honoured plain,
Silvery white, amid the sand-heaps, gleamed the bones of camels slain.

I lay wakeful—where my saddle made a pillow hard and cool—
With the dried fruits of the palm-trees I had heaped its pouches full—
I had spread my loosened caftan over knee and over breast,
Naked sword and gun beside me: thus had laid me down to rest.

All was still—save when the embers of our sunken watch-fire stirred;
Save when, hurrying to her homestead, screamed some wild belated bird;
Save when, slumbering, stamped the charger, bound beside his Arab lord;
Save when, dreaming of the battle, grasped the rider's hand his sword!

Heaven!—the trembling earth upheaved! Shadowy forms are dimly seen!
And the wild beasts fly before them far across the moonlight sheen!
Snort our steeds in deadly terror, and the startled dragon.
Drops his ensign, murmuring wildly: 'Tis the Spirit-caravan!'

See, they come! before the camels ghostly leaders point the way;
Borne aloft, unveiled women their voluptuous charms display;
And beside them lovely maidens bearing pitchers—like Rebecca—
And behind them horsemen guarding—all are hurrying on to Mecca!

More and more! their ranks are endless! who may count them? more again!
Woe is me!—for living camels are the bones upon the plain!

And the brown sands, whirling wildly, in a dusky mass rise,
Changing into camel-drivers—men of bronze with flaming eyes.

Ay, this is the night and hour, when all wanderers of the land
Whom the whirlwind once o'ertaking, 'whelmed beneath its waves of sand;
Whose storm-driven dust hath fanned us—crushing bones around us lay—

Rise and move in wan procession, by their Prophet grave to pray!

More and more! the last in order have not passed over the plain,
Ere the first with loosened bridles fast are flying but again.
From the verdant inland mountain, even to海淀—

They have sped ere yet my charger, wildly rearing, broke his bands!

Courage! hold the plunging horse; each man in his courser's head!
Tremble not, as timid sheep-flocks tremble at the last tread.

Fear not though you wandering mantis are yet a prey bastten on;
Call on Allah! and the pageant ere you set sail is gone!

Patience, till the morning breezes wave again the turbans' plume;
Morning air and rosy dawning are their heralds to the tomb.

Once again to dust shall daylight doom these vanes of the night;
See, it dawns!—a joyous welcome neigh our home's bright light!

LIFE-BOAT STATISTICS.

It appears that, from some valuable return made to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, by the owners of the Coast-guard Service and by some agents in Lloyd's, there are sixty-four additional life-boats considered to be required on the coasts of the British Empire. The average cost of a complete life-boat establishment, such as that provided by the National Life-Boat Society, is £300. This amount includes the cost of life-boat, life-belts, &c., &c., and gear, transporting carriage, &c., a substantial house for their reception. It will be seen that a considerable sum will be required from the public to make the life-boat system practically complete on our coast. The Institution has already secured a state of thorough efficiency, requires a large permanent annual outlay. Last year, the life-boats of the Society and those of local bodies rescued 399 persons from shipwrecks on our coasts; and during the last three years, 1022 persons were, by the same invaluable means, saved from a watery grave. On the other hand, it is unhesitatingly to add, that, during the same short period, 203 poor creatures perished on our coast, from these disasters. It is believed that a considerable proportion—probably one-half—of this large number, might have been preserved to their families and their country's benefit, if additional life-boats were on the coast.

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THE MAN OF MEN:
ACCORDING TO OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

CERTAIN classical works resemble ghosts—which everybody hears of, and nobody sees. How few even among their revered worshippers really know enough of the two grand idols of English literature, to stand an examination in Milton or Shakespeare—not requiring verbal quotations, but merely a general acquaintance with the argument of the poems, the characters and plots of the plays. Also, in spite of the grandiloquent nonsense talked about the father of English verse, who but a true poet ever appreciates Chaucer? And did any reader, even an apostle, fairly get through Spenser’s Faerie Queen? Is it the blame of the public or the publishers that a late much-advertised edition of the British classics stopped at its second or third volume? Has the world grown stupider than of yore, or is it only suffering from the reaction of obstinacy, after several centuries’ imposition of celebrated authors, whose works ‘no gentleman’s library should ever be without’—and seldom is—for they are usually found—on the shelves.

How few, for instance, of the novel-readers of the present generation have the slightest knowledge, other than by name, of the hero of our great grandmothers—the ‘man of men,’ as his author frequently entitles him. Who of them could answer affirmatively the simple question: ‘Did you ever read Sir Charles Grandison?’

Some may plead sarcastically: ‘No—but I tried!’ Cruel condemnation! Poor Mr Richardson, may it never reach thee in thy already-forgotten grave—and may it prove a warning to all voluminous writers depending on future as well as present celebrity! And you, ye venerable ancestresses, whose tastes were simple, and whose books were few, who used to adore the portly old bookseller, even as the romantic maidens of to-day adore Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray—haunt not in rustling brocades and ghostly headdresses your degenerate descendants, because they own to have tried to read Sir Charles Grandison.

Yet the undertaking requires courage. First, to drag from dustiest, topmost shelves, or meekly request at the oldest of circulating libraries, a work—not exactly the ‘last new novel,’ nor very likely to be out.” Then, having carried it home, for which purpose may be recommended a porter’s knot or a small carpet-bag—resolutely to open vol. 1, with its yellow, riny, torn and mended pages—its brown antiquated type and eccentric spelling—its fly-leaves and margins adorned here and there with out-of-date aligraphy—comments on the text, or scrawled dates and names, the owner of which may be presumed long since to have sold no more. Something melancholy is there, even in the queerness of this old-world book, resuscitated for the criticism of a new generation.

Let us take the title-page:

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,
In a Series of Letters.
By Mr Samuel Richardson,
Author of Pamela and Clarissa.

In Seven Volumes.
The Eighth Edition.


A long list of names, of which we know absolutely nothing, except the certainty that every one of them might be found in some churchyard. Opposite—a frontispiece, representing a charming young lady in hoop, long waist, and turetted hair, stepping out of a coach, over one prostrate gentleman, into the arms of another, who is magnificent in wig, queue and sword: in cost long-vested, long-tailed, breeches, stockings, and shoe-buckles. Behind, two other figures on horseback appear discoursing amiably together, with great composure, considering the circumstances, and pointing admiringly to the afore-mentioned standing gentleman. Need we doubt his identity? He is—he must be—Sir Charles Grandison.

His name at least is familiar still. It has become proverbial. Its very sound conveys images of courtesy, elegance, loyalty, chivalry, the chivalry of the days when ‘during the troubles in Scotland this summer,’ Prince Charlie’s friends died kissing the white rose at their button-holes; the loyalty with which King George and Queen Caroline, going in state to hear the oratorios of young Mr Handel, were regarded as being of a superior order, in whom the divine right of kings was unquestioned and unquestionable.

To this age, and none other, does he belong—this faultless hero, exact in all religious, moral, and social duties, blameless of life and conversation, incapable alike of breaking the smallest rule of etiquette and the Ten Commandments; rich, handsome, well born, well bred, fitted by all combinations of nature and circumstances to be the master of Grandison Hall.

But we are forestalling—a thing not to be endured in this century—after-date criticism upon a work of which few readers may even know the general outline of the story.
It is of the simplest kind. Harriet Byron—a lovely young Northamptonshire lady, long orphaned, but blest with a circle of adoring relatives—a grandmother Shirley, an aunt, uncle, and cousins Selby, and godfather Dease—goes up to London, in order to avoid three lovers, and is shortly haunted by about six more. All are refused, and not unkindly, though a little saucy vanity peeps out in this provincial Helen, everybody's darling, who sets all hearts a-flutter. But the boldest and wickedest of the lovers, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, carries her off, in order to compel her into matrimony. She is timely rescued by an unknown young gentleman, who conveys her to his sister, and wins her eternal gratitude.

Of course, this gratitude very speedily becomes love, for the gentleman is Sir Charles Grandison.

It is now over with our saucy little Harriet. The gradual change from girlish conceit to humility—from mischieffulness to meekness—from an excellent good opinion of herself to an absorbing admiration of somebody else, is charmingly done. One wonders how honest old Samuel got his accurate knowledge of girl-kind, though not of woman-kind. 'The frankest adoption relationship,' he certainly is, finds her love apparently unreturned; and after various mysteries, and much 'brother-and-sisterly' nonsense, which indeed all the characters are very prone to, Sir Charles delicately informs her of a certain Italian lady, who, having volume, hopefully loving him, has gone mad for his sake, and whom he feels himself bound to marry. He tells the whole story to the girl whom he really loves, but dares not say—poor Harriet Byron—sucks her advice upon it; which she gives, good grace, but need not be trusted by us, for above all her little follies—namely, that she should go at once and marry the Italian lady.

This situation, and a few parting scenes between the unacknowledged, honour-sicken lovers, whom all their mutual friends are longing to see united, is the finest portion of the book. Sir Charles, generous, tender, and full of knightly honour, is modesty itself towards both women, and indeed all the fair ones who bestow on him their regard—he pathetically observes, poor fellow! 'that he has suffered so much from good women;' while the fond, hapless Harriet has just pride enough to hide her affection from its object, and nobility enough to follow his lead in the cruel struggle between duty and love. Few authors have conceived a better scheme of perseverance. Mr. Richardson is, in this respect, incomparably superior to most of his predecessors.

But afterwards, interest wanes, and the story drags in a manner intolerable to modern readers, who like to galop through three volumes of exciting fiction at the rate of a volume per hour. Conversation after conversation between Sir Charles and the noble Italian family, who are thankful for even a heretic son-in-law in order to save their Clementina—between him and Clementina, who, loving only his 'mind,' with a capital M, refuses her beloved for conscience' sake; his pleading—her pleadings—everybody's pleadings: scene upon scene of 'exaltation,' generosity, and woe, terminate in an agreement that the Chevalier Grandison shall become her 'fourth brother' (again our author's favourite adopted relationship); and return to England a free man. Upon which, nothing loath, though somewhat distracted by this 'double love'—he, after amably declining a third too-devoted lady, Olivia, offers himself to Harriet Byron—or, rather, to her grandparent—within volume of punctillo and hesitation, finally marries her.

Finally, said we?—good Mr. Richardson knows not the meaning of the word. After the marriage, we have a volume and a quarter more. Lady Clementina, in an accession of insanity, flies to England, is met and protected by her 'fourth brother,' comforted by his wife, and restored to her friends, with a good hope that she will neither die nor become a nun, but the wife of a faithful Italian lover. Emily Jerwood—Sir Charles's ward and another of his involuntary ladykillings—who survives to marry some one or other. And Lady G., take a brief opportunity between the many weddings, to present him with a nephew and niece; and other minor characters, bad and good, have their affairs settled. At last, the book ends quite abruptly: just as you begin to like it less, and expect it to go on, winding and unwinding like the memorable histories—like love, lo, it ceases! Sir Charles and Lady Grandison—their aristocratic kin—the worthy Northamptonshire relatives—their friends and acquaintance, good and bad—all vanish into fog.

You close volume seven—omitting probably the third pages of 'Index, Historical and Characteristic,' and feel that you have performed a moral duty—you have read Sir Charles Grandison.

Now, one saka, in what lies the charm of this book, to have become one of the remarkable facts of literature?—for such it is, and all the ridicule of Teng England will never put it down. Style is not in chief merit, for it rarely rises above the epistolary. Mr. Richardson, as a novelist, is the author of Sir Charles Grandison, and the great-grandfathers and grandmothers, who certainly wrote, and may be supposed to have talked, after the pattern. Nor story—the plot is slender as a thread, and transparent as daylight—from the very first. Mr. Richardson, a re-reading child of twelve would guess the dénouement.

The secret is that, with all its extravagances, or what seem so to us, the book has vitality. It is a picture, Pre-Raphaelite in its minuteness, of English life as it now exists, and not based on any character, that down to the merest accessories, the people therein are living people: that, in spite of their 'scarcely Madam,' 'Best of men,' 'Loveliest of women,' etc., in hoops, wigs, swords, and ruffles, they are real flesh and blood; more so than scores of the adorables of impossible men, who yearly figure through the twenty 'best novels of the season.'

Rarely in any fiction does one meet with such a number of characters, all strongly individual, and varied as nature herself. From the mere serventes, such as droll Uncle Selby, to the secondary personages, as the inimitable Charlotte Grandison, up to the all-perfect pair—she, beloved of all men, and he, admired of all women—round whom everything is perpetually turned to account in the oddest fashion—and they are all human beings. Odd as they appear to be, there is something in one feels that one's reverent ancestors of a hundred years back might—nay, must—have been very like to them.

And for the long-windedness of the history, is life itself long-winded? Do we not take up through of interest, follow them awhile, drop them or lose them, find them again, and again they vanish? Also for novelists and dramatists: Few real histories have a complete plot—satisfactory in all its parts, with a death or marriage to wind up with. Life is perpetually twisting and turning, weaving and unwinding, until at last it breaks itself, or we form in it, a puzzle out of nothing, and return to England. The Grandison may have had neither invention nor imagination, but he certainly had the faculty of beholding life as it is, and painting it as he saw it.

And what an eye for character! Witness Charlotte Grandison, afterward Lady G., who, besides her wickedness, her irresistible drollery—all but, yet never quite heartless; her half-compelled marriage with the honest devoted Lord G.; her treatment of him, and her struggles for matrimonial victory;—in short, the constant, perseverance, and 'my poor creature,' becomes heartily loved as 'my old creature,' 'my good man,' and the papa of 'little marmoset.' With all her haughtiness, Lady...
G. is the most bewitching and lovable personage in the book—worth a dozen Harriet Byron. Clemencia, the next most prominent with her romantic love, her beautiful bigotry, and ecstacy of pious self-renunciation, is, though slightly sentimental, very touching. Some bits of her madness almost remind one of the Fates. There is an ideal selfishness and purity about her, which reconciles one to Sir Charles’s rather ridiculous position as—somebody suggests—the ‘as between two bundles of hay.’ He feels that his vexation for

His spirit’s mate, compassionate and wise—

‘the noblest of women,’ as he continually calls her, is quite natural, and will never interfere with the love he bears to the ‘happiest of women’—his wife Harriet.

Harriet Byron, regarded as a woman, is—her sex will say—a failure. Trying to soften her angelic perfection by giving her a few foibles and ‘feminities’—as Uncle Seby would call them—the author sometimes makes her very much like a pretty amiable fool. She is always trying to act ‘greatly,’ and never manages it—except in a passive sense; and though this subequent part may be necessary in point of art—question of art is one feels, as if a little more were necessary, even to constitute her as moon to the hero’s sun. One instinctively pictures her at forty—or at any—Lady Grandison of Grandison Hall—disparaging the Messes and indulging the Masters Grandison;—a little foolish sometimes, as people always admired and petted are prone to be; a little commonplace and conventional, yet always sweet and good—the mirror of matronhood—unexpected of one important fact, that the man of men—the ‘entire and perfect chrysolite’—is Sir Charles Grandison.

Besides its infinite variety of character, another charm of this old book is the curious and evidently exact picture it gives of the manners and customs, principles and sentiments, of a time old enough to be now nearly forgotten, yet too modern to have become traditional or historical. We see, as before noticed, the accurate presentment of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers—in their daily life. They may have been once at a great deal more simple and more formal than we.

For instance, the ‘punctilios’ of courtship and marriage strike us moderns as particularly dull. Love-making—no, let us keep to the proper word—courtship—cannot be conducted; every one feels to have been thought of—is apparently the one business of young men and young women. The latter, from their earliest youth, are educated with one end—to be married. Old maids are quite remarkable facts. Every young gentleman is openly attended by her suitors—her ‘follies’—as Charlotte Grandison irreverently calls them—who, according to their natures, sue her, die for her, threaten her, squabble over her, and altogether keep up the sort of behaviour for which we should now call in Folksam X. or Detective Field.

For all these vagaries, mariage de convenance seem—by no means so discreditably as we now-a-days are disposed to assert, however often of an only secure tenant and settlements are openly discussed by the most devoted couples. ‘Treaties’—not merely from a gentleman for a lady, but vice vers—for are frequently set on foot by the friends of the parties. Thus, poor Sir Charles has to decline proposals for his hand from several earnestly lads and their relatives. Even the modest Miss Harries, when her sweet saucy stoniness towards mankind is conquered, and herself ‘entangled in a hopeless passion,’ does not scruple to avow it to about fifteen people, nor to take counsel from all her own relatives and those of the still silent gentleman, as to her chances of his heart. Of her own—so as he does not know it—she seems not the less seduced; for, as she naively observes, ‘Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?’

This odd mixture of freedom and formality pervades all things. Young ladies, married after a fortnight’s wooing, such their unfortunate husbands for darlings to beg or steal a kiss in presence of the waiting-woman. Young gentlemen, a day or two before marriage, while actually venturing in the retirement of the ‘codar parlour’ upon the above terrible enormity, still address the lady as ‘My sister,’ ‘Madam,’ ‘My beloved Miss Byron.’ Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, never call one another by anything but their titles—as ‘Sir Charles,’ ‘Lady L.,’ ‘My Lord G.;’ and never, even in moments of the deepest emotion, forget to bow over one another’s hands.

All this curious incongruity affects us with an amused wonderment. We pause to consider whether we have grown wiser or more foolish than our progenitors; and also what our ‘dear distant descendants’ will think of our manners and customs, modes of action and tone of feeling—as portrayed in these present-day novels which shall survive the century. And here, judging the author of one of permanent fame—accurate, unexaggerated nature—the same in all ages, though modified by the onrtward impress of the time—we cannot but suspect that their number will be few; that many very clever and amusing popularities of to-day, will slip into utter oblivion to-morrow, or be preserved as mere caricaturists, and laughed at quite as much as we now laugh at Sir Charles Grandison.

The book itself may move our rivetability, but the hero himself never. With all the flourish of trumpets that heralds him—the perpetual chorus of praise that is dined into our ears about him—the raptures that all his friends go into concerning everything he is and does and says, and the slightly ‘priggish’ (oh, could he have heard the word!) way in which he himself is perpetually uttering grand moral sentiments, and perfectly conscious of every good action he performs—still, we are compelled to own that Sir Charles Grandison justifies the universal adoration—that he really is the man of men.

Thoroughly noble, just, and generous; pure, through the temptations of a licentious time; asserting true honour against all the shams of it then current; polite without insincerity; pious without either intolerance or can; generous in virtue, yet pitiful to the most vicious; faithful to his friends, and forgiving to his enemies, till his last foe is conquered by the forces of kindness; loved by all women, admired by all men, yet never losing a sweet humility, which, coming out as it does at times to his nearest ties—his revered Dr Bartlett and his beloved Harriet—must, we feel assured, be always his before his God. The marvell is how the little fat bookseller whom nobody ever expects of genius, could have conceived such an idea of a true gentleman.

Hear what he says himself on the subject—worthy Samuel—whom a late serial tale has pictured in his habit as he lived, strutting through Tunbridge streets with a bevy of a dancing womankind following the creator of Sir Charles Grandison.

‘The editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it’ [amiable presence] ‘because he thinks human nature has often of late been shown in a light too degrading; and he hopes, from this series of letters, it will be seen that characters may be good without being unnatural. . . . . Notwithstanding, it has been observed by some, that, in general, Sir Charles Grandison approaches too near to the faultless character which critics consider as being above nature. Yet he ought
to be observed, too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of any man in his situation to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.

Excellently and truly enough argued, dear old Samuel. No one can read thy dusty old tomes without the conviction that thy stout heart has enclosed a greater, purer, more Christian soul than the be-wigged lords and high-heeled ladies who sailed down Tnunbridge streets, the clever wits and satirical or sentimental poets that enlivened London—say, even the admired Dr Johnson himself, ever dreamed of.

It is curious to trace how simple amid an age of formalities—how liberal in the most ultra days of bigoted religionism—is this old man's idea of goodness, as to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.

‘Give me leave to boast—it is my boast—that I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from childhood to manhood, willy-nilly gave pain to either the motherly or sisterly heart, nor from manhood to the present hour, to any other woman.’

‘But whatever we might feel, we are certain our girls would be, every one of them, in love with Sir Charles Grandison.

Heaven help us! are good men become so rare, that the mere presence of such in a book is to be scoffed at by many, and regarded by almost all as unnatural and impossible? a merely good man, not one whit better, as the author himself suggests, than all good men ought to be? We believe not. We believe that neither this, nor in the past generation, are honest and virtuous, and without a witness, and without many witnesses. Men, not altogether perfect; the ideal must always be a step beyond the real, or it is no enasample at all; but honest men and true, who, taking up such a tale as this, need neither blush nor deride as they read, for few of you will be able to say it to your wives; and yet the sentence ought to be written in golden letters upon every one of your concences, for it is the utmost glory of manhood:

And since on the mothers of a generation depends much of its future glory, it lies in the power of the mothers of our boys to set the example. Sir Charles Grandison's dying mother so proudly praises:

‘His duty to his father and to me; his love of his sisters; the generosity of his temper; his love of truth; his meekness and gentleness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making a good man.’

Observe, not a great man, a clever and brilliant man, a prosperous with famine many simply, a good man. If mothers took this more to heart, happily there would not now-a-days be so many sons who writing and break the hearts of their mothers.

But whether or not there be living good men, a novel with a good man in it is in itself a boys all that Sir Charles Grandison's dying mother so proudly praises:

‘His duty to his father and to me; his love of his sisters; the generosity of his temper; his love of truth; his meekness and gentleness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making a good man.’

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imaginations, and confuse their still unsettled notions of right and wrong, over a heterogeneous mass of modern novels, would be none the worse, but all the better, for hunting out this old-fashioned tale, and carefully studying the character of that almost forgotten ideal of our great-grandmothers—Sir Charles Grandison.

THE NEW GOLD-DIGGINGS.
SECOND ARTICLE.
As yet but imperfectly explored, the colony of British Columbia can be appreciated only in its more important features. Consisting of a stretch of land from 250 to 300 miles broad, sloping in a westerly direction, it possesses a number of rivers having their sources in the Rocky Mountains; the chief of these streams and beaches seem to have been generally adopted; and the main river with its larger branches, partially impeded as those are by rapids, will in all probability continue to be the channel through which the miners will emigrate towards its crest. A cascade thundering down the precipice from a height of 4000 feet, and the numerous rapids of the river, now formed the adventures of his voyage; and among the persons who gave picturesque variety to the banks were Mr Dallas and his newly married wife, a daughter of Governor Douglas, camping in their tents.

The remainder of the voyage was made in a canoe, till at length they found here and there miners at work, and log-houses built for business.

The newspapers of California are crowded with letters from correspondents—some, like the above, giving tolerably favourable accounts of the new diggings; others presenting the gloomy reports of disappointed adventurers, and advising the people not to emigrate in quest of mines of wealth so very doubtful. In particular, the rising of the Fraser is spoken of as extremely disastrous; nor can there be any doubt that during the melting of the mountain-snows, as well as during the severities of winter, washing on the sand-bars of the rivers must be greatly checked, if not in some places altogether stopped—a circumstance calculated, as is alleged, to deter persons from quitting California. A dispatch, dated Abilene, in the "Wichita Republican," of June 28th, undertakes to combat adverse notions of this kind, and gives what will be thought a somewhat quizzical account of how a man may earn 150 dollars a day by only sitting still and doing nothing. 'I regret,' says this smart writer, 'to see by your paper of yesterday that you are not disposed to encourage emigration to Fraser River as much as it deserves. I do not know whether or not sinister motives are at the bottom of your course in this
matter, but let me tell you that I am well posted on the subject. By late letters, on which I implicitly rely, I am assured that a man can make 160 dollars a day leasing gold in the sand in abundance there; but the river-water holds it in solution in vast quantities; and the way money is made without work is this: the miner makes him a pair of sheepskin stockings, woolly side out, and satins them in quicksilver at night. The next day, seating himself on a rock, in an eddy favourable to precipitation, he puts on his stockings so saturated, and holds his feet in the water all day. At night, all he has to do is carefully to rinse his stockings, and 140 dollars in gold-dust is the result. Much judgment, it is true, is required in selecting an eddy for operation, and a good deal of skill is requisite in performing the saturation properly; and great critical nicety is necessary in the manner in which you hold the feet—luck, moreover, is one condition—in order to complete success.

Assuming that by fresh accounts the most sanguine hopes respecting the new gold-diggings are confirmed, it is important to know which will form the best route. A British Consul in the present, the most available route from England is by steam to the West Indies and Chagres; thence across the isthmus by railway to Panama; after which the transit is by steamers to San Francisco and Victoria. In his speech on the subject of the brightest and best, Mr. Baring, observed very truly, 'Honourable gentlemen who look at the map may imagine this new colony at an immeasurable distance from England, but the government had already received offers from no less eminent a person than the boroughs and counties of England, and for a line for the benefit of letters, goods, and passengers, by which it is calculated that a passenger starting from Liverpool may reach the colony in about thirty-five days by way of New York and Panama.'

Besides this line of route, we anticipate that an effort will be made to open a communication by land through Canada, for which certain depressions in the northern part of the Rocky Mountains offer facilities. The aboriginal inhabitants of the north-western states of the Union, as well as the Canadians, are alive to the practicability of a route in this direction; for which an abundance of game, wood, and water, with a singular mildness of climate, are said to be among the advantages.

Now, whereas the road, however, is not calculated at less than seventy days from the north-western states. 'It would not be at all surprising,' says the New York Tribune, 'if the Fraser River gold tract, which Governor Stevens of Washington states extends into our possessions as far down as Southern Oregon, be found the richest on the continent. The discoveries and yield thus far warrant such a belief. Then there must of necessity be some more direct communication with the Pacific than we now have with Communip'; and, as an enthusiastic railway projector once said of another route, "The finger of the Almighty has indicated the route" by way of St Paul, the valleys of the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers, over the great depression of the Rocky Mountains, in about the fifty-second degree of north latitude, as the most feasible, and in all respects desirable, to the sufferers regions of the Pacific.'

Whether the gold discoveries be great or small, they cannot fail to make British Columbia the resort of a large body of emigrants, who will lay the foundation of a flourishing English settlement on the shores of the Pacific. Nor can we doubt that Vancouver's Island, with its fine natural harbours—that of Esquimalt near Victoria, in particular—its rich coal-mines and fisheries, to say nothing of its agricultural and pastoral capabilities, will soon form one of the most important dependencies of Great Britain. On the commercial advantages to England, both as respects fresh imports of gold and the export of manufactured articles, it is unnecessary to expatiate.

As information evolves, we propose to keep our readers acquainted with what seems trustworthy and advantageous to be known respecting this new and interesting field of enterprise.

**MY FAST FRIEND.**

Perhaps I am naturally rather sore on the subject of legacies. Several old ladies who were supposed to regard my boodle with favouring eyes have departed, and made no sign to any document in my favour. An old gentleman to whose patronage I was a martyr for several years, left his will unamortised, and though without authentic intelligence on the subject, I firmly believe of course that he put his name to the parchment— Well, well; I only allude to these facts in so far as they may account for my thinking that it is, as a general rule, a great misfortune to a young man to be left a little money. Mind, I say a young man. I am no longer one; so let not my present remarks stand in the way of any intentions to exist to increase the waning balance at my banker's.

As a proof that my anti-legacy opinions are not ill founded, listen to this. When I entered a medical school in London, of which, by the bye, I was the brightest, having secured a testimonial from E. B. B. Wright, observed very truly, 'Honourable gentlemen who look at the map may imagine this new colony at an immeasurable distance from England, but the government had already received offers from no less eminent a person than the boroughs and counties of England, and for a line for the benefit of letters, goods, and passengers, by which it is calculated that a passenger starting from Liverpool may reach the colony in about thirty-five days by way of New York and Panama.'

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CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

destroys your health, empties your pockets, and, what is of far greater consequence than either, blunts that keen perception between right and wrong which ought to be to you a coat of triple steel in the battle of life.

Financial deficiencies cut my career about the town very short; moreover, not being built after the Adonis model, and not being ready with my tongue, the life of a fast man was not one in which I was likely to shine. So, relying into a quiet paddling students, I spent my days in the anatomical rooms, and my nights in the hospital for the chance of cases of accident coming in; and at last, as all working-men do about a medical school, became a somebody in it. I was a poor man, and of course looked with suspicion and disgust on J——, now that he was well off. Confound him! no one ever died for my benefit, except in an anatomical point of view. I felt all used, and was never happy except when alone with my grievance.

Time passed on, and I quite lost sight of J——. The autumn vacation came and went, and then the 1st of October, with its introductory lectures and meetings with old friends; then a couple of months' earnest vigorous work, and then Christmas.

Eben! the thought of Christmas in London almost brings tears to your eyes even now, while my wife sits by me elaborating some cost-of-many-colours for the small Joseph on the rug. There was hard and continued frost that year; and one day, skating on the long water in Kensington Gardens, I bumped up against J——. We fraternised again; but he was not, by the meanwhile, I became a less intimate who-looking fellow he once was, though there was far more pretension in his manner. He spoke in the peculiar drawl affected by the British swell, was smoking a cigar, and had a capital pair of skates on; but alike as a name-calling about him I didn't like—a seedy look about his cuffs and collar, an up-all-night and home-with-the-milk appearance I had presented too often myself to mistake in others; his right lower eyelid, too, was somewhat variegated—generally, I was so much preoccupied, said I to myself as I shot along one of the swept paths on the ice: —J——, my boy, there's something wrong with you; I don't feel as if I saved you so much as I used; I'd sooner be the old skool-I am, after all. And coming to the bank near the small bridge, I took off my skates and walked away Westbourne Terrace, thinking about J—— and all our old larks we had had together.

Next day saw me on the ice again. One of the skaters was up and said: 'That gent I seed you talking to last evening, sir, has bin and took my best pair o' skates with him; and though it may be a mistake, it's hard lines on a poor cove like me, and it'll thaw shocking before morning.' And so it was.

So I went back to the old work, the dear old work, for such I hold anatomy to be. It was the custom in the schools, in my day, to dissect till one o'clock, and then go round the hospital. At each bed the surgeon or physician used to hold the light in the J—— to be a new one, the dresser or clinical clerk read out the case for the benefit of the students standing round. One day, about two years from the time I met J—— on the ice, I went into one of the surgical wards and found the students-congregated round a bed, so as to prevent my seeing the patient; but I heard the dresser read: 'John Brown, at 24; has at present no occupation, but was formerly a medical student; has no particular place of residence, and has spent the last few nights in the streets; is in the habit of spirit-drinking, and is unable to provide himself with proper food; admitted for erysipelas, following a cut on the hand received in a public-house row.

The surgeon made one or two remarks upon the case, and moved away to the next bed, followed by his disciples. I drew nearer to the patient, and saw, to my horror and surprise, in the thin wasted face, the pinched nose, the staring, receding eyes, the emaciation remaining to convince me that this miserable outcast from the London streets was no other than my old light-hearted companion J——.

I almost involuntarily called him by name; a flash of rage and pain passed over his face as he said in a husky whisper: 'Don't speak so loud.' He need not have distressed himself; no one there knew him except myself. He was so changed in appearance, that the surgeon could scarcely have been expected to recognize him, while the old crowd of students who had entered the school after his brief career had closed. He was in so exalted a condition that I left him; but having the entrance of the wards, I returned after the visit, and sitting down on the locker by his bed, inquired how he had passed the last two years. He was very fretful and nervous, but seemed to have pleasure in talking of himself, and I gathered the following particulars. At the time he gave up coming to college, and became a man about town, he had not come into his legacy, which was about L2000; but he was induced to forestall it by a friend, a fellow he met at a wine-party, with whom he was walking one unlucky day. They looked at some things the Burlingtons owned, and J—— said: 'Now, I'd buy that if I'd the money.'

'Not got the money,' says his companion: 'a man with your prospects hard-up. Didn't you tell me you were down in some old lady's will for a lot of money?'

'Well, but I don't come into it for a year.'

'Oh, you innocent, don't you know you can raise the money now, if you feel inclined? I'll put you up to a thing or two, J——.'

So the result of this conversation was, that J—— went with this disinterested friend to a loan-society, where J—— had to insure his life, at an extra premium too, because the cautious medical referee detected something the loan-society might carry him off before the year expired. Then J—— was admitted to a wonderfully mysterious room, in which three gentlemen sat as a green table (one of the three being the disinterested friend who suggested the proceeding), and he was asked to take a seat opposite them, which he did with that humility and respect due to great capitalists. Some financial rise having been performed, he found he had borrowed on the security of the life-assurance policy and his own money in the bank, L1000, for L900, of course, there are a few trifling preliminary expenses attending all such matters; so he, who had entered the office almost a supplicant, so subdued was he by the dignity of the establishment, and the sublime staidness of the secretary, came out feeling himself a man of means; he took a cab to the nearest bank, accompanied by this disinterested friend, who introduced him, and got him cheques and cash books, and instructed him to be discerning, to be observed by a gentleman with a balance at his banker's. Under the auspices of this invaluable adviser, J—— became a man about town, which means one who leads a gas-light life in the streets, and frequents places where steady-going people would prefer not being seen. He also indulged in expensive presents to young ladies of the corps de ballet, and betted freely with the disinterested friend,
who always won. The L900 soon melted away, and he could not pay the insurance premium nor the interest on the loan; and having forfeited his aunt's legacy by these omissions, he became very miserable. Hard living and anxiety had by this time begun to tell severely upon a constitution already very robust. Unable at last to provide himself with proper food, he took to spirit-drinking, and almost entirely upon gin. He had neither funds nor inclination to return to college and resume his professional studies; while at the same time the usual refuge, an assistantship in the country, was shut to a man of his disposition and habits. For the few months previous to his admission into - Hospital, he had hung about the spirit-stores, where he occasionally met some old acquaintance who would give him a shilling or a dram. One night, while he was drinking at the bar of the public-house in Oxford Street, the disinterested party came in, and affected not to recognise J——, who straightway made some insulting remark, and was turned out by the waiters. In the scuffle, his hand was cut by some glass, and the erysipelas he was suffering from was the result. 'But, old boy, said he, as he finished his story, 'it will soon be all right, you know, and I intend turning over a new leaf: people don't die of the erysipelas often, do they?' I made him no answer, for this malady at the time, being accompanied by slaughtering great numbers of such patients as himself. I knew his chance of recovery was a very slender one. It was therefore with considerable anxiety that I entered the ward next morning, and heard with little surprise that he was considerably worse; the erysipelas had spread over his neck and chest, and he was delirious. The other patients expressed annoyance at being disturbed by the abominable blasphemies he uttered, and we had to have him in a private room. There I sat by him, administering strong stimulants till he died. Not one sufficiently lucid interval occurred in his hours of apparently great mental and bodily suffering, to give me another opportunity of converging with him, and ascertaining his wishes upon any worldly matters.

That afternoon, as I was passing out of the hospital, there was a decent-looking girl of eighteen, with an infant in her arms, asking the porter if 'there was a patient of J—— of that name.' 'That was the real name,' I whispered to him, 'of the erysipelas case in ward.' Her sharp ears heard my remark, and inferred the truth from it; and I found that even poor J——'s death was not unmarked, and that he had one, at least, to follow his pauper funeral.

'THE LANCASHIRE REBELS.'

After the conclusion of the long war with Napoleon the Great, which released the strained attention of the nation from the all-absorbing interest of a fierce struggle for life or death, our fathers appear to have found time hang somewhat heavily upon them. Politicians of high rank felt that the game of politics was waxing dull; politicians in lower position turned their eyes to home cares and interests, and gave to them the keen attention which had been fostered by near extinction of foreign wars. The village patriots, who had been wont to assemble on Saturday nights at the alehouse to talk over the news from Russia, or the latest dispatches from the Peninsulas, were obliged to seek a new text for their conversation; and most naturally found it in the severe sufferings which at that time afflicted large numbers of the working-classes. Bad harvests and heavy taxes made food dear; the sudden reduction of the army, and the diminution or disbandment of the still larger army of labourers maintained in the works necessary for the carrying on of a long and arduous struggle in distant lands, had for the nonce made labour cheap. The labourers were ill satisfied, and were naturally discontented. Being but ill educated, and knowing at best nothing at all of political economy, they were apt to mistake the chief causes of their suffering, and to look upon their rulers, who were many of them perfectly unable to see these things, as the cause of the evils which pressed so heavily upon them. Accordingly, at this time, a strong spirit of hostility to the government of the day had taken possession of a large portion of the often debarred and depressed electoral arrangements to taking any direct part in political affairs; and we hear of Hampden Clubs, and similar societies, in every small town throughout the country, and especially in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. The intention of this paper is merely to describe as of the incidents of that contest, of which an interesting narrative has been left us by one of the principal actors, and in which the lordly statesmen who are these popular agitators terrible conspiracies against the throne and the constitution were brought into direct personal communication with some of the dreaded conspirators.

One cold morning in March 1817, the streets of Manchester witnessed a singular scene. A large number of men, women, and children were assembled in St Peter's Fields, just outside what was then the town which claimed to be regarded as the metropolis of the cotton manufacture. They were all persons in the lower rank of life, and their attire and countenances bespoke the misery to which poverty had brought them. Poor food, and grievous anxiety. Most of the men carried rugs or blankets strapped on their backs, containing some little parcel of clothes or necessaries, as if they had come from, or were about to set upon, some long and to-foot-traveling journey. Scarcely had the meeting collected, however, when an enemy appeared on the scene. The magistrates of the district had sent the police and the military to disperse it. Thus the orderly force which had begun its form was necessary for the carrying on of a long and arduous struggle in distant lands, had for the nonce made labour cheap. The labourers were ill satisfied, and were naturally discontented. Being but ill educated, and knowing at best nothing at all of political economy, they were apt to mistake the chief causes of their suffering, and to look upon their rulers, who were many of them perfectly unable to see these things, as the cause of the evils which pressed so heavily upon them. Accordingly, at this time, a strong spirit of hostility to the government of the day had taken possession of a large portion of the often debarred and depressed electoral arrangements to taking any direct part in political affairs; and we hear of Hampden Clubs, and similar societies, in every small town throughout the country, and especially in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. The intention of this paper is merely to describe as of the incidents of that contest, of which an interesting narrative has been left us by one of the principal actors, and in which the lordly statesmen who are these popular agitators terrible conspiracies against the throne and the constitution were brought into direct personal communication with some of the dreaded conspirators.

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dispersion of the meeting at Manchester. Here the Blanketeers waivered; some endeavoured to make their way across the bridge; some plunged into the waters, and got safe to the other side, with drenched clothes and blanket; while the swords of the troops gave a terrible seriousness to a scene. Two or three lives were lost, but the onward march of the procession continued. More than two hundred slept at Macclesfield, most of them in the open air. The next morning to a hundred reas, and their route. But no one joined them; the people of the towns they passed looked shy upon them. Their numbers dwindled; one after another fell off, and slunk away home; the party diminished to forty, to twenty, to six; and by nightfall it was no more. So ended the introductory scene of the drama of 'the Lancashire Rebels.'

A few days afterwards, the authorities, aroused by this demonstration, began to take active steps against those who were of age, and to have been their leaders. Several were arrested; about two hundred and fifty were lodged for a time in the prisons of Manchester and Chester, and about half a score of the most active were despatched to London, to be personally examined before the Privy Council. Accordingly, the next scene is laid in the Home Office, the actors therein being among the highest and the lowest in the land. On the one hand were noblemen of the lowest rank and the proudest political station. At the other, the freemen of the great towns. On the one hand, the rival of William Pitt, and once the favourite of George III.; on the other a man vain and self-opinionated to excess. Though weak in intellectual gifts, and so inadequate to the high position he had once held, that Pitt, then near sixty, a man born for the business of the crown, so dear to him, had exacted from his sarcastic young friend Canning a promise 'not to laugh at his majesty's government,' and especially at his majesty's prime minister. Respectable by character, his one fatal fault had been made public before the Privy Council. His inordinate self-esteem had involved him in ceaseless squabbles with his friends, and, well-nigh proved too much for even the magnanimity of Pitt to tolerate. To his own destruction, with no other vice than vanity. Pitt had led him to delight and take pride in the functions of a political officer. He had made it his business to detect and expose, and to thwart. Not being gifted by nature with strong sense or sound judgment, this habit had made him at once suspicious and credulous, whenever any sign of popular discontent appeared, which his own ingenuity, or the malice of a hired informer, could attribute to sedition and treasonable plans for the overthrow of his majesty's government, or the destruction of his unpopular ministers. He was 'a tall, square, and bony figure, apparently without guile, but when he spoke, he was as unerring as a keen, grey hair; his forehead was broad and prominent, and from their cavernous orbits looked mild and intelligent eyes.'

Such was the then dreaded Lord Sidmouth—a man whose weaknesses had made him more generally detected by the people, who knew him only by his deeds, than vice far more serious might have done; and such is the sketch drawn of him by one of that class which he most feared and persecuted, and one who never could have spoken of him with temper or courtesy, but for the personal interview which gave him an opportunity of knowing the man as well as the minister. Many of his colleagues sat at the same table; and among them one whose unpopularity sur- passed even that of Sir George Canning. On this occasion he spoke, some years afterwards, was received with shouts or murmurs of savage exultation by thousands to whom his name was the symbol of a detested system. Lord Castlereagh is described as 'a good-looking person in a plum-coloured suit;' and his presence seems by no means to have realised the expectations formed by men who had been accustomed to greet his name, in public meetings or in social gatherings, with hooting and execration. If the ministers were not at all such, in appearance or demeanour, as those who now stood before them had expected, certainly they must, on their part, have been not a little surprised by the aspect and the conduct of the captives who had been brought into their presence, from a distance which then required several days' journey, to be interrogated as dangerous conspirators 'against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.' Weavers, artisans, and men of like condition, including among them one village tooth-drawer, whom they dignified with the title of doctor—such were the persons accused of an attempt to subvert the throne, and destroy the constitution. The assembled Privy Council, in all their majesty and splendour, were not a little astonished at the demeanour by any means discordant with their real condition. They looked what they were—mere working-men, some of whom possessed a little more intelligence, a little more knowledge, and perhaps a little more of the faculty of speaking, than others. It was common in their rank of life. One incident that occurred appears sufficiently ludicrous, when we recall that the subject of it was a man supposed to be a ringleader in a treasonable conspiracy of numbers so alarming as to demand the exercise of the severest precautions. The soi-disant doctor was asked his name, and as a doubt arose about the spelling, he was requested to solve it. He accordingly gave the spelling 'right once.' Hatch, hay, hab, heh, hey, why.' The assembled Privy Councillors could not refrain from a smile. So broad Lancashire; so the doctor's pronunciation did not much enlighten them, and he was asked to write his name. Feeling, however, that his writing was likely to perplex the gentlemen almost as much as his dialect, he handed to Lord Sidmouth a prescription-label bearing his name, which, having been filled up beforehand by a mischievous friend or patient, not a little amused the cabinet. It ran thus: 'Joseph Hay,—Heasley, Surgeon, Middleton. Fits take 200 spoonfuls of this mixture each two hours.' Such were the accidents that diversified an examination of men arrested on the capital charge of high treason forty years ago.

One of these men, a Middleton weaver, and the secretary of the 'Hampden Club' in that place, made good use of the occasion. He spoke, unabashed by the presence of the great men before whom he stood, and unexcited by the importance with which their apprehensions had temporarily invested him and his associates. He told the Privy Council, with genuine Lancashire sense and spirit, exactly what he thought and felt. He made no secret, and no boast, of what he had done, while he disclaimed the popularity and protest against the penalties likely to wait on their precipitancy. No equal in society, no rival in parliament, could have told Lord Sidmouth and his colleagues with more plainness what he thought of their conduct towards him and his fellows. With effusiveness and with perfect frankness of speech, he denounced ministerial errors and parliamentary corruption before these statesmen and borough proprietors. They had seldom heard the truth so plainly spoken before, and certainly had not expected to hear it in language so temperate, and yet so decided, from a working-man examined before them on a capital charge. To their credit be it spoken, they were favourably impressed by the meekness and open bearing of the prisoner, and accorded him a short and not painful detention, they released him with courteous words and treatment, and sent him back to his fellow-townsmen. CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. 201
men a wiser man, in appreciation at least of the motives and intentions of those who took part in the meetings of the agitators and their adherents, in order to reveal their plans to the authorities. But for many years this system, utterly unperceivable in the rulers of a civilised country, kept the government contented. The meetings of the agitators and their adherents, in order to reveal their plans to the authorities. But for many years this system, utterly unperceivable in the rulers of a civilised country, kept the government contented.

KUNCHUN-CHERLOO.

I was not seriously ill, but I wanted change of air, which, even when it is not of a superior quality to that which we breathe in daily life, prove frequently beneficial. I had been years at Poonah, one of the healthiest and most delightful stations in the British empire, and had undergone the natural strength of my constitution, which required a little repair. I loved India, and I loved it then, even when authorities and powers were more open to censure than they are now, yet, for happily, not only the rulers but the minds of the people are enlightened. I love the free spirit of conscientiousness, whose rule is progress, and whose law is justice.

I was sick of meetings, of feasts, of convivial balls, of incessant mess-dinners, and amateur theatricals, where our Lady Macbeths and Lydian Languishes were appropriated by barly captains of the grenadiers, six feet high, and unfeathered eagles, who had not yet mastered the goose-step, nor the unpolished name of giffin. I spoke the principal native languages with sufficient fluency to need no moses or interpreter; and needed no other companions in my rambles than two faithful servants, and a sepoys, who were allowed to accompany me, backed by my consent, had readily obtained him a month's furlough. He was an excellent skilful or sportman, and a brave honest fellow. His good qualities I had cognisance of. Determined to avoid the beaten track of mere picnic and shooting excursionists, I chose a range of country which, though then peaceable quiet, had, in the war of the Pindarrees, acquired such an ill fame. I remembered, indeed, that some six years back, an officer and his wife, while journeying through a portion of it, had been attacked by looters or marauders, and

that though Major Matheson escaped with his life, the body of his wife, who had been cruelly murdered, was found in the jungle some days after, when their infant daughter no traces were ever discovered.

But these days were over, and report gave no sound of warning or alarm. My plan was to ride a walk quietly in the morning until I came upon some pretty hamlets or sequestered spot that hit my fancy, and there to wait till my one-pointed tent and servants came up to halt for the day—for two or three days, if I chose. All places were new to me, and each was almost sure to be a pleasure to me, as I knew not what to expect. Sometimes there were abundance of plants to sited, for I piqued myself on botany; very often there was prolific game, unattended by risk in the presence; and everywhere there was old pagoda or rude killa (fortress) to sketch; perhaps the cell of an ancient anchorite beside a picturesque boowy or deep draw-well, over which trailed many a variegated lean, or dropped a banana-tree, laden with its triple fife, the favourite food of many a bird.

Even in this happy frame of mind, I thus passed a fortnight, wandering here and there, to see and to learn, and at last I came to Jeejary, a place of which I had heard, and which, although only twenty-eight miles from Poonah, was in those days perfectly remote, more than half the frequently crowded road was closed to destruction by the artifices of paid agents of the Home Office. Such isolated encounters as that just described could not enlighten those who took such effectual means to be kept in the dark.

The victory of Jeejary, which had been the last in which the Talpur forces had been engaged, and the repulse of the rebels in the neighbourhood of the town, had led to the formation of a new army, composed of troops from all parts of the province, and the capture of a large number of prisoners, who were kept in a state of great suffering, and were, on the approach of the enemy, surrendered to them. Yet Jeejary is not without its claims to the attention of the scene-seeker. It is a Maratha town in the province of Beaspur, and not void of unusual importance as a rendezvous for men of the same name. In the month of April, when I visited it, there might probably be fifty less; but the Brahmins and beggars that haunted the ruins of the deodar was innumerable. Dedicated to one of the eldest sects of the profession of the name, but with a history as confused and obscure as the pagoda has a magnificient appearance as it breaks up on the traveller's sight, as released from leafy jungles. Situated on a small ascent, whence a varied and striking landscape salute the eye, it is visible from three sides, where the country is free from wood and though not covered with gilding, or made alive with glittering bells, like the Buddhist temples of its gay ragged walls, vast proportions, and abundance of the various species of the palms, pines, cedars, and cypress, the pagoda has a magnificent appearance as it breaks up on the traveller's sight, as released from leafy jungles. Situated on a small ascent, whence a varied and striking landscape salute the eye, it is visible from three sides, where the country is free from wood and though not covered with gilding, or made alive with glittering bells, like the Buddhist temples of its gay ragged walls, vast proportions, and abundance of the various species of the palms, pines, cedars, and cypress, the pagoda has a magnificent appearance as it breaks up on the traveller's sight, as released from leafy jungles. 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reign of superstitious fanaticism on the earth. The support of the establishment is derived from houses, gardens, and fields given by devotees; nor can it be ignored that the priestesses, the dancing-girls of the temple, are a source of revenue rather than of expense.

I had passed several days here pleasantly enough, when I was asked one morning by a very courteous and intelligent goemau, whose acquaintance I had made on my arrival, whether I had visited Kunchun-Churloo, the Tank of the Dancing-girls, and the legend which is attached to it renders it a favourite resort to the devout; while to sportsmen, like yourself, there is such abundant variety of game in the jungles and jheels (marshes) near it, that it deserves your investigation.

"And the legend, father—is it so brief as to admit of your relating it in a short time?"

"By your favour, sabih!" and the goemau, adjusting the rope of his drying-suspended cloth, which denoted the strict worshipers of Siva, related the tradition I here abbreviate:

"Many years ago, when this temple was yet young, the jungle which stretches for four miles towards the west was infested by the French deadly venom and ferocity, as is now only to be found in the naja or cobras da capello—a sacred emblem, and a worshiped symbol of the Deity. But, unlike this holy reptile, the snakes in the neighbourhood were unchristened serpents, the sacred offering of the giant Maminal, destroyed by mighty Siva. Now, unhappily, when Siva, or Mahadeo, slew the monstrous oppressor, he neglected to scourch up the blood which flowed from the wounds of Maminal, from every drop of which sprang a vicious reptile. The loathsome twin-headed serpent, spotted with leprosy; the whip-snake, with gray and white bands, whose tail is spiked with poisonous thorns; the green-snake, that darts from the trees on the passer-by; the variegated carpet-serpents, the black snake, the black, and the gray and white, were all the more hideous from the blood of the giant slaying them. The all-devouring thirst of the serpents was witheld by the Highest from any future incarnation, witnessed the misery that followed, and the desolation of the country, he was permitted to prophecy, that the serpents-brood should only be extinct when a priestess of the purusha, young, beautiful, brave, and sage, resisting the temptations of the world, should assign herself a sacrifice to death by derring to lead the swarm of reptiles to the lake of the Jins, on the margin of the forest. Well, Maharaj, after many weeks, a fair young damsel joined the troop of dancing-girls, expressing her determination to offer her life at the tank of the Jins. Two years were passed in holy purification ere the Brahmins consented to the sacrifice, when, perceiving how every temptation set was made to withdraw her from the life of purity and worship she had adopted, was resisted, they agree. I will not delay my account by describing the grandeur of the procession and the splendour of the caravans that were prepared for the journey. Observe now, the voice of Brahmanas, sing the verses of Brahmanas, within her, she refused to mount the sacred elephant that was in readiness, and commanding the Brahmanas, we proud Syrians, the Sunnis, and other vortices of our order, to let her precede them, she stepped forth alone into the jungle, no other weapon in her hand than the reins or lute, to which she was accus-
as I looked at my watch, and perceived that, instead of coming from the east, which I faced, a dim and unaccustomed light was thrown from behind me, my ears were saluted by the welcome "Eam, ram!" of the geoin, and there, in advance of me, with arms erect and extended, his form dilated, and altogether presenting a very statuesque appearance. 'Glory be to the sun and to its Maker!' cried he; 'the west is to Him even as the east!' and turning round as he pointed to the west, I beheld a sight that in very truth astounded me. I witnessed a rare phenomenon, of which I had not then even so much as heard, although I now know that it has been observed by some of our recent travellers. The sight was very fine; for there, in the west, appeared the bright and symmetrical beams of the rising sun, reflected with marvellous beauty from the opposite quarter, where all was dark. There was yet something I cannot describe, but which gave the whole an unusual aspect, in the clearly defined rays, which rose gradually to the zenith, illuminating the horizon with a sparkling sort of rose-white. For perhaps five minutes, not more, this show in the firmament lasted; and then the sun burst aloof, and the east redeemed its appanage of sun and light.

This optical phenomenon, which, many years afterwards, was observed by Hooker among the mountains of Tibet, has been described by him with a graphic pen, and to the credit of the geoin, it may be stated that he ascribed no supernatural attributes to it, but hailed it merely as a phenomenal evidence of Deity.

As we pursued our walk, which occupied several hours, for we made the circuit of the tank, avoiding, as only the geoin could have taught me to do, some very undesirable quagmires, we came upon a party of Brinzaries—those pigeons of the east—those useful nomads who, in every war, have been found of inestimable service to the English, by bringing grain and forage to their camps. They were driving a few heavily laden bullocks to a clump of trees beside the tank, both cattle and men appearing wearied and worn, for they generally travel by night. As they turned at our approach to make obeisance to the geoin, who was evidently known to them, I was struck by the remarkable beauty of a little girl, who, mounted between two sacks of corn, and chatting merrily with a robust elderly woman, seemed to me to be utterly out of place in this scene and society. The child was sunburnt, as well might be; but for all that, her skin was exquisitely fair, her profuse ringlets of an Auburn brown, and her eyes of that dark grey which is so much more expressive than either black or blue. The dark handsome Egyptian countenance of the woman was in such complete contrast, that I could not help exclaiming, as they began to unpack their cattle, and the girl actively set about helping the woman: 'O geoin, that child is a European!'

'Maharaj,' answered he, 'it is a truth; and wonderful is the history which belongs to it. It may be that the time has come for discovery; and, with permission, I will speak a few words to my ancient friends here, and gain their consent to unfold the matter to you.'

I sat down at some distance, while the geoin parleyed earnestly with the Brinzaries. Presently— as I saw that all was well—the elderly woman kissed the child, and putting something into a plantain-leaf, pointed towards me. Neither shyly nor awkwardly, but with a sweet and gentle grace, the tiny creature approached me, and making a salam, presented her offering—a handful of delicious dates. She accepted without reluctance the caresses I lavished on her bright and well-cared-for ringlets, and prattled away in a patois, part Hindoo-

stance, part Dukkhani, to which my responses were very vague and concise. She soon, however, got away from the stranger, when the geoin approached me, and commenced his narrative. It is some six or seven years since Narrinah and Mabia, the Brinzari man and woman who conduct this duck, were pursuing the same route they have just come; they were laden with grain, and the Pindarwur, having been but recently cleared, were travelling cautiously for the country was then overrun with marauders in the jangle of Karghali, about ten miles hence, they were alarmed by shrieks and cries, and the class of arms. It was dark night; but the flash of torches gave no great distance warned them that travellers were being assaulted by plunderers; and in great aia they withdrew into a thicket for concealment. After some time the clamour ceased, and presently beheld a troop of men pass by, one of whom led a horse, caparisoned in the European fashion. When they had disappeared, the Brinzaries carefully repaired the road, and before long, uti/ut (alas!) they can upon an overturned palanquin, deserted by its bearers, and lying beside it the yet warm coils of a lifeless woman, covered with the cruel wounds a faint cry revealed to them a little infant, neatly smothered beneath the body; and in dread that the robbers might return, the men of the party were hastening the child there, but Mabia had lost a bare short time from the spot until Narrinah was faint to consent to her adoption of the poor foundling. They escaped from the jungles, carrying the little girl with them; and not many weeks after, I saw them, and advised them to Poonah, and made them known to the government authorities there. But they stuffed their ears with the cotton of desir. Narrinah was afraid of bringing trouble onto themselves by making the affair public. It might even happen that the murder and robbery would be laid to their charge; and the woman was loath to give up her infant, whom she had named Motee (the Pearl), as her own child. They in consequence carefully avoided Poonah, and every place where English troops were stationed; but they are at length convinced that it is their duty to follow my advice, and are willing to resign Motee, provided any relation claiming her is discovered.'

'My dear friend,' said I, 'the child doubtless belongs to Major Matheson, an officer who, passing through that very jungle, with his wife and daughter, was attacked by robbers, and barely escaped with his life. His wife's remains were found a week after, but his horse had been carried off, and with it, they supposed, the child. It was through the palanquin bearers, and a native woman-servant, the whole was known. They had fled into the woods, but which they did not emerge until a whole day had passed. I have never seen Major Matheson, but in is alive, and will assuredly be rejoiced to hear that his daughter lives. The good Brinzaries may come upon their finding a generous benefactor in one who owes them the life of his child.'

'Maharaj,' replied the geoin, 'there was a little kitab (book) found in the palanquin, and it was the only thing the accursed thieves and murderers left behind.'

'Can I see it?' asked I.

It was a well-attended, much-read copy of Sibyl, and in the fly-leaf was written: 'Georgie Matheson, from her Husband.' It was enough.

As I read the name, the worthy geoin held up his hands in admiration. He told me the Brinzaries were quite willing to journey to Poonah, if needed; and remain at Jeyurr until such time as I could communicate with Major Matheson. But whilst I was reflecting on the course to be pursued, that which
cell fate was anticipating my movements, and about to render useless my interference in the matter. There are incidents in some lives which follow up each other with such celerity, when least expected, that it is only the utterly thoughtless who can treat them with indifference and disregard. That Providence which foresees all, knows best when the hidden facts that now affect me are clearly before us, without doubt and without difficulty.

It was evening, and I was once more with the Brinzzaries, the gossin, and my little friend Motee, when Jung Poo, running at full speed, announced the arrival at the tent, of a sahib from Poonah.

"Indeed," said I; "who can it be?"

"His salam to you, sir; and he begs you will come and see him. He has spared his ankle by a fall from his horse; and his eyes (groom) and luggage have not yet come up."

The Brinzzaries are celebrated for their expertness in setting to right all sprains, salving all wounds, and knowledge of all drugs; and I had but to mention the accident to the Brinzzaries, and they hastened to bring from her hoards wherever so of compound a lotion, or poultice, or both, for the injured limb, and was almost as soon beside the sufferer as myself. I saw him at once—I knew him well. It was Cosmo Gordon, a young ensign in a native infantry regiment. He was not only a very handsome youth, but was quite the gem of our corps d'élite; and, if truth must be told, had played Emily Worthington to my own situation in a month before.

The sprain was not a very severe one, and Mahal's care and treatment soon gave him relief. It was to amuse him, as he lay on my couch, whilst his own tent was being pitched, that I told him the strange story of the Brinzzaries, and showed him the book, whose hapless owner had been so cruelly murdered.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed he, reading the name—"Grace Matheson! Do you not know, Inees, that she was my aunt?"

Indeed, I did not know. But I will tell the reader what I know. Matheson, now general, was rendered truly happy by the discovery of his daughter, nor had the worthy Brinzzaries reason to repent having protected the infancy of one who, in their declining years, became their tender protectress. Motes, otherwise Grace Matheson, is now a happy wife and mother. Her husband, some years her senior, no longer pensioned young ladies on any stage; but if the reader visits Suhla, she will find him in Colonel Cosmo Gordon, a kind host and an honest man, beloved by all who know him.

THE MONTH:
SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE TELEGRAPH 0. TIME.

The Transatlantic telegraph has at length been laid, and its two extremities are fixed, one on the shore of Valentia, in Ireland, and the other on that of St John's, in the island of Newfoundland. The metallic thread by means of which mankind will henceforth be able to converse from one border of the ocean to the other, communicates without interruption from the old to the new continent; and in spite of the provisional character of the arrangement of the electric machines, a day does not pass without several dispatches being sent from Europe to America, and from America to Europe, across the mass of Atlantic waters.

The public has already been informed, that on the 8th of the 9th and 10th of August, a telegram was received at Valentia from Newfoundland at a quarter past eleven o'clock. This hour, which is almost in the middle of the night, seems more suitable for repose and sleep than for vigilance and labour. The Americans, nevertheless, had foreseen the dispatch at an hour when the approach of night had not as yet put an end to general business. The explanation is, that Valentia is situated ten degrees and a quarter west longitude from London, and St John's about ten degrees and a half west longitude from the same city, which gives a difference of forty-two degrees and a quarter between the two points on the coasts of Europe and America. If, at this time of difference of longitude, we shall find that at St John's, Newfoundland, the clock is about two hours and forty-five minutes behind the clock in Ireland; so that a dispatch which is received at this latter station at a quarter past eleven at night, had been transmitted from Newfoundland when it was only twenty-five minutes past eight in the evening.

Let us also observe, that Valentia and St John's being the two nearest points of the old and new continents, the difference of time by these minutes is the least that can exist between any of the cities of Europe and America.

If our globe were entirely encompassed by a metallic thread such as that already laid down between Europe and America, an electric current could make the tour of it in less than a second; and we can therefore fairly say that communications between the most distant points of the earth would be instantaneous. Such a velocity as this makes the motion of the sun, which it leaves far behind, seem slow; for the sun, in its apparent motion, passes over only about 1050 miles (fifteen degrees) in an hour.

The hour can never be the same in two places at once, however near they may be, when situated under different meridians. Here is an example, which we will take from London itself. It is well known what is the distance of the Crystal Palace from the Observatory at Greenwich, and also that this distance is further in latitude than in longitude. Indeed, the meridian of the Crystal Palace is only distant from the meridian of the Observatory by some few hundred yards. However, notwithstanding the extreme proximity of the two meridians, the hour at the Crystal Palace, situated to the west, differs sensibly from that of the Observatory, situated to the east. We may reckon at ten or twelve seconds the difference of time between these two meridians; so that when it is mid-day at the Crystal Palace, it is twelve and a half hours and some seconds more at Greenwich. To take an extended illustration: Paris is situated 2° 20' of longitude east of Greenwich, almost the longitude of Havre; its hour is therefore nine minutes twenty-two seconds in advance of that of Greenwich. If, then, we find such a variation in the time at places situated at so slight a distance from one another, we shall require, now that the telegraph places us in instantaneous relation with the farthest towns of the new world, to reconcile to each of them the hours of our communications, so that we need not disturb more than is inevitable the ordinary habits of life. A merchant at New York or at New Orleans, who still enjoys day-light in his own country when we have an hour or two to spare with the clock, which is exactly that which is advanced, is not necessitated to oblige his correspondent in London or Paris to pass his whole night at the door of a telegraph-office to await a dispatch which has been announced to him, and which an answer is to be given "per heure."
capital only five o'clock—that is to say, an hour when the greater portion of the population is buried in sleep. When the inhabitants of New York think of getting up, it is a slight advance of seven o'clock; while we are dining in the metropolis of England, they are breakfasting in that of America; and while the people are dining there, we are thinking of going to bed here. Let us take again, by way of absurdity, a term into hand. If, New Orleans which is further removed westward by about fifteen degrees of longitude—that is to say, reckoning by time, six hours, or a quarter of a day later than we are in London. Hence, then, a dispatch forwarded by telegraph from this latter town on the 15th August, at three o'clock in the morning, would arrive at New Orleans on the 14th August, at nine o'clock at night! We may likewise send from Europe news dated one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning, on the first day of the month, or the first day of the year; and this news will arrive in America on the last evening of the month, or the last of the preceding year. If we should wish our communications from Europe to arrive at New Orleans for the hour in which the sun sets under the zone in which we must apply the telegraph about noon. A dispatch forwarded at ten o'clock in the evening, will arrive on the banks of the Mississippi at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the instant when men return to their affairs after the greatest fatigue of their day. It is already fully seen by the people of America that they will receive each morning, about eleven o'clock, as they enter their places of business, the heads of the great commercial results of the different capitals of Europe for that day; they will then, by a kind of public notice, be apprised of events in the daily European news before their own day commences.

The Americans, with their enterprising genius, it is reasonable to suppose, will not remain satisfied until they have placed the Atlantic in direct communication with the Pacific, New York with San Francisco in California. This last town, situated 123° of longitude west of London, is eight hours ten minutes later than we are; so that the greater portion of its night coincides with our day, and reciprocally our night coincides with the greater part of their day. In winter, when the day has hardly commenced in England, at eight o'clock in the morning, it is scarcely half-past eleven at night in California. At San Francisco, the world is at the bottom of the earth, and the moment when, in London, the first streaks of light begin to lace the eastern horizon. The hour, therefore, the most convenient in Europe for interchanging telegraphic communications with California would be from four to six o'clock in the evening, a time which would coincide with the morning of this distant country.

The region of the globe where the difference of time is about twelve hours as regards Western Europe—that is to say, which has midnight when we have midday, and vice versa, is the longitudinal part of the Pacific Ocean studded with islands, and comprised between Behring's straits on the north and New Zealand on the south. It is a region distant from us 180° of longitude, and which we are accustomed to describe as the land of superlatives. As yet, the question of extending the telegraph to these islands has not been mooted; and therefore it is unnecessary to pursue these curious calculations further at the present moment. But what we have said of the Pacific we shall apply equally to the vast continent of Asia; and if we establish direct telegraphic communications with India, China, and Japan, as there is no doubt we shall, the same calculations will have to be made with a view to regulating nicely the time for despatching these swift and sun-outstripping messages.

Mr Sydney Waterlow has supplied the Society of Arts with some interesting information concerning the mode by which his firm communicates in three different places of business. The line of wire commences at London Wall, proceeds to Bircham Lane, and thence, by eleven stages, goes on to Parliament Street, it seems to have had no difficulty in obtaining permission of the various house-proprietors to fix his wires on their roofs; the total cost—exclusive of the instruments—has only been more than £300 a mile, and calculates that the whole of the poles and the engine stations in the metropolis might be bought into mutual communication for £5000. The estimate for a subterranean telegraph was forty times as great as the actual cost of the over-house plan. The above report is very satisfactory, and it seems quite possible that the roofs of the city of London, from St Paul’s, may soon present, with their telegraphic wires, the appearance of a gigantic pan of compasses.

The coast-survey, of which we have from time to time reported progress, is so well advanced that for some months will see it complete. The coast which the results are laid down are interesting in themselves. They show that there are more than 7000 points of interest on the coast, which are not marked either on the maps or charts. The coast is from its appearance, a region of rocks, but also the sea-bottom all round, out to a depth of a hundred fathoms. Concerning this, Sir Robert Murchison says: 'The study of the configuration of the land is instructive; it shows that this part of the land is ancient and old, although they are not of the same age. There are countless small islands, is physically exiled on the south-east, through Belgium and Biscay, with the continent of Europe; while it is supposed that Norway and Sweden are by a gulf or strait some 2000 miles distant. Probably, it must be pretty known that some of the deep wells in London and Sheerness draw fresh water from a stratum which lies fully 3000 feet below the level of the bottom of any portion of the North Sea that lies between this island and the coasts of Hooge, Holland, or Denmark. The geographical will therefore at, if he examines them, that must charts teach something more than the map itself; sufficient for the wants of navigation.' In the plans of the survey here referred to, 23,000 casts of the bed were made—averaging 35 casts to the square mile in deep water, and 625 casts to the square mile within a depth of ten fathoms. The cast is a long cylindrical tube, oared at the moment when, in London, the first streaks of light begin to lace the eastern horizon. The hour, therefore, the most convenient in Europe for interchanging telegraphic communications with California would be from four to six o'clock in the evening, a time which would coincide with the morning of this distant country.

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with interest,' he says, 'to meeting with my Makalolo, though several have died during their stay by small-
" The doctor's expedition has our heartiest sympathecies; but we cannot ignore the difficulties that await him in the shallowness of the river, and the torment of mosquitoes. Already, when the last accounts came away, the party had lost time and temper from these two hindrances.—Letters have come, too, from McClintock, the gallant leader of Lady Franklin's searching expedition. He sailed in the spring of 1857 in high spirits; but the frost-king was adverse, and blocked Maltive Bay so with ice, that the vessel could not get through, was caught in the pack, and drifted down into Baffin's Bay—thus losing the first year. However, he was making a fresh start, and we may hope that ere now he has reached the region where his explorations commence.

Many hearts turn towards him, praying earnestly for his safety in his endeavours to solve the painful mystery which has so long hidden our countrymen and their学业.

A result interesting to astronomers has been derived from the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition, which was at work in South America from 1849 to 1852. One of its principal objects was to determine...simplified.

In a paper read before the Royal Dublin Society, some important particulars are given concerning the iron resources of Ireland. We learn with satisfaction that the working of these deposits is advancing more and more among the industrial resources of Ireland. One thing remains to be done, and then, we are told, Irish iron will be equal to Swedish; it is, to use poet for the smelting. An impression has long prevailed that this is impracticable; but poet is consumed at the ironworks, and in blast-furnaces too, in Bohemia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Russia, and always with marked improvement in the quality of the iron. Even to throw a small quantity of petroleum on the burning fire of coke makes the iron better. What is required is to dry and compress the poet; and Mr. Buchan thinks that the best way would be to dig out the poet from below the depth of 20 feet, as it is mainly confined into hard solid bricks. 'Were this fuel used,' he says, to conclude his paper, 'in the manufacture of iron in Ireland, little anxiety need be felt regarding the quantities of extant coal; iron would be supplied at a quality equal to that of Sweden; the great desiderata as to non-splintering ordnance, and the iron plates of vessels of war, would be supplied, and rivers of wealth would be distributed over the land and among the people.'

And Ireland is advancing in another way, by the immigration of agriculturists from England and Scotland; most of the latter country. It appears from a table lately published, that the number of Scotch farmers who are now settled there, cultivating their native soil, is 5007 in the island of Ireland. And the appearance of this new blood is felt not only by the work it loess on its own farms, but by its example to neighbours. The Irish cultivator—if cultivator he was, that turnips do actually grow larger than potatoes; so large, indeed, that some of the rootlets exhibited in Dublin excite universal surprise and admiration, and though at first he exclaims: 'Ah! you can do it, but I can't.'—be at length tries, and finds that the same deep ploughing, the same diligent suppression of weeds, the same methods of draining, and the same cleanly working system, will prosper as weU under Irish hands as under English or Scotch—and once he has made this discovery, he is patient, and he soon sends his produce to market.—along roads, by the way, on which there is no toll-bar from one end of the island to the other—and ceases to be one of misfortune's hangmen-on. There is something eminently suggestive in the fact, that in January 1857, the number of persons on the books for public relief throughout the whole of Ireland, was not more than 56,094. Here in England, in June of the present year, the number was 558,725—larger than it would have been, in consequence of the commerce of the country.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Millot-Brulé exhibited a black powder, obtained from a purely natural substance, which, should it come into general use, will gladden the hearts of gardeners. If you have a plant or shrub that you wish to preserve from noxious creeping things, you draw round it a circle of this black powder, and not a small, or slug, or worm, or maggot will attack it. It is said to touch the black powder than they are thrown into convulsions, which speedily kill them off. A whole bed or plot may be sprinkled with it, and with the like results, and without injury to the garden. On the contrary, the powder is reported to fertilise, and to be specific against the grape-disease, and that if blown lightly into an infected bunch, the oidium or fungus is seen to curl up and perish—killed as surely as the smails.

The composition of the powder is no secret; it is nothing but a species of lignite—sulphur-coal, as the Germans call it—ground fine. Large beds of it exist in many parts of the continent. Ardennais abounds with it; and it was with jumps dug from that region that M. Millot-Brulé exhibited his samples. It is found in extensive deposits at Oppelsdorff, near Zittau in Saxony, where for some years past it has been turned to account for the preservation of timber. The sulphur-coal, to give it the local name, is reduced to powder, and made into a bath with water. The wood to be treated is plunged into this bath, and left there for a time without any mechanical pressure, until it has undergone a change which partakes of the nature of mineralisation. More contact with the lignite appears to suffice; and we are told that beams which have been used in the worksmen for thirty years are sounder and more likely to last now, than when first put up. In Saxony, the railway sleepers are prepared from this substance, and with manifold advantage. Would it not do well for ship-timbers, docks, and water-side constructions generally?

STREET NOMENCLATURE.

In a small town, the plan of distinguishing streets by names, just as we distinguish ships and other inanimate objects, is not otherwise objectionable than in its being almost sure to give rise to the absurd and fantastical. If names are to be given, it would be intolerable tyranny to deprive the builders, or the local authorities, of the right of selection; and this right being exercised with reference to personal feelings, local, circumstantial, or conventional; it is certain, in the course of time, an astonishing jumble of contradictions. North Street, losing the landmark from which it originally diverged, becomes in reality one of the southernmost streets in the town; High Street, being overtopped by other lines, sinks into quite a low street; political names, intended to confer distinction on the locality, fall into odium and contempt; the distinguished gentleman who honours a square with his patronymic, and the popularly named Victoria gives rise to so many Victoria Streets, Terraces, and
Places, that the panting stranger, in looking for an address, toils after it in vain.

What help for all this? Surely people may call their houses, their streets, their estates, their ships, their children, all anything but places. Old names may be, and often are, inseparably connected with local history—perhaps national; new names may be, and often are, consecrated by the most sacred feelings of our nature. We may smile at the simplicity which has called that slow and heavy vessel, with gunwale hardly above the level of the sea, whose murky sails proclaim her to be a coaster, the Lovely Nancy; but we shall cease to smile if we fancy the skipper in his pea-jacket standing alone on the blackened deck, and looking through the rising gale wind to the far and flimsy land beyond, while he hums hoarsely a snatch of the old sea-song:

The troubled main, the wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lashed to the helm, should seas overwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

But sentimentally interesting, and even historically important, as may be the association of names, the time at length comes when they are in conflict with considerations of a more practical character. The town grows into a city, and the mass of street-names presents a serious difficulty in the way of commercial and social intercourse; the city grows into a mighty aggregate of towns and cities—in the case of London, a population numbered in millions, and the myriad names, by clogging the postal arrangements, are like impediments thickly scattered in the highways, interfering with the freedom of intercourse and retarding pro tanto the progress of civilization. They must come the tugs of war. The romantic, the literary, the fashionable, range themselves on the side of names, with their distinctions and associations; while the men of business, the political economists, the matter-of-fact of all denominations, would sweep them away without remorse as with a besom.

Government has already taken up the question, and though with its usual slowness and timidity, has even put forth its hand upon existing arrangements. The names of streets and districts, and those that were used as landmarks for obscurer streets, are, so far as the postal delivery is concerned, pretty nearly abolished, and their place supplied with Roman initials. The metropolis is divided into districts, indicated by E. east, W. west, and in this brief and simple way the general locality of the street required is set down. A London district, however, is as large as a considerable town elsewhere, and the confusion of street-names, therefore, is only abated. With the view of carrying out the reform to its full extent, a little brochure has now appeared, the title of which we append as containing in itself what is usually given in a table of contents.* The following is the author's plan: I propose to divide London into districts (say twenty), each district to be distinguished by a single letter—A, B, C, &c.; to number all the streets, squares, lanes, &c., in each district, from 1 upwards, to the end; such streets, &c., to be called, for postal purposes, A. 1, A. 2, A. 3—B. 1, B. 2, B. 3, &c. To paint the letter and number of each street or place conspicuously, as near as possible to the line of sight, at all the corners thereof. To have the letter and number of each street or place printed in the Post-office and other directories, in the column appropriated to the present district letters and in their places; and the give notice that, for all postal purposes, each letter and number may be used instead of the name of such street or place; and that all additions that are now required—the names of more prominent adjacent streets, or of the district, or both—may, when such letter and number are used, be thereon dispensed with. According to the present plan, a letter directed 'Mr George Hardy, 6, Denhagh Road, W.,' may be sent, and with a change from an E. E. district, the postman will deliver the letter in the E. E. district, without any error. The name of each street in the E. (east) district, will have no difficulty in determining the quarter of the city he must bring himself to. This being the case, and the thing being already in practice, why divide into postal districts? Dovetail into the existing arrangements the plan of numbering instead of naming the streets, and you have all that is required. One thing, at all events, is certain: the present repetition of the same name in streets is most objectionable. If we are to have a James Street, let us have but one, and as with all other designations. By what means, howev- ever, short of an act of parliament, are we to effect this much-needed reform; and where are the men who could, in the face, probably, of a vast clamour, carry a measure of the kind? Meanwhile, we can give only a slight ventilation to the subject, and hope that things will mend somehow or other in the twentieth century.

WHEREFORE WEE?

Weep not for Death!
Tis but a fever stillled,
A pain suppressed, a fear at rest,
A solemn hope fulfilled.
The moonshine on the slumbering deep
Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep?

Weep ye for Change!
For earth's pure days waning,
For joy's first tear, for hope's first tear,
For love's first little falling.
Morn's lightest shadow on the sea,
Tells us of midnight—weep for these!

Weep not for Death!
The fount of tears is sealed.
Who knows how bright the inward light?
To those shut eyes revealed?
Who knows what fearless love may fill
The heart that seems so cold and still?

Weep ye for Life!
For smiles that end in sighing.
For love whose quest hath never rest,
For the heart's hourly dying.
Weep not when silence locks the breast:
Life is the bitterness of Death.

* Street Nomenclature: a New and Simple Plan for Preventing the Inconvenience Resulting from the Number of Streets and Places of the Names of London: to save more than Half the Labour of Directing, and greatly facilitate the Sifting of Letters, with the least possible expense, necessary, requires the simplest Alteration in the Present Mode of performing the Duties opportunity to any Department of the Post-office; and which may be carried into Effect at a very small Expense. London: E. Paggon. 1853.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, &c. Tissington Row, London, and 388 High Street, Edinburgh. Also at William Rosewood, 23 Upper Banksville Street, Dublin, all Booksellers.
'SENDING-IN DAY.'

It was finished at last. I could do nothing more for it. Good or bad, there it was—done. I became fully alive to the important fact only by gradations of consciousness. I stood before my picture—my first serious essay, my first bid for a footing on Fane's ladder. I felt hot and giddy somehow—beast by tremendous impulses to run in again and add further touches—to blend—tone down in places—fetch out high lights. I was only stayed by an overpowering suspicion that I might do more harm than good; that it would be better to leave off and stand by what I had done, than to peril my chances of success by nervous haphazard work at last. I stood in a rapt attitude—petrified; a disordered sheaf of brushes, like a classical representation of Jove's thunderbolts, grasped in my left hand, and my right clutching at my shirt-front, or grasping my forehead, or flung up wildly above me. I am not sure where it was.

Was it really a good thing? Let me put away my art-instruments, and sit down calmly and consider the matter. The frame looked well, certainly. It was a grand complication of bright and dull gold. The picture? Let us come to that. Does the nimbus eclipse the saint? But my eyes have seen nothing else for so long. Day and night has that canvas been before them; they are perfectly drunk with it; they are not capable of taking care of themselves, or of forming a correct opinion on the subject. At one moment, they decide that one of the finest works that art has ever given birth to, now decks my easel; at the next moment, they—well, they don't give nearly so flattering a verdict.

But then I know too much of the secret history of the work. I have been behind the scenes. The public will only see Desdemona. I see something more, or something less—I see Miss Larkins the model. Though I did all man could to pale her, and o queench her, and to sentimentalise her, still she seems to me to be shining through Desdemona in uther a dreadful manner. It is like the copper p'pearing on every edge of an old plated spoon. I know now those are curving lips, fruity in colour and aspect, which can disclose such pretty pearly teeth, and permit the escape of such deformed grannar. I know those are the green-gray sparkles of those eyes (altered in the picture to a violet hue, to suit buyer's prejudice). I know well the green and range tawn of the floating locks. I know the arkin complxion, which is perhaps even clearer in the Larkins character. I know the set of the arkin neck on the Larkins shoulders; and the Larkins pose and action altogether. They are all in the picture—all but the Larkins hand; for the Larkins bites her nails. And Brabantio. Mayhap the public will regard him as a fine specimen of the venerable Venetian senator. I know that he is not so. I know him to be old Begbie the model, whose Roman-nosed, hungry-looking, lean, yellow face is anybody's property at any time, at the rate of one shilling per hour. And Othello, waving his dusky hands as he relates 'the story of his life from year to year,' and captivates the gentle lady listening—I know the origin of that glowing brown face. I can only see in it my swarthy friend, Arna Chellis Saunderputty, the Madras coolie, whose whilom occupation it was to sweep the crossing and sell hymns round the corner. He was the best match I could get, but he was not very much like a Moor. How hard, how hard I toiled to paint out of his face his unfurnished, inane, ignoble expression! How strenuously I endeavoured to kindle in him some sense of grandeur! It was like lighting a fire with green wood. I could only arrive at a fiz, a splutter, or a dull smoke; not a generous blaze. I even, on one occasion, went so far as to make him drunk, in the hope that he might emit in that state some sparsks of savage sensibility—some aboriginal emotion, however evanescent. It was all in vain. I could have forgiven him if he had gone mad; but he stopped short at idiocy. A whiming imbecility broke out in him; tears came into his eyes; a feeble laugh, like the neighing of a consumptive filly, quavered on his lips. His complexion clouded, and became opaque; and, ultimately, he collapsed altogether in a hopelessly degraded state. I know, too, the thorough sham of the mise en scene. I know that some humiliation lurks behind each incident of the picture. I can detect readily—too readily—that a remnant of an old muslin curtain has set for Othello's turban; that a dish-cover assisted at the painting of the armour in the background; that the leg of a veteran malalogy fourposter aided in the delineation of that elaborate wood-carving; that a red table-cloth abetted the painting of Brabantio's robes; that the Moor's yataghan has often before presented itself to the public gaze in a transontine hippo-drama. All these facts glare out and strike at me from the picture each an individual and staggering blow. The result is heating, depressing, disagreeable.

Nevertheless, Mrs O'Dwyer, my housekeeper, has pronounced the thing 'fast-rate.' She ought to know something about it; she has had some experience in art. Have not artists been sojourning in her house for these last thirty years? ever since she was left a
How are you two fellows? Cold for April, isn’t it?

"Art keeps me warm," said Maule; "art and sparring."

"I’m going a round—seeing the pictures in the Academy. I’ve just come from Baywater."

"Good?"

"Awful—that is, not much."

"What’s Chrome got?"

"Achilles and Hector. Such a thing! Drawn by a boy, coloured by a madman."

"What an infamous criticism! Chrome, if he’d be greatest—"

"And Dibdiber?"

"The Death of the Knight Templar. His state in an awful mess. He’s had a dead horse tied in a fortnight. Gamey—no end. The fumes of his brain: he’s mad to paint a battle-field—tail’d nothing but carriage and carrion."

"He’s a nice man."

"The best thing I’ve seen is Bylet’s."

"Oh, of course you praise him," growled Maule; "he’s one of your set."

"What’s the subject?"

"Delicious! a child playing at cat’s-cradle with his blind godfather, who is a pauper insane. Color and drawing marvellous—all poetry. The painting of the old man’s highlows is full of the highest feeling. Have you seen the new model?"

"What’s her name?"

"Flip."

"Oh, I know her. One of the sorry set you fellows are always painting," says Maule. "Give us flesh and blood—bone and muscle. And he was into a fighting attitude."

"Who smokes?"

"By all means. Here’s the Birdseyes. Yes, I Love some beer?"

"Bitter," from Buzzard.

"Stout," from Maule.

These arrangements were made satisfactorily.

"Is this your picture for the Academy?"

Buzzard stood before my easel.

"I shall go," cries Maule: "Buzzard’s going to break out into art-criticism; I know it by his sparring in his eyes!"

Maule did not stir notwithstanding; he sat, only wanted to kindle Buzzard.

"Of course," said Buzzard, not regarding Tom in the least; and in a withered, husky voice, if my friend above me—"

"You don’t like it?" I said timidy.

"That’s a mild way of putting it. I am not sure to talk——"

(This from Tom.)

I don’t talk my views on art; I paint them; I get abuse, but I shall point that down. You’ve never my works? You can judge, then, whether I am man to like such a picture as this.

I was rather crushed. Maule came to the room.

He stamped on the floor, and every article in the room trembled.

"Buzzard, you talk bush; you paint it as I don’t know whether I would rather not have or not see your works. Talk about your pictures; I know what your picture is this year, and—"

"I can’t send the large one," said Buzzard; "could not get it done."

I hope you never may. It’s got no name; a quotation from Keats, which doesn’t apply to a gleaner woman in a scarlet dress, in a pea-green field, with an orange sky on her head."

She’s awfully ugly. Her hair is red worsted on in skeins; her face is all freckled, and she’s been peppered. He has painted each one freckle."
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

"It's not true."

"Her feet are two feet long each. I'm not joking. He counted her eyelashes before he painted them: she has them on the right, and twenty-six only on the left eye, because it's rather in perspective. She has blue stockings, and her ankles—of my! There's no concession to popular notions about prettiness there. On her nose is perched a blue bottle, splendidly painted, I will say that. I never saw a good blue-bottle out of a butcher's shop. It is said he went to Newgate market expressly to paint it."

"You're talking nonsense, Maule!"

"No, I ain't. Do you know what it all means? You'd never guess: it's got some precious deep metaphysical intention about it—denced subtle, and that sort of thing; I can't give it you all. It's something about the human soul stagnating in the golden fields of life, roused from the stupor of normal existence, which is sleep, by an accidental sting from a fly, which represents the slight suffering which rooses the human understanding to consciousness of its own worthlessness. It's rather beyond me, but it's something like that."

"You are too absurd to be contradicted."

"All right. It's a great country. Fancy artists being insane enough to paint such things. Fancy an Academy presuming to hang such things! O how horrid it is, not a public idiotic enough to buy such things!"

"But my picture?" I said.

"I'll tell you," remarked Buzard patronisingly, "the best bit of painting in the whole thing: it's Desdemona's brooch. With the drawing, and a little more brilliancy of colour, that would have been a triumph of art. The rest is literal—hopeless."

"Nonsense," struck in Maule; "the brooch is a bijou—carried too far. If I were you, I'd scumble a little umber and Indian red over it. In fact, you have damaged your work all over by attempting to imitate nature too closely.""}

"Faugh! you've failed because you have not stung enough to impress."

"I have sought," I said, rather timidly, "to unite the merits apparent to me in two very different manners of painting. I have endeavoured to combine the resolvent, the movement, the generalisation of effect, which is academic, the ideal mode of the school, with the delicacy of finish and colour, the appreciation of detail, which characterise the real or natural school of art."

"Preposterous!" they both cried.

"The sooner that couple are divorced the better; boy can't agree. There's a fearful incompatibility of temperament between them."

"To yoke the truths of the real with the falsehoods of the ideal, is to free a living man to a dead and unchangeable body." And Buzard looked severely grand.

"You're going to the bad, I'm afraid, young man," said Maule. "It will do you good to come up and see my picture. It's a grand thing, rough I say it. It's "Samson pulling down the temple and destroying the Philistines." It's fine!

"To 24 feet by 16. Some of the figures are larger than life, and all nude. I've used pounds upon pounds of colour. Samson measures a yard and a yard."

I have heard this story and the story of Samson and the Philistines from my earliest years; I believe it to be the finest study of the muscular shade, since Michael Angelo Buonarroti. (He took it from Rubens' hat, bowed his orange beard, and pronounced the name in so markedly an Italian manner, the whole room became singularly imposing.) You must see my Samson: it will be a wonderful tonic to you. You're weak, and faltering, and irresolute: it will set you up to see sea-breezes and aerasparilla. It's stunning. It was rather sold when I found I had to make him blind. In my first sketch, I'd got the fire of his eyes wonderfully: his glance almost burned you up as you looked. I wanted toしてくれる, and make him see, as a fair artistic licence; but they wouldn't let me; so I scumbled over his eyes."

"I can fancy the thing," remarked Buzard; "that's near enough for me. A cheval serie of muscology; a butcher's shop with odd joints in all directions; stray legs staggering about without any particular owners, like the crest on a Manx halfpenny; the whole bathed in sloppee brown—blotted with swartly red and muddy blue; all sorts of colours puddled up together like the refuse of a dyer's yard."

"You think, then," I said, with the view of bringing them back to the original subject, "with reference to my picture—"

"That the least departure from nature is an error," cried Buzard.

"That the closer you keep to nature the further you are from art," roared Maule.

"In art, nature is the be-all and the end-all!"

"In art, nature is a means, and not an end!"

"Paint out all but Desdemona's brooch, and begin anew."

"Scumble over such deluded attempts at finish. Give Othello more muscle, more of the nude; more fire to Desdemona; more action to Brabantio. Take up a big brush and splash away with your burned sienna like a man."

"There's no such thing as brown in nature."

"Art should be all brown. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in some things, but not in art. There's nothing like dirt!"

"But dirt isn't brown."

"What then? Ink purple?"

"Maule, you talk bolsh!"

"Buzard, I despise you!"

"Away with you, high-art impresario!" cried Buzard fiercely; "away to your pickled salmon-flesh, your treacle shadows! Away to your burlesque biceps and caravan moustachios! Away, art-arcobals, to your regions of impossible pose and muscles gone mad!"

"Arvant, realist sham!" thundered Maule savagely. "Slipper of putrid flesh-tints—stoker of livid falsities—louner of callous men and helpless women—adorer of shock heads and hideousness—I despise, I denounce you!"

Maule and Buzard had quarrelled desperately; I endeavoured to pacify them; I was abused by both. I too, then, quarrelled with both. . . . .

And all this was about my picture, which in due time went to the Royal Academy, and in due time came back.

On the back of it there was a large cross in chalk—the reader can guess what that meant. There were two thousand one hundred and forty-nine pictures in London at that time, each also decorated with the grand cross of the Royal Academy, and the two thousand one hundred and forty-nine owners of the pictures were growing fearful—not to say swaggering. The air was filled with their complaints. No wonder that innocent people up in town for the May meetings thought the thunder had commenced unusually early.

On the steps of the Academy I met Maule—he looked fierce and haunted to say the least. I can hardly say how to express it; I believe it to be the finest study of the muscular shade, since Michael Angelo Buonarroti. (He took it from Rubens' hat, bowed his orange beard, and pronounced the name in so markedly an Italian manner, the whole room became singularly imposing.) You must see my Samson: it will be a wonderful tonic to you. You're weak, and faltering, and irresolute: it will set you up to see sea-breezes and aerasparilla. It's stunning.
gazing intently at one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, as though he were going to paint it—it was Bussard.

'1 sent but a little thing, exquisitely finished—four inches by six—and they say they haven't room!' A common sorrow made us kinmen; we were reconciled. We swore—two potentates—stern friendship to each other, and eternal enmity against the Academy. I wonder whether we shall keep either of our vows!

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

The name of Mezzofanti has long been familiar to British ears. Almost all published records of travel in Italy—and these are legion—have contained more or less detailed accounts of him and his acquiraments; and few tourists, even of the unambitious class, content merely to talk over their recollections, but have returned with some tale to tell of this far-famed and easily accessible Italian lion. These written and spoken reminiscences have, however, widely differed. That Mezzofanti was a distinguished linguist, all have indeed agreed; but even in this particular, there has been exaggeration on one hand, and depreciation on the other. Yet it cannot be denied that his estimations are as to the general intellectual development of the man. By many he has been described as little other than a superior sort of parrot—pronounced wholly wanting in the philosophical element, and in the power of combination so essential to philosophical excellence; styled a 'framer of keys to palace-gates he had no power to enter;'; 'a man who, marvellous in knowing fifty languages, was still more marvellous in never trying in one of them anything worthy to be remembered.' By others, he has been accredited with stores of profound and varied information, spoken of as not only an extraordinary linguist, but an extraordinary philologist, as gifted with an 'eminently analytical mind, which rapidly penetrated the genius of different languages, and made them his own.' The professed object of Dr Russell's book, now before us, is to collect and balance such conflicting reminiscences, and to give to the readers, at the exact due allowance for the enthusiasm with which every biographer inevitably regards his subject, there is, to our thinking, in the book itself strong internal evidence of 'diligent and impartial inquiry.'

Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti was born at Bologna, in the September of 1774. His parents were in humble circumstances; his father, a carpenter, intelligent and skilful in his craft, upright and honourable in character and conduct; his mother, somewhat superior in points of education to her husband, and uniting much natural talent to a sweet disposition and deeply religious heart. Of their numerous family, two only survived childhood: a daughter, Teresa by name, who married a hair-dresser; and the future linguist, who was ten years younger than this his only sister.

His worthy parents, sensible of their own lack of learning, were determined to bestow it on their only son. At the age of three, he was sent to a dame's school; but here he astonished his mistress, and soon exhausted the good woman's stock of elementary instruction. His next move was to a more advanced school, kept by an Abate Cicotti; but here too so rapidly ran through the curriculum, that the worthy priest advised his parents, young as the boy then was, to send him at once to some Institution where he might devote himself unrestrainedly to higher and more professional studies.

The difficulties made by the father were at length smoothed away, and the boy was entered at a school at Bologna managed by the clergy, and among them several Jesuits. The Jesuits, with their rapid insight into the potential minds of the young, discovered the strength of their care, soon took note of their promising scholar, and treated him with distinction and confidence. Little is known of the exact course of his school-days, but we read of marvellous feats of memory—a life page of his book treats; read once and repeated, it was as clear to him as the most blunder—of uniform success in all classes, great popularity, and friendships formed which lasted throughout life. He early manifested a desire to his holy orders, but this was contrary to his father's wishes, like all fathers, he disliked the views of his own for his son, diametrically opposed to that son's inborn vocation. However, his mother came to the rescue, and he became a scholar in the Archidacal Seminary of Bologna, when only a boy of twelve. At the age of fifteen he took his degree in philosophy; but his health and health study so continued and intense, and he was made to enter upon his theological course till four years later. Having completed it as well as that of canon law, he sat down more for a time to study Roman law, and established a reputation in that for such proficiency in each of his many states as would have rewarded unqualified attention to it.

It is pleasant to read of his studies being pursued by Ciotildia Tamburini—herself a professor in the University of Bologna, and a linguist of no mean acquirements—and to know that the warm friendship thus formed endured throughout life. But Mezzofanti took the study which did not engross him. It was during this time that he learned Arabic and Coptic. French and German he had already learned. The latter was taught him by a Swede of the name of Thulin, who having rendered himself obnoxious to the revolutionary party, fled from Bologna, was exiled about this time, his absence was the means of first calling out that extraordinary, that almost intuitive quickness in mastering a new language, with which Mezzofanti in the year was wont to amaze even those who knew him best. Before the end of the reign of George III, he had arrived from Sweden, and consigned to the care of an uncle in Bologna, he found that the language stranger spoke was as unintelligible to him as the perplexed circle of relatives. What was to be done? Did he know Diderot, or Voltaire? He asked for the books the boy had brought with him, took them home, discovered the difference between Swedish and German, mastered the rudiments that distinguished the former from other tongues, and, in a few days, was able not only to interpret, but to converse with ease and exactness.

At the age of twenty-three, Mezzofanti was taken into full orders, and appointed professor of Arabic at the university of Bologna; a high distinction for a man of such early years, and his appointment post was a very brief one. The revolution in Bologna having, early in 1796, invited the king to take possession of their city, the advancing switches was willingly complied. Before the year was over, the place was merged in the Cispalpine Republic, the name to Bonaparte's conquests in Northern Italy—the new rulers next proceeded to demand of all the officials an oath of fidelity to the republic government, and this oath was enforced with as much vigor next these days as had been expected. Nevertheless, to honour it spoken, was such the respect for authorities the talents of the young able, they were willing to make an exception in his case, and to dispense with the oath he had refused; and he was provided he would consent to exchange our
This was no small sacrifice to loyalty on Mezzo-
fanti's part. At that time, his parents were both
in feeble health, his father unable to ply his trade
as heretofore, his mother's sight rapidly failing.
His sister had become the mother of a large family,
whom she found it difficult to maintain—still more
to educate. Mezzofanti had liberally assisted them
all out of his professor's income, which only
amounted to L.25, but which was his chief means of
support, the two small benefices conferred upon him
as a title to ordination, not exceeding L.5. Another
L.5 had been settled upon him by a clerical friend,
and this yearly L.16 was all he had to look to.
Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded at this
moment to take his sister and her family into his
house; and to meet the necessary increase of expendi-
ture, he, like many a brave-hearted man, in all
times, bent his genius to the long and laborious task
of teaching. We are glad to know that this self-sacrifice
had its compensations. It brought him into friendly
relations with several distinguished families, opened
to him libraries rich in foreign books, and afforded
him the means of forming and conversing with
foreigners. Indeed, thanks to its political
reverses, Bologna was at that time a first-rate school
for a linguist. French or Austrian troops alternately
occupied it during four years, and amongst the latter
were many of the greatest masters of modern
European languages, Teutonic, Slavonic, Greek,
Magyar, Romanic, &c., all of which were spoken by
Mezzofanti with rare perfection; for his religious
magnet and his active benevolence had combined to
strengthen the natural bias of his mind, and to give
him a lofty motive for its indulgence. The military
hospitals were filled with Hungarians, Slavonians,
Germans, and Bohemians, wounded or invalided; and
in all these Mezzofanti's own words: 'It pained him
to the heart, that from want of means of communi-
cating with them, he should be unable to confess those
among them who were Catholic.' Accordingly, he
was wont to apply himself energetically to the study
of a patient's language till he knew enough to make
himself understood, and frequently after receiving
his rewards, he soon acquired a considerable vocabulary;
and thus he came to know not merely the generic
languages of the nations to which the several invalids
belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their
various provinces.

Then, again, Bologna was a capital school for a
linguist, because, being on the high road to Rome,
almost all travellers to the capital stopped there a
while. The hotel keepers, knowing Mezzofanti's
passion for a new tongue, were in the habit of apprais-
ing him of all new arrivals; and with his sociable
enterprising temperament, and perfect freedom from
our vulgar mauvaise honte, and dread of committing our-
ourselves, it was to him the easiest and simplest thing
to the world to 'call on these strangers, interrogate
them, make notes of their communications, and take
reasons from them in pronunciation.' At this time,
he tells us, 'I made it a rule to learn every new
nonsense which occurred to me, and never to
omnium gatherum, who ought to have existed at the
time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreters—
not a marvel indeed—unassuming also. I tried him,'
Lord Byron goes on to say, 'in all the tongues
in which I know a single oath or adjuration to the gods
against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors,
pilots, gondollers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini,
post-masters, &c., and, last but not least, I astonished me—even
to my English.' When Mezzofanti was forty-five,
he had the grief of losing his friend, the celebrated
Clotilda Tamb(or)ni, who, like himself, had been
restated in her Greek poetical prose before the
summon of the pope's return to his country. She was herself
an excellent linguist; and Lady Morgan tells us that
it was a pleasure to hear how, without any of the
'comparative respect which means the absolute scorn,'
his friend and coadulator did ample justice to this
profound—too often the clever woman's only portion
—learning which had raised her to an equality of
collegiate rank with himself.'

It has been said that 'happy are the nations whose
annals are dull; 'happy, too, was Mezzofanti, we cannot
doubt, during the next twelve years of his life—happy
in constant occupation, in the culture and exercise of
his special gift, and the loving esteem of family and
friends, we pass on to his first visit to Rome in 1830,
where he was received by Gregory XVI.
with the utmost kindness, and at his final audience
personally and pressingly invited to settle in Rome,
and accept the secretariatship of the Propaganda.
It was not, however, till after what the pope himself
called 'a long siege' that Mezzofanti consented,
gracefully acknowledging his obligations to the
pontiff, and declaring that though people said he could
speak a great many languages, in no one of them,
or in them all, could he find words to express
how deeply he felt this mark of his holiness's regard.
And now we do indeed for once behold 'the right
man in the right place.' At the great Urban College,
whither students are gathered from every quarter of
the world, we have the tutor able to speak to the
representatives of all the distinct nationalities in
his own language. Mezzofanti at the Propaganda!
His first visit there must have afforded a curious
scene. Making his way unattended to one of the
corridors, the first room into which he chanced to
collide, a Turkish student, now archbishop at
Constantinople. The abbe at once began a
Turkish conversation; next came a young Greek,
and Turkish was changed for Romanci. On the
approach of an Irish O'Connor, Romanci gave place
to English. From the students, attracted by the
novel sounds, came pouring in, each to greet in his
own tongue!
But there was one language unrepresented at the
Propaganda, and for this one—namely, Chinese—the
inhabitants of the second tongue had long been
unacquainted. However, there was at Naples a Chinese
college, designed for the education, as catechists,
of natives of China, Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, and
the Indian peninsula. To Naples, accordingly, Mezzo-
fanti went, and drew himself with his accustomed
ardour into the study of this most difficult and
complicated language. But he paid the penalty of
immoderate application, for fever quickly ensued,
and his life was for some time in danger. The effect
of his illness was completely to submerge his memory
for the time. He forgot all languages except his own
native Italian. No sooner had health and strength
returned, than he devoted himself anew to his life-
long pursuit, and having before his attack succeeded
in mastering the rudiments of the Chinese
language, he now availed himself of the assistance of
some Chinese students opportunely transferred from
Naples to the Propaganda; and accordingly we find
that Chinese was one of the thirty languages of
which his knowledge has been thoroughly tested and
freely admitted by competent judges. He owned,
however, that he had acquired it with unwonted
difficulty. His method, as he once told Cardinal
Wilmarm, being to learn through the ear, and not the
eye, and Chinese, unlike all other tongues, having an
eye-language distinct from the ear-language, of which he
was obliged to make a separate and special study.
In 1838, Mezzofanti was called to the purple, which
of course brought him into still closer relations with
the pontiff, to whom he was so sincerely attached.
But his favourite studies went on undisturbed.
Though now in his grand climacteric, he did not
think it too late to set about acquiring several lan-
guages with which he had before had little or no
acquaintance. Of these, one was Amharina, an
Abyssinian dialect, and the other the proverbially
'impossible' Basque—Basque, with its eleven-toned
and numberless-toned verb, and its utter absence of
affinity with any European language whatever.
The death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, was a
great trial to his attached friend, though Pius IX.
regarded him with friendship and favour, and it is
that shown by his predecessor. Mezzofanti had never
taken any part in politics under the former pontifi-
cate, nor did he do so now. The fulfilment of his
public duties as cardinal, the confessional where a
foreigner needed his services, and, above all, his
pupils in the Propaganda, formed the business of his
self-denying and laborious life. During the visit of
the cardinal's nuncio, he had been accustomed to
help the students in composing their national prayer
the Polyglos Academy, held during the week of the
Epiphany. These odes were written in so few
than fifty tongues, and the cardinal would select
and correct them all. Often during the recesses of
the oriental poems especially, the speaker would
exclusively to him as to the only competent judge
of his performance. Amidst political storms, and in
spite of his rapidly falling strength, when his favorite
festival came round in 1848, he had still a seat at
the Polyglos Academy. But his own age was now
rapidly drawing near. An alarming sized
pleurisy was followed by gastric fever; in poor
weaker and weaker, though conscious to the last; at
on the evening of the twelfth, he died after an hour
prayerful suffering, and with words of hope kept
his lips, he calmly expired.
Having given this sketch of a life visit, rich in
prairations and its single-minded devotion to a
favourable end, we further proceed to inquir into one
of the middle ages, we proceed to inquire into
Mezzofanti's linguistic attainments really was. We
have seen that in 1805, when little men for
thirty years old, he was commonly reported to
mastering twenty languages, and conversing in eight.
Two years later, again, Baron von Zach computed
languages spoken by him to be thirty-six; and
Lady Morgan quotes public reports as raising the
number to forty. In 1828 he himself told Count
Massingham, the well-known composer, that he knew
fifty, and three years later he was in the habit
of saying that he knew 'fifty, and more.' Ten years
later the Mezzofanti told Palto Rosselli, the
rector of the Propaganda, that he knew eighty-one
languages and dialects; and his nephew, Dr Leonardo
Minarelli, has, since the cardinal's death, compiled,
after much careful examination of his works and
notes, a list of one hundred and fourteen.
But now comes the question, what was meant by
'knowing a language?' 'Doctors differ.' One
culculates that, to give complete information about
a language, a vocabulary of 10,000 words is
Another asserts that 4000 words are enough for a
study of the great classics in any tongue.
standard which Dr Russell adopts, however, is
very far from the presence of all the words in any
language that Mezzofanti knew it well, is
sufficient, in that he could read it fluently, write it
comfortably, and speak it idiomatically. Bearing this in
mind, we proceed to give the table he has drawn up:
1. Languages frequently tested, and spoken
rarely to anyone—thirty.
2. Stated to have been spoken fluently, but not
accurately tested—nine.
3. Spoken rarely and less perfectly—eleven.
4. Spoken imperfectly and little—five.
5. Studied, but not known to have been spoken
fourteen.
6. Dialects spoken or understood—seven of
six of Italian, two of English, three of Arabic, four of German, three of Spanish, two of Chinese, and one of Hebrew—thirty-six
When we remember that many of these dialects offer a distinct language, the reader must own that their sum-total is astounding indeed.

The cardinal himself told M. Libri that he found the learning of languages 'less difficult than is generally thought, that there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to attend, and that when once master of these, the remainder follows with great facility'—adding, that when ten or twelve languages essentially different from each other have been thoroughly learned, an indefinite number may be added with little difficulty. But to Dr Tholuck and others he also mentioned, that his 'own way of learning new languages was no other than that of our school-boys,' by writing out paradigms and words, and learning them by heart. Dictionaries, vocabularies, and catechisms were his favourite declamation and incessant study, and his memory had an iron grasp, from which nothing once seen or heard ever seems to have escaped.

During the long nights which he devoted to study, he could hardly ever, even when a cardinal, be induced to have recourse to a fire. Singularity abstemious in eating and drinking, limited means were yet compatible with a charity so prodigal as to gain for him the sobriquet of Monseigneur Leclair. Continuing the friendships he once formed endured throughout life. Not less remarkable was his humility, 'his habitual consciousness of what he was not, rather than his self-complacent recollection of what he was.' 'What are we,' he would say, 'but the link between man and his country!' his words, his actions, his life, was a perfect dictionary.' Certain superficial observers seem to have associated vanity with his childlike readiness to gratify curiosity by the display of his extraordinary gifts; but this seems to have arisen from his singular self-scrutiny on all occasions. As the knowledge of the human heart is developed, the mind becomes acquainted with all manners, which God has linked with the exercise and improvement of his gifts in every healthy mind. Mesfam's buoyant spirits and kindly nature delighted to expand under all circumstances; but the charge of vanity is best refuted by the fact vouched for by his biographer, and worthy closing a notice of his blameless life, that 'never in the most distinguished circle did he give himself to linguistic exercises with half the spirit which he evinced among his humble friends, the obscure and almost nameless students of the Propaganda.'

THE COCK-AND-BULL CLUB.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, and I don't want to see one. If anything of that nature, under a mistaken notion of benefiting me by warning me of a danger, or pointing out a treasure-hole, or putting me up to a good thing on a future sporting event, should present itself, I should be frightened to death; there would, if I knew myself, be another ghost in the room in about half a minute. As for devil-may-care dogs who visit necromancers alone and at midnight, or who are prepared to sit up in solitary beds and pronounce their own names solemnly thrice, with the intention of raising their familiar spirits—I don't believe such creatures exist. What man dare do—with reason and respectability—I dare; who dare not do, I have no conscience, the 'Desolate,' is none.' When a certain spectral light steals into my bed-chamber upon a sudden, I am accustomed to make me a sort of Crimean tent of the blankets, whereupon I emerge only at long intervals to breathe; I have lost more pounds of flesh in this manner, through monsoons from the forerunners of a tropical storm, than any African traveller surrenders to the sun. Well do I remember that particular terror in my boyhood, which resulted in my remaining at five feet seven, instead of six feet one and a half—the altitude attained by each of my brothers; that shock from which my constitution took two entire years to recover itself, during which—as youth's most growing time—I did not approach the stars. I was about nine years of age when the frightful incident occurred, and what is called—by very old persons who have forgotten what school was—a happy school-boy; by that term, however, was, just then, applicable to me enough, since I had got away from the place of durance and instruction for a few days of Easter vacation. I was staying at the house of a cousin, who lived in the outskirts of a large provincial town, of which—as I was in mind with unutterable awe—he was then the Mayor. Cousin Richardson was short and stout to a degree that I should be now inclined to term 'pudgy'; but being invested with this supreme and mysterious dignity, he seemed to me to possess a presence more imposing than that of any other being upon the earth's surface. 'You must sleep in the red room, Harry, since you are so fond of getting up early, and then you won't disturb the house in the morning, in putting on your boots,' I submitted without remonstrance. That I did like getting up early—so that I might enjoy some of the present immunity from my scholastic privileges as possible—that I did commonly make a tremendous noise in pulling on my boots, was true enough; but that it should be put in that a apartment dedicated to exalted guests, away from the rest of the house, and—almost to a certainty—haunted, seemed a mode of prevention worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. Had my father proposed such a proceeding, he would have been held as a denationalised man, and the whole family pronounced ridiculous. I need not say how the rest of that afternoon was emblazoned by the thought of the night that was to follow; those who are acquainted with such terrors, can easily enough imagine them; those who are not, can never be made to understand them by mere description. Enough to say that about nine o'clock p.m., I found myself in the big bed in the red room, in a cold bath of perspiration, and with my eyes tightly closed, endeavouring to go to sleep before the adults of the house were aware. I have not heard the noise of tongues and feet continued, however much in the distance, my mind would, I know, be comparatively tranquil, and subject to the influence of the dreamy god; but if once the sense of solitude should creep over me, I know would become impossible, and I should fall a victim to the dreadful powers of darkness for the rest of the night.

I did go to sleep, in accordance with these profound calculations; but unluckily, and contrary to them, I woke about three hours afterwards. It was midnight. I did not require the weird somnambulism of the cuckoo-clock upon the stairs to tell me that. I possessed as acute a perception of that ghastly time as aldermen of their dinner-hour, or station-masters of the period when the night-express is wont to flash for a moment as much as the trembling walls. The moon was shining through the shutterless windows, and throwing all kinds of suspicious shadows about the old red room. Red room! Why red? That arrow in my youth, my bones caught such a chill at the bare idea, that I did not care to repeat the question. Two oaken cupboards, which, in my haste to get into the regions of oblivion, I had forgotten to examine, began to harass me with anxieties about their contents. I slipped cautiously out of bed. Good Heavens, was somebody holding on to my night-gown, or—? No; it was a long one, and I had trodden upon it with my own foot—that was all. I approached the doors, and, without taking the liberty of opening them, turned their keys.
which happened fortunately to be outside of them. Flattered with this ingenious device of my own, I had retired to my couch, and was once more courting slumber, when a tormenting thought seized hold of me, androused me up again. I had forgotten to look under the bed. I lay awake, endeavouring to reason with myself upon so absurd an anxiety, but nothing came of it, except a singing of the ears and increased suspicion. I thought I heard respirations from under the mattress; I heard groans; I began to feel the mists of nightmare. I cried out, as I sprang to my feet and lifted the valance, 'I am not going to be frightened to death in this manner, by nothing.' By nothing! Oh, was it nothing, though, that met my affrighted gaze under that bed!

I opened the door of the second, and was met with a scene of blackness. Epilation, as it has been called, and a vista of night. I threw myself upon the bed, and pressed my way under it. "I am not frightened," said I, "for I am now sure that all is well." And I was sown by my own excitement, and a sense of the absurd, to get rid of the idea that anything was under the bed, and that I had been a victim to a piece of superstition.

And so, with these thoughts, I lay down upon my bed, and closed my eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

I dreamed that I was in a certain room, and that I was standing by the window, looking out upon the street. I saw a man, dressed in black, and carrying a lantern, approaching the house. I watched him with increasing interest, as he entered the room, and went up to a certain door. I followed him, and found that he was entering the room. I entered the room, and saw that it was furnished with chairs and tables, and that there was a fire burning in the fireplace. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a woman sitting by the fire, and that she was dressed in black. I approached her, and said to her, "Who are you?" She looked up at me, and said, "I am the housekeeper." I looked around the room, and saw that there was a clock upon the wall, and that the hands were moving. I looked at the clock, and saw that it was ten o'clock. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a window, and that the window was open. I looked out of the window, and saw that it was raining heavily. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a bookshelf, and that there were books upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a table, and that there was a book upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a chair, and that there was a book upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a bed, and that there was a book upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a chair, and that there was a book upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a table, and that there was a book upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a chair, and that there was a book upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a bookshelf, and that there were books upon it. I looked around the room, and saw that there was a window, and that the window was open. I looked out of the window, and saw that it was raining heavily.

And so I lay there, and thought about these things, until I awoke, and saw the daylight shining through the window. I looked around the room, and saw that it was ten o'clock. I looked at the clock, and saw that it was ten o'clock.

And so I lay there, and thought about these things, until I awoke, and saw the daylight shining through the window. I looked around the room, and saw that it was ten o'clock. I looked at the clock, and saw that it was ten o'clock.
however, enough and to spare, to prove the facts. As for the secret staircase, if any of this company will do me the kindness to call it such, I shall lock me into the drawing-room, even after the first dinner-bell has rung, as often as ever they please.

Arnold is the youngest and latest-joined of the society, but notwithstanding or perhaps I should say, by reason of—that circumstance, he is the most enthusiastic of us all. He told us, after Heywood had finished, the following story in a quiet undertone, such as the brook sings in to the sleeping woods, all night, in the last month of June, and with eddies that look through and through us while he spoke, as upon some strange uncanny sight beyond.

"My father was left a widower in his first year of marriage, his wife having died in childbirth with us, keeping the house for the others, George, whom some of you have mistaken at times, you know, for me.

"Poor mother herself had been also one of twins. For a few months after her death, her two sisters stayed in my father's house to comfort him and look after me, half a mile from here. She went out to nurse, and George only remained at home. He slept in the same room with his two aunts. I had been from home about a week or so, when Aunt Susan, on awaking, said she thought she heard a noise, and the next day, she walked about the room. She knew Maria suffered from "a raging tooth," so very much she inferred her where the landlady was, and went to sleep again. Next night, as the two sisters were undressing, Susan said: "Be sure to put the bottle so that you will know where to find it, and not run the risk of catching your death of cold, as you did last night."

"I had not the toothache last night, and never left my bed as well," replied Maria.

"Then you must have done it in your sleep, for I saw you up as plainly as if I saw you in my life."

"So, with mutual recrimination and denial, they retired to rest.

Again Susan was awakened, and again she saw her sister pacing about the room.

"Maria, come to rest," said she; "the fire is out, and the cold will only increase the pain."

"Her sister turned a pale face towards her, with an indescribably sorrowful and touching expression, but said really only to herself: "I was about to leave the bed, when, to her extreme astonishment, she perceived Maria fast asleep beside her."

"It was my dead mother, then—the very image of her; the twin sister, whom she had looked upon those two nights. Susan fainted with excess of fear, and did not waken her bedfellow till after dawn, when nothing unusual was to be observed. She told, however, all she had seen; and Maria, who was much the bolder of the two, promised to keep vigil next night, upon condition that my father was not to be informed of the matter, which she knew would distress him greatly. She attributed the thing herself to fancy and a disorderly system. That night, then, they both watched; and when I was however in bed some time next morning, they heard the front-door of the cottage open—my mother had been accustomed in her lifetime to carry for convenience, a latch-key—and a well-known genteel footstep pass up the stairs and go into my father's room. Presently their own chamber-door opened, and a dressed in a white garment between bed-gown and dressing-gown, their dead sister glided in. She gave them an appealing, almost reproachful look, and then turned to the little cradle where her baby-boy was still asleep, and then away from the house again as she seemed to beseech them dumbly, and left the room with a slow noiseless tread. It was some minutes before they dared to speak. Maria longed to address the spirit, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. In the morning they asked my father whether he had seen any strange sight or no."

"I saw nothing unusual but nothing; but when they told him all, he confessed, not without some effort: "And I, too, for these last ten days have seen her every midnight. I hear the key in the front-door; her tread upon the landing as of old; but her face, as she stands by my bed-post, seems worn and pitiful, and I know she has some grief she may not tell. I have spoken to her many times, but she does not answer me. I know not what to do."

"After some more conversation, a sudden thought flashed upon my father's mind: She and, of a sudden, his horse himself, he rode off at full speed to the town about ten miles off, where I had been intrusted to a respectable nurse. In that short interval which I had passed away from home, he found me shockingly altered; half alive to consciousness, ill, and shuddering. The nurse was instantly obtained, who, however, remained at my own home with me. Never more was seen by mortal eye that messenger from the dead; the boundless love which had burst the barrier of death itself—the affection of a mother for her child—was never tried so terribly again."

"It is our custom to dilate upon and analyze every statement; those only which can stand a good deal of sifting are thought worthy to be enrolled in the records of the society, and unless to concern even the most trivial investigations at all is a proof of gullibility, we cannot certainly be said to be easily satisfied. Wilkinson cross-examined Arnold upon this story of his with his usual rough courtesy, but without all a shaking his evidence; it was impossible for any one who had heard the story to suppose that the narrator himself was otherwise than in earnest. There is a certain mystery and supernature about Wilkinson himself in our eyes, from the fact of his being a drysalter—the attributes of such a character being utterly unknown to and unimaginable by us—but otherwise he is very far from being an appropriate vehicle for a spiritual narration; it is marred the more by the circumstance of his always having a cigar between his teeth, the end of which wobbles against his tongue, and clips his English. The somewhat flippant manner of his relating the following occurrence will, it is likely, detract from its verisimilitude; but that it did really happen as described, is certain.

"I have an elder sister who is married to a country gentleman in Sussex. She has been his wife these twenty years, and has had an abundance of children. The first governess of these children was a Miss Beauvais of the neighboring city. She was gentle, and taciturn disposition, and although performing all her duties admirably, was rather respected by her pupils than beloved. She never looked quite like other people, and had an old-fashioned manner of dressing. In particular, she wore her sleeves very large at the shoulders—pillowed sleeves, as I think, they were then called. I have seen her many times, and remember her perfectly well; but one sight of her would have been quite sufficient for recollection. She was a very remarkable person, a most extraordinary-looking person—very, indeed. (And here the drysalter took suff profusely, as his custom is when more than usually pugmatic.) She had an ancient father who came every Christmas to take her home to Dunkirk for her few weeks' holiday—a wonderful Frenchman, quite silent, and all puckered about the lips like an umbrella. In my niece's old drawing-books there are several sober and pretty accurate likenesses of him, which all resemble caricatures. Perhaps when they were alone together, they shed some natural tears; but their behaviour, as it seemed to me, was far from affectionate. I happened to be in Sussex when Monsieur Beauvais last came for his daughter. It
was an especially bitter winter twenty years ago, and that day was its coldest day. The earth was wrapped round its bed in a white, and trembling excessively thickly, but no snow was falling. He had brought a little open carriage with him from the neighbouring town, because it ran lighter over the choked roads than a close one would have done. There was, therefore, but little room for Miss Beauvais's luggage.

She had been accustomed on these journeys to take all her possessions away with her, and she was evidently much distressed on this occasion at having to leave some behind. Two large black boxes or heres were left, locked and well corded. "You will be sure to keep them safely, madame," she said to my sister; but she seemed to say it with a sigh of suspicion.

We watched the two stiff figures drive slowly along the leafless avenue and over the white hill-top beyond. "A strange pair," we remarked, and soon forgot them both, as governnesses and governness' fathers are apt to be forgotten. On the two black boxes was written, in that infinite, inscrutable handwriting, of hers, that it was _defends to open them under any pretext. It was evident that the poor lady mistrusted the honour of perfidious Albion.

We read soon afterwards, in the newspaper—as soon as we got the paper—the letter of the lady, and in such snowy days, could reach us—that the Dunkirk sailing-packet, in which we knew they had intended to take passage, was lost with every soul on board. Nevertheless, in hope that something might have changed their plans, we made every effort to ascertain their fate. Repeated letters to the continent obtained no answer; and, indeed, Miss Beauvais had often affirmed that she had no friend upon earth, except her father. Moreover, the clerk in the packet-office declared that two singular persons, who had paid for berths in the doomed ship, with an accuracy that left no room for doubt. Years rolled away—ten, fifteen, twenty years (the drysalter here took at least half an ounce more snuff than he could conveniently carry), and their deaths became a certainty. The few small bills which Miss Beauvais had left behind her, had long been settled by my sister; but there was one somewhat large one which still continued undischarged—a milliner's. The governness's pupils grew up, married, had children, and then, in the end, servants of the house had departed or died; there was no one about the place beside my sister and her husband who remembered poor Miss Beauvais, or knew whose these black boxes were, that were piled one upon the other, put away in the old lumber-closest up stairs.

"May I be allowed," observed the drysalter at this point, "to deviate from the society's rules so far as to read a portion of my sister's letter relating to this matter, and received but yesterday morning?"

Leaves having been granted by universal acclamation, he read as follows:

"We drove to Lugborough last Monday to Miss Davies', the milliner, and while making my purchases, she observed to me: "By the by, madam, can there still be any hope of poor Miss Beauvais being alive, or must I consider those few pounds she owes me to be a bad debt?"

"I was distressed at having put off the matter so long, and paid her at once, observing that I would have the boxes opened which had been left with us these twenty years, to see whether their contents were worth anything. On our way home, I communicated this intention to Frederic, who approved of it. There was a heavy snowfall in the afternoon, and we drove in a carriage towards her; and I am certain that neither of us mentioned the matter subsequently. We sat down to dinner within half an hour after we had got home. In the middle of it, and during a conversation about the new green-

house, Lucy—the maid who came to me last autumn, if you remember—rushe into the dining-room, and said, 'If you would speak at first for terror; but I sent Frederic and the man-servant out of the room, and contrived to comfort her.

"I have seen such a strange lady, ma'am," she whispered; "she has no business here; I'm sure. I wonder she had strength to get away from the lumber-garret."

"What is she like?" asked I as quietly as I could.

"Like no one I ever saw in my life, ma'am—with hard gray eyes like stones, and in the strangest dress; very large and puffed out above the sleeves. She was sitting on the old black boxes that are piled up in the corner, with the foreign direction upon them."

"I tried to quiet the girl, who began to sob afresh, and to convince her that it was all fancy; and Frederic spoke to her also. She was not, however, to be shaken in the least, and I firmly believe that she has seen Miss Beauvais. Frederic has promised me, upon his honour, that so long as I live those boxes shall never be opened."

"But I have not promised," added the drysalter in conclusion; "and I am going down to-morrow into Sussex to see what can be done."

For my part, I think the affair is extremely to see what is in these boxes, but not unless the disclosure was made by daylight, and at somebody else's risk.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ANATOMIST.

A great deal of discussion is now taking place in London and elsewhere as to the best methods of educating young men for the medical profession. Of course doctors differ on this as on most other subjects. They are all agreed, namely, that all scientific medicine and surgery has anatomy for its basis, and that without a good knowledge of the structure of the body, a man can no more be a safe medical practitioner than a horse can be a safe dwelling without a foundation. Now, this anatomical knowledge can be acquired only in one way, and that is by the actual examination of the different parts of the body, and by spending days, months, and years in the dissecting-room, till the student of anatomy not only masters the details, but at last even thinks anatomically, and can with little effort apply his practical experience to the treatment of injuries or diseases.

Notwithstanding all this, the prejudice against dissection has been and is so strong, as either to make men content with a mere smattering of anatomy, or drive them into the most terrible and degrading scenes of obtaining material for investigation. The Druses themselves are cited as adopting this alternative, they having been not only the priests and judges, but also the physicians of a supersitious people—to whom they prescribed a human sacrifice as necessary for the recovery of their health, the priests themselves being the operators. "Would it not," says Pouchet, "be natural to conclude, that the Druses only laid the favour of their divinities at such a price to obtain opportunities for dissection, which under other circumstances would have rendered them the objects of public execration?"

No doubt Zosimus did his best to learn anatomy from the bodies of animals, and probably had seen and then a quiet post-mortem examination of a human subject, with his two sons, Mashaon and Podalirius. The eldest, who was not only a good surgeon, but a famous warrior, crept to the medicine house with the rest of them, and got his shoulder cut open in a series of the Trojans; and Podalirius, who was also at Troy, had the good luck on his way home to be cast by a storm on the shores of Caria, where there happened to
be just at that moment a fine opening for a medical man: for the king's daughter, Syria, had just tumbled from her chariot, and the physician's days were being probably not very high. Podealius having bled her royal highness in both arms, she recovered; fell in love with her doctor; they were married, and as she had the Chermonese for her dowry, Podealius retired from practice. This is the first mention we have of bleeding, and was probably the result of certain anatomical advantages afforded by the great slaughter of heroes under the walls of Troy. At that time, surgical knowledge was handed down from father to son, but was so imperfectly transmitted that it confined to the Asclepiades, who established medical schools in Rhodes, Cos, and Cnidus. Galen says he studied anatomy, the fathers accentuating their children from infancy to dissect animals; but when we consider that they were in the frequent practice of reducing dislocations and fractures, and removing tumours, it is impossible not to believe that they took some more direct road to the necessary knowledge than cutting up sheep and pigs, though undoubtedly they had the advantage of the accumulated experience of the family.

Homer evidently knew the anatomy of man. Look at his description of Ulysses hitting the Cyclope close to where the veins cava perforates the diaphragm, and dissected it, or could get to bodies, as a disciple of Pythagoras, was the first dissector even of animals out of the family of the Asclepiades; there are none of his writings extant, though Galen and Aristotle allude to his researches. Democritus, an early philosopher, is said to have made some advances in medicine, having travelled through Chaldea, Persia, and Egypt, and came home, and settled down to study practical anatomy. With this view, he frequented the tombs, examined the bones of his fathers, and cut up animals. His cynical manners were probably assumed to insure solitude; and his works, or those attributed to him, show that he made good use of his time and materials. But he grew weary of life and anatomy when about a hundred years old, and gradually starved himself to death. He postponed the melancholy event for a few days, at the urgent request of his sister, who said that his premature death would prevent her from attending some approaching festivals, and besought him to wait till she had her amanuensis to be the benefactor of anatomy.

In the first year of the eightieth Olympiad, Hippocrates was born in the island of Cos. He was of the eighteen generations in direct descent from Asclepius. After his death, little was done till about the end of the third century B.C., when Erasistratus, a native of the island of Cees, showed himself a bold and vigorous anatomist. He was the first to dissect dead human beings, and to in a large degree his superstition, had not been lost. The Asclepiads of the two ancients only confided to studying the dried bones found in the tombs, declaring that they learned the anatomy of the soft parts from animals; but Erasistratus pooh-poohed all this, got Sebelaus Nicomedes and Antiochus Soter to let him have the bodies of criminals after execution; and occasionally some poor wretch was given to him alive, to be put to a lingering death under his relentless scalpel. Erasistratus made many discoveries among others, the vascular system, whose maps have been lost, but the references to them scattered through the writings of Galen and others, shew what an advance anatomy made from even one man's being allowed fair opportunities of study. About this time, also, Herophilus was at work in Carthage, and seems, under the reign of Ptolemy Soter, to have been allowed the same horrible privileges as Erasistratus in Cees. He, likewise, made many discoveries, and the names he gave them are still in use. Fallopis, the great professor in Padua, 1561 A.D., said, that 'contradicting Horrephius in an anatomical statement, seemed to him like contradicting the Gospel.' Notwithstanding the bright examples of the two ancients, last named, practical anatomy again fell into disuse, and we find, so late as 108 A.D., the Emperor Adrian getting a very incorrect account of the situation of the heart from Archigenes, who was then practising medicine and surgery in Rome, after having been physician to the King of Syria. The old prejudices were at work again, and Quintus, one of the most exact anatomists of his time, was driven from Rome on the pretext that he killed his patients. Rufus, the Ephesius, too, in the second century of the Christian era—a most careful anatomical writer—is now obliged to tell his pupils that they must endeavour to obtain for dissection that animal which is most like man—adding, no doubt with a sigh for the good old days, that 'of old they demonstrated anatomy upon human bodies.' What would surgery then have done but for the bountiful legacy bequeathed by Erasistratus and Herophilus?

In 131, in the fifteenth year of Adrian's reign, Galen was born in Pergamus, famous for its temple of Asclepius. Galen wrote a book on anatomy, advising his pupils to dissect apes as the best means to be obtained for improving their knowledge, for he said, 'his bones are like our own; he is like us in all respects given to his parents, or of persons found murdered in the fields; and even those he was forced to dissect with all the care and secrecy which was possible. No skeleton ever was allowed to be kept, and people had to be skilfully disposed of the tomb, and buried in a hermetical study, as in the days of Democritus; for after the civil wars in the time of Marius and Sylla, there was a law passed at Rome forbidding any use to be made of dead bodies.

It is clear, from Galen's anatomical descriptions, that he knew the anatomy of man. He probably paid handsomely for the walls and streets of humanity which were brought secretly to him, and we cannot suppose his purveyors were more scrupulous than in later times.

About the end of the fourth century, we find Nemesis, a bishop in Phoenicia, investigating the structure and functions of the liver. He very nearly hit on the true theory of the circulation of the blood.

In the sixth century, Procopius, a historian as well as a surgeon, and his writings give one a good idea of how surgery and practical anatomy had degenerated. He mentions that Artabars, king of Persia, died of an aneurism, from which, bleeding from which could not be stopped; and that the Emperor Trajan, being wounded by a dart above the right eye, the point of the weapon remaining in the wound, he, Procopius, not knowing what course it might make, left it alone. After the residence of the pope in his imperial majesty's head, it came out of its own accord, and recovery was complete.

The Arabian physicians have been a good deal talked about; but what progress could people make in practical anatomy whose religion forbade their touching a dead body? They merely plagiarised from the Greek authors whose works they had preserved from the general destruction of the Alexandrian library in 410.

Rhasse, whose real name was Ahabmirab Mohammed, was born in 996, at Bag, which was then the largest town in Persia; he had the reputation of being the first physician of his time. Passing one day through the streets of Cordova, and seeing a crowd collected, he inquired the cause—a man had died suddenly. Rhasse obtained a bundle of sticks, which he distributed among the bystanders, and keeping one to himself, desired them to follow his example. With great solemnity he beat the dead corpse all over, but
especially on the soles of the feet. In a quarter of an hour the dead man began to live, and the people shouted at the miracle, while Rhazes remounted his mule and ambled quietly on his road; henceforth, he was always believed to have the power of restoring the dead to life. Although he was no anatomist himself, he attached great importance to the science, for, when blinded by a cataract, he refused to allow the surgeon to operate on him as that practitioner could not enumerate the different tunics of the eye. The old physician added that he didn’t much mind, however, not recovering his vision, as he had seen enough of this world to be disgusted with it. Albucasis, who lived about 1085, insists upon a knowledge of anatomy as necessary for a surgeon, and some anatomical plates are attributed to him. The wars which convulsed Europe in the thirteenth century were prejudicial to the study of anatomy, and practical anatomy was at a very low ebb. At the end of the century, however, Mundinus was born in Milan, and professed anatomy there in 1315; he was a zealous active man, and infused new life into anatomical teaching. It is rather mortifying at this time to find the medical profession represented in Britain by John of Gadense, who graduated at Oxford in 1820, and devoted his life to flattering great ladies and cheating great fools. He is recorded as having been much concerned with numbers, and made a large fortune by selling plaster of frogs to the barbers. There was little anatomical knowledge then in England, and people therefore were at the mercy of such charlatans as the author of the Rass Aica.

Let us skip over a hundred years to 1458, when Andrew Vesalius, rejecting the law, adheres lovingly to his hereditary profession—that of medicine. He devoted himself especially to anatomy, studied in Italy, and, to punish him, when he met with this mishap, opened the body of a young Spanish gentleman who had died under his care; the heart, on being exposed, was found still pulsating, and the young man’s parents denounced Vesalius to the Inquisition. This terrible tribunal was moved by religious zeal, but not by a desire to protect the ignorant. In Spain, induced the judges to allow him to exposit his crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He proceeded to Jerusalem, from which place he was recalled about 1564 by the sent of Venice, to succeed Filippo as professor in Padua. But upon his voyage home, Vesalius was shipwrecked on the island of Zante, and, reduced to the last extremities of want and misery, died of hunger on the fifteenth year of his age; he had some vigour into anatomical teaching.

After him come a noble list of practical anatomists; but, if we continued to trace them down to our own day, we should find the same old story repeated over and over again. Men who have the surgical gift shut up the animals for every experimental purpose; and, as the best of times, a sufficing knowledge of anatomy confined to one or two bold and unscrupulous men-students.

Until a very few years ago, anatomical teachers were at the mercy of the ruffians of whatever neighbourhood the medical school they lectured at happened to be. These men were provided with a precious supply of subjects for dissection, at a great expense and at their own caprice; who alternated body-snatching with burglary; and when too idle for either of these estimable pursuits, levied a black-mail on their unhappy patrons, cheating the latter elements, being the glory of a resurrection-man’s heart. A lecturer in Edinburgh had one day a subject brought to him in a sack; he had concluded the bargain, and was counting out the money, when the subject sneezed—the resurrectionists rushed away, leaving Mr— to empty the sack of its contents, which had by this time begun to swear vehemently. The subject was the smallest of the gang, who, being very drunk, was thought a suitable piece of property to raise a little money on. It was hoped of course that the quieting effects of the toddy previously imbibed would continue till his friends got out of the way with the cash.

In those days, persons who had buried a near relative, would wait nightly for weeks by the grave—would bury heavy iron cages over the coffin, and take every precaution the mind of man could devise; and yet any one who would give the price asked, could obtain not only bodies, but the body they chose to study diseased, and made a large fortune by selling plaster of frogs to the barbers. There was little anatomical knowledge then in England, and people therefore were at the mercy of such charlatans as the author of the Rass Aica.

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LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

'And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!' So shouted honest Master Joe, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the 'Adam and Eve' inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together, and each had known the meaning of the world love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides the love he had to give, and the two were left with the hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept a day or two from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, to sadly pondering to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping lip.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

'Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it.'

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joe met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

'I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who'd wear the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason.'

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joe was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing the 'tights' with a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed much devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

'What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retreat; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

'Would you, dear Master Joe, do you indeed so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St Stephen's tower.'

'You, Gabriel?' said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. 'My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing.'

'Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!' exclaimed the youth, reddening. 'My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joe. Only see me on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend upon it that our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle.'

'I will, my brave lad! I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!' said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

'One thing I have to ask you,' said the young man, 'that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected.'

'No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country.'

'And why did you send her from home, Master Joe?'

'Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please.'

'There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terraces heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joe; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: 'Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down.'
Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry, a ladder up the narrow pinnacles. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the streets, how deafening to one untamed to sound! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps and the chains to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, bail us out, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, fell, with the body in the attitude of a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after one or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far below the brink of his danger flashed up upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name seemed to him to endure. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weathercock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly in his ears until one long-continued shout mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and sitting in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil "good-night"? Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only cologne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted:

"Lawrence! Lawrence! Albert! Here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call:

"Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir an hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A pained sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his last; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they must come."

But when they did not come, and the chilly darkness thickened around him, so that he could not as his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity! Noble Leopold, help! One word but you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing consciously round the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Have I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes, I'm sure we never reach the ground alive, miss the sacristan."

"O no, the old man is too busy with his we, we came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until—"

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joes had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. Be I think, Master Otkar, you and I may as well be out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way to a narrow street, and appeared no more that night. Meanwhile a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Remember thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May not some good soul see me from such sin, or at least the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you.

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spitz?"

"Or just ask that you'll make me a promise to look after the first-born child, and I'll bear you away as safely as you were floating on down."

"Avvant, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, moved by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that dark abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke, "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacles in convulsive tightness. A voice seemed whisper in his ear:

"Poo! this is death, that unknown anguish with no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thee self down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while
life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet.

There stood as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

‘Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted.’

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan’s dwelling, the old man was fondly caressing the hand of a handsome amiable youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had beset him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

I hear nothing said:

‘I am longing to see Annie, father. I desarcey she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?’

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

‘Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him.’

A rapid explanation followed. Master Josias had hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on the way.

‘Where is Gabriel?’ cried the sacristan.

‘I don’t know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door.’

‘But who helped him down?’

‘Why, you yourself, of course,’ replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. ‘Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it.’

‘Now, the villains, the double-deyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all,’ groaned the old man.

‘Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God! look up, look up to the spire.

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye searched to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

‘Tis he! It must be he, still living.’

‘O God!’ cried Master Josias, ‘where are my keys? O that I had a pocket watch!’

The keys were found in the old man’s pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young cousins.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

‘Call out to him, lad!’ exclaimed Master Josias.

A breathless pause.

‘Nothing stirring,’ said Albert, ‘nor can I see anything from this. I’ll climb over the rose.’

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

The key was tardily a figure standing on the rose, but ‘taint Gabriel—tis a ghost!’

‘A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead,’ shouted Arnold. ‘Let me up.’ And he began to climb with great agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: ‘Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious.’

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the ‘Adam and Eve,’ laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

‘Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!’

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunk; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away. The night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel’s adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually to save his life. Josias, the young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Josias, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that would be heard: ‘You alone are the cause of all this.’ By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan said: ‘If I had not the family of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!’ But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

‘Ah!’ said Gabriel towards evening, ‘tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me.’

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with her poor gray locks; and Arnold’s handsome face grew very sad as he thought—‘The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles.

‘I have one request to make of you all, dear friends,’ said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—‘do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she’ll mind it less, I think; then I’ll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from the world.’

‘A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!’ cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace.

‘My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes: I am now only had hold of that Lawrence! I once had that Ottkar by the throat!’

A regular hall-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general mêlée Arnold’s lips came into wondrous close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel’s little sister. Certainly, in the heat of the dance, the next day, he whispered to his friend’s ear: ‘A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours.’

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel’s hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Josias on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel’s sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

THE ANARCHY OF DISTRUST.

The late financial crisis leaves a dismal condition of affairs—there is universal distrust. Smuggling under losses, or fearful of being involved in ruin, nobody will believe anything connected with joint-stock projects; and there is equal distrust in reports from directors of seemingly flourishing undertakings—a natural consequence of detected falsehood. So frequently have contractors and jobbers made erroneous
representations as to the probable cost of and returns from enterprises, that credit in statements of this kind, however plausible, is gone. The *Leviathan* is floating as a useless bulk for want of L220,000. The money would be forthcoming, if people were certain that the sum would be all that is wanted; but having no assurance of the fact, they will not subscribe the necessary funds. And so on with many other things.

Nearly all the railways of Great Britain have been got up on erroneous representations as to cost and probable returns. Engineers, solicitors, and others have to all appearance conspired to deceive the public. A railway is advertised to cost only a certain moderate sum, by which parties are induced to take shares. The error, to call it so, consisted in taking far too sanguine a view not only of the primary outlay, but of working expenses, cost of plant, and money returns—every outlay understated, all probable returns overstated. Hence, prospective and promised profits of 5 or even 10 per cent.—have almost universally dwindled down to 1½; in some notable cases, to nothing—the actual average being about 1½, 12½, 6½ per cent. This is no small social evil. Immense sums have been mis-expended, causing much inconvenience, loss, and suffering. But worse than all is the distrust in everybody and everything created by the loose calculations of projectors, as well as the deceptions of directors; and it will be years before confidence is restored. Independently of all available means of redress for losses arising from grossly deceptive representations, it is pretty clear, as a writer in the *Times* has observed, that people have a remedy in their own hands; what that is, he briefly states as follows: ‘If it were not for the laxity by which the public suffer themselves to regard the achievements of those who have acquired celebrity through the impoverishment of others, by practices which perhaps more capable but less presuming men would have declined to use, the evil would soon be mitigated. Let them remember that if a projector or contractor pleads that he has underestimated the task he bound himself to fulfill, it is tantamount to an avowal that he must have been either ignorant or unscrupulous. The great test of capacity in all cases, whether in the triumphs of war or science, lies in the power to foresee and provide at the commencement against all possible contingencies. If a man destitute of this power is found to have put himself forward to squander the means intrusted to him, let him take his place for the future as unfit for such responsibility. Supposing, on the contrary, he admits he had an impression his calculations might break down, he must then stand convicted of wilful concealment for personal ends. If the scientific gentlemen who distinguish themselves in the world at the cost of shareholders were certain, whatever wealth they might acquire, of being placed by a healthy public sentiment in one of these two categories, we should hear less of inflated monster undertakings half a century in advance of the rational requirements of the period, but should have the more solid satisfaction of tasting the steady profits of a constant progress, which would develop everything demanded by the best energies of the time.’

THE SNOW-CHILD.

She grew in sadness, not in mirth
As other children grow;
Cold seemed she from her very birth,
Like that frail child of snow
We moulded on our mother-earth
In winters long ago.

White as a shroud, it knew no stain;
We tinged it death-pale sheen
With rose-leaves where the dew had lain;
Those eyes our eyes would seek
Were formed of ivy-berries twain:
We wept it could not speak.

Sound was our sleep that fateful night.
We woke; the sun shone high;
Where stood our image of delight
We marked a blank pool lies,
Whence gathering mists enshrouded with light
Wreaked upward to the sky.

But she, our child of fleshly mould
Born in life's summer day,
Whose looks outshone the orient gold
Showered from the new-sprung ray,
Whose voice like air-drawn music rode,
How could she melt away?

We little dreamed—we never knew
What threws her breast were having;
Fresh years across her beauty threw
New bloom, our hearts deceiving;
Till fell the night that darker grew;
She passed, and left us grieving.

Our minds grew warped: weak memory is
To you old time of sorrow;
And we who once such fancies spared
A strange remorse would borrow
From that snow-child we made and scorned
That wasted by the morrow.

We stood beside the silent mound
Where all we loved was sleeping;
We almost grieved that 'neath the ground
She could not hear our weeping,
Who, prisoned though in narrow bond,
Lay safe in Heaven's blest keeping.

Was it a dream?—or did our tears
Bedew her grassy pillow;
Or did our tremblings and our fears
Shake from the mournful willow
Such drops as the lashed sea appears
Flung from some broken billet?

A withering mist before the sun
Curled from the turf we trod—
Even as our child of snow had done,
This dear one from the sod
Uprose, her day of freedom won,
In purity to God.
A NIGHT AND MORNING ON THE KULM.

The continent of Europe, as is well known, to a mountainous head-ground in Switzerland and the Tyrol, where valleys from twelve hundred to three thousand feet above the level of the sea are flanked by heights of as much as fourteen and fifteen thousand, the bosoms of which are the seat of perpetual snow. Attracted by the wonderful beauty and sublimity of this district, and by the fine climate which it enjoys, thousands of people from the surrounding countries, from England, and from America, pour into it every summer; to while away a few weeks in communion with natural objects, equally enjoyable to them whether they be the worn children of business and of study, or the idées votaries of fashion. The native people of the country, noted of old for patriotism, and in modern times for their frugal industry, are, doubtless, somewhat at a loss to account for the intrusion of so many strangers into their domains, but have, nevertheless, contrived to address themselves to the case in a business-like way. You therefore find, in all the favourite pretty places on the low grounds—as at Thun, Lucerne, Interlachen, Veyvaya—fine roomy hotels, furnished with all that a luxurious taste could desire; also in the mountain-passes, and even on the tops of some of the hills, very tolerable auberges; while, everywhere that there is anything to be seen, men, horses, steamers, carriages, present themselves in abundance for the service of the visitor. This kind of business, it is understood, lasts about ten weeks each year; and when these are at an end, gay hotels and boarding-houses are closed, waiters shrink into some sort of papa state not hitherto described by naturalists, horses and guides go to labour, and the country is left to dream under its snowy coverlet of the fresh holiday scenes and money-harvests which will return with the strangers next season.

A visit to Switzerland is a different thing to different people. German Bursch and other young fellows come, with knapsacks on back and alpenstock in hand, to walk thirty miles a day over hill and dale by way of enjoying the country. Elderly gentlemens, as to be recognised in family circles under the appellation of 'the Governor,' come with wife and laughter in comfortable carriages, in which, by the help of guides and extra horses, they make their way through the most difficult passes. Some delight in the mountainous regions, where all is desolation and randeur; others are content to tarry in comfortable hotels and pensions in the valleys, where the snowy alpine peaks, seen at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, become almost as ideal as if viewed in the sketches of Brockedon, or read of in Byron's Manfred. There is also an intermediate set who, though disclaiming the adventurous, will here and there do a little mountain-work—riding, for example, over the Wengern Alp, which only requires a day, or climbing to see the Glacier des Bois from the Montanvert, or ascending to behold the sun rise from the top of the Righi. To this last class the present writer, in his capacity of a Swiss traveller, belonged.

It was a splendid day in the middle of August. The steamer which left Lucerne at ten o'clock, to carry passengers along the lake, was crowded with the usual miscellaneous assemblage. Our party, composed of myself and a couple of ladies, viewed the mountain scenery as we passed along with the admiration due to its wonderful magnificence, and with an interest over and above, arising from the clearness with which the stratification of the mountains is exposed to the eye of the geologist, here forming an equally dipping section, miles in length, there twisted into as many perplexing convolutions as might be a web of thick cloth under 'lateral pressure.' The Righi rose almost murally between four and five thousand feet on the one side; on the other, towered the peaky Pilatus, once mythical, mysterious, and inaccessible, now about to have a hotel perched on its very summit. I thought of an ascent of the Righi as a piece of very fair and creditable, yet not extravagant adventure for a gentleman of eleven lustres, but treated the subject rather coyly, as hardly knowing how far Minerva might approve; when unexpectedly my idea became transformed into a positive resolution, in consequence of hearing from a gentleman just returned from the adventure, that it really involved no serious difficulties—was every day done by hundreds of both men and women—and just at present was usually rewarded by the most splendid sunrises, owing to the settled state of the weather. I therefore resolved, on our return from the head of the lake, to leave the steamer at Weggis, the place from which most people start on this expedition. One of the ladies determined to accompany me, while the other should return and wait at Lucerne for our descent next day.

Now let me explain that the Righi is part of a great mass of stratified conglomerate (mogulifus) belonging to the tertiary formation, which has been thrown up in this north-western part of Switzerland to a height of several thousand feet, with great spaces cut out between; thus forming a series of mountains with intermediate lakes—first the Rossberg and the Righi, with the lake of Zug between; then the Righi and Pilatus, with the lake of Lucerne between.
A vast plum-pudding it is, every pebble of which has been derived from the older mountains to the eastward—once indeed, a deep ravine is said to skirt these mountains, now a series of hills perked up high into the air, creating scenes of sublimity impressive to the human spirit. The inclination of the strata seems to push strongly towards the older mountains, and, consequently, the cliffs formed by their outcrops are presented in a westerly direction over the plains of Switzerland. There are, however, fully as steep cliffs along the sides of these remarkable mountain; and one of these latter cliffs it is our design to ascend from the little lake-port of Weggis.

The steamer, having landed about thirty people, including ourselves, all is bustle in the village. The street in front of the Lion d'Or hotel is crowded with poor-looking steeds in homely furniture, attended by their peasant owners; and the landlord of the said Golden Lion is a busy and an anxious man. Young gentlemen, oldish gentlemen, ladies of tender, and ladies of mature years, have all to be accommodated in succession, and sent off under charge of the owners of the cattle, who act as guides for a small addition to the usual fee of ten francs charged for the horse. The two clever practical English ladies in the Wincey petticoat and a green kerchief in full enjoyment of the national nonchalence. The voluminous German lady and stout elderly professor her husband are not so easy to arrange in equestrian positions; but after a good deal of mounting and dismounting, and some strenuous measures for the quelling of rebellious crinoline on the lady's part, they too go on. The newly married couple, who have haunted us through half the inns of Switzerland, start in loving company. The young guardsman with the aristocratic moustache and short upper-lip, who occasionally lets fall remarks about his experiences in the Crimes—after fifty jokes about his steed—mounts and departs, followed by a cortège of admiring and aspiring companions. Another gentleman—strange to say, a young one—and two elderly ladies, get chaises à perruches, in which to be carried up the hill at their ease by relays of men. Fifty villagers, and a miscellaneous assemblage of the lame, the sick, and the blind, look on, as the work of starting advances. We get horses too, and are escorted up the hill; a peasant and his son. Each adventurer has been careful to take a bundle of paletots and mantles strapped on behind, for it is understood that the top of the Right is a very cold place at sunrise.

Our way was at first along a gentle slope composed of orchards and cornfields, then through steeper ground presenting little besides pasturage. Every two or three hundred feet of vertical ascent gave us the scenery of the lake and its neighbourhood of mountains in a new and more striking aspect. There was an exhilaration connected with the brightness of the day, the beauty of the country, and the rough horesmanship, such as I had not experienced since a similar ride in Iceland. A thousand feet up or so, we passed a small rude-looking chapel—perhaps not more than twenty feet by ten—bedizened with a few images and coloured religious prints, in which a priest performs mass every morning during summer for the few scattered shepherdesses then tending their flocks and herds on the mountain. Close beside this, by an affinity to which I was familiarised in my own country, was a little laver, where tolerable beer was in the course of being served out for the regalement of the wayfarers. Soon after, nearing the naked precipices along which the middle part of the journey has to be performed, we reached a spot called the Felstenhor, where three enormous blocks of conglomerate have fallen in such an arrangement to form a covered-way or passage, through which we proceed; a most picturesque accumulation of rock it is, which nature and the fantastic fancy of the peasants have decorated with a few pictures and a cross. Then come the most romantic part of the journey along a narrow ledge tracing the front of the precipice, critical in appearance, yet made quite safe by the labour of the peasants in building up the road wherever necessary. Here the way is marked by the perhaps outward of a mile, by posts exhibiting small coarse pictures of incidents in the last sufferings of Christ, the while forming the series called the Stations of the Passion, of which examples more elegant may be found in many places throughout the continent. Perhaps this place is thought peculiarly appropriate for such an exhibition, as the peasant, in toiling up the ascent, may be at once reminded of the Saviour's sufferings by his own, and taught by those to bear his own the more patiently. Reaching at length crossed through the great cliff, we come to the sloping back of the mountain, and experience there for some way a gentler rise; here an unexpected object was presented, what is called the Kaila Bad, a handsome establishment for the accommodation of a large number of tourists,升高 five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is a spring of ancient celebrity, and invested with some religious veneration, which has given rise to this goodly house, in which we are told there are fifty-four chambers and ninety beds, and where we found on a terrace, groups of well-dressed people enjoying one of the most superb views in the world. There is a legend about three sisters who founded the establishment several centuries ago, and we are told of a chapel dedicated to them at the spring La Reine, we have set no space or inclination to enter upon these topics.

Climbing now for some way along the front of the mountain, at an elevation of fully three thousand five hundred feet above the low country—seeing the cruciform lake beneath, and Lucerne shrunk into a scarcely discernible group of houses at its extremity—we come at length within sight of the summit. Wild and remote as the scenery is, the road is full of passengers, and we have some most remarkable habitations before us. In St. Moritz sit two hundred and ninety-nine others, at a thousand feet, as Ben Nevins and Ben Macklin, is pure desolation—rock-surfaces bleached by storms, and not bearing a blade; here, at fully a thousand feet higher, we have broad pastures and herds of cattle; here, too, owing to the frequent storms, we find two large hotels. One about five hundred feet below the summit, and half a mile distant from it—called the Stoffelhaus—is chiefly used as a pension or boarding-house. The other, called the Kulm Hotel, perched only fifty feet beneath the summit, so as to be sheltered by it from the north winds, is a much more remarkable establishment.

Having alighted here, and providently got our names put down in the comptoir for certain beds, we proceeded to solve ourselves with the splendid panorama of the Bernese Alps, which is presented at the top of the hill, and with the varied crowd these assembled. It was interesting for half an hour to identify the various peaks in the range to the northward, eastward, and southward, to trace distant glaciers, and satisfy ourselves that small glittering objects, scarcely discernible in the remote landscapes, were lakes of notoriety. The neighbouring heights of the Rossberg, with its upper stratum slipped off, and the valley beautifully destroyed in the beginning of fifty years ago—had a large share of attention. We then...
took a little time to inspect the Kulm Hotel. It is composed of two huge buildings for the accommodation of guests, set back from the street thirty paces long, handsomely hung with a gilt paper, and having fifteen elegantly curtained windows. These buildings, it may be remarked, are of extremely solid masonry, and are covered with heavy slabs, the better to resist the storms by which whenever a storm in an elevated region. In the saloon, at eight o'clock in the evening, I counted a hundred and sixty guests seated at a good solid repast, every atom of which except milk must have been brought on horseback from the country below. I was told, however, next morning, that the total number of guests in the house that night was two hundred and sixty, of whom nearly all had had beds. It was wonderful how well everything was managed in this singular caravanserai, how cleanly the house was, and how moderate were the charges made for our accommodation.

A splendid sunset giving good angry of the nature of the sunrise next morning, there was a general cheerfulness throughout the hotel that night. With the light of day gradually the view emerged about the summit of the hill, surveying the sea of mountains which tumbled in nearly all directions around. The place was like a fair, and, to help out the resemblance, there were several stalls of Swiss toasts and candies, which seemed to drive a considerable trade. One of the most prominent articles sold here, as in similar establishments elsewhere, is the alpenstock—a short pole ending in a pipe below and in a chamois-horn above—understood to be extremely useful, indeed indispensable, for travelling over glaciers. It is a characteristic Swiss article, and most people seemed to feel that it was necessary to be possessed of one. Even ladies bought and walked about with alpenstocks—held by them on board steamer, kept by them in their eating-rooms, probably slept with them, it being apparently impossible to part with the article in any circumstances, after once buying it. I daresay they all felt as if they were using it every moment in some perilous adventur, on the ice-field, but not very important, if not famous, by the dangers they were braving.

At dawn next morning—about four o'clock—a horn was blown throughout all the passages of the two houses to arouse the guests for the great sight of the day—the sunrise. A perfectly clear sky, with a bluish on the horizon to the eastward, gave me, as I sprung to my window, assurance of an entire success to our adventure. While it was still dark—ten minutes after four or so—I was out and up to the summit of the hill, where not more than four or five individuals preceded me; nevertheless, the toy-dealers were already opening their boxes and exposing their wares, eager to let not a moment’s chance of business escape them. It was amusing to see the guests oozing gradually out of the hotel, in their various wrappings, and their not less various expressions of that condition which a waggish friend denominates being the worse of sleep. I did not, however, observe that accident, a breach, that any moment and away—of seeming provity, seeming riches, seeming piety, that I am only astonished such discoveries are not very much more frequent than they are. But this morning, hardly ten minutes before I sat down to this narrative, in which but for that remisbing circumstance might not have been penned—my heart leaped to my mouth as a highly respectable City-name flashed upon me in the police columns of the Times.
a second glance reassured me; the gentleman, however, was only before the magistrate to give evidence against a lad he had seen pick a lady’s pocket in the Crystal Palace. On Sunday next I propose going some distance to hear a reverend gentleman preach—and most admirably he does preach—who, if a saving miracle is not wrought in his favour, will, I much fear, and before long too, be either the inmate of a madhouse, or have perished by his own hand—with such vengeful fierceness does the unseen vulture tear at his heart!

Then, are you, the reader naturally asks, ‘that pretend to have penetrated to the Furtugatorio and Inferno of man’s inner life, and read the sad secrets abroaded there? A Romish priest may—Might?’ Nay, I am neither priest nor parson; and, by incessant toil, skilled more than a skilled accountant. You may have seen, many years ago, my advertisement proffering aid to the embarrassed, in placing their tangled affairs in order; or, at the worst, setting them forth in such scientific array, as would oblige even the skilful manipulator—that the initiated only should be able to detect the fallacious arithmetic. I had abundance of occupation; the reputation I had acquired for tact, address, and fidelity, caused my services to be eagerly sought in other than more difficult cases; and as those opportunities for close observation were dill-
gently improved by the unconquerable inquisitiveness which has ever been my besetting inquisitiveness, or strength, my success in groping my way to dark corners of mystery, and in discerning the man from more or less distinctness, the shadowy skeletons with which, it has been said, most human homes are haunted, would surprise no one. I shall, it is right to premise, take scrupulous care, by fictitious names, by changing the quality and so forth, to render the identification of the actors in the scenes I am about to sketch impossible—except, of course, by themselves. Let me add, too, that I do not enter upon my self-imposed task in a spirit of smirking self-superiority; such a mood of mind would, in sooth, ill become me, for, albeit that I am honest enough as the world goes, there is a skeleton in my own house, which, unsuspected by friends or acquaintance, has dwelt with me since the early days of my youthful prime; and as the shadows of the now swiftly-coming night of life gather around me, gleams with every passing hour into ghostlier distinctness.—Christo Elgossen |

Enough, at all events, for the present, of my own secrets. Today, I have only sufficient courage to probe and lay bare those of others. Vauling, therefore, over my first five-and-twenty years of life, I alight from a northern coach, in London, on a wet gloomy evening in 1837, the year of the great panic caused by a general besetness of the many-diluted paper-wings of commerce. To that catastrophe, my arrival in the metropolis was wholly attributable; the bank wherein I had been many years clerk having, upon the stoppage of the London establish-
maments, its factors are reported to have a gentleman, by the name of Mr Peter Cole’s—followed suit with an instant alacrity marvellous to the outer world, though not at all so to me, who had some time before managed to make acquaintance with a terrific skeleton, conflated, not confused, in a large iron safe, wherein was inscribed, in neatly painted white letters, ‘The Earl of ——‘s Bonds, Shares, &c.; and which we used to lower into the vaults every evening with the cash and book chests. Could we have let down his grim ghastliness to the centre of the earth, he would not, I am quite sure, have been the less constantly visible to the worthy banker; nor his mocking iteration of the Earl of ——‘s bonds and shares, less distinctly audible to that much-
respected individual. I had for some time suspected that those neatly painted white letters lied audaciously; and I one day found an opportunity of verify-
ing that fact. That the banker, or his attorney, had possessed myself of his frightful secret, was made plain to me on the day his bank suspended payment, when I was at once dismissed with a handsome doocour, and half-a-dozen most irritating letters into houses of London, enabling him, then, to Hamlet’s, the eminent gold and silver smiths, at the east end of Coventry Street, Haymarket, via Mr ———intimated, was in pressing need of a skilled accountant, and that I should act wisely in pressing myself there without delay. Moreover, even the letters, which were given me unsealed, expressed the writer’s implicit reliance upon my honest and discretion—qualities invaluable in persons intrusted with the confidence of their employers; self-interest, of course, being more than a skilled accountant, and which, though not needed for their real purpose, proved of service to me. I left the same evening for London; and the banker, relieved by a third of his worst fears—the Earl of ———not being given up when I pressed in, on the seventh, set the machinery to work for effecting an arrangement with his creditors, in which he succeeded; the bank kept its staggering feet till its death, three years afterwards, when it went down with another predatory west wind.

The affairs of the house of Hamlet were closely in the hands of official Philistines when I reached London; other firms, to whom I had recommendations, were actually, or proximately, in the same condition, only two or three years ago; and through the skilful handling connected with barely known pace with—when my eye lit up a number of Cobbett’s Registere just placed in a stationer’s window. I had been long familiar with that wayward writer’s currency crotchet, and deemed it not probable I had bestowed a second glance; but publication, had it not been that poetry-loving William Cobbett had, for the first, and, I believe, last time in his life, headed his Register with a poetical quotation. It is from Macbeth:

Now be those juggling fiends no more befriended!

Who palter with us in a double sense:

Who keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope. Accursed be they:

And damned all those that trust them!

Cobbett had so evidently been carried out of himself by delirious exultation over the downfall of such ‘rag-rockers,’ that, feeling somewhat anxious to meet in brochures inspired by such a state of the Cobbet and I entered the shop to need I. I had not, in the change about me, except some loose coppers is my breast coat-pocket; so, first taking out, and picking upon the glass-case on the counter my two handwritten letters, I groped amongst the remaining rubbish for the register—Sir Peter Cole’s— and was about to take up the letters, when a gentleman, who had been scrutinising, impressively, I thought, the addresses through his gold lens glasses, said:

‘One of your letters, young man—this one—is addressed to a person who died by his own hand about two hours since.’

‘God bless me!’ I exclaimed. ‘And the case, sir?’

‘Bankruptcy. Ruin! He is another victim of the senseless panic that is raging around us. But you, I suppose, agree with Mr Cobbett, that husk and bull-frog traders are nosy vermin, that it is a pleasure to see hunted down.’

‘You are much mistaken, sir. Cobbett assumes
by the heartiness of his humour; but in monetary science, I have long held him to be one of the most discerning quacks that ever, by force of sheer impudence, imposed upon me. All this being with certain the conclusion that it could not be to commercial difficulties that the dreadful depression of mind, under which (as at first sight of him I had suspected) Mr Marshall had habitually laboured, was attributable; a depression, which often, when he thought himself unobserved, I have seen suddenly change to wordless frenzy, to gnashing of teeth, wild wringing of the hands, maniacal fighting with the air, as if he were struggling in the grip of some living, bodily foe!

Whence, then, arose that maddening disquietude? Not from his family. His marriage had been one of affection; and Mrs Marshall was a singularly amiable woman; resembling in cast of features the French empress; though it may be I only fancy it, because the line of pain across her forehead was the same, and as distinctly marked as that which gives such touching expression to the imperial brow of the beautiful Eugénie. They had, moreover, three children—Maria, Ellen, and Frances—twin sisters, and, of course, the eldest nine, the youngest four years old. In short, it must have been a home of paradise, but for the serpent coiled about the husband's heart; but for the fanged that whispered in the wife's ear vague, torturing hints of the true source of the cackling care that was eating away the life of the father of her children.

Suddenly the dark riddle was, I thought, made clear. Two females called at the warehouse during Mr Marshall's absence on a business trip—a business of between forty and fifty years of age; the other, her daughter, and of a mild, dejected aspect. They would give no name; but the mother said, with a kind of menace in her look and tone, that they would return towards the evening. They did so, just as I was mentioning the circumstance to Mr Marshall. The elder woman pushed boldly into the counting-house, dragging her daughter with her; and a terrible scene ensued. The intruder's insolence was met by a torrent of derisive, rafegious abuse. She was to the full as fierce and bitter; and the fiery war of words was at length terminated by both being thrust into the street by Mr Marshall; and as even then the vixage's tongue continued to Bingo, she was finally given in charge to a city constable, and taken off to the lock-up house in Giltspur Street. Mr Marshall himself left the office immediately afterwards for his private residence at Stamford Hill.

The next morning I was called into the private room; and Mr Marshall confided to my 'honour and discretion' a troubled chapter of his early life. He and his father had been with hundreds of others seized by Napoleon Bonaparte at the capture of the peace of Amiens, and detained in France as prisoners of war on parole. An intimacy ensued between them and an English family of the name of Curtis, who were similarly situated; and in December 1804, John Marshall was wedded, by civil contract only, to Julia Curtis, the bride being in her twenty-second year. A most unhappy marriage it proved to be; and so early did unappeasable discord arise between the ill-matched pair, that before the birth of a daughter in October 1808, legal steps had been taken by mutual agreement to obtain its annulment; and the interval prescribed by the French law having expired, sentence of divorce was duly pronounced. The child, which the father had never seen, was with his ready acquiescence consigned to the absolute guardianship of its mother; and it was further agreed that an income of forty pounds per annum, which Julia Curtis had brought to the marital treasury, should revert to her.
'Directly peace was restored,' continued Mr. Marshall, 'I returned to England, engaged in business for the future; and the following year, 1816, married my present wife. I heard nothing directly of the Curtises, till about three weeks ago, when I received a letter from the woman, Julia Curtis, you saw here yesterday. She had passed over from the Isle of Man, where she has for many years resided, to Yorkshire, to ascertain if anything could be got out of the guardian of her somewhat wealthy brother, Robert Curtis, who has been long hopelessly insane. He is known—Mr. Willelson, the said guardian, and an old friend of mine, has informed me—to have made a will in her daughter's favour when he was compos mentis; and she fancied it might be possible to obtain an advance of money upon the security of that instrument. Falling in that, and some silly fool having persuaded her that an Englishwoman once a wife is always a wife till divorced by death or act of parliament, she wrote to me, threatening that unless a large sum was immediately paid to her, she would not take legal proceedings for the enforcement of her rights.'

'Common sense might have taught her that what the French law could do, it might undo, especially as no legal remedy existed against them, into case.'

'To be sure. Well, I took no notice of the preposterous letter; and what occurred yesterday you know. And now to finish, I trust for ever, with this hateful topic. Mrs. Marshall has urged me to make the woman some present, which I refused to do, upon condition that she solemnly promises never again to annoy me; and if you, Mr. Johnson, will arrange the matter for me, I shall be obliged.'

'I found no difficulty whatever in doing so. The following day, I reached the prison, and I saw a solicitor, who convinced her that she had no legal claim upon Mr. Marshall; and she gave the required promise not to molest that gentleman again, in exchange for his hundred-pound cheque, with alacrity, adding, of her own grace and favour, that they should sail on the morrow for Douglas, in the Isle of Man, by the William and Mary, a passenger and trading vessel, lying in the Thames. The daughter seemed to be just as meek and docile as the mother was fierce and witful; the poor girl sobbed aloud with emotion, when I hinted to her, unhearken by her mother, that the money was really a gift to her, from Mr. Marshall, who did not forget—and upon my solemn word, for my life, what I was saying—that she was after all his child. 'Bless him, bless him!' she murmured: 'I have always thought of him with love and reverence.'

'It was unfortunate that I, though in all sincerity, had induced the young woman to believe that Mr. Marshall thought of her with regretful tenderness, for it excited in her an irrepressible desire to see and speak with him alone before leaving London; and as soon as she could give her mother the slip, she hurried to Fenchurch Street for that purpose. I was not at the warehouse when she called, but I knew from the clerk, who partially witnessed what passed, that the scene was a painful one. Mr. Marshall, who could be as cold as steel, hard as flint, received her with chilling indelicacies, and quickly wearing away of her prayers and protestations, forcibly ejected her, not with intentional violence, but still with so much force, that the unhappy girl slipped and fell upon the pavement. Mr. Marshall raised her; but believing she had sustained no hurt, he re-entered his house, slamming the door after him; and the heart-broken girl limped away, her right ankle having been strained by the fall. On the morrow, it was so much swollen, that her mother, with whom it was urgent to return at once to Douglas, was compelled to leave her behind in lodgings. I was quite unaware of that circumstance, which would have much mitigated the shock I felt, on reading about eight days afterwards the following paragraph in the shipping intelligence of the Times: 'The William and Mary, Captain Hearn, from London, bound for Douglas, Isle of Man, was driven on shore at the island of Anglesea, during the late gale, and almost immediately went to pieces. The crew of passengers all perished.'

'I silently placed the paper upon the desk before Mr. Marshall with my finger upon the paragraph, not immediately left the counting-house. I saw him for ten minutes afterwards, and God forgive me if I failed to judge him, but there did seem to be a tautness in face as of a subdued venal exultation; but I, I know, prone to rash judgments.'

'The dark cloud which encompassed Mr. Marshall was not, however, lightened by that catastrophe; it was in another, and by me totally unsuspected direction, that the dread spectre, of which it was the aforesaid shadow, presently revealed itself. The bankruptcy of the bank had long been terminated, though its effects were still felt in the land of houses that, shaken to their foundations by its financial earthquake, slipped from time to time through the make-shift, concealed props, that is a whole winter. The source of all this was a firm whose paper Mr. Marshall had been in the habit of privately discounting, and when, upon seeing their name in the list of bankrupts, I turned hastily to the bill-book, I saw, to my joy, that the limits of our discounts must for the future be considerably restricted. Still the loss, if a total one, which we so likely, would not be ruin, and I was almost as amazed as shocked at the effect the intelligence had on my lips produced upon Mr. Marshall. He stormed as if thunder-stricken in my face for a few seconds, and then realising the full horror of his position, turned as if to flee, staggered a few steps, and fell with a child's cry upon the floor. For there was no one present with the hearing but myself, and I soon quietly roused him to consciousness—to consciousness, alas! that the hand of time was at last close upon that host of which the prophetic tolling had for so many months sounded in his ear.'

'I strove to calm his agitation by urging that the bank, which, of course, as a matter of business, proved against the bankruptcy's estate to the amount— the acceptances—and one of which was nearly due—would still hold them as against the acceptor till her reached maturity; and that, moreover, as current dividend might be rationally hoped for. I quite to the winds; the wretched man heard as if not hearing me, and, at last stopped my mouth, and for a time of breath, by suddenly exclaiming: 'You speak of you know not what! These are the acceptances are— are forgeries!'

'Forgeries! You are joking, forgeries! And—and I'll be poisoned with it no longer; all—all—all my private discounts—all the bills, made payable here, not entered in red ink—are forgeries!'

'Almighty powers! All in red ink—forgery! Why, they are over nine thousand pounds!'

'Yes, yes—I know—I dare say. I have not dealt to add them up for many a day. Miserable man that I am—infatuated fool that I have been! It commenced with three hundred pounds, to save my own— Accursed credit! Woe to God it had not been saved. And now—now, Mr. Johnson,' he sat a
to say, perceiving that I was utterly confounded, will you, for my wife, my children's sake! will you, for
me.

I did not, could not immediately answer; but he had touched the right chord. For his children's sake!
Yes, I would do much to shield their fair young lives from light, from sorrow so unutterably and so terrible. I
pledged my word, as I could speak with calmness, that I would do so.

It was settled, during the long and gloomy conference which followed, that everything should be left to
me, and that Mr. Marshall should close his house under the

I succeeded in raising the money, and not six hours
to see him every evening; lest, peradventure, his nervous terror, now that the frightful peril he had incurred was become imminent, should betray him.

Eight clear days were before me in which to collect, without aid from discounts, £4,000; for on the

Oh, you want those acceptances? said the clerk, after glancing over the list. We intended proving upon
them to-morrow. You don't, I hope, propose, he sharply added, to withdraw them by a cheque, because, your account being already a trifle

No, no, I interrupted; I bring you cash for the

Do you? Why not, then, pay your cash into
account, and let the bills run on to maturity?

Because, my good air, we can do better with them than prove under the bankruptcy.

Ho, ho! I understand; you have an offer for you, but I must see my client about. The estate will cut up very well, I am told.

I said he might let us alone for that; and after
another torturing ten minutes, I held the terrible bills in my hand, checked with difficulty a frantic impulse to run, walked sedately out of the bank, and drove off to Stamford Hill.

So far successful; and although there was still much nervous work to do, there was more time to do

I must do myself the justice to say that I persevered valiantly during the next four weeks, now

I dozed off was either Mr. Marshall or I going to be hanged; Mrs. Marshall and the girls to be in some
other way disastrously dealt with; and once I went through the whole process of being hanged, cut down,
coffined, and buried, though still unaccountably alive, and able to read my own epitaph, written in red ink, upon a tombstone.

The main difficulties were at last surmounted; the accredited red list was reduced to three items, altogether
about fourteen hundred pounds; in fact, the fearful race against time was as good as won, when I was sudde

There was a renewed dagger-stroke, so to speak; though outwardly, he was less violently agitated than I had seen him; and a suspicion which had before crossed my mind that he had secretly armed himself with some potent means of avoiding public shame, forcibly recurred. Seeing no possible means of withdrawing the three remaining red

Mr. Marshall opened the note, read it, started up, and paced to and fro the room in a state of great excitement for a few moments; then suddenly arresting his steps, he exclaimed, as he shook me by the hand: Good-night, Johnson. God bless you. I shall be at the warehouse by nine—perhaps earlier.

Here was apparently a new and promising turn of the wheel. I had a notion of having heard the name of Willeisden, but when or from whom I could not recollect. A rich friend or relative, I hoped, just turned up in the very nick of time, as they always do in plays. And it proved so! Mr. Willeisden called at the warehouse precisely at nine; saw, and had a long conference with Mr. Marshall; left, as did Mr. Marshall, but not with him; and both returned within ten minutes of each other. Their second interview was a brief one; and very soon after Mr. Willeisden left, I was summoned by Mr. Marshall. His face was as white, I after remembered, as its natural sallowness permitted, and there shone a light in his eyes as of fever, or intense excitement.

'Take this cheque,' he said, and when you have cashed it, arrange with Jay. No doubt he will take half-down; in which case you can settle the other matter. This very afternoon were better, if it can be done quietly.

The cheque was drawn upon Jones, Lloyd, & Co,
for L.2700, in favour of John Marshall or bearer, by Richard Willeseed. I seized and posted off with it without a word, hardly feeling my feet for uplifting joy, when—wonder upon wonders!—the ghost, as I for had into the account of it, of Julia Curtis the younger tapped me on the shoulder and arrested my eager steps. She looked very thin and ill; and I soon understood how it was she had not smiled with her mother in the William and Mary, and that she, moreover, had been so unwell, that she had not left her room till the day previously. 'And I should not be here now,' she continued, 'but for a letter which has reached me, in a round-about way, from Douglas, intimating that a Mr Willeseed has gone to London to inquire about us, and that he purposes calling for that purpose upon Mr Marshall of Fenchurch Street, who, he has heard, is likely to know where we are. So,' added the young woman, 'I thought I would visit her here, taking my chance of seeing you, as I did not dare, you know, to call at the office."

'Come with me,' I exclaimed, 'to Jones, Lloyd, & Co. It is very likely they may know where Mr Willeseed is stopping. If not, I will ask Mr Marshall.'

It was about to ask the clerk who cashed the cheque if he knew where the drawer was to be found, when, chancing to look toward a distant part of the bank, I saw Mr Willeseed. He had apparently finished the business that called him there, and accosting him, I said:

'There is a young woman outside who wishes to speak with Mr Willeseed.'

'What is the young woman's name?'

'Julia Curtis.'

'What is Julia Curtis?'

'Julia Curtis, sir, the younger. Here she is.'

'Miss Curtis!' he exclaimed. 'Can I believe my eyes? Why, I was assured by Mr Marshall hardly ten minutes since, that you were too ill to leave your lodgings at Cheshunt.'

'My lodgings at Cheshunt!' echoed the mystified girl.

'Yes Upon my word, there is some strange mystery here. Come with me; we will seek Mr Marshall at once.'

During that brief dialogue, a dreadful suspicion was flashing through my brain; and with a look and gesture, supplicatory of silence, to Julia Curtis, I hurried away my eye to Cheshunt Street. The crossings and crowds hindered me; but at length I burst, panting and breathless, into the office. Mr Marshall was still there, and standing with his back to the fire.

'What has happened?' he exclaimed, before I could speak.

'I do not know. Mr Willeseed has met with Julia Curtis: they will be here immediately.'

He started as if shot, and grasped the mantel-piece for support.

'Here they are,' I wildly exclaimed, and rushed out into the warehouse to meet and whisper a warning-word to the young woman, who, I felt, would not, for the world's wealth, betray her father knowingly.

I snatched her away, as it were, from Mr Willeseed's arm, and in a few brief sentences intimated the purport of my fears and suspicions. She replied by an assuring pressure of her hand. 'He is saved,' I mentally ejaculated; and looking up at the moment, I saw Mr Marshall's white face at the office-window, looking into the warehouse—a ghastly face, and instantly withdrawn.

I hastened forward with Julia Curtis, preceding Mr Willeseed, and exclaiming aloud: 'All right—all right! Mr Marshall, Miss Curtis presents her respects to you.'

Mr Marshall was standing with his hands resting upon a table in front of him, in a rigid, upright posture, and a mockery expression seemed to glint in his eyes, and play about his lips. His voice moved not, nor did either of us for a few moments; and then Julia Curtis sprang towards him, screaming 'Father, thank God!' and Mr Marshall made a most feeble and fruitless effort to remove her clasping arms, murmuring something—'Eileen, I thought—his wife's name—and so forward on the table."

Help, swiftly as it came, arrived too late; John Marshall was dead!

I have but a few words to add. Mr Marshall had received the cheque for and on behalf of Julia Curtis whose name was signed to the receipt which he had given to Mr Willeseed. The money was part of the she was entitled under the will of Robert Curtis deceased; and Mr Marshall had represented that, at that particular moment, such a sum would be of great service to her. He, of course, believed that Julia Curtis was drowned, and must, I think, have intended to return Mr Willeseed the money at some future period. Possibly, however, in the harshest and unfused state of his mind, he only knew that such a sum would for the time save him.

His secret was faithfully kept; the news of acceptance was quietly obtained and destroyed, and the business was disposed of much more advantageously than I expected. One word more: the coroner's inquest, guided by the confident dictum of the medical gentleman who attended Mr Marshall for four or five weeks previous to his decease, that he died of disease of the heart, did not think a post-mortem examination of the body was required, and returned a verdict of Natural Death. My own conviction does not harmonise with that verdict.

A GLANCE AT AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

Turning over some old documents the other day, we stumbled accidentally on The Westminster Journal and London Political Miscellany of Saturday, June 28, 1794. This is not a great while ago; but the difference between that newspaper and those of the present day is quite as great as the difference between the manners of the time of Scott and those that describes in Waverley as existing sixty years ago.

The Gazette, in question has an old-world look; the coarse paper is yellow with age; the typography, bad as the worst specimen of 'Vanguard.' In size, one page of the Times folded in two, or one-eighth of that leviathan journal, would be as much as its equivalent; while, if we take into consideration the difference between the number of columns, type, and breadth of margin, its precise matter would fill one into one-sixteenth of the same.

But there are wider differences than those of form and size. To contrast the two journals, is to contrast a piece of feeble and clumsy mechanism with living power instinct with the energy and intelligence of a whole people. The 'leaders' of to-day are those most polished and perfect compositions of the their brilliant condensation rendering them fit stuff for the literary aspirant, while their moral influence beyond calculation. Not only does their power unerring and unifying voice take up an army's or a nation's everything, and act almost in a literal, but what lesser woes have been redressed, what secret sores healed, what disasters restored on foot, which do not owe more or less the advocacy of the public papers? Nothing of the kind have we here. Paris was sick with masses aggrieved in its details by a loathsome ingratitude
torture, but our journal records such facts with the cold precision of a circular. Political intrigue and tergiversation were rife in council and palace, but no statesman hesitated under the scratch of the reporter’s pen, and the consciousness that to-morrow’s leader would tear off his poor disguise, and show the nation he would mislead, not what he professed to be, but what he was. Almost next in power to the leading articles have become very lately the sagacious letters of those private correspondents who live in the world outside the press and public life, and who keep a keen eye for the flaws of society and the shortcomings of the executive. It almost oppresses a benevolent mind to think what an enormous amount of gratuitous government and honorary instruction must in former times have gone unrevealed to the grave? Why, every man now-a-days has his ‘view’ for reforming public evils, whether gigantic or minute; and are we to suppose our grandfathers were denied such inspirations, or that the human mind had not then as now the same impulse towards reforming everything but itself?

But to return to what our gazette is. There is the charm of modest illustration at least about it. Fame blows her prescriptive trumpet in one corner, while a frigate, with all sails set, swells supreme in the other. This frigate has a full significance, we shall see, for the gazette of Saturday, June 28, is brimful of momentous news. The eyes of the whole nation were strained after our fleet, which were then in the outset of that triumphant career which had its climax at Trafalgar. A week before, a London Gazette extraordinary had published two dispatches—one from the Duke of York, announcing the defeat of the French fleet near Charleroi, by the hereditary Prince of Orange, with the loss on the enemy’s side of seven thousand men, twenty-two cannon, and a huge amount of baggage; and another still more important, proclaiming the glorious defeat of the French fleet off Brest, by Lord Howe. Public feeling was at its highest pitch just then; all the indignation and antipathy excited in our own days against Russia, was in week in comparison with it. France, Russia, and morality fanned the flame: England was waging a holy war against a country of atheists and assassins. Therefore, when the news of these great victories reached London—announced many hours before the appearance of the Gazette extraordinary by the lord mayor from the steps of the Mansion House, and by smiling managers to their crowded play-houses—London exulted with a fervour to which the sombre triumph of a righteous vengeance added intensity. What manner of creature, as we are informed, had the details been, and the office of the next week’s Westminster Journal was crowded at an early hour with purchasers, eager for the supplement of the more curtly contemporary. They must, however, one would think, have been disappointed in their expectations; for our gazette, as regards news of the war, only repeats last week’s London Gazette, as the first edition of this morning’s Times repeats the second edition of yesterday. We have Lord Howe’s lengthy, and, to us, incomprehensible dispatch, conveyed to the masthead that day; but his victory; but when we consider how painfully confused would have been our own conceptions of the late campaign, if we had had nothing to inform us at the dispatches of our generals, we are disposed to rework our judgment, and look more respectfully upon his lordship’s recital. It would not be very interesting to repeat here how the Queen Caroline manoeuvred, or even to give the names of those officers who distinguished themselves with that dauntless

English gallantry so recently proved anew; we will leave the country, therefore, extolling over a victory still strongly remembered, and dismiss the subject with a short extract from Lord Hood’s observation upon the vote of thanks accorded him by the House of Lords, which shews to pleasant advantage the generous heart of the gallant admiral:

‘The merit I would assume on this occasion consists in my good-fortune, inasmuch as I held the chief command when so many resolute principal and subordinate officers, as well as brave men serving under their orders, were employed at that time in the fleet; and I must add, if this is cause to thank you for, in the late defeat of the enemy at sea, it is truly the triumph of the British sailors, whose animated and persevering courage has in no instance, I believe, ever been exceeded. I shall therefore have a great increase of happiness in obeying the commands of the House of Lords, by communicating to those several descriptions of persons the sense their lordships have deigned to express of their good-conduct.’

The foreign intelligence is scattered up and down our gazette without much system, and as such is dropped into the office. From one paragraph, we make a notable observation; namely, that Russia, during the late war, by no means initiated that mendacious system of reports and dispatches in which the fact stated was of the same consequence as the reference to Lord Howe’s victory, Barrère informed the Convention: ‘Notwithstanding the great inferiority of the French fleet, it attacked the English, and obliged them to abandon the empire of the sea after a desperate and bloody action, with ten of their ships damasted, and one, it was supposed, sunk; and had it not been for treachery and cowardice, those ten damasted ships must have been taken.’ Barrère concluded his report by announcing the intention on the part of the Republic to invade England, which said threat lasted as a nursery-bugbear till the year 1816.

We might quote sundry sickening details from the Paris news of the week, but it is not worth while. A month later, and the monstrous rule of Robespierre and his friends had terminated in their bloody deaths, and France began to breathe again under a milder tyranny.

The news of the House of Commons is discussed in a very few lines, for the days of speech-improving reporters as yet were not: but the details are curious. We find Mr Sheridan, on Friday the 20th of June, moving that the City of London Militia Bill be adjourned till Monday in order that it may have time to consider of the sacrifice they are making; no doubt calculating on the Sunday’s leisure for political computations. The motion, however, was opposed, and the bill passed.

Mr Pitt rises to propose that the thanks of the House be given to the managers of the trial of Mr Hastings.’ Thereupon followed a sharp discussion, during which Mr Sumner spoke against Mr Burke’s conduct in the course of the trial; but the House divided, and the ayes carried the motion by 50 to 29. The Speaker, then, in a very excellent speech, delivered in a solemn and dignified manner, treated of the privilege of impeachment by the House of Commons, and the exercise lately made of it; and expressed his sense of the conduct of Commons. Mr Pitt compliments this speech highly, and moves that the Speaker be requested to order it to be printed, which is agreed to. Mr Burke then rises on behalf of himself and the other managers, and expresses their sense of the honour conferred upon them. The sitting closes with some altercation between Messrs Dundas, Sheridan, and Fox, as to whether the thanks of the House should be given or not to Lord Hood for his able and gallant
services in the reduction of Bastia.' Mr Dundas, however, succeeds in carrying the motion, and the House adjourned. To-day's journals would revile the alterer, to-day's word for word, so that the sun should never be allowed to go down upon political wrath; and one does not know whether we need congratulate ourselves upon our parliamentary intelligence being so much more full and precise than that of our grandfathers.

The formula of the Court Circular appears not to have been instituted in the days of our Journal. The following paragraph, which we should welcome as quite excelling amidst the frivolous details of royal drives and infantile airings which are now on record for our daily delection, is thrown in amidst a heap of plebeian notices:

' Monday, Ascot Heath races commenced, at which their majesties and the princesses were present. Three of the princesses in a coach, attended by Lady Elgin, had an alarm in consequence of the leading horses of the carriage taking fright at the beating of a drum. The postilion so managed the wheel-pair, that the princesses and her ladyship were fortunately not brought up on the carriage without injury.'

The paragraph which immediately follows the above records the disastrous voyage of the Aurora, Captain Briscoe, from our shores to New York. It occupied a period of fourteen weeks and four days! What say we that, who enjoy runs across the Atlantic in ten days? We extract the following specimen of the fashionable life of that period, which will serve amusingly to remind us of the difference between now and then:

'Saturday night, Lord Mulgrave was attacked in his post-chaise by three footpads, in passing over Putney Common. The noble lord would not be robbed, and the ruffians instantly fired into the carriage. One of the lamps was struck off by a shot; a ball went through the back of the chaise close to his lordship's head; Lord Mulgrave fired two pistols, and one of the men dropped, but recovered and made off, and was ultimately followed by his companions. Eight shots in all were fired.'

On the same day we are informed: 'The Lord Chancellor committed Wm. Stackpole, Esq., to the Fleet for having made a matrimonial jaunt to Gretna Green with Miss Blackett, a ward of the Court of Chancery. Mr Williams conducted the bridegroom to the trim ferry, and the lady took up her abode, at the Belle Savage Inn, Lugolate Hill.' An inconstant spirit against the court in question inclines us to hope that the young couple—for, of course, they were young—were as speedily and speedily together again.

With one more ludicrous incident we shall conclude our quotations for the present: 'Thursday morning, a duel was fought in the Phoenix Park between Mr Whaley and a Mr Burke, of the county of Galway, in which each of them fired a pistol without any effect. The quarrel arose at Daly's, from the former asking the latter, who, he thought, stared at him: 'Did he learn such manners in his travels?' The other replied: 'He did; yet he had not been at Jerusalem.'

This brings us on a new language. Mr Whaley evidently appreciating keenly the severity of the satire which seems so innate to our dull wit—which was followed by a blow from Mr Burke, when a challenge ensued. On the ground, both gentlemen believed that they had met. They stood at twelve paces distance, and both fired together. Mr Burke fired his pistol in the air, and they were afterwards reconciled to each other.'

Upon the whole, there is some amusement, and even interest, to be found in an old newspaper. It is a landmark of time which enables even the least intelligent to form an idea of the progress the world is making; and, in the present case, we lay down the Westminster Journal with a feeling that upon the whole, some considerable improvement has been made since sixty years ago.

BABY JUNIORS

EXACTLY nine weeks ago, come midnight, I first opened my infant eyes for the study of matters maternal. I was thrust into the world in obvious chance to chance, and in something of a hurry. My survey of surrounding objects made me a firm believer in a fortuitous concourse of circumstances, if not of atoms. My education in belles-lettres has been rapid—owing its progress, on the one hand, to an intellectual cerebral development, induced from my progenitors; on the other, to the fact of my parent being a studious man, and very fond of sitting up late at night. Frequently, when I have been thought eminently reposeless in my rather circumscribed sleeping-apartment, with the curtain drawn before me—for which I am very grateful, as the scene is altogether one that I have not yet had time enough to become fond of ontogenetical pursuits—I have a reality to the fact of what papa was reading for the benefit of a lady I very much respect, and who, by vulgar people, might be written down 'his rib.' I don't like those people. They might have the impudence to term me a total carl-turtle, as we say, and yet I am not satisfied, and I should deem that a considerate insult, and make a point of sneezing wherever they can near enough to be disagreeable.

I have yet to tell you that I am the sexual drom, so unjustly complained of some time ago for having supplanted my brother—a young gentleman who is now a little more than a year old, and who conceives himself that Mrs Malaprop would term 'a penny of learning.' I beg to assure him that the jena, he enjoyed when in my position, and since then, have not been found by me. I am rather surprised and exceedingly indignant at his absolutely rude remarks upon the different features of my physiques, which, remembering what's due to us, even you will admit are not those of a gentleman accustomed to good society, and properly indeed in the Hints on Etiquette. I dare say he did not think they would ever be sounded upon my tympany; but they did. Pa read them to Ma one evening, and he listened, who did another part, and they talked up and down and down and up again, and a draught from the milk-and-water did not prevent. I wish Ma would not eat pickles—and the double on those remarks occasioned me was indignation and dyspepsy. I hope to be able to indulge in a conversation presently; but as it may be some months before I have learned that accomplishment, I think it the better plan to repudiate the ungrateful results of my ungentlemanly brother, since to allow that to pass without counter would amount to an acknowledgment of their truth, and they are false. Man is said to be an imitable animal, but I am heard that said of a woman. I suppose the next is a sub pectoris production. I find it particularly fitting to limit her utterances. He has been short of time, but can't yet control my chords vocal. I try the gamut, do, re, me, &c.; but my ears not having learned to govern my voice, I am started by a grunt, a hiss, a scrape—anything but a musical word; they are too loud to scream, just to bring me the counselling counsel that I can scream in different keys, if I accent a word or pronounce it a letter. Yes, yes; I am obliged to send you a caligrama, because I am unable to talk. My brother, with the wisdom of the days, and the vanity of his whole life, has stipulated

*See The Old Bag, article in Journal, No. 232.*
Chamber's Journal

my nose as a bee—I wonder where he got the word from; I'm sure it's a nasty provincialism—but if you could see it, you would not, perhaps, call it a Roman, nor a Greek, nor a sex retroussé, nor a parrot, nor a bottle, nor a club, nor an aquiline, nor a pug, nor a poke-your-nose-into-everybody's-business—but I'm sure you would say it was the prettiest little thing for a nose you ever saw. He says my eyes are fixed like a wax-doll's; but it is not because they are not capable of turning to different objects, but because I am teaching my optic nerves to become stereoscopic, so that I may see the surrounding objects as solid bodies. When I first began to look at me, I could not distinguish a chair from a table; but experience has taught me that, to see a solid body, my eyes must point to different angles—in fact, the optic nerves must be taught divergence. My brother will probably hear this read; and I wish him to know that I am considered a much more genteel baby than himself. He tries to run, but fails in the attempt, because he is built in a certain portion of his earthly tabernacle more like a female Hottenroot than a British baby; and where his knees ought to be, you can discover nothing but a hollow surrounded by a bulge of fat, as if he had eaten nothing but hydro-carbon aliment that had stopped above the cincture. I don't believe he knows where his legs are, for I often see him, in his attempts to stand, place his feet where, if he possessed the least knowledge of mathematics, he would soon carry his head away. I suspect it's the gravy makes him look like a lump of animated fat. His cheeks! I never saw such bags of plumpishness. If he don't improve, I shall be obliged to decline his acquaintance; I verily believe they will prevent him from being a very pretty baby. But, oh, sweet nose!—oh, if you could see his nose! It looks to me just like a ginger-beer cork, and his mouth the bottle; and when he opens his bouche, you'd think the nose entertained a desperate idea of flying bang-off upwards. I was about forgetting these words of Miraebau, which may perhaps be of some good to him: 'Un homme excésivement gros, que Dieu ne l'avait créé que pour montrer jusqu'à quel point la peau humaine pouvait s'étendre sans rompre.'

I've seen 'the old baby' eating me very compassionably for some time, but I was not aware of the gross insult he intended to offer me in this Journal. I did not think he was anatomising my corporeal architecture only to publish a description so abominable. It was only yesterday, my dearest, you and I, when she was thinking, and I was listening, because, as Ma was not in the room, I thought she might say something to her companion that would wound my vanity, but repay me for that affliction by giving me a vigorous idea of what she really thought of me; but she said nothing discreditible of me—as contraires, she complimented me by repeating these beautiful lines:

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Dose human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue  
That stray along thy forehead fair,  
Lost, 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
Oh, can that light and airy breath  
From a being doomed to death?  
Those features to the grave be sent  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?  
Or art thou what thy form would seem,  
The phantom of a blessed dream?

I am sure that lady is a woman of strong mind, cultivated taste, and expansive intellect. I know she always speaks the truth—at least, during the whole extent of her life. From the introduction of the pomps and vanities of the world, that it requires an extremely intelligent child to be continually studying its relative.
position to men and things, or it's sure to commit itself, just as grown-up babies often do when ignorant of the rules of etiquette. I should just like to tell Mrs. Slyboots before I finish, that I entertain a very low opinion of her. She called the other day, and professed herself overjoyed to see me. She took me in her lap, and began kissing me. I hate being kissed by a woman. Ma went out for a minute, when she took the opportunity of saying: 'You nasty ugly little brat, I wish you were in the bull-rushes, like Moses, for you have torn and ruined my best bonnet-straps and thrown me in a tempest.'—not a dear child!—how intelligent! [There she was right.] What lovely eyes! Oh, how I envy you such a darling! Now, I consider such conduct extremely rude; but it all comes of the vanity of mothers who hire tennis-rails and telegraph-wires to expect everybody to look upon them with the same sympathy and through the same spectacles—I ought not to have said that, because Ma only puns them on when she is alone—as mothers always do.

To tell you, that if the Old Baby dares to write to you again after he has heard this, I'll have a bilious attack, and another him—I will.

BY DÁK.

Now that the last smouldering embers of the sepoy revolt are in a fair way of being finally extinguished, we may indulge in speculations concerning the future destiny of India, with some hope of our anticipations being eventually realised; and what bright visions of social improvement and commercial prosperity rise up before us, if we attempt to picture the amount of progress that will have been attained in our eastern empire by the end of the present century only. According to my own idea, a fancy-sketch of India—in the year 1900—slightly tinted, perhaps, with couleur de rose by hope and good wishes, should include, amongst others, the following "effects":

Grand trunk-rails and telegraph-wires connecting all the principal towns, with junctions and branches in every direction; excursion-trains running once a week from Calcutta to Cashmere; a complete system of irrigation throughout the country; jumbles resolved, desert tracts banihsed, fever at a discount, and cholera unknown; native prejudices conquered, wholesome laws relating to the tenure of land enacted, and European immigration encouraged; Havanna eclipsed in the article of coffee; John Chinaman's nose triumphantly dislocated in the matter of tea; long lines of trucks heavily laden with cotton, better and cheaper than the American produce, whisked day and night, by powerful engines, to the various seaports; and magnificent steamers, compared with which the expectant mail-conveyances of the present period in what is called Eastern is, in size, a cock-boat, in pace a snail, ready to convey it in billions of tons to England, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. These are only a few of the most prominent features in the sketch—let the reader give the details as it may please himself. If he think I have made rather too much progress in forty years, he can also tone down and throw in dark patches according to his fancy—I prefer looking at the bright side of the picture.

It does not, however, require the assistance of a very fertile imagination to foresee, that in a few years railways will have effected as complete a revolution in India as they have already done in England, and that a palanquin will be as great a curiosity in the country as a stage-coach is in the other. Impressed with this conviction, and from a benevolent wish to afford future historians correct information concerning the means of locomotion enjoyed by Anglo-Indians of the present enlightened period, it is my intention to devote this paper to a detailed account of the construction, use, advantages, and disadvantages of the receptacle generally adopted throughout Hindostan as a travelling conveyance—namely, a palankeen.

But before I enter upon the proposed treatment of a palankeen in an anatomical, practical, and social point of view, let me first be kissed by a woman. Ma has invented an Indian word; it is invariably experienced such shocking maltreatment at the hands, or rather the tongues, of English readers, that my doing so is by no means unnecessary. The capital of Afghanistan, for instance, instead of being said to contain a dear child—how intelligent! [There she was right.] What lovely eyes! Oh, how I envy you such a darling! Now, I consider such conduct extremely rude; but it all comes of the vanity of mothers who hire tennis-rails and telegraph-wires to expect everybody to look upon them with the same sympathy and through the same spectacles—I ought not to have said that, because Ma only puns them on when she is alone—as mothers always do.

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end, and rest on the bare shoulders of mahogany-coloured individuals called coolies. These brown and bony gentlemen constitute a regularly organised Indian Parcels Delivery Company, who transport its coast-and-trousered packages over hundreds of miles of waste and jungle with as much safety, though not quite as much dispatch, as a similar association in rattie its brown papered parcels, in blue carts, through the streets of London. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule; for though coolies to a certain extent recognise the propriety of treating anything connected with personal dignity involved in the exertion of their office with the greatest deference, they will occur when their living parcels can neither be 'kept dry,' nor with any particular 'side uppermost.' In wading through a river, with the palkee on their heads, any derangement of the equilibrium caused by an unequal application of the weight can hardly be avoided, and if, in a desolate part of the country, the terrible but generally false alarm of 'Tiger' be raised, down drops the palkee, and away go the coolies, totally indifferent, in their part, whether its unfortunate tenant be standing on his head or his heels.

The etymology of the word cooly must be so palpable to the meanest capacity, that it is almost unnecessary for me to explain its allusion to the fact of the word having been withdrawn in peculiarities adapted to the climate in which he lives. His costume may be said to be quite classical in its simplicity, consisting as it does of a single garment; and though European prejudice may object to nature so much undressed, there can be no doubt that such a style of dress, or rather undress, must be extremely cool and pleasant in sultry weather.

It is a fortunate arrangement for the cooly that a tropical atmosphere does not render necessary a more elaborate or comprehensive wardrobe. He is generally a married man, and to keep a wife and half-a-dozen little coolies on threepence a day, is one of the ordinary conditions of his existence. This fact, which to a beef-eating Englishman appears to be the nearest approach he can imagine to nothing, is, however, difficult of execution in India. Luckily for himself, the cooly has few wants, and is both a vegetarian and a teetotaller. His clothes, as we have seen, are hardly worth mentioning; his washing, which is also undressed, is a standing item on his bill of expenses, and to save money he does it himself at the first pond or well he comes to—his lodging, both by choice and necessity, is invariably on the cold ground; his drink, on the same principle, is pure water; and as for his board, a half-penny a day, or a small portion of fruit, as the Revalenta Arubica, provides sufficient to satisfy the most voracious appetite. This is the catalogue of his wants; he has one luxury—tobacco! I hear it, ye writers in the Lomnet, and mourn over the depravity of human nature, the cooly is a confirmed smoker.

Give him the necessaries I have enumerated above, with an occasional pull at a coco-nut bubble-bubble, and he is a happy man, and passing rich on something under five pounds a year.

It is impossible to imagine a less dignified proceeding than that of getting into a palkee. The ridiculous evolutions necessary to effect a lodgment in a hammock form a mere trifle in comparison. In the one, you have at all events plenty of sea-room, so to speak, and the free use of all your limbs; in the other, the entrance is so circumscribed that the body can only be got in, as it were, by instalments. Much difference of opinion prevails as to the best mode of proceeding under the circumstances. Let no one, therefore, attempt to make the attempt while the palkee is suspended in mid-air, with the poles resting on the coolies' shoulders; for the pendulous vehicle, at the first intimation of his weight, will revolve swiftly on its axis, and the body of the unhappy traveller, obeying the inevitable law of gravitation, will fall heavily to the earth. Even when the palkee is resting securely on the ground, to obtain possession of the interior requires no small amount of activity, judgment, and, above all, moral courage. If the intending occupant endeavour to effect his purpose by entering in the manner that appears most natural—namely, head foremost, the absurd position of the rest of his person, especially if he be modelled on Dutch lines, need only be hinted at; and if the proceeding be reversed, and an entry attempted in the way a bear gets into its hole, the loss of personal dignity involved in the exertion of the palkee, the frightful to contemplate. The spectacle of a grave judge or distinguished general backing into his palkee, and then, with his legs doubled up, twisting slowly round like those China figures with globular termite, till he is gradually lost to sight through the tight-fitting aperture, is enough to ruin one's respect for civil and military authority for the rest of one's life.

If an entry can only be obtained piecemeal, an exit must be conducted on the same homoeopathic principle. First, a boot appears, then a leg; then another boot, followed by another leg; then a hat, presently a head; and so on, till the whole body has been extricated. Then matters would generally be in the recesses of the palkee. I do not know in what manner the reader can form a better idea of both operations, than by attempting to get into his own chaffeur, and, should he succeed in his undertaking, by getting out again.

But I will imagine the traveller safely packed up in his box and ready to start. I choose a hero instead of a heroine, because travelling-dress in India is so completely deshabille, that I could not think of representing a lady under such circumstances. This remark of mine must not by any means be construed into a reflection upon the fair sex in India, who are just as attentive to their toilet, and in every respect, save an interesting paleness, a slight 'defect of the rose,' as Tennyson says, just as charming as their blooming sisters and cousins in England. But an infanted dress and horticultural bonnet that would be appropriate enough, as times go, if their fair owner were merely journeying in a first-class carriage from London to Brighton, or, let us say, from Meerut to Eszahwur.

In that case, like as not, she would, without any doubt sacrifice appearance to comfort, but at the same time she would not select that particular occasion to have her portrait painted. In deference to this laudable feeling on her part, I choose a less interesting traveller, and shall accompany him a short distance on his journey by dak.

A June sun is just setting, and every one else but the unfortunate victim in the palkee is turning out for a ride or drive on the course. He, the victim, is extended helplessly on his back, already in a fever at the bare anticipation of the misery in store for him. His dress consists of a shirt, open at the neck, and loose Turkish trousers made of the thinnest Delhi silk. Slippers and a Cashmeren smoking-cap complete a costume, which, limited though it be, makes him uncomfortably hot, and could, if possible, be conveniently dispensed with. I am supposing that a general order, a medical certificate, or some other equally dire necessity, compels him to travel in the hot season. He may be—to choose the most ordinary contingencies—a member of a court-martial appointed to assemble in some station a couple of hundred miles distant; or supposing the occurrence to have happened before the mutiny, he may have been suddenly ordered to give up a staff appointment,
and join his regiment at the other end of India, because the sepoys of that gallant corps had objected on religious grounds to the cobbler's wax used in the manufacture of their pouches; or, perhaps,—than which nothing would be more likely,—he may be on his way to the hills, or to England, as the only means of saving his life.

In waiting, dressed à la cooly, and ready, in parlamentary phrase, to advance him a stage, are ten caddies and bindles, whose legs are like walking-sticks, and whose bodies are lean and lank, and brown as is the rubbed sea-sand, indeed a good deal browner. Eight of these are bearers, par excellence, whose name indicates their employment, and whose duties may be read to those of our English post-horses. Of the remaining two, one is a muschatcha, whose office is to run alongside the palkee with a torch so abominably scented, that fastalufa becomes an agreeable perfume in comparison; and the other is a baggy- shawl, which carries a couple of tin portmanteaux, called pettrahs, slung at the ends of a split bamboo, and balanced on his shoulder like a pair of scales.

At the word chella from the parcel, four of the bearers raise the pindi, on their shoulders, and start off with it at a kind of run, grunting all the time like so many pigs, supposing four of those sagacious quadrupeds could be persuaded to utter their nasal ejaculations, one at a time, and at regular intervals. The remainder of the party, galloping like parrots, too, and making audible and perfectly candid remarks touching the weight and personal appearance of the passenger inside, keep up with the palkee at a fast walk. Every hundred yards or so, the four actually in harness make a slight halt to raise their shoulders; and at the end of about a quarter of a mile, they are relieved by the other four.

In the meantime, let us look inside the box. The recumbent martyr is smoking a cheroot, and trying to repress is the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; for the exasperating motion of the palkee causes such an incomprehensible jumble of letters, that he is obliged to throw down his book and devote himself entirely to smoke and meditation. It is well known, that every kind of locomotion subjects the traveller to more or less personal inconvenience. He cannot enjoy a trot on the back of a camel, without experiencing a sensation next day as if the camel had been trotting on him. The vibration and other manifest effects of a steam-boat, or even a railway carriage, are sometimes followed by unpleasant consequences. The jolting of a hackney-cab with a broken spring, over an unfinished road in a London suburb, is calculated to ruffle the temper even of a bishop. Each of these, I admit, is provoking in a greater or less degree; but there can be no doubt that the maximum of locomotive aggravation is produced by the everlasting jog, jog of an Indian palkee on a melting night in the hot season. Both mind and body get worked up into a state of awful fermentation. The wretched sufferer is shaken not only into a fever, but into a passion; and tepid soda-water or punching a cooly's head is, unfortunately, the only means of relief within his reach.

Sleep, in her Shakespearian character as nature's soft restorer, never enters a palkee. The traveller may perhaps fret himself into a feverish state of unconsecution; but even that poor imitation of sleep he is not permitted to enjoy long. It is a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, giving the coolies, at the end of each stage, a small douscer, just as it was considered en règle in the old coaching-times to present the stout individual who had handled the ribbons with an indefinite sum, over and above the fare, which was spoken of in a vague, mysterious way as 'something for himself.' In India, this 'something' is a fixed quantity,—namely, four annas, and is a regular item in one's travelling-expenses as the amount paid at the post-office when the dak is 'laid.' Consequently, about every two hours, while the operation of 'chudding' is going on, a group of dacoits looking perfectly diabolical in the torch-light, make their appearance at the door of the palkee, and the magic word 'bucklesheens' is pronounced. It is as usual pretentiously deep sleep; the coolies have better. It is their practice, when a mile of their halting-place, to raise a prolonged and unearthly yelp by way of intimating their approach to the team in waiting. A startling howl is born but in return, which sounds in the still night-air like an echo of the first. Then commences the General's scream at the top of their voices, on topics of mutual interest, which a man must be a very busy sleeper, indeed, not to be thoroughly round by. When, therefore, the usual black-mail is demanded, the traveller is sure to be wide awake; and if he be a sensible man, he will hand out his four annas without more ado. Woe be to him if he refuse! The angry accidents by flood and field that would visit the man who refused volume II, would be casually dropped into every river that was to be crossed; he would be shaken to pieces; he would not be carried faster than a mile an hour, and, after all, I may believe, would never get to the end of his journey.

He was a wretched-looking fellow, as if he were a nullah or dry ditch, attended by a flock of drudges, waiting with the proverbial politeness of those interesting birds, till he was 'quite ready.' The small amount of the impost demanded only increases the aggravation of the situation, for during six times during the night, and asked for four annas each time, is only the addition of insult to injury. Let any one imagine what his own indignation would be, if, while comfortably dozing in the corner of a railway-carriage, the guards were to wake him whenever he had stopped at a station, and demand a fourpenny-bit. Would he not, as a matter of course, despatch a bill to the editor of the Times by the very next morning's post?

I will not pain the reader by dwelling on the heat, dust, want of sleep, and other fertile sources of misery inseparable from a journey by dak, but will hasten to put an end to the sufferings of the unhappy traveller by bringing him to the temporary asylum, by way of introduction, which he conceives by a paternal government. At about eight clock—by which time the rays of the morning sun, falling obliquely on the blistered panels of the palkee, have converted it into a kind of portable Dutch oven,烤ing eyes of the wretched occupants inside are gladdened by the sight of the dak brought. Taken abstractedly, a thatched building with architectural adornments, standing alone on a vast and dusty plain, cannot be considered an object; but to any one who has endured for fourteen mortal hours the 'short uneasy motion' of a palkee, it is nothing less than an earthly paradise; and no corpulent Mussulman in dirty white garments, who is salivating his welcome in the verandah, can he a benevolent middle-aged angel in charge. The bungalow, apart from its celestial character, is a conven- scy, built for the convenience of travellers and is supported by their involuntary contributions. The postmaster-general is the king of kings, and charges a day for his hospitality, which consists of the use of a small white-washed room furnished with a table, two chairs, and a bedstead. Here the jaded package, after a bath and breakfast, sups the last drops of shade and quiet till six o'clock, and I shall leave him for the present dozing under the punkah, and passively engaged in digesting pilgrim meecup—indeed, in others words, a tough bowl which
evolved into the air of my room, and required efficient ventilation and the employment of a disinfectant for its removal. When I recovered, I grasped my trusty bottle of chlorine solution, and again encountered the Nemesis of putrefactive action.

On emmuent mort sent toujours boni observed that amiable monarch, Charles IX. of France. A similar reflection deadens in my case the olfactory properties of variabilities, and, like the raven or the rat, I am attracted by any foul or pestiferous exhalation. I like to visit cess-pools and sewers, and to examine drains and foul ditches. People marvel at my pursuits; but there is a grim satisfaction in it that I would not lose. There is ever a fascination in that which is terrible or mysterious; and to humanity, typhus and cholera are like the enigmas of the sphinx—to be solved on penalty of death. I am often to be found on the banks of the classic Cisalpin, which runs by Vauxhall railway-station; and an open sewer near the Wandsworth Road affords me great satisfaction. Wherever the microscope shows me the paramaecium and minute cestodes, I know that there is a new species of disease. It is active in the malaria of India and Ceylon, and the Campagna of Rome; it forms the subtle emanations which follow the course of rivers, and it enters into the exhalations from stagnant pools and certain marshes. Reeking from cess-pools, it bleaches the cheek and stains the body of India and Ceylon, and its emanations are fatal, and may sometimes be found lurking in the houses of the rich. Near to churchyards, it is often a messenger from the dead to the living, and bears its summons faithfully. Sulphuretted hydrogen is its name: its origin in water is generally a salt containing sulphur, this salt being decomposed by putrefactive action. Chlorine instantly destroys the gas, muriaic acid being formed, and sulphur disengaged.

When, in my wanderings, I have come to places where low fever and other diseases of the same type were prevalent, I have sometimes felt myself possessed of a strange power of good or of evil. A few handfuls of lime, and malaria for a time was conquered; a little of salt and lime with the acid of sulphur, and pestilence, with fourfold malignity, might pursue its mission of disease and death.

There is in our village a ditch containing a small amount of sulphuric acid and sodium. The pond I have above alluded to. In this ditch the paramaecium and other infusorial scavengers are very active; for animal matter is present, which must enter into new combinations, and be ultimately devoured by frogs and fishes. The water in it is alkaline, and therefore adapted to animal existence; whereas that of the pond is acid in its reaction, and contains vegetation only. Now, if we add a small quantity of the water of the ditch to a larger quantity of that of the pond, the animals are killed and the pond is putrefying in conjunction with vegetable matter, and in contact with the sulphate, evolves at certain temperatures a dangerous poison, productive of epidemic effects.

A similar poison in a fixed and concentrated form is sometimes produced by the fermentation of mixed animal and vegetable substances in articles of food. We have an instance of this in the fermented sausages, of which the effects are so sudden and dangerous.

Fish, too, may readily be made to produce another variety of the same class of poisons. These are distinguished for their peculiar action upon the blood; they appear to operate as a ferment generating a large amount of the same poison in the organic fluids.
The less constant phenomena of involuntary action are well worthy of our admiration from their evidences of special design. We know very little about them. I do not believe in the explanation which has been given of a sneeze, and I have a theory of my own with respect to a shudder. (Vide Physiology of a Shudder—soon to appear.) In ancient days, these were referred to the direct action of an evil spirit; we now know that evil spirits have nothing to do with them, but we know little besides. They are generally referred to the effect of cold upon the nerves. But we have all observed that a fit of sneezing occurs as commonly upon entering a warm room, or coming out suddenly into sunshine, as upon exposure to sudden cold. What we may not all have observed is, that we often shudder when the temperature of the body is suddenly raised, as well as in the contrary case of a loss of caloric. In both instances, too, we experience a sensation of cold. In the former case, I assume that a certain amount or equivalent of heat becomes latent in or combined with the blood; in the latter, that combined heat becomes sensible, but is required for an external deficiency.

The powerful repugnance with which nature instinctively resists the dangerous products of organic decay, is an instinct that it was well for us to follow. As in the case of certain deadly gases, a spasmodic contraction of the glottis preserves us from the inadvertent inhalation of powerful and noxious effluvia. Nature, then, furnishes us with a safeguard in this instance, and in others she speaks strongly, when it is necessary that she should do so. She does not commonly present us with arsenic, corrosive sublimate, or oxalic acid; nor has she given to these poisons an offensive and warning effluvium. But she protests against the burial of the dead among the habitations of the living, against the accumulation of every kind of refuse in cess-pools beneath our houses, and against the pollution of our rivers and streams—things very apt to occur in a community of men. I do not think that her warning has been sufficiently heeded among ourselves: at all events, I never look out for my enemy in vain, among the streets of London.

PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPodes.

The rapidity with which Victoria has become peopled is almost unexampled in the history of any nation, ancient or modern. In 1851, its population was 77,545 persons; in the two years which elapsed between the census of that date and that of 1854, the number of inhabitants had trebled. The returns of the Immigration Office, and the official records of births and deaths, since the date of the last census in 1857, enable us to ascertain that the population had increased to 469,637 at the end of last March. In other words, the increase within seven years has been more than sixfold. The character of the distribution of the people is shown by the fact, that while prior to the year 1855 there were but two corporate towns in the whole country, Melbourne and Geelong, that number has increased to twenty-one. Immigration, as might be expected, does not swell these numbers so hugely as at the first; in 1852 there being about 94,000 immigrants, and in 1857 not 64,000. Emigration, on the contrary, is beginning to make itself felt slightly in the increasing numbers who have by their industry acquired an independence and a sufficiency of means wherewith to return to their native land. In 1851, only 2962 persons returned to the old world; but in the four years ending December 1857, these amounted to 13,016. There are already five railway lines in Victoria, completed or in active progress. The short line from Melbourne to Hobson's Bay, with its branch-line to St Kilda, is a great success, and returns a dividend of 14 per cent. From Geelong is available for forty miles; that is to say, to within eight miles of Melbourne. The third line in connection with these two is under the direction of government. Contracts to the extent of more than three millions have been taken for the opening of the line to the northern gold-fields, as far as Castlemaine and Sandhurst, a distance of ninety-four miles.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

'Tm early dawn; the twittering swallow soars
Upon the chimney to his brooding hen;
The twilight brightens, and the sun-god's wing
Are flashing red the eastern hills agen.

The town is sleeping; its ten thousand live
Are silent as the night this summer morn;
Hushed is the battle, where like hoeman strins,
For wealth or bread, the hopeful or forlorn.

The sick-room lamps are fading one by one,
Where fever kept its vigil all the night;
O joy! to know the anguish'd hours are gone,
That rest returns with the returning light.

Forth from the pent-up room, where slumber'd Sirs
Sit not, we pass into the silent street,
While the sun's courser ride on cloodosd bar,
Roll up the fog, and drive it at their feet.

The town is sleeping; up the long High Street
No footfall sounds, and the fresh morning breeze
Is smokeless; myriad odours sweet
Come from the meadows, float from out the trees.

And hush! the lark is circling o'er the town,
His gay notes swell in gusts of melody;
A dancing chain, from 'mid-air all slain,
Linking our sense to music of the sky.

Where plum and apple mix the grange cities,
Come chirping voices, and the goldfinch's song;
The thrush and blackbird join the joyful cries,
And echo all the silent streets along.

Oh, truly nature hath a pleasant voice,
If we but strive to catch her hidden sense;
Though dumb to men, who pail on simple joys,
Who will not listen to her sweet definition.

The clock strikes five—rolls out the loud echo,
And jackdaws can respond around the spire;
The sunbeam sparkle on the morning's deck,
And the east glows a sea of silver fire.

Into the house again imperious calls
Our daily task; within the narrow room,
To dream of meadows, murmuring water-falls,
And hum of insects where the lime-tree bloom.

Our six days' task will end to-night, the date
Will be the Sabbath's—with what grateful joy
We'll join the choir in heralding its dawn,
Safe from the hum of trade and its annoy.

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A DISTINGUISHED DINNER-PARTY.

On the 5th of May 1812, a great gala-dinner was announced at the royal court at Dresden in Saxony. The occasion being an extraordinary one, full-dress was ordered for the whole train of the royal household; indeed, a more numerous and eminent assemblage of distinguished guests had never before been invited to unite in the pompous rooms of that antique cruiser, which has accommodated so many a crowned head in bygone centuries.

There was the tall king of Prussia, Frederick-William III., dead now, and buried in his family vault at Sans Souci, but then a proud and stately gentleman with rigid manners and military airs—though not with military capacities; then the king of Bavaria, a portly lord with black moustaches, a great admirer of the Hero of the age, to whose giant army he had added 40,000 of his humble subjects, none of whom ever saw his native land again; and the king of Wurttemberg, a monstrously corpulent sovereign, who never rode on horseback, but who drove in a gig through the ranks of the 18,000 men which he contributed to the army of the modern Alexander. His troops were silent at that time, and did not cry, as usual, 'God save the king!' which is more to be wondered at, since they saw their lord for the last time on this occasion, every one of them being buried eight months afterwards in the snowy fields of Russia. There was, moreover, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, an important personage too, although his contingent to the conqueror's army amounted only to 8000 men; just as much as his father, of glorious memory, had sold to the British government fifty years before, at so much per head, to be shot dead in the woods of the new world by the American insurgents. Besides these distinguished guests, there were present a dozen or more of petty grand-dukes, dukes and princes, all members of that famous Rhenish Confederation, and most of them enthusiastic hangers-on of the French emperor. They were, however, set below the salt, which served them right. Well, no; there was one amongst them who ought not to have been set below the salt. He was a stout man with a stout heart, on whose high forehead there was written many a painful and bitter thought. He looked grave, even melancholy. If it had but depended upon him, those 800,000 German soldiers who followed the foreign invader into the barren plains of Russia, would have received a far different destination. It was the Grand-duke of Leaxe-Weimar, Ernst-Augustus, the most intimate friend of Goethe.

Grand as these personages were, descending from the oldest dynasties of Europe, and surrounded therefore by the nimbus of hereditary power, they were, however, doomed to act but a subordinate role by the side of those adventurous upstarts who formed the more important part of the guests assembled now in the state-rooms of the royal palace, although they had no pedigrees but their swords, no other hereditary land save that of the battle-field.

There was a tall, well-made man, fantastically attired in a green tunic richly embroidered with gold; his left hand was leaning on the hilt of a Turkish sabre which he had brandished in more than forty battles. He had a look of daring in his dark flashing eyes, well becoming to the man that had gained a crown with his curved sword. His mother could have little thought that her poor ragged boy would one day dine from golden dishes by the side of emperors and kings—himself a king—when she used to sell apples and ginger-bread in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. This was Murat, king of Naples, brother-in-law of the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the French cavalry.

Near him, but a little apart from the rest, there stood a modeste-looking young man, who took no part in the conversation. On his breast were seen glittering the grand crosses of all the continental orders; but his features were sad, and his large dark eyes bore a melancholy expression. It was the viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, son-in-law of the Emperor.

Who was that robust man with bright eyes and noble features, bald and eagle-nosed like Cesar, in lively conversation with the king of Naples, to whose splendid attire his own plain dress bore a singular contrast? It was Michael Ney, then Duke of Elchingen, and Marshal of France, three years afterwards shot dead, like the other, not in the battle-field, but as a criminal, pierced by a dozen French balls.

And yon proud and sulky-looking man, with a lion's head, who scarcely deigned to answer the obilging address of some little German prince, but only nodded to his questions with a wandering mind—who was he? The king of Prussia never once looked at his dark and frowning features, so annoyed was he at his presence; nor was this without reason, for the gloomy man was no other than his fearful antagonist in the dreadful battle of Auerstädt, Davoust, Marshal of France, and Prince of Eckmühl.

There were a dozen more of these chivalrous champions of the sword looking with contempt upon the petty dukes and princes around them, the satellites
of their common sun. The tall and erect figure of Macdonald, Duke of Terentum, was prominent amongst them all. The proud warrior was leaning negligently against a marble statue of Achilles, and well were they matched, those two iron-hearted men. Only their pride, a look to be observed on the open and martial countenance of the living hero, which made it evident that he did not anticipate much pleasure from the coming campaign; indeed, he was longing for a far different engagement, and that for his beautiful compatriots in the south of la belle France, where he would fain have spent the rest of an eventful life.

By his side, in conversation with Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantès, stood a little man with a countenance full of genius and good-humour. His fine-set lips never opened without uttering a sarcasm, and the more critical the occasion was, the more sparkling became his wit, the source of which seemed to be inexhaustible. His extensive business, however, would have crushed any other head, was managed by him amidst a continual shower of sallies that oftentimes elicited roars of laughter from his functionaries, even amidst the very roar of battle, without which he was personally attached to his Emperor, whose vast genius, free from all pedantry, quite agreed with his own. The Emperor missed him sorely during that final campaign of 1815, with its fatal day of Waterloo, that was destined to put a stop to all, this transient glory. He would most gladly have forgiven the chief of his staff his vacillation and disloyalty, only the little man was too proud to be forgiven. He was pining away the while in a quiet German town; but when he saw that there was no merit in occupation whatever spared his ardent desire for activity, no excitement, no suspense, nobody to laugh at his bona fide, he grew tired of the burden of life, and Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel and Wagram, Marshal of France, and chief of the general staff of the French army, grounded armies at last by throwing himself out of a window on a quiet and tedious Sunday morning of the fatal year 1815, in the quiet and tedious town of Bamberg in Germany.

A brilliant assembly of kings, and dukes, and marshals was waiting upon that pale and dwarfish giant, who boasted of having journeyed all over Europe on horseback amidst the roar of cannons and the rattling of drums. He might have added—and overthrown only a million of human bodies, also. When the doors were thrown open at last, and Napoleon entered, followed by the king of Saxony, the host of these eminent guests, there was not one head that did not bow in low obeisance; not one eye that did not cast an anxious look at this pale face, as profound and as inflexible as fate itself. He nodded but indifferently in acknowledgment to the low reverences rendered to him by his vassals; no flashing up of that fixed eye, no smile of triumph round those firm-set lips: all indifferency, or even satiety in that calm and profound countenance. He was already too much accustomed to homage and flattery.

It was the king’s birthday. Nine years afterwards, on the same day, his illustrious guest, for whom the world was once not large enough, gave up his ghost in a small rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean; and—strange coincidence of a strange fate—seven years later, on that same 5th of May, Frederick-Augustus, king of Saxony, was called to his last account.

The lord-steward called and entrusted the guests through a long row of state-apartments into the ‘white salon,’ where they were received by the master of the ceremonies, who, by means of an infinite number of bows and obeisances, assigned to them their different places at the royal table, according to the strict rules of court-etiquette.

Whoever knows anything about court-fashions in Germany, must be aware that—with the sole exception, perhaps, of the Chinese empire—their practice has nowhere else received so high a development. Indeed, the science of etiquette of which Louis XIV. had laid the solid foundation, has multiplied ever since, and may be considered now to have attained the highest pitch of perfection. But amongst all the thirty-eight courts of that happy land, there is one royal, in this respect, has always paid the precedence over all the rest, that is the emperor for the strictness, the accuracy, the pedantry with which even the most minute prescriptions of etiquette are unrelentingly observed, and that is decided as the very model of order and regularity is at the various departments of its court. The slightest infringement of the inexorable laws of etiquette is considered there as a crime whose abatement can clear the unhappy offender. Charles XII. of Sweden, had to repeat several of his disadventures in this same etiquette, when he died one day—a hundred years ago—on August II., Elector of Saxony, attired in a pair of dirty red boots, and holding a horsewhip in his hand. He laid down his head in battle; he had raised the standard of defiance to the king—twice to the king—twice, had dictated to the elector the fatal peace of Altranstädt, and was a little pressed for time. Augustus II. would have forgiven him the smaller offences of having crushed 80,000 of his men to some extent, and laid up several thousand of his own monarchical dominions; but for his intrusion in a dressing-room with dirty boots and a riding-whip, there was no excuse; and he made haste to conclude his alliance with the Czar Peter of Russia.

When the grandees of the royal household took the different stains, conformable to their rank and the duties attached to it.

The old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereign was of course carried out only by the lord-in-waiting, members of the first families in the land, who therefore had their post of honour immediately behind the chairs of the royal guests; behind them, in the second file, were drawn up the amanu-mans, chamberlains who had to help the lord-in-waiting; these again, waiting on the broad shoulders of the men who, in their turn, enjoyed the assistance of a whole army of yeomen, heyducks, equerries, groom-pets, waiters, and minor court-servants, each of them having his different department assigned to him. The whole was a scene of bustle; the lords in waiting wearing all their numerous ribbons and orders; the pages their state-habits, and red velvet shoes with silver buckles; and the rest of the officers of the royal household the rich parade-suits prescribed for the occasion. The assistant-master of the ceremonies and the marshal of the ceremonies had nothing to do but to walk up and down and see that all was right.

The dinner was sure to be of the first order; all the big king of Württemberg had made up his mind to enjoy it hugely. The royal table in Saxony always had a most excellent repot, and order had been given by the lord-steward that full honour should be shown to the ancient glory of the house of his royal master. The chef-cook, master-cook, clerks of the kitchen, messengers of the kitchen, yeomen of the kitchen, as well as the other gentlemen of the confectionary and pastry, had been fore-agitation for some days, and were now, like the man to the top of their bent. German princes in general are known to have no avarice to good cheer; and those present were well pleased at the idea of having a couple of quiet hours before them wherein to make the choice of the various luxuries gathered from all the corners of the globe.
Poor men! They little thought that they were doomed to suffer a heavy disappointment. But they had in fact been reckoning—not without their host—but without that pale man who was just upon the point to invade the large empire of the world, and who cared but little about a full-dress dinner.

When the soup had made its appearance, and the plates—passing from hand to hand, after the Asiatic system of cante in full working-order, aided by all the advantages of a superior civilization—had at last reached the lords-in-waiting, who, with the dignity appropriate to the occasion, placed them respectfully before the monarch, a waiting-officer of the imperial general staff entered the room, and walking straight up to the Prince of Wagram, the chief of the general staff of that giant army just then on its way of destruction towards the east, whispered a few hasty words into the ear of Marshal Berthier. The little man with the fine-cut features and expressive eyes seemed at once to shrink, and went out of the room.

The incident, slight as it was, did not escape the notice of the king of Saxony, who looked upon it as being extremely contrary to rule; and his patriarchal countenance at once assumed an expression of ill temper, which he could very ill conceal.

The door was opened again a few minutes afterwards, and the Prince of Wagram re-entered the apartment. His fine and clever face wore its usual expression; but when he moved towards the emperor and lay down and opened his dispatch before him on the table, there was something like mischievous fun twinkling in his bright eyes: he knew his man, and knew therefore what was coming.

What the dispatch contained, nobody ever knew. Something important, of course, at a time when an avalanche of 960,000 men, with more than half a million horses, was rolling towards the east, followed by an immense train that covered all the high roads of Germany.

The emperor laid down his spoon and took up the paper, while the king of Saxony looked very grave.

He had done reading at a glance. On his powerful forehead was gathering a cloud dark and menacing. He threw the dispatch violently upon the table, and in a sharp and piercing voice, accompanied by an impetuous and imperative gesture, cried: 'Le dessert!'

If the great ancestor of the old house of Wieden had risen from the dead, and had walked in amidst that indescribable, indifferently awful scene of bear's skin and armed with a battle-axe, his appearance could scarcely have created a greater perplexity amongst them than that one word uttered by the modern Alexander. With the exception of the Frenchmen, every soul remained for some moments completely thunder-struck. The big king of Württemberg dropped his spoon, and the king of Saxony looked as if he was expecting the walls and ceilings of his old palace to tumble down with a crash, and bury them all under their ruins as the natural consequence of such an unprecedented enormity.

The Emperor raised his head and looked around for a moment at those descendants of the oldest dynasties of Europe. All that was lingering within him of the Jacobin—and there was a good deal—became distinctly apparent in the proud flash of his eyes, the scornful curl of his lips. With a haughty toss of the head, and in a savage tone of voice, he repeated once more: 'Le dessert!'

There were no more Magnus and Magnus, and no more Babel and panopticon madness amongst the lords-in-waiting, the assistant-chamberlains, the pages, and the other officers of the royal household above—fully equalled by the Babel and panopticon madness amongst the master-cooks, clerks, messengers, yeomen, and the other gentlemen of the kitchen below—would be too high a task for any pen or pencil.

They put bread and cheese and some fruits upon the table, and when the Emperor had partaken of these modest refreshments, the king of Saxony rose, and the illustrious guests retired from dinner.

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.

FIRST PAPER.

It is fortunate for the holders of most of our public offices that the bulk of the people have no direct personal interest in attending to their proceedings. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and so they escape observation and blame. This is not the case, however, with the poor old clerk of the weather office, who seldom exercises his official functions without interfering more or less unpleasantly with the health, comfort, or daily avocations of a people highly sensitive of 'skewy influences,' and much given to grumbling at every shift of the changeable wind; which chops about to every point of the compass just when it is wanted to be steady, and seldom blows continuously from one quarter except when it comes from the beneficent east.

This unreasonable habit of grumbling at the fluctuations of the weather, and of charging our climate with fickleness and irregularity, merely because we are ignorant of the great laws that regulate its changes, seems to have come down to us as a portion of the practical wisdom of our ancestors, who, however wise in other respects, were certainly not weather-wise, but otherwise. The storms that harassed our forefathers were the artillery of witches. The weird-sisters in Macbeth are engaged in raising the wind; and a certain 'windsome wench,' whose inauguration into the ancient mystery of witchcraft in Alloway's auld haunted kirk has been celebrated in undying verse, was distinguished in after-life as a malignant disturber of the elements, having been

Lang after kenned on Carrick shore,
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonny boat,
And shook haith melkle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear.

It would be difficult for poets to exaggerate on this subject; for the belief that storms were brewed and directed by witches pervaded all classes from peasant to king. In the year 1589, during the usually unsettled month of September, a storm, or rather a series of storms, swept over Scotland and the northern seas. Most storms are headstrong and rebellious, but this was also disloyal and ungenerous in an eminent degree, for it drove back repeatedly the noble Danish fleet which bore to our shores the Princess Anna of Denmark, the affianced bride of the Scottish king, and the future queen of Great Britain. Both wind and sea strove to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. The baffled Danish admiral was at last compelled to run back for shelter to Upsilon on the Norwegian coast; and the youthful king, who had been to Norway over the sea, determined to win his wife in spite of the opposing elements. Whilst the tempest was raging in Scotland, the Lady Melville, first lady of the bedchamber to the king's expected consort, was drowned as she was crossing Leith ferry. From Sir James Melville's memoirs, we learn that in Denmark this ungracious storm 'was alleged to have been raised by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them
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when they were burnt for that cause. What moved
them was a buff, or, in the parlance of the admiral of Den-
mark, gave to one of the bailies of Copenhagen, whose
wife being a notable witch, consulted her cunning,
and raised the said storm to be revengt upon the said
admiral.'

In Scotland, too, the storm had its legal victims.
The Earl of Bothwell was formally accused of having
instigated certain witches to raise the storm in order
to destroy the young queen. Bothwell escaped out
of prison, and fled to France; but his alleged accomplices
—Annice Simpson, the wifie of Reoch; and some
other reputed witches—were 'first writarit, and then
burnt.'

Witches have long ceased to exist, yet the nature
of storms continued to be at great a mystery as ever,
until Mr Redfield of New York, and Sir W. Reid, the
late governor of Malta, first turned their attention to
the subject about twenty years ago. The practical
results of their labours are not now highly appreciated
by all well-educated seamen; but, to the mere land-
mens, the study of storms is almost as difficult as that of a work on any branch
of mathematical physics. Storms, in their normal
condition, are only met with at sea. Hence it happens
that an investigation into the nature of storms gives
rise to a collection of facts from the log-books of
a great number of ships, so that a considerable
knowledge of nautical manoeuvres and terms is
required in order to comprehend the excellent
treatises of Reid, Piddington, and others. The kernel
of knowledge, in this instance, is enclosed in an
unusually hard shell of nautical technicalities, which
seems hitherto to have defied the teeth of most of our
popular meteorologists; but it is a shell that will well
repay a vigorous effort in the cracking, for it contains
the terms of great advantage to what is generally styled
by a stretch of courtesy only, the science of meteorology.

A general idea of the nature of British storms may
be easily acquired by considering the method by
which that nature was first determined. Suppose we
have before us the log-books of a group of ships that
have all been involved in the same storm in the North
Atlantic Ocean. Mark on a chart or map the position
of each ship on a certain day, say the 18th October,
and through each ship so marked draw an arrow to
indicate the direction of the wind—that is the particular
place on that day. Then it will be found
that all the ships lying within a certain circle, of about
one hundred miles diameter, experienced a dead calm.
The logs of the ships lying immediately around this
circle, at the same time, record winds of hurricane
violence; while the arrows will shew that these
winds were all blowing in one continuous circular
stream, so as to form an immense aerial whirlwind, which
in the northern hemisphere is found normally to turn
in the direction opposite to that in which the hands of a watch move. In the southern hemisphere
the whirlwind that constitutes every storm turns in
the contrary direction with equal persistency.

The west wind, as it comes from the west, will
have winds of diminished force, but all blowing in
directions that form subordinate parts of one great
whirlwind. A great law of storms is already apparent;
storms are huge whirlwinds, always revolving in the
same circle of the same direction, and in contrary
orders in the two opposite hemispheres formed by the
equator. To avoid the confusion attending the
indiscriminate use of the terms storm, tempest, gale, hurricane, &c., and to mark distinctly the character-
istic property of storms, Mr Piddington has happily
designated the whole phenomenon by the term cyclone.

It is evident that within the area of the same cyclone
the wind blows from every point of the compass, so
that while one log-book registers, on the 18th October,
a north-east gale, another may indicate a hurricane

from south-west; a third, a gale from south-east;
while, fourth may describe how the ship became
quite unmanageable for want of wind, and rolled
masts out in a heavy cross sea; each vessel being
differently affected by both wind and sea, according
to her position with respect to the centre of the
cyclone.

The several directions of the wind in each locality
having demonstrated that the storm was a great
whirlwind, let us next ascertain the height of the
mercurial column in the barometer at each ship at
the day in question, and find if the curvature of the
outer margin of the cyclone the mercurial column is
found to stand high, to be lower at positions near the
centre, and lowest of all within the central area. He
Mr Redfield judiciously inferred that a cyclone is a
revolving eddy in the lower and denser strata of
the atmosphere, in which the air is thrown out from the
centre by the same centrifugal action which draws
water from a revolving mop.

By comparing the entries in the log-books of
another group of ships, lying consequently in a
north-eastward of the former, it will be found that
the cyclone has travelled bodily to the north-
estward, on the 14th, 16th, and succeeding days of
October; and we are thus made acquainted with
another sort of accumulation of storms—namely, that of their progressive motion.

In this manner it has been repeatedly demonstrated
that the cyclones of the North Atlantic (so
appear first among the West Indian islands; then
sweep along the coast of the United States, and
then, over Newfoundland, and thence come whirling
across the Atlantic to Europe. A violent paroxysm of
fierce weather along the whole of the western coast of
Europe marks the termination of this oceanic pain;
and from hence on, as a cyclone generally expands as
it progresses, its diameter often stretches across one
or two thousand miles by the time that it reaches
Europe.

Passing on to the north-eastward, a cyclone is
gradually broken up among the valleys and mountain-
chains of the continent, and ultimately separates
into several small independent and confused areas,
in which the cyclonic character can no longer be
recognised. Hence the erroneous views of storms that
we have sometimes heard of Dublin, and others.

In order to form a clear and definite idea of the
behaviour of a cyclone, as it approaches to, passes
over, and departs from, the British Islands, take a
map of the centre of a circle about a mile in
radius, and let it represent the British Isles, and
give the supposed path of a great winter cyclone, such as has been
investigated by Sir W. Reid, Master at Home of the
University of Dublin, and others. A line through the centre then
west-south-west to east-north-east will represent the
track along which the cyclone travels, and a dis
counted at right angles to this line will separate the
islands, and the main track of the wind from
the coast of Ireland, and also extend further and
than the Bay of Biscay. This will represent one of
our great winter cyclones, such as have been investi-
gated by Sir W. Reid, Master at Home of the
University of Dublin, and others.
opposite point, north-north-west. At all such places, also, the depression of the mercury will be greatest.

Such are the well-defined marks by which the passage of the wind may be distinctly recognised, either during its occurrence, or by a subsequent comparison of the meteorological observations taken at different points during its transit.

The several observatories along the western coast of Europe form an extended cyclonic coast-guard, employed night and day in collecting materials for this purpose. The writer of these remarks has carefully examined and compared the daily readings of them, and from a comparison of the results, he has arrived at the conclusion that the winds of the ocean and the winds of the temperate zone are different in origin.

The winds, then, those so-called 'chartered liberties,' are subjected to definite and unwavering laws, of which the hitherto inexplicable motions of the atmosphere are only immediate and necessary consequences. The phenomena therefore which have already been briefly indicated, and we shall next proceed to apply them to explain some of the most remarkable characteristics of our peculiar climate.

JOHN SINGER'S STORY.

John Singer's name was a household word with us in the days of frocks and socks, when we were under the dominion of the nursery-maid—to go to John's farm, and feast on curds and cream, the song of the writer of Redfield and Reid—namely, that every considerable atmospheric perturbation in Portugal, France, Great Britain, Norway, &c., is due to the presence of an Atlantic cyclone.

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in the harbour which would clear out within a month's time; but the charge for passage across the Atlantic was much higher than it is now, and John, who had ample reasons of the hour, was anxious to make the voyage as little costly as possible. Not much short of a hundred pounds was demanded by some of the captains for the accommodation he wanted—a sum he could not afford: and he was thinking of crossing away and trying some other port, when he fell in with an agent who offered to introduce him to the captain of the Camden, who, he said, would take him and his family on his own terms. John followed the man to the basin, and boarded the Camden. She was as dirty and disorderly; but the captain assured him she was sound and seaworthy, and would be in neat and tidy trim before she got into blue water. The terms the captain offered were temptingly advantageous, and he further professed for the use of Singer and his family a strip of cabin in the middle of the vessel, in which they would be separated from all intercourse with the steerage passengers. This latter consideration decided the bargain. John paid half the stipulated sum as the passage; and as the captain positively sailed on that day week, he lost no time in concluding his preparations, and getting his family on the spot, ready to embark when the moment of departure should arrive.

What follows is a matter of such momentous interest that we shall decline narrating it in the third person, and allow John Singer to tell the story himself, as we shudderingly heard it from his own mouth.

'It was the 25th of July,' said John, 'when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's father, we went on board the Camden in B— harbour. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be all ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time, by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of spirits, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough, the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick too, and could have followed their example; but in that case we should have been all helpless together; so I forced myself into a good part of his capital, and disheartened him from any renewed attempt in that direction. He now began to think of emigrating. His wife, a busy, right-minded, active woman, made no objection to the step—if poverty was to come upon them, she said, she would rather face it abroad than at home. Just then the newspapers were teeming with prosperous accounts concerning settlers in the far west of North America, where land, it was said, was to be had for a nominal price and he seized on the idea. The Singers made up their minds to go; and that point being decided, John lost no time in disposing of his lease, his farming stock, produce, and implements, and in putting money in his pocket. There was quite a commotion in the district when the news got wind, and, as usual, a diversity of opinions on the subject. Some said it was the best thing that Singer could do, seeing that he had such a large family; while others said it was flying in the face of Providence to throw up the farm on which they had worked so many years. The Singers paid small attention to these various verdicts, but busied themselves in settling their affairs; and in the course of a month or six weeks from the time of forming their resolution, were ready for their departure.

Desirous of engaging an immediate passage for his numerous family, John set off to B,— and began a search for vessels about to sail. There were several
quarters, for he was afraid, as he told me, lest some virulent disease should break out among such a dirty set, and we without a doctor on board.

Our crew consisted of eight men besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there accommodation for any—the _Camden_ carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yes I could not help thinking we made but slow progress, compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were liners, built for sailing, and not for trade, like the _Camden—we were doing well enough.

From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew on the deck, but also, when the weather was not too rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am not surprised at the faces I saw that evening before they were lost to me. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap, of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that I heard brought tears to my eyes: I sprang out of bed, and stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping to the utmost our pumps were overworked on them, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder, do what they might, within twenty-four hours. The crew, of course, were not ignorant of their condition; and they mutinyed and seized the boats and abandoned the ship unless relieved by some vessel in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his wits' end, and knew not how to act. To make the passengers aware of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, as nothing else could be expected but a desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would to a certainty be swamped. Groans from the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned away from the spot, still conversing together.

"You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I thank goodness it was not allowed to unsettle my wits, and so prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it right not to oppress my wife and family with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their breathing, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind everything that was possible to do. I came at last to the only conclusion which seemed to promise us a chance of life; and that was that we should appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and all my little ones swallowed up in the vortex of the sea, and none to save them.

Next day I went on deck, and endeavoured to behave as though ignorant of everything: it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I watched narrowly everything that took place, and knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the anxious, dogged looks of the crew. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock it came on to rain, and rained the whole of the day so hard, that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The rain was accom-

panied by a thick mist, which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal fluttered on the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but what chance was there of its being observed, so thick was the mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it scaled and cleared up by one of the boys. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of the idle fellows, who claimed for more discharge, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that those were signals of distress; but they were not heard, and the day passed away, and nothing more in sight.

About half an hour before sunset the mist fell off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole ocean was again clear to the horizon on all sides. I watched the faces of the crew as they looked anxiously round; the mate himself ran to the mast-head with a telescope, and remained there till the sun had sunk, and my long streak of yellow light shown in the distance. The fine evening had brought all the passengers in deck, and they were inclined to dance and be merry. All my little ones, too, ran out into the sunshine, and gambolled playfully among the cordage. It made me anxious for my heart's and mind's sake, and I had to control them by calling them in to put them to bed; then it was that I beckoned her into the cabin, and shut the door. I took both her hands in mine, and looking her searchingly and solemnly in the face, said:

"Beloved, in the name of God and of all mankind, can you, for the sake of children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be firm to act as I shall bid you!"

"It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a manner, grasp for her breast; but she recovered herself with a great effort.

"John," she replied, "I know it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it; at least help, I can and will help it—indeed, indeed, you did not have to reproach me with weakness.

"It is well," I said; "remember what you have promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word. And let her the dreadful tidings, and how the knowledge has come into my possession. She heard the words with more fortitude than I had expected; but she turned stone-colour at my words, and from the caresses which she spoke afterwards, you might have thought her heart was turned into a stone.

"What are we to do, John? I will obey you in all things. Is there any hope of life? My children, my children!"

"Remember," I said, "not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you." I gave her directions—first, to put the children in bed without undressing them; then, with the help of a niece, to pack up some small parcels of provision, and some meat and sweet biscuits, and to have other clothing ready for the children at a moment's notice. I put her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her mind from running on the horrors of our situation, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly suscepti-

able to myself.

"Then I went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which had gone the day before, had contained all their cattle and provisions, which had been cleared out, and that some barrells and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pairs of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in the places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

"It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of
the decks, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all the passengers to their benches, and demoralized them with threats of the resulting rigmarole at that mandate, but he quelled them by the promise of a bottle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience; were soon in possession of the grog, and we heard the same singing lustily in chorus while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and some show of swilling the decks was made; but I sat like a cat on the watch, with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and ready to cut the necks and armed them to stop light night, and I could see plainly all that took place around the long-boat. From time to time, things were brought and put into it; among the rest, the ship’s compass and chronometers.

Before midnight, the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were probably buried in sleep. The mate came on tiptoe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if any of us were awake. The breathing of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, which I immediately signalled the lowering of the boats. The whole crew were too ready to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the side, which touched the water the next minute; and there was no time to satisfy the children that the ship was in the act of being suspended, when I felt the moment was come, and, rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

They paused in their work, and glancing silently at one another, gathered round me.

"What is the matter, Singer?" said the captain.

"You seem alarmed; has anything disturbed you?"

"I had taken my station against the bulwarks, warn the slings, before I replied.

"Don’t you know whether I speak truth when I tell you there is reason enough now?"

"You are dreaming," he returned; "but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to return to your cabin."

"That’s no use, captain," I replied; "pray, understand at once that I know everything. I don’t intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as I am able to retain the command here lower than the boat unless you take your family on board." As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side-rail, and Betty came out on deck with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden her. "Refuse my demand," I went on, "and we shall be left in the lurch."

"Who will escape then, you can tell better than I."

Again the men looked at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a minute not a word was uttered. At last an old seaman stepped forward.

"It’s no use talkin’ and disputin’ now," he said. "Mr Singer’s right; and it can’t be expected for him to do so otherwise. We must have the family with us, and leave the provisions behind, and trust to being picked up on the coast. That’s our opinion."

"There is nothing else to be done," was the captain’s answer. "Be quick, boys; put in the children, and lower away."

Two or three barrels, as many bags, and a large harness were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as it hung over the side; two seamen followed, and it was lowered into the water, the sea being fortunately calm. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried fifteen in all, and the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwith-
own. For more than two hours we sat the agonising spectators of this horrible tragedy. It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the Cunard's lantern was a large growing cry of the wrecked passengers rang in our ears. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer. The noise of the screams that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonising cries that had gone before. Then I heard the strong men sobbing like women; but at these sounds, the captain, who had hid his face from the dreadful spectacle of the wretched men on the deck and in the lower parts, raised his voice and ordered the men to pull away, himself taking charge of theudder. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, incapable of doing anything but stare fixedly on the poor sinking ship; but when the boat was soon light, I went towards her, and at one time had good hopes that she were in, almost bewildered me again. I turned to my poor wife; she was in a dead swoon, and as I afterwards found, had fainted the moment I had joined her. It was more than I could bear to look at the sight which had unnerved us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, which was almost as helpless as herself. The two eldest girls were moaning with apprehension and terror; but I was glad to see that the youngest child, who was fast asleep, and the baby, had not been disturbed by our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and shewed us, O happy sight! a large vessel, bearing full down upon us not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and a minute after, we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I cannot tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the thankfulness and the gratitude of such a time they only knew who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

'The good ship which had saved us was La Paix, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and sought pleasant measures of their good-fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig bound for Cardigan, to which, with many hearty good-wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in due time, more, in the Bristol Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife’s received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped.'

Such was Singer’s account of his first sea-voyage, narrated to us eleven years after its occurrence. That would have thought that such an initiation in the fearful contingencies of sea-life would have sickened him of voyaging, and made him content to try his fortune once more in his native land. His friends, who were eager to welcome him as a sailor, and who were generous enough to help him in the beginning of his return, began making inquiries for another ship, accused him of tempting Providence to his destruction. John looked on the matter in a different light—felt convinced, in fact, that he was not destined to a watery grave—and made him to carry out his original intention. But he took better precautions this time in the choice of a vessel—embarked his family in a first-class merchantman, and, after a
speedy and prosperous passage of five weeks, arrived in safety at New York, whence he set out at once for the land of promise in the far west. As a settler, Singer did well. He bought land on the boundary-lines of civilization, and shrewdly squatted a considerable tract in addition. He had the address to conciliate a wandering tribe of Indians by his generosity in their time of need, and thus converted the usual enemies of the settler into friends and defenders. In his farm, The up, the Scotch valuable and productive capital, and paved his way to competence and independence. His success drew many of his old friends after him, and he renewed, in the forests of America, the associations and friendships of his boyhood. He now came over to assist in the settlement of the business, and to receive his own legacy; and then, too, it was that we heard the lamentable story of the loss of the Commodore from his own lips. This was twenty-seven years since. If he be yet alive, he is no doubt honoured as a patriarch, for the snows of nearly fourscore winters have by this time settled on his head.

A PEEP INTO THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

It is not often that a mere legislative measure has of itself a deep effect upon the social condition of a country. Social miseries generally have their foundation sank far below the reach of acts of parliament, and nothing but the lapses of time and the persevering efforts of bodies of earnest individuals can ever hope to alleviate them. Now and then, however, we find in the history of all countries laws enacted which for their fruit have powerful social improvement; and more often still we have laws passed in peculiar circumstances, to-operating with those circumstances, aiding them, and giving them a development to which of themselves they would not have attained. Something of this kind we now see taking place in Ireland. It is undeniable that signs of improvement are there, and that in all classes. The traveller who, taking his excursion-ticket, runs over from Holyhead to Dublin, and then spends his fortnight or three weeks in Kerry or Connaught, can, hasty as his visit must be, contrast the aspect presented by the country now with what he had seen there seven or eight years ago he passed over the same ground. Even without travelling, the Englishman of the agricultural districts, who, as far back as he can remember, has been accustomed to the annual invasion of whole classes of Celtic reapers, wonders how, year after year, the faces of the men are less famine-stricken, and their clothes perceptibly neater, and less resembling mere bundles of rags, than of old. The same change, again, is, in another way, evidenced by the assizes. In counties where formerly the convictions for crimes of every degree, from murder down to sleep-stalking were counted by four or five scores, the judge of the crown-court now finds a calendar which he can often dispose of in a single day. Many causes have contributed to bring about these important results. In the first place, famine and emigration have lessened the number of the people, and there is now room in a land that was formerly overcrowded, for those who remain. Then, again, we cannot pass over the work of facilitating intercourse with England, and giving new activity to trade. Last, and not least, the working of the Encumbered Estates Commission is rapidly telling. The old race of proprietors are disappearing, and a new and widely different class of men are taking their places. So long as the old lords of the soil remained, there could be but small hope for the progress of Ireland. Insolvent in means, too often with little care for any but the coarsest pleasures, often also bitterly hostile both in religious and political feelings to the masses of the people among whom he lived, the old Irish landlord was frequently a bulwark to the execution of all schemes for the good of his country. His fathers had won their broad acres with the sword, and he had himself still too much of the spirit of the conqueror in him ever to learn to look upon the patriotism others to a greater degree owed to that from which he sprung. Between a class composed of such men and the mass of the population there could not be that sympathy and good-feeling which are essential to the prosperity of a country. The Irish landlord, as a class, was too much absorbed in personal good: their continued existence as landlords, was, for many reasons, an evil, and the remedy for that evil was found in the act of parliament which established the Encumbered Estates Commission.

A stranger would be struck by the appearance of the court in which a revolution, which has already deprived a very large proportion of Irish proprietors of their estates, is being effected. Never did justice sit in a temple of such rigid simplicity. Passing through one of the doorways inalley which leads from the small and quiet, but handsome street in the extreme north of the city of Dublin—the visitor proceeds down a long corridor into what was once neither more nor less than a coach-house. This has been metamorphosed into a large, chilly-looking ceiling between the roof and the floor, furnished with some rows of seats for the public, a small table covered with a green cloth for the bar and the attorneys, and an elevated bench audaciously summoned the royal arm's, for the commissioners. Such is the Encumbered Estates Court. Everything about it has the same naked unpretending air. The visitor will observe little of that tranquillity and silence which usually reign in courts of law. People walk about in it with very little apparent concern as to disturbing the solemnity of the place; and no crier is ever heard commanding silence. The costume which in other courts is de rigueur is not always to be seen here; and the days on which the party soeet, or the party so, soe. The court is evidently one meant for the transaction of business, and occupied with that alone. Accordingly, there is no more form in its mode of proceeding than is just necessary for that purpose. But it is not upon this year, when the business done is very like that which may be seen in any court of equity, that a stranger should visit the Encumbered Estates Court. It is upon a sale-day that the action of the court may best be observed. We will suppose that some extensive estate is to be set up for sale in lots of various sizes. The visitor will find the court on such occasions thronged with buyers, and with idlers too, who are anxious to see how the property will go, and whose eagerness in the business is as great and as visible as that of any buyer; for the sale of a large estate is a matter of no small public interest. There is, in all probability, little trace of the law to be seen. Barriers are there none. On a day like this, the decorum is gone. Attorneys are present, but in abundance, but their whole duty is to bid for those who either are absent elsewhere on other business, or whose
timidity will not allow them, although present, to bid for themselves. But the greatest part of those who fill the seats given up to the public are manifestly mercantile men, who consider the purchase of a small landed property a safe investment for some of their superfluous capital; and proprietors who wish to increase what they possess already by some long-coveted little plot of ground, and eagerly snap at the present opportunity of acquiring the angular ile qui nunc desenat apudian. Looking about him, the visitor will also here and there perceive the undeniable frieze-coat of the Irish farmer. He, too, is here, hoping to be able to make his own of the acres which he leases at present, and so solve the tenant-right question for himself, and set himself above all fears of arrest of rent and uncompleted improvements. There are some town-lots upon the estate which is about to be sold, and so we likewise see some country shopkeepers who have their money to invest, and think that they may as well become persons of consequence as part of the fry which carry on their trade by becoming landlords in it. If we add to these the idlers above mentioned, of whom our visitor makes one, we have pretty nearly the public of the Encumbered Estates Court upon a sale-day. All are busy with the printed lists which contain the description of the different lots into which the estate is divided; some making calculations to see how far they may bid; others, who have no intention of purchasing, loudly discussing the amounts which the lots ought to bear, murmuring over the various circumstances which may tend to make the real value of a lot very different from what on paper it seems to be. One idler tells another how an agent was shot here a year ago; how a process-server was beaten almost to death through the meadows of Ballybloske, and how the Fuelman’s house, which we have from time immemorial been a very rough set to deal with; but all this conversation is speedily hushed when the commissioner who is to preside at the sale comes out and takes his seat on the bench. Then the business of the day commences. Lot No. 1 is proceeded with. Its description, and all particulars concerning it, the head-rent to which it is subject, the poor-rate, and other similar matters, are read out by Mrs Locke, the bookkeeper, who has his seat just beneath the commissioner. When this has been done, the first bid is made—something, of course, very much under the value of the lot. This is followed up immediately by an advance on the part of some bidder, who offers fifty pounds more than the first bidder. Bidder number three offers a still higher price; and so the bidding goes on rapidly for a while, the advances being made in round numbers, till at last some slackness is perceptible. Of the five or six bidders who came forward at first, all but two have dropped off. It is between these two, evidently, that the struggle will be; but even they advance more warily than they have hitherto done. The idlers, who have been watching the proceedings, consult their rentals, and whisper to each other that this lot would have fetched a fair price, even if the bidding were to stop here; but both bidders are manifestly anxious for the possession of the lot, and the bidding goes on, but only by advances of ten pounds at a time. At last, the offer made by one of the competitors is followed by no advance on the part of the other. There is some hesitation. More than the fair value of the lot has been already offered, and the bidder, who is now hanging back, has evidently gone beyond what he originally intended. The blood of the other is up, and he does not like to let the lot go. He whispers to the solicitor who has been bidding for him, and for a few moments both are busy making calculations on the back of a rental. The upshot of their consultation is, that just as Mr Commissioner Hargreave is preparing to declare the last bidder the purchaser, the solicitor makes a bold offer for the principal—an advance of fifty pounds is made. A second bidder of this is evidently determined to have the property, and his bold advance appears completely to silence his competitor. There is another silence, and then Mr Hargreave begins to pronounce his formula: ‘The sum of L—having been offered for L—and no further advance being made, I declare the bidder of the sum of L—the purchaser.’ As he draws near the close of these words, he pronounces every syllable more and more distinctly, ‘Any alum on L—or I?’ cries Mr Locke, just before the commissioner concludes; but no advance is offered, and Mr Hargreave is allowed to declare the last bidder the purchaser. This gentleman is then called upon to give his name and residence, and thus, so far as the present day’s proceedings are concerned, the sale is over.

Such is a sale in the Encumbered Estates Court. A few more scenes such as that which we have described, and a property, proriety in cases least, will have changed hands, and have passed from the possession of one embarrassed owner to the other, several, endowed, we will hope, with capital and energy. Unfortunately, it is not always the case that the whole of the improvements which the single instance of the frauds perpetrated by the unfortunate John Sadlier is a proof that the Encumbered Estates Court does not always present a leprous aspect. Nevertheless, frauds such as those laid open occur, for which the seven thousand convictions which, according to the latest returns, the commissioners have signed since their appointment, convey as many indefeasible titles, and disposing of property to the value of close upon twenty-six millions of pounds, the laws of Ireland have been making and improving the government of Ireland, and the cases of dishonesty which have been detected are those contractual counterbalance.

A DANISH NOVELIST.

His name of Bernhard Severin Ibsens is well known in his native country, Denmark, as one of a popular novelist; but, with the exception of two of his historical romances, which have been translated into English, his works are almost unknown amongst us. One of his tales, Keesung og Hip, the Grunlanderne, presents a graphic picture of the manners in the wild northern regions of Germany, where they are said to have flourished during the time of the Reformed Danish missionaries, Hans and Paul Egede. The tale opens with the description of a hunt on the shores of the Elbe, and the time being the end of November. Its inhabitants consisted of a widowed mother, three daughters, and a son. The latter was sent to be reared, but rejoicing, to announce the capture of a narwhal; and his sisters set off immediately to the beach to assist their female neighbours in curing the flesh and extracting the bladder, that he being assigned to the women.

Left alone with his mother, Kunrak, having caught dried fish, lay down to rest on the wooden seat. A change passed over his father’s face. With melancholy he pointed to the couch where she was wont to sleep, and on which she fell, through the dim window-pane, a faint beam from the northern lights.

‘On that spot played a north-light beam two years ago,’ she said. ‘We had cut the furrows to the sea, and reconciled ourselves to the dark sea. Thy father sat there by the lamp, and curled the handle of that harpoon. This portion of food by
his knee, but came not nigh his mouth." And taking out a carefully wrapped-up piece of dried fish, she broke forth into weavings, and sang a heart-rending dirge over her husband's death. It began with the mournful cry, "Fish-shah!" and ended with the refrain, "He is no longer here." As she sang, she bent her head towards the ground. Her son rose from his couch, and likewise bowing his head, joined in his mother's song of wailing. When it was ended, they both rose up, solemn and motionless. At length the mother looked up, and her mournful eyes met those of her son.

Kunnek understands the language of thing-eye, my mother," said the youth. "In the light of that lamp, the fisherman murdered her father; and my father's soul wanders restlessly amongst the northern lights, or lies sunk beneath the waves. For twenty winters hast thou sung every night thy song of wailing, while my sisters sang Aja in their light dreams. That which my tongue promised, shall my hand perform. If Kemek sees the sun again, it shall not go down before it has shine on his hair. I will seek out his hearth-lamp, however far off it may burn, and replenish it with the light of his life, so surely as I am my father's son."

His mother was silent, and wiped away her tears. When her daughters returned, they found her quietly seated by the lamp, washing the marrow's blood off her son's harpoon. The lamp burns with a foot tall, and the fisherman's blood glows red. When Kunnek's still, pale mother looked towards him, he turned away from the dancing maidens. She sometimes pitied his clean-shaven head, and sometimes she pitied his dirty feet. What shall she do? She has a son; she must weep for the son of her own heart.

Amongst the young girls of the island, Kunnek was indeed the prettiest. While she sang, Kunnek used to seek the company of her handsome brother; but when he ventured to approach her, she skipped lightly past him, and her brown heath-gums grew red. Never Kunnek's still, pale mother looked towards him, he turned away from the dancing maidens. She sometimes pitied his clean-shaven head, and sometimes she pitied his dirty feet. What shall she do? She has a son; she must weep for the son of her own heart.

The season of spring is unknown to the Greenlanders. When it is spring in Denmark, their dusky sambers are still heated by the winter hearth-lamp, while the snow lies thickly on the turf-thatched roofs, and clings to the frozen panes of the small windows. In such a dark room sat Naja that same evening with a lighted candle, while her children sat round her, as she was their mother, till she patted their cheeks fondly, and called them little sister. At other times she used to sing for them, and tell them stories; but this evening her heart was filled with grief, and her eyes with tears; for her foster-father lay dying on his wooden bed, and his wife was wringing her hands and lamenting over him. "Ah, now he is talking of his death—ill-health again," sobbed the poor wife, and of the kayak he will have on the quiet sea. To him, dear Naja; thy voice will soothe him, for she loves thee as a mother loves her sucking-child.

And were not he and you as a father and a mother to me? But for you, I had perished; and Naja disengaged herself from the children's arms. "Dearest father," she said, kneeling down beside the sick man's couch, "fear not for thy death-barrow; neither fox nor dog shall root there. Be not sorrowful for thy journey to the depths of the earth. There is peace and stillness, and thou hast always been good and kind to us all."

The sick man stared at her, but made no answer. "Knowest thou me not? See, I am Naja. Sea-mew was my name when I was little, because thou didst find me wrapped in a cloak of feathers. That is what gave me another name, which old Eik says has a blessing with it. Thou callest me "Arnarssak's eye," little father, when thou hast laid on my eyes."

A smile passed over the sick man's face, as if that name brought back some pleasant remembrance. "Thou knowest the pious Arnarssak in thy youth," continued Naja; "she who journeyed to the land where the drift-trees grow, and from whence Pelies came; she who would fain have taught us what Pavia said, but whom the fierce Angekoks tried to kill. Mine eyes were like hers, thou saidst, and therefore thou callest me Arnarssak's eye."

"Go on, dear little one, my little wife," said his wife. "But tell him no more of that woman who spoke to our souls against the Great Spirit."

"I will tell thee a story, little father," said Naja, "that will gladden thee to think on when thou goest forth on thy way."

The sick man ceased to moan; his face assumed a calm and pleased expression as Naja spoke: "The Great Spirit was wrath with the race of Kemek, because Kemek slew his enemy by the hearth-lamp. Kemek fled towards the sun, but his brother went towards the north, to the wild birds on the mountain. His young wife carried a child on her back, and they were passing under a cliff where great stones hung loose, and where no one must speak or move the dwellers in the mountains. The child was hungry, and cried—he who stood at a distance heard it—the mother put it to her breast and it grew quiet. So they went softly onwards along the dangerous path; but night came, and they were nearly overcome with cold and hunger. They saw a reindeer hunter at a distance, when the moon rose, and they were glad, and cried "Aja!" but the snow-mountain came down with that one word, and the great stones fell on the father and mother. He tried to lay hold of the child, but the rocks fell on him, and he sank down the mountain. Then the mother clasped her child closely to her breasts, and bowed her head over it, and died. The reindeer hunter came up and saw the mournful sight. The little child was crying on its dead mother's breast, and it took it out of her stiffening arms. He kissed it until it was warm, and sheltered it under his fur-cloak, and bore it away from the dead. But the night became quite dark, and the way was long; and when morning dawned, he saw a path across the mountains. And evening came again, and no hearth-lamp was to be seen. The child awoke, and cried: it was perishing of hunger and thirst. Then the hunter took his knife, and cut a gash in his own breast, and

* Little—little in Danish—has a tender, endearing significance, without any reference to size or age.
caused the child to suck life from his blood. He carried it to his wife, and laid it on her bosom, by the side of their son, their first-born. See, father! I was the little child wrapped in the feather-cloak; I was the young Sea-mew thou didst carry home in thine arms. It was Naja whom thou laidest on thy young wife's bosom, and to whom thou didst not grudge even thy blood.' Pungfiok looked fondly on his adopted daughter, and patted her cheeks, which were wet with tears, while she bent her face over his hands and kissed him. He also beckoned tenderly to his wife and children; they came to him, and he laid his hands upon their faces, and stroked their hair. Then he closed his eyes, and fell into a calm slumber. 'Thanks, thanks, dear little one!' whispered his wife to Naja. ' Thou hast lulled his soul to rest like a child; its spirit will *comfort him in dreams, until Malina* shines again over the mountains.'

But ere the sun, next day, sent his first beam over the snowy hills, the messenger of sorrow sped from house to house. The fire was deadling around Pungfiok's hearth-lamp. Pungfiok the Beloved lies bowed upon the wooden couch—his wife tears her hair—the Sea-mew walls amid the little children whom she calls her sisters.'

The first day of June was come. The florl was now completely navigable, and a great general summer-feast was held. The Greenlanders began now to remove from their small winter-dwellings, and to raise summer-tents upon the hills. The snow-plains had assumed a beautiful green colour; many streams flowed down from the mountains; and a profusion of the graceful Alpine flowers, in which even this harsh northern clime is rich, burst into blooms.

In the crevices of the rocks grew the American saxifrage, with its white-edged flowers and pretty rose-coloured leaves. The small yellow ranunculus was abundant, and the red and white ice-ranunculus, which in July and August adorn the highest hills with its large pendent globular blossoms. On the sides and lower ridges of the mountains grew the Alpine heaths with their rosy bells; and along the many rills might be seen the yellowish-green angelia with its bell-like flowers. The appearance of the florl with its great floating icebergs was now magnificent beyond description; and the sight of the first flapping tent-skin upon the mountain, and the green plains where posts were erected, roofed with sods, and covered with the skins, had a gladdening influence upon all.

By the florl were assembled a number of seal-catchers. Each kajak-rower brought with him his little portable craft, which he carried under his arm, while in swung his harpoon in his hand, and sang merrily. The furry seal-skin winter garment, or 'timiak,' was exchanged for the light hairless sea skin-jerkin, and summer gladness beamed on every face. Some large boats, such as are usually rowed by women, lay making the shore, laden with skins and other articles of traffic; they belonged to Kunnuk's relatives from the north, and were navigated by women and a few old men, while the adventurous young fishers prepared to accompany Kunnuk across the florl in their kajaks. On a grassy plain beneath a naked cliff were assembled a crowd of young girls, who celebrated the first summer day's festival with singing and dancing. Now resounded the joyous summer-song, 'To the Kajak!' sung by both men and women, with the 'Aja' chorus, and the additional refrain of 'Auna!' (the north).

We subjoin an almost literal translation:

* A sort of guardian angel.

† The sun.
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We wish that our space would admit of our extracting the account of the wild Kemek's burial. His kinmen, dwights of the same negro boat. No harm shall happen thee. Hearken to our words, Sea-mew! and thy feet will fly as if they had wings.

Naja looked on him with silent amusement. 'Kemek sunk the breast that gave milk to Naja's father,' he continued in a milder voice; 'Kemek's two young wives have run away from his angry eyes to the mountains. His old wife lies dead beneath the stone-cairn. Kemek himself lies sick upon his winter-settle; his soul is on its way down to the still sea, or upwards to the blazing northern lights. His kinsfolk are chasing the reindeer over the hills, through the long, bright summer-days. No woman holds his head. Who is there to sit by his hearth-lamp until his soul shall have gone forth? Who will bend his knees when we bear him to the barrier? Who will sing the song of sorrow by his extinguished lamp, if she refuses to come whom he calls for with his parched tongue—she whose father sucked the same breast as the dying Kemek?'

'My foot follows thee willingly to my sick kinman's lamp; and Naja descended the mountain towards the ford, accompanied by Kinalik.

Close to the shore lay a large woman-boat, rowed by two old men, and steered by the skeleton Angekkkok. Naja sat in the bow, and looked sorrowfully towards Arramases' tent, while the night-stood in the north-east, and shone on them as they silently glided out of the ford.

We will extract another scene, laid in the house of the Sembayes.

One evening, while reading the Scriptures aloud to the old Angekkkok, Elik Saabye was startled by the sound of a deep sigh. Turning round, he saw Kunuk standing with his gun in his hand, and an expression of some strong mental conflicts in his dark, changeful glance. He seemed, in his agitation, uncertain whether to remain or depart, and he muttered in a low tone of suppressed emotion:

'Away from the hearth-lamp of the Christian priest! —away from the stranger's witchcraft! He overthrows the soul with a word—he changes the mind and the thoughts with his eyes. What I will—that I will not.'

'Where hast thou been, Kunuk? asked the priest; and what is it that so disturbs thee?' The reply to this question brings on a conversation, in which the already wavering spirit of the Greenlander is still more touched, and finally turned by the missionary. Kunuk left all his presence, promising to combat the evil one within him, and to come again when he has gained the victory.

From the opposite side of the ford came that evening a woman-boat to Claukshaven. In it were Kunuk's mother and sisters, come to seek the long absent son and brother, whose presence, as the provider for his family, could no longer be dispensed with.

Great was their joy when they saw him on the shore, busy in drawing up his kajak out of the water, and having at his side a heap of game, the product of his hunting. Kunuk flew to meet them with the utmost affection; but he saw the deep, still sorrow in his mother's face, and blushing deeply, cast down his eyes. When he spoke, he was pale. The eyes of the mother and those of the son met with a questioning and a negative glance. The joy of meeting again was past.

'There is a great Angekkkok here, who teaches new things, mother!' said Kunuk, in a subdued tone. Old Elik hearkens to his voice; thou wilt also hear him speak; and whatever Kunuk's mother wills, after the night-run shall have journeyed three times towards the north, that shall Kunuk will also.

SMALL CHANGE.

Those who vote 'coppers' a nuisance, and are only too glad to get rid of them by bestowing pence on Lascar crossing-sweepers, Hindoo tractormongers, and acrobatic street-charmers, will scarcely be able to realise the difficulties under which their ancestors laboured for want of small change. It is the fact, nevertheless, that lack of change was a crying grievance of merrie England in the olden time.

The silver coins of the Anglo-Saxons were so divided that they might be broken at pleasure into halvings or fourtings, from which arose the custom of breaking coins for love-tokens. During the middle ages, the silver penny became the chief feature in the English currency. The great purity of these pennies, induced the Jews and foreign merchants to export them in large quantities, importing in exchange various coins of base metals, rejoicing in the euphonious names of pollards, staldings, dotkins, or crochards, and turneys, which, spite of royal edicts, passed current among the people.

To remedy this undesirable state of affairs, Edward I. issued silver half-pennies and farthings, weighing respectively eleven and five and a half grains. Under his successors, the value of silver increased, and the weight of the coins was diminished until the half-penny was reduced to six, the farthing to three grains. These spangles were lost as fast as they were issued; the people were ever crying out for more, and complaining that, for want of small-change, 'the poor man lost his penny.' The difficulty might have been overcome by using debased silver or good copper, but neither plan was adopted. Under these circumstances, the tradesmen took the matter 'in their own hands by manufacturing 'tokens,' which led to a petition to Elizabeth, complaining 'that grocers, vintners, chandlers, alehouse-keepers, and others, stamped tokens of lead, tin, and leather, for farthings and half-pence, to the great derogation of the princely honour and dignity, and at great loss to the poor, since they could only be paid at the shops where they were first received.' The Maiden Queen, ever jealous of the princely dignity, consented to the issue of copper pledges, and a proclamation respecting them was drawn up, but, from some unknown reason, was never published, and the project remained in abeyance; while the private mintages increased, until some three thousand retailers in London and its vicinity issued their own tokens in an average amount of L5 per annum each.

James I. gave or sold to Lord Harrington a patent to coin copper farthings, and prohibited all others. Under his successor, the Duchess of Richmond and
Sir Francis Crane obtained a seventeen years' monopoly, but were not allowed to enjoy it undisturbed: a number of counterfeiters arose, who gave twenty-six shillings for a pound in silver, being five shillings-worth more than the patentees were bound to give. Four of these speculators were convicted, fined a hundred pounds each, pilloried in Cheapside, whipped thence to Bridewell, where they were kept during the royal pleasure. Profit, however, triumphed over punishment; spurious farthings continued to be issued—the demand, of course, refused to acknowledge them; the public, unable to distinguish between the good and bad, refused to take either. Change, however, was indispensable, and, availing themselves of the troublesome times, tradesmen returned to their former ways. One, at least, none are extant of prior date—and they continued to circulate them down to 1672, when they were finally prohibited by proclamation, and a regular copper coinage issued.

These humble tokens, for necessary change, have excited the disgust of Evelyn, the anger of Pinkerton, and the scorn of Addison; but are, for all that, not unworthy of collection and examination. They were not coined by shopkeepers alone; Bristol and Oxford set an example, speedily followed by other towns, issuing bronze tokens, inscribed generally with the title of the officer whose duty it was to exchange them for legitimate coin, to which was added, in some cases, a laudatory legend, such as—

To supply the poor's need
Is charity indeed.

When parliament resolved to put an end to private mintage, the offending towns were heavily mulcted; Yarmouth, for instance, paid ninety pounds to have its charter

The trade-tokens usually bore on one side the issuer's name, on the other his address and calling; sometimes a sign and date. Few trades were unrepresented, as the waiving list, taken from extant coins, will shew: Apothecary, artist, skinner, barber, barber, bailiff, beer-brewer, bellman, bodysmoker, baysmoker (?), bookbinder, bookseller, brewer, bricklayer, broker, coppersmoker, carrier, chamber, colicoman, confectioner, comptroller, chimney-sweeper, clockmaker, clothier, cook, cornchandler, cutler, chapman, cheesemonger, chairman, distiller, draper, dyer, flaxmonger, farthing-changer, glassman, gardener, goldsmith, grocer, gunner, haberdasher, hosiery, hatter, innkeeper, ironmonger, journeyman, leathermaker, locksmith, locksmith, linen-weaver, linnen-draper, lymenman, marshal, maltster, mealman, miller, milliner, merchant, oylman, pewterer, poulterer, piner, postmaster, rugmaker, saddler, salter, silkman, silkweaver, shoemaker, smoker (?), starmaker, stationer, tanman, tailor, tallow-chandler, tallowcutter, taylor, truckmaker, brassmaker, vintner, vitier, upholsterer, watchmaker, weaver, wine-cooper, woollen, woolen draper and woodmonger.

Nearly a thousand names of towns or villages are to be found, among which Clapton in Hackney, Earth in Kent, Margret in the Isle of Thanet, and Porstmouth, are recognisable; but where in the United Kingdom shall we find Apligne, Bacon's Inn, Brill Boxes, Coldekeste, Dave Hilloch, Heleef near Louons, Irvingso, Liruch, and Ham or Muchbuddow?

Some of these country coins bear a simple promise to pay, as 'I will exchange my lo.' or 'an announcement, 'I pass for a half-penny in Leeds;' 'I am for a public good in Cockermouth;' another combines a request and a prayer, 'Send me to the mercer of Knoss Hall—God grant peace;' one says, 'Paines bring Gaines;' another, that 'Plain dealing is best.' W. Wakeling shows his loyalty with 'Vire le Roy in Uttoxeter;' while another shopkeeper profoundly exhales: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my

profits no harm.' We have a mock humility 'Pard Ned of Fieverham;' unblinelligate quaintness is 'Pharoh in Barley;' and a union of the practical and poetical

Welcome you be
To trade with me;

and

Although but brass,
Yet let me pass.

London tradesmen were, however, the principal manufacturers of these coins of advantage, who answered a threefold purpose: supplying the necessary change, serving as advertisements, and forming the connection together. Akerman describes bull tokens, of which copies are in existence, all made between 1645 and 1672. Of that number, Haller claims ninety-four, the Bishopsgate, seventeen Wapping, fifty-six; Alderman Street, thirty-two, and Fleet Street, thirty.

The custom of numbering houses being not unknown, almost every shop bore a sign, and, in case of having no affinity with the business, ten signs were reproduced on the trade-tokens, dividing the legend into two portions, with a pleasant diaper of the sense, leading to such equivocal readings as: Ben Stones in Gravy—Lane; George Jones is dry—Friers; John Paulin the Bears—in Finsbury Lane; the Broad Hen at Batil—bridge; and Frances Clare in Bed—ford Bery.

Some affect a brevity almost insulting only intimating they may be exchanged at its tap in Westminster; the Border Entry in St Martin-le-Grand; the Sparsonest in Smithfield; against the Great Conduit in Cheapside; at the Coliseum in Barking; at the Yarn-shop in East Smithfield; for which we must suppose competition in such a form and cost was not very brisk in the several hands.

Others are more explicit: there could be no difficulty in finding Newell Harwar at the Civil in New Cheapside, Bal and POWder shop; Robert Grim and Cake House, in the same street; John Willis, in the King's Chairman at the lower end of St Martin-le-Grand at the Balcony; or the anonymous tradesman who threw at the 'Maremaid 'twixt Milk Street and Wood Street, Haberdasher, Small Wam in Cheapside;' but at the next boat by Paul's Wharf, a puzzling direction, reminding one of the name that never comes; St Martin le Grand itself may despair at a letter addressed to 'The sald in a Leadenhall Street, French House.'

Coffee-houses were large consumers of these coins; the sign commonly adopted among them was that of a hand holding a coffee-pot, issuing from a cloud, but we find on one token a cup and saucer and two tall pipes. Another popular sign was the Morat's limes (the vulgar perversion of Amurath), used by George or Garraway, who first sold tea in London 'for the cure of all disorders' at sixteen and twenty-four shillings a pound. Four different tokens belong to Garraway's Coffee-house in Camp Alley, one of which bears the motto:

Morat the Great men did me call;
Where'er I came, I conquered all;

with an accompanying inscription of 'Coffee, chocolate, sherbet, tea, chocolate in Exchange Alley.'

The group of the St Paul's and London Coffee-houses is the extent.

The most interesting of these 'coppers' are those of the old taverns so intimately associated with our dramatic literature, and famous for the rascally quirks and happy hits that mark them; we have the effigy of Harry the VIII's Jaister, many

Will Somscs, in long gowns, cap, and feather,
blowing a trumpet—his own, we presume; and here is the prince of clowns, reminding us of old Hall's lines:

O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To sit with Tarleton on an alehouse sign.

Talk of shilling exhibitions—see what one of these deepest half-scans and a little imagination can do for us! We can step into 'The Rose Tavern in Coven Garden,' and watch the careless court butterflies of the Restoration drinking and wrangling, jesting and fighting; see Powell the actor toast his mistress in Nantz brandy, ere he frightens actresses and audience with his vigorous love-making; admire the appetite with which hungry Mr Pepys attacks his half breast of mutton off the spit; or listen to the arrangement, over a bottle of claret, of the preliminaries of the love between the lords Hamilton and Mohun. Another half-penny, bearing the legend, 'Ye D. and Dunstan's within Temple Barre I. S. W.,' that may have purchased for Shakespeare himself a half-pennyworth of bread, admits us, guided by the jolly landlord, into the presence of Rare Ben, as he welcomes his sons to the oracle of Apollo; or we can join Swift and Addison, whom Garth has invited to dinner; or unite with Johnson and his friends in celebrating Mrs Lennox's literary health by keeping it up till the waiters are too sleepy to make out the bill, and St Dunstan's clock strikes eight.

'The Star Tavern in Coleman Street' recalls the story of the sea-sick cockney, who, on board a coasting-vessel during a storm, sat helplessly wringing his hands and crying:

'O that I could see two stars,
Or only one of the two?

till the disgusted captain demanded what he meant by it.

'T mean,' said he, 'where our club did meet,
But never shall meet again,
Either the Star in Coleman Street,
Or the Star in Padding Lane!'

Among existing taverns to whose antiquity these tokens bear witness is 'The Salutation Tavern at Billingsgate,' of which a dogrell rhyme of the days of Queen Bess sings:

There hath been great sale and utterance of wine,
Besides beer and ale and icopina fines,
In every country region and nation.

But chiefly in Billingsgate at the Salutation.

The device adopted is that of two men 'boiling and scraping;' but the original sign, doubtless, was the same as that of the Holborn Salutation—namely, Gabriel saluting the Virgin Mary, altered to suit Protestant notions of propriety. The Rainbow (Fleet Street) farthing bears the name of the original proprietor, James Farr, who was presented at the parish inquest for making and selling coffee to the great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood. Here is a farthing, too, belonging to the Cock as Temple Star, that ungallant fowl who, according to the laureate, rivaled Caligula's consul in extravagance, and

Slipped wine from silver praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

Among the miscellaneous trade-tokens, we meet with some more curious than intelligible: we have one issued by 'The Body-maker in Holywell Street;' another by 'Will Nourse in White Horse in Drury Lane, Backer;' and a third by 'John Bannister at the Matron's Seller in the Hospital.' One bears the device of a female bust with the words, 'Roxelana —Thos. Lacey his 2 peny;' from which we infer that Lacey was an admirer of the beautiful Mrs Davenport or Roxolana, the unfortunate actress, who, shamefully duped by the courtier, vainly sued for justice from the king.

Phoetic spelling was in high favour in the seventeenth century, and the advocate of the system may advantageously study the orthography of the objects of the trade-tokens. Queen Hithe becomes Queen Hive; White Friars, Whit Friars; Pickle Herring Stairs is represented by Pickle Hirne Stairs; while St Nicholas Shambles is profane abbreviated into Nickles Shambles. Some streets rejoice in a variety of forms: Long Acre is Long Akre, Ackor, Akor, or Akar; Tooley Street, besides its proper title of St Olives, assumes the shape of St Tooleys, St Tooleys, Toolis, and Tooley; Piccadilly becomes Pickadilley, Pickadillie, Pickiddell, and Pakadeil; while the Minories have fairly exhausted every possible variation, as Minneria, Minoriey, Minoryea, Mineryes, Minerieys, Minory, Miniria, Minoryes, Minorees, and finally Mynore. The following, though strange-looking, are intelligible: the Sene of the Harpe at Cheren Crous—Agin the Estinda Hous—Sennary-seates—Senneryoveresters, which is, of course, St Mary Overy Stairs; but an ignominious perversion was required to transform the Three Horse Shoes and Prince Maurice into 'the 3 Hores Shows' and 'the Grave Morres.'

BOTANISTS OF MANCHESTER.
Some writers describe the Working-classes as the great unwashed, men of hard and dirty hands, vulgar manners, and brutal minds; while others make them models of delicacy and high feeling, generosity, truthfulness, humanity, looking down both with pity and contempt on those who have had the misfortune to inherit, or acquire by their industry, the independence of wealth. One does not know what to say to such generalisations, or which to reckon the more absurd; but in a narrative of facts exhibiting the tastes and avocations of bodies of men belonging to these mysterious classes, there is always an interest and a charm that fascinate the attention. Of such is an account of the Botanists of Manchester given recently in a local newspaper by Mr L. H. Grindon. Not that this article determines the question as to the status of the caste. It only demonstrates its capabilities when acted on by certain circumstances; it proves—and not merely in the case of an individual here and there, which has often been done—that there is nothing incompatible in handicraft, labour with high intellectual culture, and that the unwashed artist of the poets and novelists is competent to appreciate and enjoy the most elegant refinements of science.

What was the nature of the circumstances which first turned the attention of the operatives of Lancashire to botany, it would now be difficult to ascertain. We are told that it commenced with the Linen system; which is the same thing as saying, that the ignorant were induced to study the plants they before loved and admired, as soon as it was shown that broad and distinct laws ran through this department of natural history, which rendered it at once fascinating and intelligible to human beings. At any rate, botany was a favourite study with the Lancashire operatives about a hundred years ago. No records, however, exist. The first society is known about meeting at Eccles, where, in 1777, it was attended by "Old
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Crowther' in his boyhood. It is then numbered forty members. By 1790 it held monthly meetings as Ashton, Oldham, and various other towns and villages in rotation. Here commences the historical era of botany in Manchester. Even the names of the society's members are known. 'The business of the meetings,' says Mr Grindon, 'was to compare the floras of the several neighbourhoods, and to exchange plants and information in general on subjects connected with botanical science. A library was formed at a very early period. The members subscribed, and bought, among other books, the Systema Naturae, and Species Plantarum of Linnaeus, Withering's British Plants, and Lee's Introduction to Botany, and for several years everything went on pleasantly and unusually. With the close of the century, however, owing to infringments of the rules, the meetings were discontinued, and the society abruptly dissolved.'

But although the society was defunct, its spirit was alive, and the love and culture of botany was fostered in families and private meetings; resulting first in various local societies, and then in a collective or general one. 'The late venerable John Mellor, of Royton, near Oldham, is generally considered to have laid the foundation of the new school. Associated with him were the celebrated John Dewhurst, first president of the chief of the new societies, and George Caley, well known to the scientia as the botanist who accompanied Sir Joseph Banks to the South Seas. Gradually, the whole district lying north-west, north and north-east of Manchester became animated with the love of botany; as far as even from Dilsley and Todmorden came the echo of the new music; and under the successive presidencies (after John Dewhurst) of Edward Hobson, the west muscologist, then of the late John Horsfield, of Bosess'-th-Barn, and now of James Percival, jun., of Hope Square, Prestwich, a man of extraordinary information, both in accuracy and amount, the meetings have gone on uninterrupted and happily, and never were they more satisfactory than at the present moment.'

The meetings take place in the afternoon, once a week in a tavern. The members bring plants and flowers to be examined by the meeting. Excellent botanical libraries are possessed by the different societies; the one at Prestwich boasting a copy of Sowerby's magnificent work on English botany, comprising about fifty volumes of beautifully coloured plates. Many of the societies possess, likewise, large herbarium collections of dried plants. But the members who have gardens are likewise surrounded at home by living specimens, cultivating 'curious plants, and such as usually are found only in the very highest class collections. Leaving out the greenhouses, the gardens at Old Trafford cannot show half the number of rarities that James Percival is surrounded by at Prestwich, or Joseph Goodier at Stakehill. The humber nurserymen in the neighbourhood are imbued with the same taste. No stranger who knows anything about plants can view the show in the Manchester flower-root market, on a Saturday morning in May or June, without feelings of the highest astonishment and gratification. The roots of these plants have been obtained principally by making excursions, for the special purpose, into North Wales, the Lake district, and the more romantic parts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The exotics, of course, have come from superior gardens.'

At a time when so much is said and done about the education of the working-classes makes them happy, and makes them live longer! The Manchester botanists are noticeable for their bland good-humour, and even in the ranks of the lovers of natural history, for their longevity. 'Men never step into the presence of nature with affection and reverence, but they come back blessed and strengthened with a reward.'

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

A SONG TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

One day, upon the mountain side,
I went to tend my father's herd;
Reclining on the grass I spied
A beauteous maid who quickly stirred
Tumultuous passion in my heart,
And wounded me with love's keen dart.

I hastened to her side and said;
'Sweetlass, I want a kiss from thee!'
She started up and answered:
'Good lad, wilt give some gold to me?'
Then rested on her shepherd's staff;
And eyed me with a merry laugh.

'Alas!' I said, and deeply sighed,
'The gold thou askest for I lack;
'Tis firmly in my wallet tied;
The wallet's on the camel's back;
And far away in Kernus lies
The camel with the wealth you prize.'

'Alas for thee!' the maid replied,
'The kiss which thou dost ask of me,
Two rows of teeth from strangers hide;
The teeth are fastened with a key,
Which key my mother shuts from view,
And, strange! she dwells in Kernus too.'

In the article on 'Waste' (No. 246), referring to the Great Western Railway, it is inferred that, because there is no dividend on the ordinary shares, last half-year, 'twenty millions have been disembursed; for all the money not appropriated for public ends by this railway company might of course be secured by an ordinary which, from its ample return, must have been completely replaced.' This greatly concerns the real facts. The assertion applies only to eight millions out of twenty-three. It arises thus: About ten millions have been supplied by the shareholders at all; they have been lent to capitalists at a definite rate of interest (from 5½ to 6 per cent); and this interest has been, and still is, honestly paid out of the not traffic receipts of the company. Then there is another sum of about five millions, advanced under the form of 'guarantees' or 'preference shares,' for which a stipulated dividend, varying from 3 to 8 per cent, is given. These preferences divided on the interest on loans, have been, and still are honestly paid out of the net traffic receipts of the company. It is only the portion, eight millions of ordinary or non-guaranteed stock, that is in the predicament adverted to in the article. The mistake has frequently been made lately in comments on the Great Western Company.

The above sums are sufficient, in round numbers, to fill the present argument; they do not profess to be quite correct. The last half-yearly Report gave the true figures.

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SHOT AND SHELLS.

In 1716 there was to be a recast of the damaged guns which had been captured from the French by the Duke of Marlborough. Many persons of distinction had assembled at the Royal Foundry, in Moorfields, to see the performance. Amongst the observers was a young German of the name of Schalch, who was travelling to improve himself. He noticed that the moulds were moist, and he knew that the heated metal would produce steam, which could not escape from the moulds, and consequently there would be an explosion. He warned the spectators, and sent a message to the head of the department; but the fact was disregarded; consequently, Schalch and his friends withdrew. Shortly after, London was alarmed by a terrible explosion which had taken place at Moorfields, and which had killed and wounded many people. Red tape was at once put on one side, and Schalch was advertised for by the authorities. He was offered the superintendence of a new foundry, and was requested to choose a more suitable site. Woolwich was selected by him, as there was water and space in the immediate neighbourhood, besides all other facilities. Schalch soon became master-founder, which office he held during nearly sixty years—namely, till his death in 1776.

Thus originated Woolwich Arsenal—which we lately visited, accompanied by an intelligent non-commissioned officer of artillery, who had procured for us, from the commandant's office, a ticket which stated that we, 'being natural-born subjects of her Majesty, might be allowed to enter the Royal Arsenal.'

To describe even superficially all the curious sights in this vast war-emporium would occupy too much space; a few of the most striking objects will, however, be noticed; and we shall endeavour to impart a small amount of the information with which our guide furnished himself.

At about a hundred yards from the entrance-gate, we are conducted into a manufactory in which we observe several large yellow objects which are turning slowly on their axes; these, we are informed, are brass guns in various stages of development. The guns are being shaved by one machine, trimmed by another, having their interiors bored out by a third, and the hard metal is passing in shavings from the guns, as though it were not tougher than apple-peel. The noise is deafening, and we gladly pass outside the door to be enabled to hear some of the explanation which our guide can afford us, with regard to the previous and future history of the revolving metal, which already assumes the appearance of guns. The following facts are then communicated to us:

'What is the difference between a gun and a howitzer? we ask.'

'Well, sir, a howitzer throws a hollow shot or shell, and is consequently made lighter, in proportion to the size of the bore; the quantity of powder used is also less, being about 44th the weight of the shot, whilst the charge of a gun is about 4d or 4th. Howitzers are very useful for what we call ricochet-firing—that is, a sort of duck-and-drake style. To obtain a long range with this small charge, we give greater elevation to the howitzer.'

We are also informed that a field-battery of artillery usually consists of four guns and two howitzers; and that what are called field-guns, are the brass guns and howitzers which have been mentioned; brass being lighter than iron, is better adapted for field-service, or where the artillery are required to move with rapidity.

The early history of the mass of metal which eventually becomes a gun, is as follows: a mould, of a size larger than the required gun, is first formed; into this mould the metal, while in a state of fusion, is poured, and is allowed to rise two or three feet above the required height of the gun, so as to form what is called a 'dead head.' Into this dead head all the impurities of the metal will rise; and when the gun is taken to the boring department, the head is cut off, and is remelted with fresh metal. The composition of brass guns is 10 parts of tin to 90 parts of copper.

The most delicate operation in this department is that of boring, for the deviation of one-tenth of an inch in the direction would be a fatal affair. The boring is thus accomplished: the axis of the piece is first obtained, and the gun placed horizontally; a screw with a drill, which is propelled forward by a hand-wheel in the direction of the axis of the piece, makes a small hole, which is enlarged by the application of another drill. The gun is then taken to the boring and planing machine, where it is made to revolve. The muzzle and base ring are turned, in order that they may serve as guides in the boring; the boring-bar is then directed against the face of the piece, and the boring proceeds. When the gun has been formed according to approved fashion, and has a muzzle, and chase, a first and second reinforce, &c., it is
not admitted into the society of its finished brethren until it has been most severely tested.

The proofs through which our yellow friends have to undergo, at first, each gun is measured and gauged, externally and internally, and in all directions; then large charges of powder and shot are fired from it, much larger than will ever be required in practice; then, by way of variety, water is forced into the bore of the gun, and allowed to remain about a minute. A few days after this, the sun is made use of, and by means of a mirror, the rays are thrown into the bore, and the very bowels of the gun examined to discover how the water-cure was endured. If any very parts appear, woe betide our yellow friend, for a piece of wax is then inserted, an accurate impression is obtained of the flaw which must exist in his interior, and his weakness is exposed to unrelenting judges.

If all these examinations be passed in a satisfactory manner, the gun is then sighted, and finished, and takes its place amongst the batteries, when a vacancy occurs.

Having gained this information, we re-enter the depot and note the boring and tripping. Slowly but surely the machinery revolves, whilst two or three men, whose nature appears as hard as that of the metal around them, with compass and rule, occasionally readjust a screw or slightly check a revolving wheel, unrolling steel and scraping and rasping the brass, whilst a groan now and then comes from the interior of a bore, as though the suffering was great. Nothing but strong nerves will do here; we already feel a sort of creeping coming over us; and then a woodman, unheard amidst the noise, gently touches us, and asks us to make way, we start, almost jump, in the temporary dread that one of the spiky steel scrapers has artfully approached us, and is about to take a shaving of flesh from the small of our back.

These brass guns, when used, are manned by six or seven men; each man has his special duties, and the several offices are as follows: No. 1 is usually a non-commissioned officer, and has charge of the detachment, takes the aim, and gives the elevation, &c. No. 2 stands on the right-hand side of the gun, near the muzzle; his duty is to sponge out the gun after each discharge, and to ram in the powder and shot. No. 3 arranges the ammunition in his hands, and slips it into the muzzle, when No. 2 has sponged. No. 4 places his finger over the vent during the sponging, so that, when the sponge is withdrawn quickly, a vacuum will exist in the bore of the gun, and any piece of ignited cartridge which might have remained in the bore would hence become extinguished. Accidents seldom occur to the gun detachments, owing to the training which the men undergo before they are trusted with ammunition; but if a small piece of ignited flannel cartridge did by chance remain in the gun, the sponge and its rammer, together with both the arms or hands of No. 2, would be blown away when the fresh charge was rammed into the chamber.

When the powder and shot are placed in the gun, No. 4 places the cartridge with a sharp-pointed wire, and No. 5 then fires. No. 6 and 7 are employed in bringing the ammunition from the limbers to No. 8.

When the word 'load' is given by No. 1, each of the men starts at once and performs his work until the loading is finished. We have informed that four shots can be fired during one minute of time from any of these brass guns, and that our guide, at the time a No. 1, fired from a 5-pounder, at a range of nine hundred yards, five shots in seventy seconds, and, moreover, that one shot of the round struck the target; but this he considers 'too fast for last,' and likely to endanger the arms of No. 2, or the accuracy of the aim.

When brass guns are fired for any length of time with rapidity, they droop at the muzzle, and then become unserviceable.

As to the accuracy of the present artillery fire, our guide informs us that, in a single action, some guns manned by the royal artillery, and some manned by the mutinous sepoys, near the village of Moodas, in India, our guns, at a range of six hundred yards, from three rounds, during which the sepoys fired two out of two by our shot, and consequently that loading and firing were rendered impossible, until fresh men could be procured; in the meantime, however, nearly all the sepoys around the guns were killed or wounded.

When such results are obtained, it is evident the compass, rule, and machinery must perform the work without a fault.

We quit the boring department, cross over a road, and enter a vast iron-roofed building, in which some six hundred or seven hundred men are at work. A dull noise, caused by revolving wheels, here arises; but all appears well greased, and as though they moved comfortably. Our attention is first directed to the enormous hose which is situated in a room—just at the door by which we entered. This is in itself a spectacle—its movements perfect, and its power unquestionable. From the engine-room we pass towards a square sort of machine, on the upper part of which are four wheels, or rather large drums, on each of which are coils of lead-ropes about the diameter of the Atlantic cable. The machine is in motion, and we notice that rifle-bullets contain dropping from the lower part of the machine has a box placed for their reception. At the first glance we cannot trace the connection which exists between the lead-ropes above and the bullets below; but visit our guide is explaining that this is the 'Minié' rifle machine,' we observe the working of the snatch and process.

The leaden ropes pass from the drum above into a hole lower down in the machine. Every revolution of a wheel causes about an inch of this lead to pass from the hole. As the lead protrudes, two iron axes, with a most blinding don't mention it set of knives above the piece of lead is separated from the rope, at whose end it was a piece of soapie cheese instead of lead. We shaft amongst iron bars and wheels, and fasten into a leaden case, and cast into a sort of box, where it is quietly forced into a mould, and so forth. We whence it is a matter of some difficulty to determine the weight of the bullet, and there are about twenty on the machine. We can see a number of these, and the time which they pass in entering the machine, some thousands of bullets have been fired and as if the one bullet in five hundred proves fatal, that the discharger of a about a dozen men has been signed during the time.

We are next attracted to some small machines, which appear to work with a rapidity on the other hand a machine of this character is basely employed in making small wooden cups which fit into the Minie bullet. The neatness with which the work is performed is marvellous, and we are informed that these cups cost the lower part of the bullet, when in the Minie, and the third to do away with windage—windage being the space between the sides of the bullet and the heate of the gun.
We are enabled to walk down the centre of this large building by means of a passage, whilst on each side we notice huge iron shot, some being scraped, some having holes bored in them, and some being fitted with brass screws; these, we are informed, are shells, and obtain the following account of them.

Shells are hollow shot, and are used for one or two purposes: first, they are presented to an enemy as a mine; that is, they are filled with powder, fired into an enemy's town, and arrangements made so that they burst after they fall into the streets or into houses. They also serve to convey musketry-fire to a distance, for being filled with bullets, they travel like solid shot to the distance of a mile or more, then burst, and scatter bullets and pieces of shell upon the selected quarter; in this form they are called shrapnell-shells. They also serve to give the enemy a sort of backhander, when he is sheltered behind a parapet, &c., as when they burst, the splinters will fly in all directions. The details necessary to obtain these pleasant results, although of daily occurrence to my guide, were still like Greek to me, so I was led to ask the following questions:

How do you arrange so that the shell shall burst at the required time?

What is the limit you discover the distance of the object at which you are firing?

And why are some shells fired at much higher angles than others?

Shells are burst by means of fuses. Here is a fuse: you see a piece of wood on the centre of this piece of wood; well, in that opening a composition is placed, and is driven hard by means of a mallet. The composition consists of saltpetre, sulphur, and mealed powder. When the fuse is complete, it is like this (gives a model of a fuse); and that is a lead pencil about one inch in diameter—the lead part being represented by the composition). Now, this fuse burns like all others—at the rate of one inch in five seconds of time; therefore, at this of an inch in one second. Now, we know how fast our shot travels; so when we want the shell to burst at a certain spot, we bore a hole in the fuse, so that the flame from the composition may thus reach the powder in the shell; we drive the fuse like a cork into the shell, and away the composition on the top of the fuse, and the shell bursts in one, two, or three seconds, according as we bored the hole at this, this, or this from the top. You see these circular marks on the fuse; well, these are just this of an inch apart, so we can make the hole correctly at once.

With regard to judging the distance at which an object may be, we are informed that very few individuals are 'good hands' at it; but that the authorities are now cultivating this branch of education amongst the non-commissioned officers of the army. Our guide says that he finds a pencil, which he shews us, very useful in this matter, for a man at a thousand yards looks as big as a small mark which he has on his pencil when he holds it at arm's length. His pencil is several marks, which he says enable him to judge of any distance up to twelve or fourteen hundred yards, provided he can see a man.

With regard to some of the shells being fired higher than others, he tells us that the high ones are fired from mortars at an angle of 45°, and the range is increased or decreased by adding powder or the reverse; whilst with howitzers, the elevation of the pieces will give an increase of range, the charge of powder being the same.

Shells are cast of sufficient thickness to withstand the shock of the explosion of the gun, and at the same time thin enough to burst by a small charge of bursting-powder.

Brass fuses are used for shells which are intended to act against ships, as the wooden might be broken off by the collision.

Shot and shell, iron and wood, are being scraped, shaved, and formed into all sorts of shapes, for the sole object, as it appears, of destroying human life. A feeling of melancholy comes over us as we contemplate the building in which so much skill and talent have been displayed, and then consider the purpose for which it has been erected.

We pass on to some machines which are hard at work punching small crossies out of copper sheets.

This, we are informed, is the first stage of a patent percussion-cap. The crosses are then taken to another machine, where a nipple presses on their centre, and completes the shape. Some of the machines do this work at once, both punch out, and press into shape.

The caps are then arranged on a frame or brass plate, in lots of 1,000, and are placed underneath two steel plates, which are separated by a sheet of paper; these two plates and the paper have holes corresponding to the cap-plate, and the paper is placed on one side, thus destroying the communication. The holes are then filled with a composition of mercury, chlorate of potash, powdered glass, sulphur, and saltpetre; the plate is moved a little, the communication restored, and the cover is then instantly dropped into each of the thousand caps.

The frame with the caps is then taken to another machine, and placed under it; a large wheel is spun round, and the composition in each cap pressed firmly down, the pressure being about forty pounds on each cap.

The frame is then placed under another very simple-looking machine, to allow each cap to obtain a dose of shell-lac and spirits of wine, which is given by means of a number of small ends, which are dipped into the composition, swung over above the caps, and with a blow, deposit the drop into each cap. An arm regulates the brass frame, so that a fresh row is brought each time under the ends.

After the caps are dried, they are arranged by small boys in lots of twenty-five. These boys, as we look at them, work with redoubled vigour; arms, body, fingers, and head, appear as though moved by wires. The caps are flung, five-and-twenty at a time, into brown paper, which is then doubled up by one end and thrown to another, who ties it up; these parcels are then arranged in a box, and are ready for serving out.

We have scarcely time to do more than glance at any other interesting performances which are going on around us—boys and men, wood and iron, are all hard at work; and we cannot forget that they are working at machines which are for the purpose of destroying life. Still the individuals do not appear more fierce than men usually are—they work as calmly as though employed in making the elixir of life.

We make our exit on the opposite end of the building to that by which we entered, and walk towards the river Thames. Here we see piles upon piles of shot and shells of every size. Some huge shells are lying on the ground, and boldly assert in white figures that they are twenty-six hundredweights and some odd pounds in weight. These are the 26-inch shells belonging to the large mortar at present under trial at the Woolwich marshes.

Shells, I am informed, are always spoken off with regard to their diameter, while shot are indicated by weight. Thus we speak of 5-inch, 8-inch, 10-inch, 13-inch shells, while shot are called 24, 32, 56 pounders. The 13-inch shell weighs 196 pounds, and will contain nearly eleven pounds of powder; with a charge of seven pounds of powder, it will range 2100 yards, and should have a fuse of about 6½ inches.
We ask our guide, as a test of his memory, what he would do with a shell for a 9-pounder gun, supposing a body of sepoys were at the distance of a mile from his battery.

He at once informs us that if the shell were a 'spherical case'—that is, a shell filled with bullets—he would give it one inch and two-tenths of fuse, and give the gun about 7 degrees of elevation; this length of fuse would cause the shell to burst about forty or fifty yards before it reached its destination.

And what would be the effect produced on the sepoys?

A smile comes over the bronzed face of our guide, as much as to say that he wished he could see the effect in reality; and he tells us that 'this 9-pounder shell contains forty-one bullets, which, together with the splinters of the burst shell, would go plag as amongst the sepoys like a charge of small-shot amongst a covey.'

Referring to the four shots per minute and the six guns in a battery of field-artillery, we feel no surprise that this branch of the arsena is, at the present day, that which may alone win a battle; for one thousand bullets per minute, in addition to the splinters of the shells in which they were conveyed, thrown with accuracy to a distance of a mile, would, we imagine, create more havoc than our sepoy enemies would consider that 'discretion is the better part of valor.'

Guide knows these particulars by heart; and he informs me that when the shell bursts, the splinters will sometimes fly back 500 yards, such a case having occurred during the war in the Crimea.

We note, as we pass on, some green guns standing on green skeleton-looking carriages—are these Russian trophies. Stores filled with harness, saddles, and equipment of every description, are on each side of us; there is a pass by only a gap, and also a new building in which there are some very handsome gates, formed from the captured Russian guns, and a very tall chimney. This building is for the purpose of casting iron guns, which were formerly supplied from Carron.

The next place we visit is like a huge carpenter's shop; this is the carriage department, in which gun-carriages, ammunition-wagons, hospital-carts, &c., are made. The most remarkable object here is a saw, which appears like a piece of a carriage, which runs round two wheels. This saw cuts wood into any shape—will cut one's name and address out of a solid block of oak in a very few minutes; V.E., very useful, cut out in wood, lies on a sill near, and attains the power of the instrument. The spokes of the gun-carriage wheels are also formed by a most ingenious instrument. An iron spoke serves as a model, and a wheel rests against this and regulates the movements of a rapidly revolving iron scraper, which cuts off a rough piece of wood a spoke exactly similar to the model. The fellows and spokes were formerly pressed together by means of hydraulic-presses, but there appears some doubt about the success of this method.

We are much gratified by our three hours' visit, but still impressed with the idea that the time may come when human nature may have so much advanced, that this establishment will be a relic of past and barbarous ages, and men will be able to trample the earth, from east to west, and from north to south, and it shall be that whosoever meets a man shall meet a brother and a friend.

Upon expressing these opinions to a companion, we are assured that we have taken a wrong view of the arsenals; that if we look back upon past ages, we shall find that when men used bows and arrows, there was much greater slaughter than now, in the days of Minie bullets and shrapnell-shells. He tells us to hear Shakespeare, who says, speaking of Agincourt:

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain;

and yet, during all the siege of Seastropol, we had not more than one-third of that number disposed by bullets. Therefore, the more shot and shell that are turned out at Woolwich, the greater number of lives will be saved in future wars; and that when the weapons used are even more deadly than those bullets and spherical cases, there will probably be a great decrease in the slaughter. This is a problem not difficult for us to comprehend; and we determine in future to look upon Woolwich as the Peace Society's depot; the arsenals, as the special work of a Human Society; and shot and shells as the real Life-preservers.

A SUMMER IN THE CLOUDS.

Have you ever been at Cauterets, madam? Castres in the Pyrenees? the highest town in the world? To climb the mountain is to be in Europe. No. No, no, sir! Never. Well, I thought as much, for Castres is out of the tourist's beaten track, and the bold Britons who yearly inundate the continent with insular gold and insular French, have not yet turned out the little, quaint, old-world watering-place.

Yet, I would not be understood to say that Cauterets is absolutely and entirely unknown to the world; on the contrary, it is a nook so retired as to be quite beyond the reach of the vulgar traveller. Where is a gorge so savage, a desert so bleak, as to repel the traveller of our nation. They go about, critical, undaunted, destroy illusions, falsifying prophecies, trampling down prejudices, all over the world. The old impregnable fortresses of nature are stormed by them one by one. No peak so high, no glacier so slippery, but the English foot must clamber and slide there—than Blanc is scaled by it, with guides and guides, by day and by day, down from the north and from the south. Even Ararat was not safe. True, it had been held inaccessible for ages; true, the Arab was said to have got a footing on its summit; but a party of intrepid Cockneys arrived at the 'untrodden solitude' as they would up Richmond Hill, and Ararat's prestige is ruthlessly cast aside for ever.

So, of course, there are English at Cauterets; for the house is one of tapestry, and the fashioner of tapestry, and lovely is the woman. May the Alpine passess well, you may be familiar with tumbling torrents, milky avalanches, eat black pine-woods quivering to the roar of the cascades, and yet be amazed by the Pyrenees. They look so horary, and strongly hung with saults, and chains, and mécanique ready to the conductor's hand, out of the six or eight horses straining, tugging, painfully as they jolt, haul, and jerk the big wall of the inexorable hills. Better trust to your London-built carriage, and let Bougé or Begnères! So! you have taken my advice. Quite right! We have the compé to ourselves, you may be a and a famous prospect. What a joy! Another. Can wood and iron, to say nothing of human bones and sinews, endure such dismal wrenches, and survive? To be sure. Look at the deep ruts, those broken boulders in the way, the work of last week's inundation, or the last division stones that fell from the mountain. They have not been hard for the horse fellows, with shovels and pick; but it takes days to repair the damage done in an hour; up we go, thumping, bumping, leaping, with our city quite amazing. Up we go, the driver begging, horses panting and gasping, the diligence creaking and lurching. This is Stavros, famous for its
waters. You look out, expecting to see a minor Lyon, a score of echoing factories at least, where the celebrated Baréges stuffs are fabricated. What a place! a dreary gorge, fields that seem to bear a crop of nothing but loose stones, some rumbling hovels, two cut-throat inns, a forlorn old hen, ten goats, two drizzling crétins gibbering in the sunshine, seventeen beggars, all with frightful faces, frightful goînes, and fluttering rags. What a place! Why, as a severe punishment for fountain, I mean the galleries are too good, don't they send the worst class of criminals here? Why, if the French are blind to the advantages they possess, don't we obtain leave to transport our own ticket-of-leave men and garrote-robes to Bridges? As for invalids, the waters had need to be healing indeed if they can counteract the saddening influence of the landscape. Yet see, our passengers are leaving us. The dyspeptic Spanish bishop, and the shuddering countess from Paris, and the wretched doctor from Toulouse, and the Bordeaux wine-merchant, and the two nuns with the roses, are all getting out. Never mind. The intérieur and rotonda will be empty, and we shall go all the lighter up to Contarens; and no bad thing, too, for the high and noble-minded, might the galleries of dazzling snow. Round another angle, and we see only the walls of stone, the red-tasselled mules, the bare-legged Spanish muleteers, the carts of wine or oil casks, that squeeze narrowly by, the traders hawking Gave spiced arrow-like down the declivity.

Higher, and yet higher. We turn an angle of the sharp rock, and lo! what a glorious prospect of mountains, piled up, snowy peaks above snowy peaks, belts of black pines, far-away cataracts, and the vallée. Now and then, we meet with rooks, and rocks of dazzling snow. Round another angle, and we see only the walls of stone, the red-tasselled mules, the bare-legged Spanish muleteers, the carts of wine or oil casks, that squeeze narrowly by, the traders hawking Gave spiced arrow-like down the declivity.

Higher, and yet higher. How the horses strain. We must be getting up above the clouds almost. To be sure we are. We are above them, for look along the wall, and see the Count de Grez and all below us, a mass of vapour, gray, and black, and blood-red in one place where the setting sun touches it. Those are the clouds. Higher yet! a nightmare of toiling horses, cracking whips, and a bawling carriage. Burrall! The high and noble-minded must come. The horses, the houses, and its streets paved with broad stones in Spanish fashion. See what noble peaks shoot up around it, black with pines, silvery with ore, fleecy with snow! The sun is sinking, and, sloop! down come the gray clouds from the peaks, mingling the air with mist, and hovering over the chimneys like smoke in London. It is very cold for summer—quite frosty. But you are from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea; you have snow and ice all round you, and must not wonder if you shiver in July, or freeze in August, after sundown.

What a lively scene! and yet not by any means French. Indeed, you have no small difficulty in realizing that you are still in France. It is the edge of the Tyrolean season, and the streets are as busy as if a fair were going. On it is a fair. Booths after booths, where all sorts of pretty things are displayed in tempting profusion, the shopkeepers being more remarkable than their wares. In commonplace, round, close-shaven bourgeois are here; no tight, trim, pale, eager shopkeepers, such as lately sold you bad gloves in the Rue Antin, or gave you short change for a guinea in the Marais. No, no. Here are Spanish donnas in all their glory, Albanian vestes, and white Hellenic petticoats; irlande Moors and Turks, grave and sparing of speech; Italians, Portuguese, all the people of the south, elowing a few amber-bearded Germans, who have come to pick up among the Pyrenees where-with to fit up a shop at Mannheim or Nürnberg.

And the purchasers are almost as worthy of notice. There are some Parisians, regular flâneurs, splendid in glossy broadcloth and spotless linen, staring at the savages through their gold mounted eye-glasses. Just so, with the same cool indifference, the same half-impatient assumption of T. supérior, would they contemplate a tempest, or a battle, or an eruption of Cotopaxi, or a vaudeville, or Brigham Young preaching to his Mormon flock. And here are certain other Parisians, who have deigned to adopt part of the 'savages' manners, and are seen smiling benignantly, in coloured berets and gauzy sashes, and sombreros that will tumble over their noses when they walk, and get blown off whenever there is a gust of wind.

There is a gust now—hold your hat, if you are wise. Whir! down it comes like an eagle, whistling away many a light object from the booths, and making and havoc among parasols and wide-awakes. For a moment, all is dust and mist. There, it is over! and what a rain it has brought—rain of snow. We pass from Spain, who come to drink, to bathe, to be cool, or to escape being shot as rebels or friends of government by one party or other, are countless smart folks from Bordeaux, Toulouse, all the southern towns. We must be riding to see such spun-glass bonnets, such lace mantles, such silks, flowers, feathers, and finery in general, more than three thousand feet above the Atlantic level. Are all these sparkling butterflies, dressed up as if for a Longchamp, as promenading at Monte Carlo? The real noblesse of France, withdrawn from the neighbourhood of a usurping dynasty to flourish in legitimate brilliancy? That stately dame in the brocade from Lyon, blue and black, worn about much a yard, must be a duchess at least; and the two pretty creatures in the infinitesimal bonnets, with the antique lace more valuable than diamonds, coketted, no doubt. Not a bit of it. Two words will describe the occupation and elegance of the showiest of the showiest of the company: if from Bordeaux, wine; if from Toulouse, wool. All wine and wool. That magnificent lady, as glittering, and, I am afraid, as proud, as a peacock, you would stare to see in her husband's wardrobe from head to foot, in skimpy cotton and a plain cap, keeping the books, bickering about centimes, distinguishing French merino wool from Spanish, with her eyes shut, if need be. Those pretty girls, demurely following their mother, know nothing of the wine-trade, it is true, for it is not comme il faut for the French demoiselle to know anything; but wait till they marry those two black-bearded gentlemen who are now ogling them from that little cafe, and see if they do not start up full-blown judges of the Médoc grape, cognizants of John Bull's taste to a nicety, how much brandy he will swallow, and how many shillings a dozen he will disburse.

The peasants are worthy of notice, but they bewilder one. What is their national garb? Alas! every vale has its own dress; and one is kept in a perpetual puzzle as to which deserves the golden apple. See, a Campan man, in white, with a flat white cap, and blue saas and sandals, is talking to a peasant-girl of Luchon, in her graceful crimson or scarlet hood, bare feet, and sky-blue kirtle. That group of hard-featured mountaineers, in the broad bonnets of brown or blue—just the Scottish bonnet—contrast famously with the opposite cluster of milkmaids from Eaux Bonnes, whose blue mantles, and greenish tassels, and striped petticoats, eclipse any theatrical peasant-dress ever devised by the most lavish manager.
Night has stolen a march upon us as we contemplate these things; for owing to the high peaks, the days are shorter at Cauterets than in the lower world; and thus, the nearer you ascend towards the sun, the less you are aware of its approach. There, the snow is rose-coloured, pinkish, violet, gray, almost black. In a few moments more the summits will have no more light on them.

Down come the clouds, and we had better house ourselves while we may. House ourselves, did I say? It is no such easy matter. Some of us are hearty, some are rich, but how few there are who unite the purse of Fortunatus to a hermit's scorn of luxuries. Let us enter some of these marble-fronted houses, and inquire for a lodging. Heyday! I have we got into Spain without knowing it? Here is the same bare discomfort, the same bleak absence of all we are used to demand indispensable to civilised life, that distinguishes the Peninsula. Large rooms, with doors that won't shut, and windows that gape like dead oysters; no carpets, no bells, no sofas, no looking-glasses, sundry little beds, a few cane-chairs, and a clock that has indicated half past twelve for a score of years. Noisy stairscases, a carpenter below, a loaves-and-fishes kitchen—nay, a kitchen of Homeric proportions, reeking with garlic from the savoury podridos simmering on the fire—such is the appartment proposed to you. Perhaps I was wrong to say 'proposed,' for lodging-house-letters at Cauterets are not accustomed to offer the house of the housemaid; they are better used to listen calmly to the requests of the houseless stranger who seeks a roof and a bed on any terms. Even the screaming hand-maidens who are towait on you, and whose language is a polyglot of Basque, Spanish, and Catalan, seasoned with a sprinkling of French, are by no means eager to insure a new tenant for the wealthy proprietor of the casa. But at last you get a hearing. What? twenty francs for a night that doghole of a double-bedded room opposite the saw-mill! forty francs for two narrow cells that overlook the marble-cutter's yard! twelve for the loft with a truckle-bed in it! Nonsense! the people must be joking. Let monsieur try elsewhere, if he pleases. So monsieur tries, and tries again, and wears out his patience, and always the same story—from ten to forty francs for one room, per dieux. Let us try the inns. There are plenty of them. At one or other of the hotels there takes place a ball almost every night—a ball at which ladies shall appear dressed as for the Tulleries, and yet those hotels are worse than the roadside inns of Italy. Again, fifteen, twenty, thirty francs for a bedroom! You express with a wish for a sitting-room. The natives hold up their hands and burst out into a hearty laugh that makes you feel ashamed of yourself as an unreasonable Sybarite.

We must e'en dine in the public salle, though a fine ear of garlic makes it detestable to Northerners offactory. What can we have for dinner? Stringy animal fibre, unpripe fruits, thin soup, cheese, and a few potatoes; but do not imagine that the bill will be proportioned to the meagreness of the cheer. Are there no oysters? Hasanybodyeverforgets that we are more than 8000 feet above the sea. No eatable meat! What! at 8000 above the sea? Is all the bread bad? Does fruit never ripen? Can the vineyards of Médoc send to Cauterets no wine a little less sour than vinegar? Monsieur, we are 8000 feet above the sea. It is 8130 feet above the sea. It is too high for civility, though not, alas! above the reach of flies. If you expect letters, you must go and fetch them, and Joste for half an hour is a crowd that besets the post-office. No letter-carriers exist—8000 and odd feet above the Atlantic. If you quit your inn for a lodging, the landlady will scold you for being so touchy. She stores your want of politeness for the etiquette of Cauterets, and lays it in store at a place where you first settle yourself, less, garlic, noise, and extravagance notwithstanding. Yet one need not always grumble. We have slept, in spite of the sea; and if our dinner was meagre, the cream and bread at breakfast do honour to the mountain district. The town is all alive, picturesque, noisy, swelling. Troops of ladies and their attendant cavaliers are starting on horseback for the Pont d'Espagne, or the Lac de Gauhe, or the Cercle de Garavin.

The whole street is filled with lean wry cows, all over red tassels and fringe, plunging, paring and capering, as the long whips of the gods mount the cavalcades. Every one seems good-humoured, talking and laughing loudly. There goes a party of adventurous sportsmen, each with two guns, one on each shoulder, like Robinson Crusoe in the pictures; and theatrical figures they are, at gaiteurs, sashes, pouches, belts, and dirks. They proceed to hunt in the woods of certain pheasants and hare rats, having achieved even the slaughter of a tawny. There pass the valetudinarians on their way to the waters of the hot spring—and is that, can it be, our old friend Guy Frax, borne on men's shoulders?... It is only a respectable old lady in a wooden sedan, being in fact an uncovered hearse, perched on poles, and in which those who love not to walk a ride are carried along as if in triumph. Here come a band of Spaniards who have brought their last baskets of live poultry for sale. What a vast giant they seem among the low-statured, sparrow-built French; and how strange are their round heads, sandalled feet, bare, sinewy limbs, bare-footed, waltzes, and striped cloaks of black, white, brown and orange. They have washed them by their Moorish sanctuaries.

Here are criers innumerable: negres selling Madrid chocolate, Turks with sherbet, and two or three confectioners in fancy uniforms, each with a toca full of hot pastery. Listen! while one of them chants, not unmusically.

Des pains au lait,
Des petits pains au lait;
the other is bawling out that his cakes are as
Bordeaux cakes, and have that instant arrived from
that famous city, all hot, all hot, all hot; while, as
Bordeaux is a couple of hundred miles off, even
rather a bare-faced assertion; but the French are
believe anything. Later in the day, they shall have
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OLD ENGLISH MELODIES.

In the present general crusade against organ-grinders and itinerant musicians of all kinds, it is a relief to revert to a period when our ancestors were more tolerant, or, at all events, less critical in these matters. It is a doubtful whether the present citizens of London would now a-days permit St Dunstan himself to perambulate his street with that hand-organ, 'made with brass pipes, and filled with air from a bellows,' albeit the instrument was of the ingenious saint's own construction.

A gentleman's harp—if any modern gentleman happens to possess such a thing—is now, alas! as liable to be taken in execution as his eight-day clock; whereas it formerly enjoyed that immunity from arrest which is at present confined to the two F's. Indeed, one of the most recent things the keeping of which, by the laws of Wales, constituted a gentleman; and none could pretend to that character who did not own one, and, what is more, who could not play upon it. It was expressly forbidden to teach slaves the art of harp-playing, for the same reason that the southern states of America forbid their helots to be taught to read—namely, lest they should thence become those pink of civilization which their masters (somewhat hastily) are in the habit of conceiving themselves to be.

In the famous tale of King Alfred in the Danish camp, and in a score of similar legends of that period, we learn how highly was the minstrel's art esteemed, how richly he was rewarded, and how his person was held as sacred as that of an ambassador or herald.

In the third year of King Henry I. the priory and hospital of St Bartholomew in Smithfield was founded by the king's minstrel Boyer, which a poet-laureate of modern times would scarcely have the means to do. In the time of Henry II., Gaffrid, a harper, received an annuity from the abbey of Hide in Winchester, and many of his brethren seem to have been rewarded in a similar manner, if we may judge from the anger of the monks. 'For you do not,' writes John of Salisbury to some eminent person, 'like the fools of this age, pour out rewards to minstrels and monsters of that sort, for the ransom of your fame and enlargement of your name.' In the reign of Richard I., minstrelsy flourished very splendidly, and we are all acquainted with the romantic obligation in which that royal captive was indebted to it. Many of the convents even spared neither money nor good cheer to those wandering barda, whom two out of three of our ecclesiastics of to-day would probably consign to the custody of the police. In a certain religious house in Oxfordshire, we read in Wood's history of that county: 'Two itinerant priests, on the supposition of their being minstrels, gained admission; but the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to be entertained by their diverting arts, when they found they were only two indigent ecclesiastics, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them, and turned them out of the monastery.' Richard, the king's harper, to whom his royal namesake gave not only 40s. and a pipe of wine, but a pipe of wine to his wife also, was termed Master Richard, which, says Percy, deserves notice, as showing his respectable situation.

If the Venerable Bede did not write the two musical treatises which are attributed to him, yet sufficient evidence is afforded by his Commentary on the Psalms to prove not only his knowledge of music, but of all that constituted the regular 'descant' of the church from the ninth to the eighteenth century. 'As a skilful harper,' writes he, in his Commentary on the fifty-second Psalm, 'I do not sing up to the demand, tunes them to such pitches, that the higher may agree in harmony with the lower, some differing by a semitone, a tone, or two tones, others yielding the consonance of the fourth, fifth, or octave; so the omnipotent God, holding all men predestined to the harmony of heavenly life in His hand like a well-strung harp, raises some to the high pitch of a contemplative life, and lowers others to the gravity of active life.' And he thus continues: 'Giving the consonance of the octave, which consists of eight strings; . . . the consonance of the fifth, consisting of five strings; of the fourth, consisting of four strings, and then of the smaller vocal intervals, consisting of two tones, one tone, or a semitone, and of those whose semitones in the high as well as the low strings.' 'Judging from these passages,' says Mr Chappell, from whose interesting preface to the Popular Music of the Olden Time, 'most of our information is gathered, the harp does not seem to have been tuned to any particular scale in those early times.

The earliest secular composition in parts that is known to exist in any country is that song of 1250, Sumer is icumen in.

ORIGINAL WORDS.
Sumer is icumen in,
Lhede sing cucco!
Growth seed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cucco!
Awe bleston after lombo,
Lhooth after caive cu;
Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth,
Marius sing cucco,
Cuccu, cucco!
Wei singes the cucco,
Ne swit the naver nu.

WORDS MODERNIZED.

Summer is come in,
Loud sing cucco!
Growth seed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing cucco!
Ewe blesteth after lamb,
Loweth after calf [the] cow,
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,*
Merry sing cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never now.

It has a natural drone-bass about it to suit the bagpipe, 'the true parent of the organ (think of that, O musical Caledonians!), and then in use as a rustic instrument throughout Europe.' Surely, if this was indeed the case, wholesale emigration to the other hemisphere must needs have taken place far earlier than we were aware of. In a curious collection of songs and carols of Henry VI.'s time, recently printed for the Percy Society, there occurs this singular wassail-song:

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no gain;
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that goeth down at once.
Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that.
Bring us in no mutton, for that is passing lean,
Nor bring us in no tripe, for they be seldom clean.
Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else.

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us bear.
Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, that is not for our blood.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere. [mire.]
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale—a
recurring sentiment, which reminds us of a newly-added verse of that popular modern melody, We won't go home till morning—(namely, We can't eat any more, we can't eat any more, we can't eat any more, but we'll have some more to drink.)

It must be remembered that these songs are quoted in the book we have referred to, at least as much for the sake of the music of as of the words, and that we are therefore presented by the nature of our periodical from rendering the volume more than half the justice due to it. Mr Chappell has, by his research and skilful treatment of the subject, quite reproduced, to ear as well as eye, the vocal music of three centuries ago. The following poem, however, can at least be appreciated without the accompaniment, and we can imagine its effect when played as directed, "slowly, smoothly, and with great expression."

**THE THREE RAVENS.**

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be;
The one of them said to his mate:
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain, under his shield.
His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep.

* Frequentes the green fern.*

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.
Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red;
She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime:
She was dead herself ere even-song time.
God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a lean.

The conclusion of this is quite as sad, and certainly as touching, as that of the modern favourite of the public, Viikina, which, and absurdities like which, it loves not at all wisely, but too well.

We English, as it seems, have a great and ancient reputation to keep up in this matter of musical singing. Erasmus asserts that, in his time, we challenged the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being the most accomplished of any people in the skill of music. The ambassador of the Doge of Venice, writing home of the chapel-service of Henry VIII., says: 'We attended high mass, which was sung by the bishop of Durham, who directed the noble dean's choir; and again: 'The voice of the choristers are really rather divine than human; they did not chant, but sung like sops (con cantavano, ma jubilavano); and as for the boy's voices, I don't think they have their equals in the world.'

During the reign of Elizabeth, not only was music a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servers, apprentices, or husbandmen.

'Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang halles; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggar, had its especial songs; the banqueting-room was the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, citzute, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furnitures of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner, music at supper; music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play.'

Dekker informs us that the usual routine of a young gentleman's education was 'to rest at write; to play upon the virginals, lute, and citzute; and to read prick-song (that is, music writes a pricked down) at first sight.' Moreover, when a writer of that period praises a lady, skill in music is certain to form one of the virtues he enumerates.

Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own lute Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace.

In Charles II.'s time, we find Mr Pepys, although half a Puritan in his youth, delighting in all kinds of music. 'Nov. 21, 1660. At night to my vialia, in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and took much pleasure to have the neighbours come in to the hand to hear me.' Dec. 3. 'Rose by cold, and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office.' 28th. 'Stayed within all the afternoon and evening at my lute with great pleasure.' Is in cellars at Audley End, 'played on my flageolet, there being an excellent echo; and again: 'I took my flageolet and played upon the leads in my garden, when Sir W. Pen came, and there we sung talking and singing, and drinking great draughts of claret.' Nay, 'anob' as he has undoubtedly shown.
himself to be with regard to social distinctions, he does not hesitate to join his harmonious servants both with voice and instrument. 'After dinner, my wife and Mercer, Tom (Gavestill), and I, sat till eleven at night, singing and laughing. On the Day of Creation it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girls (Mercer) plays pretty well upon the harpsichord, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but has a good voice and airs. My boy, a brave boy, singeth sylvan songs. I have been so pleased at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw.'

These pleasant gifts, however, which at one time seem to have pervaded all classes, suffered a great blow at the hands of Puritanism. In 1686, while parliament is sitting, a pamphlet is addressed to it, called A Request of all True Christians, and praying that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowing of pesima, from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copees, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist the Pope, that Man of Sin and Child of Perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavellings.'

Dancing appears to have called forth quite a torrent of that blasphemous invective in the use of which the religious sectics of all times have been so great proficients. 'The way to heaven is too steep, too narrow, for men to dance in and keep revel-roust. No way is large or smooth enough for carrying recusants, and those pigging, skippings, dancing, skimpings, apes, but that broad pleasant path that leads to hell;' which sentence is indeed almost the only one, out of many, which is fit for quotation. Certainly we seem to have had some national customs before the steeple-lats got the better of the crown, which would even now-day's be held somewhat too easy and familiar. It was not only customary to salute a partner at the beginning and end of a dance—and there were some dances with ever so much kissing in them besides—but also on first meeting a fair friend in the morning, and on taking leave of her. The custom of kissing before the Puritanic era was universal, and, at least for two centuries before, peculiarly English.

Still there were lessons, and moral ones too, taught in these generalities, in which we moderns should lay to heart and profit by. There is a beautiful ballad of King James I. 's time, too long for us to quote more than the first verse, which contains far more nobility and wisdom than all Mr Frymane's philippics:

I am a poor man, God knows, And all my neighbours can tell, I want both money and clothes, And yet I live wondrous well. I have a contented mind, And a heart to bear out all, Though fortune be unkind, Hath given me substance small.

Then hang up sorrow and care, It never shall make me rue; What though my back goes bare, I'm ragged, torn, and true.

Mr Chappell's collection is in all respects a remarkable work, lose of these which are not worth the money of which they may, but a money-fee never can, produce. Having first spent many years in gathering a series of the forgotten music-books of the past, and in taking copious notes from such collections as exist in manuscripts in public and private libraries, he has here given us every song and ballad tune that the people sang a favour for between the reigns of the last Henry and the first George—that is, every one which has been preserved—accompanied by the original verses, and illustrated with abundant annotation. As a matter of course, we have here the words and notes of most of the songs included in Shakspere, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including that which Desdemona tells us was sung by her mother's maid called Barbara, all Ophelia's sad ditties, and so forth. The work is indeed a complete museum of this class of popular antiquities, a curious and entertaining record of past generations in one of their most interesting social aspects.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

Some one has demanded, I really forget who, how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself 'ploughed with Behmen's heifer;' and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophising shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen, and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age legally womanhood. In her youth she did not feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop during the relation, to say over to himself, or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For, as a certain epimodo poest has said, we are to count life by heart-throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honours, privileges, and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burnt a little less fiercely. For, although her master never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—because the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant's life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of 'Thou shalt not.' Everything that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like the flaming
sword, to keep off Anne's eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs Darah, having never—she thanked goodness—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers: she found both expensive; but the latter the worse; for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers' were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years' steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being very poor.

During these years of courtship, they had both worked very hard, and saved some money. William's situation was as good as his sweetheart's was unpromising. Indeed, he always thought, and almost he ventured, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent upon him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow everything on her. He withdrew from her in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded life.

But the long self-reliance of his sweetheart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that 'if she had thousands, he should like her none the better.' She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker's heiress, she would do what she could towards enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stock for her few, far-between, and hardly earned guineas. When William talked of anything he had bought, she pretended the love of the maiden inwardly smiled with delight at the easy, unexpected additions to his comfort and pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweetheart's, so that she was eager to see him. She wished to be able to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

It so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bounties, that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away. 'You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss,' she said. 'You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning. Indeed—now, you will find yourself a poor wretch.' She knew that her husband might be—'I am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again.'

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last. 'I am sure, missus,' she said, 'I thank you heartily for all your kindness.'

'It is no more than your duty, Anne,' answered the lady, with a gratified smile and folding of the hands. 'No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, make him call on me. I am very kind, missus, to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?' And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

'Anne Moss, I can't think how you do tie such a liberty with me and my house,' answered her mistress. 'I have always warned you of the bad and unfitness of young women, who have their ring to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows.'

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his heavy associates, and lest he should be tempted by his hands upon the little store she had laid away for her marriage, and herself. So she was obliged to move into a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the demolition of her little capital—begun the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found that too weak. She was obliged to hire a cart; at that involved a dip into 'William's money,' as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the outskirts of the town with the heavy trunk, she was obliged to begin to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and persisted gruffly, and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavored to talk of stimulation, or whatever the thought of his pyramidal; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his uncoordinated perspiration and buzzing of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them: she could not endure to see a vexed and inconvenient man; so for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter effects of the strain on her heart and lungs. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping; her whole body was parched and fevered.

She called her landlady into the room, and said her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her step was to last only a week, she meant to make the worst of a paying one, so she had prepared some two-penny or three-halfpenny sausages, which were hanging in the air. Mrs Darah, seeing her's bill of fare, made a silence instantly. In a disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not require anything. The landlady said she had some half a dozen new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfi...
cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that if any of her neighbours were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and did not doubt her landlady’s possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also reluctant, and one could perceive her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed, she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out about her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweetheart had removed.

But, when the morning came, she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking incoherently.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor what clothes she had. She had none. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden’s trunk and pockets, counting out the time which she could keep her a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Anne’s little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

Unhappy William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place, he was walking up and down before the house in his usual evening walk, humming and whistling as he had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Anne was maliciously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover’s signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time she should do so ever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered above the blind; no round head gave him a second short, sharp nod, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

“Well, he said to himself, ‘she is now more mine than her mistress’s; I will knock at the door.’ He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he saw neither, as the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs Darah’s—irresistable custom to see the old servant safely and clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying, that ‘if they only laid their heads together for five minutes, they were sure to corrupt each other.’ William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father’s. He found the miserable man sottish and mauldering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter’s departure, and as incapable of giving any clue to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature’s room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Anne to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs Darah’s errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him life, he found them gone; he had arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicion.

Every evening, for the whole week, William was ten miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweetheart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, no answer to his calls. Some way or another, he felt it would be better than none, for the hope of any good explanation of her marvellous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men, in one of the shops he was wont to call at, began to speculate upon his case. When he entered, they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could not very accurately perceive what was what; she had jilted him; but he was too great a hooby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest this explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such a stern and solemn look and such a violent assertion of his Anne’s faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished, and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he would not turn over with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne’s departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love towards him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found
delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every
blow of a hammer or mallet, every cost of pain,
every hour and day, in her shop, hurt in her own
mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity,
as a part of that household of which she was about to be
the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its
light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of
its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

At last Anne came to herself; in a little while
she rose from her bed in good health. But she was
eaten down by the anxiety and hope. Her greedy attending
had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-
clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawn-
brokers for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud last, to send after
William to see her as she was. She got a
little employment as a charwoman, at one house
and another, through the recommendations of the
Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were
themselves too poor to give her any advice or any other help.
But she kept them from the story of her love and
betrayal, and by doing so, kept peace from the
aching heart of her William; for the priest and the
sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent
her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at
charring, until she could repurchase some of her
good clothes. She would then visit William, make
known her condition to him, confess all the story
of her savings, and the way in which it was lost, and
steadily train upon the wedding being put off until
she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her
sense of independence by recovering at least some
part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all
comfort of cheerfulness and hope. She might have
found anything broken, instead of standing over it
cried, she had looked to see if it could be mended;
if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not,
she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own chosen prospects, just as
she had been used to deal with her mistress’s broken
china. She kept her mind fixed upon her restoration.
This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in
her servile work. She never let herself remember
that the time had come in which, except for her mis-
fortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress
of a household; but she set about her dull actualities
as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to
her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment
when she would find her head at rest on the
dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work
singing, she came from it singing. She said to
herself: ‘To think would destroy me; I shall never
be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and
my present state.’

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by
shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might
excite her—the truth of her own loss, the truth of
William’s astonishment and pain. Whenever she
found her mind inclining to the realisation of his
sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment
the echo of her sigh struck awhist her consciousness,
she arrested herself. ‘This will not do,’ she would
say; ‘it will be all the better afterwards; our happi-
ness will more than make up for our misery.’ She
never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly ana-
lysed or probed these ill-digested, hastily deductions.
If she had done so, she would have epied a monstrous
residuum of ‘proper pride’ underlying all the other
elements of her resolution. She had no William as she was.
If she had done so, she would have seen what
wretchedness, doubt, and despair she was sowing in
the true heart of her William. When that quakery
impulse sprung up in her, she scrabbled, or walked,
or hummed more vigorously; if a tear for William
started in her eye, she would brush through her
sighs, and brush it hurriedly away. She felt
that if she looked at the present, she should be
weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping
the end before her that she could find spirit and moral
stir for work. And whilst she was at her work, her
efforts raised a dust round her which hid everything
but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? what was the
end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would
William love her less for having suffered and
lost all? Would he love her the less for having
but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having
shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She
knew him better; she knew that he never suspected
she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the
thought was a delightful one to his open, generous
nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of
all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She
had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught
of false independence. The draught gave her
stimulus for her work. In a few weeks, she had
made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her
shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her
standing debts.

William, in the meantime, not having, like Anne,
any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence
and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excite-
ment, and delight, in looking forward. On the
contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His
disappointment, to lay it down all the glory of his life
was behind him—gone by for ever. And even that
past glory, since suspicion and the present appear-
ance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden
worth. It had been no true possession. It was
miserable for him. Whenever she had found
happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth,
by trusting in heartless and well-acted deceit. Before
him, he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in
the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worry-
ingly on the causes of Anne’s strange departure, until
by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two
ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening
conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.
The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark
foggy night, he found her hidden away in a dull
day, all through which his body had been taken
up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation
of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled
him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have
ventured on oath it was her. Without thinking
pursued the figure. It turned down some darker
street, and was lost in the fog. The other glimpse he
had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really
his affianced bride whom he had seen. ‘Whose is she
now? What relation to those she chooses in prefer-
one to me?’ He went home with these thoughts
burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not
be unjust. He fought a brave hard battle with his
suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne stood
against that testimony of his senses, and overcame.
He concluded that his senses had deluded him.
But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town,
and could keep herself from him at a time when she was
so accessibly bound, it must be because she had some
other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The
very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses rose
to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that
those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days afterwards, as he was seen slowly
moving gloomily over this mysterious blow, he
chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine
fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He
saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner
at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thought, however, he realized that he did not wish to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness she had been used to. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, snickering and hiding between interloping persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but turning suddenly in a mule, crossed the playground, as he was doing the strangest thing in the world, to get forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burlaying dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell.

When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rage, perhaps, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered, that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map on one side of New Zealand, and on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save, or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of everything—shop, and house, and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colours?

He pushed them, answering: 'Oh, anyhow.' The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that anyhow was always wrong. One of them advised him:

' I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shut the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand.'

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them must accurately know. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came wriggling into the shop. After a little while, he said to William:

'Have you seen the person in the parlour, sir?'

'What person? No,' said he.

'There was one came for you an hour ago,' said the boy; ' and she told me she should wait until you came in.'

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen, and implements, and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window between the shop and parlour, Anne was watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that she had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen. Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realize its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not seen her for an hour in the fog. She answered yes, and that the fog by degrees, that morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She flushed, and pointed to her dreams. William looked down at it: it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, 'just for vanity's sake,' he would not listen to, but demanded as the only penance that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very sickly man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.
SECOND PAPER.

WHEN people all declare that the weather is unusually mild for the season, when a southerly wind and a cloudy sky raise the temperature, and send down the mercury in the weather-glass, then, as cautious Moore hath it, 'a storm may be expected about this time.' Let Brown forbear to sail on the river, or, at least, to make fast the sheet of the sprit-sail, for sudden gusts usher in a coming cyclone. Let the hardy fishermen from Peterhead to Cullochart haul up high and dry on the beach their open undecked boats, and mend their nets and lines, seated cosily among wives and children, until the season of uncertainty is passed. Let the good ship Mary Anne, A1 at Lloyd's, lie snugly moored in Liverpool docks a few days more, if she would avoid foul winds, head seas, and the 'merchant-marring rocks' of the rugged Irish coast on her lee. Let the richly laden merchantman in the Channel, homeward-bound, after surmounting the perils of a long voyage, hasten to secure the friendly aid of a steam-tug, if she would escape being driven on to the Goodwin Sands; and let the dasy collier-brig set all studding-sails allow and aloft to gain the port before she rolls and pitches in an angry sea, and heeds over to the gal. Let each miner walk as wary in the bowels of the earth as if he were in a powder-magazine; for the explosive gases are hissing audibly as they rush from every crevice, the ventilation is slacking; a little more of the gas in the mine are forlorn if reckless Jones enters his 'bord' with a naked candle, or thoughtless Robinson tries to light a pipe at his Dary-lamp. Let farmers, shepherds, gardeners, invalids, etc., take suitable measures beforehand, for a cyclone cometh, a sudden change of weather, and probably a great storm.

The foreboding symptoms of a coming storm, the prelude way in which a vessel will be attacked by it,
and the excellent practical rules which Sir W. Reid has given for the proper management of a vessel in a storm, are an important part of the education of a sailor, to whom a practical knowledge of cycloneology is now indispensable. The philosophical landman will also be interested in a science which offers explanations of the continued easterly winds of an English spring, of the general prevalence of westerly winds in Britain at other seasons of the year, of the excessive changeableness of the climate of the British Islands, of the occurrence of great inundations, and of the extreme frequency of explosions in coal-mines; for these are all direct consequences of the nature and laws of British storms, or, to speak correctly, of North Atlantic cyclones.

Hurricanes, in some manner as yet unknown, are the offspring of an excessively heated atmosphere. They all begin near the equator, and are most frequent in any tropical country just after the season of greatest heat there. The hurricane season in the West Indies begins in August: and from August to the end of the following spring, cyclones come rushing across the Atlantic to Europe, not 'as single spics, but in battalions.' Every cyclone, however, does not assume itself here as a storm of wind, for in one of the great Cuba cyclones that have been traced across the North Atlantic Ocean by Redfield, Reid, Maury, and others, passes a little to the north of Scotland, and tends towards the north-east points of the compass. As the British Islands lie somewhat to the south of this mean central route, it follows that the southern halves of cyclones will most frequently sweep over Britain, and, consequently, that the prevailing winds here will be from the southward and westward. Now, the southerly winds keep up in front of the advancing cyclone the heated air of the tropical regions, so that the approach of a cyclone to Britain is generally signalled by a considerable rise of the mercury in the thermometer, as well as by a fall of that in the barometer, as already explained. As soon, therefore, as a cyclone passes over Britain—and they are usually gregarious, although they come in single file—we experience a rapid and successive alternation of southerly and northerly winds, and therefore of hot and cold days, together with all the other changes of weather which attend sudden fluctuations in the density and dryness of the atmosphere. The extreme changeableness of the climate of the British Islands, therefore, arises from their being situated on the southern side of the mean central track of all the cyclones that cross the North Atlantic Ocean; and the general prevalence of westerly winds here is obviously due to the same cause.

It is the West Indian cyclones generated in August, soon after the sun has attained its greatest northern declination, have all the violence of hurricanes, and move so rapidly poleward as to pass to the northward of Britain; so those generated about the time that the sun reaches its greatest southern declination, appear to be of a feeble nature with respect to their power of moving poleward, their centres often passing to the southward of Britain, causing a succession of easterly winds here, and at the same time heavy storms in the Bay of Biscay, Portugal, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea. This is the source of those cutting easterly winds in spring, which have such a pernicious influence on the health and temper, that Pope has chosen them for the peculiar atmosphere of 'the gloomy cave of Spleen' in the Rape of the Lock:

No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.

M. Liais, of the Imperial Observatory of Paris, in tracing the course of the great Balaklava tempest from England to the continent heath of the Caucasian mountains, has shown that it was an immense cyclone of which the centre passed to the south of England. During the three or four days of its transit across our meridian, the wind was easterly without exception from the Land's End to John O'Groats.

This was also the case with the twin-cyclones that caused the great inundations in France at the end of the spring of 1856. The average cyclonic tract over the North Atlantic deviates little from the course of the Gulf-stream, whose warm surface is always even, and where copious vapours. Each cyclone, therefore, collects, during its progress across the ocean, an abundance of moisture to be discharged in its western progress across the French plains and up the Loire and Loing. Cyclones that pass through low latitudes bordering on the tropics, also gather immense accumulations of moisture to be precipitated in the mountain-chains of Southern Europe, thus producing very heavy showers, those of the Balearic cyclones a few days before the inundation in France. The greatest and most sudden inundation noticed in our annals was that caused by the Morv flood in August 1829; resembling those in France as to their cyclonic origin, but by no means of equal magnitude.

The greatly increased risk of explosion of coal-damp in coal-mines is one of the most important consequences of the approach of a cyclone to the British Islands. This additional risk arises from two distinct sources: the diminution of atmospheric pressure, and the change of the character of the mercury in the barometer, permits an unusually large issue of inflammable gas from the coal into the workings of the mine; and the simultaneous rise of the temperature of the exterior air checks the ventilation, and thereby leaves the gas to accumulate below.

That gas is most abundant in the galleries of collieries, and that explosions are most frequent, during warm southerly winds, when the thermometer column is high, and the barometric column low, for a long been well known to practical miners in both England and France; and the evidence on this point has been given before the several committees of the House of Lords and Commons on accidents in coal-mines, both in England and France, and the evidence on this point has. For instance, the barometric depression during the passage over Britain of the north-eastern cyclones, began on the 9th, and ended on the 19th of November 1854, and was lowest on the 15th. During the four days when the atmospheric pressure was least, there occurred explosions in six different coal-mines, in localities remote from each other, but all under the dominion of the same cyclone. On the 13th, there was an explosion in Worcestershire; on the 14th, an explosion in
Northumberland; on the 15th, when the mercuриal column was lowest, there were three explosions—in Lancashire, Worcestershire, and Monmouthshire, respectively; and on the 16th, there was an explosion in Scotland. Just before the great explosion at Lundhilli Colliery, near Barnsley, in February 1857, the most destructive to human life on record, there was a sudden rise of temperature of more than twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and a fall of the barometric column, both caused by a passing cyclone.

In such cases, an inquiry is held on the unfortunate victims, and the stereotyped verdict returned that the accident was quite unaccountable, and no one to blame. It may have been so, for some explosions certainly do happen independently of the previous state of the weather; but in nine cases out of ten, an examination of the meteorological conditions that immediately preceded the explosion will show that the approaching epoch of increased danger might have been foreseen, and proper precautions taken beforehand. This is a matter of great importance, for explosions are becoming every year more numerous and more destructive.

One hundred and twelve persons lost their lives by one explosion at the Cymmer Colliery, near Caernarvon, in 1856; and about five hundred persons were destroyed under circumstances of an unusually painful nature, by the above-mentioned explosion at Lundhill Colliery. These two, of upwards of six hundred explosions of which the date and place are known, have been the most destructive to human life. The following statistics, compiled from the excellent periodical, Reports of the Government Inspectors of Mines, show that the number of recorded explosions is increasing from year to year: 1842, 37 explosions, 1844, 63 explosions, 1849, 104 explosions, 1853, 77 explosions, 1854, 84 explosions, 1855, 95 explosions, 1856, 98 explosions. In 1855, the number of explosions spread over the whole year, gives one explosion for every four days; so that by this time the annual number is probably approximating to an average of two explosions in each week.

It may be interesting to indicate some of the effects of such gentle cyclones, as, on account of their inferior velocity of rotation, are not accompanied by strong winds. Suppose one of these to approach our shores in early spring. For three or four days, mild and moderate breezes blow gently from the sunny south, warm the ground, soften and melt the ice; presently the bright little daisy thrusts its modest head above the relaxed earth, "the lusty sap begins to move;" forest-trees bud, and orchard-trees blossom, promising kindly fruits in autumn; busy little birds flutter joyfully hither and thither in pairs; and the speckled trout, thin and lankly after his long hibernation under a friendly stone, turns his head up-stream, and now and then dimples the surface as he forces his acquaintance on some unfortunate avant-courier of the ephemeral tribe. Thus, the genuine colds, asthmatic, and pneumonia are laid aside. Among the many hundreds of coal-mines in England, Scotland, and Wales, there are few that are not suddenly affected with asthma, evinced by the impeded action of their breathing organs. In July and August; and the least hush and the least of the miners' candle is reduced to an ominous little blue halo far above the wick. In the county newspapers of Staffordshire or Wales appear isolated accounts of explosions, juries as usual pronouncing execratory verdicts. The bodies recovered from the black abyss are decently interred, and a generous subscription relieves for a time the more pressing wants of widows and orphans.

Suppose, now, the first cyclone to be immediately succeeded by another, of which the centre moves slowly up the Mediterranean towards the Black Sea. A week or two of cold searching easterly winds soon blight all the fair promises of the premature spring; a frost nips the tender buds and blossoms, a sprinkling of snow powders the heads of the northern hills, and old folk talk of the unhealthiness of a black-thorn winter. Again, 'coughing brings the parson's saw.' But, it's an ill wind that blows no good; the coal-mines now throw off their asthmatic symptoms, breathing freely through their huge throats. Explosions are not heard of again until a sudden return of hot weather, or a season of greatly diminished atmospheric pressure.
keep their heads above water. It was an everyday occurrence to see the corpses of children floating down the stream; and the boatmen who pass them no more attention than they would to a dead dog." The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty; and there is not a leavening grain of humanity in the religion of the Chinese. Some spark of natural feeling has originated the doctrine of a continual metempsychosis; so that the mother, if she has any regard in putting her child to death, may console herself that she is only giving its spirit a passage from one body to another tenement more or less assimilated to the human form divine.

The Chinese laws are as merciful to this crime as our own legislation to that of wife-beating. One of the mandarins' edicts, after a long preamble on things in general, runs thus: 'We regret to find that in our flowery province the lives of infants are far from long. This is not good. Attention must be paid, and alteration made for the future.'

In the year 1846, the emperor of China published an edict to repress the prevalence of infanticide. He begs the parents to send the infants to the asylums rather than expose them to be devoured by wild beasts; and cast them into the river in cases where capital punishment, be it remembered, is awarded for the most trivial offences—he threatens all future offenders with the punishment of sixty blows of the stick for each offence:

So the dragon ate up the little children, and no one hindered him.

II.

It was Forbin Janson, bishop of Nancy, whose genius first discovered, and whose courage and energy were able to wield the weapon that could slay the destroyer.

With a large experience acquired from his missionary travels in the East, he combined the motive-power of religious enthusiasm and a fervent philanthropy; and when he had entered into the appalling details of the curse of China, he spared no faculty of mind or body till he had set in motion his scheme for the deliverance of the victims of infanticide.

The price of a new-born infant in China was said to be 200 sapaes, or about a shilling; increasing up to ten shillings for a child of ten years; and the worthy bishop determined to try the power of money on those infants that were insensible to nobler feelings.

But where should he obtain the necessary funds?

The outlets for benevolence are even more numerous in France than in England. Every day, charity knocks at the door, and opens the purses of rich and poor for the support of asylums, of hospitals, and a thousand institutions which have no other source of revenue than voluntary contributions.

There yet remained, thought the bishop, one class who were exempt from contribution.

It was for tender infants he besought assistance to rescue them from a violent death. It was to the children of his faith he determined to appeal for the means to carry on the good work. He resolved to enlist the tender sympathies of the little children, and make them the saviours of thousands of innocents from a cruel and hopeless doom.

The worthy bishop disseminated his plan throughout the families of the rich and powerful world of France, that the benevolence of the little children, and make them the saviours of thousands of innocents from a cruel and hopeless doom.

The head-quarters of the army which the French have sent to fight the dragon of China and enslave idolatry are at No. 4 Rue Champselys, at Paris; where may be seen the whole material of the war, its arms and munitions, its annals and its trophies. They have a mighty army, well furnished with the staff of war, and led on by victorious generals; their triumphs are over the powers of darkness, their prisoners are captives to the yoke of Christ, and their laurels will be a crown of glory.
A PERSECUTED CENTURY.

For some time past, it has been a fashion amongst writers to run down the eighteenth century; and at length the rage has come to a fearful boil over in the new work of Mr Carlyle. The great difficulty of this eminent author in treating Frederick the Great is, by his own profession, how to 'show a man who is a reality worthy of being seen,' and yet 'keep his century, as a hypocryia worthy' of being hidden and forgotten, in due abeyance.' This century, he calls it, of 'accumulated falsities'—so false, that it had no longer the consciousness of being so—having 'no thing grand in it, except that grand universal suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act; setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination,' he says he thankfully feels, 'for such a century. Century spendthrifts, fraudulent bankrupt, gone at length utterly insolvent, without real money of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and specieties any further: what could the poor century do but at length admit: "Well, it is so. I am a swindler century, and have long been; having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather: knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last for ever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?" Which the poor century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.'

Surely the accusative case is getting into a sad predominance among us, when a whole century can be arraigned on cumulative evidence in this manner.

We humbly presume to think that the eighteenth was a pretty fair century, as centuries go. It brought us no such movement as a Reformation, indeed—the special work of the sixteenth—but the brewer found he could not boil down a black man every day, whatever declension it might occasion in the repuge of his beer: and so it is, there is not a Reformation to be done every century. Apart from lucky accidents of that kind so thinly sown, looking to what centuries in general are, we rather think well of the eighteenth century; perhaps in some respects it was a better century than our own, which, with more light, has also the demerit of keeping up a good deal more darkness.

Only remember, it was in the eighteenth century that the inhabitants of this world were first generally informed of how it has its relative place and motion amongst the other worlds—of what lightning is—what air is—what ultimate elements the solids of the earth are composed of. It was in this century that men were enabled to add planets to the solar system, and whole legions of new and undreamed-of organisms to creation. It was this century which first really embraced and profited by the inductive philosophy, and began to see with any clearness that there is a fixed order of things in the universe, the study of and conformity to which gives a just economy to human life. This a poor century, which saw Franklin bring down thunder on the string of a kite at Philadelphia, and Watt laying the foundation of the grandest physical power possessed by man in a little workshop in Glasgow College! Why, what would Mr Carlyle have of a century, if he6ights these things? What other century, will he tell us, ever did such things for its own children, and those who were to follow after them?

It seems, however, to be in moral respects that Mr Carlyle chiefly finds the condemnation of the eighteenth century. It was a century trading in false bills. Was it so, indeed? It was the first century that ever saw through the gross superstitions which had made all preceding centuries believe in sorcerers and jugglers, and condemn old women for witchcraft. It was a hypocritical century, working upon specialties till it was out of all credit. Was it so truly? To our mind, so far from being specially an insincere century, it appears as just the least so of all centuries. In the previous one, to dissent from the established church, informed, in Britain, serious penalties to every grade of society. In Mr Carlyle's native country, to disown presbytery brought excommunication—that is, social outlawry, loss of goods, and of place in the country; on a change of rule, to act against episcopacy inferred drogooning in the fields. In the eighteenth century, nearly every such penal consequence to nonconformity in both ends of the island had disappeared. In which of these two kinds of circumstances was it that hypocrisy was most likely to be practised? Most men nowadays have a relish and an approval for toleration. Was there toleration in the seventeenth century? On the contrary, the word was a reproach. James I. indignantly defended himself against the imputation of being favourable to it. It was formally repudiated by the Long Parliament and Westminster Assembly of Divines as the nurse of all heresies; and when Alexander Henderson, the leading Scotch Covenanting divine, preached to the House in recommendation of his own favourite ecclesiastical polity, he denounced
none so much as those who held 'that every one should be left to preach, profess, and print what pleased. If we look across the Atlantic, we find the same spirit. There the very men who had fled from intolerance, practised the fiercest intolerance themselves. Roger Williams, the first enunciator of the principle of liberty of conscience, had to fly from his own state of Rhode Island, and skulk in the wilderness, exposed to the severities of winter and to starvation. Various Quakers were hanged. Contrast with this the eighteenth century, in which every one was fully allowed to 'preach, profess, and print what he liked.' But contrast it also with the nineteenth, which should know so much better. Does Clement XIV, supposing the Jesuits look ill against Pio Nono denouncing all who disagree to the Immuculate Conception? Does Austria, under Joseph II. and his prodigious reforms, pale beside Austria in 1789 under the new concordat? Has the libertinism of Cook at home been less an excuse for the fanatic cruelties and propaganda of Nicolas I.? Is the France of easy-going Louis XV. improved upon in respect of religious freedom by the France of Louis Napoleon? There were strong convictions in the sixteenth century, as there are, seem to be, now; and in strong convictions Mr Carlyle delights. But somehow, strong convictions have an unpleasant affinity to burnings, and throat-cuttings, and pester- ing of one's neighbours. What Mr Carlyle delights in does not seem to suit the general inclinations of his audience, and ineffectual for even the assumedly good ends it proposes. It is highly questionable how far a century is improved by it when it is not put under very strong checks—an article not always very ready at command can be interested. In fact, we do not know a more formidable state of things amongst mankind than a medley of strong convictions; and we sincerely hope that Mr Carlyle may never be punished with the realisation of his desires regarding it.

If we confine our view to Great Britain, we shall see that, in economic and some other respects, the eighteenth was not a bad century. It saw the long partial administration of Walpole, in which we threw round the country a semblance of parliamentary hypocrisy. It gave us India. We lost, indeed, our American colonies; but it was a gain to general humanity, and we may now forget the stupidity of George III. In our sympathy with the glory of George II. during a period when the population of England was greatly increased, her wealth probably quadrupled, roads, canals, posts established, a free press created, the national taste regulated with an elegant literature. It gave us Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Burke, and Burns. Nor were great soldiers wanting. Marlborough, Saxe, Frederick, Clive, were far from being common-place people: indeed, it may be asked where are their equals now? Oh, Mr Carlyle, this a poor century in great men! Look at the present; and, if the curst episcopal historical personages now living gives you a sniff of reproach.

Finally, as to this same suicide which the eighteenth century is said to have performed upon itself. A better economy, ally, there doubtless brought about by real evils, for which some people were to blame, either on the ground of their want of political wisdom or their wicked selfishness. Yet look also at the growing sense of right and the splendid good designs towards mankind at large, which prompted the reforming party. These things, albeit unlucky in their results, are things properly to the credit of the century. It was the first time that a great people demanded to be treated with justice by their rulers, and that, we conceive, is no small matter in the history of this world. Even then, in this dismal end the century came to, we descend something to admire and sympathise with. It seems to stamp our proposition with a final approval, that there have been worse centuries than the eighteenth.

THE NEWSPAPER WORLD.

Warez the privilege granted to Master Nathaniel Butter, the originator of the present form of newspaper, to 'revive the glimpses of the moon,' he would feel astonishment at seeing what a mighty progress his humble efforts to produce a sheet of 'news' had evoked. And were it further permitted that he might see, as in a glass, the progress and struggles of his invention, as it travelled over the thorny paths of time through a period full two centuries long, to its present state of perfection, we can fancy the amazement that might sit on his brow, as he contrasted the appearance of his little, shabbily printed week- or monthly sheet, with the leviathans of the present day. We can imagine how rapidly his memory would slit back to the year of grace 1622, when James the First was king, and how he would recall the jibes and jeers, and prophecies of failure, that were levelled at him by his friends and pamphletiers; as these are to us, so now, and in strong convictions Mr Carlyle delights. But somehow, strong convictions have an unpleasant affinity to burnings, and throat-cuttings, and pestering of one's neighbours. What Mr Carlyle delights in does not seem to suit the general inclinations of his audience, and ineffectual for even the assumedly good ends it proposes. It is highly questionable how far a century is improved by it when it is not put under very strong checks—an article not always very ready at command can be interested. In fact, we do not know a more formidable state of things amongst mankind than a medley of strong convictions; and we sincerely hope that Mr Carlyle may never be punished with the realisation of his desires regarding it.

If we confine our view to Great Britain, we shall see that, in economic and some other respects, the eighteenth was not a bad century. It saw the long partial administration of Walpole, in which we threw round the country a semblance of parliamentary hypocrisy. It gave us India. We lost, indeed, our American colonies; but it was a gain to general humanity, and we may now forget the stupidity of George III. In our sympathy with the glory of George II. during a period when the population of England was greatly increased, her wealth probably quadrupled, roads, canals, posts established, a free press created, the national taste regulated with an elegant literature. It gave us Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Burke, and Burns. Nor were great soldiers wanting. Marlborough, Saxe, Frederick, Clive, were far from being common-place people: indeed, it may be asked where are their equals now? Oh, Mr Carlyle, this a poor century in great men! Look at the present; and, if the curst episcopal historical personages now living gives you a sniff of reproach.

Finally, as to this same suicide which the eighteenth century is said to have performed upon itself. A better economy, ally, there doubtless brought about by real evils, for which some people were to blame, either on the ground of their want of political wisdom or their wicked selfishness. Yet look also at the growing sense of right and the splendid good designs towards mankind at large, which prompted the reforming party. These things, albeit unlucky in their results, are things properly to the credit of the century. It was the first time that a great people demanded to be treated with justice by their rulers, and that, we conceive, is no small matter in the
hand, and that the electric telegraph would never become more than a scientific toy, so it was predicted that there never could be a successful penny newspaper. "Already, it was written and meant to say in the paper (the Manchester Examiner and Times), announcing the acquisition of a machine capable of producing copies at the rate of 15,000 an hour. these, it must be admitted, are rather promising facts. This remark-

able journal is understood to have a daily sale of 28,000. We lately purchased a copy of it, at nine o'clock in the morning of publication, at a railway station, midway between York and Hull, and found it to contain the same news as was in the Times of the same date.

So much for the outside or husk of the newspaper world. Let us now withdraw the curtain and peep behind the scenes upon the busy picture presented in the offices of a largely circulating newspaper. See the gigantic machine, instinct with life, throwing off the printed sheets as quickly as the eye can count them. See the host of men, reminding us of a body of large ants, picking up tons of metal by half a penny-weight at a time. See the great intellectual head, the foremost man of all, the mighty "we," at whose frown potenates tremble and, min-

istries dissolve, hurried by his aids — the busy reporter new from his turn in 'the gallery;' indispensible secretary of the sub-editor, condensing verbose communications, and extracting information and readable matter from a mountain of letters, blue-books, and country papers. See also how the post-office, the telegraph, and the train, rain a countless succession of communications upon the editor-

ial table from all the corners of the earth. Look, there is a packet from 'our special correspondent,' who is tracking the steps of the British army in India; another, from our own correspondent, who has been tracing the time and distance between British and America, by laying down an electric cable in the depths of the Atlantic; a third from a lively correspondent, who is dodging the foot-
steps of royalty at the Chesham House. Then, again, others are the younger gentlemen in the loosely buttoned coat, who drop a letter into the communication-box and disappear: that is a 'penny-a-liner,' who has just gleaned the particulars of an exciting murder, perpetrated in the most mysterious manner; another has spied a man in a high and imperative requisition in a capacity for suicide; and a third will follow, just as the paper is going to press, with a terrific confirmation accom-
panied by loss of life. The knowing sub-editor has in a few minutes revised, and (most necessary duty of all), abridged this 'copy,' and given it a corner in the paper, which consummation the competition of rival journals makes necessary, when the article is of sufficient importance, as the liners have dropped copies into the letter-boxes of all the other daily papers.

A great London editor, according to Thomas Carlyle, gets up his leader in the following style: 'He rushes into the clubs, into London society, rolls about all day, soppily talking modish nonsense or sense, and listening to the like, with the multifarious miscellany of men; comes home at night, redacts it into a Times leader, and is found to have hit the essential purport of the work in some sensible babblement. This is what the sub-editor, according to the old familiar branches of the Babel, did not. They did not enter into words; this more nearly than anything else. Let the most gifted intellect, capable of writing epics, try to write such a leader for the morning newspaper.' The text-sub-editor, as we already seen, has his own particular duties, and, on the other hand, they are numerous and unceasing — piles of letters to wade through and select from, reports of all kinds to revise and adapt, proofs of letters from 'special' correspondents in distant countries, requiring unprecedented geographical knowledge to look over and correct; and in many cases he has also the revising and note-posting. By the aid of this, the reporter is left to carry out what must go in, and what must 'stand over till our next.' The reporter is a most important and useful auxiliary. By means of this individual the newspaper has come to perform a very important function, impossible to be rightly done without thorough freedom of statement; it is the 'channel of information between all classes in the country — it tells the country what the legislature and government are about, and the legislature and government what the country wants; or, as the poor know what is going forward beyond their own sphere.' In short, by means of editorial labour, aided by the energy of the reporter, the newspaper has become a political map of the country, as neces-

ary to the statesman as the map to the general. Some idea of the work of a parliamentary reporter is given in a little work entitled Aids to Reporting. We are told therein, that the reporter must be usually endowed with a perceptive power of a high order, and a faculty, which is by no means common, of transferring the current of thought which another person is endeavouring to express, and the process of reasoning by which he seeks to arrive at his own conclusions, to his own mind. He must be able to understand, and for the time to feel, not merely what a man says, but what he means to say — things, with the most practised speakers, at times, and with young debaters, at all times, totally opposed to each other. He must be able so completely to identify himself with the course of an argument, as to know beforehand, almost, not merely what the speaker is about to say, but the expressions he will or ought to use. It tends to the development and bringing out of this faculty, a study of the principles and practice of logic is a valuable assistance. Added to all these qualifications, a great mechanical power in note-taking, and extraordinary rapidity in transcribing the notes into long-hand copy for the printer, are absolutely necessary. In aid of the note-taking power of the reporter, the acquisition of shorthand is of considerable importance; but it is by no means an imperative requisite. It has been said, that in an eminent degree, the higher qualifications of his calling. Some of the most distinguished reporters the gallery of parliament has known were long-hand writers, and there are at present two or three who report in long-hand with a power which enables them to follow a speaker with all due verba
tiones accuracy.'

While these editorial matters are in active progress, it must not be supposed that the 'business' affairs of the paper, conducted either by the proprietor himself, or by his agents, is being neglected. None but such as have been regularly initiated into the mysteries of the newspaper world know the activity, the intense mental labour, of the forethought and unceasing energy that are required to insure the commercial prosperity of a first-rate journal. A person involved in the conducting of a high-class daily newspaper lives in a perpetual whirl of excitement, his existence being little else, from the 1st of January till the 31st of December, a kind of new life. From morning to night he is obliged to be in harness, and at every person's command, never having one moment of the day he can call his own; his eye must be on all, and his active body everywhere. At some moment, he is deep-

in confabulating with the party who is fitting up his new machine; at another he is arranging terms of agreement with a special correspondent who is required for India; now he has to complain of the
non-arrival of his new types, or the unpunctuality of the peelers; and he supplies him with; now he gets in a position at an impudent 'liner' who has done the paper with an invented murder or a 'heart-rending suicide'; anon, a conference with the principal editor as to the line of writing to be taken up consequent on a change of ministry, demands his presence. Or the paper-maker has a woeful tale to harass him with. His machinery has become deranged, and he has also unfortunately run out of rags in consequence of the shutting up of a foreign port; and so, with melancholy range, he announces that there is only sufficient paper on hand to last three days, and that it will take four days to get his machinery put right, even if the rags should arrive in the meantime. Scarcely is this misfortune remedied than there comes an 'immediate' circular from the stamp-office, announcing that one of the securities, required by law for every paper, has grown timid, and has withdrawn his name, and that a substitute must be found before stamps can be obtained for the next paper. And so the day passes interminably, along, till wearied, alone, worried, and headache, the poor manager hurries away home, to dinner. On the morrow, a similar routine of cares and anxieties is repeated, with similar expenditure of bodily and mental labour. These little charges, indeed, he may consider, are only a title to what the proprietor has endured—the efforts required to contend with other journals are alone sufficient to wear out his life in a very short time.

The reader will perhaps relish, by way of contrast, an account of the humble journal of a fifth-rate county town, with its diffuse local paragraphs and minute market intelligence.

The week begins, in the country printing-office, with the distribution of the types of the preceding paper, a task which generally occupies about two days; the length of time required varying considerably in proportion to the extent of the general jobbing business carried on, for few country newspaper proprietors are independent of what is called the jobbing trade. The editor, sub-editor, and reporter, are, in most cases, one and indivisible in this kind of office; and he is engaged in the early part of the week in selecting literary extracts and other general 'matter,' to be used in the circumstances of the paper. By the time the compositors are ready to take 'copy,' he has gleaned sufficient to keep them busy; and any original communications that may have been sent in, are then carefully read and revised by him, and selected or rejected, as the case may be.

Perhaps, while he is thus engaged, notice of the holding of some meeting or court is given him. Independent of the various courts and public meetings held in the town where the paper is issued, the editor-reporter is required to attend at similar meetings in various adjacent villages and towns, where no regular correspondent is appointed. Generally, however, there is in each of these little villages some rustic genius, ambitious of shining in all the glories of the 'original poetry' or 'original literature' department of the paper.

Besides the usual routine of reporting, all local occasions, agricultural, political, or social, require the greatest attention, and have to be given very fully in the local columns. In many districts of the country, one of the greatest facilities of the reporter in obtaining such information, namely, the reports of police-officers of occurrences on their beats, is wanting; but this delectatetum is commonly supplied by good-natured gossips, who take care to spread the news of the event far and wide, so that there is little chance of anything escaping the local editor. A great deal depends on the management of this department, as

the most requires to be made of every little occurrence, and the more the better. For instance, the growth of turnips and potato, must be duly chronicled, as must also the births, deaths, and marriages of the surrounding neighbourhood.

In the general or political news department, the editor has a much easier duty to perform than his London brethren, as he has all the advantage of their labours. He does not require to think much or profoundly on political matters, as he makes use of the brains of the metropolitan editors for that purpose. His greatest efforts in the way of 'leaders' are on some local matter of vast importance, such as the shutting up of a roadway, the scarcity of coal, or the unpunctuality of the local post-office. The market intelligence must be copious and correct, as all the farmers for miles around depend upon it for the regulation of their sales. In conclusion, let us state, that the provincial editor is a great man in his district, 'feast and feasted upon all occasions when there is a local gathering, and no farmers' dinner is complete without him along, till wearied, alone, worried, and headache, the poor manager hurries away home, to dinner. On the morrow, a similar routine of cares and anxieties is repeated, with similar expenditure of bodily and mental labour. These little charges, indeed, he may consider, are only a title to what the proprietor has endured—the efforts required to contend with other journals are alone sufficient to wear out his life in a very short time.

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THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

François Dumontel, a painter of Lyon, espoused in the spring of 1848, Euphrosyne Lamont, a youthful damsel about his own age, and equally poor, extrâsiastic, and unreflecting. Both were orphans; and Euphrosyne was a charming brunette, of local celebrity, whose dark southern eyes shone with such brilliancy as she emerged, a blushing bride, from the church of St. Thomas, that the spectators were fast acknowledged it was not surprising the young artist should have preferred the graceful and blooming Euphrosyne to middle-bred wonderment. presents he, the daughter and heiress of the rich silk-mercers in the Rue du Nord, whose sole attractions were les beaux yeux de sa casse. The favour of this lady he was reported to have won by painting her portrait so cleverly, that his patroness, as far as he could recognise the likeness, the coarse, dry, parchement complexion, vivian eyes, and altogether crabbed aspect of the original, were so judiciously modified and softened, that a very pleasant ensemble resulted—an achievement which elicited from more than one observer the remark, that if François Dumontel were not the great genius he believed himself to be, he, at all events, possessed a skill in likeness-painting which, diligently cultivated, could hardly fail realizing a fortune. Unfortunately, young Dumontel...
looked down from the exaltation of his vanity with supreme contempt upon that branch of his art; his genius had wings for a far loftier flight, and next to love Sirene, the fame which could not fail to accrue from the exhibition in Paris of his great historic painting—a glittering mass of effulgent uniforms, fiery steeds, and crimson cannon-flashes upon a background of universal smoke, the fanciful representation of a battle in a garde—lent brightness to the future, upon which, with love, beauty, youth, for his companions, he was now about to enter. Euphrasyne, herself a graceful flower-painter, as well as artiste en fleurs, participated the illusions of her lover and his fate, which could not fail to arouse a start and exclamation of alarm, when, on the evening of the seventh or eighth day of married life, François, who had been for some time profoundly immersed in money-calculations, said abruptly:

'It is plain, monsieur, that after paying for our places in the diligence, and the carriage of the picture, we shall have only about two hundred francs left when we reach Paris.'

'Two hundred francs! No more! Ah, François, that is such a small sum to begin the world with.'

'True, mon ami; but what then? Gugnœnard writes me that Vernet sold a picture decidedly inferior to mine, a short time since, for twelve thousand francs. The Raconis report, I fear, to me. If mine but fetches half that sum, it is already a fortune.'

'You know Gugnœnard, François, much better than I do, and have, I am aware, confidence in his judgment.'

'And I, in my confidence, Euphrasyne. Have you forgotten the compliment passed by Monsieur Le Viscomte de Parris upon Henri Gugnœard's the engraver's taste in the fine arts?'

'No; I remember it well, and that Gugnœard was himself the relater, and not for all the world a lover of art.'

'Is not that a little ungenerous, Euphrasyne?'

'Perhaps so,' said the young wife, covering with an effort her natural gaiety of tone; and what is certain is, that I have full confidence in your genius and fortunes, François.'

The conversation thus terminated, Dumontel proceeded at once to the messageries to secure places in the diligence, and Euphrasyne fell into a reverie, from which she was roused by the announcement of 'Monsieur Bouis, an officer, in devout mourning, and wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, presented himself. He was from Paris, and the sternly sad expression of his pale features was doubtless caused by the death, about three months previously, of his only son in an apparently motiveless duel with a French officer en retraite—Le Capitaine Regnaud. The unfortunate young man had been on a prolonged visit at Lyon, at the time of the catastrophe, a circumstance well known to Euphrasyne, who appeared to be as much startled as surprised by the words 'Monsieur Bouis, of Paris.' The gentle mournfulness of his greeting, however, quickly reassured her.

'I am the father, madam—I beg pardon, Madame Dumontel, of the unfortunate Charles Bouis, who, I hope, still lives in your friendly remembrance.'

'Assuredly, monsieur,' replied Euphrasyne; and this notwithstanding my acquaintance with your amiable son was of the slightest kind."

'So I understand,' said her visitor; 'and yet, but for that slight acquaintance, my son now would be alive.'

'Comment, monsieur?' exclaimed Euphrasyne, blushing and trembling; 'I do not comprehend.'

'Not clearly, you mean, my dear madame; but pray do not analyse an incident—let us explain my meaning, and justify or, at least, excuse my presence here. During the night previous to the duel with Captain Regnaud,' added M. Bouis, 'so inexplicable as having arisen from the few sharp but meaningless words said to have provoked it, my son, foreboding it might be the last time he should address me upon earth, penned a long letter, in which about his death was one course forwarded to me. It is only about a fortnight ago,' continued the speaker, with increasing emotion, sternly as he strove to preserve a simulated stoicism of tone and manner, 'that I found courage to open and read it. One paragraph alone related to you, madame; a brief one, but written with a hand which trembled more at those few lines than all the rest, informed me that he had passionately loved the beautiful orpheeine of the Grande Rue, Lyon, Euphrasyne Lamont, or, as I have explained, knowing that I would not consent to the alliance, had never disclosed his passion to the said Euphrasyne—in words, of course, is meant,' added M. Bouis, 'as it is scarcely possible that a sentiment so vivid should not have found interpretation, though that of the lips was withheld.'

'Have the kind ness, monsieur,' said Madame Dumontel, 'to confine yourself to what it is needful I should hear. For the rest,' she added, with a slight tinge of pride, 'a young woman born and brought up in a school of instruction and taught and nurtured, does not permit herself to interpret the demeanour of young gentlemen in whose society she may chance to find herself.'

'Excuse me, madame, I would willingly offend you. I have, however, a few more words to say. Le Capitaine Regnaud was, I have reason to believe, keener sighted than you, and he, moreover, I am informed, greatly admired Mademoiselle Euphrasyne Lamont, declared his preference, and was repulsed—contemptuously repulsed.'

'Monsieur Bouis,' said Euphrasyne, rising and speaking with vehemence, 'this is extreme impertinence on your part. Forgive me,' she added, quickly checking herself; 'you have, I recognise, a privilege of grief as well as of age, justifying remarks that from others would be intolerable. I can appreciate, moreover, the motive of this questioning. Well, then, sir, the current report you speak of is not precisely correct. Monsieur Le Capitaine Regnaud insulted Euphrasyne Lamont, and was by her indignant and sternly defied. That is the simple truth.'

'And this was known to my son?'

'I cannot speak positively as to that, but I have sometimes feared it may have been so.'

'And that knowledge, conjured with Regnaud's surmise that Charles might prove a formidable rival, infused venom into the else slightly irritating words that passed between them at the Café Royal?'

'I can only repeat, monsieur, that I fear it may have fallen out as you suggest.'

M. Bouis seemed to reflect for a short time, and then resuming with greater vivacity, said: 'In the presence of so much frankness, madame, I cannot choose but be equally sincere and open. I have been, as you may perhaps have heard, a commissaire de police, in the department of the Seine et Oise, residing usually at Versailles, and only lately at Paris, where I am not much known. A considerable succession that fell to me not very long since—of slight value in my estimation now—enabled me to retire from the service—with honour, madame, as the decoration I wear assures you. I have not, however, learned the craft of my profession in abandonment of his exercise; and my chief purpose in visiting Lyon was to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of a rumour that had reached me, to the effect that Charles had met with foul play at the hands of Regnaud—a villain, who had had three murders by duel, by his head.'

'And he enjoys, I have heard, in those frightful crimes,' interjected Euphrasyne with a shudder, 'but the day of retribution will surely arrive for him.'
At the hour when I fully satisfy myself that my boy was unfairly dealt with—apart from Regnàud's conduct to the wine-shop—this last touch of the same Epigrams has been in some way completely blinded to the nature of her husband's pursuits during his long absences from home; but she was of a courageous, elastic temperament, and soon rallying from the blow, all the more capable that the recent section of M. Euphyse's words and promise flashed hopefully upon her mind, she was, before an hour had passed, on her way to that gentleman's house, armed with a written statement of her husband's liabilities, and with her husband's promise, if extricated from the ruin he had brought upon himself and wife, he would never erect a gaming-house again, nor as long as he lived raise his hands with the touch of dice or cards.

M. Bouis was at home, and Euphyse was immediately ushered into his presence. He looked much older and sadder than when she last saw him; but he was unchanged towards herself, judging by his kind recognising smile, and the good—will with which he took her trembling hand and pressed it with both his.

"Ah, monsieur," broke in the weeping wife, "you are too good—too generous."

"And a moderate sum besides," continued M. Bouis, "which will enable your husband to prosecute his studies, if he be sincere in his vows of amendment. But let him perfectly understand," added that gentleman with severe emphasis, "that I do this, and will yet further assist him, upon condition only that he never again plays or associates with Regnàud, and especially that he never again secure advances for him or any other person on any pretext whatever. Can I, Madame, reckon upon your husband's rigorous fulfilment of these terms?"

"Oh, certainly, monsieur," sobbed Euphyse.

"Frances has been important, thoughtless, but in heart, believe me, is uncorrupted; the promise he has given, together with the pledge you require, will be sacredly kept."

"Enough, my dear madame," said Monsieur Bouis, with respectful kindness. "There is a draft for the amount required. One moment, he added, as Euphyse was leaving the room; 'your husband's promissory-notes have, I happen to know, been discounted by Lemaire, No. 13 Rue Favard; you can therefore withdraw them without Regnàud's inter- vention, or waiting till they are presented for pay- ment. Au revoir, madame; I shall call and see your husband one of these days.'

About six weeks after this occurrence, and rather late in the evening, a middle-aged man entered at estaminet in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and bade the attendant garçon inform Captain Regnàud, if he called, that his friend Gabriel was waiting for him in the back-room. Gabriel was, it is true, the name given to this man, although he was shrewdly suspected by at least one of them, in consequence of some half-revelations made under the influence of wine, that he was no other than a certain Jacques Le Maître, an escaped forçat, who, by means..."
of a luxuriant black wig, whiskers, moustaches, and beard, and altogether artistic make-up, with the further precaution of never leaving his desk, where he sat all day, and only rising at night, so as to hitherto managed to evade the vigilance of the Paris police. Evidently from his sometimes gloomily preoccupied, and at other times restess, unquiet demeanour, an individual at odds with the settled order of the world, and on this particular evening he seemed more than usually nervous and impatient, which was not surprising, a full hour having passed before Captain Regnau, himself in a state of great mental disquietude, and fuddled, moreover, with drink, seemed to attend to my appeal.

'Ah, there you are, sacred night-owl,' exclaimed Regnau, seizing as he spoke the wine ordered, but untouched, by Gabriel, and swallowing it at a draught. 'If I could have seen you two hours since, I fear now eight hundred francs richer than I am.'

'Eight hundred francs in two hours is grand joy,' remarked Gabriel.

'Yes; I played high and madly. In fact, Gabriel, my friend, continued the captain, my affairs, as I have related, had left me in an awkward state; nevertheless, with your promised assistance, clever coquin that you are, all may yet be well.'

'And, may I inquire,' then, will take my promissory-nota in lieu of that you are so eager to get out of his hands?'

'Not he, the villain! On the contrary, he plainly hints his opinion, and therein, entre nous, I agree with him—that my friend Gabriel has half-a-dozen aliases—all names well known to meurers the police, but not worth a sou upon a bill.'

'That remains to be proved, Monsieur le Capitaine. In the meantime, what is to be done?'

'That, my friend, is the question. In the first place, then, one thousand francs, well-nigh all I am possessed of, shall, in case of success, be yours. Ah, that, in your opinion, is speaking to the purpose! Eh, Gabriel!'

'No doubt. I must, however, know without reservation exactly how many thousand francs are to be earned. I know that such a sum cannot be had for nothing; still, I must know all the whys and wherefores of the business before I engage in it.'

'Quite right; I expected no less from your experience. In the second place, then, I am about to confide in your discretion, as I certainly would not in the oak of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, or of his Holiness the Pope; and for these plain reasons, my friend—firstly, that you would as lief hang yourself as appear before a magistrate for any purpose whatever; secondly, that if you did so appear, your evidence would not be worth the breath with which it was uttered. You see I am candidour itself.'

'Precious! Well!'

'This, then, is the exact situation. But first order in some brandy. You remember, Gabriel,' the captain went on to say, as soon as the brandy was placed upon the table, and his companion had resumed his seat, but in such a position that his countenance could only be partially seen where Regnau sat—'you remember that, about a week after that poor devil of an artist of the Grande Rue Verte so unexpectedly paid his debts, and turned enterprising, I had the incur; and that Lemaire—confound him!—would not lend me a franc without the security of my friend Dumontel, who had taken up his former acceptances in so satisfactory a manner. Well, I know, of course, that my friend François Dumontel did not think it beneath his signature to save me from perdition; and so—and so,' added Captain Regnau, gulping down another glass of brandy,

'I should be able to retire the note before the month expired, 1—1—, you understand?'

'Not exactly.'

'Not exactly then my brain is duller than that flashing eye of yours. I mean that I signed the name of François Dumontel without its owner's consent.'

'In plain French, that you forged François Dumontel's signature to a bill for five thousand francs?'

'Just that. Well, Lemaire now refuses to renew it, even if half, as I offered yesterday, were paid down, or take any other security I can get in its place; and it is due in four days.'

'Morëx, but that is embarrassing. I see nothing for it but flight, or—blowing Dumontel's brains out—legally, of course.'

'Thou art a shrewd rascal, Gabriel,' exclaimed Regnau with vivacity. 'Flight happens to be out of the question, and if nothing better can be done, I must boldly face the other expedient to have suggested strikes me as the safest, surest plan.'

'It struck me that you might provoke Dumontel to a duel, and slay him. You are an adept, I have heard, at that game.'

'You have heard aright; but there are cogent reasons why I should not fight him. In the first place, if he should escape with life, which, however, is not likely, the affair of the bill of exchange would have an ugly look. Next, to kill him would damage me irretrievably with his charming widow, whose good graces I do not yet despair of winning; so that, in brief, Gabriel, if you would earn the thousand francs, you must fight and kill Dumontel yourself.'

'1! Bah! you rave!'

'Perfectly sane, if not precisely sober, I assure you, friend Gabriel. What objection have you?'

'What objection? Come, that's pleasant! To begin with, then, he is, you know, as it were, my best fencer, in that I should have an excellent chance of receiving, instead of a thousand francs, six inches of cold steel for my share of the bargain.'

'Tut, tut! There is no risk of that. You shall pink him without the least risk to yourself, as I have already four in my lifetime; the last a far smarter fellow than Dumontel—one Charles Bouis of Lyon—What all these?'

'A sharp spasm, that's all; pass the brandy.'

'The expedient,' continued Regnau in compliance with his companion's gesture, 'is as simple as it is safe. I will provide you a just-au-corps, or under-shirt, fitting close to the body; so flexible, and otherwise artistically manufactured, that though impenetrable by the keenest sword-point, it cannot, except by the closest, minutest examination, be distinguished from plain flannel. After throwing off your coat, you will open the vest above the just-au-corps, before engaging, to show that all is above board, and the affair is as good as finished—your man as safely and certainly shot as a fowl.'

Gabriel was some time before he made up his mind to accept Regnau's atrocious proposal; but at last he said: 'Well, the venture is worth trying by a fellow so out of employment as I am. Where can I meet with this Dumontel?'

'At Bichardi's, the restaurant, not far from the Louvre. He dines there most evenings between five and six o'clock. He is of the true southern breed, and therefore easily provoked to save me from perdition; and so—and so,' added Captain Regnau, gulping down another glass of brandy.

'And the thousand francs?'

'Five hundred at starting for the Bois de Boulogne, and five upon returning—successful.'
It is a bargain; and now I must begone, for this confounded cholic increases upon me, and I must procure some more potent remedy than brandy.'

'Good evening, Gabriel. The thousand francs, depend upon it, are as safely yours as if already pocketed.'

Le Capitaine Regnault slept soundly at daybreak the next morning, his head glued to the pillow by the strong potations of the previous evening; nevertheless awake he must and did under the infliction of the shouts and shakings of some half-a-dozen gendarmes; and, cloudy, mystified as were his wine and sleep oppressed senses, he was soon made to comprehend that he, Jules Regnault, ci-devant Capitaine de Chasseurs, was on his way to prison, charged with the grave crime of having forged the signature of François Dumontel to a bill of exchange for five thousand francs.

The Cour d'Assises of the Seine, before which Regnault was arraigned, was in session the next week but one. Various formalities having been gone through, the previously sworn testimony of Lemaire, that he discounted the bill for the accused, and that of François Dumontel, that he had not signed it, nor authorised any one else to do so, was repeated in open court—the accused, who had recovered all his acuteness, frequently interrupting the last witness by questions and assertions, tending to show that he, Dumontel, had given the bill, as he had formed ones, in discharge of a gambling debt.

'Listen to me, Regnault,' said the president. 'You are acquitted, it appears, with one Gabriel?'

The accused appeared to blush for a moment; but recovering himself, said boldly: 'Yes; I know there is such a fellow, an escaped forçat, I had latterly reason to suspect, and in consequence kicked him out of an estaminet.'

'An estaminet in the Faubourg St Antoine?'

'Yes—no; I do not precisely remember, Monsieur le Président.'

'Did you not confess to him that you had forged François Dumontel's name to this bill for five thousand francs?'

'Never. If he has said so, it is a vile invention to be revenged upon me. And of what worth, Monsieur le Président, let me ask, is the testimony of an escaped forçat, which I am told Gabriel to be?'

'If you tell him that you possessed a curiously contrived just-au-corps, or undercoat, impenetrable by pistol-ball or sword-thrust, by means of which you had been enabled to safely slay four persons in pretended duels?'

'Never! It is all, I insist, a hideous calumny,' replied the prisoner, but now guilty, and with much diminished confidence.

'It is certain, nevertheless, Regnault, that such an article has been found at your lodgings. You have other witnesses, Monsieur le Procureur-général; let them be examined.'

'Yes, le Sieur Bois, ancien commissaire de police, and member of the Legion of Honour.'

'He said the president, whilst the huissier was gone in quest of the witness, 'do you know the Sieur Bois?'

'No, Monsieur le Président.'

'Look at the witness,' continued the president, indicating M. Bois, who had entered the court, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing, as usual, his ribbon, 'and say if you persist in that answer.'

'Yes—no, that is—hammered Regnault, upon whose forehead large drops of perspiration suddenly broke out.

'You are not quite sure. The witness will refresh your memory.'

With quick dexterity, M. Bois assumed a black wig, whiskers, and moustaches, and turning fiercely towards the accused, exclaimed: 'Now, villain, do you know me?'

'Gabriel!' shrieked the accused, surprised out of all self-control—'I am lost!'

There could be no doubt of that; and ten minutes had not passed before Jules Regnault was convicted and sentenced to the galeries for life—the president expressing his regret that he could not be granted capitally for the murders by duel he had confessed to have committed. He was sent with the rest chain-gang to Brest, where he survived this his life and labours, though thought with some doubt of about two years only. I have not been able to discover any further trace of the fortunes of François and Euphrosyne Dumontel, or of the ex-commissary of police, Bois.

CONFIDENCE IN BIG-LOOKING PEOPLE.

This is a thing to which there is great treachery amongst mankind. It is, we fear, the nature of the creature. If, however, there be any excusable pawns who are not inclined to rest satisfied with appearances and authorities, but feel that getting at salaries on the whole preferable, let them think of the directors of the Western Bank of Scotland, and be convinced in their preference. On the 18th of November last—he days or so after the stoppage of that bank—it directors reported to a meeting of its depositors, through their interim-manager, Mr J. S. Fleming, that it had met in bills, balances on cash accounts, government securities, &c., to the extent of L.6,939,184; being in cases of L.1,726,548 over its liabilities, 'so that there is the excess of a million and three-quarters; but must have, or must yet be sustained, before the credit of the bank require to go beyond the proper corpus assets, to seek for payment of their claims.' We give the directors credit for making this statement, in perfect assurance that no such losses had been incurred, far less anything more considerable: they knew better at the time; but how has the matter turned out? Four speculative firms in Glasgow had received advances to the amount of L.1,000,784; it turned out that a thousand pounds more than the entire capital of the bank, and of these debts one half will never be recovered—there will be only one shilling a pound in one case, and two shillings in another. It takes the whole capital, and is calculated to require L.1,000,000 more to liquidate the bank's obligations. Of the state of things, as appears from the parliamentary evidence of the above-named Mr Fleming, the directors, meeting weekly in their parlour 'to look over a statement of affairs, were profoundly immersed. So far back as 1855, L.261,000 of ascertainably irrecoverable bills were exhibited in the accounts as assets; yet of this the directors never became informed. The difference in the exchanges against the bank—the grand test of the soundness of a bank's business—was for some years at an average of three millions; yet the directors appear to have not known, or at least not regarded it. An appalling amount of the dangerous kind of business called re-discounting was done; yet is never awoke a fear in the directors. The whole system of business pursued—the extent of large 'facilities' to trading firms conducting business undertakings on the most unsound principles—was a bad, and could not but end in ruin; yet the directors dreamed on. More surprising still—assuming they were in good faith in assigning dividends of 9 per cent., they must have been under an important
PORTLAND IN SEPTEMBER 1858.

Look at that beautiful island, with the bluest of blue seas beyond its rose-tinted headlands, and connect it if you can with ideas of crime. Impossible! Yet, at this moment, as I gaze upon it from the South Downs, Portland is a convict prison, where fifteen hundred human beings, each more or less guilty, are undergoing their appointed terms of penal servitude.

This was my reflection as I stood last week looking down, from the range of hills which command a view of Weymouth Bay, upon the graceful island—most picturesque when seen from that exact point—and remembered the chained gang of ruffians whom I had seen half an hour before at the railway station, throwing themselves down on the platform, and refusing to stir until forcibly compelled to enter the vans, in which, yelling like demons, cursing and screeching, they were to be conveyed to their destination.

What would the good old king, whose image is cut on the face of the chalk down to my left hand, have thought of such a desecration? The figure represents George III on horseback, as he used to ride, undisturbed, tiring his horses, and chasing sea-gulls, and thus quieting gentlefolks out of their tranquillity by his hurried unceremonious visits to their country-seats. It is still kept clear of weeds, and is plainly visible on the side of the hill that rises in bold gorge-crowned sweeps and grassy curves above the valleys of Preston and Osmington. I could fancy the old king energetically questioning Colonel Goldsworthy—

'Gh! what is this? Convicts—eh? Put them somewhere else; Weymouth is my royal watering-place. What, what, what—find another jail, can't you? Why shouldn't you? Another prison, I say, for the poor wretches. I like to enjoy myself at the sea-side.'

Alas! the good monarch, whose memory is still revered by the inhabitants of Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis, is no longer able to guard his Sans Souci. The bold Portlanders are now chomping to tolerate the evil they cannot cure. My eye, as I look seaward, runs over the long rows of lodging-houses along the beach at Weymouth, the tent-like bathing-machines, the Bluebells, anchored in Weymouth Roads, the yachts and sailing-vessels passing to and fro there, and rests upon the white walls of the convict prison.

Nearer to me, the high ground on which I stand is scooped out, and falls abruptly, making a smooth green circle, whose outer edge is a wall of flint. The temptation of all those in charge are under, from the manager downwards, to keep up the price of the shares in the market! No check on this temptation, mind you; anything you can tell, there may be no end of bad debts hopefully assumed as good—half your means may be out on adventure, for which happy issue is not to be looked for. Think of your own insidious inclination to take a sanguine view, your wish for a better dividend, your hope of any thing that can sink the price of shares; and see in these things the danger in which the truthfulness—or let us rather say explicitness—of your managers lies. Then, try to get an examination made by external unconnected parties, even though it may create a little of a 'downward tendency' at first. Get at facts somehow; know the best and the worst of it, and for the time coming dream in peace.
The ship's guns were shotted, and one of them was ready to be sent on shore at a moment's notice. It is worth while to pause and consider what a fearful calamity it would have if these criminals, with powerful weapons in their hands, had broken land-bound, and their countenances brightened when they were addressed and congratulated upon them. One man turned his head away, shunning my gaze, which was rather sought by one who had proved insufficient. Notice had been received beforehand of the plot. Each man was at his post; and the greatest credit is due to all concerned, from Captain Gambier and Captain Clay, to the raw lads fresh from bog and mountain, whose faces seemed lifted and unfailingly of insects their belles. But had it been otherwise, supposing the convicts had kept their secret better, or one individual had failed in discretion or courage, what an amount of wickedness and misery might have ensued! A turn of the wheel would have straited which connects Portland with the mainland, and imagined a horde of armed and ferocious felons making their way across it, I longed to point out the advisability, when such costly preparations were being made to avert a disturbance of any magnitude, of erecting a fort to command this passage.

My companion, an officer stationed at Weymouth, showed me the formidable preparations which are to receive in turn Portland into a secondary Gibraltar. After our tour of inspection of tents and the breakwater was over, we visited the quarries where stone was being hewn by the convicts.

'There may be an outbreak at any moment,' he said; 'but we are prepared. Only if you dislike seeing a row, you had better not come further.' I told him that I wished to see everything, and we went on together.

There had been great excitement all that day. In the morning, a most determined preconcerted assault had been made, but the Wexford boys were under arms and all ready. At the first attack upon the warders—most of whom are splendid-looking men, decked with Crimean medals—soldiers started forth from behind every projecting angle of the prison, and every attempt to join forces on the part of the convicts was frustrated.

To a certain extent, the same thing was still going forward. More than once, we heard the shrill call of the bugle. The most difficult of the Irishmen felt was in keeping from firing. With wild cheerings they rushed down, charging with fixed bayonets upon the wretched felons, who never stood their ground for a moment, but were marched off sullenly to sheds and hovels, where they were kept in such a manner that the punishment was administered by the boathaw of the Blenheim. One of the convicts, after bearing the lash with obstinate endurance, merely said: 'You're earned your breakfast, I reckon, this morning.'

After watching more than one of these attempted outbreaks, we visited the prison, where all was quiet. The most admirable management prevailed; and the convicts did not, generally speaking, as they came in from labour, appear to me to bear the marks of crime on their countenances.

The diet seemed not abundant, but sufficient; and the hospital for the sick opened into a rocky garden, in which the convalescents were permitted to work. This favoured spot was on the bold brow of the cliff, commanding a splendid prospect. The White Nothe, St Alban's Head, Kimeridge Ledge, Durdle Door, Lullworth, Ringstead, Osmington Mills, and the little cove to which I had traced the course of Preston Brook, rose out of a sea azure as the Morning Star, a light of day. We felt that to laugh and forget in the mirth of some o'er sinned gulls, free as the winds that bore them over the diurnal scene of captivity.

The spiritual wants of the prisoners are supplied by the ministration of an excellent chaplain, who told me that until seized by a sudden impression that they were being dealt with unjustly, their conduct was, generally speaking, orderly. Many of them have good-conduct stripes on their sleeves; and their countenances brightened when they were addressed and congratulated upon them. One man turned his head away, shunning my gaze, which was rather sought by one who had proved insufficient. Notice had been received beforehand of the plot. Each man was at his post; and the greatest credit is due to all concerned, from Captain Gambier and Captain Clay, to the raw lads fresh from bog and mountain, whose faces seemed lifted and unfailingly of insects their belles. But had it been otherwise, supposing the convicts had kept their secret better, or one individual had failed in discretion or courage, what an amount of wickedness and misery might have ensued! A turn of the wheel would have straited which connects Portland with the mainland, and imagined a horde of armed and ferocious felons making their way across it, I longed to point out the advisability, when such costly preparations were being made to avert a disturbance of any magnitude, of erecting a fort to command this passage.

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confront me menacingly bright and beautiful. Can it be that yonder great orb is millions of miles away? It is seen on the horizon, with a bright, translucent, tall and brilliant eye of light. Myriads of stars are coming out now, as my eyes grow accustomed to the darkness; but it resembles none of them. It has its own grand majestic aspect, which reminds me of the time when such a portentous sun in the heavens was considered as bringing war and desolation in its train. Truly, we have had enough of war and bloodshed since the last fiery messenger of wrath swept across our skies.

Now my brief holiday is past—that rest for which the London professional man longs during one part of his busy year, and regrets during another. But I shall carry back to my chambers refreshing recollections of that dark blue sea, of those breezy gales, of those distant, unexplored lands; of the cordial life in our country-houses which warms the heart like the ring of the cheery note of their hunting-horns, the solemn music of their sea, and the land-breeze that sweeps unperturbed over their trackless downs.

THE BOGWOOD FIRE.

Several years ago there appeared in an Irish newspaper the first flit or canto of a poem, entitled The Monks of Kilcrea. Though short and fragmentary, it excited much notice at the time both in Ireland and England. A French gentleman, M. le Chevalier de Chastellain, was struck by the beauty of the poetry that immediately made a translation of it, and, through the editor of the newspaper, transmitted it to the author, who remained, and still remains, unknown. Afterwards, at long intervals, a second and third canto were issued, with the light, and notwithstanding several bad rhymes, implying an almost total want of acquaintance with poetry as an art, and a very bad ear besides, displayed so much invention, so much power of imagination, so rich and vivid a fancy, that not only had he proved and done could in nature, that had the author come before the public in a poetical age, he would have earned for himself a high reputation. But when all the cantos were collected and published by Mr. McGlashan in Dublin, the word, to borrow David Hume's celebrated phrase, seems to have fallen still-born from the press.

The French translator of the first canto appears determined, however, that our Celtic fellow-countryman shall not be suffered to drop quietly into oblivion. He has therefore made a version of the whole poem, which has just been published. M. de Chastellain is well known as a translator; we ourselves have spoken of his merits more than once—his Gay and Chaucer are popular both in England and on the continent, but notwithstanding it is true that he had previously done could have prepared the public for what he has now accomplished in The Monks of Kilcrea. The scene of the poem is laid far back in history, when the house of Lancaster fought its brilliant battles on the continent, and almost broke up the foundations of English society, in order to precipitate half the nation upon France. Ireland, at that time, was a social and political chaos. In its capital, the Saxon reigned predominant; Norman barons possessed castles here and there throughout the land; while large districts, we might almost say provinces, remained in the hands of native chiefs, engaged in perpetual dissensions, and making way, by mutual slaughter, for the triumph of the common foe. In many parts, the country was little better than a wilderness: the boys were undrained; rivers were not spanned by bridges; the glens were densely overgrown with forest; and wild beasts, especially wolves, visited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous. Monasteries in such an age were not only an advantage, but a necessity. They were created by society because and as an emergency; they were to our forefathers what the caravansary is to travellers in the east—places where the way-worn, the homeless, the poor, the wretched, could always find sustenance and shelter. To preserve them from becoming the third kingdom of discord and injustice, they were all converted into places of sanctuary, where an unseen, mysterious power—the power of the Church—watched over host and guest, over monk and pilgrim, and made it criminal, under any circumstances, to break the peace of the community.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire in the shrine of St. Bridget, in a small chamber commanding the door of the monastery. Without raved the storm; the rain fell in torrents, then ceased suddenly, and the shattered clouds flying away, there was a new world revealed, and concealed the moon. Ever and anon the convent-bell threw forth its music on the night-air, as a signal to wayfarers that there was a place of refuge at hand. The light of a lamp and of the blazing fire streamed through the window, and comforted and accommodating all who approached. Within sat the three monks with a well-covered table before them, food of a substantial kind, and flagons of foreign wine, to refresh the hungry and exhausted traveller. At the night wore three. The monk smiling at each other, and the golden skirts of dreams began to flutter about their fancies. Suddenly there came a tapping, or rather rattling, at the convent door, which, having been opened by one of the brothers, admitted a man somewhat advanced in life, but of colossal dimensions and fierce aspect. His countenance and bearing, his complexion and light hair, proved him to be a Saxon, even before his language had revealed the fact. It was evident that he cared little among the men of what race he might find himself; his iron frame and ready hand, familiar with the sword-hilt, rendered him, in his own estimation, the master everywhere of his destiny. He ascended, with rough courtesy, the hospitable hospitality of the well-behaved, expressing his thanks; when another knock was heard at the wicket, and a second stranger, a smirking Gloucester, came, bowing, towards the good things on the board. But the circle of that night's guests was not yet complete: a third knock, louder and louder, was heard, and one of the gentle brothers soon led in the new-comer, a Celtic outlaw, tall and strong, with a fell of black hair tinged with gray. He glared like a wolf upon the Saxon; but remembering where he was, took the proffered wine-cup, and having drained it to the bottom, sat down quietly by the blazing fire.

Unfortunately, both poets and prose writers, when they desire to find a pretext for relating a certain number of stories, appear to be extremely limited in the choice of a plan. Boece, the wise historian, a number of persons who have fled from a great city to escape the plague; Chaucer, with superior ingenuity, marshals a number of pilgrims proceeding towards Canterbury, and makes them tell stories at the suggestion of a jolly host, to lessen the tedium of the way; but the author of the Arabian Nights, most artistic of all, contrives a situation in which the story-teller exercises her genius for the preservation of her own life. When you have laid down these three platforms, it seems easy to perceive that all future relaters of stories must adopt some scheme bearing a resemblance more or less striking to one of them. The author of The Monks of Kilcrea has been as felicitous in his conceptions as any among the
thousand and one imitators of The Thousand and One Nights. The monks sitting before the bogwood fire, having long ago exhausted all topics of conversation among themselves, and not knowing exactly how to entertain the strangers, hit upon the bright idea of making some better use of the time in telling each other and them; they invite them to describe their adventures, and explain by what chance they were conducted on that wild and stormy night to St Bridget's shrine.

Who does not know that the heroic skeleton of a man, stripped of all its muscles and integuments, is as well calculated to give you an idea of that man's form and features, as the outline of a story to present a true conception of the manner in which that story has been narrated by its inventor? When the business is not only to abridge but to translate poetry into prose, the difficulty of the task is more than doubled. The poet is a magician whose pencil, dipped in all the colours of the rainbow, paints rather than tells his story. He floods your fancy with imagery; he agitates your breast, he stirs your deepest passions and emotions, and thus, if need be, conceals from you the improbabilities or imperfections of his tale. When prose undertakes to deal with the same events and incidents it immediately perceives the necessity of creating a consistent whole, of accounting for what it relates, of being reasonable, and at times even philosophical. We find ourselves in the midst of these difficulties at the present moment. The bogwood fire is burning brightly before us; the three monks, with owls drawn forward over their faces, as if to keep out the night-air, are distributing the pastry and pouring out the red wine; the Saxon, the Gleeman, and the Rapparee already exhilarated, are beginning to entertain us in a less objectionable manner than the other company. Accordingly, when the request is made by the monks, the Saxon, as the first guest, breaks abruptly into the history of his life.

The Celtic poet, who had obviously never been in Kent, yet selects that beautiful country to be the scene of his first narrative. The hero, a stout yeoman, is left in early youth master of his own fortunes, with a lovely sister to watch over, and property more than sufficient for the wants of both. Of course, Alice had none to tell her. She came of age, or laid in whatever scene, is thought complete without one. Poetry is the ark in this respect—all animals enter it in pairs. Well, the Saxon's sister, Alice, had a lover, a youth of noble lineage, handsome and brave, the very model of what was then considered fashionable. She marries him, and he is a scholar. Through some perversity of nature, jealousy of his rank, or, still more, of his superiority in knowledge, and all gentlemanly acquirements, the brother hated this youth; and one day, while heated with wine, meeting him accidentally in a wood, he attacked, and would have slain him. Fortune, which is not always unjust, punished the aggressor, who appeared in the combat to be mortally wounded. The lover died, and was never more heard of; and Alice, whilst she nursed her brother with the deepest solicitude and affection, still mourned secretly for him who had won her heart. The wounded man recovered, the sister died. Remorse came upon the Saxon, who felt that by the sword of another he had slain the only one that had remained to him of his kindred.

A few words suffice my tale to close,
And those shall now be briefly spoken:
In Hpton Church a snow-whites rose
Above a green grave drooping grows,
Where sleeps at length a young heart broken.
There Alice lies, her gentle breast
And wounded spirit both at rest.

It left that place.

King Henry V., just then engaged in the preliminaries to Agincourt, the Saxon, having wasted all his fortune, joined the hero's forces, and enjoyed the excitement of the French war. Performing some act of distinguished bravery, a nobleman in Henry's army, whose retainer he had become, bestowed on him lands in Ireland. On the night when the three monks sat by the bogwood fire, he had been proceeding on some affair of importance to Cork.

'Twas evening when I left Macroom,
And when I reached steep Carrig's ford,
Night had flung o'er it all its gloom,
And the fierce waters rushed and roared,
As if a torrent through them peeped.
Though white the foam that swept along,
The river deep, the current strong,
I little cared for foam or tide
When there was need for speed to ride,
And spurred my horse in careless mood
To cross that rough and swollen flood;
And so, despite both start and shiver,
I dashed him reckless at the river.
With drooping head and quieted flank,
In wild dismay twice back he shrank;
But still, with spur, and voice, and rein,
I wheeled him to its brink again;
And as I immediately perceived the necessity of creating a consistent whole, of accounting for what it relates, of being reasonable, and at times even philosophical. We find ourselves in the midst of these difficulties at the present moment. The bogwood fire is burning brightly before us; the three monks, with owls drawn forward over their faces, as if to keep out the night-air, are distributing the pastry and pouring out the red wine; the Saxon, the Gleeman, and the Rapparee already exhilarated, are beginning to entertain us in a less objectionable manner than the other company. Accordingly, when the request is made by the monks, the Saxon, as the first guest, breaks abruptly into the history of his life.

Here the poet enters into a speculation as to the pleasures of drowning. But our Saxon friend has much upon his conscience that he could not enjoy the dreamy pleasure of entering Nibbus by war. He struggled desperately, and prayed to his sister to a saint, for he was a good Catholic, excepting for his occasional drinking. He did not know that he must do, nor why. He did not know that the poet in whose tongue we must describe the poet's own language:

'Twas at the moment when, as lost,
My hands to heaven I frantic tossed,
Then wildly in my heart I prayed,
Or called on Alice to my aid;
And instant through the gloom of night
Flashed on the waves a sudden light;
And on the dark and rushing flood
The saunter spirit by me stood.

Ay, start—I saw her, by Saint John,
As plainly as I see you now,
And light around about her shone,
Like glory from our Lady's brow!
And at her presence instant died
The bow of wind and tides of swell;
And soon, I know not in what way,
Upon the bank I panting lay,
As if her saving hand had borne
Safe through the waters to the shore:
Yet when I raised my reeling head
To hail and bless her, she was fled!
And told the gloom that round me fell,
'Twas then I heard a distant bell:
And weak and faint, I tottered on,
Through fog and brake, until I won
Your abbey gate. My tale is done.

The conclusion of the Saxon's tale provides for the reader an unexpected and somewhat startling pleasure. From before the bogwood fire, one of the monks rose, and struck his cowl, and rock himself to the astonished traveller as the lover of Alice and
This termination is almost identical with that of the Saxon's tale, and therefore objectionable. Both in themselves are good, but they should not have been found in the same volume. The French translation of this poem is extremely graceful and charming. It makes Ireland look like a mountainous fragment of France, with rivers, lakes, glens, precipices, far more picturesque and beautiful than any other beheld on that country. Such is the illusion, the spell created by language.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The sayings and doings of the British Association at Leeds—the inauguration of the Newton statue at Grantham—and the comet, have been the things most talked about for the past four weeks. The Leeds meeting is regarded on all hands as a success, for it was harmonious, the papers sent in were numerous, and the income exceeded expenditure by about five hundred pounds. The only drawback was the president's address, which was too long, and weakened here and there by reference to authorities which advanced science very properly holds as of no authority. Among the projects for the future, a fresh series of magnetic observations is thought of; and considering how much knowledge, indeed nearly all that constitutes terrestrial magnetism as a science, has been got out of the last five years' series, we are glad to see tokens of a new campaign. Unluckily for our appreciation of the story, the machinery of the fairy system is introduced. This is a grave error in a poet of the nineteenth century. However beautiful they may have been, the fairies have now vanished from the face of the earth, and what we see here is completely that of the oreads, dryads, or naiads. Of this the reader becomes convinced when, in the Gleeman's story, he passes from the real to the supernatural. Up to that fatal point of transition, his interest is kept painfully alive; he sympathizes with the lovers, he detests the tyrant, he is even reconciled by the warmth and hurry of his feelings to the sounds of celestial music which burst from time to time over the enchanted scene. But suddenly, like a torch in a stormy night, the inspiration is extinguished, and we drag ourselves languidly on to the indefinite conclusion.

When we escape from the fairies and the Gleeman together, the Rappacc says our attention. He is a man of Peru, a mining engineer, who has spent all his life out of dreams; now perching with the eagle amid the pinnacles of some far-off mountain, and now rushing with savage joy to engage in deadly conflict with hostile clans. From the very dawn of his life, the Rappacc was hemmed round by a circle of misfortunes; and, worst of all, when he imagined himself to have found a sweet balm for all his hurts, he discovered that what he had mistaken for balm, was in truth the most deadly poison. The woman upon whom he had staked his life's happiness became false to him, and her falsehood led to wretchedness, madness, death. What remained to him in this world concentrated itself in the desire of vengeance. In conjunction with others, he stormed and ground the fame of the strongest of enemies, through whom, in the midst of the confusion, he again and again thrust his vindictive weapon. When revenge had thus been gratified, the triumph of victory began immediately to give way to feelings of remorse. He had, as he had done before, and as he now determined to do: closing his tale he reiterated his conviction that now, is age came on, he should have been almost happy, were it not that he had blood upon his hands. 'I am happy, then,' exclaimed one of the monks, 'for the miserable man who was your enemy did not die by your hands. In this form—wasted by penitence—our behold that wicked and proud man, whom you, I see, have forgiven, and whom may God also assu'."
for the British Association. But to return to the
insignation: Lord Brougham's oration was
the formal piece of argument and eloquence—a rare intellec-
tual treat to those who had the happiness to hear it.
It was impossible to listen to him without a smile; the
illustrious philosopher, sketching briefly, yet with essen-
tial fulness, a history of the sciences which his
impeccable taste classified at once and for ever into
the groups of certainty, and at the same time correcting
the misstatements and the false impressions of
foreign savants. That oration will remain among his
lordship's master-works.

The comet has taken the world by surprise—
as much as well as the unlearned; and though we
live in the days of electric telegraphs, a vast deal of
nonsense has been talked and written concerning it.
And seeing that most people believe what they read
in newspapers, even if they believe nothing else, so
that we have few who mistrusted the absurd statement
started by one newspaper, and propagated by all the
rest, that the 'celestial visitor' as it was called,
was moved at the rate of 20,000 miles a minute.
However, met by the observed times, and some
have calculated its orbit, and ere long we shall
know all that can be known about it in the present
state of astronomical science.

During the comparative quiet of the scientific
societies' vacation Professor Frankland's lecture,
delivered at the Royal Institution, has been much
noticed. It is on an important subject—'The Pro-
duction of Organic Bodies without the Agency of
Vitality.' Up to thirty years ago, chemists believed
that it was impossible to produce organic compounds
by artificial means, while there was little or no
difficulty in producing the inorganic, or those from
mineral substances; and the production of the former
was regarded as entirely a vital function. But in
1828, Wöhler succeeded in producing urea, and great
was the shock thereby given to chemical theory.
Here was a product of the animal organism, actually
produced and producible by ingenious contrivances
in a laboratory. Some years later, Kolbe showed that
it was possible to produce artificial glycine; then came
Berthelot, making a great step in advance, and
produced a whole series of alcoholic bodies—phenyl,
naphthaline, and many interesting allied compounds.
He produces glycine, which is the basis of animal
animal substances, both plants and animals;
and of these two, as Dr Frankland observes, 'yield such
a numerous class of derivatives, that upwards of seven
hundred compounds can now be produced from their
elements without the agency of vitality'

To select a few from the numerous organic bodies
which are now capable of artificial formation, will at
once show the growing importance, and suggest the
yet greater triumphs to come, of organic chemistry.
Thus we find formic, oxalic, hydrocyanic, butyric,
lemon, capric, succinic, and other acids; alcohol,
ether, olefiant gas, oil of garlic, and mustard, benzole,
and snuff. Some of these are the more interesting,
because of their relation to the animal economy; and
where we find such substances as alcohol, glycine,
and sugar producible by artificial means, without the
intervention of vegetation or any other vital function,
we cannot but recognize a power fraught with impor-
tant consequences. We have more than once shewn
in the pages of the Journal how delicate and agreeable
your system and the fumes of substances apparently the least likely to render up such
present elements, from some, indeed, which are offensive.
But to produce compounds which enter largely
into animal nutrition is something that comes more
practically home to us.

Valerianic acid used to be obtained from the root
of the plant Valeriana officinalis; now it is produced,
and at much less cost, from its chemical elements,
from a waste (or rather what was a waste) product in
the manufacture of spirit of wine. We might give
other instances of the way in which art can be made
to substitute the artificial for the natural or
improve the latter, and bring in the speculative for
the practical. At present, artificial sugar, aluminiun
alcohol and sugar, glycerine, and so forth, are
hundreds of times more than those produced in the
natural way. On the other hand, we have the
hoped knowledge that the way is opened for great
discoveries. Could we but once succeed in forming
by artificial means the nitrogenous compound of
no lone prairie, no sun-scorched desert, nor barren
rock, would have terror for the traveller or the
away, who might happen to retain his appetites
his store of inorganic constituents. He could
make food at pleasure.

In calling attention to this subject, it will be
seen that we regard chiefly the great practical use
which it involves. Trade and science combined,
will be the means of making our measure within a few
years. Having observed the comets, and deduced by
the heads have calculated its orbit, and ere long we shall
know all that can be known about it in the present
state of astronomical science.

The extent to which the production of food, can
be so produced, is so great, that it will be well to
remember the uses to which we have our food,
whether it is from the ground, or from the
waters. If we do not use our food, there would be nothing to prevent us from obtaining
a harvest every week; and thus we might, in
the production of food, supersede the present vital
activities of nature, as we have already done in other cases by
the production of a given weight of food is not
considerable, yet it is nevertheless true that the
weight requires a whole year for its production.
By the vital process of producing food, we can only have
one harvest in each year. But if we were able to
produce the food from its elements, the amount
of food there would be nothing to prevent us from
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Alps, where he made a bold and successful ascent of Monte Rosa, quite alone. Adventurous imitators will now be long in scaling the same lofty peaks; but success depends upon all alike. The exploration of the Brixham cave—to which we referred a few months ago—has been in part accomplished, and some important discoveries made—that is, important to the science of palaeontology. We hear that more funds are wanted to complete the undertaking.

A fair notion of the progress of New Zealand may be formed from a report recently published on the subject. It sets forth that grass is rapidly superseding the tall dense fern which once overspread the greatest part of the islands; and the result is, that in four years, 1862-66, the number of sheep multiplied from, in round numbers, 283,000 to 991,000; of horned cattle, from 32,000 to 92,000; of horses, from 3000 to 9000. The pasture—though this requires further proof—is said to be richer than here in England. The British population has increased in the same period from 26,000 to 46,000, in which the males outnumber the females by 7000. Auckland is the most populous province, and New Plymouth the least. The imports in 1860 amounted to £710,665, and the exports to £818,428; and 101,596 letters were received, and 95,164 despatched. As regards healthfulness, we find that the mortality among the troops is in the proportion of one-third less than in England; and the children, naturally healthy, and who have not been more delinquent than her mistress, was not to be found when night closed in. The vessel in which our passage across the Indian Ocean was to be achieved, was ill fitted for the purpose. She had been formerly used for carrying coal between the West Coast of Scotland and Dublin, and was small, dirty, and unprovided with accommodation for passengers. She had been sent to Aden to bring back sick sepoys, with whom she was now returning to Bombay. She had lost small and dirty saloon, and two berths of mahogany; but we could obtain no other means of transit at Aden, and were anxious to reach India with all possible speed. The saloon in which the seventeen female passengers were destined to sleep, was occupied by the dying man; the two berths by the most suffering invalids. It was necessary that the remainder of the seventy passengers should pass the night on deck; so extremest beds were made up, the ladies partially undressing to lie down. As I alone was equal to the office of nurse in general, I volunteered to extinguish the burning quality. On the Reef Islands the captain found swarms of rabbits, the progeny of a few animals which had been introduced some years earlier by Captain Stokes. Following the example, he took away a couple of them, and let the rabbit colonists in Shark Bay—Specimens of cotton grown at Moreton Bay have been received and spun at Manchester, and found to make good thread, in which form the cotton has been sent back to the place of its growth, to inspire the cultivators to further efforts.

By news from the Cape, we learn that a meeting had been held to take leave of the missionaries who are to be stationed among the Matabele and Matabolo as aids to Dr Livingstone in his endeavours to civilize those important tribes. The veteran Moffat and Mrs Livingstone were present, intending to start immediately afterwards for Karuanje. Hence, for some time, we may hope to get intelligence of the Zambesi expedition by way of the Cape, as well from the eastern coast.

It appears, from the report published by the commissioners of emigration, that expiration is again on the increase. Of the total in 1867 was 212,875, being 50,000 more than in each of the two preceding years. And the registrar-general reveals facts concerning migration which corroborate views expressed more than once in the Journal, showing that the watering-places frequented so numerously during the summer months are not the most healthy places in England. People crowd to them because it is a fashion to do so, and neglect localities whose hygienic claims are far superior. And he states a fact derived from an average of five years, which is somewhat startling—namely, that in England, 1088 persons every year commit the crime of self-murder.

A NIGHT ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.

We had changed steamers at Aden, and some of the officers had been on shore to inspect the fortifications; one, alas! on the signal for starting being missed, had hurried on board through a burning sun, and had been struck by it. He lay dying in the single saloon of the wrecked vessel in which we were to cross the Indian Ocean. My journey thus far eastward had been singularly unfortunate. I had escaped the peril of fire, of wreck, of murder, on the route, and now came, as climax to the whole, a night of strange awe, horror, and beauty, which still rests on my memory like some fantastic and wonderful dream.

The heat in the Red Sea had been fearful. Every lady of our party had sunk under it, more or less, except myself. We had with us two female servants; one, an Irishwoman, was lying between decks in high fever; the other, a naturally irritable, and, we hoped, more delicate than her mistress, was not to be found when night closed in. The vessel in which our passage across the Indian Ocean was to be achieved, was ill fitted for the purpose. She had been formerly used for carrying coal between the West Coast of Scotland and Dublin, and was small, dirty, and unprovided with accommodation for passengers. She had been sent to Aden to bring back sick sepoys, with whom she was now returning to Bombay. She had lost small and dirty saloon, and two berths of mahogany; but we could obtain no other means of transit at Aden, and were anxious to reach India with all possible speed. The saloon in which the seventeen female passengers were destined to sleep, was occupied by the dying man; the two berths by the most suffering invalids. It was necessary that the remainder of the seventy passengers should pass the night on deck; so extremest beds were made up, the ladies partially undressing to lie down. As I alone was equal to the office of nurse in general, I volunteered to extinguish the burning quality. On the Reef Islands the captain found swarms of rabbits, the progeny of a few animals which had been introduced some years earlier by Captain Stokes. Following the example, he took away a couple of them, and let the rabbit colonists in Shark Bay—Specimens of cotton grown at Moreton Bay have been received and spun at Manchester, and found to make good thread, in which form the cotton has been sent back to the place of its growth, to inspire the cultivators to further efforts.

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and after a time our conjoint cares were successful, and our patients slept. The poor young surgeon then lay down on the deck at my feet, and was in a few minutes overpowered by sleep himself.

I looked round me. The deck was covered with sleepers, some lying on the bare planks. Here and there the pale moonbeams made their way through the covering or beneath it, and rested on slumberers who little heeded their delirious power. A sailor good-naturedly threw a handkerchief over the closed eyes of one of the sleeping officers as he passed by, for experience tells how fatal to the sight are the beams of the eastern moon. There was a hush all through the vessel. The watch were forward—on the forecastle, perhaps—but out of sight and sound; the helmsman and myself were the sole waking beings on the deck. There were no bulwarks to the vessel's side, but only a railing; therefore, as I sat, I could watch the play of the waves, and the dark hideous shadows, suggestive of terrible thoughts, which broke them at intervals.

By and by a change came over the scene. The waves that danced and leaped around our way were no longer white feathers throwing back the cold moonshine, but waves of fire flashing and glittering with quite a different light. We were passing through a sea of fire, caused, as we were afterwards told, by the phosphorescent fish and insects of those latitudes; but the sight, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was but an additional horror. All at once, too, the wind rose audibly and moaned sadly by, as if prophesying yet more misery. We were very near the period of the monsoon—in fact, it might be expected any day, and we dreaded it, for our vessel was scarcely sea-worthy, and could afford us very little shelter. The wind rose and blew coldly past, I shivered, and a seaman standing near the wheel, instantly advanced and offered me his pea-jacket, absolutely divesting himself of it for my benefit. I would have refused it, but I saw 'Jack' was so earnest in his entreaties that the lady would take it, that at last I yielded, and donned the singular vesture after the fashion of a shawl, that is, without putting my arms into it.

Very slowly the hours stole by, marked only by the so many 'bells' of the vessel. My patients slept profoundly; the breeze moaned sadly by, not bringing, however, the monsoon; the sea of fire darted and sparkled, broken now and then by the dark shadows of the 'creatures that followed in our lee,' as Barry Cornwall sings. How little those whom we had left at home in England were dreaming of the discomforts and perils of our watery way! Those ladies so delicately nurtured in their own land, so unused to hardships, alas! what might be their fate in a strange land, whose very sun even killed? A disliking to India, which I never overcame, began that night; and as some portion of second-sight had come to me from the Highland side of my family, I dreamed that very night, when dozing beside my charge, of horrors perpetrated on English people by the sick sepoys who slept below. Als! one of the fairest of those sleeping on the deck of the vessel was destined to be one of the first of the band of women massacred at Delhi, a little more than ten years afterwards. But I am looking too far beyond the visions of that night of horror. Daylight stole at length on its apparently ceaseless length, as cold, chilly, and gray as it does on the watcher in England. The sleepers began to awaken; a gentleman of our party came to me, asking me to get the ladies down into the saloon as quickly as might be, as the corpse had been removed long since, and they wished the deck cleared for the funeral by sunrise. I awoke my suffering fellow-countrywomen, whose sleep had proved most efficacious, and with the aid of their husbands, got them down below. As I followed the last, a gun boomed heavily over the sea, and the sad procession bearing one beloved by us all, moved slowly to the poop.

And thus, beginning with two deaths, and ending with a burial at sea, terminated my night-watch on the Indian Ocean.

LOVING EYES.

Hush, sweet heart—hush; I need must chide
That flattering tongue of thine:
My mirror tells another tale—
Such graces are not mine.
And yet I scarce can bid thee cease,
So much thy words I prize;
Exulting in the thought, that I
Am fairest in thine eyes.

But let me tell thee how it is
Thou find'st charms in me;
For well I wot I owe them all,
Dear heart, to love, and thee.
List, then: Mine eyes their brightness wear
When—taught by love to shine—
They first reflected back the beam
Which they had caught from thee.

My arm is round, because it loves
On thy strong arm to rest;
My hand is soft; for on thy pain
It lingers to be pressed.

My very footstool dost thou praise;
And why? 'Tis plain to me
That step sounds light, because, dear love,
It brings me quick to thee.

My voice thou say'st is softer far
Than that of crouching dove:
It may be, since I've learned from thee
To say, to thee, 'I love.'
Still, knowing well no charms have I,
These fancied ones I prize,
Because, dear heart, sweet heart, I am
All to thy loving eyes.

GRIMSBY, September 29.

ECCENTRIC DINNER.

A paragraph is quoted in Notes and Queries from the Inventor's Advocate, dated nine years ago, describing a dinner given at the baths of Lucca by a certain lady B.---

"The meat, fish, and vegetables were at least two years old, having been preserved in a vessel in a kind of common; the carafes were supplied with wine which originally belonged to the sea, but had been changed into fresh water by a chemical process that recently discovered; the wine had been flashed up by means of the diving-bell, from the bottom of the Tiber, where it had lain in a sunken ship more than a century, and the bread was made from wheat found by Lady B—- himself in one of the pyramids, and now in England. To a repeat of this kind, we may say, we could now add a dry powder liquefied even at the table into cream, the produce of the cow, and fruit of tropical seasons apparently freshly gathered. If such details had been given not a great many years ago in a story legend, they would have been criticised as impossible unnecessarily wild and extravagant."

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THE MASQUE OF SOCIETY.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." So spake the immortal Will; and most true is the saying. A man takes a part—a rôle, as the French call it—in life, and in his ordinary demonstrations before the public, he has to act it out, if he would be a successful man of the world. There is always some interval and difference between the inner natural feelings of the man and his rôle; the more exalted the position, the greater this interval is likely to be, the monarch on the throne being consequently, by necessity of situation, more of an actor than anybody. Here lies a matter of vast importance in the economy of life.

The gravity of a judge is proverbial; he puts on the aspect of gravity, as part of the rôle he has taken up on becoming a judge. Of course, most judges in their private moments comport themselves much like other men, laughing at jokes when they are good, entering heartily into the merriments of their grand-children, sometimes perhaps taking a lead in after-dinner mirth, and carrying it on an hour or two too long. Well, suppose they do, is there consequently any breach of sincerity and naturalness in their maintaining a grave demeanour on the bench? Does any reasonable man feel that they forfeit a part of his esteem by so far acting a part? The question needs no answer. All men of sense feel that they would rather be shocked if Mr Justice were to transfer his ordinary domestic demeanour, still more his after-dinner manner, to the court-room. It would seem an outrage on propriety, and by all would be unsentimentally condemned. Society clearly wishes its judges to act out their part.

It is the same case with every other sort of official person. We all know the clerical manner to be an assumed manner, and so far discrepant from nature; yet we all feel it to be unpleasant when a clergyman lays this wholly aside. We wish a clergyman to be, as the common phrase goes, clergyman-like, even in the most simple external demonstrations; and when he is otherwise, he invariably falls in public esteem. It was obviously too severe to say that this is putting a premium upon hypocrisy. It is merely vivifying a system of outward semblances, which either our natural sense dictates, or our experience finds to be convenient and useful in the general affairs of the world. We call it 'decency' to observe these, 'indecorous' to neglect them, and 'shocking' to go wholly against them. So has it always been, and will be.

Even in private life—all together apart from official rôles—most persons above the very humblest have a part to play before the eyes and ears of their neighbours. Poverty alone entirely dispenses with assumed appearances. We can indeed go to the sea-side in summer, and cease for a few weeks to be anything but our natural selves. At home, no company being present, we can throw state as well as care behind our backs. But, generally, having something to spend, and certain social relations pressing around us; having a house, a style of living, and connections in the outer world; we are under a kind of necessity of taking up and supporting a certain appropriate system of appearances, if we would not outrage the public and forfeit the esteem of our friends. So strongly is this felt as a social compulsion, that many persons unhappy go beyond the appearances called for in their case, and so create for themselves future embarrassments and miseries. The great bulk of the simply decent and worthy people of the world acknowledge the principle by keeping up a style appropriate to their fortunes; and their share of public esteem will generally be found in the ratio of their success in doing so with the external propriety demanded, without any of that excess which is equally to be deprecat ed as unsuitable, and as a cause of future evils.

The only reason there is for entering on a subject which, to most persons living in the world, will appear trite, is, that there is a minority of eccentric, though perfectly well-meaning people, who appear blind to its philosophy. We do occasionally find an official person who either fails to see that the acting of a part is required of him as a portion of the very duty for which he is paid, or deliberately prefers what he considers a frank and downright demeanour—that is, a manner wholly unsuitable to his part—to the recognised style of his profession. Such a man will go on for years, either unwittingly incurring disrespect for the uncouth departures he makes from his rôle, or exerting an unprofitable moral courage in braving a disrepute which is all the time secretly galling his feelings. It is a pity to see such damage incurred in a martyrdom not only without good end, but false in its grounds. So also do we occasionally see respectable individuals in private life put themselves at issue with society from a disinclination for what they speak of as empty and insincere appearances. They are too plain for this, too downright for that. Morning-calls are grime and waste of time. The evening social scene is all very pleasant while it lasts; but it is mere acting, which leaves no permanent feeling of mutual interest behind. Such are their reasons for disregarding the duties connected with their position in life. Under the appearance of a superior candour
and unaffectedness; it is often more conceit, and one of the worst of affectations. True wisdom and purity of heart would see in the parts which men are called to play, a profound necessity of social life, and a promotion of the general happiness, without any necessary harm either to the player or the audience. Worthy Laird of Cockpen resolved to go a-wooing of the celebrated Mistress Jean of Claverhouse, he considered that she would look well at the head of his table. This was an acknowledgment of our principle. The laird had a style to keep up—according to other things, dinners to give to his neighbours. It was needful that on these occasions the female part should be supported by a worthy counter-part of himself. It is but a portion of the duties of a wife; but it speaks of all the rest. A gentleman, if he more than the wife at all, should, if possible, have one who will personate the character well—act the part in the eye of the world according as his circumstances may dictate. If he rises after his marriage, and is himself able to act the advanced part, it is most desirable that his wife should study to play her new part in conformable style, so that all may be of a piece, and no ridicule be incurred through awkwardness. It is a misfortune to him if she cannot, or, from miscalculation, will not. We have known several separations of man and wife on this account—sad tragedies in their own way. They might have been avoided by a little prudence on the part of the wife, and a rational acceptance of the duties of the changed position; but then ladies always are so right in their opinions, and so infallible in their ways.

In the case of a man raised by rank and wealth over his fellows, the part to be acted, and the style in which he acts it, becomes of no inconceivable consequence to his neighbourhood. To keep a hospitable house, to take a large, active, and generous part in the public business of the district, to do liberal things amongst his dependents, are sacrifices appropriate to the part which are sure to prove amply self-rewarding in the generation and kindly regard of all around him. To fall short in any respect of the duties of the part, is to condemn one's self to insignificance and contempt; for the world has its part in us, and we never can repudiate the claim with impunity. There is something, one could almost say, divine, in this institution, for certainly we do not see how the world could get on if the able and the fortunate were to live only for themselves. No, they must take up and support the rôle which a beneficent Providence has assigned to them, accepting their superfluities as a hint that something is expected from them besides attending to their own immediate gratifications.

The highest parts in life are the most trying, none more truly so than that of the monarch. We can readily understand a warm-hearted old sailor like William IV. delighting to walk out into St James's Street, and hail his old acquaintances in the free-and-easy style of old times, and his ministers telling him that it would not do—that his part would not admit of it. It was a hardship for the well-meaning old man, but one which he could not well escape, if he was to continue wearing the crown. The common people themselves have a strong sense that a king should be a king; that is, fulfill all the requirements of the part. They would be the first to blame a monarch who should put on over-familiar airs not consistent with the ideal of the royal state. Much more do they feel shocked when a king, happening to be shaken rudely out of his throne, fails to support the dignity of his original character—as, for example, Louis Philippe of France scampering meekly off in a cab from the Tuileries, and crossing to England under the cognomen of Mr Smith. One feels that a man, after assuming, and for a time playing the part, has no right to wake us so unpleasantly out of the dream we have entertained regarding it. A king may have been much that was bad, as Charles I. was; but if he sinks beneath the indignation of his subjects with a calm grace befitting his former state, they will look on with a companionable admiration, as they did upon the unhappy Stuart on the scaffold before Whitehall, and history will keep as it records his errors.

We conclude with a verse of the poet, at once subliming our principle, and demonstrating its proper place in the moral scheme of the world:

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

MUSIC NEXT DOOR.

Our pursuits are sedentary, and we live in a semi-detached west-end suburban "villa," whose walls are not thick enough to keep out the sounds of a piano and vocal accompaniment next door, which has not or less been the bane of our existence for nearly two years—that is, ever since the present occupant has possession of the domicile, and by degrees raised or curiosity as to what she could possibly be.

The mystery is solved, however, which puzzled us for so long a time; the dénouement has taken place, and that in so singular and unexpected a manner, as to keep up the old axiom of "truth being stranger than fiction."

Nearly two years ago, as I said, the ten house was vacated, and speedily re-let; and though, of course, as metropolitanites, we did not interest ourselves in our neighbours, always boisterously feeling that we did not know even their names—for we had less teased with village gossip in our time—yet for all pleasant vaunted independence, and freedom from privacy, we earnestly hoped the new-coming tenant had no children to squall, or practises on the piano, run wild in the garden, where we delighted to saunter in our own square table-cloth of a pleasant, look in hand, musing in dreamy repose. So we wert thankful when our demure Sally informed us that she had seen the vans arrive, 'packed beautiful—full of the best of things—clean and 'andome;' and that the new tenant was a lady—attired in widow's drapery, one elderly maid-servant as her sole 'establishment.' This information Sally had gleaned from the hands who supplied all the villas in our road with bread.

We were well aware that our worthy landlord was extremely particular as to the perfect repugnance of the parties to whom he let his houses, own and others; therefore our minds were at rest on that point. We congratulated ourselves on the charming quietness in prospect—for even if the widow lady did play on the nice piano which Sally said had been carried in next door, doubtless music would not be of any long continuance; and we must differ essentially in character from the disconcerting discord made by young beginners. Besides, a pair of hands could not do so much as six; and a widow-lady, who had her own troubles, was not likely to play on the piano by the hour together. We did not ask Sally if our new neighbour was old or young, nor did we inquire her name; for we felt no interest in her, further than in our purely selfish desire of being so disagreeably disturbed as we had been by the six little Misses Brownriggs, the late occupants of the house.
But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Well it is for us that we do not foresee coming events. And yet coming events do cast their shadows before; for we declare, when Sally said that a "oriental plaisir" had "gone in next 'ouer,' our hearts misgave us; though the indubitable and pleasant fact of there being one pair of hands to touch it, was duly impressed on our minds, by way of comfort and reassurance.

And on the next morning, before we sat down to breakfast—a reasonably early hour—the slow tones of Scots who has we? Wallace bled, and Annie Laurie, set for musical aspirants who had but just learned their gamut (the do-g and do-a, which follows the do-a), and how careful, and how patient, and how determined, and how determined, and how determined, and so the pause between each note, as if the performer was carefully coming and studying the piece before committing herself to produce a wrong sound.

"We thought there were no children next door, "Sally," cried we as Sally entered with the eggs and toast. "You certainly gave us to understand so; but you hear her now"—and we pointed significantly over our shoulder in the direction of the latch-and-plaster division of the house.

"No more there beant—there beant no children," replied Sally sentimentally, "that must be the widder lady herself's practising."

Sally is not sensitive, and has no ear. "Practising!" we exclaimed in derision; "why, she is spoiling the music; she has only just learned the meaning of B and C natural, and how careful, and how patient, and how determined, and how determined, and how determined, and so the pause between each note, as if the performer was carefully coming and studying the piece before committing herself to produce a wrong sound."

We could detect that the instrument she touched was rich and brilliant, and also that the widow lady was slow to learn, and then to rush back to her beloved piano. She soon left Scots who has and Annie Laurie behind, having perfectly mastered these two airs; and if it had not been that we were nervous and provoked at the disturbance, we should really have had considerable interest in watching her progress; more particularly as a sweet and clear voice made itself so distinctly heard that we could repeat the burden of the song, to which all the widow’s energies seemed devoted, when the first difficulties were overcome of the beginner’s first lessons. The air of this song was a curious combination of the pathetic and jocular; we had never heard it before. Was it foreign? Italian?—No. French?—No. German?—No. Scottish?—In resurrection, altogether. Scotch?—Not altogether. English?—Not altogether. It was a very odd song, a very peculiar song; and over and over, and over and over, and over and over, she practised it, until sometimes we awoke in the night, cantically: "I’m alone in this world without you." We believed that was the burden of the song, but we were not quite decided about the ‘O-O-O;’ it might be ‘Ochone;’ it might be a prolonged quaver or cadence; but it was very peculiar, to say the least of it; and the widow herself always seemed doubtfull about this part of it, going over the ‘O-O-O’ in various ways, always sweetly, but still as if she felt unsatisfied with her own efforts, and desired to improve. The entire practising was now merged and concentrated in this one ditty; it appeared as if all the previous hours of persevering industry had been devoted to the pianino only to accomplish her indeterminate desire of mastering this one song. Morning, noon, and night, ceaselessly, over and over, and over and over, over and over again, on went the pianino accomplishment—at length perfectly learned, and the vocal ‘O-O-O, I’m alone in this world without you.’

Sometimes she would very diligently practise another pretty air—‘All is lost now—or a wall, or a polka; and her progress was quick and sure; but over she returned to her beloved ‘O-O-O;’ and no other song did she attempt; and if we did not both prejudiced and angry, we should have declared that it was an unique song, a pretty song, and very sweetly sung. But as it was, we only snuffed the air in disdain, remarking: ‘Why can such any human being to sacrifice so much time to one insignificant song?’

We christened our neighbour ‘Angelia,’ after a celebrated amateur musician of that name; but Sally overbearing us so denominated her, said gravely: ‘That’s not the lady’s name. Her name is Mrs Fordham; and her servant’s name is Goodwin.’

‘Thank you, Sally,’ said we. ‘Are you sure?’

‘Quite sure; Goodwin told me so herself; because the postman brought a letter here for me as was meant for her—’ the distinction was legible to us. But ‘Angelia’ she continued with us, and we agreed that her wonderful perseverance was worthy of a better cause. A better cause? What cause could induce a woman to devote herself body and soul—and at her advanced age without any singing, and that singing all condensed into the pathetic, the jocular, the sweet but ridiculous ‘O-O-O,’ at which she always stuck; there was something wrong there—the lesson was not perfect. ‘The sweet clear voice again吸引了 our attention; that elder flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and we were obliged to stuff cotton into our ears, in order to pursue our occupations of writing and reading. She was a wonderful woman. When did she eat? When she went to bed, surely she had her lessons. She was working, and her dreams haunted as ours were by that extraordinary burden—‘O-O-O, I’m alone in this world without you.’

Christmas was now approaching, and we expected our relative, poor Louis Davidson, to pass the Christmas holidays with us. We say ‘poor Louis,’ because his history had been a sad but too common one. Brought up by an impoverished mother as an idle gentleman, living on expectations, Louis, when those expectations failed, had reduced them in the face, had met the storm with energy and decision, scarcely to be looked for in one hitherto self-indulgent and supine. Discarding all fine-gentleman habits, he had promptly and thankfully accepted the offer of a situation as usher in a school, presided over by a worthy gentleman, who had been a friend of his father’s, and who pitied Louis from his heart, according him warm sympathy and respect, as altered prospects brought the brighter side of the young man’s character. He now entirely supported his ailing weak mother, who occupied humble apartments in the village where Dr Smith’s academy was situated. We had succeeded with some difficulty in persuading Louis to come and pass the vacation with us. We greatly admired and esteemed him; more than we ever could have done in his days of idleness and frivolity; though now, as then, there was an under-
current of genial fun in his nature, always good-naturedly evoked, which circumstances had no power to damp or to repress.

'1 wonder what Louis will think of "Angelina" and her song,' we often said to one another. 'He is exceedingly fond of music, and has a quick ear; and that's named "O-O-O" will no doubt greatly amuse him. But what a quiet orderly creature this Mrs Fordham seems; in all other respects a model neighbour—no visitors, no letters, no disturbance of any kind, save this. We shall leave Louis to find out the mystery. If my suspicion is correct, I have given her a lesson in my own production. I must know better than any one else how it ought to be sung.'

We were greatly amused by this threat, little thinking our young relative would really carry it into effect; whether it was that Louis's nerves were disorganised as ours had been, or that he was mysteriously impelled to the bold act, certain it is he became so worked upon as to be unable to endure the incessant 'O-O-O,' and to hear his song worked with a mistake in a most critical part. So one evening, when our tea-table was cleared, and Angelina was 'O-O-ing' as usual, Louis suddenly signified his intention of ringing at the bell next door, and informing the maiden that the song was as so industriously prefiguring was his companion; politely requesting, at the same time, to be allowed to set her right in one or two small particulars of erroneous execution relating to its burden. He was not to be dissuaded; and afterwards confided to us that he never could account for the obstinate determination that led him to disregard the conventional forms of society by introducing himself in so rash and impertinent a manner to a stranger lady. However, lashed into frenzy, in he rushed next door. We heard the piano suddenly cease, and the sweet voice become mute; then, after a while, we could distinguish a sort of music-lesson given, Louis himself playing, and our neighbour's voice accompanying the piano. It was the much-dreaded 'O-O;' but now, Louis's passion for sweetness, deserved to become a popular melody. Then music and singing were succeeded by voices in cheerful conversation, interspersed at times with a merry, ringing laugh, which was not the laugh of Louis. And then, after a while, there came a same pair of lungs as those which produced the daily warblings of 'O-O-O.'

Hours glided on, and it was very late when Louis returned from his impertinent visit; he was in a state of great excitement, and was unable to endure the tears which his cheeks spoke, and the voice which his eardrums heard. 'What's the matter, Louis? Are you dreaming? Has the music next door bewitched you?'

'No, no,' said he; 'it has not, I have not heard it distinctly, but I seem to recognise the air and the words; and I dare say you will think me a great fool, but, upon my word, I could almost believe it is a song of my own composition. I seem to catch the sentiment of it—"O-O-O,"—where our neighbour is in fault (she makes a mistake there), and the burden, "I'm alone in this world without you." But it may be my mistake, for I never gave more than three manuscript copies away; I valued my first song far too much; and now your neighbour, Mrs Fordham, alias Angelina, has got hold of it, I cannot imagine.'

'But to whom did you present the three copies, Louis?' we asked; 'for it is evident our neighbour has a rush after it, for that he could not devote so many hours to it as she does.'

'Two copies have gone to Australia,' replied Louis; 'and the third I gave to the Hon. Mrs Brewer of Bourtree Court, who sings most magnificently, and does it real justice.' (O the vanity of poets!)

'Perhaps, however, Louis, you may be mistaken, and it may not be your song, after all,' we remarked soothingly; 'you will hear better to-morrow when we are by ourselves, and quiet.'

'To-morrow came, 'It is my song,' said Louis decidedly. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—Louis was out all morning, amusing himself and paying visits, only returning to a late dinner, when in the evening the invariable 'O-O-O-O' greeted him from the next house. He listened with flushed cheeks and continually growing impatience, joining his finger and muttering, as if to himself: 'It is very odd—I cannot account for it—how could this person come by my song? There's no mistake in it, for there's a peculiar turn I alone am competent to teach; and, upon my honour, this is except when she comes to the "O-O-O," and then there is a mistake, which I could soon rectify. I declare, if this neighbour of yours, this Mrs Fordham, goes on like this, I shall be impelled to rush in next door, and give her a lesson in my own production. I must know better than any one else how it ought to be sung.'
that Miss Mamford had assumed the style of 'Mrs Fordham,' and was living alone in a villa.

"Oh, I forgot," he replied, looking rather sheepish, 'that you don't know all about her' (as didn't, when he rushed in next door). After Fanny left my mother, she married a rich old distiller, and became a widow in less than a year. She's got a good fortune now, and amusing herself by learning to sing and play, in order, as she says, to keep up her spirits; and she has a taste and love for it, that she'll be a fine musician soon.'

"But, Louis," we urged, 'if Mrs Fordham has a fine fortune, why does she live in a small suburban house, with only one domestic?'

"She's a great creature," quoted Louis, and with emotion, 'as she always was, and as I told my mother. Don't you remember, she was the only child of John Mamford, who brought so many people to ruin by his 'great bankruptcy,' as it was called? Well, Miss Mamford—I beg pardon, Mrs Fordham—is paying off some of her father's most distressing liabilities; and she won't be free of them for the next two or three years, so she lives in great economy, and diverts her mind as much as possible.

"But about the song, Louis; the "O-O-O!" What induces her to give up all her time to attain perfection in that?" we asked maliciously.

"With some anxiety, Louis replied: 'I told you she learned the song well.'

"And the "O-O-O, I'm alone in the world without you," for association, remarked we; on which his good-humoured returned, though he blushed quite bashfully, and said:

"She copied it for me long ago; and admiring the song, wished to learn it. Also having much spare time, the idea struck her of purchasing a good piano, and setting to work.'

"Well, my dear Louis," returned we, 'you have now an opportunity of improving the lady by teaching her yourself how the song ought to be sung. We have always remarked that she regularly breaks down at the "O-O-O." We hear her too well.'

"She doesn't know that," replied Louis, quite sapphically, 'as she never would have feared you, or any one else, for Fanny is the best creature in the world. She never hears you move or speak, so can form no idea that such mere lath-and-plaster partition divides you. But go and see her, and tell her yourself how you feel for those who wish to live very quietly, I'm sure she'll be glad to see you.'

"And we did call on Mrs Fordham, and found her, as Louis Davidson insinuated, the 'best creature in the world.' It was astonishing how the 'O-O-O' progressed under the tuition of the composer, for he became most regular in giving his music-lessons next door, though we generally observed conversation took up the greatest portion of the evening visit.

"As length the burden of the song floated distinctly sweet through the dividing-walls; and we fancied there was a peculiar tender intonation in the avowal, 'I'm alone in this world without you.'

"It was not fancy. The amiable widow did sing the words of Louis Davidson's song with peculiar and touching emphasis, and now she has bestowed herself and her fortune on Louis, and they are to be married next Thursday. They mean to live cheaply on the continent for a few years, until Fanny has performed her tour, as she says, and when, Louis says, Fanny may be perfected in music, for which she has such wonderful talent.' He also means to compose another song, the title of which is to be, "In this world I am happy with you." Fanny always blushes and looks foolish when we ask her about the manuscript song she copied for Louis, and the difficult 'O-O-O'; but we heartily congratulate him on his happy fortune, and on the chance—if chance there be—which brought him on a visit to us, when we stuffed cotton wool into our ears, in order to deaden the sounds of music next door.

THE GREAT SCAR LIMESTONE.

If England is to be better known by English tourists, they should take a little knowledge of its geology as their best guide to its various scenes of beauty and grandeur. For want of such guidance as an hour's talk of Siluria, the old red, and the mountain limestone might afford, many a health and pleasure seeker has expended all his holidays, and not a little money, yet seen little of England, except the Northumberland, North Yorkshire, and the borders of Wales and Scotland. For while it is easy, in the course of one day's journey, to pass over a rich variety of scenes characteristic of the several systems—chalk, oolite, new red sandstone, and old red—it is also possible to visit several counties, or even to travel, on a diagonal line, over a great part of the length of England, still seeing very little of that rich variety of hill, valley, and plain for which our little island is remarkable. For instance, we might go from Hampshire into Bedfordshire, then take a turn in the vale of Aylesbury, and visit a friend in Oxfordshire—winding up the excursion by running down to the sea at Dover. After all, we have seen nothing but midland counties' limestone and chalk—the former marked by its long continuous series of fertile green basins—or any laps of land (rather than valleys)—with softly rounded or wooded slopes, and, here and there, a slow winding river; the latter showing us dry, treeless downs, with short grass, and no water in the hollows.

Many a respectable member of society has travelled yearly to and from his favourite watering-place, seeing nothing of such scenes as are suggested to the geologist by such terms as the old red, the new-red, and the Great Scar Limestone. These are the terms that most distinctly point out several districts of England with regard to their scenery. Our present purpose is to direct any tourist who likes to deviate from the beaten path to a part of Yorkshire where one rock—the mountain limestone—is seen on the grandest scale; but possibly a few preparatory notes, pointing out the position of this formation in the series of rocks that make England, will be welcome to young readers, who wishes to travel, on a diagonal line, from the north-west of England—supposing we start in Cumberland—towards the south-east, and find the sea at Dover. Thus we leave in Cumberland the granite and clay-edges, having no fossils yet discovered; we pass through the mountain limestone, full of fossil-shells and corals; and then over the coal, abundant with fossil-plants. On the moor and new red sandstone is seen the great and the aspect of fertility is continued, with more variety of surface, when we come on the limestone of the midland counties (the oolite), from which we pass to the chalk—say near Dunstable—then to the London clay and gravel, and again to the chalk as we enter Kent.

This may serve as an example of the variety that may be found in one journey planned with a reference to the several rocks forming that part of the earth's crust called England. A little study of a geological map, explained by any correct text-book of geology, will enable the tourist to plan his excursions so that, in the course of a few years, he will have acquired a
fair knowledge of the land we live in. If he would see the grandeur of mountain-chains of granite, or the precipices, deep glens and ravines of gneiss and mica-schist, he must go to the Highlands of Scotland. We have nothing in England that can be compared with the sublime scenery of these primitive rocks; but we have the same things on a smaller scale. If we would see, in their most compact and picturesque forms, the various groupings of hills and mountains of granite, clay-slate, and the Silurian strata, relieved by gleaming lakes, and made cheerful by culturwe and wooded slopes, still it is nowhere in Europe that, within the same area, can be compared with our lake district; and perhaps there is no short tour in the world to match the journey from Perith to Keswick, thence to Ullswater, Borrowdale, and Patterdale, and over the Kirkstone Pass to Borrowdale.

For the more tranquil scenery of the Silurian strata, let the tourist visit Shropshire and Worcestershire, then look out the same red, broken by trap-rock on the Wye, in Herefordshire, or in Devon, and he will have seen all the most charming scenery that England affords. But variety will still remain, when he has explored all the districts already named; for he has seen nothing of the Great Scar Limestone, to which we would next direct his attention.

We would not deceive him. He will find nothing in this district of great scars and caverns, wide moorlands, and treeless mountains, to be compared, for picturesque effect, with scenes to be found within the compass of a few hours walk about Ambleside. If he is a paterfamilias, and takes his children to see as many lakes and mountains as possible in a few days; or if he neither knows nor cares about anything about the wonders of the earth's crust and the flowers that grow upon it, but simply wishes to see hill and valley, wood and water, placed together so as to make striking scenery, he cannot gratify his taste better than in the lake district, and would not thank us for leading him among the solitudes of Great Whernside and Ingleborough. It is to the pedestrian, who knows something of geology and botany, and who can enjoy lonely mountain rambles, far from the beaten track of tourist, that we recommend the Great Scar Limestone of the north-west of Yorkshire. It wants trees, and sheets of water, and steep declivities, to enable it to bear any comparison with Westmoreland or Cumberland; but it has its own characteristic—namely, a degree of loneliness and profound quietude, such as is felt deeply even when we visit it after a tour in the lake district. Its mountain masses rise, not abruptly by the margins of lakes, and overlooking pleasant villages and mansions, but swell up gradually from broad bases of brown moorlands, and are altogether less broken and striking in their outlines than the heights of 'rocky Cumberland.' Indeed, the term mountains may convey a false impression to those who know nothing of these old rocks to which we refer; for the Great Scar Limestone extends over large area in Yorkshire, sloping down towards Derbyshire, and ending with a bold escarpment in the Peak. Towards the north-west of Yorkshire, it swells up strongly; and its general aspect, when viewed from one of its own summits, is that of a sea of vast, rounded, and sweeping waves, with here and there the crest of a hill of remarkable height or shape—such as Pendle, Penygan, or Ingleborough. Among these undulated masses of moorland, lie sheltered dales and grassy hollows, affording good pasturage; but for picturesque effects there is a want of trees and rivers, as we have already confessed. The chief rivers of Yorkshire have their sources in this region, and are, consequently, only small streams here. The rock that gives its own characteristic shapes to the district is a limestone, of which a large proportion consists of fossil-shells—such as in our museums are labelled Spirifer, Turritella, Bellerophon, &c., and lily-like corals, or encrinuses, having a cup-shaped body, that seems to have been attached to the sea-bottom by a jointed stalk, having many branches. The total depth of the lake is at about eight hundred yards. In its outlines and other features, it affords the clearest proof of its marine origin; and in many other regions besides that of which we write, its general aspect forcibly suggests the theory of the sea. There is nothing like an ocean that remains of extinct shell-fish and corals, gradually left dry, and, by some slow and vast operation, upheaved in huge masses, so as to preserve the original shapes of its ridges and undulations. Another characteristic from which it derives its name, is its remarkable liability to be scarred, fissured, or worn away by the action of water. In every part of the district we see proofs of this; in one place, a chimney, like Gerda Scar, opens from the old red, broken by trap-rock on the Aire, by some other inland river of the district; again, a cove or limestone barrier, that seems to have been left by a cataract; or a series of slabs almost or perfectly divided; masses of limestones fallen from the steep declivities; brooks descending by subterraneous channels, and vast caverns with stalactites, as at Ingleborough, and Yordas, and Weathercote Caves.

The centre of the district in which the Great Scar Limestone is most perfect is Ingleborough, Great Whernside, and Penygan—may be described as skirted on the south by the Skipton and Lancaster Railway, between Gargrave and High Bentham, and bounded, on the west, by a line from Ingleton to York; and on the north, by a line from Clapham to Hawes and Richmond. The tourist may extend his journey northward beyond these bounds, which include, however, the chief points of attraction. The centre of the district is still left uncast by railways; but the line already mentioned brings the pedestrian near enough to the grandest features of the limestone at Malham and Clapham. From the latter spot he may pay a visit to the Yordas and Weathercote Caves. The walk from Clapham to Hawes, and hence to the Catterstone, will not disappoint a true lover of mountainous and moorland scenery.

Let us imagine that we repeat—as we should like to do if our purse would allow us—one of our own tours in Yorkshire, and that we travel thither from the south.

We leave the rail at Skipton, to pay a visit to Bolton Priory, a monastic ruin in the valley of the Wharfe, embosomed by wooded hills on the south, while, on the north, we have a view of white mountains. The rapid Wharfe here hurries along till it approaches the beautiful ruin, and then, spreading itself over a wider channel, flows on more quietly, and with a softer sound. Lofty cliffs rise near the Priory—on their sharp top there was a hermit, with a habit of purple, and water-worn by many trickling streams. A short distance above the ruins, the river foams and boils through a narrow chasm in the rock—the Sird, where the fair boy of Egremont lost his life. While engaged in courting, and leading his gir-rlows in a leash, he attempted to leap the Sird, when the dogs, hanging back, drew him into the chasm. His desolate mother built the Priory. It seems no great feat to leap over the Sird; but another tale is told of a too sprightly bridegroom, who, spending here his wedding-day, attempted it, and perished in the sight of the shrieking bride and her companions. We might stay here all day telling old legends of Bolton—of the 'good Lord Clifford,' who pursued his game both in Hardian Tower, and in the haunts of the old monks, prosperous and not over-steadfast.
for, in forty years, as their account-books shew, they bought only three books. One of these, however, cost forty pounds of our present money. What changes of times since the love of the mountain limestones of York came here with his train of 200 men, after hunting the red deer from parish to parish all through the gray sea valleys of Craven! But all these things are already noted down in Dr Whitaker’s celebrated ‘History of the Derbyshire Dales.’ It is to these books of its class—and our present object is to explore, not the legends of these valleys, but the antiquities of the Great Scar Limestone, in comparison with which, the legend of Egremont, the foundation of Bolton, and the Wars of the Roses, are things of yesterday.

So, leaving, but not forgetting, this beautiful valley with all its traditions, we return to the rail, and go on towards Malham. On the way, we catch glimpses, here and there, of rich pastures, and glinting at the Bell Busk station, walk on to the quiet old village of Malham—a place visited and well described by the post Grey, at a time when other literary men seemed to care little for the grand scenery of their own or any other country, in all probability, as the best works of the traveller may find a comfortable inn—we shall see two of the greatest scars in the mountain limestone of England. The first, Malham Cove, or ‘Mawm Cove,’ as the natives here call it, is a segment of an immense circle of nature. The cave was formed by the erosion of the mass, and hewn out within 100 feet high. Climbing the side of the valley, we look down from the highest tier of this ‘semicircular profund,’ on the rivulet that issues from its base. It is not easy to imagine by what process the shape of nature the cave was formed. It looks like the barrier left by some enormous water-fall.

On the moor above, large masses of gray limestone lie scattered in wild confusion all along the way to Malham Tarn, where the river Aire has its source. The whole scene strongly suggests the thought of some vast design of Titan builders, working in these solitudes in oldest time, and frustrated in their plans by the great catastrophes that burst a passage for the Aire through Gordale Scar. This an enormous chasm, not far from the cave, and even more remarkable.

On all sides—except one, opening into a narrow, rock-bound valley—our view of the surrounding country is made difficult by deep coverts, hanging and almost meeting masses of gray limestone, piled up to the height of about 350 feet. From a opening near the summit of the scar, the river Aire pours itself down, and breaks its fall on a rock in the centre of a gloomy chasm. It is a dread place; a den where—as Wordsworth boldly says—the earthquake might hide her cubes. At first sight, it might seem venturesome to climb up close beside the water-fall, and out on the open moor; but it may be easily done, for no steps have been worn in the rock; and above the second leap of the cataract, we find a path upward, among the masses of rock that seemed almost meeting at their summits. When we look down, we see that Gordale Scar is an immense cavern, of which the roof has been by nature a dome; and its scar, a relief to get out of the gloomy chasm and its uproar of thundering water, and to see once more green grass, and something more than a patch of blue sky.

Chamber's Journal
past will not be forgotten. Everything tells of worlds or systems of life that passed away in ages for which we have no reckonings:

Though with no utterance of breath
These wide dark moorlands speak of death,
And rife hills and ridges gray
Are tombs of tribes long passed away.

And the tombs themselves are perishing—slowly, when measured by our notions of time, but surely. We see the water wears down the hills in this district. None can tell what vast hollows, such as Ingleborough Cave, have been already worn in this region. These hills seem, indeed, to abide for ever, when contrasted with our own brief sojourn here; but look at them from a higher point of view, and the rock itself—in some parts three-fourths of it consisting of fossil-shells—is surely passing away:

The mountains change their shapes, and flow
From form to form, and nothing stands:
Like clouds they shape themselves, and go.

Such were the thoughts suggested by our wanderings over the mountain limestone in the north-west of Yorkshire. The geological tourist who would see more of it than we have told, may inquire for Thornton Scar, or may enjoy the fine mountain-walk from Clapham to Haws. He should see the falls of the Ure at Akriggs, at Yordas, and Weathercote, with their subterranean water-falls; and if his tour be extended northward as far as Barnard Castle, he will there find a beautiful change of scenery on the banks of the Tees. If he loves wild-flowers, he will find, on his way through this district, many favourite places, such as the lovely blue geranium, prenæa, the Malva moschata, the Primula farinosa, and the grass of Parmassus, to say nothing of the elegant foxglove and the broad-leaved bell-flower, with other plants commonly found here.

But let it be observed again, that the district we have indicated is recommended rather to the pedestrian geologist than to the tourist who wishes to see the greatest possible amount of varied scenery in the course of a week or ten days. The latter will certainly fail to find in Yorkshire anything to bear a comparison, from his point of view, with the lake-district. However, if tired of the stern solitude of Whernside, Ingleborough, and Penyghent, the rail might be of use now to leave them, and, in the course of a few hours, find ourselves on Windermere, embooned in scenery than which nothing softer and more harmonious can be imagined by a painter—hills with forgrounds of all soft shades of pale green, yellow, brown, gray, and purple—turf, rock, and foliage all beautifully blended—dark purple gorges in the background, and, far away, blue mountains, Scafell, Helvellyn, and the Langdale Pikes like grand solemn sphinxes, seeming to guard the portals of a land of mystery and romance.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S LAST HEXAMETERS.

In an age wherein Mr. Tupper's poems reach a sixteenth edition, and Mr. Browning's scarcely a third, it is evident that the excellence of a poet is not to be measured by his popularity. We are, on the contrary, inclined to look with some suspicion upon all works of the imagination which bear upon their covers any number above 'the fourth thousand,' and more particularly when they come from the other side of the Atlantic. We never enter the establishment of any fashionable bookseller without a smile, which is not altogether of approbation, seeing so very 'large and varied an assortment' of the exquisitely bound and gorgeously decorated volumes of Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated editions; collectcd editions; new and revised editions (with a preface by some literary gentleman, who seems to think the mind of man cannot now conceive a world without an Excelsior, any more than without an Iliad; author's own editions; nay, even cheap editions, in order to anticipate and successfully rival that penny which this poet's popularity invariably proceeds. 'Suitable gift-books ' is not an unusual title appended to the more splendid-looking of these volumes, and it describes their character, as it seems to us, pretty exactly. Their contents are well adapted to the capacities of cultivated young ladies, who have an eternal friendship for one another, and celebrate it, after the Eastern fashion, by interchanges of presents. Any man might put the word into the hands of his bride-elect, without any fear of its making her too strong-minded. No Miss at a boarding-school ever yet had the headache in consequence of a too-much-application to the pages of Mr. Longfellow. He is, for a true poet—and we do not say him that title—the most superficial thinker possible. There is a gulf between his mind and Mr. Tennyson in this respect—although they are strictly clasped together—for broader than the spanning Atlantic. In the more recent works of the latter poet, such as the In Memoriam and In Memoriam, we— even if we do not prefer them to our old favours—his winged thoughts taking a higher flight and a range that they have not explored for a while; but Mr. Longfellow has never risen above a certain moderate elevation, nor, what is worse, beyond a very limited range of subjects. His latest verse, The Courtship of Miles Standish,2 reproduces a task that he has already pursued before; treading, each, like a North-American savage, in his own bosom, so that the hostile critic—the avenger of split infinitives—behind him, can scarcely discern the new foot in the old trail. We really do think that we have read enough and to spare of those Pilgrim Fathers that wear some 'forest primeval.' Certainly, we would have borne to see more of them, it would have been in some other dress than these ubiquitous, baggy, lengthy, uncomfortable unmentionables, into which Mr. Longfellow insists upon putting Miss Evangeline. One of the most favorite features of this form of composition seems to be that of repetition; the bringing in a line or a couplet, which is not originally a striking one, again and again under the reader's eye, until he is struck with it, and gets haunted by it, and is made absolutely uncomfortable through the rest of the verses, with an apprehension of renewing its acquaintance. 'I must have that notice prefixed to the cheap edition,' he has contributed [to secure its copyright] by an English writer, and our hope and belief are that the English writer has only contributed the repetitions. The explanation would both rescue a fellow-countryman from the obloquy of being concerned in the promotion of Miles Standish, and also obviate Mr. Longfellow from the grave charge of tactology.

A name of the name of Aiken is secretary to Miles Standish, Esq., the middle-aged Puritan captive, and governor of Plymouth in New England. We are averse, because the author is very particular about his hero's social position:

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree
Plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire

England—

* Kent, London, 1838.
which reads something like, to us, some absurdly lengthy direction. We are introduced to these two worthies, as they sit together in the same apartment, the one playing Caesar’s Commentaries, by the help of what school-boys term a crib (“out of the Latin translated by Arthur Golding of London”), and the other inditing letters to go home by the *May Flower*—

Letters written by Alden, and full of the fame of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

This seems sufficiently plain, and not of any great importance; but a few lines afterwards we have the circumstance repeated in the same identical words:

Writing epistles important to go next day by the *May Flower*,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

Miles Standish, who is a widower, but a brave man, and inclined to venture again upon matrimony, coolly proposes, since he has no time for such matters himself, that young Alden should be his proxy in wedding the maiden; whereas she, naturally, but perhaps rather forwardly, replies to the proposal in an hexameter, that she had rather he had come upon his own private account:

*Sold, in a tremulous voice: ‘Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?’*

Out of this comes headlong wrath on the part of Miles Standish, Esquire, and unnecessary self-upbraiding on that of his secretary. The former heads a band of pilgrim Caesars, and a condition against the high-flown notions of the two gentlemen. Happily, however—for they scarcely care to conceal their feelings upon the occasion—news comes of the Captain’s death in battle. Thereupon the two young people are married. During the ceremony, however, in walks Miles Standish, Esquire, in complete armour, who, by no means owning, as he should have done, that he has been a most obnoxious old tyrant all along, blesses the happy pair, not without a delicate hint at the credit which belongs to his disinterested self for doing so. This is all that Mr Longfellow has to tell in these thousand and fifty, or (omitting the repetitions) these thousand hexameter lines. The metre is faulty, but the story is narrated with a simplicity almost severe, and not without a moderate sprinkling of poetical thoughts. If a new post had written it, it would have merited some praise, without earning him anything like a reputation. Coming from Mr Longfellow, it certainly partakes of the nature of bathos. It bears the same relation to *Evangeline* that Miss Bronson’s Professor bears to her own *Videlette*. It seems like some early attempt that has been set aside by its author, but which, when his fame is established, he pulls out of his school-boy desk, and publishes, with a laugh in his sleeve. Still, we have no cause to part with Mr Longfellow upon anything like bad terms, and we gladly reproduce the closing picture of his pastoral story, for its charming truth and quiet colouring. Is it not rather like the ‘leaf-fringed legend’ of some canvas Grecian urn?

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold or;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

**THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.**

'Twas very man! Talk of, or think of, the—no matter, and here he is. I'm really very glad to see you.

This was addressed to me by Theophilus Snigs. He was an actor in the serious line, not bad enough to be always without an engagement, not good enough to be always sure of one.

'Well, Snigs, what is it? Want a crotchet about costume, or a scene on Italian manners, eh?'

'No, no—nothing of the kind: I simply want you—knowing as I do the extensive range of your talent—to write a piece for me.'

'A piece for you? One in which the hero, yourself, is the prominent subject; all the rest revolving around you like so many satellites?'

'No, no—leave me out altogether; I shall have enough to do to manage the house.'

'Manage, manage! Did you say manage?'

'Oh, rather think I used those words. Why not? I am manager and lessee of the—'

'Why, my dear sir, it was only the other day you—'

'Ah, I know—borrowed a sovereign of you—which I shall soon be in a condition to repay.'

'But you must have fallen into a fortune, or found some very confiding money-lender, or how did you get the capital to begin with?'

'Capital! ha, ha, ha—capitale joke that! You must excuse me—something green. Do you suppose that anybody with a shilling to lose ever takes a theatre? No, it is the last resource of the actor out of employ, or the actor whom people are suspicious enough not to buy at his own valuation.'

'Well, if you've no capital, suppose you must have credit?'

'That's it. There is such a number of poor devils in the theatrical world—that is, people who live by a trade—being open that they give their services with the mere chance of being paid, than hang about all day doing nothing, with the certainty of starvation; so, guided by experience, I have taken the Theatre Royal, — and mean to open in a week. Excellent prospects. I have engaged Mademoiselle Isabelle Jones—we drop the "Jones" in the bills. Buffet is my leading man, and I have every hope of getting Mrs Lungs for my leading lady. Capital prospects. Do write me a piece—a farce, a burlesque, anything. I'll pay liberally: fifty guineas for a slap-up extravagance.'

I made a promise to 'see what I could do,' and we parted.

The theatre opened under the auspices of my dearest friend. I went on the first night. The house was full; there had been a large issue of paper, currency, and curiosity attracted a few dozens. The company was composed entirely of make-shifts, outsiders, men and women who never by any chance obtain a permanent engagement at a respectable house. The press was more liberal of encouragement than conscientiously critical. Mr Snigs held on for a fortnight. On the second Saturday—he had opened on a Monday—there was 'no treasury,' the technical term for no payments; the consequence was that at night no band made its appearance. This difficulty was got over by cooly informing the audience that, at the last moment, the musicians had mutinied against the leader. The audience, few and far between, laughed, and were indulgent. One youth in the gallery, however, whose tastes were musical, and who, by living in the vicinity, had acquired some knowledge of the violinists of managers, invented a story that the managers had been hurried by a demand for more money, and opened the house with a concert. The audience was thus deceived, and a large quantity of money was made. The next night, the house was packed.

Some days after this, while strolling down the Strand, I encountered Histoff, the juvenile tragedian of the late, and Heaven knows how many present companies.

'How d'ye do, Mr Histoff?'

'Howdy, sir; as well as an ungrateful individual can. I hope I see you well. I don't think we've met since you were in the proscenium, under Mr Snigs's management.'

'Snigs made a bad business of it. Histoff was a brief, but I think one could have been got with it.

'What else could have been expected, sir? A man without resources, without judgment—a man despised, a man who never paid anybody is his life.'

'If you knew this before, why did you engage him?'

'Ah, sir, you don't know what it is to be in low with your profession. It is a passion which entangles all considerations. Besides, if one has not seen constantly before the public, one is liable to be forgotten.'

'But how do you live if you don't get bail?'

'Oh, we are paid sometimes, and then a man in my position makes friends, and we get a ticket or take a benefit, which keeps the pot boiling, instead of being starved to death.'

'If you allow me to send you two or three tickets, it would be a favour.'

'By all means; and as I happen to have the money about, I'll pay for them now.'

'Thank you, sir; thank you. Ah, what a blessing it would be to the profession, sir, and to the drama in its abstract and poetical sense, if a man of your character were to take a theatre! From then I heard you say that night open, green-room, I should think you would understand the public taste.'

'At all events, I would try to elevate it.'

'I'm sure you would, sir; and you would succeed. You would be another Mr Macready, under your father and in you. A man of elegance and accuracy of touch; Do take a theatre.'

I laughed, and bade him good-morning, but don't immediately ran back and asked him for his address. He referred me to a tavern in Bow Street, Drury Lane, where he always called for his letters. I understood this.

Pondering the conversation with Histoff, I passed on through my propensities to write dramas, having succeeded with two, and had three returned upon my hands—and remembering all that Snigs had said as to the facility with which a theatre could be built and managed without capital, a strange impulse sent me to become lessee of the Theatre Royal, — as I was to let—generally was to let three or four years. The proviso for acted upon the evident risk of appointing the money-takers himself, and not securing the rent, if no other arrangement was made which placed him beyond the risk of losing his capital, had enough at my banker's to pay the rent, allowing any man to interfere with the appointment to office in my theatre. Credit would do the rest.

That evening, I sent for Histoff to sup with me. He came; and after the Macbeth grace, which every actor uses upon every possible occasion, I offered him anything to eat, we failed and refreshed him to a roast fowl and sausages. I begged of him to accept.
me the usual pleasantries suggested by 'murder most foul,' and 'foul and fair weather,' and he gravely exclaimed,

When nature had been satisfied, and two glasses of
'warm-with' were placed on the table, I began.

'Histroff, I have been thinking of what you said
the other morning, and am half inclined to be-
come the lessee of the house in which you last
played.'

'Don't say half inclined, sir, I beg; say that you
have resolved on doing it. Do not stand, 'like the cat
'I the adage,' letting you dare not wait upon you-
won't.'

'Ay, but there's another quotation from the same
source about vaulting ambition.'

'True, sir, true; but all these indicated an
infirmity of purpose in the man who used them.
I'm more inclined to the agreement who would let a
masculine wife take work out of your hands because
you were afraid of it.'

'Well, but you see there are things to be con-
sidered. If I get the house for three months, I must
collect a company, and few of the actors know me. I
must—'

'My dear sir,' exclaimed Histroff, suddenly rising
and taking my hand, 'leave all that to me. Make
me your general stage-manager, your factotum, in fact. 'Of their own merits, mock
men are dumb'; but I think I may venture to
say that if there is a performer who understands manage-
ment in general, and stage-management in particu-
lar, Histroff is the man. He sat down, satisfied that he had done himself
justice. I was lost, however, to invest him with
supreme authority. Half the charm of the thing
would be gone if I were not to be the autocrat of the
house. But I knew nothing of the details—nothing
of the moderate expectations of actors. I had seen
a great many of them on the stage, and could estimate
their relative merits. Beyond this, it would not have
been prudent to go. While I hesitated to reply,
Histroff assured me his influence was so great
that he could get me credit for everything; and if
the receipts were not sufficient to make a full trea-
sury on the Saturday, he could always manage to
satisfy everybody, by giving everybody something.
And when we were at last, and what bargain was struck. I was to engage the theatre; and as soon as I was in possession, Histroff was to
commence operations.

There was no difficulty in obtaining the lease of the
house for three months. They were the three worst
months in the year—July, August, and September—
when nobody is in town; and it was therefore a
great catch to find any one foolish enough to pay
$35 a week in advance of the rent. I handed over
the cheque, signed the agreement, and the proprietor
gave me a note to the housekeeper in the hall to
deliver over charge to me.

Behold me, after groping through sordid dark
passages, narrowly escaping fractures by occasional
contact with obtrusive framework and scattered
'properties,' standing in the centre of the stage. A
dim light streamed from a closed window at the back
of the gallery. I could just see that everything was
very dingy and very dusty. There was a faint musty
smell, mingled with odours of escaped gas pervading
the whole edifice.

'The place wants cleaning up a bit, sir,' said the
seedy porter at my elbow. 'If so be as you've been
and taken the house, you've only to say the word,
and the men-chambermen will be directed.'

'I made no answer, but asked for a pen and ink.
He didn't know as there was any ink in the bottle
in the manager's room, but he thought he could find
a quill from somewhere.' I spared him the trouble of
the search, and told him I should come again in the
afternoon with Mr Histroff.

'Mr Histroff, sir! Why, you ain't never going to
have him.'

Chiding the man for his remark, I left the theatre,
and proceeding to the parlour of the tavern he had
indicated, was about to ring for paper, pens, and ink,
when two gentlemen, who were seated at a table in the
corner, suddenly turned round, and I found that one
of them was Histroff himself. I was saved the trouble
of writing. Histroff's friend was a decayed actor who
had abandoned the active duties of the profession and
become a prompter. He was introduced as such. He
was, as my stage-manager observed, the most downy
chop he knew; up to anything, and familiar with
every move on the board—or boards. He had helped
managers to carry on theatres by the mere force of his
reputation. His appearance was that of the most
incredulous. Histroff was in ecstasies to find him
engaged—a superfluous piece of extortion, by the
way, seeing that they always went hand in hand.

It was rare to find Histroff acting where Histon
did not prompt—and sometimes 'go on with a letter.'

Announcing that the theatre was mine for three
months, I mentioned to Histroff my wish to meet him
in the manager's apartment, in order to commence
operations—to prepare—advertisements, engage
performers, and settle on the pieces we should open
with.

'But why go to a cold, damp, dusty theatre, when
the whole thing could be settled at once on the spot?'
said my stage-manager, at the same time ringing
for the waiter.

Before I could reply, the drawesailor asked me
'to give my orders.' I took the hint; and two glasses
of alcohol—Mr Hinton preferred Hollands—were soon
on the table.

The advertisement was quickly drawn up. It
simply announced that, on a given night, the theatre
—the best ventilated in the world—redecorated, with
new scenery, machinery, dresses, &c., would open
under the direction of Orlando Shakespere, Esq.; and
that ladies and gentlemen wishing for engagements
were requested to present themselves at the theatre
between the hours of eleven and four, during the
next three days.

Sir Robert Walpole's anteroom, Oliver Goldsmith's
stairscase, Marlborough Street police-office when the
night-charges are brought up, are but faint types of
the approaches to a manager's room when he is
forming a company. Of course Histroff had taken
care to secure some of the best available actors, but
he left it to me to engage the stars and the minor
people, and to fix the salaries. He had previ-
ously given me a list of the average emoluments
of the professional brethren, adding, that in the three
blank months they were glad to get anything.

Up to this time, I knew little of actors off the
stage. My fancy had consequently invested them
with many of the attributes of the characters they
represented. I saw in the light comical, the gentle-
man of infinite vivacity; the old man I believed to
be entitled to the respect due to years. In the low
comedian, I was always disposed to recognise a person
of infinite mirth; and the ladies, I felt assured, were
the most disinterested, lovable persons we could
conceive. I was now to be disabused of my
prepossessions. Not that there was not much per-
sonal worth among the claimants for my favour.
Self-regarding, self-denying, temperate, unassuming,
the majority of the theatrical profession are well
entitled to respect. But they came to me in a new
character. Each had a great deal to say in his or
her own praise, each one anxious to drive a good
bargain, and stipulate for 'business.' The generous,
light-hearted Harry Dohmns and Charles Surfines
were particular about pounds, shillings, and pence—the old huskies who were always drawing close their purse-strings, or giving away their daughters and wards with large fortunes, were ready to accept any salary I liked to give them. One very saturnine old gentleman, whose specialty was low comedy and general utility, was large in his own estimation. I told him I had often seen him play, but that his humour did not strike me as peculiarly forcible.

'But, sir,' said he emphatically, and his eyes almost started from the poor fellow's head, 'I am starving!' I pressed him. I engaged him, and gave him a small advance of salary, with the mental reservation that I would certainly not employ him. The upper-crust ladies were very pertinacious. There was a transparent inconsistence in the whole while with the pretensions, and the earnestness with which they assured me how much they were in request elsewhere. I knew them all by sight or repute. The mediocrity was uniform; personal appearance carried the day. One can tolerate incessant acting in a pretty woman; in a plain one, it is undeniable.

In two days the company was formed. It looked a formidable affair when the names and callings were placed upon the paper. There was a first old man and a second old man; a first lady and a second lady; a young walking-lady; a singing chambermaid, and a chambermaid who couldn't sing, but could 'go on' in a ballet or a procession; there was a juvenile comedian—aged 65—a heavy man, and an eccentric; two walking-gentlemen; an old woman; a low comedian; a 'general utility' gentleman, who could do nothing well, and therefore was dubbed 'general utility'; two servants; six ballet-girls; several aper—short for supernumeraries, and a band of fifteen musicians; prompter, property-man, call-boy, dressers, porters, carpenters, scene-painters, money-takers, check-takers, messengers, wardrobe-keepers, tailors, and, to close the catalogue, a stage-manager, an acting-manager, and the lessee himself, who, as Histoff said, ought to lead the list of salaried people, because, if there was anything to be had, he might as well have a share.

Scarcely had the advertisement appeared before I was inundated with manuscripts. I could now understand why managers either did not read the plays sent to them, or delayed to do so until driven to it in despair. In less than a week there were forty pieces of all sorts on my table! If tables ever groaned, there was a scope for the agonizing grief of mine. The weight of some of the dramas was overpowering. They had evidently been written for a company of 'heavy men.' Dramas, melodramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, pantomimes, interludes, spectacles, extravaganzas— and even a five-act tragedy—were submitted to my inspection, with letters highly complimentary to my judgment. I resolved honestly to read every piece and select the best. It was a very rash resolve; I had promised to perform an impossibly. Histoff cut away the attempt. One half the compositions were very poor translations from the French, others had been rejected in turn by every unfortunate man who had ventured upon the cares of management; some were juvenile efforts, others the effusions of madmen, or mad women. Out of the whole lot there was only one tolerable farce. It was in two acts; the first act was good and complete, the other was an inferior addendum. It turned out that the first act had been adapted from a Palais-Royal farce, the second was original. Histoff cut away the second, and I paid for the first. One tolerable act out of forty pieces comprehending one hundred! Surely, thought I, the power of dramatic composition is not to be numbered among our English qualities. We cannot devise a plot, or

At a bad one with ordinary dialogue. Bulwer, nd Knowles, and Tom Taylor rose exceedingly in my esteem. They have proved in their success the possession of a rare faculty.

I was told that when the theatre was open in the winter the receipts averaged £60 a night. Making all that allowance for the difficulties in the period of the year, I modestly calculated my own receipts at £20, which would just have covered my expenses. I felt comfortable. Great pains were taken to get edict to the opening-night. At silence, written and delivered by myself, and delivered by Histoff, tights, commenced the operations. A time act—comedy—one of my own—formed the first; a farce the second; an extravagaza, with dancing therein, the third. The audience was silent—discreetly so. I had rather it had been otherwise. The receipts were £6. Histoff saw that I was out of spirits. He consoled me with the remark that it was hardly yet known that we had opened the old house. It would be better to-morrow. And it was larger by £1.7s.; and it continued to improve until on the Friday following it had reached £10.18s. On the Saturday, my treasurer informed me that the was payable to the company and the 'people,' but a subscription had been carried out; the hands amounted to £40, 18s. He wanted Histoff. My jaw fell. I glared at Histoff. He looked at me inquiringly. 'Can't you give him a cheque, governor?'

I confessed I had only £50 left.

'Well, let him have that. He can pay the "little people" (the poorer of the lot,) and the others half-salaries.'

I drew the cheque with a heavy heart, and none of the lock approached. I saw the money in my hands, and I paid the £60, go one by one to the treasury; and I heard their remarks as they left it. 'A regular do!' 'Sound imposition!' 'I shan't play to-night!' and so on. I felt humiliated. If any atom of the illusion of the drama had survived the first night, it was dissipated. From that moment I beheld in the principal comedian not the original representative of a dissolute nephew, the copy father of a large family, expecting £4, and using but £4. In the heroic woman who would have shared a crust in a prison with the man she loved, I thenceforward saw only the bountiful principle, who measured her reverence for a manager by his capacity to pay. From that evening I renounced the care of management, and they were readily assumed by the super-management, who had few scruples, and knew he can carry on with quarter-salaries, if need be.

The lesson may have its uses. Let the drama continue an illusion to the illusionists before the curtain to an acquaintance with the realities behind.

STORY OF A LAWSUIT, AND HOW THE LAWYERS WERE PAID.

This story of a lawsuit is not a fascinating title; but we venture to commend this particular story to a class of readers in whose welfare we have always taken an especial interest—namely, ladies and gentlemen, not ordinarily addicted to study.

The lawsuit in question, he was observed, was carried on between two obscure individuals in between two corporate towns of considerable importance, at least in their own estimation. Of
municipal constitution of one of them, it is necessary to say a few words, for the better understanding of our story. This town, which we will call the town of E——, was under the government of a mayor and town-council, which council was chosen by the townsfolk, with the power of imposing tolls and duties on the inhabitants of the place, and the strangers frequenting its markets, the produce of which was intended to meet the public expenses of the town. The mayor was assisted by a small body of citizens chosen by himself, possessing with him the whole executive authority, which, in ambitious imitation, perhaps, of greater things, was called, with a pardonable vanity, the cabinet. To one particular member of this body, called the clerk of the tolls, the management of the finances was especially intrusted. And now, having sufficiently cleared the way, we may proceed to the story of the lawsuits.

It would seem that the people of a neighbouring town had trespassed on a piece of common belonging to the township of E——; had, indeed, driven some of their geese upon it, which, after remonstrance made, they had refused to withdraw; and, in addition to this serious injury, had abused the good citizens of E—— with idle tales; and, in short, had laughed at their beards. Thereupon, the mayor called a meeting of the cabinet, made a lucid statement of the case, and concluded an eloquent address with an assurance that, according to his belief and conviction, when such things were done, there was no knowing what would be done next. The cabinet resolved unanimously that there was indeed no knowing what would be done next; and, therefore, resolved further, that their solicitor should be directed to retain counsel, taking care to choose old and experienced men to conduct this just and necessary lawsuit.

So far, all went smoothly; but before the matter was settled, the clerk of the tolls reminded the cabinet that these just and necessary lawsuits must be paid for; that lawyers required to have their fees in their pockets, before they said a word; that, whereas they ought to have at least six thousand pounds in their banker’s hands at starting, they had not six hundred; that their ordinary revenue was little more than sufficient for their ordinary expenditure; and, lastly, that, as for raising the whole sum required within the year by increased tolls and duties, the good citizens, however ready to go to law, would not, and could not stand it; ergo, if they would go to law, they must borrow. ‘To be sure we must,’ said the mayor, and the rest of the cabinet; ‘and we authorise you to set about raising the wind;’ in more refined language, providing the sinews of law. All that remained was to get the consent of the great town-council; for, without it, no money could be borrowed, or, in the technical language used in such proceedings, no loan could be raised. This, however, with the fear of the reeves before their eyes, and of all that might come next, was readily granted. But when the clerk, who was a member of the council, as well as of the cabinet, rent on to observe, that he thought he had a friend who would accommodate him, the older and more knowing members said: ‘No, no; it might be all very well in the old times to put a snug thing of that kind into the bands of a favoured friend; but in these days, he approved thing was competition.’ He should let be known in the town that he wished to borrow, and he would find persons enough who wished to lend; and then all he had to do was to accept the most advantageous offer. This being settled, the council had nothing further to do in the matter but to hear from the clerk a statement of the means, in the shape of new tolls and duties, or the increase of old ones, by which he proposed to pay the interest of the loan. For, be it observed, though the citizens of E—— were by no means ready to pay down the money immediately required for the lawsuit, they could well bear the slight increase of taxation necessary to make good the interest of the money to be borrowed for that purpose.

The next step in the proceeding was the giving public notice by the clerk that he was ready to receive tenders for the loan on a certain day, at his official residence. Without troubling ourselves about the rejected offers, it is sufficient to say that the clerk finally agreed to accept those of the house of Messrs A——, on the following terms:

Messrs A—— agreed to pay into the corporation’s bank—which, in future, we will call the bank—the six thousand pounds required. The clerk, on his part, gave them a bond, by which the corporation was bound to pay them five pounds annually for every hundred they advanced; that is, to pay them interest at the rate of five per cent. for all the money borrowed, which would amount, for the whole six thousand pounds, to three hundred pounds annually. The clerk at the same time satisfied the lenders, Messrs A——, that the new duties to be imposed on the town would produce more than enough to make the interest of the money; and, as a further security, informed them that the council had agreed to mortgage the produce of these duties for the payment of the interest; that is, to restrict the corporation by a bond from using this produce for any other purpose whatever, till the annual claims of the lenders were satisfied; or, in other words, to give them the first right over it. The corporation, however, he told them, demanded for itself that it should never be called on by them to repay the principal, that is, the sum borrowed; whilst, at the same time, it should be left at liberty to repay it whenever it might suit the convenience of the corporation to be out of their debt. In return, the lenders demanded on their part that they should be at liberty to transfer, on his part, their right to the three hundred pounds interest, or any part of it, whenever they pleased, and to whosoever they pleased; and that the person or persons, again, to whom it should be thus transferred, should themselves have a right to sell it to any other persons, though neither they nor these other persons should ever have a right to demand payment of the principal.

These matters being settled, the six thousand pounds were paid into the bank, for the use of the corporation; the bank undertaking, for a consideration, the trouble of receiving the produce of the new duties about to be imposed, and paying the interest of the six thousand pounds as it became due. The bank kept a record in its books of the money lent, and of the rate of interest to be paid for it annually to Messrs A——. Thus, in the language of the town, the six thousand pounds debt was said to be funded by the corporation; Messrs A—— were called public or town stock; and they were said to hold six thousand pounds of the corporation stock.

Now, it must be remembered that Messrs A—— lent the money, not by way of accommodating the corporation, but, as a matter of trade, to make a good thing of it—it being their trade to traffic with money as other traders do with goods. They had bargained to receive a somewhat higher rate of interest than could ordinarily be had at that time in the town of
E—— But they looked for something more in this transaction than the mere receiving of interest from the borrowers, however high; what this was, will be seen by following them in their further operations, consequent on their loan-transaction with the corporation.

There were many persons in the town of E—— who, by the profits of business, or by saving or some other means, had money by which they wished to invest securely, in such a manner as to get an income from it without the risk and trouble of trading with it. Now, Messrs A——, being associated with the corporation exactly offered them the opportunity which they were looking for. Let us follow one of them step by step in his dealings with Messrs A——. Finding that he has about one hundred pounds of old British stock, he goes with this money to Messrs A——, and tells them that he is willing to take off their hands part of their bargain with the corporation—that is, to give Messrs A—— one hundred pounds of hard money, on condition that they should be allowed to make over to him for ever a fair portion of the interest of the six thousand pounds at present paid by the corporation to Messrs A——. They let him see at once that he was the right person came to the right place. He was asked to buy what they wanted to sell. It was, in fact, with a view to such selling that they had dealt at all with the corporation in the matter of the loan.

"But mind," says the managing partner, "you are not going to have as good a bargain with us, you know, as we had with the gentlemen at the town-hall yesterday. We don't mean that you should get as much for your hundred pounds as we got for ours."

"Why so?" replies the applicant, bristling up as once in combat. "Why so, Mr Pounce be stock. The loan is a loan."

"Simply because, if we were to do what you seem to expect, we should be taking a good deal of trouble with the disinterested purpose of accommodating you, without any advantage to ourselves; which is not our way of doing business. You know very well that small capitalists like you, who cannot deal directly with the corporation, could not get 5 per cent. for their money safely in the town of E——. They would hardly get as much as 4 per cent. with such good money. So, if you deal with us, it must be on these terms. Pay down one hundred good sovereigns, and you will receive from us eighty pounds of corporation stock. No more.

And mark this: at the rate of 6 per cent., which you know to be the interest paid by the corporation, you will, by the rules of arithmetic, be paid four pounds for eighty. So that, by getting eighty pounds stock for your hundred sovereigns, you will be getting 4 per cent. for your money."

After this explanation, the terms proposed were accepted, and the matter was settled by Messrs A—— directing the proper clerk at the bank to subtract the sum of eighty pounds from the six thousand standing in their name in the bank-books, and to place the balance of the purchase-money, leaving to Messrs A—— only the remaining five thousand nine hundred and twenty. The clerk did as he was directed by Messrs A——, without knowing or inquiring what had passed between them and the purchaser in question; that being a matter with which neither the bank nor the corporation had any concern—it being sufficient for them to know that the purchaser had become the possessor of eighty pounds of the corporation stock, and that therefore, in future, they were to pay four pounds out of the three hundred—the whole interest, as before mentioned, of the six thousand they had borrowed—to him instead of Messrs A——.

The transaction, in the language of the bank, was called a transfer of stock; Messrs A—— were said to have sold out eighty pounds stock, and the other party was said to have bought it.

It can hardly be necessary to remind even a busy young lady, if she has paid us the flattering compliment of giving any attention to our not very brief details, that this word stock, whether spoken of a six thousand or eighty pounds stock, means the idea that there were six thousand pounds or eighty pounds in money kept in the bank; for the six thousand pounds originally borrowed belonged altogether to the corporation, and had been long since repaid, but the bank transactions would with the corporation bank six thousand or eighty pounds, leaving but much money was to be paid annually, according to a certain rate of interest, to the persons whose six thousand or the eighty pound was written down.

In this way, before the year was past, Messrs A—— had disposed, in different sums to different persons, of the whole of their six thousand pounds stock, and had ceased to be creditors of the corporation; which, instead of Messrs A——, had paid the creditors various purchasers of stock in the town of E——.

The result of the transaction, as affecting Messrs A——, was that they had paid out one hundred pounds created by the six thousand pounds in money originally advanced by them, they received eventually, by their various sales, seven thousand five hundred pounds in money; if they sold the whole at the same rate of interest as they paid, their money was to be returned to them at one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money, and so on: so that they made a clear profit of fifteen hundred pounds by their dealings in corporation stock. The rate of interest would, it is clear, get exactly 4 per cent. for this money; for although they actually received its interest for every hundred pounds and they bought, yet, having paid one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money for this same stock, they would, in fact, be receiving the five pounds interest on one hundred and twenty-five pounds of money, and live on one hundred and twenty-five is at the rate of for a hundred, or 4 per cent.

In this way, the corporation continued still along to pay the same three hundred pounds, which was nor less; the only difference being that the bank, in behalf of the corporation, paid it in various sums to various persons, instead of paying it in one sum to Messrs A——.

While these sales were going on, the people of the town would ask, from time to time, on what sum they were made; and the question would be put in this form: 'What is the price of the corporation stock?' and the answer would be, 'one hundred and twenty-five,' or, 'the funds are at one hundred and twenty-five;' meaning, of course, that the price of one hundred pounds stock was one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money.

If we came to pass, as might be expected, that some of those who had purchased stock of Messrs A——, as an eligible investment of money, who were under no immediate use, wished to get the money again instantly; but they could not get this money from the corporation, because, from the time they stood in the place of creditors of the corporation, yet, being bound by the original contract made into the corporation with Messrs A——, the stock to those who wanted to be paid was not transferred to purchasers enough to be found in the town of E——.
It was easy enough, therefore, to sell. But there was at this time a strong reason against selling without necessity. The truth is, the price of the corporation stock had fallen. It was said, the cultivation of land, for instance, had of late become more profitable, tempting investment in that way rather than in the purchase of corporation stock. Some new speculations, also offering large profits, had found favour with the cliënt ever since the same result. Above all, there was a general apprehension that the corporation would be obliged to have recourse to another loan, which, it was supposed—for reasons which we will not inflict on our lively young ladies and gentlemen—would considerably damage the value of the old stock. Whatever the cause, the corporation stock was now as low as eighty—that is, a hundred pounds in stock might be had for eighty pounds in money. The first purchaser was among the end circulation; his name, so far as I know with Messrs A——, he had purchased rather too largely, when the corporation stock bore so high a price. Now, in sudden want of money, he sold out one hundred pounds of his stock at a most unhappy time; for, as we were not paying for the capital that had been paid in at the rate of one per cent. of his money, for though, like everybody else, he received only five pounds interest on the hundred pounds transferred to his name in the bank-books, yet since he had given only eighty pounds for it in money, he had in fact purchased the capital interest for eighty pounds; and five for eighty is at the rate of six pounds five shillings for one hundred pounds, or 52½ per cent.

Many others parted with the stock which they had purchased of Messrs A——; and many to whom they sold is parted with it again, at different times, and on different terms, according as the price of the corporation's stock rose or fell, so that the stock was in constant circulation, being distributed among the inhabitants of the town, and thus became a new sort of transferable property; so much so, that the business of effecting the different transfers became a distinct trade, carried on by persons called stock-brokers. To him the corporation was willing to sell stock to receive five pounds for every hundred pounds stock—the whole stock continuing to be what it was at first, six thousand pounds, and the whole interest three hundred pounds, neither more nor less.

It was not long before the corporation found itself obliged to do as the knowing ones of the town had predicted—to borrow more money.

The mode of proceeding in the case of this new loan was precisely the same as in that of the first; but the affair of the sale of the old stock, which was sold for 52½ per cent., should be sold for one hundred pounds in money, or, in the language of the bank, it should be at par, the same amount of the new stock would be sold for only eighty pounds, or theseabouts; for, somehow or other, the price of the different stocks was not exactly proportioned to the different rate of interest which they bore. It is hardly necessary to add that these two kinds of stock were called, respectively, the 5 per cents., and the 4 per cents.

The time at length arrived when the corporation was able to relieve itself of a part of the burden of paying the interest of its debt, without doing injustice to the holders of its stock. To understand this, it must be remembered, that at the time when the money was borrowed, it was known how to dispose of it; although the corporation could never be required to repay the principal, it should always have the right to do so—that is, though the holder of stock, who was the creditor, could never oblige the corporation, standing in the place of that of the council, might oblige the holder of stock to receive money instead of stock; and so, by clearing off the debt, put an end for ever to the payment of interest. Well, then, the corporation, having a little more money than usual in hand, and taking advantage of the fact, ventured to give notice to the holders of the 5 per cents. stock, that it was ready to pay them off, and that it certainly should do so forthwith, unless they would consent to receive in future 4½ per cent. instead of 5.

The corporation was, in fact, by no means prepared to pay the whole of the six thousand pounds. But it was easy enough to guess that the greater part of the holders of the 5 per cent. stock would submit to the proposed reduction of interest, rather than receive the money and be paid off; because, in the then state of the money-market, when they had received the money, they would be worse off than before, so as to get even so much as 4½ per cent. for it. Almost all did, in fact, consent to the reduction. The few that did not, the corporation had money enough in hand to pay off.

We have spoken thus briefly of the governing corporation as borrowing the money, and paying the interest; but, in truth, the party really borrowing and paying was the town collectively. The loan was sanctioned by the council which was elected by the town, and supposed to represent its wishes and interests. The money was borrowed for public purposes, and used in upholding the rights of the whole community; and most assuredly the inhabitants of the town were the paymasters, and bore the whole burden; for it was on them that those taxes were imposed, by the produce of which the interest of the loan was paid. It may be as well to mention here, that there was another legislative council, called the Upper Council, whose consent, jointly with that of the lower, or national, spoken of, was required in the case of this and all other legislative proceedings; but as this Upper Council was not elected by the inhabitants, and was of much less weight and importance in money matters—having, in fact, nothing to do with them but to say yes or no to what had been already proposed and sanctioned by the other council—we have not thought it expedient to lengthen and complicate our narrative by introducing it.

The corporation, we are sorry to say, did not stop at the two loans already mentioned. Tempted by the facility with which these had been effected, they raised many more on various terms; so that the
interest paid amounted at last to many thousands, instead of hundreds, as at first. Let us consider the effect of this. We have said that by this system of funding debts, a new sort of property was created, passing from the hands of land, just like any other property, as estates or houses. But by using the terms, 'creating a new sort of property,' we must not be supposed to mean that any actual addition was made to the wealth of the town; the only immediate effect was to make a new distribution of the wealth already possessed, which may easily be shown by an instance. A proprietor of houses in the town of E — derived from the rent of his houses, twenty in number, an annual income of £200, each being let for £10 a year. Now, for his share of the taxes raised for the payment of the interest of the public debt, he paid £10 annually. The effect to him would be the same as if one of his houses was taken from him, and given to some one or other of the possibles of this city and its neighborhood. And so it would be in all cases. The facilities, indeed, with which this new sort of property was transferred and circulated from hand to hand, might help the trading affairs and money DEALINGS of the town. It is so at least in a voluntary and prosperous; but directly, as I have said, there was no addition to the wealth of the town, only a new distribution of it—a taking of a portion of it out of the pocket of one person and putting it into the pocket of another.

Whatever benefits may arise from the system of funding debts, they must needs be overbalanced by its evils, when it is carried to a great excess, as was eventually the case in the town of E —. Some of these evils were foreseen by a sagacious politician of the place in an evening conversation with a friend, a part of which we had the advantage of overhearing. 'Yes, my dear sir,' says the politician, 'I am beginning to think that this borrowing of money by the corporation is a very sad affair. I am not thinking of my own sufferings; I have too much public spirit for that, though, indeed, they are not inconsiderable; for I think you must have observed that we pay more than we did before the advent of the bond articles which we purchase at the shops—almost to these heavy loans; for, to get money to pay the interest of them, they tax and re-tax almost everything that is bought and sold. I don't complain of the shopkeepers, poor fellows! They do nothing else; for you see, my dear friend, when an article which was sold for a shilling has a tax of a penny put upon it, it must be sold for threepence; indeed, the political economists will tell you that a little more must be added than the single penny. On that, however, I reserve my opinion. But, as I said, it is not of these little matters I complain. Our manufacturing friends are like to be ruined.' The listener looked aghast. 'Yes, it is even so. You know that our manufacturers supply even distant towns with their manufactured goods, because they are supposed to produce cheaper and better articles than others. But how can they any longer produce cheaper things, when the materials from which they are made, owing to these fatal loans, are heavily taxed? Indeed, that the raw material, as it is called, is no longer taxed. I don't know how this may be; but everything else being made deader by these taxes, the manufacturers must pay their workmen more, and make up for it by putting a higher price on the manufactured articles. Then their old customers will leave them, and go to untaxed or more lightly taxed manufacturing places. Why, it was only yesterday I was told by a very sensible young hairdresser, that those odious wretches with whom we have been at law so long, will under sell us some time or other, and even these greedy, grasping Uncle Samians—though they, I believe, have not many manufactures yet. But there is even worse than this.' Here our politician, perceiving that his friend had shut his eyes to see them, already concluded his lecture with some indistinct morming the fact that bondholders belonged generally to the unproductive classes, as they put their loans and funded debts caused in a large quantity of money to be unprofitably wasted by being withdrawn from productive industry—which last words he pronounced with strong emphasis.

There were, however, moralists in the town who took higher ground than our politician. The dissenting clergyman, a man of great talent and respectability, denounced the whole system of funding debts as morally wrong. Now, in the opinion of the moralists, the law gives to the bondholders the right to burden posterity with our debts without their consent. To this it was replied, that it is not easy to get the consent of posterity; but that when the case is very urgent, and the loan is judged to be necessary, such as the compensation gifts to the West, it might be permitted to take the leave which could not be given. In short, when it is, as the French law says, of two things, one, either to let the country be disgraced and ruined, or to raise a loan, and build the country up, the moralists presume the future gratitude of posterity for the discretion exercised by their forefathers.

And now, in conclusion, we have to make a humble apology to the lively young ladies and gentlewomen who may have been cheated by a man of a very transparent one—into reading about some salutary things, the national debts and the funds. For the town of E —, let Great Britain and Ireland be substituted; for the mayor and his cabinet, for those two kingdoms; for the John Adams, the House of Commons, in which House all sinecures must originate; for the clerk of the bills, in the Chambers, the Indian proprietors of slaves; and shall all millions be substituted for hundreds, our readers will have in the foregoing story a rude and but sketchy of that monstrous thing, the national debt, in cases and at a distance. But, as I said, it is a common thing for a government to have a debt.

The system of creating a permanent national debt by funding began soon after the Revolution of 1776. A few statements of facts shall shew with what speed the country advanced. In 1693 the permanent debt amounted to about one million two hundred thousand pounds, which had been borrowed at 5 per cent. in 1714, that is, in seventeen years, it was raised to nearly fifty-four millions. This great increase was occasioned by the expensive continental wars which had been waged in the times of William and Anne. After this, it was slightly reduced; but in 1748 it had mounted again to seventy-two millions. In 1756, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, it was seventy-five millions; at the end of it, it had attained sixty-two millions. In 1792, the amount was raised to one hundred and thirty-nine millions. More than ninety-seven millions were added to the debt during the American war. As the peace of Amiens in 1802, it amounted to nearly two hundred and twenty millions. In 1831, the permanent national debt amounted to rather more than seven hundred and fifty-seven millions, on which the annual interest paid was a little more than twenty-four millions.
A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

Standing irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little brochure called The Art of Dining.

We all know how to eat, but very few of us know how to dine. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious matériel. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when, or how the meat is dressed. C'est tout autre chose when the actual palate becomes a little fantastic from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social, and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty, I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and oaper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my carte in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established pièces de résistance, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Princes Street, for a pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg, or an Auld Reekie magorvaise, and you will see that I have some pretensions to culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarins, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how one person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. 'To dine at the Trois Frères or Durand's?' I concluded.

'O dear, no—to see the Tuileries and the Louvre, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be particular indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare.'

'Just so,' I replied, falling into his humour—'turtle, venison, turbot, and all that.'

'Now,' said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, 'how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conceptions of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchors!' And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silems.

'You amaze me,' I rejoined: 'the popular notion runs quite the other way.'

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare en solitude.

'Tell me, sir,' said I, continuing the conversation, 'if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity.'

'My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of Stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!'

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a ingenious, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and still am, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the Art of Dining—one of Mr Murray's volumes of Railway Reading—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr Hayward's article from the Quarterly—a good résumé of all that had been written on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying, and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished dinner-out and dinner-givers whom Mr A. H. consulted, have
failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—
the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain
kinds of meat: how readily the thousands of
Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt
themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning
to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified
by the sacrifice of what had become a sine qua non
din the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a
detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright
insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit
smearèd with turmeric and black pepper, and served
up with half-boiled rice—that’s an English ménagère’s
potent of the thing. A native of the Andaman
islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack
Pandy, of the 84th Bengal Native Infantry, would
find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny,
in which his officers would sustain him. But try a
curry made as a first-class Indian khansama, or
butter, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know
two families who have acquired a respectable status
in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredi-
ents at hand—safron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, but-
ner, garlic, red pepper, onions, which should be
fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use
only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, im-
penetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it
quite impossible for the meat to become even partially
saturated with the curry sauce; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg
of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and eels
make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork
and mutton are to be commended. They gratefully
receive the sauce, and they impart to the curries
some of their own exquisite flavour, while they receive
the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry,
served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister
of state to win over the most bitter opponent and
selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador.
But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. H.
for omitting to speak of things which only orientalis-
t can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty;
and I also honour him for the praise he passant he
has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer.
He says of the deceased: ‘He is a clever man, of
inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource: but his
execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and
he is more likely to earn his immortality by his
soup-kitchen than by his soups.
I am not quite sure that this is a just estimate,
ethough it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more
expected to make his dishes than a great general is
required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his
province to concoct plans, and to foretell the
‘greenest spot in memory’s waste,’ as poor Tom Moore
sang in one of his most charming chansons. Soyer
was supreme in the basement-story. His chambers
were united with the kitchen. He was ‘monarch of all
bellies’; the curry-stirrers never placed in his chambers,
and this is how it came about.
I had been conversing with the great chief about
his métier, and observed how proud he must feel to
minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men
superior to their intelligence and station to the ordinary
run of Englishmen. ‘Bah!’ he exclaimed; ‘they do
not appreciate me or my cookery. It is thrown away
upon them. There are many gourmets among them,
but very few gourmets. Excepting Lord M. H., there is
hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner;
and if he leaves it to me, and gives curt blame as to
the portion of those people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done meat as
be a piece of fillet. They are not to be trusted to
boil meat, and I dare say that they would not
boil it unless it was quite right, and I told him so, and I repe-
part of Goldsmith’s notions of a good cook ever a
launch of venison. ’Tenez,’ he resumed; ‘I think
you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you
are not such fools as to think that I would not have
care of the highest efforts of your poor genius. Come and sit
me up on Saturday next. We can rinse from the
fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday.
invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our part
limited to eight. Thus all can see the art in com-
ination. You and I, a French friend of mine—a con-
idential envoy from the cuisinier de la bouche, de Président de la Re-régulière—will make time. Let
the rest yourself, and let them be bear brave’—
accepted by the tax upon our expensive me-

It took me an hour to consider what the men
in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It
is not often that the most brilliant intellect is success-
with the most undeniable palate. Farey’s menu
is far superior to a curry; but I was not in a mood
do believe it. However, when I had dined,
made out list after list, and then wished to equip the
collection, I decided on my five. A was
M.F., as M.F.s go; B. was a barrister; C, as
one of the best masters of a school; D, a
historical painter; E, a soldier and traveller.
The literary interest was represented poorly enough
by myself.
The dinner-hour was eight; we were punctual.
The table was chastely spread—a form of lawn
the centre; a vase would have obscured the
from each other. A gas chandelier shone dimly
the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins in
the eight guests—nothing more. The wine, on a
—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer
was cordial in his welcome. His face beams with
the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect
of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and
a servant brought in one dish.
‘It is inevitable,’ said the incomparable Soyer,
‘to provide a pool for the reception of viands. Yes only
drown them.’ The first course was f, which
descriptions came in, one after the other
that of the dishes, hot. I remember one very
bon ton de la Normandie; but I remember nothing
of the many dishes which succeeded each other in
prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and
temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork made
the sauce with the inscription of a kris. The
mesa entered allowed repose to the stomach, that
for wine, and time for talk. We did not make a
toll of a pleasure. There were several wines
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servant now brought us in ham, boiled, clothed in grated bread, and decorated with a papillote of fool-scrap. ‘O Soyer,’ exclaimed the guests with one voice, ‘what appetites you must suppose us to possess in the third course; I could not have been more obdurate. ‘Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it.’ Slap went the knife into the neighbourhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful compliance to the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanilla ice! Well might he call it a jambon à la surprise, for our weak minds were astoniahed exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for that ham. Soyer then told us that he was to remain very near the neighborhood, though uncommon. He had once practed the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all that could be got, with some additional glitter. Colonel Peel, the present Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. ‘Why, what’s the meaning of this?’ exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. ‘We have done with game. ‘Never mind,’ said her ladyship, who was in the secret; ‘you only have to carve; nobody’s obliged to eat.’ And he did carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent him a few months ago, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

‘Ah, ha! the young prince, the young prince,’ I think the duchess will be pleased.

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexie had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy’s kite, and about five feet high. It was covered, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed, with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridges, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. The head of the prince, for instance, were set in the Illustrated News; but a woodcut-covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumes that reposed on a rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the mucus operandi, and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round, I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer on the wall in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the room. ‘That, and that,’ I say, with the singular simplicity. ‘There is a little story attached to that,’ said Soyer with a melancholy smile. ‘The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: ‘There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card.’

The broils proved as superb in their way as the stews, boils, roasts, and fries which had preceded them. It was two o’clock in the morning before we parted company. Tumblers of whisky-punch crowned the feast, in which, to say the truth, there had been a mere concurrence of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The barrister’s wit was as sparkling as the Mosel; the M.P.’s remarks had the solidity of the port; the player’s fun fixed with the champagne. Much was eaten; a great quantity was drunk; and my concluding phrase will be the best commentary on the superlatively excellence of the entertainment—no one had a headache the next day! Let us respect the memory of Alexis Soyer.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES.

In our defence of the eighteenth century against the abominations of Mr Carlyle [see No. 253], we had but little room to illustrate the spirit of that preceding age with which the philosopher of Chelsea and all other lovers of earnestness and decisive courses are so much enamoured. Let us now, then, recur to the subject.

First, however, let us fully admit that the seventeenth century produced men who, for their lights, were entitled to high admiration. They aimed well; they ventured and suffered heroically: and much which they did was of vast importance to those who came after them. But the lights of that time were really of a very glimmering and insufficient character. Some of the principles on which our individual happiness rests were quite undetermined. Contentions which we know to be only productive of mutual destruction, while settling nothing, were then eagerly fought. Much, consequently, of that era now admired, which is now by some admired so highly, was merely an earnestness in imposing distasteful and impossible opinions on others. Let us adduce a few illustrations on this point from a work recently published.

[Note: In 1630, a number of petitions from Aberdeen and Banffshire were presented by the government and clergy to make profession of the reformed doctrines, the alternative on refusal being imprisonment, or banishment, and loss of their estates, with, at the utmost, some allowances from the latter as the pleasure of the king. John Gordon of Craig sent a petition to the Privy Council, humbly shewing ‘that, for religion, order hath been given for banishing the petitioner’s son, his wife and children, and confining himself—in respect of his present opinion in the year 1627, for Scotland [Cupar], which order they have all humbly obeyed, his son, wife, and poor children having forthwith abandoned the kingdom. A two part of the poor estate which he hath being allotted for his son and his family, and his silence were greatly esteemed, and were not findeth that by such a mean proportion he cannot be able to live, being both aged and sickly. His humble suit is, that he may have leave to depart the kingdom to live with his son, because by their estate undivided, they may all be more able to subsist than otherwise.’ Even this poor boon was denied as ‘unreasonable.’ About the same time, the Council received a petition from Elizabeth Garioch, setting forth her case as a sufferer for her ‘averseness and non-conformity to the religion profess’d.’ She was an old decrepit woman, past threescore and ten years, bedrid for the present, and not likely long to live. She had lain for months in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, with while such means to entreat herself but another heart of sax bolls sawing, and neither husband nor child to attend to the winning and in-gathering thereof. The misery of her circumstances made her restraint, she said, the more grievous. Therefore she craved release from prison, professing, ‘for the excusing of scandal, which her remaining in the country may breed or occasion,’ her willingness to give security that she should remove herself forth of the kingdom. The Lords mercifully remitted to the Bishop of Aberdeen to see to Elizabeth Garioch being liberated on her

giving caution to the extent of a thousand merks for her self-banishment."

During the Civil War, dissent from the Presbyterian Church, or even a declining to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—the said League being a bond agreeing to extirpate popery and proliacy—was punished with excommunication, which implied outlawry and loss of all worldly goods. In 1643, we find amongst Gilbert Garden, in Aberdeen, threatened with this punishment for forsaking the church, and professing to consider his private devotions as sufficient; and he was afterwards actually imprisoned as a Quaker in Aberdeenshire, where he had adopted Brownism or Independency, only saved himself by flight. About the same time, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, who were Catholics, were deprived of their children, lest they should become Quakers. The Lord rector of Bamborough, in Northumberland, who had adopted Brownism or Independency, had his two sons imprisoned for six months. The Marquis, on one occasion, petitioned the presbytery of Lanark for permission to have one of his sons brought from the school at Glasgow, and placed at that of Lanark, "but not to come home to his parents unless the presbytery permit." This proud noble had to receive a Presbyterian minister into his house, to be a spy upon his religious practice. After he had made some concessions, his marchioness still held out, but at last was compelled to yield.

"On the 8th of March 1650, two ministers went to pass upon her that sentence of excommunication which was to make her homeless and an outlaw, unless she should instantly profess the Protestant faith; at the same time telling her that it was a fearful sin it was to swear with equivocation or mental reservation." The lady, of course, reflected that the system represented by her visitors was now triumphant over everything—that, for one thing, it had brought her brother Huntly to an untimely end. She declared she had no more doubts, and at the command of one of the ministers, held up her hand, and solemnly accepted the Covenant before the congregation. "After he had read the Solemn League and Covenant, and desired her to hold up her hand and swear by the great name of God to observe, according to her power, every article thereof, she did so; and after divine service was ended, he desired her to go to the session-table and swear; and sure enough the minister and elders, she went to the said table and did subscribe." As might be readily supposed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas continued to be Catholics in their hearts. The presbytery had only forced them to accept a hypostatical subjection.

Quakerism came into Scotland during the Commonwealth, and obtained a few adherents among the gentry. Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, "whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without hopes of recovery, unless he be sent from such pernicious company." There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism; but allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave the brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1666) to take away Raeburn's children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. He, "after some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there." On a second petition from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of £100 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn's estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, "where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him." "To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers," the Lords "discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to see if any person suspects of these principles to have access to him, except his own minister and kinsmen." At length, on the 1st of January 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four and a half years, Raeburn was ordained to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other minister under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were. Mr George Keith was set at liberty on the 6th of March, but only to go into voluntary exile.

The Presbyterians having, during their time of supremacy, thrust out and otherwise persecuted every minister who had a particle of predilection for Episcopacy, or who favoured the king on loyal principles. Theepiscopal church was, in fact, an integral part of the Restoration against the party of the Presbyterians. A melancholy proof of the want of tolerance feeling on all sides was then afforded by the simultaneous losses of their lives by presbyterians and episcopalians. A man was unable to submit to Episcopal regulations, and compensations claimed for their vacant stipends by Episcopalians were not now threatened with the like evils for adhering to it, the time having not yet come when we could take a lesson from the errors of the times. In quoting the work referred to:

"The many petitions of the pasted men of 1668–80 for redress are only slightly shelled in a few sentences by Wodrow, while he fills long chapters with the sufferings of the minister and, better still, of the laity, which would never probably have had existence for their own harsh doings in their days of prey. He dwells with much feeling on the barbarities passed upon Mr John Livingston, a preacher in the esteem of the more severe party of the Church, deservedly so. All must sympathise with such a case, and admire the heroic constancy of the sufferer; but it is striking, only a few months after his sentence to exile (February 2, 1664), to read of Robert Aird coming before the Privy Council with a pitious recital of the distresses to which he and his family had been subjected since 1653, in consequence of his being thrust out of his charge at Stranraer, merely for his affection to the then condemned Episcopal government, the clergyman put into his place being this same John Livingston! And tell us that, being then "redacted to great straits, to go at last necessitate to settle himself in Comrie, in the diocese of St Andrews, where he had lived," that being "so little that he was not able to maintain his family." During the usurpation, "all reason of his affection to his majesty, was quashed upon and otherwise cruelly abused, to his almost ruin." The Lords recommended that Mr Aird should have some allowance out of vacant stipends in the diocese of the Isles. Another of the zealous clergy whose resistance to the new rule and consequent troubles and denunciation are brought conspicuously forward by Wodrow, was Mr James Hamilton*.

* One of these boys was the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.
Chamber's Journal

MINISTER OF BLANTYRE. He was compelled to leave his parish, and not even allowed to officiate peaceably in his own house at Glasgow. Much to be deplored, truly; but what does it amount to, when the law is in favour of an alleged libel, and is so far as the principle is concerned, in the right? The name of Mr. John Heriot, former minister of Blantyre, upon whom, in 1653, "the prevailing party of Remonstrators in the presbytery of Hamilton had imported one Mr James Hamilton," by whom the whole stipend had been appropriated, so that Heriot, after a few years of penury, had left his widow and children in absolute destitution. So impressed were the Council by the petitioner's case, that they ordered her to receive the whole stipend of the current year.

A somewhat picturesque incident, illustrative of the depressed condition of the Roman party in the reign of Charles II., occurred at Aberdeen in 1670. Francis Barrington, a clergyman of the Established Church, and a member of the free church, was seized on this side, going so far occasionally as to get up a disputation in favour of popery. His sister Elizabeth, being deposed, he resolved to have her buried in a public way in St. Nicholas' Church in Aberdeen, being the principal church of that city, and for this purpose he collected a great company of his own persuasion, and "that the strength, interest, and boldness of the papists there might the more appear," he "in a most insolent and treasonable way, did raise in arms and bring to the town, from Country, a band of Highlanders, armed with guns, hagbuts, pistols, bows and arrows, and other weapons." These, "after they had entered at the Port, albeit they might have taken a nearer and more private way to the Lady Drummond, or Guestraw," being resolved to arrest and provoke the magistrates and people, "had the confidence to march to the said house alongest, being the most populous and public street in the said town, in rank and order and in warlike posture, a commander marching before, and another behind, to the great astonishment and grief of his majesty's good subjects, affected to the purity of religion." On the morning of the day of the funeral of Mr. Drum, were at the order of Francis to the provost of the burgh, told him what was to be done that night, and warned him that, if the people thronged about the funeral company, and any "inconvenience ensue through them," it would be at the peril of the magistrates who ought to restrain their people—which was a practice without parallel for insolence and boldness. "About eleven o'clock that night, the corpse being lifted, was carried to the church of Aberdeen, with great show and in a public way, with many torches, a great multitude of persons accompanying, the coffin being covered with velvet or cloth, with a cross upon the same, and a priest or some other person going before the corpse, holding out his arms before him, when that happened in his prosecution. It does some other superstitious ceremony." The Highlanders, having their swords drawn, guarded the corpse and torches, "and when they came to the church-door, divers others of the company drew their swords and held them drawn in the church all the time the corpse was being buried." "In the strong, two of the inhabitants of the town was wounded." "Next morning, the Highlanders having marched out of the town, many of them in a braving and insulting manner, to show their dislike and abhorrence of the death, and proceeded to the place where the corpse lay, before the provost's lodging." "Francis was found guilty of a high and insolent riot," and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh during pleasure, besides paying the damages incurred in his prosecution. It does not appear that he suffered much confinement in jail, but he was forbidden to approach within a mile of Aberdeen. It was only on petition that he obtained so far a relaxation from this sentence as to be permitted to visit his mother there, in order to settle some weighty affairs of hers, on which he acted as trustee. On a subsequent visit in July 1671, he was freed from this restraint.

Such are merely a few traits of the age of earnestness. To extend them would be only too possible.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS. 'Gentle reader,' were you ever at Tenby? If you have not been there—taking it for granted that you love tranquillity and beautiful coast-scenery as much as I do—you ought to go there without delay. You ask: 'What is there to see?' and 'How far is it from a station?' I will reply to the last question first, and tell you that whatever route you take, it is thirteen miles over hill and dale from any station; and however unpopulous it may be to say so, its being so far from the iron highways of the world is to me one of the greatest charms of Tenby. There are plenty of 'stations' at coastal sea-sides. And here I may as well say that I am ashamed of my compatriots; they—men, women, and children—have become positive slaves to the locomotive; they have sold themselves, limb and life, to King Steam. When they hear of something very rare and beautiful, their first question is, 'How far is it from a station?' One would think there was neither a horse nor a pair of sound limbs in England; that we had mistaken our ancestry, and lately discovered we are descended from the Chinese, and inherit our mothers' incapacity to use our feet. We surrender ourselves to the bolting, bubbling, hissing, screaming, steaming 'Express'; and if obliged to exchange the stuffy heated carriage, in which the thermometer would stand at ninety, for a cool breezy drive through lanes enamelled with wild-flowers, and shaded at intervals by trees in their summer profusion of verdure, with the song of the lark instead of the whistle of the steam-engine, for accommodation—we grumble. We absolutely prefer the trembling and jerking of the unwieldy monster who delights in human sacrifice, to the guidance of a pair of spanking Welsh ponies, which cross the hills like a whirlwind, dash into the valleys, as if they considered broken knees a myth; and if they did upset you—which they never do—but if they did, you are there, safe in the grass, or the heather, without injury to arm, leg, or even little finger.

The thirteen miles were quite refreshing to us; when, after scrambling through the streets, avoiding, as by a miracle, running over the children, and arrived at our sea-side home, we found ourselves in a lofty house, the last that towers over the precipitous rocks of the south sands: twilight had fallen like a veil on the ocean; but we could trace the outline of the fertile island of Caldy, whose light-house marked a brilliant track upon the waters. The tide was full, and the sea was dashing its phosphoric illuminations over the dark rocks beneath our windows.

In the morning, the view was indeed magnificent: Caldy, and its caverned sister, St Margaret's, opposite our windows; 'prond Gittow,' that noble headland, standing out far on the right, washed by the pure sparkling waves of the Atlantic, as they rolled into Tenby Bay. On the left, set like a jewel in the waters—surmounted by the ruins of a religious house—arose with firmness and dignity the rocky island of St
Catherine, showing patches of verdure, and blushing here and there over the deep and glittering seas of the sea-pink; a little beyond rose the Castle hill, with its ruins forming a commanding boundary between the south and north sands. Beyond that, stretched out the noble bay of Carnarvon; and beyond that again, there were diper outlines of the mountains, as if they were exhalations of the brilliant waters. As we stood in that charming window, the only object that reminded us of man's 'handywork' was the remains of an old bastion tower, overlooking a projecting rock which had evidently been the turning-point where the old city-wall ran on as a sea-wall. A walk between the ramparts, which are in a singular state of preservation, terminated at our window. It was quite a new delight to step out between those aged battlements, starred by innumerable wild-flowers and mosses, and enwreathed by small-leaved ivies, where the botanist would find sufficient interest and occupation for hours, upon a few yards of this enriched masonry. It was like standing on the threshold, a bit of a natural amphitheater, where the old tower from the battlement-wall, and seated safely on the top, to enjoy the sea and the landscape. Climbing up and down the dark rocks, are the ruins of the gray sea-wall, now altogether lost amid the rubble, and forgotten from behind a natural pinnacle, as if resolved to do brave battle with time. Nothing can be more picturesque than the inequalities of these 'remains'—here a bastion; there, further on, another mural tower; then up and down, a long broken line of ruin. We then discovered, that one house rested against a very perfect portion of the wall—perfect to the second story. One of the towers had absolutely been baulked into it, so that the drawing-room boasts of a nondescript sort of cleft recess, whose cell-like window, embedded in the substantial masonry of old times, commands a half land-view of the 'burrows,' and the lovely village of Penally, sheltered amid trees and flowers.

All this beauty is set to the music of the waves, now sonorous as an organ, now dying away on the sands in whisperings, soft as the breeze amid the corn. We never attempted to resist the fascination of watching the receding tide, giving as it did every moment more interest to the beauty of the scene. Down to the foot of some gigantic cavern—retreating from ledges of rock over which the waters danced in the sunbeams half an hour before as calmly as they did above the silver sands—exposing the rocky bridges upon which, at low-water, the gulls swung back and forth to Gallivy Island, and enabling you to cross the sands, which are as firm and hard as marble—too firm and pure to emit an exhalation—to St Catherine's Rock, and explore its caves. The north sands are preferred by many to the south, they are as a prettier descendant of the ancient Flemings assured us, 'more lively' than the south, 'which are cold and grander-like'; but it's so pretty to see the boats round the pier, and the bathing-machines, and the trees down to the water's edge, and the flower-gardens, all just watered, the principal street, and the shops so beautiful, and the elderly gentlemen so quiet in the reading-room.'

You should have heard this information, given with a rapidity that would have been startling, but for the soft whispering from behind the sands. The peasants, who come in, in their high hats and jackets, to sell the produce of their gardens, are all sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered. We were three weeks in this town during the excitement of a regatta and the weekly bustle of 'the market,' and we never saw but one drunken person, and never heard a loud or harsh word spoken by one to another. It may be said that 'ladies' do not go in the way of meeting drunkards, or 'hearing harsh words spoken'—they do not desire to encounter these painful sights and sounds—but, unfortunately, they see them and hear them constantly in London. They are cut off from the bountiful happiness to be freed from them. We drove daily through lanes enriched by the greatest variety of wild-flowers—not even in Devonshire had we seen such beautiful lanes; and into villages, whose rude walls and barren aspect often recalled the villages of Ireland, meeting abundance of pigs and children—the latter dirty and beautiful enough to strengthen the resemblance—but we were never once asked for charity. The little girls who open the lanes-pales never even hold out their hands; and when you visit a castle or a church, you are not hurried or importuned; while what you do give is received courtesy.

There is a freshness about Tenby and its people which at once revives and amuses. Though they have no pretension to be considered the 'original' Welsh, they retain sufficient marks of their Flemish descent to be unlike the regular money-making people of our 'watering-places.' Of course, they make the most of their 'sights,' but, as the 'curtain' is still decidedly 'moderate' to a Londoner, who, by the way, on his arrival, is sadly perplexed to know where his wants can be supplied.

'The library' is a perfect Noah's ark. The best tea is to be had in the town, or at the library; and pianos, perfumery, walking-sticks—in addition to a good collection of books, and abundance of curiosity in exchange for a great deal of trouble.

Sugar is sold at the innkeeper's. A young man, who really takes an interest in photography, told us he intended adding a grocer's shop to his art, and thought they would do well together. We hope they may. If they are out of stamps at the post-office, you can get them at the toy-shop. And the postman teaches the rudiments of music. In the two days, you may know the towns-people, and the towns-people know you.

The basket-weaders need not be told where to take your purchases to; and the little sea-lads, who live quite as much in the water as on dry land, discover in a day if you desire shells or oysters. The latter are altogether different from those gathered at Weymouth, Wimborne, or Penzance. Of course, there is a band. One good Welsh harp would be worth twenty of such bands. At night, the streets are abounding of yachts and boats, and the best warm-water and snow-baths we have seen anywhere out of Brighton.

The whole land is jewelled with ruins—Minster, Carew, and Pembroke castles—all within a drive; and every acre of the outskirts, as you pass to Caldy Island, has either its castle, its church, or its old priory.

Having now given you the outline of what you may see,' I must add that, amid all these attractions, I had leisure to pry into the concerns of my companions.

I beg my readers to believe that I have not a general habit of prying. I like, I confess, to see and to hear; and not only to ask questions, but to listen to replies. But I must say that my opposite neighbor at T. but, 'racon' megalith, truly forsworably, that I have risen before the sun to observe their movements, and often used my opera-glass, to see, if possible, how they were occupied inside their dwelling. I saw who they were at once; there could be no mistake about it. Their object was in taking up their abodes in that out-of-the-way corner. The neat, trim little pair desired to avoid observation. They liked retirement, and wished to live as they pleased, without reference to the habits or expenditure of their neighbors. This could not be objected to in a land of liberty; and their active and prudent life insured admiration. Very active, indeed, it was; they were out and about, as I have said, before sunrise; and seemed to me to be stirring long after a June sunset. Although they
occupied an elevated position, they attended to the
wants and education of their four little ones them-
selves; to provide for and train up their children in
the way they believed they should go, seemed the
business of their busy lives. The little lady was a
model of docility and anxiety—very particular in her
dress; and if she saw the least spec of dirt on her
husband's coat, she attacked it so remorselessly, that
I often fancied her extreme particularity would wear
out the coat before its time. Her husband was really
handsome, in a dry, like the most of his family, we
meet in London; his eyes, bright and sparkling;
his figure, good; his legs, straight. I should, how-
ever, say that his temper was both violent and obsti-
nate; and he was by no means a good neighbour.
Indeed, I have seen and heard of a poor little family round the corner—and that in the
absence of their parents. In this respect, his little plain
wife was as bad as himself, for she received what he
brought home with evident approbation. I was not as
much astounded at a scrape if I might have been had I
not known the gipsy habits of the family for a number of
years. They are pretty much the same in town
and country; but those who reside in London are
more obtrusive than their country cousins, and are by
no means so uneasy about the idleness of their chil-
dren, quick perceptions; they rapidly and certainly
distinguish their friends from their foes; and I confess I
have always had an abiding share of their confidence.
The little gentleman at Tenby soon percepted that I
was not much attached to his wife, and that he did not seek to
rural observation, or take any precautions against it.
I frequently met his wife (by the way, I do not think
I have mentioned his name; it was Sparrow)—I
could not avoid it. As I passed round the corner, I knew
her by her foot. I think that, at one time or other,
this very estimable parent must have been in cap-
tivity—some boy had betrayed her unsuspecting
innocence, and trapped her. Certainly her right foot was
slightly crooked; or, at least, her boot, which had
never been lengthened, dangled from her ankle; so she was
easily distinguished from others of her family. She
managed to evade all dangers in that crowded market
with marvellous skill. Sometimes she would take
poorly. In the morning she left her house, and stood
like a coast-guardman on the look-out, on
that marvellous erection, a Welshwoman's black hat,
watching where she could seize upon 'something,
'anything' to carry home.
As we drove down, I observed that our opposite neighbours
were only a pair of sparrows, but I hoped the discovery
will not cause you to abandon them. I assure you
they kept up my interest in them to the last. The
little creatures had seized upon a fissure in the old grey
tufted roof, and converted it into a home; it directly
faced our drawing-room window, was protected by
the parapet, and was far above the reach of those
amphibious Tenby boys, who prowl continually after
fishes of the sea, and birds of the air.
For the time being a sparrow is a miracle. I saw one washed out to sea, screaming for help, and
covered my eyes in an agony, when the scream died
away, and was followed by a ringing peal of childish
laughter. I looked again, and there was the urchin
on the seething sand, cutting the most lively capers
in mockery of the waves.
Those boys go scrambling over and over, and in
and out of holes in these grey walls—now poised
on one foot, then hanging from an ivy branch, or a
weed, that locks hardly strong enough to support a
duck, then rolling over and over until, convinced they
must be dashed to pieces, you peep from over the
top of the precipice just in time to see the human
hedgehogs unroll and run off to the sea.
It was dreadfully afraid that one of these amphibies
would disturb the domestic felicity of my opposite
neighbours—and indeed the little creatures feared it
themselves, for if they perceived a marauding boy in
the meadow or on the cliffs, or if the black cat was
running itself ever so innocently in the garden, Mr
and Mrs Sparrow met on the parapet, and took
talk together, chattering, and jerking their tails;
and more than once I saw them drop their young
one's food on one of the battlements, and fly away
in different directions, because the eyes of a very
overgrown boy were fixed upon them; they were
determined not to let the young girl see them.
What a keen watch and ward. The cat's appearance
was announced by so peculiar a twitter, that I knew when
she was in the garden without looking. Where
they collected food, from half past four in the morning
until nine in the evening, I had an idea that
have secured the whole neighbourhood—and what
was singular, the two never went in the same direction.
If one went north, the other went south, and vice
versa. They always parted with a 'wit', a bird-like
good-bye, and as the days passed I saw the young.
old bird at a time, one invariably waited until the
other came out. If Mr Sparrow thought his wife
remained too long inside, he would hang on one foot
to a tiny piece of stonewhip which grew under their
tail-door, and swing himself back and forth, and give
quick perceptions; they rapidly and certainly
distinguish their friends from their foes; and I confess I
have always experienced a large share of their confidence.
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and out of holes in these grey walls—now poised
on one foot, then hanging from an ivy branch, or a
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top of the precipice just in time to see the human
hedgehogs unroll and run off to the sea.
It was dreadfully afraid that one of these amphibies
would disturb the domestic felicity of my opposite
Jimmy Cadwallader was close behind, and I recognised him as the urchin who had been washed out to sea, and caused me more anxiety by his daring than all the other boys put together. Of course, I reached him a lecture on the iniquity of bird-nesting, and endeavoured to touch his feelings by asking him how he would like to be torn from his parents. I shall never forget his grin of delight.

'I'd be previous glad—they flape me so, and keeps me to schoolin.'

His broad sunburnt forehead overshadowed his little sparkling eyes; his head was surrounded by tufts of what looked like scorched grass; his nose was narrow, his mouth turned up at the corners, so as to give his face the expression of a juvenile Mumus. I told him he was a very bad boy.

He answered, with his dirty finger in his mouth, that 'Everybody said that.'

It was very likely that some day he would fall and perhaps break his neck and die, and what did he expect if he died in such wickedness.

The corners of his mouth ran up under his eyes, and he answered, 'Double lesson.'

I couldn't get on at all with my visitor, so said at last that he should not go near the tower; and if he made any attempt to take those young birds, I would have him punished.

He answered that 'he'd seen me watching at 'em many times; that he knew I wanted 'em, but I could never take 'em myself; but he'd give me the four for "tupence," or the two for "nothing," if I'd let him have 'em.' There was something so Fuck-like and comic in the little fellow's impertinence, that I forgot to be angry, but still lectured and reasoned with him; however, he did not heed a word I spoke, but looked round the room, his eyes returning to the prohibited window. When I had said all I could think of, he observed: 'Sure no one only a lady would think so much of a handful of spars?'—and with an expression of supreme contempt on his absurd little round-about face, he stumbled out of the room.

In less than ten minutes he was breast-high amid the wavelets that were dashing on the sands, advancing one after the other, stealing on surely, but imperceptibly, so that in another hour I saw him scrambling up the rocks, while the wavelets, swollen into waves, dashed and foamed at their base.

At our opposite neighbours—we left Tenby before their family were 'out,' although 'the season' was rapidly advancing. Had their nest been in a hedge, they would have permitted their young ones to try their strength amid the branches days before; but they retained their instinct which guided their coming and going, which gave them such wonderful strength of wing, and taught them who were their friends and who their foes, prevented their suffering their off-spring to leave the nest, as soon as they would have done had their home been differently situated: an unbroken fall from such a height would have been certain death. One young bird had achieved the parapet, and was loudly congratulated by his parents, and certainly that day they gave him double the food they gave the others, who gaped and twittered in vain. I watched the little fellow return to his dwelling in the evening, with some of his parents' anxiety. The three sat together on the parapet for several minutes, talking in their hurried, chattering fashion, and giving their heir-at-wary little jokes and moves, the purpose of which intention could not be mistaken. He very frequently stretched his wings, and crouched, as if determined to make his spring; but his courage failed. I feared they would coax, and the father scolded; then the young bird sidled along the wall, and crept down a little way—one of the old birds fluttering round—but evidently it would not do; he could not reach the nest after that fashion; so looking very grave, he crept back again, and sat a little longer on the parapet—the old lady flying backward and forward, to show him how easy it was. At last, he darted forward, and achieved his object, and silence was heard. The old lady then went along the top of the tower, not having given its height to the ears of the outlying children, and it was madly repeated, as long over the domestic hearth, for his arrival caused a terrible uproar, the old birds talking loudly all the time; but this soon subsided; though long after the moon had risen, as I watched the distant sea, far out, I could hear little murmurs from my opposite neighbours, as if they lacked room, like children who had outgrown their cots. Although they were 'nothink but spars,' I know that observing their movements increased my reverence for Rin who implanted so much forethought and tenderness in little birds!

FRANCIS VON GAUDY.

This man is dead now, but he has left us his works, and his name is of high standing amongst the German authors of this century. His writings are not only translated into English, but into many another language; and many are the hearts that have been gladdened by his sparkling wit, and by the noble strain of his high thoughts. On the 9th of February 1840, they buried him in the Dorotheum cemetery at Berin; and the epitaph underneath a simple vase, with a marble laurel-wreath at top, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, tells us where to look for the mortal remains of Francis von Gandy. As to his soul, it is with us still, in the works he has left us. 'Son cœur est ict, mais son âme est partout.'

Poetry and soldiership being ill matched, it is not to be wondered at that Francis von Gandy, who undoubtedly was a good poet, was a very bad soldier. He might have made a good one in time of war, for nothing could ever daunt his courage; but, unfortunately for him, after the battle of Waterloo, there was no more war in Europe. In time of peace, however, the qualifications by which the denomination of a 'good soldier' is earned are vastly different from those which are required in war-time, and Francis von Gaudy could lay no claim to their proprietorship. To follow, year after year, the same old beaten path, to submit to the drudgery and annoyance of absolute subordination, resigning the very shadow of independence, even to the freedom of thought itself—were demands he found but little to his liking.

No wonder, therefore, that he soon got tired of the eminently situation of a lieutenant in his majesty the king of Prussia's 46th infantry, and that he discharged the important duties attached thereto with a heavy heart and a growing impatience.

As it happened, however, that he was not rich, and that his pay as an officer constituted chiefly his means of subsistence, he was forced to hold out for many a weary year, in spite of his reluctance, till at last the event occurred described in the following narrative, which induced him to throw up his commission, which, and giving them their heart's desire, little jokes and moves, the purpose of which intention could not be mistaken. He very frequently stretched his wings, and crouched, as if determined to make his spring; but his courage failed. I feared they would coax, and the father scolded; then the young bird sidled along the wall, and crept down a little way—one of the old birds fluttering round—but evidently it would not do; he could not reach the nest after that fashion; so looking very grave, he crept back again, and sat a little longer on the parapet—the old lady flying backward and forward, to show him how easy it was. At last, he darted forward, and achieved his object, and silence was heard. The old lady then went along the top of the tower, not having given its height to the ears of the outlying children, and it was madly repeated, as long over the domestic hearth, for his arrival caused a terrible uproar, the old birds talking loudly all the time; but this soon subsided; though long after the moon had risen, as I watched the distant sea, far out, I could hear little murmurs from my opposite neighbours, as if they lacked room, like children who had outgrown their cots. Although they were 'nothink but spars,' I know that observing their movements increased my reverence for Rin who implanted so much forethought and tenderness in little birds!
are a matter of no small annoyance to the officers, and the more so, that they are always kept secret.

Now, from what we have already stated with respect to our poet, it was likely that his annual characteristic should contain certain appendices which were but little adapted to favour his prospects in the military career. Indeed, the general commanding the division had been somewhat surprised to find, every year, over and over again, the same passage repeated in the aforesaid document, asserting that Francis von Gaudy, though an amiable companion in society, and a thorough gentleman, was a very bad officer, who cared but little for the benefit of the service.

The general, a man of mild temper and easy habits, whose maxim was, to live and let live, had been indulgent for some years, hoping perhaps that the transgressor might improve; but when the same passage, couched in the same terms, was again repeated with such remarkable obstinacy for the fifth time, he began to think that there was little chance of such an event, and resolved to interfere at the first convenient moment.

The regiment to which our hero was attached was garrisoned in a small country town in Silesia, and the general commanding the division had to inspect it once every year. It was therefore for his next visit that he reserved the investigation of the matter by sounding personally the careless warrior and thorough gentleman.

Early on an autumn morning in the year 1835, the small country town of Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, wore a very active and lively aspect. Adjutants and other mounted functionaries, all looking very consequential, were seen galloping up and down the streets, though without any very appreciable reason. Drums were beaten, signals-horns and trumpets sounded through the town, inquisitive crowds of sympathising people, intermixed with numerous female amateurs of the military profession, floated up and down the streets, or crowded round the entrance of the barracks, full of excitement of the coming spectacle.

At last the barrack-gates were thrown open, and out marched, preceded by the band, the gallant 46th, in full gala-dress, with its colours fluttering, and its band playing the Prussian hymn; all glitter and brightness—a magnificent spectacle, which could not fail to elicit loud cheers from the enthusiastic population of the country town. The colonel, who rode at the head of his regiment, appeared utterly unmoved by this display of friendly and loyal feelings on the part of the civilians, male and female, and seemed exceedingly grave and dignified. It was a highly important day; in fact, the most important of the year, and looked for with no small excitement, especially by himself; his men had to pass in review before the general commanding the division.

The regiment marched through the town, and took the road to the parade-ground, followed by a large train of civil enthusiasts. When it had reached its place of destination, it was drawn up in line, and by means of much swearing on the part of the colonel, whose excitement went on increasing proportionally to the approach of the decisive moment, everything was soon made ready for the reception of the superior officer.

The general had sent word that his arrival would not take place before eleven o'clock in the morning; it was therefore only a matter of course that the regiment was held in readiness by the colonel at eight o'clock A.M.; a kind of punctuality—very common in the profession, by the way—which not only delivered him from any apprehension of delay or neglect, but which, at the same time, gave him the inferior a useful lesson in the art of patience and waiting.

At last, when the sun was about half an hour from the summit of the arch of noon, and the greater part of the civil enthusiasts had lost patience and gone home, a dense cloud of dust, whirling up from the highway, announced the approach of the general's carriage. A few minutes afterwards, he was seen alighting with the officers of his staff, mounting on horseback, and galloping straight towards the middle of the regiment.

'Present arms!' The muskets clattered, the band fell in with the solemn tune prescribed for the occasion, and the colonel's heart beat very fast.

The general rode on the front of the regiment, accompanied by the colonel, to whom he was heard to address a few questions now and then. When they reached the spot where Lieutenant Gaudy stood motionless before the middle of his platoon, with his sabre lowered in military salute, the colonel was seen whispering a few words into the general's ear, who forthwith threw a searching glance of evil foreboding at our hero.

When this first muster was over, the regiment was urged by the colonel through a numberless variety of evolutions, all of which were intended to strike awe and terror in the ranks of some imaginary enemy, but which, in reality, had no other effect than to render the men much fatigued, and the colonel very hoarse.

These practical exercises being gone through, the regiment was formed into an open square, the arms were piled, the general and the other mounted officers alighted, and it became the turn of the theoretical department to undergo a similar investigation.

In Germany, instruction in the various branches of military service is given to the men by the commissioned officers themselves, who are consequently personally responsible for the state of intellectual education in their respective companies.

'Who is the officer intrusted with the instruction of the fourth company of the second battalion?' asked the general.

The question was a mere formality, the colonel having previously favoured him with the desired information.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped out of the ranks, and saluting the commanding-officer, avowed that he was the person to whom this important affair had been confided.

The general glanced at him in a manner by no means very affectionate. 'I wish you, sir,' said he after a pause, speaking very slowly, and with an intentional accentuation in his voice that did not escape the notice of our hero—'I wish you to examine the men in the different branches of instruction in which you have educated them, so that I may be able to convince myself whether the tuition has produced a good or a bad effect.'

Our poet knew at once what the meaning of all this was. The request, though entirely in harmony with the general's visit, was nevertheless rather unusual and obsoleat, and could scarcely be proposed without a particular reason, which was made the more obvious by the fact that the general was well known to be no friend whatever to such proceedings, and especially, as in this case, before dinner.

The accumulated bitterness of many a year, ardorously suppressed till then, was about to give vent, and to break through the bonds so long hated and despised by our friend. He knew that, whatever the result of the examination might be, he could not escape a public rebuke if the general had made up
his mind to find fault with him; and he resolved, therefore, to anticipate him, and to bring on the catastrophe himself.

Saluting the commanding-officer once more, he asked respectfully in what particular branch of knowledge or use to examine the men; whether in tactics, military deportment, nomenclature, regulation of service, science of arms, and so on.

He might do as he pleased; the general had no wish to restrict him to one particular subject only; he was at liberty to select his theme.

The company was marched into the middle of the square; the general, the colonel, and the rest of the officers of the regiment drew near to attend to the spectacle. When everything was in readiness, the gentleman faced with his right hand, in token that he was waiting for matters to begin.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped up to the file-leader of his company, and asked him in a loud voice what was the greatest vice which a soldier could indulge in.

'Drunkenness!' answered the man without hesitation.

'What is the name of the commanding-officer of your company?' he went on, addressing the next man.

'Captain von Rüdesheim!' was the immediate answer.

On the faces of the enigmas, something like a suppressed smile became visible. The captain, whose partiality towards the bottle was proverbial in the whole regiment, tried to look unconcerned.

'Which is the next vice most blamable in a soldier?' was the following question, addressed to the third man.

'Gambling!'

'Who is the commanding-officer of the second battalion of the 46th infantry?'

'Major Charles Pharø,' answered the man with praiseworthy accuracy.

The major of the enigmas became somewhat irrepresible, although they strove hard to conceal it. The major, who presided over a certain club which was in the habit of sitting, with locked doors, twice a week, seemed by no means well pleased at hearing him thus mentioned. The colonel looked very grave. With regard to the general, it was impossible to say whether he felt annoyed or amused at these singular questions; his countenance remained utterly impassive.

'Who was the inventor of gunpowder?' This next question, started in a very abrupt manner, was addressed by our hero to a square-built man, with a cocked-up nose, who was apparently not prepared for a quick reply, and who looked somewhat perplexed and exceeding stupid.

'Be quick!' urged the examiner.

The man seemed to reflect. He was turning over in his mind the answers given by his comrades; and finding that the 'captain' and the 'major' had already been approved of, he reasoned that it must needs be now the turn of the colonel. Happy to have arrived at this logical conclusion, he replied with much self-satisfaction, 'Colonel Dunce!'

'You are mistaken, my friend,' said the officer with earnestness. 'That is the name of the commanding-officer of your regiment; but he is not the man that has invented the gunpowder.'

This question was the last. The general, beginning to have some apprehension of his own turn coming, made a desperate effort to stop the proceedings.

On the following morning, Francis von Gaudy, the lieutenant, was given to understand that he had better apply for his discharge, as otherwise it might come to pass that the same would be forwarded to him without his intervention. He did so accordingly, and henceforth was known only as Francis von Gaudy, the poet.

THE BONE-CAVES OF GOWER.

Few of my readers, I fancy, have not visited a cave at some time or other of their lives, and still fewer ever went into one without experiencing a good deal of curiosity, or perhaps some slight fear. There is always a certain amount of mystery in the narrow entrance and deep gloom of the interior—a mystery which must be considerably enhanced on the first visit, as the eye is fixed on the ground before trodden by man. Our ancestors, under such circumstances, would probably have been afraid of encountering something worse than 'loathed Mollasand,' in Stygian cave form; 'mongers harlot shapes, and shrivelling wights, and sights unholy,' and would have fled from them the resort of warlocks and witches; but we, being better educated, visit them with a determination to find, not their present, but their former inhabitants.

Caenolion, the nearly always found in the same formations—that of the mountain limestone, which is the lowest member of the carboniferous group, and one which is generally associated with the most broken and romantic scenery in Great Britain; the men being, that in geological times, ages and ages ago, these rocks have been thrown out of the sea by the great upheavals of the earth, and thus raised to great heights by repeated convulsions, so as to be exposed to the after-effects of water and the atmosphere. As examples of this, we may mention the precipices of Malvern and the Peak, Clifton, and the Mendip Hills, which are familiar to every English tourist. The geologist, however, interested in the subject of caverns is, from the many changes and theories involved in their formation, hasander points to determine in his examination, the object is to see whether there were any, and if so, what inhabitants tenanted them in past ages—a subject of intense interest, as it throws light on extinct races of animals as compared with those existing now, and also on the conditions of the country in which these cave-animals lived. Several bone-caves have now been discovered, and their contents examined and brought to light; the largest being those of Burrow in Somersetshire, Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and Outer and Inner in Devonshire: the last one explored, was the subject of a paper by Mr. Peppiatt at the late meeting of the British Association at Leeds. Probably, however, there is no district in the whole country where there are so many within a short distance of each other as in Gower, which is a peninsula on the western coast of Glamorganshire, surrounded on all sides but one by the waters of the Bristol Channel and the mouth of the Burry River. Seaward, it is bounded by lofty limestone cliffs and the foundations of the front coast-scenery in England: but on the Berry side it is flat, marshy, and comparatively uninhabited. They who like a thoroughly good excursion, will much pleased with Gower, for there is ample compartment for the geologists, antiquary, and artist, who may give his whole peninsular peopling with relics of past ages, in the shape of ruined castles and Druidical remains, not to mention those older relics encumbered by rocks around, compared with which these human ere are but a drop of water in the sea of time. Although Gower is in Wales, the natives are anything but Welsh, having descended from a host of Flemings who were imported by Henry I., to swell the population, which was so constantly the scene of dispute by the Welsh and the Normans. Ever since that time, their posterity has occupied the peninsula.

* A proverbial saying in Germany. 'He has not invented the gunpowder,' means as much as 'He is no great luminary,' or as we say, 'He will never set the Thames on fire.'
to a certain extent keeping intact and afores from their Welsh neighbours. As a consequence, the language spoken is altogether English, of a peculiarly pure and somewhat old-fashioned character, containing many words that one would scarcely expect to find in use save amongst the upper classes.

But we must get on to our caves, though much that is interesting might be told of this primitive district. Swans—nearly a dozen wood—those who have been in the vicinity will not be surprised to learn that we found them, great care being required in the latter object, owing to the crumbling away of the bones when exposed to the air. An excellent paper on the subject was written at the time by Mr. Sterling B. Hay, R.C., in the Transactions of the South Wales Institution.

The entrance of the cave—which is about thirty feet above the level of high-water—has the roof, of solid limestone, projecting beyond the stalagmite floor, while the floor is entirely composed of sand and gravel, the inner portion, where the roof suddenly rises to twenty feet, masses of stalactite almost connecting the two. Perhaps some of my readers may not be aware of the difference between the two; a stalagmite, though the forerger now is common enough in the descriptions of the Derbyshire caves. A stalactite is the separation of some earthy matter—very generally carbonate of lime—from solution by water, and its accumulating when in the mouth of a cave. A stalagmite is the same material spread out over the surface, the drops having fallen. The floor of the cave, then, was excavated for a depth of eight or nine feet, cutting through the layers of stalagmite, limestone breccia, and deposits of cave-earth and sand, until the floor of solid limestone was reached; and the following remains were found at successive intervals through the whole distance. Immediately resting on the limestone was a layer of stalagmite and sand, containing remains, human, animal, and bird, many of birds and water-rats; proving that at the first commencement, the cave was on a level with, or below, the water’s edge, and that the mollusca which inhabited the shells had actually swum over the floor. The question is, how far are they found thirty feet above the water? And the reason is this, that, at some subsequent period, the whole line of coast was elevated to this height—a wonderful change, which, however, is very familiar to those who have seen the coast of Crete, and after the fall of the statue of Zeus. The shells that have been found in the cave, which is the size of which would be almost incredible, were not there to speak for themselves; indeed, a portion of a tusk was carried away, which must have measured twelve feet in length. The mammoth, or Elephas primigenius, an extinct species of the family of Elephant, has been found in a state of remarkable preservation, particularly in Siberia, where a specimen was exposed in an ice-cliff, which proved to be twelve feet high and sixteen feet in length—not only the skeleton, but actually the flesh and skin being tolerably fresh, owing to the nature of the refrigerator in which it was excavated. In the Bacon Hole, a nearly perfect skeleton was exhumed, though with the bones considerably displaced. Above them, in the next layer, were further remains of the same animal, mingled with those of rhinoceros, hyena, wolf, bear, ox, and deer, succeeded by a considerable thickness of limestone breccia—or unformed fragments of rock—cemented by stalagmite. At the surface was a layer of black mud, containing recent shells—brought in by birds—and bones of ox, roe-buck, fox, and red-deer, together with some species of ancient British pottery. What a history is this, written, from the far distant time when the floor of the cave had not even appeared above the water! What successive races of animals used this cavern as a retreat, before man made his appearance! The mammoth—bones may have drifted in; but the perfect state of the bones, that it had lived and died there. Coeval with it were the carnivorous animals, which most likely brought in many of the bones of the ox and deer, although, in some of the caves in England, the antler of the latter has been found regularly shed, proving that they must have lived there. Finally, we have the recent shells, bones of animals still in existence in this country, and traces of man; so that this narrow layer of mud at the surface may represent the time of the great catastrophe, standing the long period which must have elapsed for all this to take place, so enormous is the time that geologists have to account for, that even the history of this cave is considered recent.

Other bones some distance from the shore were found in the Mitchin Hole, about half a mile to the eastward; but the most interesting and best known caves are at Paviland, near the promontory of the Worm’s Head. The worst point about them is the difficulty of access, for low-water and spring-tide is the only time at which anybody can approach them by land with anything like safety: there certainly is a path over the cliff, but only fit for a sailor or a monkey. These caves have been known for many years, and were visited by Dr. Buckland, who published an account of them in his Reliquiae Dilectissimae. The antiquary will share the interest with the geologist, for, in addition to the animal remains, human and bird, many articles of ornament, and coins of the reign of Constantius—all of them from the larger of the two, the Goat’s Hole, in which the floor ascends, and is covered with diurnal loam, mixed with fragments of limestone and sand, and bearing the tracks of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, wolf, fox, horse, ox, deer, sheep, rats, birds, and fragments of charcoal. The recent shells and bones of birds were most plentiful in the interior extremity, and the material in which they lay was earth cemented, by stalagmite. The skeleton was that of a woman, the bones stained dark red, and covered with a coating of ruddle coloured by red oxide of iron. On the cliff, immediately above the cave, are traces of a British camp, with which there was no connection. In the second hole, a little distance off, were more bones; and from the position of the opening with regard to the other, Dr Buckland conjectured that the two were once united, but that the action of the waves has long since washed away the main cavern, and left only the respective passages at the end. Here is an instance of the power of denudation, a force which, even more than elevation, has contributed to the present configuration of the earth, and one which is even now is constantly altering the coast-linеs of this very country.

The last bone-cave on our list is a few miles from Paviland, at Spritsail Tor, near Llamaddock, a village on the other side of the peninsula, in which remains of rhinoceros, hyena, and horses were found, the latter appearing to be plentiful both here and at Paviland, but very scarce in the Bacon Hole. Here, then,
in a coast-line of about fifteen miles, are five bone-caves, affording work and speculation enough to the geologist. As they are all about the same level above the sea, it is probable that they were all raised at the same time; and as an additional proof of this, the blocks of limestone at the same height on the sides of the cliffs at Caswell Bay, between the Bacon Hole and Swansea, are all deeply water-marked, shewing evident signs of having been exposed to the same wave-action that is now going on below them. The question may be asked, why Gover appears to be so much more prolific in caves than other limestone districts? There is no reason for supposing that it is so, as I imagine that it is solely to the denuding powers of the sea that we are indebted for the discovery of these; and it is more than probable that many such have disappeared altogether under the influence of this long-continued action. It is a very suggestive fact, that on the opposite sides of the Bristol Channel are also caves in the same mountain-limestone formation, and with pretty much the same deposits of animal remains. It is likely enough that these were all united at one time or other without the interposition of the Bristol Channel, which, compared with the age of these rocks, is a very recent intruder. How wonderful are the speculations which such facts as have been detailed in this article necessarily suggest to the thinking mind, that the reflections about a bone should bring in their track theories involving changes throughout the whole world. Well might David say: "Verily, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.
IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westerly rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydevilla, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

From the era of creation, the river that ran by it had come quietly on, as if gathering its strength, and hushing its breath for the wild and desperate leap it took with a roar as of life and consciousness. For six thousand years, the trees of the forest had shed their annual glory of leaves by its brink. On calm days, the leaves would fall gently on the bits of foam, eddying about the edges of the dark waters; but when a storm came, they would be swept, branches and all, down to the very bosom of the Atlantic.

By the side of this river painted savages had stood and sharpened their arrows of flint; but at the times of which we write, parties of ladies and gentlemen came, with camps-stools, parasols, and wide-awakes, and while they ate sandwiches, said how nice it was.—instead. Some, further gone than others in literature and the fine arts, quoted Byron on the cataract of Velino, and said it would be a fine subject for so and-so's pencil; and some looked and said nothing. In the presence of natural grandeur and beauty, silent homage is always grateful, and charity demands that the best construction be put upon it. This neighbourhood had also, in modern times, been the scene of one of those experiments which benevolent and well-meaning men, who want a short-cut to universal happiness, have sometimes tried, and always failed in. But we have not to do with Utopian theories at present. As has been said, the evening sun was looking in at the windows of Clydevilla. The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. There was not much to see inside; merely a well-furnished apartment, and a lady lying on a sofa reading—reading only to pass time till her husband should return. Her face was pale, and she could say to herself: 'I wonder if the children are in bed yet. What can Miller want out again to-night for?' Having lost the sense of the last paragraph, she went back upon it, and by the time she got to the foot of the page, being in a comfortable position, and the hush of evening coming on, both inside and out, she fell into a gentle doze. Meanwhile, the children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or 'Mile,' as Mrs Black, since she had been rising in the world, called her so long, and she had been doing both the evening-prayer, and received the last sweetest wonder, in her simplicity, that Mrs Black did not like to do this office for her children herself. Her mistress could have penetrated her thought, she would have made her tuck the child in, 'Mile,' as she used to say, and have her in bed before she very little could think of it. She had fairly closed her eyes; but down they went at last, in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awakening the little sleeper.

The moment they were safe and sound, she hastened from the house, and striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was anything but having to wait for this one. He had watched and forward, and scanned the earth and sky; and decided that all the gates about needed passing and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour, than, from whatever cause, the talk to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. He had known the authority of Mr Miller that when Eve saw Adam, she slackened her pace; and she saw all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

'You're late, Jeanie,' was the greeting of her love.

'I'll come as soon as I could,' she replied; and un- arm they turned into the shady path up the water-side

When Mr Black came in, his wife rose heartily, and after assuring them there was nothing of use to eat, the next: "Mile, I asked out again to-night— the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out, I will consider a proper question her.'

'Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?'

'Guess! If she were a light-headed cretur, I might guess it was some love-affair.'

'And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up, I saw he was walking with one of the painters who were here a spring—the one that did the ornamental work.'

'That was the man I remember remarking in the good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?'

'She's notion wonder—it's curious what notion people take.
'Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off.'

'I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery.'

'If she is going; one thing will be quite enough, Robert.'

'Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful.'

She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and that must be true of what the children's choice has been. It was matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and as if his heart was not necessary to any one, and one had to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of the English gentleman was coursing in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small way he might have succeeded in his vineyards. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he is sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he has saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for.

And that brings me to what I was saying. He was a strong, strong man, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: 'I am happy—very happy; I have everything to make me so.' Now, it is to be observed that she had never been engaged in the vineyards. She never was a woman who, like most, has a passion for seeing, and his rapidly developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say?—what could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness in their most as much as if it has been said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields.
It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Towards the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the coromandel scented its ricket from the opposite window. She watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holly, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labours, and still the weary woman sat on, one objection after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she scoured it to quietness, and listened again, for momently she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock, she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, and leaving Georgy to play about the doors, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr Brown heard her husband's description, he said, 'your husband left me yesterday morning; he drew all his money which was in his hands. He is, he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—the is a saving, indeed. I have lost L40, L50, L60.' She, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feeling, and thanking him for his information, went hurrying home. Could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly ninepence. She went to a neighbour, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1s. 9d. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she put down 9d. and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it. Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present distress. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few anywhere, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance. 'Mrs Armour, how's a' wi' ye, an' how's the guidemen? I'm glad to see ye, woman.' This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

'To dinna say aye—the sound—But it's no polite.'

'That's what I think, Mr Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?'

'That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away doon to Leith, an' see if there's any word o' his question. If he's leading the country, it's as like he wad tak ship there as anywhere.'

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs Armour up stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back, and the other said, wort was no so ready to be done in poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the speeches made to them. After matine deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering young relative L10 a year cash, by which she agreed. The other woman was vexed at the success of poor herself, would, in her own thought, make her pretty comfortable. And we would. Very kind of them it was, for they went...
quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs. Macaulay's balls and to discuss the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance. The one who had "known trials" cheerfully undertook the commission, although it was something of an exertion, and even of an event, in those days to travel so far. How ever, she reached her destination without accident or adventure; and she had not been long with her relative before the two women sat down and had a good cry. Then Miss Elder took courage, and explained her errand. She could not find her furniture, removed the money uncon-ditionally, but then what would Miss Bogle say? Besides, it would be foolish, and there was no doubt it was for Jeanie's good.

"Jeanie," said she, "we will give you twenty pounds a year, if you will promise to have anything more to do with George Armour.

At first, Jeanie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desolation; the very mid-summer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the stream of life and enterprise through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction that this lady's heart was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation, she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account that they could send to her children on both the sides in a right way. But for all this, Jeanie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story is told in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even in its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs. Armour was great; but it fructified in a way which showed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two, people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs. Armour went quietly away and had all her furniture removed, and herself established as village-schoolmistress.

The "branches" which Mrs. Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a "way" with them. Indeed, every one had a kindness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have grabbed the opportunity; but as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

The little people who then frequented Mrs. Armour's school are now the parents of the village; and it was only the other day we noticed them advertising for a "branch" for infant children. They insist on some directions within the last score of years. At that time, there were only two pianos in the district; now, they are as common as tables.

Then, neither in Mrs. Armour's school, nor in that of her masculine competitor, did the pupils quote Milton, or read memoirs of Shelley—they do both now; and it is not uncommon to find Macaulay's "ballads" done into comic songs, and reposing on tables under the shadow of bead-baskets.

As, by perpetual attrition, water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendours of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of the water; at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs. Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity, answered remarkably well: but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during the day, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. It often terrified her, and she might discover him in full view at her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clue came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortunes, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs. Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They had travelled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month had removed her furniture, removed, and herself established as village-schoolmistress.

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even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which symp.
pathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the
neglected or deserted wife occupies very different
ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

PAIN A BLESSING.
Sir Humphry Davy, when a boy, with the defiant con-
stancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held
the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refused by a
crab which bit his toe when he was basking, and made him
roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had
maintained instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine
would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole
constitution of the world were altered, our very existence
depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote,
which is quoted by Dr Carpenter in his Principles of
Human Physiology, from the Journal of a Naturalist,
shews the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this
law of our nature. A drover went to sleep upon a
winter's evening upon the platform of a limekiln, with
one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up
to burn through the night. That which was a gentle
warmth when he lay down, became a consuming fire
before he rose up. His foot was burned off above the
ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who
superintended the limekiln, he put his stump, unconscious
of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled
into fragments. Whether he had been lured into torpor
by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or
whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility,
he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this
lot of humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol
hospital.

Without the warning-voice of pain, life would be a
series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detri-
ment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future
Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming, without his
entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages that
were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the
crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of
his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the
gases, the terrible oppression at the chest had not warned
him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen; nor,
after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to
say to his almost assistant: "I do not think I shall die."
Without physical pain infancy would be mastered, or peril
before experience could inform it of its changes. Lord
Kames advises parents to cut the fingers of their children
"meaningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might
associate suffering with the glittering blade before they
could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart
accompaniment the wound, they would cut up their own
fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn
them in the candle with the same delight that they burn
a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain we could not
proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our
exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impenetrabil-
ity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our
hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that
would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue
that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our
sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the
living tissue, with the same unconsciousness that we now
wear out our coats and our shoes. The very nutriment
which is the support of life would frequently prove our
death. Mme de Sevigne said of a man who was idle as he was
crude, that his only use was to show how far the skin
would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit
would be constantly exceeded, and epiphanies, experiencing
no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until
they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, which was
ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles
Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense
of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the
corner of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning
hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper
place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and the
fingers. This of itself would be an accident of inexpressible
occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us
drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up.

Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the deepest
sentiment that watches over our safety, and makes us not
start away from the injury that is present, not guard
against it carefully in the time to come—American
paper.

SOMMER GONE.  

Small wren, mute pecking at the last red plum,
Or twittering idly in the yellowing boughs,
Fruit-emptied, over thy forsaken nest,
Birdie, that seems to come
Telling, we too have emptied our year's store,
Summer is o'er:
Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands,
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scared eye, as a child
Who only knows that he is all alone,
And summer's gone:
Pale leaves, sent flying wide—a frightened flock,
On which the wolfish wind scatters, and sees
The tender forms that lived in summer's air,
Till taken at this shock,
They, like frail hearts whom sudden gale steeply
Whirl—sink—and die:

All these things, earthy, of the earth, to tell
This earth's continual story: we bring
Unto another country, and our song
Shall be no mortal knell,
Though all the year's tale, as our year ran fast,
Mourns, 'Summer's past!'

O love immortal! O eternal youth;
Whether in budding nooks it sits and sings,
As hundreds poet of a hundred song;
Or taking passion-birth
Out of the wine-press of affection, goes
Godward, through woes.

O youth undying! O perpetual love!
With these, by winter fireside we sit down,
And weep our tears of honour like a crown,
And sing as in a grove,
Where all the full nests ring with vocal chime—
'Summer is here.'

Roll round, strange years: swift seasons, come and


Ye brand upon us only an outward sign,
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine
Which God knows—and we know—
Sealed, until summers, winters, all shall cease
In His great peace.

Therefore, uprose, ye winds, and howl your will,
Beaut, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pans and doors;
Enter, slow-footed age; and thou, obscure
Grand angel—not of ill,
Come thou but once, and then, where'to thou came.
Glad, we'll go home.

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BEING AND PROFESSING.

Tunotn what principle in human nature is it that people so often do themselves injustice in their outward semblances and their professed opinions? We generally hear of our fellow-creatures being addicted to making their outsides fair, while their secret thoughts, designs, and wishes, are far otherwise. But the converse is also a common experience.

You will meet a Calvinist and an Arminian on the same day, and be surprised to reflect that the former is the more amiable man of the two. Yielding to what he thinks an irresistible logic, he, so far from carrying it out regarding his fellow-creatures in his own behaviour to them, has a face of geniality to all, and is a universal benefactor. One could almost suppose that, just because he does profess a stern creed, he the more feels himself called upon to prove that it does not chill his heart—whereas the Arminian is under no such call. Or it may be that, secretly having some misgivings as to that universal pardon which his own heart would extend, he feels as if there were some balm for him in supposing that another and higher Power will be less relenting. It may be partly in both ways that the strange contradiction arises. Perhaps the phenomenon of the 'best-natured man with the worst-natured muse' is of the same character—a remorseful and self-reproaching complaisance 'taking it out' in a little occasional quiet satire.

One of the most remarkable contradictions between personal behaviour and theory ever known, was in the case of the celebrated Mr Malthus. The harshness of his doctrine (however true) towards the affections of poor human nature, was what we all know. Men used to figure him, in consequence, as a sour, stolical, unbalanced, whose could have calmly looked on while starvation and pestilence were checking off the supernumeraries of creation. But the real Mr Malthus, as we know from the reports of those who knew him, was an amiable, gentle-natured country parson, who grew old in the sunshine of a fireside which his worth and kindness had blessed. He would have been precisely the last man in the world to interfere harshly with the tastes and enjoyments of others, or to order any one away from nature's feast, or any other feast, as a person for whom there was no platter. He whose name has been worked into the language as expressive of the undesirableness of children, was fond of children, and beloved by them, as usual, in return. It would have been a curious study for any who knew him intimately, to trace what it was in his mind that suggested to him, and enabled him to maintain so pertinaciously, a dogma which mankind in general have viewed with a kind of horror. Perhaps the very unconscionableness of unkind feeling towards his fellow-creatures was what enabled him to take up his unkind doctrine; a colder man might have distrusted himself, fearful it might be an emanation of his severity of temper, for which he would get into disrepute.

State parties, and individual politicians professing patriotic views ought, in consistency, to be the most kind and beneficent in their personal acts; while the partisans of strong government might be expected to prove tyrants in their own circles. But there is a notorious remark to precisely the contrary purport—namely, that the professors of patriotism and philanthropy are often more exacting, arbitrary, and harsh in their private conduct than the most high-dying Tories. Is it that the former can satisfy the calls of conscience in the case of the profession and the advocacy, and, feeling as if no more were wanting, do no more accordingly, but rather feel themselves entitled to be a little sour now and then; while the Torics, sensible that their doctrine would subjugate the people (for their own good), are under a call to show that, with this severity on their lips, they can be practically beneficent—willing, shall we say, to do every imaginable thing for their fellow-creatures but trust them with the power of doing anything for themselves?

There again is that strange, deep remark of Swift, that nice people are people of filthy ideas. It is a satire on refinement, surely in the main unjust; but there are certainly some people of great external nicety, whose inner minds, as occasionally appears in their conduct, are far from being cleanly. Probably it is that, sensible of the fault, they fly for solace to the exemplification of the opposite. They are nice through mere antagonism to their want of true purity.

In one of the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow, it is stated that many of the persons formerly most noted for their courtesy and goodmanners, proved, in the exigencies of the time, uncommonly selfish; while amongst people who had been thought rude and rather rough, there were many bright examples of self-sacrificing kindness. Is it to be believed that men put on virtues because they have them not, only speak of sincerity when they are shamming, and will even be deceivers in their faults?

I must confess to a disrelish for perfect characters, or persons who are always strainning up to some uncommon pitch of correctness in some particular point. When I find an uneasy, restless, unsatisfable
eagerness about being good, I always fear that the goodness may not prove solid or lasting, or that it may be accompanied by error in some other quarter, more than down-weighing it. The really worthy people are those who make little din or fuss about either their own conduct or other people's. The truth is, to be over-conscious of sin is itself sin—with genuine innocence you might live an age and never hear of iniquity. So also I feel it to be a kind of research to speak much of a country as a very moral country. It seems to imply that there is some unusual sense in that country of propensities to be struggled with, or of rewards to be gained by suppressing or appearing to suppress them. Such a country may always reasonably be suspected of being in reality worse in some points than its neighbours. Our friend, Major Truefitt, is so much impressed with this view, that he is always solicitous of defending his native country of Scotland from the charge of being a specially moral country. He insists that it shows as much reckless imprudence in commerce, as much erratic amatory enthusiasm, as high a degree of bacchanalian extravagance, as any country under the sun. He calls on you to look at its Darien expeditions and Stuart rebellions in the past, its Western Banks, its returns of births and of gallons entered for home consumption 'in the present, and say whether that country can be fairly accused of any suspicious amount of either prudence or external morality. There may be a few people constantly crying out, Let us be moral; but you must not on that account fix a stigma upon the whole population.

A tremendous problem every now and then occurs amongst us; a man turns out to be a frightful cheat and defaulter, or a dreadful profligate, who had for a long course of years appeared as a person of profound piety and entire worth. The ordinary—we might say the vulgar pronouncemont on the subject is, that the man was all along a feigned of good qualities and sound opinions and duties—a successful hypocrite. A more candid and analytical view would admit some shade of sincerity even in this wretched sinner. We must remember how much we can impose on ourselves; what struggles there are in us between good and evil inclinations; how natural a resource it is for the evil to try to make some consolation and stone monuments out of good intentions, blind gropings at red tude, desires to see that advanced which may at least save others. There really is no authentication for one-third of the hypocrisy or insincerity which we commonly suppose to be existing in the world. In other words, the possibility of a life-long specialty, or keeping up of appearances opposite to the reality, has never been proved. Human nature would break down under any such appearances in a very short time, if there were not a support in that palpable unmistakable power we have of self-deception, of believing that we believe, of apologising for the want of deeds by emotions, and disguising the selfishness of our opinions under fair pretences.

Ordinary people are so much in the habit of judging of historical persons by the bearing of the acts of these persons on their own convictions, that it is difficult for them to read history in any other light. Thus, one whom we call a persecutor will always appear as a monster of wickedness, while any one whom we call a martyr will equally seem to have an indefeasible claim upon our admiration. Yet it is perfectly certain that many persecutors have been excellent men. It is a remark of Neander, that the best Roman emperors, as Marcus Aurelius and Julian, opposed Christianity, while the more profigate bearers of the purple refrained from molesting it. And it is easy to see how this might be. It being granted that a certain doctrine is of the highest consequence for the ultimate happiness of men, and a departure from it is equally fatal, it irresistibly follows with any well-wishing man, untrained as men heretofore have been by any foresight of counteracting evils, that it will appear worth while to destroy a heterodox few in order to save the faith of the many. Thus it is, indeed, that persecution is always a strictly logical crime. But it is more. It always has a good end in view, and may therefore well be the fault of good men. It is only when its bad results are seen, or men begin to fear for the responsibility they incur in acting out such dreadful things on merely an assurance of themselves being right and others wrong, that persecution is allowed to cease.

A few ideas are here thrown out with a view to suggesting fruitful trains of thought in the reader. If he will only follow them out, I do not doubt that he will come to see cause for taking a great number of things in a different light from that in which they first strike the eye of the observer. Let him find a useful exercise in looking below the seeming and the professed for the real, even though it shock a few of his most respectable old prejudices.

A VISIT TO THE CHOCTAWS.

Down the Mississippi moves the steamer; onward, onward, never resting, never tiring. In vain the primval forests on the banks stretch towards us their hundred arms, as if to draw us into their dark mysterious depths. Onward speeds the restless vessel, neither stopping to afford us a fuller view of those gigantic hickory-trees and sycamores that lift their heads so high above their brother-giants of the forest, nor of those lovely groups of cotton-wood that throw the shadow of their long branches far across the stream; nor to let us pay a flying-visit to the cozy log-houses which here and there peep forth from amid the verdure on the banks of the little tributaries, which gush forth to mingle their waters with those of the 'great father of rivers,' nor even to let us call one flower from the beautiful iatelets which stud his broad bosom. Not until we reach Fort Napoléon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, do the splashing wheels relax. Here, those who, like ourselves, are bound for the 'far west,' descend from the majestic Mississippi steamer into humber craft of the same kind, which, grown too old for active service, are moored off the little town, and serve not only as landing-wharfs, but as warehouses and hotels.

With such poor accommodation to tempt us, we will not dwell long in this hot, swampy place, swarming with mosquitoes, but embark again on the swelling waters of the Arkansas, and follow its course upwards towards the west. With surprise we witness the rapidly increasing depths of the water in this river. Yesterday, the loggy banks might be seen rising high above the level of the stream; to-day, the waters, which have assumed a darker and more reddish hue, have no more than the surface of the trees that fringe the banks; and rushing onward with unfettered speed and energy, has been taken years to build; and uproot trees still standing, as they carry them off triumphantly, as a tribute to the Mississippi. Soon, however, the decreasing q
Lovely, indeed, is the spot in which Providence has allowed the Chocataw to find rest for the soles of their feet, and to prove that the race of the red man is, as little as the fabled phoenix, absolutely incapable of civilization. Above Fort Smith, and more especially from the point where the Canadian falls into the Arkansas, the country becomes diversified by numerous small prairies, which break the monotony of the arid scenery; while mountains rear their heads around. Sugar-loaf Mount, the Cavanee Mountains, and the Sane Bois Mountains, enclose narrow valleys of surpassing beauty and fertility. Fields, spangled with flowers of the most gorgeous hues, invite the sower to con- fide to them the seed that produces the staff of life, and promise a hundredfold in return for his labour.

Numberless rivulets that run to meet the larger streams diffuse a delicious freshness through the air in summer; and the deciduous and impenetrable forests shut out the cold blasts in winter. And amid these lovely scenes the traveller needs no longer start back at the sound of the rustling foliage, fearing to see an arrow or a tomahawk speeding to arrest his life. The white man or the Indian or a panther glaring at him from the bushes. The tomahawk has been exchanged for a sicle, the wild warhoop for the joyous call of the huntsman; and where bears and panthers used to roam as monarchs of the forest, now they peaceably live to furnish wholesome food for an industrious population. As a welcome guest, the stranger may wander from farmstead to farmstead, sure to find a red hand held out to greet him, a plenteous meal to satisfy his hunger, and a comfortably bed to repose in. And it is not unusual to recognize an intelligent companion to converse with; for well-being and even riches are not uncommon among these agricultural tribes of Indians; and in localities where the tattooed warrior not very long back knew no better how to record his vague thoughts and wild imaginings, than by grotesque hieroglyphics traced upon tanned hides, there the civilized Indian now reads newspapers in his native language, and sends his sons to the schools of the white race.

The territory occupied by the Choctaw Indians, who, according to Caslin, number at present 22,000, stretches southward from the Arkansas to the Can- dian river, and borders on the east on the state of Texas; on the west, the boundary is marked by the Red River; on the north, the land of the Cherokees—all of which tribes have attained a similar degree of civilization, and at present differ very little from each other. Prior to their settlement in these regions, the Choctaw inhabited the rich hunting-grounds in the states of Alabama and Mississippi, which were purchased of them by the United States government, for a sum to be paid in yearly instalments, spread over a period of twenty years; which term is now nearly expired, the money having returned into the hands of the white men, without having conferred much benefit on the red. But, according to their own traditions, the migrations of the Choctaws began long before the arrival of the white men in the western world. ‘Many, many winters ago,’ they say, ‘the Choctaws dwelt far away towards the setting sun, far beyond the great flowing water (the Missouri), behind the snowy mountains (Rocky Mountains). A great medic- ine-man was their leader. One day, in the presence of a white man, they came to the place where the staff remained upright in the ground, that would indicate that there the Great Spirit
would have them dwell; that there they should have their home. For a long, long time, they continued their wanderings, until at length they came to a place close to the companions of their husbands, where the staff remained upright in the ground. There they settled, and built a large camp, one mile long and one mile broad. The men dwelt on the outside, the women and children in the middle; and Namb-ni-wa-go is the place they considered the centre of the old Chocaw nation.'

To the fertility of the country, which gives rich harvests in return for very little labour, and to the softening influences of the climate, more than to the efforts of the white squatters, is attributed the transformation of these nomadic savages into civilised agriculturists; yet it must be allowed that the American government has of late years shown itself truly solicitous to promote the welfare of the Indians; and a number of the agencies founded to protect the various tribes from the encroachments of the white squatters, that has grown up what we may denominate the capital of the Chocawas, the little town called Hei-to-to-wa by the Indians, and Sculleville, or simply 'the Agency,' by the Americans. Hei-towas is fourteen miles from Fort Smith. The road, passing through the beautiful valley of the Arkansas, leads us first to Fort Coffee, very pretty situated on the east bank of the river. This fort, built thirty years ago as a defence against the Indians, has now been converted into a school for Indian boys, who, to the average number of fifty at a time, are educated here under the superintendence of a Methodist missionary, paid by the American government. Well-cultivated fields of corn and maize surround the fort. Negro slaves are busy at their various occupations, and merry, black-eyed, copper-coloured urchins are at play in the garden of the house. The distance from the school to the Agency is five miles. At first, the road skirts a great prairie; then, after a time, turns into the forestland again; and here we soon come upon clearings in which the carefully tilled fields and comfortable log-houses,6 surrounded by vigorous young fruit-trees, announce the approach of the Indian town. Hei-to-wa, however, though called a town, consists of but one broad street, formed of log-houses, with gardens attached, and rather bears the appearance of a happy hunting-ground, in which Indians, negroes, and whites —the latter mostly married to Indians—are seen moving about in perfect harmony. The sound of the thrashing-thulls from the barn-yards, the noise of numerous forges, the bellowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs, tell of happy industry and general well-being, while the numbers of persons in the street indicate that something unusual is going on. Our visit indeed happens to be coincident with a gathering of the chiefs at Sculleville, which has made the Indians flock in from the neighbouring farms, and has filled to overflowing the boarding-house, which, in true American fashion, has been got up in the town, more especially for the accommodation of Indian fathers and mothers who may wish to visit their daughters who are at school in Hei-to-wa, where there is an establishment for Indian girls similar to that for boys at Fort Coffee. Indian women, no longer held among the Chocawas in that degrading bondage which made them the slaves rather than the companions of their husbands, have accompanied the latter to the meeting, for games and pastimes of all kinds diversify these assemblies, and you may see these ladies—for we suppose we must no longer call them squaws—in numbers in the streets, like English betrothals. The Indians, in other words, in colours the excessive gaudiness of which indicates a half-civilised taste, and with a quantity of that pretty bead-work and straw-work ornamentation about their dress, which shows that, with the savagery of Indian life, they have not abandoned its arts.

At the western extremity of the town is a warehouse, in brick houses, where the staff of the agency, which serves as the public tribune of the Chocawas. Round this tribune, under the lonely summer sky, assemble, towards evening, all the Indians who have flocked together in Hei-to-wa to listen to a lecture on the wisdom of their conduct. The first who takes the word has evidently come from a distance. He is not a half-naked tattooed warrior, with his head encircled by a crown of many-coloured feathers, but a stalwart farmer, clad in a travel-soiled, fantastical tattered coat in the brightest brown brimmed brown hat on his head; but what is wanting in the splendour of his attire he makes up for by native dignity of manner and by a suave that makes an American who is standing by, and understands not one syllable of what he is saying, perfectly simple. 'Well, hitherto I have thought the English was the most beautiful language, but here I shall give the palm to the Chocaw.' Chief after chief stands up in similar manner to deliver his opinions on the subjects mooted, and to indulge in that love of speaking which is characteristic of their race; and with unflagging attention, the assembled multitude listens until dawn of day. In the same manner the same topics were discussed on the present occasion, the courts of justice are at all times held, the criminal being present, and, when sentence of death is pronounced, being dispatched on the spot by means of a bullet.

In public assemblies of this kind the women take no part, though they may collect at a respectful distance outside the ring of male auditors; but at the public games, which are celebrated with a kind of religious reverence, they are interested spectators, and sometimes take part in the betting. These games, which are generally carried on in some green open prairie, have been handed down from generation to generation since times immemorial, and form a subject of so much national pride, that whatever the degree of civilisation he has attained, the Indian, on occasion of their celebration, throws off his cumbersome apparel, and painting himself from head to foot like his fathers of old, enters the arena to contend for honours which are ever dear to his heart. The principal game is the 'dash,' in which the players with their running is that of ball or ring, to which some notion of 'medal' or magical power is still attached. The mode of proceeding, when a public contest is to take place, is as follows: Two men, renowned for their dexterity, challenge each other for a trial of skill. The day of meeting is appointed, and messengers are sent out by each champion to enrol pariahs on his side. These messengers proceed from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, mentioning the name of the chief combatants, and the day appointed for the contest; and those who promise to join, signify the fact by touching a highly ornamented staff, with a ring at one end, carried by the messenger—a ceremony considered so binding, that to fail after having performed it, is to cover yourself with disdour. Every participant in the game is accompanied by all his relatives, half the nation or tribe may sometimes be found assembled on these occasions—those who do not take an active part indulging at least in the excitement of betting. When the contending parties have arrived in the prairie selected for the sport, seats are pitched, the ground is measured off, and cash parties erects its side, 250 feet from the centre of the playground, two poles sixteen feet high, placed at a distance of ten feet apart, the two poles being placed at the top by a cross-pole. These arrangements are superintended by four elected umpires, to whom are given in charge the various stakes and prizes.
consisting of horses, rifles, blankets, wearing-apparel, household furniture, &c., &c., and who spend the night in watching over them, singing dismal songs, and smoking pipes in honour of the Great Spirit. At sunset, the next day, the combatants appear upon the ground. With the exception of a short petticoat and a gaily embroidered belt, with a horse's tail dyed in brilliant colours attached and pendant behind, they are quite naked; but the absence of clothes is made up for by the paint, of every imaginable colour, with which their bodies are besmeared from head to foot.

In their hands they hold sticks of some light kind of wood, with a ring at the end large enough to hold the ball; but not to let it pass through; and the game consists in trying to catch the ball in this ring, and to fling it through the poles. The party who first succeeds in making the ball pass a hundred times through the poles erected on its own ground, has won it.

When the sun has set behind the forest, torches are lighted, and the players advance in procession towards the poles. Singing and howling, clattering their sticks against each other, and striking their drums, the slimy mud of the women is likewise moving in procession, take up their place in two long rows in the centre of the playground, where they also lift their voices in chorus, and rock their bodies to and fro, now resting on one foot, now on the other. In the meanwhile, the warriors are smoking their pipes on the line of demarcation; and the night passes in revelry. At sunset, a gunshot gives the signal for the games to commence. The ball is hurled high into the air by one of the umpires, the players rush forward and try to catch it in their rings; and with short intervals of repose, the game is kept up till sunset, perhaps to begin again the next day and the next.

Many of the Chocotaws have accepted Christianity, but many still cling to their ancient faith, and more especially to its doctrine of the life hereafter—a fact which proves that the love of the wild forest-life is not yet quite extinct among them. According to their tolbo, the dead have to make a long journey westward until they reach a deep and rapid stream, beyond which are the hunting-fields of the blessed. This stream they must cross by a bridge made of the stem of a tall pine-tree, stripped of its bark, and smeared and polished. The good procures fish, and steadily steps across the slippery bridge, and reach the blessed hunting-grounds, where the heavens are never clouded, where the air is always cool, and where they are endowed with new and everlasting youth, and spend their time in endless joy hunting and feasting. But bad men, when endeavouring to pass the narrow bridge, see the steep banks giving way, are seized by unconquerable giddiness, and precipitate themselves into the depths below. There the waters fall thundering from the rocks, and the whirlpool spining them round and round, ever brings them back to the same spot, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations of dead fish, where the trees are dead and leafless, where snakes and toads revel in the slime mud, where eternal hunger gnaws their entrails, and whence they endeavour in vain to climb up the steep banks to catch a glimpse of the abode of the blessed.

In the comfortable log-house, as in the rude wigwam, one of the chief delights of the Indian is to sit round the fire and listen to the legends of the past as they drop from the lips of the aged. Here is one of these legends, which, no doubt like many another myth, owes its origin to a name. Among the tribes that inhabited the country before the Chocotaw nation is one called the Crawfish Band. The story of its adoption the Chocotaws tell as follows: 'In the beginning, the Crawfish Band lived in great caves, where for many miles around there was no light. They had to find their way to the daylight through mud and morass, and to get back the same way. They looked like craw-fish, walked on hands and feet, did not understand what was said to them, and were very timid and fearful. The Chocotaws often watched for them to speak to them, but they escaped into their holes. Once, however, the Chocotaws cut off the way, and then they ran towards the neighbouring rocks, and disappeared in the clefts. The Chocotaws then laid dry wood and twigs outside, and made a great fire and a great smoke, and in this way they drove out some of the Crawfish men. These they were kind to; they taught them to speak, and to walk on two legs; and they cut off their long nails, and plucked the hairs off their bodies, and then adopted them into their tribe. But many of the Crawfish men remain in the earth, where they live to this day in deep dark caves.'

Such is the lore with which the Chocotaws diverts us while under his hospitable roof, and we would fain linger longer with these interesting children of the forest, who are gradually being converted into quiet dwellers in cities, but still retain their old customs. And how much the world would know more about them and the neighbouring tribes, we must refer to Mr Möllhausen,* who has been our own guide.

A CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

I was seven years old, and hitherto, as I thought, I had lived a life of too much seclusion. A Boy of my age, forsooth, and to have seen so little of the world—it was incredible! We lived in London, and yet—would it be believed?—with the exception of Pantomimes, the performances of Conjurers and Ventri-loquists, and other childish exhibitions of the like nature, I was wholly ignorant of Metropolitan enjoyments. Even to the scenes I have mentioned, my Father and Mother had accompanied me—a circumstance which materially detracted from that pleasurable sense of self-importance, which made itself by that time felt within me pretty strongly. I had been to the Tower without them, to be sure, and had experienced considerable satisfaction from an interview, upon equal terms, with a Bee-eater, and an undisturbed and protracted contemplation of some phlegmatic horsemen in complete armour; but even then, our Butler was behind me; and I think I caught him once in the very act of a derisive smile. The fact was clear, that I was not allowed sufficient liberty. I, the heir of the house, was scarcely less in leading-strings than my little brother, a small boy of five years old. It became obvious to me that such a state of things was not to be endured. It was absolutely attempted upon one occasion (I relate it with shame), to induce me to accompany that youth, with a couple of nursemaidens, in a walk in Kensington Gardens. A dishonourable spectacle, which the good people, however, (I refer to my parents,) had the prudence not to insist upon my exhibiting. I protest I would almost as soon have been seen in Regent Street, inside a Perambulator.

On my seventh birthday, I entertained a select party of young gentlemen—at Dinner? Nothing of the sort; my Public, I assure you. At 2 o'clock I was principally composed of bonbons. A mere Juvenile Party, whereas my small

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brother and some of his little friends made themselves most uncommonly ill with certain ornamental devices which looked in their childish eyes to be good to eat. It was on the morning which succeeded this very mild entertainment that I determined to throw off the yoke in earment, and assume that independence to which my years entitled me. The epoch was peculiarly fitting; while the circumstance of my having received the sum of five shillings from my grandmother upon the preceding evening, gave me the pecuniary means of commencing life upon my own account.

I determined to pay a visit to the then newly opened exhibition called the Panopticon (stigmatized classically, since its total failure, as the All-my-Eye), and to do so independently of Father, Mother, Butler, Nursemaid, or any other such degrading companionship. I had heard people discoursing of it, and understood that it was a long way off; but how far, or in what direction, or even what sort of a place it was when one got there, I was profoundly ignorant. Therefore, for convenience' sake, I thought I would do a bit of patronage, and take some person with me who should be better informed.

The idea which first crossed me, of employing the Police to escort me to this entertainment, I put aside at once, as savouring of protection and dependence: the Crossing-sweeper, I felt convinced, would never part with his Broom, and I had a sense of propriety which revolted at the notion of being connected with an instrument of that kind in the public streets: the same reason prevented me from making overtures to the Baker’s young man, whom I had never beheld divorced from his gigantic basket: while the Butcher-boy, who dressed in blue, and wore an unseemly weapon outside that garment, was of course even still more open to objection.

At last, I remembered that when our boots required any cobbling, short of a new sole or upper leather, we had sometimes been taken into a back-street in the neighbourhood to a certain humble son of Crispin, in order that he might see what they required before he sent them to the house; and this person had a very good-natured son. I was certain of that, because the young boy, upon one occasion of my having been knocked down by a passing cab, had carried me in his arms in the most delicate and feeling manner possible; and had been so wrapped up in my misfortune—just as if I had been a mere child—that he had quite forgotten to take down the number of the cab, with a view of ‘summoning’ it, which was the idea, when I returned to consciousness, that immediately occurred to me.

It was to this person, therefore, I determined to apply. But before I left our house, which I did about five minutes after my father had set out for his chambers, I left a few lines—by help of a chair—upon the Dining-room mantel-piece, for my mother (who knew that she must needs find them in a few hours), to state briefly, the circumstances of my self-emancipation, and also the place where I was gone.

1 My dear mamma—I am now in my eighth year and grown up. You will not be therefore astonished, or, I hope, displeased, that I am gone out to-day, as Papa does, without anybody to take care of me. It is quite impossible to say where I may be going; there are too many things to be visited, you see, my dear mamma; but I intend in the first instance to turn my steps towards the Panopticon (or something like that). Your affectionate son, ROBERT (not Bonny).
And afterwards, when young Crispin endeavoured to make me believe that the little man at the keys of the huge organ produced with his fingers all that delicious music, I had him be quiet, because that time was past when I was child enough to credit such a thing. I did not care much for the glass-blowing, and still less for the patent sewing-machines: but I was enchanted beyond measure by the man in the enclosing-helmet in the large glass Box in full of water. How I longed to smash one side of it with the ferrule of my green umbrella, and see how the water would rush out at the hole, and leave him stranded at the bottom in a twirling; but of course such a proceeding was not to be ventured upon except in imagination. Young Crispin and I had spent hours in this place, and yet I don't think we were either of us weary. Only we had had too many Banbury Cakes and glasses of cherry-brandy at the refreshment-stall, not to feel a little hit down; and inclined to sit down. So we chose a seat in the uppermost gallery, from which we could look down upon all things, and up to which there came from beneath all manner of pleasant sounds: the hum of the huge Organ, the splash of the falling water, the children in the Centre, the distant whir of machinery, and the murmur of conversation from the crowd who perambulated the beautiful building. Young Crispin, under these dreamy influences, succumbed so far as actually to go off in a sort of sleep. His head fell back, he fell into the empty place, his weak eyes took advantage of the fact to close in slumber. I myself, I thought, was far above any such degradation. Tired at two o'clock in the afternoon of my first day of independence! Never! I leaped up upon my stool, and howled out the scene beneath, and having hung my enormous green umbrella upon the same, outside—not knowing where else to put it, out of the way—I snuck and sucked at the great knob of it, and watched the people crossing and recrossing beneath, or looked down into the depths of a magnificent glass vorticase, which lay immediately beneath, but at a vast distance, filled with all sorts of gleaming fishes and wonders of the deep, I stared at them till I scarcely knew where I was. Presently the Fountain began to leap to a less lively measure, the Organ to have a tone less distinct and more soothing, the machinery to be set to a more monotonous air, the people to converse more like bees than human beings, and the whole became what was that? All on a sudden, I was set wide awake, and plunged in an ecstasy of horror, by the consciousness that the knob of that green umbrella had somehow wobbled out of my mouth, and that the whole thing was then descending straight upon the machinery.

The total catastrophe could not have taken above half a minute, but it seemed to me to comprehend an hour of agony. I watched the hideous incubus, like some monstrous and ill-omened bird, slowly upon its errand of destruction, and not a single spectator upon the scene so much as noticed it. The whole thing was past before the man caught sight of it. A veritable Beethoven's Chorale is one thing, to imaginate what it would be to have a real Chorale, composed of preschoolers, be poured into one's ears! I saw a scream of horror burst from the awakened Crispin, and then a tremendous crash, and outburst of a torrent of water, below. Hurrying feet upon the stair, the sound of the blast, in the wash of the consequences succeeded in a whirl of horror. Then I saw Crispin offering his silver brooch—that tremendous bargain—and mosaic gold chain in payment for the damage, and both these valuables refused with indignant scorn. At the staircase I met my father, who would find me safe. Notwithstanding my advanced age and independent position, I was most unfeignedly glad to see this emissary, and to find myself—it's so long ago that I don't remember what became of Crispie—safe in the arms of my good people at home.

**AN OPENING FOR BRITISH ENTERPRISE.**

The 3d of September inaugurated a new era in the history of British India. The government passed into the hands of the Queen. All to one! East India Company! They had vanquished oriental potentates; they had given us an empire; in a few years they would have learned to vanquish their own prejudices, and in this latter conquest to have more closely knitted India to Great Britain.

It is singular how inveterately the Company and their agents adhered to the antipathies of their earliest predecessors towards the Europeans who went to India for the purpose of earning a livelihood, or possibly achieving a fortune, without having previously covenanted to serve the Company. This, in its results, was the great blot upon the administration of India. In the remembrances before the laws of the day, the others were guilty of the same sin. They caused others of mighty consequence to be left undone. It tended to retard progress, and justified the hope expressed in the first line of this article, that the 2d of September inaugurated a new era.

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tenure of property uncertain; so that, after the lapse of twenty years, the Europeans settled in the Mofussil or interior of India are not more numerous than they were when the door was opened to their admission! 'A new era has been inaugurated.' The country craves such improvement as will enable it to enrich England, and enhance her importance and strength. The voice of the soil cries out for the labour that shall render every acre fruitful; the people are athirst for that elevation in the social scale which can only be wrought by European control, and they long to be delivered from the tyranny of the native. The House of Commons, alive to its duty, has elicited, through the medium of a committee of its own members, a number of facts which, operating as the train communicating with a mine, have exploded and drained the old bath of wealth so much more certain to yield good results than the richest mines of New Caledonia, although it may possibly demand a more patient effort. It will hardly be credited, but it is a fact that, in an established fact of the kind, in many parts of India the climate is perfectly European, and the land of wonderful fertility. In one part, 'the climate is infinitely superior to anything we have in England.'

We admit the general insalubrity of the plains of India; we grant there is no available arable land, even in the mountainous districts of Kumaon, the Punjab, the Deccan or Chota Nagpoor, the Casayah and the Jynthe Hills; we do not refuse to believe that the valleys of the Punjab, the Eastern Deccan, and Pegu, are injurious to the European constitution; we concede that in the Meenat division of the North-West Provinces, in Mysore, and in Lower Bengal, Europeans cannot safely labour in the open air. We assent to all these propositions, on the faith of the representations of employees of the East India Company; and yet, after this magnificent string of concessions, we are prepared to shew that myriads of acres of excellent land, in salubrious localities, invite the European to India.

Take, for instance, the Neelgherries, or Blue Mountains, north of the presidency of Madras. According to the testimony of a most experienced and conscientious officer, Captain John Ochterlony, of the Madras Engineers, who is the first considerate authority on this subject, the climate is 'infinitely superior to anything we have in England.' Its quality was tested by a Highland regiment—the 74th—which passed many months in the hills, the men being always engaged in the open air, assisting to build barracks, cultivating gardens, and brewing their own beer. Sickness was quite unknown among them. There are 200,000 acres of land in the Neelgherries available for farms or residences, and the soil is adapted to the growth of almost any European and every Asiatic vegetable. potatoes, wheat, barley—to matting—hoops, grasses for hay, and dairy produce for thousands of settlers, constitute the staples of the hills.

Next to the Neelgherries are the Himalaya. There is not much level ground in any part of those lofty regions. A system of terracing is, however, resorted to, and the cultivation will admit of being greatly extended. At the lower part of the mountains, easily accessible from Calcutta, Dr Hooker reports that there are 'very great capabilities indeed for the cultivation of tea.' He describes the climate as 'exceedingly healthy' for Europeans, and gives his opinion that their presence would tend to the creation of an immense trade between Tibet and India. Dr J. B. Martin, a man of great renown for his treatment of tropical diseases, is also much persuaded in favour of the unceasing efforts of the British state with this end.

In the Himalaya, and in plains of easy access to the mountains, there is wide scope for farms and settlements, over which could be carried theintricaments and chevaux de frise of the old government. The native of Great Britain now should know that there are 'fresh fields and pastures new' open to his spirit of industry; and it behoves the present administration to see that a small beginning is made in this direction. In this respect he earnestly supposes the aid of European capital applied to the inauguration of a better system of agriculture. The application of science to agriculture has made such progress in Europe during the last half-century, that the extraordinary results produced are, says General Trenenreede, 'a standing rebuke to all agriculturists connected with India, who have never been made in that direction.' The personal appearance of the indigo-planter is quite sufficient to establish the healthiness of an out-of-doors life even in Lower Bengal, where hundreds of Europeans might be employed as overseers and agents.

But it is not only as capitalists that Europeans will now find an ample field in India. The debt and incompetency of the natives of India have become so glaring, that the government, from a sense of duty to itself and to its allies, can no longer readily accept the services of respectable natives of Great Britain. Their employment in the courts of law, and the superintending of the police all over the country, will go a great way towards improving the administration of justice; and the interests of native and European will become the same thoroughly identified by a large infusion of the humours of the whole"更重要的理解，如更加深入的解释，或者其他相关的信息。
and his chance of success in the country, under the new régime, will, in all likelihood, be very consider-
able.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.
IN YOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

The next two years of Mrs Armour’s life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety wearing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of unstalling his plan for creating opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent king-
doms restored, deeply seated funds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet were two, rather than six individuals with the ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, with the poor—always more on their own side.

Perhaps it was the man who was not attractive in Mrs Armour’s eyes, perhaps the state of marriage, perhaps both; but it was as we have written, and the poor man returned to his dwelling looking more glum than ever, and his evident astonishment if Mr Holiday was a few degrees sharper and shorter than usual with his young friends for the next two or three days to come.

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour last crossed his three-
hold had come round. It was a Sunday—a mid-
summer Sunday morning, still and hushed. Except perhaps a labouring-man taking a turn round his garden, and for once bending his back, not of necessity, but to admire his flowers, so rich and fragrant, or a horse being taken to a pond to drink, all was quiet and tranquill.

The soft air made a gentle motion among the corn in the blade, and blew the dust from the green glossy leaves of the young plants; the humming of the bee on the sun and the birds—wherewith glad, glee, little, light-headed creatures they are (so

ds OmnOQ and one would think they knew), with their throats full of song, and their pin-head eyes glaring blithe and thither like opposit of living jet.

By and by, the country-people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into a shade; sobered-down matrons, whose grey days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in.

When the bell rang and two or three cards—the last with cuisines improvised by stuffing same with straw—drive into the village, and send their occupants to join the stream slowly flowing churchward. From corners of the village creep forth he aged and infirm, and now tell ye that you come home bruins than in a town one—the men with larynx afflittes and staff, and the coats which have gone in nd out of the chest and the fashion for so many long ears; and the little best round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—afflictingly decent—f or a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and clumsy mbrelleas. From below thick white borders, the title face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One wonders how it has fared with them on their long rough pilgrimage; whether they have softened and mellowed, or grown hardened and embittered, since the time when they found their feet fast in a country shoes, which there is no putting off except in that dark and narrow passage they must enter so soon.

At last the congregation are all in. The rich have got settled in their cushions—God knows they don’t always recline on rose either, much as they are sometimes envied; the gentlemen have disposed of their hats, and drawn their fingers through their hair; the ladies have spread their skirts roomily, opened their richly bound Bibles, and have in hand their cut-crystal gold-covered smelling-bottles ready for a case of drowsiness; it being bad manners to sleep in church.

The poor have unwrapped their Bibles from white handkerchiefs, and laid their roses, sweet-william, southernwood, on the book-board, posies which (barring the southernwood) shed a perfume such as no bottle on the Queen’s toilet-table could rival. There were plenty of middle-class people also, intelligent and sober-minded. Mrs Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she knew her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon began, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejectment. But no; when he arrived at Mrs Armour’s seat, he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

‘It’s a gentleman wantin’ tae speak tae ye, Mrs Armour,’ said the beadle. ‘See!’ and he pointed to Mrs Armour’s house, ‘there’s a post-chaise at your door. I’m thinking he wants an answer.’

And as he stopped speaking, Jeanie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

‘I darsen, Mrs Armour,’ he began, ‘ye’ll wonder what’s brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an auld friend came in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he’s been long abroad, an’ this is his ain country; sae naethin’ wad ser’ him but he maun be out the day. He’s no in very gude health, an’ that makes folk restless, ye ken.’

Mr Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason: they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

‘Mr Boyd went on again: ‘It’s ten years sin’ he’s been at home, Mrs Armour’—glancing at her black dress—‘an’ it’s just ten years sin’ I dinna ken how to tell ye that your own brother’s back in the Kirk hurst—than in a town one—the men with larynx afflittes and staff, and the coats which have gone in and out of the chest and the fashion for so many long years; and the little best round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—afflictingly decent—looking like a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and clumsy mbrelleas. From below thick white borders, the title face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One
He said: 'Jeanie, will ye take me in?'

All that she could gather strength to say was, 'Yes.'

The elderly ladies, her kinswomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and left her. 'That's a woman.'

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road, could have done it; just nature and instinct restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

CHAPTER IV.

During eight years, he had been tossing from one state of the American Union to another, sometimes wallowing indolently, and allowing his wages negligently, then barding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for anything he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering upon his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some other.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the asking. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clenching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd-life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array—but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell upon his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessities of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shank as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the stores most needed at the gold-fields. By this venture, he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if anything, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, he was come to the point when he thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If I, in my own character, had the same loving and tender feeling of shame as he had when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. I still believed in myself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jeanie if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying he had nothing else to offer that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, containing any of the more glaring facts, which he has hinted at, but bulked them up in a way which I think would have been shocking, had he had his life's blood; living in a place like that, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead incredible to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not the natural affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining then to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neatly, and as some other looked upon by the public was an over-friendly eye; he found people generally of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of M'Coll, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he stored in his mind as a small eye.

He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular, and when he got a pony, M'Coll accompanied it on his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his hands.

The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity, brought about a full to his disease, although it was short-lived.

He clung to life, but at last his malady seemed an aspect that he could not disguise from himself that life was ebbing from him; he had been accustomed to shut his eyes to consequences so long, however, and look at things in such a distorted light, it was not likely his senses should begin to own him at the outset, when the vacuity of mind and torpor induced by disease seconded his efforts to cultivating that total apathy which he called resignation to fate. Sometimes he upheaved his voice, but not looking more cheerful; but for M'Coll, he did not know what he would do; as for George and Betsey, she had brought them up to forget they had
watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the singing repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gloom of kindness, perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: 'Have you got witnesses?'

'All right,' replied M'Coll; 'when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second.'

'Begin, then,' said Arnour.

And M'Coll, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jeanie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him beseech all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and give him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, he rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: 'George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your children, and think of blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of inniquity like that to answer for?' and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: 'M'Coll, you want witnesses. I am your own witness. I mean that you must robb the widow and the orphan.' The pen dropped from George's hand, and M'Coll grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, covered before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, lifting the useless paper, said: 'I suppose, Arnour, I may as well go.'

'Yes, go now,' replied George; 'and come back to-morrow morning, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it.'

M'Coll slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs Arnour led him to her husband's bedside, and the child was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw M'Coll in the act of moving. He motioned with his hand to George's bedside, and she heard him say:

'She's as sound as a top.' Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened, the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexpressible emotion on his thick wasted face. Jeanie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat
divisions of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these distinctions were gradually abandoned. Plants, it was found, possessed, in their absorbent pores and cells, organs analogous to the mouth and stomach of animals; while not only did a greater number of the latter appear destitute of the power of locomotion, but several species of plants possessed it to a considerable degree. The question was then attempted to be resolved by a chemical distinction. Animals were said to exhale carbonic acid, and plants oxygen; but this test, although correct as regards the more highly developed representatives of either kingdom, completely breaks down when applied to their inferior species. There are plants that eliminate nothing but carbonic acid, while certain animals exhale only oxygen. This unexpected complexity led to a more careful investigation of the subject, and the result has been the conclusion, that, to use the words of Professor Owen, 'animals and plants are not two natural divisions, but are specialised members of one and the same group of organised beings.'

Certain practical distinctions exist, however, for our guidance, even among the confused occupants of the boundaries of either order. Where the form of organisation is merely a simple cell, requiring a strong microscopic power to reveal its presence, an animal nature is presumed, provided the object displays contractility, and maintains itself insoluble in acetic acid. The diminutive being that corresponds to this humble test is known as the gregarina, and was first observed about thirty years ago, a parasitic inhabitant of various insects. Its animal character was far from receiving immediate recognition. By some zoologists, it was held to be the egg of an insect; by others, a stray unutilized globule; while a third party considered it purely vegetable. Its true nature was at length admitted, and although destitute of mouth and stomach, circulatory, respiratory, or nervous systems, and only nourished by absorption, its contractility and insolubility, combined with a close resemblance to animal embryos destined for a higher development, justify its elevation out of the vegetable kingdom. The gregarina is not only of interest as representing the most rudimentary example of an animal, but also from forming the lowest type of the enteric, or, as we have familiarly called it, the worm-world.

The extensive distribution of entozoa, or parasitical animals, throughout the various divisions of the animal kingdom, has been only recently appreciated. Every animal is now believed to be infested with some inveterate does. In man, no fewer than eighteen different kinds have been observed—a number not so much due to any special liability, as to better means of observation in his case. They are met with in insects (for instance, the bee), fishes, reptiles, and birds, and in mammals both tame and in a state of nature. They are not limited to a particular locality, but push their way into such secluded and sensitive regions as the brain, lungs, liver, heart, and eye. Their vitality is very powerful, and enables them to resist the effects of extreme cold, and extreme heat beyond any other class of animals. The species which infest the Baltic herring preserved in ice, have been made, upon the application of heat, to exhibit readily symptoms of life. The wheat parasite which produces the diseased condition of that grain well known as cockle, revives under moisture, although dried and apparently dead for a series of years.

From a knowledge of the law that the functions of every species are adapted to its destiny, locally, we should not be surprised at a high degree of organisation among entozoa. Solely nourished by the digested food of other animals, their assimilating power is naturally simple. Excluded from air, they require no respiratory organs, and always maintaining the same disposition, they are quite independent of any means of locomotion.

They are usually divided into two classes, the solid and hollow. The members of the latter division are the most numerous, the more highly developed, and the most frequent, if least troublesome, subjects of medical treatment; but instead of pursuing the subdivisions of either order, we shall select such characteristic examples as may best illustrate those features that impart most interest to the species in the animal economy. First, of the Cestoid or tape-worm order. There are two great representatives of this family, and so definitely do these maintain their respective distinctions, that advantage has been taken of them in a manner which should never antedate the conditions in an ethnological relation; for the worm that prevails among the natives of Britain, Holland, and Germany, is never met among the inhabitants of either Russia or Switzerland. A tape-worm consists of a series of rings or segments varying in diameter, but whose united length not unfrequently reaches ten, twenty, and even thirty feet. The superior or most internal ring, forming the head, is the most remarkable one. Correctly speaking, the head constitutes the body, while the rest of the joints are merely temporary appendages. The anterior part of the head is armed with a double row of hooklets, which, together with three or four sectorial ducts in their immediate vicinity, serve alike to introduce food and to maintain the position of the animal. The digestive, circulatory, and nervous systems, all on an imperfect scale, are best developed in the head. It is only in the neighbourhood of the oral suckers that nervous ganglia occur. The alimentary canal consists of a double row of tubes, growing along the successive segments, and facilitating the transmission of the food. The four vessels composing the circulatory system run parallel with the divisions of the digestive tube. The animal is not, however, exclusively dependent for support upon food introduced by the mouth, for each individual segment has a power of appropriating a certain amount of sustentum through direct absorption. This process is interesting, from its resemblance to a similar arrangement in the nutrition of plants. The head of such a tape-worm absorbs nourishment from the animal it infests, as the roots of the vegetable from the soil. The analogy is further borne out by comparing the partial assistance afforded to the nutrition of plants through their leaf-pores, with that given to the worm by its permeable joints. Each joint is, moreover, a reproductive organ, and, like its analogue in plants, breaks off at certain seasons. The worms of the Tenebroides, or the Sucklers Proper, differ in no respects from those of the Cestoid type. They are short—not averaging above two inches in length; ovoid in form, and generally flat. Unlike the tape-worm, they possess no hooks at the mouth; but their sucking-tubes are more numerous and more distinct. They are scattered over various parts of the animal, and, with the exception of the most superior, which forms the mouth, serve as processes for adhesion. Each sucker is supported by a small muscular slip, beside which is a nervous ganglia.

* The popular association of the presence of entozoa with disease is not in all cases correct. The Trichina Spiralis has been found in a wholly healthy subject, who had never tasted pork.
The alimentary tube is forked almost from its origin, very strongly resembling the veins of a leaf. In these, as in the vast majority already considered, the reproductive function is the most highly developed. But the most extraordinary fact regarding all species of entozoa is their introduction into the interior of living animals. This phenomenon long formed one of the most difficult problems in natural history; and until very lately, no more satisfactory explanation could be offered than that of Aristotle, which explained it on the theory of spontaneous generation.

The true process is hardly less curious. Each joint of the tape-worm was represented as being a reproducing organ, in which multitude of eggs are deposited. As soon as these eggs attain maturity, which generally happens about midsummer, the joints are detached from the head; or, as we should say of the tape-worm, cast off. The abandoned head remains behind with only two or three adherent segments. The outermost of these begins immediately to divide into two portions. These soon after break into four, and no long period elapses before the damage occasioned by so extensive a loss is effectually repaired. Meanwhile, the detached segments are speedily abandoned by their ova, which immediately enter upon a larval (caterpillar) state. No difficulty was found in tracing the liberated young of the worm there far; but the problem of their entrance as large and mature individuals into the cavities of other animals, remained unsolved. It continued in that state until the discovery of larve, adherent to the liver and other internal parts of snails. Possibly the same may have been identified in the gregarina—animal—as, for instance, a bird—wandering worm being then safely conducted to its destination—probably the sole survivor of the millions that issued from its abode some time before.

The development of the Trematode or sucker-worms is even more curious. Perhaps one of their extruded larvae chances to become the inmate of a slug. In such a situation, it speedily outgrows its larval form, attaining that of the lowest of all animals and entozoa, the gregarina. It then abandons the snail, and is seen at no distant period to be tenanted with numerous young. These do not at birth assume the maternal or gregariform shape, but are fashioned along the lines of the animalcules. They emerge from the first able to swim, and exhibit a lively appreciation of this power, until such time as the ever-active laws of nature necessitate the next and ultimate transformation. This is indicated by a loss of the caudal appendage; and then—supposing the worm still attended with good-fortune—it attacks some animal that can afford a suitable nidius for its complete development.* To the perils of the tedious journey before an entozoon at every stage of its growth, the extraordinary fertility of its reproductive function must be ascribed. It is not surprising that the intricacy of such processes should have led to their having been at first regarded with doubt. The result of more general observation has, however, tended to establish the certainty of these. The worm, fully developed in a certain kind of carnivorous fish, is in its larval condition an inhabitant of the cuttle-fish, known to form a favourite prey of the other. Again, the vermicle that attaches itself to a mouse, only arrives at maturity by transference to the tissues of a cat.

It may be asked why nature permits such an enormous destruction as happens to entozoa. The common Ascariis lumbricoides produces no fewer than sixty-four millions of eggs, of which possibly only a unit attains development. But the rest are by no means without a use, although they do not reach maturity. They serve as food to myriads of those animalcules, abounding in air and water, upon whose activity the health and enjoyment of higher beings is immediately dependent. The importance of this secondary purpose of the entozoa may be illustrated by reference to a similar adaptation observed in the case of the ordinary cereals. These, in their annual growth, are primarily intended for their own perpetuation, but the use to which they are put as articles of food is vastly more important in the economy of nature.

TWO HOURS WITH THE CUSTOMS.

The old song tells us that there is no place like home. However true this may be, home is not a place one is always glad to return to. The man hard-worked for eleven months in the year, who comes back after his four weeks' holiday, with the morrow's desk, ledger, and musty office in prospect, may very possibly enter his own door with other feelings than those of perfect satisfaction. He comes into his room, and finds it damp and dismal from having been unoccupied; he remembers the high spirits with which he quitted it. Two or three things are lying about, evidently out of their places; he recollects that he put these things away in a hurry, at the last moment before he set off, and contrasts his feelings at that time of excitement and anticipation with those he now has, with another eleven months before him to wait for a similar moment of pleasure. There are fifty things which, on entering your room, after returning from enjoyment, put you in mind of hours of pleasant expectation, and raise a variety of sensations not at all in accordance with the faithful feeling which every true Briton is supposed to owe to his own fireside.

There are few places where the quailish feelings of return are more prevalent than on the various ways leading between this country and the continent. It may be safely said that, of those who go hence to the continent, one half at least are in pursuit of enjoyment, and, moreover, with very sanguine expectations of obtaining it. On the other hand, few foreigners come here to enjoy themselves; and of Englishmen returning home, the greater number have just left their holiday behind them. In consequence, we are sorry to say, the road which leads from home is apt to be more joyous than the same way when it is trodden in the other direction.

For this reason, the little annoyances of travel only seem to amuse people when they are going out; but few can bear them with perfect patience when they are coming home. Foremost among these annoyances are custom-house examinations. How many a young traveller, arriving in France for the first time, has anticipated this examination merely as a bit of fun, and, what is more, has found it so. But we imagine that no one ever found anything very funny in examinations on this side the water. The douaniers abroad, with their puzzled air, tumbling over our insular wares without well knowing what to make of them, are often more amusing than annoying, if the traveller happens to be in good spirits. Still more entertaining

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* These respective processes illustrate two scientific terms, the use of which is frequently misunderstood, metamorphosis and metagenesis. Of the former, which is a more limited change, and refers to the alteration of form undergone during its successive stages of development by one individual, we had an example in the history of the tape-worm. Metagenesis, a more complicated process, applies to the changes of the representative of an animal in its progress from a larval origin to maturity, such changes requiring a succession of intermediate stages. This process is illustrated in the development of the trematode worms.
are their uneasy glances over our books; the poor fellows scarcely know what to be at, between their dislike of rousing an Englishman's briefness, and their dread of the consequences of letting traversal pass the frontier. We well remember the puzzle of a whole band of Austrian dons on one an English Bible, upon which they were going to lay an embargo, not because it was a Bible, but because it had the royal arms, with the Dieu et mon Droit, on the title-page. They took the motto for a republican watchword. There is, in this respect, much to amuse in continental examinations. But the man must have singular powers of extracting fun out of anything, if he can find any in the proceedings of an English customs-officer. Abroad, politics find their way everywhere; and there is always the ridiculous side of foreign politics to persons such utter strangers to political fears and apprehensions as ourselves. A foreign officer never looks into anything without some idea that he may find a plot in the corner. But an English examination is a dry, matter-of-fact business, about which the only consideration is, how to get it over soonest. Add to this that, in passing English custom-houses, one is always in a hurry, and very often in bad humour, and one may make some allowance for the occasional tartness of our officials.

An English custom-house examination is conducted, by arrangements made between the custom-house and some of the steam-boat companies, on board many of the vessels arriving from the continent by the Thames, thus avoiding the delay of an examination on landing. It is, in consequence, carried on in the full view of all the passengers, who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves with prying into their neighbours' secrets.

The arrival on board of the custom-house officers is the signal for the assemblage of the passengers from both sides of the vessel. Here, for the first time, the poor squallid woman who has been fetching her sick child from the French coast, where she could get the sea-air cheap, jostles against the fat lady with two servants and four tremendous children, who have been on the continent to buy bonnets and learn manners—in the first of which objects, by the way, they have succeeded much better than in the second. Two knots of the other sex are to be seen emerging from the opposite staircases. The one is a band of Belgians, sadly deficient in overcoats, and who, for the last half-hour, have been submitting to every kind of insult from the steward and the cabin-boy, rather than pay the former his fee of sixpence. They are ordered off the tables, on which they are squattting; they are told that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; they get their shins kicked and their brandy-flasks upset without relaxing a muscle from the stoical smile which they have evidently set up for the occasion. The other knot consists of a set of Oxford youngsters, who have been astonishing waiters and porters— if anything could astonish a waiter or a porter—by the enormity of the fees they have been scattering over half the towns of Europe, and who look about them as if they had purchased in hard cash the privilege of being insolent to every one who is in the position of a receiver of money. These two sets of men are the types of their respective classes: the foreigner in England, and the Englishman abroad—the one travelling with the determination not to pay a farthing beyond the absolute exigencies of the law, and quite prepared for the consequent insults they receive; and the other, ready to submit to any extortion, provided they are allowed to insult the natives in return. As it is a fixed notion among foreigners, that an Englishman will be impertinent whether he pays for it or not, they prudently resolve, in every instance, to put the highest possible tax on the licence.

The entire baggage of the inmates of the second cabin does not equal that of the single fat lady who has just made her appearance upon deck from the first. She values herself on her skill in getting through travelling difficulties. She has paid the steward half-a-crown to make interest for the precedence of her luggage—the steward, in consequence, has just now whispered in the ear of the gentlemanly-looking man with light hair and a stylish overcoat, who is the head of the party of three which is come to make the examination. The other two are a cutting below their neighbours in a matter-of-fact way, which the cleverest juggler might envy. It is a single, worn, battered, leather portmanteau, which, when opened, displays a marvellous amount of warm clothing, and an assortiment of culinary utensils which would have provided a dinner for the whole of Zouaves. It is evident that the man has a noble idea of creature comforts, and that such comforts are only to be obtained after the English fashion; for there is not a thing there which you could not declare to be English. It is a most touching spectacle to see, in the midst of men, who live three-fourths of their time on the continent, are, without exception, the most determined Englishmen in existence—they pass their live in money-transactions with foreigners without understanding a syllable of their language, and in bargains with them without adopting the slightest portion of their manners. This man would be miserable if he did not cook his own steak, boil his own potato, and carry with him half-a-dozen gallons of English gin. That little portmanteau consists of a whole class—the ingenuity of its arrangements, the absence of every thought but that of the mere animal being, the thorough English prejudice, the strange mixture of business and carelessness, the capacity for packing enjoyment into the smallest possible compass, and carrying his own pleasures about with him; all of which is more or less characteristically English, and the last part eminently so. The foreigner always expects to find his pleasure as he does his bed, routine necessities. It is now the turn of the old lady, whose hundred-and-one boxes have all been placed in readiness by the obsequious steward. They contain every single useless article sold in every one of those towns, which people, who go out to come home again and see
they have been on the continent, find it necessary to visit: saints in ivory, and devils in wood; china in all secular and extravagant shapes; coloured prints, which look as if they had been washed in a cloud, and then rubbed against the blue sky to polish them; false jewellery in every shape and form; stones made bright by being licked and rubbed against the coast of a Tyrolean mountaineer; bottles of Belle-isle glass of a dingy red, which the lady was assured was the true ruby colour, only to be got on special occasions; stuffed cats; paper ornaments for legs of nutmeg; blue soap; scents in frightful quantity; stuffs of glaring colours, which would make up into any dress except clothing—unless, indeed, the manager of a suburban theatre will buy them for his next pantomime—but which the lady has bought because they look travelled, and unlike anything in England: all of which, and more, the lady has bought with the evident tokens or souvenirs of many a happy hour passed in enjoyment and friendship. One of the girls fairly burst out crying, to the extreme astonishment of her fast friend, as one after another of these recollections of her pleasant summer spent abroad was disclosed. They have the most curious notions abroad of a winter in England, which is infinitely colder than in the north of France or in the south of Germany, and less trying than even in the south of France, as she escape the terror of the snows which are part of the world. But the most characteristic portion of the girl's property was her literature. None but a Teutonic mother would have thought of permitting such an assemblage, still less of lending it or her herself. There was a Bible, some essays of Martin Luther, and half-a-dozen books of sermons, by the side of philosophical treatises anything but orthodox, sentimental poetry, and comedies of a freedom which would make the hair of Miss Martha Browne, mistress of the Myrtle Academy, stand on end; if she had the chance of finding them in the first place, and understanding them in the second.

It was now the turn of the batch of foreigners, who had been blocking up the passage that he had a mind to purchase. The continental dealers, well used to this sort of thing, recognised their man in a twinkling. In consequence, they asked precisely three times the sum they would have charged to any other customer. The British government, in demand of course, was naturally the strongest—the money part of the business. However, to have made a bargain, or to think that one had made a bargain, is precisely the same thing to human nature.

Next came a couple of young ladies, whom the fat female citizen took, during the voyage, under her especial care, because they looked pale and interesting; as a set-off, probably, to her own complexion, which was that of a full-blown peony. She has been teasing the poor girls throughout the voyage with questions about themselves—where they were going to, and whence they were coming from; much to the annoyance of the poor things, whose hearts were full, and who desired nothing so much as to be let alone. She tried to force all manner of things down their throats as breakfast, when all the while it was evident that they could not eat a mouthful. There was the interference of an old gentleman, who was their fellow-voyager, from compelling them to swallow a whole tumbler of stiff brandy and water, because at one moment they tended towards sea-sickness. Her patronage has been no small advantage, that they get an early turn to pass their examination. The truth was, the old lady wanted to have a glance at the inside of their trunks. She did not find much she could appreciate, although the collection so far resembled her own. It was only ordinary trifling matters from a variety of places. But in this case it was here a bunch of Rhine flowers, there two or three little German story-books, little ladies' sketches, little pieces of needlework, little bits of jewellry, and, evidently tokens or souvenirs of many a happy hour passed in enjoyment and friendship. One of the girls fairly burst out crying, to the extreme astonishment of her fast friend, as one after another of these recollections of her pleasant summer spent abroad was disclosed. They have the most curious notions abroad of a winter in England, which is infinitely colder than in the north of France or in the south of Germany, and less trying than even in the south of France, as she escape the terror of the snows which are part of the world. But the most characteristic portion of the girl's property was her literature. None but a Teutonic mother would have thought of permitting such an assemblage, still less of lending it or her herself. There was a Bible, some essays of Martin Luther, and half-a-dozen books of sermons, by the side of philosophical treatises anything but orthodox, sentimental poetry, and comedies of a freedom which would make the hair of Miss Martha Browne, mistress of the Myrtle Academy, stand on end; if she had the chance of finding them in the first place, and understanding them in the second.
palm-oil; another has some new sizing matter for paper; a third has a new dye for the hair, which he extracts from pearl-salt. These men are all from the lowest orders of educated society on the continent—men with a smattering of general knowledge, inquiring by turns into everything, mastering nothing, but hitting every now and then upon an idea, which they amuse one or two years of their life in endeavouring to make money of; delighting themselves in the meantime with expectations, and when they fail, going, with a smile and the whimsical good-humour with which Germans take disappointment, to look out for something else, which commonly ends in the same manner. No wonder that their wardrobe is so scanty, and that they grudge the steward his sixpence. But the visit of this class of men, contrasted with the class of Englishmen who go to the continent, has a very material effect on the opinions which the two sections of mankind have for each other. It is a most forcible illustration of the gold and silver sides of the shield. We rarely see any but the shabby classes of foreigners, dirty, subtle, and scheming, and the great mass of the British people form their ideas accordingly. Very few English schemers go abroad, and the sneers of English birth who take refuge on the continent are confined to a few towns. The great mass of British travellers belong to the class who spend money, and require respect, if not servility in return. We have noticed men walking the streets of Paris—Englishmen of some rank—who at home are胖胖和 modest, but who put on a stately air, and look defiance in the continental city. The reason is simple enough: at home their position in society is recognised, and they have no necessity for throwing back their heads, and curling their upper lips, in order to enforce it.

Next came our batch of travelled youngsters, who kept up their spirits to the last, and looked as gay as when they set out, whatever they may have felt. The first box they exhibited looked exactly as if it had been filled from some neglected corner in an old turnpike-road. They had thought it their duty to climb every celebrated mountain in Switzerland, and, by way of就是这个 fact, to bring away a stone from each, which ended by forming a collection of rubbish, which certainly must have been an Englishman would have thought of travelling over five or six thousand miles to fetch. The mammas and sisters, however, will be delighted to put away in their drawers an ugly piece of rock, because it is stated to come from the Finsterhorn, of which they kick at the thought every day of their lives met with in the lanes.

By this time we were tired, and went below. For an hour after, our friend the inspector was still at work over a parcel of poor accoutrements belonging to persons whom we had not seen before, and of whom we cannot even now imagine whence they came. Poverty certainly has singular modes of hiding itself away. The last of all was the poor woman with the sick child. There was not a single article turned out which did not tell of the struggle to provide comforts, which in those sad cases in which comforts become necessities, is one of the most grievous tasks of human life. Even to the toys, which had been wrung from the day's meal to procure some little relaxation for the weary hours of the forced idleness of sickness; the whole mass of shifts to ease discomfort, and make pain tolerable at the least possible cost, came before us with so painful an impress of the most real of all sorrows, that we were too glad to escape from it.

We had seen the year's existence compressed into an hour, of characters the most various, and positions the most different. A moralist might here see the deeper lesson than the loose ideas which then suggested themselves to our less thoughtful mind.
THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.
I am an old-fashioned old boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr. Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line; yet from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a foxy. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I should like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never have belonged to a club. Nor is there a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. Once that corner was usurped: I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwel l the next day, and had to take medicine; but the writer, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, gratis, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I always have done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will 'touch up' my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood: we always had roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit-pie on Sundays. I can also call to mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover such toffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertain'd to the pastry-cook's higher up the street. I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures; the name of woman began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavour by her sympathy and, when there was enough for both, participation.
When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I coveted about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—oh, how far above reality!—may the imagination conjure up. Even if, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting, by whispering: 'Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!' 'Perhaps not,' I replied, 'but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and ankle.' Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples who trod my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my (No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satisfy (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R.A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night thinking of those upturned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite showed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name?), Pigmeun’t, I left off my visits to Trafalgar Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not without a merit—I patronized the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith. In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No—yes! the expression was different, the dress was very different; indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same beaming smile, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confounded, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapseraph contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting once or twice until they were closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I must get out of my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortunes in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and, oh! the cookery English. Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Poope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathe, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the Établissement des Bains, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights. Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel she had just left, and I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step, she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, she raised her hands up, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the enormous veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists, and mine. I put the remaining end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blinder proved the fact indubitably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the he-dancer in a ball when the principal lady-dancer betrayed unexpected moments out of cupboards, linen-presses, lens-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it magic? Was it diabolism? Was it a coincidence? I was at home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, not got promotion when those above us departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid near to mine below me. I did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up my pretty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean hands attracted attention, and Mrs Jones, our hostess, explained that we were to have a circular, a Mrs Plantagenet, widow. Her hostess gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be her? Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman, the wife of some one who took snuff, and was accustomed to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. So, to whom whom she might, the stranger was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the entrements were handed round before the door opened, and—it was as! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of expiring, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that my or all of those calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster pie gone down the wrong way.

‘Have you any other orders of water?’ said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had never spoken to each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of me? Was I her idea, as she was mine?

‘Anything going here?’ she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. ‘What’s at the season?’

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

‘Oh, you must learn it,’ she said; ‘it is soon done, if you only listen, and you must be polite; and I need be laughed at when you make mistakes.’

‘There is the Etablissement, where they dance.’

‘That is all right. I adore dancing; don’t you?’

‘Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it.’

Oh, how I learn—practise in the evening, listen to my lessons in the morning. Is the champagne put here?’

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on well with a lady before; yes, like the simple Simon of Cypresses. We did not know the language, and etiquette, and my hostess polished me. When I sought my straw to put the bottle between my lips and drink the contents of the glass, I must have been in the wrong place, for I felt that I was being laughed at when you make mistakes.

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smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It
was the scent of all others she most preferred, which
emboldened me to remain near the window. What a
dayful it was! how she would enjoy the walk, if she
only had a drag. Can. I offered to attend her; she
demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were
not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite
familiar. Had I had a dancing-lesson yet? No!
She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours
we were in arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon
column; in two days we were dancing together at
the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other
Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged
man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing
lawsuit at that time depending, it was not convenient
for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I
had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a
word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was
desirable to take, I was not the mediator in the
affair, and so far as it coincided with my
own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross
the Channel, settle everything, and return to Blisse;
while Blisse remained at the boarding-house at
Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for
convenient lodgings in the upper town. It

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne
to London, for though the voyage that way is of
longer hours, you can go to bed and sleep all the
time, or at least you can try to do so; so I took
a berth on board the Steaakoompoen, and, in order to
secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel
left the quay. The experiment was to some extent
successful, for though the motion caused me to feel
giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that
horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompa-
nied with tickling in the sides, which I had before
experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down
the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed
escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had lain quiescent on my back for about
three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin whom,
from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly
called 'chaps.'

'Well Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck,
and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking
brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the coolest
nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?'

'Very well, give me the upper,' one of them
shouted, as he crossed his arms, and the other

All right; here goes; and the taller of the two

swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite
mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

'Jack!'

'Yes!'

'Can one smoke?'

'No!'

'What a bore.' And they plunged into general
talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas,
prose-writers, everything; but their principal conversa-
tion was of paintings and painters; to all of which I
listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying atten-
tion, when suddenly a word caught my ear which
startled me like an electric shock—Judith.'

It was the end of something said by the under
man, and the upper directly answered:

'O yes, I remember now; she sat also for
Blower's Siren, didn't she?'

'What's her. Fity she isn't so extravagant. Over
head and corner. Can't put her foot in England, they
say. I saw her yesterday on the pier.'

'Speak to her?'

'Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have
spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown.'

'Ah, and you say she is well off?'

'Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor
beggar.'

'And he is really going to marry her?'

'Safe.'

'What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore
though; perhaps he would let her alone. But that
cannot be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be
a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all.'

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it
that on arriving in London I was in a state of
arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon

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the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other
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'THE PROVINCIAL DIALECTS OF ENGLAND.

No district in Europe affords so many interesting
philological varieties as those presented within the
comparatively small area of the British Isles. Besides
the two great breaches of the national speech settled
by the Tweed, we have the Erse of the Scottish
Highlands, the Cymric of the Welsh mountains, the
Gaelic of Ireland, and the Manx of the Isle of Man.
The natives of the Channel Islands retain to this
day a Norman-French patois which has much in
common with the language of the troubadours; and
scarcely a century has elapsed since the Cornish
variety of the aboriginal Celtic still lingered about
the rocky shores of the Land's End, and traces of
the old Norse were still to be found among the
further Orkneys. England itself is split up into
almost as many dialects as there are counties, many
of which, in spite of the levelling influences of education
and steam, still continue well defined and
strongly marked. The peasant of Worcestershire
understands not him of Westmoreland, and the talk
of a Lancashire weaver is utterly unintelligible
to an Exmoor shepherd. Even in the neighbourhood
of Cambridge, if you ask a good fisherman, a laboring-
man, he touches his hat, bege your pardon, and
passing on in evident reluctance to continue the
conversation, avows himself to be 'no scholar.'
In order to understand these differences, we must bear
in mind that our modern English speech, in so many
aspects, has been included under the generic term Saxon, were in
reality comprised of various tribes, differing considerably
in language. Bede mentions Jutes, old Saxons, and Angles; and there were probably others. A nice
observer may detect great diversities of grammatical and
orthographical forms in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts
according to the province of the author or transcriber.

Alfred's works are written in the pure Saxon of
Wessex, his native district; but the Saxon chronicle
composed at Peterborough is interlaced with many
Mercian peculiarities; and several fragments of
Cædmon that we know to have been copied in
monasteries north of the Humber, partake of the
broad character of the Northumbrian dialect. In the
manuscript literature of a later age, we find similar
variations. Robert of Gloucester's chronicle is written
in a western dialect not unlike that of Devonshire at
the present day, while Piers Ploughman is essen-
tially Anglian. The differences observable in the
literary language would of course be still more
marked in the speech of the masses, who were entirely
uneducated, and had little or no communication with
the inhabitants of other provinces. The same causes
operating from age to age, would lend still further to
isolate the various groups of populations; and it is
only fair, therefore, to suppose that such of the peculi-
arity of language prevalent in Anglo-Saxon times is
retained even to the present day in the popular speech of the same districts. Hence our provincial dialects, instead of being the barbarous jargons represented by the lexicographers of the last century, are in truth the real wells of English undefiled, and their investigation of great importance to the philologist, as well for the numerous archaic and otherwise obsolete words by which they have preserved to us, for the light they throw upon the origin and structure of our written language. The influence of the Danes must also be taken into consideration. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that in his day the inhabitants of the northern counties spoke a very barbarous language, which the southern people could not understand; and this he attributes to the colonies of Northmen who settled there. Nasman also relates a story of a Dalecarlian boy brought to England in the time of King Canute, who was able to converse easily with a lad from Yorkshire. Any one who takes the trouble to compare Brockett's dictionary of northern words with a glossary of any of the western dialects, will at once see the great preponderance of the Scandinavian element.

At the present day, the English dialects may be divided into four principal groups—the northern, eastern, southern, and midland, nearly answering to the old political divisions of Northumbria, East Anglia, Wessex, and Mercia. Any more elaborate classification, though such has been attempted, must be purely arbitrary, as the various forms graudate one into the other in a manner which makes it difficult to say where one ends, or another begins. Verstegan, writing in the seventeenth century, says: 'We see that in several parts of England both the names of things and pronunciations of words are somewhat different; for example, according as one should say at London: 'I would eat more cheese if I had it;' the northern man would say: "Ay, and eat more cheese gin ay had it;' and the western man saith: 'Chad eat more cheese an chad it.' Lo, here three different pronunciations in our own country, whereas in Paris the like examples might be alleged.' This observation yet holds good; the western and the northern still remain the most strongly marked of our dialects, although in point of interest both must yield to the midland idiom, which forms the standard of our present literary language.

We propose to give specimens of the leading varieties, beginning with the counties nearest Scotland, and proceeding southward.

The dialects of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, may be considered identical in all essential particulars. They all, more or less, resemble the dialects of the southern Lowlands, and become deeply imbued with the Scotch accent as we approach the border. The celebrated of the last district has given this dialect quite a little literature in itself; and many of the ballads and songs written to illustrate it have achieved more than provincial fame. A few stanzas from Anderson's *Impatient Lassie* will exhibit its principal features:

"Oh!

Deuce tek the clock! click-clackin' cee
Ay in a body's ear;
It tells and tells the toyme is past
When Jowhny sul been here.
Dance tek the wheel! 'twill sit rin room.
Nae mair ta neet I'll spin,
But count each minute wi a seegh
Till Jowhny he steals in.

How noyo the spunky fire it burns
For twoe to sit bescye;
And chear's the seat where Jowhny sits,
And I forget to cheyde.

My faither tull, how sweet he suvors—
My mudder's fast adsp.
He promised oft, but, oh! I fear
His wud he wunnet kip.

What can it be kips him frae me?
The ways are nit sae lang,
And aelet an' snaw are sought at aw
If yen were fae tae gang.
Some udder less, wi' bonnier face,
Has catch'd his wicked se,
And I'll be pointed at a kirk—
Nay, suiner let me de.

There is another specimen from a song of the same writer; it is a bit of advice to a discarded lover:

Mun, thou'll nobbet 1wee tees gud name,
Wit'gowlin an' whinig saa nickle.
Cockswaneters! min, beyde about bane,
An' let her den ga to suil Nickle.

Thon's spoitit for a wanner o' wark,
Thon nobbet site pegraph an' pleum;
Odawackie, man! doff that durtie sark,
An' prethg' gie' way git a clean sa.

An' then got to Carel wi' me;
Let her gang to knock-cross wi her sreen;
See clanken at market we'll see,
A'll u'pod to forget her or mowrin.

The Lancashire dialect, which is the first of Cheshire, and a part of Derbyshire, differs but little from the latter; the most striking peculiarities are perhaps the retention of the old termination in the plural of verbs, and the narrow and almost indescrivable pronunciation of the diphthongs—ow, now, mouse, are spoken as if written these, loses, mouse, which is generally used for she; and the Saxon guttural, which delighted the ears of the Laird of Monkbarns, is often preserved in words ending in ing. The dialect has been admirably illustrated in the works of the facetious Tim Bobbin, and we select as a specimen an abridgment of his speech of the Tailor and the Hedgehog, preferring that it is intended to be a hard hit at his critics:

'A teothyer i' Crumplit's time war a bray paw冱
Turnets in his pingot, an fund an urue th' baalig
Daw, an bone e'g in her tae th' earan,
Sat they'd in focht a lawm fause-own.
'Hoo's generally useit for her; an' in the
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Glosary of Mr Carr, from which we extract the following. The interlocutors are deploiring the ignorance of some grouse-shooters who did not know how to make of Yorkshire oat-cakes:

"Ido"—Threw plainly how th' giret fowl in didn't ken what havver cakess war.

"Bridge."—Noa; barn; he teuk'em as they laid 'ot fleck for round bits o' leather. I ax'd him to taste it; an' seed takes up 'ot beesom start, pots ter yans down, an' kep't it i' my appront. It's thin neep, a little wee nook'n on't, not 't validum o' th' mou'mnell, an' splutter it outh ageen, glorin gin he wur puzzom'd; an' after aw I could say, I couldn't counsel 'ot other to taste syther it or some bannocks.

This is more like the tenn-land than the Lancashire dialect, but sufficiently different from either. A writer in the Quarterly Review gives us the shibboleth of the three varieties of the word house, which the Northumbrian pronounces house, the West Riding man hoo-ee nearly like us in the Italian fiato—and the Mercian in a manner usually represented in print by houss.

There are several other varieties of provincial speech in Yorkshire; and the native of this country has seen another newspaper published in his natiivedialect—the Yorkshireman published in 1844, but soon suppressed on account of its broad personallity.

A paragraph from the editorial prospectus will afford a good specimen of the language of the central districts:

"Wun neet, as oor Bet an' me wur set be't fireside, sho' turned hersen suddenly round, an' said: "Thoo's a fool, Dicky!" "What! Bet, does thoo really mean ta say ahoof a fool?" "Ah dew," sho' said; "thoo's a real fool." "Hoo does ta mak that oot, Bet?" said ah, for ah wur noan hauft salted about it. "Ah'll say it ageen an' ageen," says sho; "thoo's a real fool; an' if ta enny way partikler ta kawk, ah'll te' thoo hoo ah makes it oot. I'll girn it ta' te' thoo her; as startin' as enny'at in her thees gumm men hed, an' yet, like a fool, thoo tak's it easy as a pig'tin' muck." "Weel, weel," ah contined, "what wo'd ha' ma' ta dew, lass? Tell us, an' ah'll dew't." "Then," says sho, "start a pint this oon native tongue, an' call it t Yorkor Comt?"

As a specimen of the North Riding peculiarities, we give an actual notice of the bellman in a small town near Roseberry Topping:

Mr James Pickersgill yats his yune to morn' t' morn', t' morn' t' nean, an' te morn' t' neet, an nae langer, se lang as storm hoids, coz he ca'n't get eldin.' (This is to give notice that James Pickersgill heats his oven to-morrow at morn, to-morrow at noon, and to-morrow at night, and not longer, as long as the storm lasts, because he can't get fuel.)

In Derbyshire and Shropshire, the speech has more affinity with that of Lancashire. Mr Howitt, in his Report on English, gives a specimen of the Peak dialect:

"Farmer at his table to his Guest.—Itas, mon, ite. "Guest.—Au have liet; mon. An' ve iten till I'm woeelly bruessen. "Farmer.—Then ite, an' bruss thee out, mon! Au wooden we hadden to bruessen thee wee."

The Nottinghamshire variety is hardly so broad. In Charles Hooton's clever novel of Bilberry Theland, the dialect is painted to the life. Here are the last words of a good farmer:

"Feel o' my forehead; gie me hond o' thy hand," said Zachary, "It canna be—I mun go. Danna grievne aboot thass, Jim, my lad! Ton knows whereabouts my lad an' old women lies. I tond her on her death-bed—poor blessed creature! I shouldn't come there but me. Ay, I've done as well as I could. I've used everybody right, as far as I knew; and when I didn't, God'll have mercy. I know how it'll be. When I am gone, and there's nobody i' this farm to do to 'em as I've done, ar ladis an' lasses'll come into th' churchyard, and they'll say: 'Here lies ar old mester; he was a good old mester.'"

In Leicestershire, the popular speech loses many of the distinctive forms of the northern dialects, still retaining, however, many marked peculiarities. The sound of a is almost invariably narrowed to e; hence bee, dee, and secu is constantly heard for hay, day, and wash. U is lengthened to oo, as in look for duck, hooaband for husband, &c. Ivec is very commonly used for as, in the phrase, 'Oive me a hurry.' Verbs form their present tense by the addition of en; thus, they say, we were, we was, we are, we be, we have, we lye, we hate, &c. A Leicestershire farmer was complaining of a Cockney sportswoman who would persist in riding over his land in spite of his refusal to allow it. He said he—

"I oop to him street awse, an says o'a; 'Why dunna you go so roun by the rampa? (tunpike.) What, in the neam o' the Vargin, d'yeaw think o' yeawrsen, to roid ovver my covn closen a thines, nigh hand yeaw'll turn me out o' me own house, I suppose. Yeaw come here to bully me; but yeaw never come to my lond i' the county. Yeaw bully o'-yeaw'l!" an so I yenowed him out o' the field; an just as he was thr'o the gate, the surry dog says: 'Oi thought it wor open lond.' "Open lond!" says o'a; 'then you thought a lig like Hobby's yar!' 'An whar's yar thought?' says he. 'Wholy,' says o'a, 'tho hee be war goan to be killed, an they ony putten a ring thr'o it nose.'"

As we approach the Avon, we find the language considerably modified by the proximity of the southern or west-country dialects. The most uneducated part of the rural population closely assimilates to standard English; and this feature, however we may be disposed to account for it, is most strongly marked at the blending point of the two dialects along the line of march counties which, in the days of the Heptarchy, formed the debatable land between Wessex and Mercia. Fuller, the church historian, writing in the seventeenth century, tells us that in his day the people of Northamptonshire spoke 'the best English of any shire in England,' and adduces in illustration the fact, 'that the last translation of the Bible agreeeth perfectly with the common speech of the country.' This is still strikingly true of the central portion of the county; and remark holds good of those districts of Bedfordshire and Herefordshire where the rival idioms come into contact. In Northamptonshire, the old Roman Suliih Street forms a tolerably correct line of demarcation. Twenty miles north of this, the dialect is nearly allied to those of Leicester and Lincoln; while within the same distance in a southerly direction, we find the narrow drawing utterance of the western counties. For example, in the phrase, 'I must be going myself in the morning,' a Peterborough man would say: 'Oi mun be goon myen i' the morrn; 'while a man from the southern division would pronounce it, 'A must be gwain meself come mornen.' Nor is the difference confined to pronunciation. In the progress from north to south, not only do we meet with many curious variations in the verbs and other terms of colloquial intercourse, but the substantives—names of natural objects, birds, plants, agricultural implements, &c., undergo a marked and decided change. A bridge becomes a breg; and a stock (of corn) is transformed into a stowk. Yeast is turned into berm, and bittles are re-christened clocks, an affinity of the German chalriez and the Scottish clock-bee. Again, in the southern districts, the process of collecting corn after the reapers is known: the good old term from the Saxon leasen; in the north, it is called pecking, or pollkin; while in the central district,
or Lingua Franca, no other term is recognised than the orthodox gleaming.

We have now traced the principal varieties of the northern dialects, from the border to the heart of the English; and on this occasion, we propose to consider those of the western and eastern counties.

THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to come to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Bees小额. The heat and humidity of the day had made them so that I could not bear them, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the proceedings of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding fineness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarian. The ladies appeared young, that is, relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which fitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice, a colour rose to her temples, but it could have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was parting; she begged me to come next day; and I was out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlin, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel restless; and was looking over the stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a by-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, preparing to ask for a moment’s rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plating some coloured straw—everybody platted about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plating some fine white straw. I was at once glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick eye had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: 'Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes.'

'Lady!' repeated Frederick; 'why, it is Miss Rebecca.'

'Ah! Master Rawlin, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?' she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

'Mrs Rawlin,' I said, as gentle a voice as possible, 'is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday.'

'How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you relative of Mrs Rawlin?'

'Her sister.'

'I thought so: your voices are so much alike.'

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, on an imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she coloured, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers, and gently explained my request. She was instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could she be deaf? The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and rising, pressed the deaf lady’s hand, thanked her, and left the rest, and then turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister’s house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

'Ah!' she said, 'it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable, candid, and hard-working gentleman, who attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is, the younger Miss Glenfield, had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took a little fever; and poor Amelia, that is, the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in this case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims of her infant estate were satisfied, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left.'

'But had they no friends?'

'They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them.'

'And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavours. Has Dr Rawlin given my attention to their case?'

'O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope.' And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Bees小额 my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would light up Rebecca’s countenance, as soon as Miss Glenfield’s eyes, that accorded so naturally with the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Bees小额, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca’s cheeks turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss...
Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not wait any longer: so, with a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

"It has been already pronounced incurable," replied Rebecca quickly; "Dr Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and, of course, it is, poor thing; but then she can see."

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to anyone but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us intently, I requested her sister to explain my question.

"She is a very kind, Miss Hill, observed Amelia, and a faint colour rose to the poor girl's cheek; but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must dress our weird."

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I continued as hopeful till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

"It is impossible to say, ma'am," he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, "without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier."

"I knew nothing of the case," I replied. "I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr Rawlins, attended her."

"Dr Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing. I have seen hundreds of cases, and observed, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf, have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all."

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once absolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

"Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?"

"She is the late Mr Glenfield's eldest daughter." "Then, it is a case of old Mr Glenfield's acquaintance, for he was a great friend of my brother's."

"Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?"

"She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind."

"Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve."

"But, sir," I replied, "Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you."

"At Beconsfield? Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me; she is subject to deafness at her confinement. Her is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family."

"Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?"

"Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs Smith for two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you know; and then I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do anything for your friend."

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards, had written, 'Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;' and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then raising as I left my chair, he said: 'I take this fee, Miss Rawlins'—(Miss Rawlins when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—"I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. I have never undertaken a case that Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins; and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purpose visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that she had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr Morton answering some what dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: 'Dear Louisa—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing if her heart brightened—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house.'

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having grown heart-brightened by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman whom, if I had not been addressed as 'Miss Rawlins,' I should never have recognised as Mr Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and even a handsomer man. 'Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawliss?' said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. 'I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?'

'Quite well, sir; thank you,' answered I, rather distantly. 'But how is Miss Glenfield?'

'Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I
am detaining you from your friends," as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away.

I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Bermuda?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

'Marry?' repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. 'No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself.'

'I don't know,' said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, 'what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man.'

'Ask him, be so, Louisa, in his profession,' remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; 'but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—not to private ones either, in my opinion.'

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinage of Regent Street. After addressing her in elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for Morton.

'I work for Mr Morton and her family too,' replied my milliner. 'But not the lady of the mansion, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am sure the poor lady would scarcely employ me—she went on-smiling and shrugging her shoulders—for Mr Morton tells me he is terribly stingy.'

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs Rawlins, was very anxious to know when he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he coloured, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment to say:

'Do you know the truth, Miss Rawlins,' said he hurriedly, 'I should like to finish the cure at home.' He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumspection, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of the poor dear Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in Pechial's terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanour, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; 'but then,' I added, 'you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister.'

'As to her sister,' replied the avarist. 'I like Rebecca almost as well as Miss Glenfield; and as she is more friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss: I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations.' Again the word sister; but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, 'for I suppose,' I added, 'Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it.'

'Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled anything; but I don't think she would object, I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs Rawlins: I think Mrs Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mr Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventureress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to propose her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required.'

I had gone on: 'there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have everything at her disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca, as an essential companion for her sister when I am from home.'

I took the notes in a perfect bewildered. Then was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing to give my own brilliant; and all the charade was in to be present, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

'But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins,' resumed Mr Morton, 'that I am going this evening to Mr Glenfield, the solicitor, and must not shamefully neglect her; but as he is her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife.'

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could anything be simpler than the present concatenation, anything wilder than the marriage of two poor, lovely, helpless girls, when I was sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread— the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dread silence which thunder itself could not break—beloved them now coming forth from their niche into comfort, competence, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling so vast of eyes as she leaned on her sister's arm, and the fond with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In the time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving all the news. My mother stated that she had been a much attention, and felt almost as much satisfaction Miss Glenfield's bridal, as she could have done that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr Morton's choice; and I really begin to be of opinion, Louisa, as to his kind disposition; and for his being a parasitic—so far as I have seen it is rather Mrs Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears as
my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister.'

A DAY AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

'Gone the half-hour, Mr Smith,' says the voice of our indefatigable head- servant, about half-past six on a cold November morning. The individual thus addressed turns over on his side with an 'All right, Tom,' and is saleep again in half a minute; but is at length roused effectually, some quarter of an hour afterwards, by his next bed-neighbour removing his upper stratum of bed-clothes, and another affectionately shying a pair of slippers at his head. By this time all the members of the room are stirring, chiefly induced thereto by the efforts of the fags, who take it by turns to get the sleepers up in time in the morning. A great scramble now takes place for the boots and other articles of dress, which were scattered about in the scumming of last night. One poor fellow is hopeless about a boot or shoe this work, was in the possession of his trousers; another discovers that his jug has been broken in the battle of bottles, and has leaked over his coat. At ten minutes to seven the great bell begins to toil; and the preceptor of the bedroom, roused partly of necessity, partly out of the entreaties of the fags on duty, thinks it time to rise. Then comes the furious rush down the steep dark stairs, in which the fall of one determines the fate of many, folowed by a sharp burst through the quad-rant of the great clock, the first stroke of the hour begins. By the doors stands Headly, the school-marshals, who, as the hour strikes, makes desperate efforts to shut the door in the face of the string of boys. He is usually unsuccessful at first, but taking advantage of a break, manages to hang it in the face of a few, who walk discommodified back to their boardings-houses. Prayers are now read by the head-master to the assembled school of four hundred boys, all standing. Then commences calling over the boys going out by their forms, and the names of the absentees receiving a tick in the lists of the master. Each form then separates to its own school-room for first lesson. While this takes place, Jones, who has been assisting at a supper the night before, seizes the opportunity of getting a complete out on a more industrious comrade. Our master enters, and we take our seats round the desks, and a certain number of boys are put on—that is, stand up to constirue. All get through well with two exceptions. One poor fellow who has prepared his lesson by means of a crib, is completely floored in his derivations and parsing. Jones is, unfortunately for him, put on just where his acquired construe leaves off, and in the midst of his translating he comes to a dead stop, and floundering on, translates 'robber,' a robber, amid a general titter. He is sternly bidden to sit down, and will be provided with sedentary amusement during the half-holiday which takes place in the afternoon.

Blessed spot as this table is, there are a few boys to whom our different boardings-houses to breakfast. Our hall is a large and lofty room, with numerous tables scattered over it, on which are arranged the provisions of tea, rolls, and butter. Fags are now sent down from their cupboards, by making the preceptors' toast laicred by our different boardings-houses to breakfast. Our hall is a large and lofty room, with numerous tables scattered over it, on which are arranged the provisions of tea, rolls, and butter. Fags are now sent down from their cupboards, by making the preceptors' toast laureated by old Sally, who in her cottage, with its large chimney, has officiated for successive generations of boys. The fags, after their run in the cold, have now the opportunity of warming themselves by making the preceptors' toast at the great fire. While enjoying our breakfasts, Potts rushes into the hall crying out: 'Muggerhanger is going to be coached.' Flogging is so rare an event, that it always excites a deal of interest. Breakfast is left immediately, and we rush en masse to take our station under the school-room, where the offender is to suffer execution. We listen attentively to the narrative of the birch-rods, and speculate as to the effect it produces, and when it is over, trot back again to our breakfasts. We mostly form little coteries at this meal; and although not so to us, it would seem to others a very noisy and uncomfortable one. The boys drop in according to the time at which their forms are over, in a very desultory way, and those who have finished, often XLiate their neighbours with pellets of bread, or lumps of sugar; till at last some boy high in the school, who is trying to get up his Euripides at breakfast-time, catching a glimpse of one of the assailants whose pellet lies on his nose, angrily rushes from his seat, drives him from the hall at the point of the boot, and a cessation of hostilities takes place.

Breakfast is over by nine o'clock, and we either have a game of fires in the fires courts, or take a stroll in the country for half an hour, and then we adjourn to our studies to prepare our second lesson. The studies are in the upper rooms, in which are fires, round which we chat, or prepare coffee and eggs in the evenings. The studies are queer little holes, more like the state-rooms of American steamers than anything else. I do not believe any of the younger boys have any idea of dress could get in; certainly, if she was in, there would be no room for anybody else. Yet the studies can be made exceedingly snug and comfortable, if one chooses. Mine is six feet by five, and holds no end of furniture: a sofa, a long armchair, the first of the floors, a bookcase, and lots of pictures, especially hunting subjects, which I look long at these cloudy November mornings, mentally resolving, if possible, to go on foot and see the hounds meet at Newton on Thursday. Near the ceiling of my study is a cupboard, where I keep my coffee-pots, kettles, &c.; and I stock of cricket pads, bats, and stamps behind the door, and a moderator-lamp on the table, complete the equipment of my study. All the members of my form in the house collect in my study to prepare our second lesson, which happens to be a touch of Greek play; we just finish it as the clock strikes the quarter past ten, and then rush down to our school-room. Second lesson is over; and as to-day is a half-holiday, we have another meal at half-past twelve, which lasts till dinner. This is rather a more orderly meal than breakfast, and commences with a long grace. The buzz of talk never ceases, and is chiefly about the events of the morning lessons, and the great football match that comes off in the afternoon, with various speculations and prophecies as to its probable result. After the half-hour allowed to dinner, we rise; another grace follows, and we loiter about to spend the time till three o'clock as best we can. Some read books in their studies, or the daily newspapers in the dining-hall, or stroll down to Millington's, the school bookseller, to look at the new books; while others peregrinate the town, looking in the shops, and spending their pocket money to find their way to Mrs Mesh's, the pastrycook. I, with a friend, wander about the meadows, or the Bunchurch Road, talking of a variety of subjects, and suddenly resolve to give a supper that evening to one of my particular friends, &c., which latter are cooked by old Sally, who in her cottage, with its large chimney, has officiated for many successive generations of boys. The fags, after their run in the cold, have now the opportunity of warming themselves by making the preceptors' toast at the great fire. While enjoying our breakfasts, Potts rushes into the hall crying out: 'Muggerhanger is going to be coached.' Flogging is so rare an
silver braiding, and tassels which flash in the sunshine, surmounted by the crest of the house.

The match to-day is what is termed A to H, that is, the moveable ends begin with the first letter of the alphabet play against those whose names begin with the remainder. Each side, of about eighty players, takes up its position at opposite ends of the largest half of the spacious close, leaving the junior portion of their side to guard their goal, made of two posts, about twenty feet from one another, with a cross-piece about ten feet from the ground. The object of each party is to kick the ball over their adversary's goal. Above us the fine old elms raise their lofty heads, now almost bereft of leaves; on the topmost branches are seated grave old rooks, which saw their opinions of the game. Between the trees appear the conventional-looking mass of school-buildings, with the beautiful chapel. Around are groups of spectators, who survey our proceedings with great interest. Between the two parties lies the quiescent ball. A shout comes from the opposite side, 'Are you ready?' to which we answer 'Yes,' and their leader rushes at the ball, and with one kick sends it over our heads; but our back-players are on the alert, and the ball is quickly returned towards those who sent it, and we eagerly follow it up. Then comes the tug of war. On our side, Williams hugs the ball, and makes a rush towards the enemy's goal. But he does not advance many steps, for he is stopped by a host of foes, who maul him, and try to wrest the ball from his hold. He is well assisted, however, by his own side, and at length the whole mass of struggling players rolls down on the slippery turf, while from those underneath comes shrill exclamations and general applause. A pause ensues, till the belligerents have got upon their legs again, and then ensues a fearful battle for the ball, in which human legs are both the assailants and sufferers, for in this game more of the passions of real warfare are excited than in any other. It would require the talent of a Homer, or the fervour of a Macaulay, to describe the fortunes of the day—what kicks, what falls were received, how at first we were driven back, how later in the fray we succeed in kicking a goal.

A shout of delight rises from the terraces; a 'goal!' is shouted by the head of the school, and we repair to our boarding-houses in a very different style from that in which we emerged from them. Jerseys are torn, and trousers and belts bear numerous marks of strain and exhaustion with the soil of the close, while our resplendent caps, that at first glittered in the sunshine, have suffered rough usage, in the being often knocked off and trodden under foot. We stroll along lazily, discussing warmly the merits of the day—and a splendid drop of Mulloch's was that, and how well Long Barnett ran into the enemy's goal; and pity plucky little Short, who was so mauled in that scrimmage under the three trees; and decide that our side played capitally, and won the match well, as really they had some first-rate players among them.

Supposing that this had not been a half-holiday, we should have had two lessons of an hour each in the afternoon, and had the rest of the time to ourselves. During the few minutes that elapsed before locking up at five o'clock, Williams and I hurry down to order provisions for our supper this evening. We are rather long in making our purchases, and running up the High Street, see the servants shutting the quadrangle gates. We make a furious charge, and are aided by some comrades inside who see our danger; they hurry upon the servants, and prevent the gates being shut. In we creep, and get into the hall in time to answer our names, which are being called over by one of the provosts. This is the same description of meal as breakfast, but we are wishing to eat our appetites, do not partake of it. We retire to our studies, and prepare the first lesson for to-morrow morning. When that is over, we set about the pleasant task of making ready our feast. As my study is to be dining-room, I clear the decks for action, by throwing everything movable into the parlour, and do the same in the drawing-room. I sit in one of the green armchairs, in the corner, reading the paper, and boiling the coffee. The smoking viands come in from Old Sally's, smelling very savoury—veal cutlets, kidneys, some vegetables, and a tart. We and our three guests sit down round the tiny table, and are extremely jolly, enjoying the meal as only school-boys can who have been playing football all the afternoon.

We are roused at half-past nine from fighting over again the battles of the day by the bell for prayers. The names of those in our house, between fifty and sixty in number, are again called over in the hall by one of the monitors, who then reads prayers. After this, we go off to bed, not to sleep. As our preceptor is hard at work down stairs reading up for an Oxford scholarship which comes off next week, we are left to our own devices, and take advantage of the liberty by making a furious inroad into No. 8 bedroom; where, although we meet with tough resistance from bolster and every other sort of bedroom weapons, yet we succeed in turning the room topsy-turvy, and leaving the occupant something to do in the shape of bedmaking. Elated with our success, we attempt a similar foray into No. 6, but are somewhat taken aback by finding their preceptor, Old Briggs, up, who first throws his stock of boots, kept under his bed, at the heads of the dormitories, and then chases us back with his cane to our bedroom. However, being a good-natured fellow, he gives us the chance, and we reach our room in safety. We then think it expedient to retire to bed, and, after a good ghost-story from an Irish fellow, who is a capital hand at the supernatural, are soon asleep, as sound as tops. I am, however, once awakened by the arrival of a boot, which hits me in mistake for Pat, at whose head it was hurled by our preceptor, who cannot bear the nightly solo of snoring in a quarter to five. 'Beg pardon, Old Smith! Do punish that fellow's head; one cannot sleep with such a row going on!'

Pat silenced, we are all soon asleep again; and thus ends one of the enjoyable days of that very happy and happy day. I run forth into the world, I look back with such pleasant reminiscences.

THE FÊTE OF MADONNA DELL'ABBO.

It is curious to see how serious the nations of Europe are growing, one after another. In those wondrously good old times when the pope and princes measured everything, the whole world was a masquerade, with a death's-head in the middle. The Reformations have brought seriousness into life. Merry England ceased with the civil wars, and busy, thinking, serious England took her place. No people are more merry at times than the American negroes, or are less always than their masters. Gombrich found the French of his time piping and dancing, a time when every one under a noble paid away two-thirds of his income to a ducal court—when a man was hanged for shooting a partridge, and sent to the galleries for buying salt out of his parish. The flood of to-day, with all respect to Mr Albert Smith, is generally a grave people. Paris may be, as he calls it, a pot boiling over with fun, but this only at Sundays, when the half-million of overworked and wretchedly underpaid workers have time to enjoy the holidays, and for the same reason. Who does not feel inclined to sing after the toothache? but the relief is
after all, not worth the pain. The French peasant of the country, who works all the week on his own freehold ground at his own will, is as grave as a judge. His Sunday, after mass, is generally spent in strolling over his fields and picking out the weed. Italy was a country devoted to Maria Theresa, who kindly relieved her subjects from any share in their own affairs; but under the twenty years of Napoleon, who first taught the Italians that they could fight, as she grew manly, she grew grave. It is curious to see how people in a benevolent traveller, Beckford, for instance, who was at Venice before the French invasion, with those of Eustace and Forsyth after the peace of Vienna. All the old shows and sports with which the dogs and wonder in each country concerned with light and flowers. The carnival still holds its ground, and is the ghost of what it was. It was worse than a funeral to see it at Venice a few years ago; the grim revellers obliged by the police to cut the mask of mourning, with painted faces and rage in their hearts, like the little ballet-girls whom one may see at the morning-drill of the opera hopping about to the merriest of tunes with the tears running down their cheeks. Railways and the battle of Novars seem to have killed the soul of joy in the hearts of the Italians. The whole country is become a police-barrack, where pope, kings, and generals, are everlasting calling to the people to move on. No wonder their faces, like their hearts, are sad. Even Naples is sad. Even the fête of Madonna dell’Arco is dying out; and we will therefore describe it before it has utterly perished, more as it was than as it is.

The fête of Madonna dell’Arco is the national festival of the country. It began at one; at mass, and there it is, and enjoy it as their peculiar property; by people meaning those three hundred thousand brawny, dark-eyed, lazy, but lovable sons and daughters of Neapolians who make up the most useless and picturesque community in the world. Beaux and belles that call themselves the aristocracy, they would die rather than be there. So the poor folk, for once in the year, have a day to themselves to be happy in their own way; and they certainly do not miss the occasion.

We had done our Naples, as the phrase is, thoroughly; had bathed at Baise; been twice at Capri and its beautiful grots, where pendent crystals form the roof, and the azure mirror of the Mediterranean; the transparent pavement; we had stood on Vesuvius, and spent absorbed and wondering hours in the silent city of the dead. After three months richly enjoyed, even Naples may become monotonous. My companion, a thorough Frenchman, and one of those devoted sons of art who seem first to germinate fully under an Italian sky, felt none of this—a painter never does, where there are scenes to be copied and heads to be sketched. ‘You have seen nothing at all,’ he said, in answer to my complaints, and the subdued and pregnant people, who are the same everywhere. We will take a calessò, and go to-morrow to the Madonna dell’Arco, and see a little what the Neapolitans are really like. To-morrow, 4 A.M. tempo militare!’ So on Easter Monday, half an hour after the time specified, and two hours at least before the Londoners begin to rouse themselves for their dreary rout and riot of Greenwich fair, we were out of Naples, and driving fast down the Portici road.

Beautiful hour, in every clime, that follows the sunrise, but most beautiful in the regions of the south. Air, earth, and sea exhaled a heavy fragrance, while the steamy mist over the bay betokened the scorching heat that was to follow. Early as it was, the road was alive with people—all Naples seemed to have poured itself out, some on foot, but most in that wonderful variety of vehicles which one sees nowhere else. The fast calessò and corricelli gallop by in a cloud of dust, covered with flowers and boughs, twenty crammed into the plate of ten, for to-day every vehicle carries double. Then comes a heavy ox-cart drawn by a pair of red-brown plodding beasts, pulling their share di lui, and their share died with them. Then perished the gilded farce of the Baro- naut, with its gay procession and phantom sovereignty of the Adriatic. Once a year the government went in state to see the fishermen of the Latium and Malmagno drive to sea. Wherever the public are willing, Beckford, for instance, who was at Venice before the French invasion, with those of Eustace and Forsyth after the peace of Vienna. All the old shows and sports with which the dogs and wonder in each country concerned with light and flowers. The carnival still holds its ground, and is the ghost of what it was. It was worse than a funeral to see it at Venice a few years ago; the grim revellers obliged by the police to cut the mask of mourning, with painted faces and rage in their hearts, like the little ballet-girls whom one may see at the morning-drill of the opera hopping about to the merriest of tunes with the tears running down their cheeks. Railways and the battle of Novars seem to have killed the soul of joy in the hearts of the Italians. The whole country is become a police-barrack, where pope, kings, and generals, are everlasting calling to the people to move on. No wonder their faces, like their hearts, are sad. Even Naples is sad. Even the fête of Madonna dell’Arco is dying out; and we will therefore describe it before it has utterly perished, more as it was than as it is.

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We had done our Naples, as the phrase is, thoroughly; had bathed at Baise; been twice at Capri and its beautiful grots, where pendent crystals form the roof, and the azure mirror of the Mediterranean; the transparent pavement; we had stood on Vesuvius, and spent absorbed and wondering hours in the silent city of the dead. After three months richly enjoyed, even Naples may become monotonous. My companion, a thorough Frenchman, and one of those devoted sons of art who seem first to germinate fully under an Italian sky, felt none of this—a painter never does, where there are scenes to be copied and heads to be sketched. ‘You have seen nothing at all,’ he said, in answer to my complaints, and the subdued and pregnant people, who are the same everywhere. We will take a calessò, and go to-morrow to the Madonna dell’Arco, and see a little what the Neapolitans are really like. To-morrow, 4 A.M. tempo militare!’ So on Easter Monday, half an hour after the time specified, and two hours at least before the Londoners begin to rouse themselves for their dreary rout and riot of Greenwich fair, we were out of Naples, and driving fast down the Portici road.

Beautiful hour, in every clime, that follows the sunrise, but most beautiful in the regions of the south. Air, earth, and sea exhaled a heavy fragrance, while the steamy mist over the bay betokened the scorching heat that was to follow. Early as it was, the road was alive with people—all Naples seemed to have poured itself out, some on foot, but most in that wonderful variety of vehicles which one sees nowhere else. The fast calessò and corricelli gallop by in a cloud of dust, covered with flowers and boughs, twenty crammed into the plate of ten, for to-day every vehicle carries double. Then comes a heavy ox-cart drawn by a pair of red-brown plodding beasts, pulling their share di lui, and their share died with them. Then perished the gilded farce of the Baro-
between them and the Supreme, whose good offices are to be gained by entreaties and bribes; and when their presents have no effect, they feel themselves aggrieved and grumble accordingly. When the service was over, men and women, young and old, thronged around the altar, pouring forth praises, prayers, complaints, and adjurations. There was a woman with a scorchful child, streaming with tears, and shrieking out: 'O divine lady, who dost so much for others, why wilt thou do nothing for this?' An old man, paralysed, held up by his two sons, was making the best bargain for himself: 'Two candlessticks I promise thee, of the best silver; and if the harvest be good, a gown at least worth ten carlin.' In a corner apart, a man lay prostrate on the ground, his frame quivering with its emotions, and tears were streaming down his cheeks. 'You see that man?' said I. 'I know him, for I saw him only three months ago—where do you suppose? At Naples, on trial for his life, for an atrocious murder at Resina. He escaped only by a flaw, and meantime has, no doubt, enriched his dozen crosses, and will commit a hundred more, till stopped by the fate of all his tribe, a bullet or the galleys. Meanwhile, he is winding up his score with Heaven, and to-morrow he will be again on the mountains with a comfortable conscience. I hear the noise at the door made us turn; a train of pilgrims appeared blindfolded, with each a handkerchief round the arm, the end held by a friend. Down the middle of the aisle ran a strip of gray marble, which the people, scrupulously avoided treading on. The foremost pilgrim now knelt down, and proceeded to crawl along the marble from end to end, licking it as he went. The rest forthwith knelt down, and did likewise. The length might be about sixty feet, and there were eighteen of them who went through this nasty superstition.

From the church into the open air, was stepping at once into the deluge. A sea of figures covered the open space, and spread out far and wide between the trees, and from the crowd ascended a universal hum and tumult of voices, broken by shouts of laughter and the reports of occasional crackers and guns in honour of the day. Wherever the shade was thickest, a group was on the grass, spread out around their master; wherever the ground was smoothest, the dance was going on with unwearyed activity. Here first I saw the tarantella danced, and, till then, never knew what dancing really was. These brown, vigorous, handsome women, and swarthv, strong-knit men, as they danced, flashed and stamped, and the rattle of the castanets rung louder and sharper, seemed to have a new life in them, and to fling their whole life into their limbs. The tarantella is, in fact, a wonderful piece of pantomime, and one that will not bear transplanting. Then, as they toppled at last, utterly exhausted and panting for breath, the glass of iced water or lemonade was at hand, and they would recommence as perseveringly as before. The consumption of macaroni that day must have been enormous. To us, a Neapolitan eat at any time, is a fact in one's life. Coils upon coils descended, into his fathomless interior; and when he has stopped—apparently from sheer repletion—a glass of lemonade starts him as fresh as ever. This day, the few who stopped in Naples must have been badly off for their food, for all the macaroni-sellers seemed congregated here, and the smoke of their little tin stoves went up under every tree; but those vendors of spirits and strong drinks that are the prey of an English fair, were not to be seen. The Italians are habitually and constitutionally temperate, and perhaps, for this reason, a stranger wandering through the crowd is sure not only of civility, but kindness. If you draw near the dancers, they give way to give you the best place. To stop near a party at their meal, is to insure an invitation to join them; and if the invitation is accepted, they are genuinely delighted. There must be no mean qualities in a people which continues kind-hearted and amiable after eight centuries of the very worst government in Europe.

The fun was quite fast and furious up to this point, but as the sun sunk in the west, there was an evident slackening. Carriages began to move off one by one; the sons and daughters, wives and husbands, who had been dancing and flirting apart till now, gathered themselves together, every one bearing a bough from the neighbouring trees with an image of the Madons suspended from it. Tired and pleased, we retraced our morning's path through the vines, and entered the Portici gate as the last rays of the sun were fading over the murmuring city and quiet bay.

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**THE MONTH:**

**SCIENCE AND ARTS.**

Many a one is glad that the holidays are over, and to be once more fairly at work. The scientific and learned societies have all commenced another session—the Royals, with something very abstruse; the Linneans, with something very dry; the Antiquaries, with something very dusty; the Geographicals, with something very amusing; the Chemicals, with something very acid. From such beginnings the brightest hopes may be entertained of the discoveries to be made, and the work to be accomplished by the use the session shall be over in June of '59. The Geographicals here and there, however, find time for a serious paper, and had one on the laborious search made in Australia for Leichardt and his explorers; as hopeless a search, unfortunately, as that after Franklin. Mr Gregory, the author of the paper, is already favourably known as an earnest traveller and explorer. He is, as the phrase runs, the Geographical Society's medallist, not because he makes their medals, but because he received one, which is about as clever as to call the man who listens to a good story, a humorist. The Civil Engineers have awarded a long list of prizes in the shape of medals and books, in encouragement of their own special branches of art and science; for improved methods of submerging telegraph cables—for hydraulic mortar—for an improved construction and arrangement of railway stations—for the building of docks, and the laying down of water-supply; and they announce that they will be ready with similar rewards next year for whomsoever may have the genius or industry to deserve them.

As regards mechanical subjects—we have heard of Alger's patent furnace, which is so constructed as to produce from 400 to 600 tons of pig-iron a week, and with a saving of 25 per cent. in fuel and labour; and viewing the cost in proportion to the quantity of iron produced, it is said to be one-half of that by the present method. We hear, too, that certain manufacturers in Sweden are producing iron and steel by Bessemer's process; and that in works newly established at Sheffield, equally successful results have been achieved. Now that the noisy talk concerning the Atlantic telegraph is over, much quiet discussion is held thereupon; on the causes of failure, means of repairation, precautions to be observed; besides the puzzling questions of magnetic phenomena. A few signals have been forced through the
wire by the aid of a Daniell's battery; but too few and feeble to make the projectors very sanguine.

Professor Thomson, writing to his friend Joule, says that in his trials upon the wire, he has discovered some curious facts with respect to insulation, and the effects of electric currents, some of which admit of explanation, while the most remain unintelligible. The radiances will no doubt be brought to light on some day; meanwhile the professor is busy studying what he calls the pathology of faults. There is telegraphic progress to be recorded nevertheless. The Gorgon, on her return from that triumphant demonstration at New York, took soundings for another line of telegraph, from the banks of Newfoundland to Fylay, and thence to the mouth of the Channel. A cable, weighing ten tons to the mile, is to be laid across from Suffolk to Holland; one from Cromer to Enden, and another to Cuxhaven. And our countrymen at the antipodes are about to connect Victoria with Tasmania by a cable of 300 miles across Bass's Strait.

Wrecks on the eastern coast have again occasioned a revival of the question about harbours of refuge on that side of the island. Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire each claims foremost consideration, and the Board of Trade have just heard the evidence of commissioners who are now inquiring into the subject a happy deliverance.—The much-debated question of coal for the steam-navy is decided by the committee in favour of north-country coal in preference to Welsh. It is said, however, that the very effec tual means exist for the consumption of smoke, it injures the boiler-tubes less than the coal from Wales. This accords with the experiments made in Lancashire with coal and coke as a fuel for locomotives, which give the advantage demonstrably to coal, and for the same reason: the miserable incrustation deposited on the tubes is avoided; they collect only an oily soot such as forms on a tea-kettle, and lasts as long again as with coke. This reads fairly enough to the man who happen to guide the running of the process. The observation that the smoke of luminous shale has been met with, which, on analysis at the School of Mines in London, is found to contain 45 per cent. of pitch-oil. How came the oil into the shale? Is a question we should like to see answered. Will it do for gas? There is a village in Ireland now liis with gas manufactured from the peat of a neighbouring bog.

The merits of Mr Wethered's 'combined steam' are more and more recognised by practical men, and not without reason. Mr Wethered, proceeding from the fact that ordinary steam is far from pure, and therefore less energetic than it might be, causes it in his machines to combine in certain proportions with a very dry steam, and then utilising the waste heat by an arrangement of tubes in the chimney, he shows that the steam can be worked at from 300 to 400 degrees; and he makes it appear that, with this 'combined steam,' engineers have greater economy with great increase of power.—In Paris, M. Séguin aims at the same thing. He has produced several copies of bank-notes on his new discover termed 'steam-engine,' constructed on the principle, that as heat and force are correlative, it is possible to get the force without the prodigious waste of heat that takes place in engines of the usual construction. All that we as yet know of its mode of action is, that the same steam is used over and over again, returning in full vigour to the generator to repeat its work. It is clear that we are yet far from the end of the advantages to be derived from steam-machinery. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have caused diligent experiments to be made on the shape of screws, to discover which will produce the quickest voyage. Their fleet now comprises twenty-seven screw-steamer of from 350 to 2620 tons burden.

Few persons but have heard of the advantages promised from the use of thick iron plates or slabs as shields for ships or batteries in naval war. The Government has been trying the question in a practical way at Portsmouth, and set the Excellent firing away at an iron-banked frigate, and at the Erstwhile, one of the iron-batteries built for use in the Russian war. The result appears to be conclusive. A discharge from thirty-two pounders made slight hollow scars upon the surface; but the ball from a sixty-eight pounder went through the four-inch iron, and shivered the oaken beams behind. It seems safe to infer from this, that the fans are partly performing this so-called wonderful experiment, that strong indurated, which sinks in and annihilates the fly. What will the entomologists say?—Heer Ochaner of Rotterdam—and who so likely to accomplish such a feat as a Dutchman!—has demonstrated the possibility of walking on water, while the board is held in his newly-invented podoscope; and recently astonished his countrymen by appearing on the Maas, wearing a podoscope fifteen feet long on each foot, and holding a pole, flattened at one end as a paddle, in his hand. Thus equipped, he walked up the Maas to the Rhine, and on to Cologne in seven days.—In Philadelphia, the Franklin Institute have approved a brick-making machine, which, fed with clay, squeezes out bricks quite as fast as they can be fired away. The muds are fitted to the rim of a wheel; hence the supply is rapid and regular.—We may very properly end these notices of machines and minerals with a passage from the recently published Report of the Chamber of Commerce of Wolverhampton, which knows something about coal and iron. They—the Chamber—are not afraid to refer the late commercial crisis to its true causes, chief among which was the foreing of manufactures into the market far beyond the natural and legitimate demand; and this system of forcing, they say, was 'rendered possible, and in many cases, stimulated by a system of open credits granted by mercantile houses in favour of foreign correspondents; by banking facilities afforded to men of little or no capital; and by the discounting of fictitious bills of exchange.' Let manufacturers and money-brokers lay these things to heart, and we shall hear no more of ruin arising out of what was fondly called ' unexampled prosperity.'

We find in the chemical a few noticeable facts: a red dyeing material derived from coal-tar, specimens of which were exhibited to the Franklin Institute above mentioned.—At Montreal, two able chemists, to battle the dishonest designs of those who take photographs and publish them without doing away with the trade to render that trick impossible for the future. The ink, made of calcined oxide of chromium, the colouring matter of the emerald, is in colour a good green, and is distinguished as the 'Canada bank-note tint.' With this a geometrical pattern is to be printed as a groundwork, and on that the denomination in the usual way, and such a note, we are assured, is safe from the attempts of knavish photographers.
M. St Claire-Deville, whose mission to the volcanoes on the part of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, we noticed some time since, has just concluded his exploration of the gases thrown out from the *fumeroles* or small vents around the base of Vesuvius, and states that there is a considerable variation in the quality of the gases in proportion to the time elapsed since the eruption, and with the distance of the vents from the principal crater. The researches of this experimentalist upon boron, made in co-operation with Wöhler, are among the most remarkable of recent chemical inquiries. Boron is a substance classed between silicon and carbon, yet with the anomaly that it is not crystallizable, as these two are. But the researches in question prove it to be producible under three polymorphic forms, and crystallizable. Specimens were laid before the Academy, of various colours, from honey-yellow to green, in some instances being perfectly limpid and transparent. One kind, distinguiished as adamantine boron, is formed by a combination of aluminum with boric acid, and possesses most remarkable properties. It is harder than diamond. Boron powders and even powder, and even the diamond itself, with more facility than diamondpowder. This fact will be a surprise to many; and though at present a fact in its infancy, it involves important consequences in art and science. Deville and Wöhler believe that the diamond is a morphous, and susceptible in as yet unknown conditions, of assuming the form of boron. In one respect, boron corresponds with titanium—namely, that at a high temperature it absorbs azote, and azote only from the atmosphere, and will have nothing to do with the oxygen.

M. Janin has done some good work, and of refined quality, in optical science, experimenting on the variations in the refrangibility of water under different pressures. The result, he is thought, will have a practical use, inasmuch as the phenomenon is a measure of the compressibility of water; and if a concordance should be discovered between water and other liquids, the measure will be arrived at without having to take into account, as at present, the size of the tubes or vessels in which the compression is carried on.

Referring to the statement in the *September* of the *Chambers's Journal* regarding the artificial powder exhibited to the Academy by M. Millot-Brulé, we take the opportunity to mention here, that the sulphur-coal of which the powder is said to be composed, exists abundantly in England, and is known among geologists as "coal creases." Large quantities are raised near Halifax, and used in the manufacture of vitriol and copperas; as also in the adjacent counties of Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland. In South Wales, the coal contains pyrites of a superior quality, which, after a roasting to expel the sulphur, are used in the manufacture of pig-iron. According to the returns prepared by Mr. Robert Hunt, and published by the School of Mines, the quantity of pyrites raised in the United Kingdom is 16,000, and in 1852 amounted to 24,000, worth 483,000. In this the pyritic coal, or coal creases, figures for 11,000 tons.

New discoveries are recorded in photography. One is, that photographs having all the appearance of real solid relief, can be taken from engravings—a flat surface. And Mr. Fox Talbot, to whom this interesting art owes so much, 'has succeeded,' to quote the statement put forth by the Photographic Society, 'in transferring the sun-picture direct from either glass or paper negatives to the engraver's steel or copper.' Some well-known objects have already been experimented on in this way, which, as Mr. Talbot describes, is easy to practice, requiring the same qualifications in the operator that ordinary photography does—namely, a certain tact and dexterity which everybody does not possess. All photographs can be engraved that make good transparencies; but feeble ones, without a strong contrast of light and shade, are not successful. 'The Society are making preparations for another photographic exhibition at their rooms in Coventry Street next January; they announce, moreover, the formation of a photographic library for the use of members; and place the rooms at their service for all purposes connected with the progress and recognition of the heliographic art; and further, to prevent the record of their proceedings falling into arrear, the Society's Journal is to appear twice a month during the period of their meetings. With a view to the promotion and preservation of what is called 'high art,' painters are warned against copying from photographs instead of copying from nature: a warning well worth attention. Few real laws of art would wish to see it degenerate into a laborious "Raphaelitism. The diffusion of sound knowledge thereupon by the aid of primary schools, is in Austria, is a question on which many public minds are engaged. One of the best papers read at the late Social Science meeting at Liverpool, was Ruskin's on Education in Art: it abounds in able remarks on the subject. People should learn to see as a matter of course, as they learn to read, write, and cipher—"that with the knowledge of how they have the same power over form, as well as form over number. No fear that all the world will become astonishing artists: Mr. Ruskin quite the truth on that point where he says: 'We are not in the habit of making a peasant's opinion good enough on the merits of Elgin and Lycurgus, nor necessary to dictate to him in his garden the presence of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him health and healthy pleasure, and of gaining for his sensible knowledge.'

CRYSTAL PALACE OF Nanking

Sitting at our comfortable fireside and reading any old-style book that speaks of the "Nanking Tower of Nanzhing," we are once more vividly affected by the superstructure of Chinese architecture, curiously wrought and richly painted in various colours. The bricks in the base of the building are well burnt, and on the external surface are green, yellow, red, or white. The brick surface is very fine clay, and highly plastic; so that the tower presents a most gay and beautiful appearance, that is greatly heightened when seen in the reflected sunlight. So that, after all, an Englishman at a distance is not far wrong in the conclusion that he may have formed of the Nanzhing wonder, if any reader has a wish to see for himself a vivid "Chinese brick" of this far-famed tower, just let him step aside for a moment into the Masonick Museum, the next time he passes Bloomsfield Street, Finsbury, London, E.C., and there we doubt not, the porter of the clerk will feel flattered if called upon to exhibit the singular specimen of Nanzhing porcelain.
The Nan-king prodigy has doubtless been a pot with the Chinese people themselves, for they have not failed to ornament it within and without.

For instance, the inner walls of each story are lined with polished tile, a foot square, on each of which the figure of Buddha is moulded in bass-relief, and richly gilt. Each flat has, on an average, more than two hundred of these ‘Dutch-tiles’; and over the whole of the interior, there is an aggregate of two thousand. The niches in each landing-place are graced with idols and miniature images. Short and pitying прох ступею по земле, а на весу, to catch the eye of the stroller. Outside, over each balcony, there is a projecting roof of wood, carved and curiously painted; and from these jutting corners there swing bells, which keep up a perpetual jingle with every passing breeze. The native account of making the pagoda gives the calculation that, ‘on the whole, there are 160 bells on the edifice.’ To give additional attraction to it, this pagoda has its lamps and lanterns in its windows and at its angles. The work already referred to as that part is nearly 200 feet there are 128 lanterns, and in the lower floor, twelve glass lamps; 140 in all, which, when lit up, must produce a most striking illumination. A building like this, then, must have its attractions for various grades—the superstitious may-pole we have described, and the idol of the idee. To notice one of the names borne by the lofty mass—the recompensing favour monument. Some four centuries ago, the emperor Yang-loh removed his court from Nan-king to Pe-king; and on doing this, he looked about him, and finding nothing in China to raise to the memory of his august mother in that metropolis where his parent had nursed and trained him. The celebrated pagoda was in ruins; and his majesty conceived the idea of re-erecting the fallen structure. He did so; and, setting aside its connection with a form of meaningless superstition, the pagoda of Nan-king has stood for four hundred years in the centre of China, a glorious mark of the grateful love of a son for his mother’s care, and a Chinese ‘sermon in stone,’ on the text, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother.’

Amongst the names given by the Chinese to this famous tower are—The Long Spear, and The Thirteen-storied Pagoda. Either appellation suggests something of its great elevation, and to illustrate both requires a hurried outline from top to bottom of the huge skeleton.

Its site lies a little south of the city-walls, near the gate of the walled city, a portion of some Buddhist lands that are of great extent, stretching northward to the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang. There is a tradition that, on laying the foundation of this gigantic superstructure, several thousand pounds weight of coal-dust were first of all laid down, to keep the underground firm and safe. Over this, a brick-work platform rises ten feet high, up which there is, all round the base, a flight of ten steps, leading into the interior of the lowest floor. The circumference of the structure at that part is nearly 200 feet. The thickness of the wall here is computed at four yards. The material used in the construction is generally brick, stone, and mortar; the bricks in the body of the building being large and well burned—their exterior having, on the contrary, a sort of unevenness. There is a huge, lofty mast that runs up from the bottom to the top through the middle of the entire structure, which possibly may have originated the name ‘long spear’ or ‘shaft.’ The exterior of the pagoda is octagonal throughout, but except the lower floor, which also is eight-sided—the interior to the top is quadrangular. As you ascend to the summit of this tower, you have to wind up a screw-flight of 190 steps. You pass through nine floors or stories, all of equal height. At each story there is a landing-stage, with two or three openings leading out to a small and unsafe balcony, from which, if one likes to venture, he may take a grand survey of the surrounding country.

When you reach the highest floor, you find, of course, that the diameter of the circle has lessened considerably, and the thickness of the wall is four feet less than at the bottom. But what may probably disappoint you much, is the discovery that this so-called ‘thirteen-storied pagoda’ has, after all, only nine. It is invariably spoken of by the citizens of Nan-king, and believed by their countrymen at a distance to be of ‘thirteen stories.’ The incompleteness is explained by themselves, on the ground that in the original outline it was the design of the projectors to build up thirteen floors; but, having reached the ninth, apprehensions were excited lest the course of the clouds should be interrupted, or the wrath of the god of thunder should be awakened. So it was deemed prudent to desist from any further addition to a ‘tower whose top might reach unto heaven.’ In the original plan, the full height of the heavy-painting spire was to rise to 860 feet; but this, for foreign visitors, on measuring it, found it to be only 261.

Thirty feet over and above the topmost story, the cupola rises on the summit of the magnificent main structure, and resting firmly on the bottom, and forming a shaft to the whole edifice. This pinnacle consists of several coils of iron hoops; and, as report goes, under this valuable dome there are deposited gems of marvellous virtue and value, besides bolts of gold, silver, pearls, jewels, and of silver, silk, satin, and sacred manuscripts. The rearing of such a monument as the pagoda of Nan-king must have cost a large sum; and the repairs alone, which were undertaken by the imperial government four hundred years ago, drew three million and a quarter dollars from the national funds, or nearly L 1,000,000 in English money.

Another of the native names for the Porcelain Tower is The Pagoda of A-yeh; and this leads us to look a little into its early history. The form of the building clearly connects it with the introduction of Buddhism into China. A-yeh was an early sovereign in Central India, noted for the number of temples he caused to be raised in his name, and loaded with offerings of every kind, among which was a high-stone edifice, from his name being given to this tower, that it was erected by some of his followers on their migrating into China. The legendary account of the event is as follows:

An Indian priest of the Buddhist profession reached Nan-king about the year of our Lord 350. This city was at the time the capital of China, and the residence of the imperial family. That foreign priest soon became popular for his ability to perform extraordinary and unheard-of feats, all of which he attributed to the divine spirit he worshipped. The renown of the western sojourner reached the ears of his majesty on the throne, who commanded the stranger into his presence, and demanded what supernatural evidences he could produce in favour of Buddhism. The Buddhist father, in reply, assured his majesty that there were numerous relics of Buddha to be found over the face of the earth, and that, if his majesty desired, he himself would go in search, and return with one possessed of supernatural powers. The Buddhist father then promised that, should the priest succeed in obtaining such a relic, he, on his part, would erect an edifice in which it should be most fittingly lodged. The priest started upon his cruise, and within a month returned with a jar or earthen receptacle, in which a relic of Buddha was lying. It was at once presented to his majesty, and immediately the splinter—it was said to be a bone of Buddha—began to exhibit its miraculous virtues. It lighted up the imperial
apartments; it smashed the copper vessel into which it was thrown; steel and diamond could not scratch it; fire could not injure it; and huge hammers could not make the slightest impression on it. Not only this; but the emperor ordered an attendant of powerful muscle to advance, and, with a heavy mallet, strike some tremendous blows on the piece. Still to no purpose, except to break the hammer, and to magnify the effulgence of the bone. The king's faith was confirmed. He at once commenced building the first pagoda in China; and this was the Nan-king pagoda.

At last, to conclude, which we do with great reluctance, we have to tell a sad truth of the history of our Nan-king pagoda during the past twelve months. We confess we approach the tale with distaste. We have lingered about the 'spiritual name' (another name for it) as if it was new and was to be. But, as on every other object of admiration in and out of the Celestial Empire, there is written on it 'vanity of vanities.' During its existence of 1600 years, storms have swept over it, and some have swept down its dome; thunders have rolled over it, and lightning struck its iron-cooled cupola to the ground; and the ruthless hands of brigands have defaced various parts of the structure: but to the eternal disgrace of the 'rebels' who have occupied Nan-king for the last five years, they first defaced the whole of the interior by fire, and then blew up the entire edifice with gunpowder, scattering its famous bricks and antique relics to the four winds of heaven.

The Crystal Palace of Nan-king is no more.

CAN THIS BE CHRISTMAS-TIME?

Can this be Christmas-time?
The wind that scarcely shakes the spray,
Or bears the gossamer away,
Sighs warmly as on summer's day
In mine own northern clime!

And yet 'tis in December.
Ah, me! what furious war of wind,
And thunder-riven clouds I mind,
Laden with rain, lightning lined—
What drear tales I remember!

Stories of misery,
Of grinding want, of hunger's three,
And orphan's wail, and widow's woe;
Of men found dead in graves of snow,
And seamen lost at sea.

Yet falter memories too.
However dark and drear the day,
The morrow may be bright and gay—
The storm-cloud ever wears a ray
Inside of silver hue.

Once more I seem to hear,
At eve, sweet voices welcome tell
To day when wondrous birth befell,
And joyous choral of many a bell
From church-tower chiming clear.

And lo! the morrow fair,
That sees the forms of old and young,
Joy in their hearts, to church-gates throng,
To hail the time with choral song;
And humbly mattered prayer.

Then, when the day is past,
And over snow-drifts cold and white,
The moon showers down her frosty light,
See, from each cottage-window bright,
The yule-tree's cheer is cast.

Hark! laughter's ringing cry,
The music of blithe hearts and free,
That bails the stolen kiss with glee,
Snatched 'neath the sprays of Christmas-tree,
Hung from the rafter high.

Now round the cheerful blaze
They gather for the wassail cheer,
Or, trembling, to the gruines near
The young's list, with delight in fear,
To tales of olden days—

Of hapless lady's doom,
Who, fied, when weary of the dance
To hide her from her lover's glance,
In oaken chest, which, lockless closed,
Converted to her tomb.

Ah, time! whose memory
Bears me away to happier shore,
And home, and all I love, once more—
Where is the sweetness that you bore
For me in days gone by?

Can this be Christmas day?
The earth around is parched and dry;
The Indian sun, with fiery eye,
Shines hotly from a cloudless sky,
And scorches with its ray;

Each tender painted flower
Droops 'neath the noontide's glaring light;
The insect in its happy flight
Flashes his armour in the light,
And daily lives his hour.

O God of every clime!
Whose all the time is but a day,
Turn not from helpless souls away—
Hear us whilst we all blessings pray
In this most holy time.

ANGELMAN, December.

H . D .

SUPERIORITY OF PREVENTIVE IN GENERAL MEASURES.

'S In the operations of nature, there is granted a succession of processes co-ordinated for a given result: a peach is not directly developed as such from a seed; the seed would, a priori, give no idea of the branch, the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised graft of that fruit of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the Creative Wisdom, the foreseeing and provision of an ultimate result, though by successive operations of a co-ordinate series of means, every different conditions. The former man desires, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach though the distance be still inscrutable—to the false wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital another drains a town. One crime-preventor takes boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax, and finds the revenue not increased in the expected rate. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through unforeseen consequences the revenue is increased. So remarks Professor Owen in his British Almanac. Address. Of course, it is easy to understand the drainer of the town, the trainer of the boy, and the diminisher of the tax, act in a more divine manner, as well as with better likelihood of good results, than that who takes the opposite courses.

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THE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON IN A NEW ASPECT.

There was a time in the history of this little globe—a very long time ago—long before any human beings lived upon it—when an enormous vegetation prevailed over many parts of its surface. Not only did no human beings then live on earth, but no mammalian animals of any kind—no birds even—nothing higher than a few reptiles, the chief population of our world then consisting of fish and other sea-animals. From the vast tangled woods huge loads of vegetable ruin were continually carried into the seas, and straits, and estuaries, there to rot, and in time fall to the bottom, and form a bed or layer; a process, however, which accident was constantly interrupting, for the same sea would now and then receive for a considerable space of time together only sand, or mud, which also would fall in beds to the bottom. So, in short, were formed those alternating strata of coal, and sandstone, and shale, which we see in what we now call a coal-field. This, however, was not all. Vegetation contains an infusion of iron. When the debris of the ancient forests was decaying in the sea, the iron became a solution in the waters. Now a small animal dying amidst such a solution, or even a leaf decaying in it, becomes a nucleus around which particles of the metal are gathered. Thus is formed a nodule or pebble, containing iron, mixed with clay, carbon, and other substances. And when many of these are formed at one time, they compose a bed by themselves—a stratum of ironstone, alternating with those of coal, sand, and shale already advertised to.

Inconceivable spaces of time elapsed. The great business of nature went on. There were no longer such vast forests; but other matters were strewn over the sea-bottoms; birds and mammals came gradually into the world. Sea-bottoms became dry land, and dry land was every now and then getting once more submerged. Great changes took place on the surface, chiefly by the action of seas and rivers. One of the last great operations—last in geological time, but still to us a vastly remote event—was the passage of a glacial sea, an immense ice-pack, over much of the present land-surface of the northern temperate region, sweeping off great quantities of the softer rocks, excavating valleys, and generally producing the flowing and undulating outline of the surface which we now see, leaving also a thick bed of clay and blocks—its spoils—strung over the ground. Then came calm, ordinary seas, laying down beds of clay and sand, and rivers depositing silt and gravel, and finally the present surface, and Man to occupy it.

Even after all this long history was past, there was another long one to enter upon—the province of the archaeologist and the historian. All is progressive in nature, and nothing is more progressive than man himself. Ages elapsed, during which he was only waking up into intelligence, and spreading his thin bands over the wide empty world. He at first could only fashion a stone or a flint into an implement for his hand. But one day a bright genius arose, who found a better substance for the making of tools—namely, copper: he saw that this wanted hardness; so he mixed it in tin and zinc, and made bronze. Bronze was the first metal used by man. A long period of comparatively respectable barbarian-life passed, with bronze swords, and ornaments, and tools—much fighting, little gentle morality, social arrangements only dawning. But brighter minds were continually rising here and there in the mass; and one of these detected the existence of a far harder, yet equally ductile metal, which he could melt by heat out of what appeared a mere mass of hardened clay. This is iron. A long iron period succeeded, being, generally speaking, that over which written history extends—namely, the last three thousand years. In this time, as most of us know, great advances were made in arts; vigorous nationalities and political fabrics were established; intelligence increased; morality improved, yet without seeing human society brought to anything like a satisfactory point. All we can say is, we are better than we were, and hope to be a good deal better yet.

One thing very striking, very arresting, in this history, is the intimate connection which we see between that metallic solution which long ago gathered around the little dead creatures in the Carboniferous seas, so as to form a bed of irony clay at the bottom, and the advance of man in his grand mission of acquiring a mastery over the elements of nature. Without iron in the past ages of history we never could have had efficient tools of any kind; consequently we must have remained in a comparatively rude and mean estate. This is a most signal fact; but we now have another fact still more remarkable. Till the present age, iron has been a child: it is now a full-grown man. Somehow our fathers did not get at it very easily, and only got it in small quantities. We get it as twenty for one, and apply it to purposes of which our fathers never dreamed, to vast complicated engines for effecting labour, to the making of railways and locomotive engines, to the construction of ships, and even of houses. It may be
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said that that addition of power which the savage obtains when he becomes possessed of a knife or an axe, is but a faint type of the addition of power which society has obtained within the last thirty years. It has increased the annual production of iron.

Now, Iron is a great bounty of the Creator; but it is not equally a bounty to all. Where it exists otherwise than in connection with coal and beds, and men are dependent on forests for the means of smelting it, it cannot be realised in large quantities. Where Nature's more happy arrangement exists, the ironstone and the coal laid in alternate layers, as if the one had been from the beginning intended to be used in connection with the other, vastly greater quantities can be produced. But the Carboniferous Formation is very partially distributed over the face of the earth. Fortunately, it abounds in Britain and America; the Civilising Metal is chiefly in the hands of those nationalities who are most disposed to the pursuits of peace and civilisation. In 1845, Great Britain produced 2,290,000 tons, being about equal to the entire quantity produced in the rest of the world. Rather oddly, valuable as the metal is, its discovery has proceeded with a surprising slowness, even in those districts in which it is most plentiful. Thus it was in 1850, when Mr. Collins had discovered the rich Black Band was wrought in the west of Scotland; nor till 1845 was this known to extend beyond a space of eight or ten square miles. At the present time, this field ranks with the old ones of Staffordshire and South Wales, which were previously the most important in our country. It has been a source of astounding wealth to individuals, a great commercial support to the city of Glasgow, and a means of introducing a totally new aspect of things throughout a large province.

Even in what are called the Lowlands of Scotland, there are large tracts of country almost wholly unproductive, and consequently very thinly peopled. One sees a wide moor, with only here and there a poor cottage; or a valley with low rounded hills, in which there are but a few pastoral farms. The sheep and the curlew are the conspicuous animals, with now and then the variety of a grouse or a blackcock. It was in such wilds in Lanark and Ayrshires, during the reign of Charles II, and when all the Scotch Presbyterians dwelt, who gave Claverhouse and Dunbarstone's draughts so much unpleasant duty. Now-a-days, if you chance to wander into one of these wildernesses, you will be apt to find it bristling with coal-works, and glistening with blast-furnaces, while long rows of stone-built cottages speak of a large industrial population, probably knowing very little of the 'covenanted work of reformation' beyond what the once lonely grave-stone of the martyr will tell them. Such is an Iron Field, a rough, and, in some respects, a repulsive scene, but one associated with some of the greatest doings now going on upon earth. Let us briefly look into the details of one such district.

Through the southern part of Ayrshire, the river Doon pursues a course of about eighteen miles, from a mountain lake to the Western Ocean; presenting in its lower part those lovely scenes amidst which Burns was born, and which he has celebrated as the 'banks and berus' of his native Doon. Further up, shrewdly built are only the usual features of a pastoral valley. Eleven years ago, the sheep reigned undisturbed over these long swelling uplands. But it was found that in this valley there is a great depth of the Carboniferous strata, containing an abundance of ironstone mingled with the previously known coal. The consequence has been the planting of a great work in the district. Far up the hillsides, beside the once retired little farm-stein, rises the machinery for digging coal and iron. At one convenient spot lower down, are five blast-furnaces vomiting forth their arrowy flames mixed with smoke. A plexus of railways for carrying the coal to, and the iron away from, the furnaces, pervades the ground. Groups of cottages are interspersed, affording shelter for a totally new population numbering two thousand six hundred, for no fewer than eight hundred men are employed in this work. Thus it may well be supposed that there are some new moral, as well as physical and mechanical, results to be looked for in connection with the Dalhelligton Iron-works.

A blast-furnace is a conical tower, fifty feet high, with four apertures near the top, through which fresh supplies of coal and ironstone, in a certain proportion, and with a small quantity of limestone in addition, are very now and then poured from a gallery of the same height connecting with a platform on which these materials are collected. Through an aperture near the bottom, the refuse clay, fluxed by the flame, is run off at frequent intervals in a vitreous slag, which being of no use, is carried away, and thrown over a spoil-bank. A lower aperture, opened once in twelve hours, emits the pure melted metal, which, running along a channel covered with a cloth, and then into a certain number of about a yard long, makes, perhaps, as much as twenty tons in all. Most people have heard of pig-iron, or pigs of iron, with little idea of the origin of the term. It arises from a resemblance borne by the longitudinal channel and its numerous small branches, to a sow and her many sucklings; the iron of the long channel is the sow, that of the cross channels the pigs. It forms a striking sight, one that would bear painting, to see a casting at night, when in one place the red lava-like stream was sparkling on its way along the black ground, while in another, the dark figures of men pass about among the burning bars, turning them up out of the sand for hastier cooling. From each furnace there will be upwards of two hundred tons of iron produced each week; thus a thousand from the Dalhelligton work in all; to be distributed, some of it to form railways in India, some of it to form railways in America, some to be used nearer home. At our visit to the work, we were struck at, that the water running lying about, and learned that they are sent to the south of Spain and Portugal, to be placed in the beds of rivers, where the copper in solution in the water takes the place of the iron; and so they end by being transformed into another metal. This amount of production is immensely beyond what was practicable in former times. Within the last twenty years, Neilson discovered that hot air blown into the furnaces saved coal and also time. Each furnace is therefore now provided with side-furnaces, containing iron air-passages, by which air, forced in by the pumps of a powerful engine, is raised to a temperature of 600° Fahrenheit before it touches the metal.

The result is an immense stimulus to the trade of making iron.

The iron-workers, coming at first as strangers into a thinly peopled country, have all along continued in a great measure isolated. They therefore form an interesting problem in social life. The great bulk of them live in three hundred houses which have been built for them by their employers, the rest resorting to two villages at some distance. Now, these houses are neat, clean, comfortable dwellings, such as we person whatever would find it a hardship to live in. Most of them have several rooms, and many are provided with small gardens. They are rented to the men at the rate of sixpence per room, being enough to return merely a moderate
interest for the outlay, the object being not to make a profit, but to conserve the convenience and comfort of the men. Our conviction is, that these houses are superior in every essential respect to the great bulk of the dwellings used by the middling classes sixty years ago. For the convenience of the people, the masters have also a store, where all kinds of necessaries of good quality are sold at fair rates for ready money—a singular establishment, which reminded me much of the shops of Norway and Iceland. A light ale is among the articles dealt out here; but no spirituous liquor is sold; neither is there a public-house in the district of the works—none nearer than two miles in one direction, and four in another. From this restriction we did not find that any evil effects arise. The people are generally a sober people; indeed, one has but to look at the comfort of their houses, the sound, clean clothes of the women and children, and the decent appearance everywhere, to make sure that the regulations of the works go along the black road which leads to the whisky-shop. A stoppage from wages of twopence per week for married, and one penny for single men, supports a good school, where the head-master has L120 a year. A provision for a general remuneration of the parish schoolmasters of Scotland. A further small stoppage fees a medical practitioner. The masters engage the services of a missionary, and the formation of a library has been encouraged. Thus the physical and intellectual wants of this little community are provided for, partly by arrangements of a liberal and judicious nature on the part of the employers, and partly by the contributions of the employed. The effects appear to be most satisfactory. From the desirability of a provision in the works, the masters are enabled to take select men, and so make their employment still more desirable; for of course it is important for a respectable working-man that he and his family should have worthy people to associate with. Hence it has arisen that when colliers were striking in neighbouring districts, no tendency that way appeared in the Dalmellington works. We felt much interested in learning to how great an extent the masters and manager attribute the good results on terms on which they stand with the men to the good-dwelling-houses. It appears that a good comfortable house to live in, is the very first element in the necessities of a working-man. He feels that no other external circumstance contributes so much to his comfort, besides warm and well-dressed clothes; there is no other thing he can regard as so uncertain of realisation, in the event of his making a change. Where good houses are, therefore, there may we expect—other things being equal—the best and stoutest men to be gathered together.

We spent three days in this singularly planted scene of industry, studying the mysteries of ironmining and hot blast, and the condition of human nature generally, and meantime, with all the local interest, burning our fingers with the song of iron, and the whole subject left a gratification on the mind which but rarely results from a country visit. It appeared to us, finally, as if we sometimes attach more than enough of consequence to the observations of travellers on such occasion as the little that is what is going on in many districts of our own. Here is a little tract of ground, transformed in a few years from a pastoral valley to a great manufactory, sustaining thousands of people, and contributing largely to the national wealth. It is but a specimen of a whole province, equally metamorphosed in the last thirty years. Were there such a rapid development of wealth and population in any part of the United States, we should hear no little of it: occurring in our own country, no traveller describes it. To this truth, however, is, that the west of Scotland is as American in this respect as America itself; and we need not look to New York or Cincinnati as a marvel, while we have Glasgow nearer home, expanding in sixty-five years from fifty to four hundred thousand inhabitants.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.
HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.
CHAPTER II.—THE REVENGE.
'Open the window, wife, and let in some air.' Saw this place is enough to choke one.'

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with check'd curtains, lay something covered with a white cloth. In a next day, the speaker approached the bed, drew aside the folded coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

'Come here, Hannah,' said he. 'Uncle Zehb's dead! The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

'O Richard!' The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zobedeck Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-man. 'God ha' mercy on him,' said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. 'He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others.'

Through the open window came a murmur of voices from the court below; there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

'Here are the neighbours, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done.'

Richard Mallet then threw the door open, over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new-comers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Carlyle was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours. For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garrets from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the magistrates of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of 'Fire!' under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front-door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a messenger was at once dispatched for the stone-mason and his wife—in a case of life and death,' as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.
When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbours that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The event had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and to the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something in its own equity.

‘He's gone then, at last!’ 'Well, we're all mortal, you see!' 'His money's o' no use to him now!' were amongst the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

Mrs Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part not to fret. She was only pale and fuddled.

‘Go home, Hannah,' whispered her husband; 'I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess.'

Mrs Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting, at windows and on door-steps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried her head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid lowering herself by talking to them; if she loitered, it would be to show herself and receive homage. But Mrs Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on about her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was warm, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The mason hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the line and mortar from his hands, and then, a clean—intelligent-looking man—came down to his supper.

'Come here, Jessie,' said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

'You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?' Richard kissed the child's forehead.

'Yes, father.'

'Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?'

'Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your supper ready.'

'What else did he say?'

'He said: 'When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;' and then—I began to cry, because he grinned at me so.'

'Just what he said, Hannah,' remarked Richard, turning to his wife. 'I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child.'

Mrs Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

'You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?'

'Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he 's a left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long.'

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Nor, however, with his wife. The hope of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were crowded into her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

'Well, Richard,' was her concluding remark that night, 'we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the colour o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favour.'

'You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be so unhappy about it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said.'

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer), and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his ears then listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient impatience to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper, and sat down to his suppers in a rentil house, rose, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, billed, discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be something unusual in the document.

All my real and personal estate, whatsoever sit wheresoever—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of 'hem'—'I give and bequeath to—to—Jesse Mallet' (the parents both turned pale), 'the daughter of my niece, Richard Mallet's of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this—'

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

'This is quite irregular—quite out of the common,' Really I don't know what to think, nor what it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue.'

'No, air; go on: she can hear it,' said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. 'And this is the reason I have long wondered. In leaving my money thus, may I be sowing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child? May it be a bar between...
them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter assumed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!

Mrs Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

'May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is vain to the belief the tide can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. 'Illegotten gains never prosper,' he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when he sees same gains have become the legacy of his own child.'

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

'Then is words, sir, as nobody a right to use,' said he, in a low, hoarse voice—'then is words as all rise up in judgment again him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, 'I—don't pull my hand, Hannah; I know what I'm a saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!'

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it. 'This is a trial to the arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But he kept at it, and that he had my own children agen me, as he once tried to set me agen my wife, I wish the Lord may—'

'O Richard, don't, don't!' His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and staved the curse upon his lips. 'Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. O my poor man!' She clung to his husband's shoulder, and wept there.

'You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice.'

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the effort to steady himself.

'Is there anything more to read, sir? I'll tell you if there be, if you please.'

'No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—were matters of detail,' rowed the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

'Then, sir,' said Richard slowly and deliberately, 'I'd like to say onco for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I 'bery refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money.'

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. 'Don't cry, my woman; we'll be going our way home again.'

'Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr Mallet,' said the lawyer. 'But I must remind you that—that the property of the deceased is left to your child, and not to yourself. It is in the hands of trustees. You cannot, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we'll talk matters over together to-morrow, at my office.'

The cloud that over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He lay down in silence, nor spake one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life, he drove Jessie away from him, when she brought her stool and knitting to sit at his feet; and, for the first time since they were born, the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

Richard Mallet never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he struck down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milkman came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

'Are you angry, mother?' asked the child once, as she caught one of these looks fixed upon her.

'Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows;' and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

'Hannah,' said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—'it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!'

'Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thou—1 O dear, dear!' The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

'Call Jessie here,' said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

'Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you,' began Richard. 'Now listen to what I am goin' to say; you're a cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zeb's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own.'

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

'You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?'

'Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?'

'Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother.'

'But I shan't leave you,' said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

'Not for always, p'praps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can.'

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

'Yes, we mustn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us.'

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown
eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to lead in consequence of her infirmity was not more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtfull beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, but took her seat out of her father’s sight, and pled watched and fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Joseph’s good-luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser’s wealth.

‘O Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!’

‘Hush, Hannah!’ Richard checked his wife angrily. ‘It’s only like a babby to talk in that way. How can a dead man’s words do any harm?’

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle’s malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser’s terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, word by word, the words of the old man: ‘May a place between them all their lives.’ Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and mumble about ‘the gold’ and ‘my own bairn.’ But by day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that these same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitted her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months, Joseph Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the days of Zebadiah.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow-workman, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disillusion himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humouredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbours thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own earth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead: they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zebadiah had prophesied no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse evaporated the accomplices who their what was enough to embitter the rest of his nephews’ life.

‘Hannah,’ said Richard Mallet to his wife one Friday morning, ‘I shan’t be home to-night, nor mayhap for these next three days. I’m going to see her.’

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Joanna had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o’clock, but warm and fine, and the moonlight of June. Ere long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a toll-worn man coming slowly up the street. A neighbouring hamp shone on the man’s figure, as he approached. Joanna started as she caught sight of her husband’s face. It was so white she hardly knew him. The dust upon his dress showed that he had made the journey on foot.

‘It’s a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don’t think I foot it as I used to do.’ He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said: ‘I can’t touch my supper yet a while. I’m dog-tired. I’ll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we’ve done with it.’

He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife’s face, began:

‘Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I’ve seen her, and she said she didn’t have the face to show myself after all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoo, and see the grand old house she is livin’ in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin’ in the garden, I said to myself: ‘It will never do to shew yourself there, my man,’ and so I made up my mind I’d come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head of the line. She seemed kind o’ gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn’t quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and didn’t have any fear. I kept it up as I followed ‘em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn’t do other. It’s a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line, but I could only look at one place all the time, whereas I was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I’ve seen her look a score o’ times a sittin’ in your chair.’ He paused a moment, then went on. ‘You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, wink the organ was playin’! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn’t see me, and there I watched her, whilst they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgive me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn’t tear myself away. I saw them all come set of church again, and go back to the big house, and I lostered about the iron gates, hoping I’d see her again in the garden, up at the windows, but I didn’t. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I’ll just ask him how Joanna is, and what she’s a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a uppermost sort of way, as so I only said him what o’clock it was. I’d mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back..."
I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn’s voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knew I’d rather have been back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o’ me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn’t ha’ borne that, Hannah!’

Richard Mallet’s voice sank as he uttered these words, and his greatest and trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him. ‘Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?’ the parents asked themselves. ‘Jessie would never be theirs any more now,’ said the poor mother. ‘They had better forget their own affairs and make up their own minds, and see that she is not the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we’d be no hindrance to them, and we ain’t goin’ to break our word.’

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day. Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

To be concluded in our next.

BILL FUSTIAN’S RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE DOINGS OF THE RESPECTABLE CLASSES.

This sins of the respectable classes do get now and then found out, and very bad they appear. I suppose we might have all gone on eating peppermint lozenges for ever without knowing what a horrible mixture they are, and for that reason I am not going to say much about them.

On the other hand, when nineteen or twenty years lost their lives by eating such lozenges in which arsenic had been mixed. Well, nobody meant to put arsenic into the lozenges. The arsenic was an accident, on which I care not to comment at present. But this was really meant to be done. The intention was to mix in with forty pounds—weight of sugar—the proper material—twelve pounds—weight of a stuff called ‘daff’—which is nothing but a white earth; arsenic, in short, having been through carelessness, substituted for ‘daff’.

Thus it comes to light that these respectable people are accustomed to make us buy lozenges more than a fourth part composed of mere dirt! So do they not scruple to fill our stomachs with trash, that they may fill their own pockets with money. Always the same story among that sad set of people—cheating, lying, poisoning, anything for gain! Always professing, too, to be so shocked by the habits of those wicked lower orders; adding insult, I may say, to injury. I wish we would learn to take the beam out of our own eye, and see that it is not a false beam.

They would all cut each other’s throats at any time for twopence. To see the conduct of that great omnibus company, which, having six hundred omnibuses constantly going in the streets of London, from which it draws a revenue of six hundred thousand pounds a year, cannot endure the existence of one poor little rival company, which has only fifteen omnibuses, but of an improved description. Wherever one of the Saloon omnibuses, as they are called, appears, four or five others belonging to the older company boost it closely on all hands, to prevent the public from entering it. This is called menning the Saloon Company’s buses. Fine nursing truly—it should rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o’ me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn’t ha’ borne that, Hannah!’

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free and independent man negotiating a transaction in his own favour, than a bankrupt called to account for his shortcomings. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if they were not able to clear out with a tolerable wreck of stock wherewith to begin the work again.

Accordingly, it is not surprising to be told, as we are, by a local print, that these men have been living since the crisis of November 1857 'in first-rate style, in elegant mansions, with trim servants, and plenty of them, travelling every day in first-class railway carriages to their country-houses,' and that the greater number of them 'have resumed, or are at any rate about to resume, business in Glasgow, just as if they had been innocently knocked over in a commercial storm which they had no hand in raising.' One is stated to be rearing a new building for business purposes at a cost of £8,000. Verily, these respectable classes are very merciful to each other in misfortune, especially when this is deepened by a shade of guilty extravagance and folly. I wish they were as tender to us, when we pick up a hare or go to the union for temporary relief.

I am told of another set of respectable people, men driving gigs, or better than gigs—decent family men who seem duly anxious to get to a good instead of a bad place hereafter—who are known to have sold out of this bank at dates remarkably near to that of the stoppage, when some knowing people were beginning to be tolerably well assured that there was danger in the wind. Clever dodge this, getting all the rich dividends, and when no more were to be got, but retribution was about to be called for, handing over the concern, like the bottle-imp, to a neighbour. It would be interesting to get a return of the number of widows and other helpless ignorant people who thus received a heritage of ruin. It is, I presume, looked upon as a proper kind of transaction in respectable middle-class society; but I know that Tom Corduroy, Dick Moleiskin, and myself, are all of a mind in thinking that we should be unfit to be spoken to in future, if we had acted in such a manner. It is all talk. One generally feels no clear of pity for these respectable people, who love money so much that every action by which it may be made or saved seems allowable, provided only the law has nothing to say upon the subject.

**TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.**

**LETTER I.**

Scio, Monday 14th.

We have sailed over the long blue waters thus far, and are anchored off the old Genoese fort at Scio. We landed this morning at a rude sort of mole or breakwater, the harbour inside being hardly deep enough to receive the caiques of the natives themselves. A small Greek population has here established itself, and rebuilt a portion of the beautiful city, with warehouses for the island's exports, consisting principally of olive-oil, silk, and gum-mastic. Previous to the calamity which fell upon this devoted spot—the entire destruction of the place by fire and sword, in consequence of its connection with the Greek patriots of 1822—the whole of a space of six or seven miles in extent, lying between high and rugged mountains of a whitish rock, and the winding beach of the strait between Scio and Anotolias, was thickly populated, and the resort of the chief merchants of Smyrna. To Scio, where they lie their domestic treasures, they repaired to enjoy such leisure as business left them, and the fruits of a life of leisure in old age. There stood their luxurious habitations amidst fields of flowers, shaded by the peaceful olive, and perfumed by the orange and the lemon-tree. Scarcely a sign of this magnificence remains; but in a convent not far south of the town, where 7000 of the flying Scots were put to the sword, the bones of the dead still whiten the ground, and the deep sabre-cuts in the decaying skulls still witness against the Turkish tyrants. In revenge for this destruction, the Greek admirals, Cansiris, found means to sink the ship of the Capitan Pacha, with all the plunder of Scio, while she lay off the roadstead. Although the divers have descended again and again, and company after company has been formed for the recovery of the treasure, the gold and the silver, and the guns of brass still enrich the floors of ocean, twenty-seven sathamos beneath the surface. Wandering through rich orange-groves and a still flowering wilderness, we came upon ' Homer's School,' where the blind old man of Chios is said to have taught his pupils about 5000 years ago. Some antiquaries prefer considering it as the Temple of Cybele; but, certainly, whether for poetry or religion, I never saw a place more fitted and peculiar. The Straits of Scio, and the isles that stud them, lay beneath it; the masses of white rock gleaming from far-off Samos inclined to azure in the haze; and, mystified by distance, rose the rugged Minas, precisely as it used to do in the Metamorphoses of Ovid. The air of Scio is the healthiest possible, and the climate perfectly luxurious. The labour of the female population at least, is confined to making silk purses, churning the aforesaid gum-mastic (masticating), and distilling the sweetest of waters from orange-blossoms and the flower of the jasmine. Mastic is said to whiten the tooth and strengthen the stomach, and the groves which produce it are well worth visiting.

To-day (15th), we sailed into the Gulf of Smyrna, and made an expedition on its south coast to the baths of Agamemnon, mounted, like the sons of the prophets, upon asses. These animals in this country are either better taught and managed, or are not so obstinate and evil intentioned as in our own, where it always seems that some invisible power obstructs their way. Mounted on asses, then, we blush not to confess we were, for they are the only riding animals now the best, even as when one of Israel's judges had thirty sons who rode on thirty asses, and they were thus mounted ruled over thirty cities. Near Vourla, here there are three remarkable hummocks, called 'the Sisters,' separated from 'the Two Brothers' of the same family by a deep ravine, through which runs a rivulet. Here are situated these famous baths. A fine tank has been constructed, about five feet deep, and broad enough to swim in; into this a copious stream of water pours continually, so hot that a bare hand or foot cannot endure it: the water is pure and quite tasteless. Into the bath, and close to this hot stream, a rivulet of water from a cold spring has been made to run, to moderate the temperature as may be required. A few ruins were scattered about; but the whole place was neglected, and, for the most part, disgustingly dirty. In any other country, this place would have been a resort of thousands, but here nature does her best, and man his worst, in all things. These baths derive their name from the wounded soldiers of Agamemnon being directed hither for cure by an oracle, while he was engaged in the conquest of Mytilis.
17th.—For the last two days, immense battalions of 'embodied cranes' have been returning over our heads, after another campaign against the Pigmies, the diminutive inhabitants of the mysterious regions of Central Asia. Our division has no sooner passed across the gulf than another makes its appearance: from their clamorous exultation, let us hope that they have been victorious. Though high in air, their conversation is absolutely audible; and if we could understand it, we should know much more of the source and course of the Nile or Niger than from any of the followers of Bruce and Lander; for these cranes have come from the marshes beyond the Desert beneath the line, where hippos-potami wallow amongst luxuriant reeds, where the Niger loses itself, and the Nile draws its waters for the inundation of the land of Ham. They have peradventure seen Luxor and Karnac, Syria and Palestine, and have returned to take possession of their old habitations, and to receive a welcome from their Mohammedan protectors. They warn us to prepare our summer clothing, and bid those proceeding to Odessa and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, to bend their sails and recommence their voyage. These birds are continually referred to by the ancient authors. It is a country of eternal verdure and perennial beauty. Of Clazomene, which stood upon the island in the bay, there are now scarcely any traces. The birthplace of him who preferred a grain of wisdom to a heap of gold, never fell into the hand of a tyrant, not on a hill, but still does honour to their judgment who fixed upon it for a city's site. Vouria is chosen by the French and British admirals, when in the Archipelago, to water and refit at; the plague, that is never out of Smyrna, does not hit her; and it is well to windward of 'the inbat,' which in summer blows all day strongly up the gulf, and against which no heavy ships can get to seaward. Now, however, as we are for Smyrna, let the inbat be our friend, and put our polacas before it in the castle of Alisulik, a site seeming to move, while anchored vessels, 'towers, and towns, and woods,' appear to pass her westward-bound, and in hot pursuit of one another. Snuffling-stalls and royals are now fluttering upon the heated gale; in they come to grace the materials of which the town is almost entirely built; and having at last the Roman bricks and cut stones, bearing evidence of having belonged to yet more ancient edifices. Here is a portion of the architrave of a temple, placed perpendicularly above a mass of the most various erections; there a Greek inscription inscribed upon us with the barbarity of the ignorant builders. Passing under the aqueduct, we followed a narrow pathway through the ruins of Alisulik: broken pillars of marble and granite were scattered about on every side; stones with mutilated inscriptions, and such of the remains of a great city as by their strength bid defiance to time and vandalism, in surprising quantity and confusion were heaped up everywhere. Here we see a brick-built mosque, supported by four exquisitely carved Corinthian pillars, three of gray, and the fourth of red granite; there, amidst the labour of Greek sculptors, stands a trough and fountain with some Saracenic writing—a medley of Greek, Roman, and Turkish masonry—standing and prostrate pillars, some whole, some broken; imperfect capitals and fractured arches thrown about in the confusion of chaos—a picture of utter ruin and desolation, such as the pen can give no adequate idea of.

The inhabitants of this once populous and powerful city are reduced to a prey to the wretched few families of miserably poor, harmless, and oppressed Turks. At a wretched bower we left our horses; and, while the frugal supper...
was preparing, visited the celebrated mosque. The
two red granite pillars, supposed to have been taken
from the Temple of Diana, are of extraordinary dimen-
sions; the height of them could scarcely
enclose one of them in their extended arms; they must be,
therefore, eighteen feet in circumference, and at
least five-and-twenty above the ground they stand on,
yet their bases are quite buried in the rubbish.

The interior of the mosque is still complete, and still
retains some of its painting and gilding, but the
crescent is gone, and the shattered minaret threatens
to scatter its fragments on those who dare to enter
the olive-planted court where the Faithful used to perform
their ablutions before prayers. This is the great build-
ing called by the missionaries the Church of St John.

We ourselves contrived to take a bath in a sacc-
ophagus, which a fountain perpetually keeps full of the
purest water in front of the little khan, or inn.

After supper, induced by the freshness of the evening
and the silver light of the great goddess of the Ephes-
sians, I went forth among the ruins to smoke my
chibouque and deliver myself up to the influences of
the solemn scene. Forlorn, indeed, were the objects
by which I was surrounded: the silence was unbroken
save by the mournful cry of the jackal amidst the hills
and the fleetling flight of the bat and the night-hawk;
Hesperus was burning in the west, above Mount
Coresus, with surprising lustre; and overhead, Orion
was shining; as though it were freezing; Arcturus and
the Pleiades were still 'wheeling unshaken through
the void immense,' as in the days of the old bard of
Midian, still burning in the same relative position after
the long lapse of ages, new, and bright, and glorious,
while a cloud of snow with a kind of hissing and in fragments: the
most stupendous efforts towards lasting durability that
'the short-lived reptiles of the dust of earth' could
compass. The night air was chill and damp, and I
returned to the khan sooner than I had wished. I
looked in at an old brick vault upon my way, and
found our poor horses still unsaddled, and with nothing
for fodder save chaff and old straw; nor could I get
anything better for them, nor persuade our attendants
to take any trouble about the matter. All the inhabit-
ants, as usual, were congregated together and a
crowd of people—piped, and with coffee; their
place of devotion was near at hand, and at intervals
they performed their ceremonies with great apparent
serenity, prostrating themselves on small pieces of
carpet. They offered up not their tobacco, but would not taste my brandy, nor
even permit me to drink it out of their vessels. Before
I had done smoking with the Turks, my companions
had laid themselves down upon the bench, and were
soon at rest. This I cannot do at an early hour, however
fatigued, so I took up a book I had with me, and
endeavoured to read. The Turks supposed me to be
at my devotions after my manner, and did not break
silence until I closed the volume. Immediately above
we lay, the 'temple-haunting marlits had fixed
their procrast cradles,' and, mindful of the fate of
Tobit, I covered my face with my handkerchief, and
was soon in the land of dreams.

Morning had no sooner dawned, than the same party
proceeded to view by daylight the ruins of Aiasluk and
Epheusus. Epheusus appears to have originally been upon
Mount Prion, and in the time of Alexander the Great,
or his immediate successors, to have descended into the
lower ground at its foot, where we find what remains of its
ruins. Many marlits are seen here, but the inhabitants
'swept with the besom of destruction;' and it was even
in that state, perhaps, whilst Aiasluk, to which a remnant
of the Ephesians retired, continued to be a thronged city.
First, we visited a Turkish fort of the fourteenth century,
In the centre of it, the state of desolation and a
abounding in scorpions and other doleful creatures, and
shunned by all in its neighbourhood: it is, however,
beautifully situated, about a mile from the Cayster,
and amid the grand circle of mountains. Besides the
mosque, the ruins of the old aqueduct, and the fountain
afforested, the ruins of the walls formed the general wreck, or to admire, except the natural
beauty of its site. Quitting that place, then, and
crossing a low and swampy flat, we found ourselves
amidst the ruins of Ephesus itself.

Our endeavour to identify the remarkable places of
the city was far from satisfactory. Passing along
the side of a hill about thirty yards above the level,
we looked down upon what was the gymnasium; but
the destruction has been too complete for certainty.
Proceeding between the mount and the valley's excur-
sion on the south-west side, the vestiges of great
remains were everywhere about us; broken pillars and
chiseled marbles, remnants of arches of brick and
stone, gigantic foundations, bridge-like passages; but
what they might have been, what now remains to
tell? We next ascended the hill to see the Acropoli
wall, and to look into the mighty quarries which
supplied the Ephesians with their marble for the
adornment of their temple and public buildings. It is
rightful, indeed, to picture to ourselves those descending
rocks above, which seem to have been shaken and separated
from those with which they were once connected by a
dreadful convulsion of nature, and to require but
another shock to hurl them into the excavations
beneath. Here are the immense pile of rocks, hiding
beneath the hollowed mount. The remains of
the Acropolis consist of enormous walls of the last or more
regular order of cyclopean masonry, forming a citadel,
perchance, to the town at the base of the hill; one of
these walls runs across to the last west, built of
huge square stones, smoothed towards the south, but
within all rough and unwhetted. We passed over many
old foundations and blocks of well-cut stone, and on
reaching the northern side of the hill, which is very
steep, we looked right down upon all that remains of
Ionia's former glory. Descending from this, we found
ourselves in the Theatre, choked up with stones and
brambles. The only living thing within it, which we
shot, was a small ant-bear, whose skin was useless
through want of size. Here, too, is the Temple of Diana at Ephesos,
with many finely pointed pillars of white marble, incrust-
ed with a short dry moss, which time had set upon them
as they lay upon the earth: their capitals were very
large and beautifully carved. We wound through
narrow passages, and came out upon a vast open space of
tremendous thickness; and descended by many steps
into a considerable vault. After a time, we got tired
of exploring it with torches, and, indeed, it seemed to
have no end. It was in this identical place that the
Seven Sleepers are said to have taken their long nap
with theirs. Coming to light again, our attention was at
first drawn by a fair archway, leading up to a large circular
eminence, flat at the top, with a rock in the centre
four or five feet higher than the level, and cut all round
with niches. An oblong square, sufficiently entered
to contain any number of sightseers, with sloping sides
next discovered itself: this was the theatre for
the games and combats of wild beasts and gladiators.
It was here that Demetrias, the silversmith,
brought his fellow-citizens when he found his occupation
wasting through the preaching of St Paul. Immediate-
ly opposite, is the ground-work of some gigantic building
far larger than any of the rest, built of large blocks
of shape stone: this is all that now remains of the
wonder of the world. Amongst it, an inhabitants
swept with the besom of destruction;' and it was even
in that state, perhaps, whilst Aiasluk, to which a remnant
of the Ephesians retired, continued to be a thronged city.
First, we visited a Turkish fort of the fourteenth century,
In the centre of it, the state of desolation and a
abounding in scorpions and other doleful creatures, and
shunned by all in its neighbourhood: it is, however,
smoky fire, we found a solitary and very old man, who expressed neither surprise nor gratification at the sight of visitors.

THE CARBONARI.

This word, so significant of mystery, crime, and power, is the distinctive title of a secret society or order, of whom, notwithstanding their own desire to prove a descent from the Templars, we find no mention in history until the close of the fourteenth century; when we read that the necessity of mutual assistance induced the charcoal-burners who inhabited the vast forests of Germany, to unite themselves against robbers and enemies. Isolated from the rest of mankind by the peculiar nature of their toil, which removed them, as it were, from the great confederacy of social life, these charcoal-burners, though born with the same feelings as other men, were yet cut off from all the ordinary privileges of humanity. The laws with which God had endowed them were left unenforced and untaxed, and darkness covered their hearts and understandings, until it became a humiliation rather than a pain to them, that this human nature may fail when man is bowed down to the earth in the power of his prime by fruitless labour; and his only possessions are the memories with which his heart is stored, of long and hard endurance, of useless tears that fell from his eyes. In the same woods with the charcoal-burners dwelt hordes of robbers, many of whose acts of fearful cruelty we find on record; but they and the charcoal-burners had nothing in common save their local habitation. The grave alone could have kept them more apart than did their mutual jealousies and dislikes. Notwithstanding this, however, an instance at last occurred in which the robbers, in their instauration for plunder, forgot the cautious policy they had heretofore observed towards the charcoal-burners, and breaking into their enclosures, carried off some valueless booty. This infringement of a tacit agreement of mutual avoidance aroused the bitter anger of the charcoal-burners, and every feeling of their perverted and degraded nature was gathered into one strong and keen desire for revenge.

It was on this occasion they formed themselves into an association, and bound themselves by an oath, known afterwards as the ‘Faith of the charcoal-burners,’ to seize every opportunity of attacking and destroying the robbers until not one should find a shelter for his head in all the forests of Germany. In a short time their repeated victories made them aware of their power; they felt that their fierce strength as a body was irresistible, and with the conviction came also the instinctive desire, not only to exterminate the plunderers, but to emancipate themselves from the dishonouring slavery of their condition. They had long pined under the hardships of severe forest-laws, the partial repeal of which they had often petitioned for; now, they demanded their total abolition, declaring death the penalty in the event of a refusal. Their demand was granted. Naturally regarding this first triumph over a reigning prince as the first-fruit of what was to come if they remained united, they determined on framing a code of laws, to which all should swear implicit obedience. They next divided themselves into tribes, each tribe agreeing to meet at stated periods as a lodge; and each lodge then assumed the title of the ‘Carbonari’.

The word ‘Carbonari’ was foreign, and doubtless he was chosen by lot, and was bound to meet the heads of the tribes at stated periods in the lodge, which was situated then in the gloomiest depths of a forest. At first, these lodges were but assemblages of ferocious men, whose lives had been passed in degradation and oppression, and from whose weary hearts excess of toil and poverty had dried up the well-spring of kindly feelings and affectionate desires, leaving behind only such fierce passions as incite the lower animals to supply the necessities of their physical wants and those of their offspring, and to rush upon and destroy whatever threatens them with danger.

In the course of time, however, the character of the Carbonari underwent a great change. The severe necessity for unremitting labour was removed by the abolition of the forest-laws, and the meanest and most degraded from the chain which bound them to toil and sickness and a scanty morsel. The natural consequence was, that the more they felt removed from physical want, the more elevated became their moral character. The laws and constitution of the order were remodelled; and although they were then, and are still, deeply tinged with fanaticism, yet they are framed with such artful policy, that one can hardly wonder at the rapid progress the order made to wealth and power. In less than a century after we read of its first organisation in the forests, we find that it has spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands, and enrolled among its members persons of the highest rank. In the present century, the greatest field of the society has been Middle and Lower Italy.

The form observed on the reception of a member was very absurd, though, no doubt, the young aspirant considered it deeply impressive. The candidate was styled a ‘pagan,’ and was led blindfold from the closet of reflection to the door of the ‘baraca,’ by the ‘preparator’ or prepparator, who affected to knock with mysterious irregularity. The co-primators, or coversors, on hearing this sound, turns from where he stands inside the door, and addressing his assistant-co-primator, says: ‘A pagan knocks for admission.’ The assistant repeats the same to the chief door-keeper, who in turn repeats it to the grand-master, and at every communication the grand-master strikes a blow with an axe.

Grande-master: ‘See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.’

This question having passed through all the officials to the preparator, he answers through the opening of the door:

‘It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.’

‘Ask him his name, country, and profession,’ commands the grand-master through his officials.

The replies being instantly returned, the secretary writes them down.

‘Ask him his habitation and his religion.’

The secretary notes each reply.

‘Ask him,’ again commands the grand-master, ‘what is it he seeks amongst us.’

The preparator replies: ‘Light, and to become a member of our society.’

‘Ask him enter; are the words which next pass slowly and solemnly from lip to lip.

The pagan is then led into the middle of the assembly; he is again questioned, and his replies are compared with what the secretary had previously written down. The grand-master then puts the following questions directly:

‘Mortal, the first virtues we require are frankness and courage. Do you feel that you are capable of practising both, to the utmost?’

The pagan replies; and the grand-master, if satisfied, continues by questioning him on morality and benevolence. He then inquires whether there is anything of which he would wish to dispose, or if there is any domestic concern he would desire to arrange, as he is at that moment in danger of immediate death. If pleased with the answers and demeanour of the aspirant, the grand-master continues:
It is well. We will expose you to trials in which you will discover a meaning. Let him make the first journey."

The candidate, who is still blindfold, is then led out of the baracca, and caused to journey through the forest.

At first, the silence is unbroken; he seems to be in a vast desert, alone. The grass beneath his feet is tangled and damp, and the air he breathes is heavy and nolose. His brushes, in his devious course, against the arm of a tree, and the next instant, the old chaff of a bird, as she risen from among the branches overhead, fills the air. His feet are becoming entangled in underwood, and the crackling noise, as he breaks weakly through, sounds strange. At length, a light breeze comes whispering among the leaves of the forest, making low mysterious music. The candidate’s mind is becoming oppressed with strange wild thoughts—in silence, in solitude, in darkness rendered thick by the bandage, he is groping his way alone. He no longer hears the rustling of leaves, for there is a sound of rushing waters in his ears—the struggle is becoming fearful between his imagination and his judgment; for a moment the regular healthy pulsations of his heart cease, and there comes a sickly throb of intense suspense and anxiety. At this moment, the preparator—whose tread, though close, he had not heard—lays hold on him, and leads him back to the door of the baracca, where the same form as at first is again repeated before he is admitted to the presence of the grand-master. He is then questioned as to what he had encountered in his first journey, and having related all, the grand-master replies:

"Your first journey is the symbol of human life. The obstacles you have encountered, and the noise you have heard, indicate to you that in this vale of tears you will meet many difficulties and distractions in the path of virtue, and that you must struggle through and disregard all, if you would arrive at last at the goal of happiness. Let him make the second journey."

The candidate is then led away, and having been made to pass through a fiery ordeal, is shown what appears to him a human head newly severed from the body, which had been removed from his eyes, is replaced, and he is once more conducted to the baracca. Being admitted as on the former occasions, the grand-master tells him that the fire through which he had been made to pass was an emblem of the flame of charity, which should ever be alive in his heart towards every worthy individual; that the head was that of a perjurer who had just been punished. He then commands the preparator to lead the pagan to the foot of the throne, and when this is done, he asks in a slow, impressive manner:

"Are you willing to take an irrevocable oath, which neither offends religion, nor the state, nor the rights of individuals? Forget not, before you swear, that the penalty of its breach is death."

The pagan, having signified his willingness, is made to kneel on a white cloth, and to promise and swear on the statutes of the order, scrupulously to keep the secret of the carbonari, and neither to write, engrave, nor paint anything concerning it without having obtained a written permission. He also binds himself to help each member of the order under all circumstances, by every means in his power—never to attempt anything against the honour of his families and friends, and, finally, he declares that he willingly consents, should he ever be guilty of perjury, to have his body cut in pieces, then burned, his ashes scattered to the winds, and his name hold up to the execration of the carbonari throughout the earth. After this, he is led into the centre of the apartment, the members present form a circle round him, and the grand-master demands:

"What do you desire, pagan?"

"Right."

"It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe."

The grand-master strikes with the axe, and the action is repeated by each of the carbonari. The bandage is then suddenly removed from the eyes of the candidate, who sees a circle of gleaming axes raised above his head, and hears thundered in his ears by the grand-master:

"These axes will surely put you to death, should you ever, even in the least degree, violate the obligations of your oath. Do not hope to conceal yourself—to the dens and caves of the earth, you will meet the carbonari. Do not expect to avoid your doom by flight—at the utmost bounds of this globe, a member will confront you. If you sin—die; you will then have sought the only refuge from which the arm of the carbonari cannot snatch you. On the other hand, if you are faithful to the end, these axes will be raised in your defence, should you ever need them; and you may pass through life with the conviction, that in every peril, need, or difficulty, you shall ever find a friend and helper, but to look to the right hand or the left, to meet friendly and efficient help. And now, in the name and under the authority of our founder, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred on me in this honourable vesture, I make, name, and ordain you an apprentice."

The grand-master then instructs him in the secret words and touch, and being congratulated by all the assistants and apprentices present, the vellita is dissolved.

What the objects of this order were, when it was first instituted, we have already shown; what they afterwards became, we learn from the following oration delivered in a vellita at Naples, during the usurpation of Murat:

"Know, finally, that the object of respectable carbonari is to restore to the citizen that liberty and those rights which nature bestowed on us, and which tyranny itself did not deny us. To attain to this object, it is necessary to try the virtues, and to consolidate the chains been for an instant removed from our eyes: this is no trifling labour, since the envying of political tyranny has interposed a thick veil between men’s eyes and the sublime light of truth. Wretched mortals study those false maxims which, leading to prejudice and superstition, envelop them in darkness, and induce them to lead a life of slavery and submission to ill treatment, blind to the origin of their misfortunes. O men! do you not hear the clank of the chains with which you are bound? They are fastened upon you by the tyrant.

"By the law of nature, he who seeks to destroy, should be himself destroyed. And are not kings, who, forgetting that they are men, proudly regard themselves as superior beings, and usurp the right of disposing of the blood of their fellow-men, and of looking upon them as slaves, are they not the lords of the wives and children, and possessions of these slaves? And yet honour, and homage, and respect, are still paid to these infernal monsters! O blindness of man!"

"But as the maxims of the carbonari are founded on the simple principles of nature and reason, and on the doctrines of the gospel, it belongs to them to overturn the thrones, raised by fanaticism and ambition, and to extirpate from the midst of the sons of men who pollutes the whole creation. The blood of so many innocents, torn by main force from the bosoms of their families, and sent to perish in capricious wars; the blood of so many illustrious citizens slaughtered for speaking the language of truth—this blood, I say, calls on us for
vengenceness; and the number of our friends now groaning in fetters claim our assistance. Yes, the carbonari, knowing what truth and justice are, and possessing this one day will vindicate the rights of man. Having found your conduct to be regular and zealous towards the order, we have admitted you into the chamber of honour; that is to say, among the sworn members of the republic. You are come here to tender your lives for any service, when the carbonari shall invite you to save your country from oppression.'

The alta vendita in which this oration was delivered was composed of honorary members and of deputies from each particular vendita. It was declared to be an administrative and legislative body, and a court of council and of appeal; and it was accordingly divided into different sections. It was the business of this vendita to grant charters of organisation to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. A regular system of correspondence was, in 1814, established between it and all the provinces of the kingdom; and it is said that the number of carbonari increased during that year with such astonishing rapidity that the simplicity, and with tens of thousands. The whole population of many towns enrolled themselves, and entire regiments most willingly joined. Magistrates were compelled to enter, in order to obtain anything like obedience to their decrees. The people were made glad by the thought of becoming members, in hopes of support in the vicissitudes with which they were threatened. Those who were of a more enterprising turn rejoiced at finding themselves exalted into judges on the great questions of the nation, and invested themselves the defenders of the injured and oppressed.

Murat was in some degree aware of the state of public feeling; but neither fearing personal danger, nor doubting the stability of his throne, he merely thought it necessary to endeavour to intimidate the carbonari by employing against them an active system of police. As it is a historical fact, however, that Magelli, a native of Genoa, was at the same time director-general of police under the usurper, and organizer of the Papal States under the Carbonari, it will be readily believed that he did not divide his services, and that Murat was not the master to whose work he put his strength.

The 12th of May, 1815, the French dynasty in Naples was at an end; the Austrian army was advancing; Ferdinand was about to succeed the throne: it was the Carbonari who brought back the king.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

Some years since, when serving with my regiment in Canada, I obtained two months' leave of absence, for the sake of enjoying some of the wild sports of the far west.

It was the commencement of the Indian summer, that 'moon' of glorious weather, when summer, seeming to regret the beautiful land which has left, revisits it for a brief season. Not a leaf had fallen from the trees but the brightest gold and crimson tints were flashing and glowing among their verdure; the wild bines and briars were covered with berries of scarlet, and, orange, almost as brilliant as their departed blossoms. Sweet-scented Indian-grass, studded with thousands of flowers, made gay the juniper copse; and their mingled perfume came floating to us across the smooth lakes, and there threaded the labyrinth of the Christian Islands, which are said to number thousands.

Once clear of the archipelago, we raised our blanket-sail, and stretched out towards the head of the lake, merely landing to cook and sleep, for, only less than myself did my two Indians long to reach the haunts of the deer and the moose, and the far-off land of the bisons.

How I waged war against them, matters not to my present story; suffice it to say that I was successful, and that my leave was drawing to a close ere I again turned my face towards the colony, laden with trophies sufficient to make me the envy of any sportsman.

Small and light as my canoe was, it had to be abandoned when we left the lakes, and my tent had to be left also, being too heavy to carry with us; in fact, our equipment soon dwindled down to a blanket and waterproof wrapper each, and a few cooking utensils. Thus, when we again struck Lake Huron, which was at its south-west extremity, we were without a boat of any kind; and had we still possessed our old canoe, it was too small to have been of service in the wild and stormy weather which had now set in, for it was the beginning of November, and the ground was covered with snow; though the lake was not frozen over. I therefore resolved to continue our route on foot to the Saute Ste Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior, where I hoped to obtain a larger canoe and additional boatmen; but on our way there, we encountered a fur-trader's bateau, bound to the lower end of the lake, and I engaged passages in her for myself and my Indians.

A flat-bottomed bateau and scow-barge was my new conveyance—very different from my swift, graceful canoe; yet she bowed merrily along when the wind favoured her; and when it was contrary, progressed heavily beneath the influence of long sweep-like oars, wielded by the stout arms of half-caste Indians, who beguiled their labour with soft monotonic songs, which, with the murmure of the waves, floated round us like the music of a sea-shell. When our day's voyage was over, and, in the darkening twilight, we brought our boat to land, and tied her to the hull of a tree, more boisterous strains rose round the gipsy fires that were thickly lighted along the shore, and continued unceasingly, mingled with the fizzing of frying-pans and the rattling of coffee-pots, until all hands retired to the boats to sleep—all save myself, and to escape such a medley, I would willingly have submitted to greater hardships than, wrapped in my blanket, to sleep beside the fire left burning on the beach.

For the first two or three nights—probably in consequence of the unwanted inaction of the day—I lay awake for hours, enjoying the solitude and admiring the northern lights as they quivered above me in vivid coruscations. But, on the fourth night, I slept soundly; so soundly as to be unconscious that the pressure of those brilliant streamers was being fulfilled, that the air was filled with snow, and that a furious storm was rushing through the primeval forest, breaking the young trees like saplings, and here and there casting down with a resounding crash some vegetable patriarch. Such an incident, occurring in my immediate neighbourhood, at length aroused me, and I was surprised to find myself warmly enclosed in a bank of snow, but the snow-curtain hid everything from my view, save the fire, which had not yet succeeded in consuming the huge logs piled upon it; so I lay down again, and despite the tempest, slept tranquilly until morning.

When I opened my eyes again, the sun had risen, and was shining out from the clear blue sky. I started up, and shook myself free from the snow, hunter fashion; but what could equal my surprise and consternation when, looking towards the lake, I saw nothing but blue rippling waters! Not a vestige was visible of the bateau, which I had last seen lying by the shore, save a broken fragment of rope round the tree from which
she had broken loose in the storm, and then floated out from land with her sleeping crew, leaving me alone in the wilderness.

Alone—without resources, without a guide, I stood in that vast solitude, hundreds of miles distant, most probably, from any human being, ignorant even of so much of forest lore as was required to tell me how I had gained my steps. But for a hope that the beateau might return for me, I should have been overwhelmed by despair. That thought upheld me; and all the hours till nightfall—and that November day was the longest I ever knew—I sat watching with strained eyes for the returning boat. The setting sun left me still a watcher, though no longer hopeful; and by the time the stars shone out in the sky, I had begun to realize the fact that, under Providence, it was on my own exertions alone I must depend to save me from perishing in the wilderness.

That night I sat beneath the aurora, seeking not to sleep, but gazing moodily into the fire, reflecting on what was to be done, while I grasped tightly my rifle, my only friend left to me, save the knife and revolver in my belt. The only plan I could decide on was to turn to the eastward, and travel along the shore, contenting myself with the certainty that, however slowly, I should at least be advancing towards the coast, as the sun spread over the sky, I rose to commence my solitary journey.

As I turned to leave the spot, something glittered darkly on the ground: it was a tomahawk; and I raised and placed it in my belt, with deep gratitude for this timely gift of providence. It would have gone ill with me in the inclement weather which the storm precluded without that tomahawk to chop wood for the fires that warmed me in those nights of intense frost, and cooked the venison and partridges I had for my use until I could get out of sight of the lake, and so completely lose my way.

For four days I travelled on, while each day was colder than the last; and on the sixth day, a violent snow-storm overtook me on an open plain. For some time I struggled blindly against it, in the effort to gain a place of shelter; but it was of no use; and in the end I was glad to crouch in the lee of a solitary dwarf fir, and wrapping myself in my blanket, let the snow fall on my head. The covering, so cold in itself, imparted warmth to me; and I was soon in a deep dreamless sleep, from which I did not awake until next morning.

Oh, how stiff I was when I awoke!—so stiff and numb that I could only creep out of my snow-bower; and when I attempted to rise to my feet, I fell on the snow again in indescribable agony, which I soon found to be the result of both my feet being frost-bitten. Few are long in that climate without learning what is needful to be done in such an emergency, and I at once began to rub my feet with snow; but it was with a heavy heart, for if I was disabled, what was to become of me in that desolate spot?

At length—by instinct—I hoped had deserted me long before—I went forth on my journey, a miserable cripple, leaning on my rifle, and on a stick that at each step sunk deep into the snow, and with my suffering feet wrapped in the fur of the hare I had shot and eaten as soon as the sun set. In this way I dragged myself slowly along, until night came, when I sank down utterly exhausted, unable to bestow upon myself any of the care I stood so much in need of. All I could do was to seek a commodious sleeping-place—that is to say, a sheltered thicket, with an open space in front for my fire. One evening, I esteemed myself fortunate in finding a cave, which a mass of brushwood at the entrance had kept free from snow; the air inside was so warm that it was positively luxurious; and while busy making a fire before it, I resolved on remaining there a day or two to recruit.

The very idea was refreshing; and in unusual spirits I skinned a hare I had shot during the day, and placed it, hunter fashion, on two sticks before the fire. Scarcely was it placed in this torrid zone, when something between a growl and a groan seemed to intimate its dislike to its new home. I nodded; and in the horrible doubt whether I had not committed the barbarity of flaying and impaling a living animal, I stretched out my hand to withdraw it from the fire, when another growl, unmistakably behind my back, caused me to look round. But nothing was visible in the deep dim cavern save the carpet of dried leaves which the autumn winds had swept into it; and concluding there was some crummy in my new domicile through which the wind came grumbling down, I addressed myself to my roost.

The next moment, an undoubtable growl, so deep and fierce that it echoed through the cave, startled me to my feet; and I turned to find myself closely confronted by a tremendous grizzly bear, the most fearful animal of the American wilds. How fearlessly his eyes glared on me from under his shaggy brow, as he opened them from the new-fallen sleep, which the warm beams of my fire had dispelled, and how comically his great black nose, so velvety and eager longing to devour me! Here I had time to snatch the revolver from my belt, the gigantic beast rose toweringly above me, and opening his enormous jaws, pressed me to him in close embrace—so close, that my arms were pinned to my sides, and my very bones seemed to crack in that vice-like hug. I believe I screamed with the sudden agony, but the sound was lost in the deep-mouthed growl, like muttering thunder, that filled the cave.

Weak and taken aback as I was, I felt myself unequal to cope with the powerful beast in whose grasp I was; but even if life were little worth to a solitary such as I, this mode of death was so horrible, that it served me to efforts beyond my ordinary strength, and somehow my hand managed to creep up towards my belt. But ere I could reach the weapon I sought, a movement of the bear had loosened it, and fixing a single barrel, it fell to the ground among our feet. The report echoing through the cave, alarmed my adversary, who cowered, and tore at the blanket which a fortunate fit of teethache had made me wrap round my head. Not that this or any other earthly matter seemed likely to concern me long, for the strength of excitement was already passing, a strange murmur was mingling in my ears with the fierce growls of my enemy; and the pain of his claws changed into a vague yet universal agony, as consciousness and life were being pressed out in that terrible hug.

Suddenly a sound echoed through the cave, so sharp that it reached even my failing faculties, and appeared to thrill likewise on the nerves of my foe, to judge by the increased emphasis of his embrace; but the next instant he relaxed his hold, and sunk helpless on the ground beside me, his almost insensible victim.

My first sensations as I revived were of burning pains all over my body, and exceeding cold in my hands and face; and I opened my eyes to find a young Indian bending over me, and rubbing me with
snow. Passing near the cave, he had seen my fire, and heard the report of my revolver, and hastened to see what was the matter, just in time to save me from a miserable death and a revolting supplanthesis. All night long this good Samaritan sat beside me, tending the gaping wounds through which life threatened momentarily to escape; and when morning broke, he left me for a short while to go to his village—which was scarcely a mile distant—for help. In one of the lodges of that Indian hamlet I passed the remainder of the winter, prised and tended as if I had indeed been the 'brother' that in their stately yet kindly courtesy they applied me. Thanks to their skill in forest simples, my wounds healed marvellously; and when the sweet breath of spring broke the ice-fetters of the lakes and rivers, I was sufficiently recovered to embark in my preserver's canoe, the skin of my defences foes forming a luxurious couch.

My return to the land of civilisation something resembled that of a spirit to the land of the living. I will not say my place had forgotten me; for there had been no longer a place, since my lieutenant, my quarters, and my uniforms had other occupants; and very loath the tenants were, especially that of the first, to admit the fact of my resurrection.

THE BOAT-FLIES OF MEXICO.

This boat-fly or water-bug* derives both its names from its well-known habit of turning itself over on the water like a boat, and so swimming about, with its head downward. It abounds among our ponds and ditches, and may be readily observed, though not readily caught, during the day; but at night it rises into the air and flies away in search of food, which it finds either by making prey of smaller insects, or by parasitically attacking the larger animals, after the manner of other bugs. When you succeed in catching one—not easy matter—most likely it will thrust out its beak into your hand, and there leave an irritating poison, the effects of which, however, soon pass off.

The fact of these insects swimming upon their backs is a remarkable peculiarity in their history; indeed, no other entomological tribe presents this peculiarity, which thus serves to distinguish, at a glance, a member of the Notonectidae from any other aquatic or land insect; and, although the greater part of their life is passed under water, their bodies, like those of the water-fowl, never get wet, for they are more or less completely covered with very minute hairs or bristles, which imprison—at least, on the surface of the wings upon which they swim—a sheet of air, and effectually prevent the immediate contact of water with the body of the insect. Nature has provided for most aquatic insects in the same way.

Such are a few facts relating to our English species of boat-fly; but, in Mexico, we find other varieties of these water-bugs, which will furnish us with the occasion of noticing some very curious phenomena. But to do this, we must soar for an instant from the entomological kingdom into the domain of geology.

Our readers are doubtless acquainted with the oolite limestone. In the British Museum, and at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, likewise in several provincial collections, are to be seen some magnificent specimens of this remarkable rock and its many varieties. It is immediately distinguished from any other description of rock or stratified earth by the presence, in its mass, of innumerable spherical nodules, varying in size from that of a millet-seed to that of a marble, from which, indeed, the name oolite has been taken—Greek, oun, an egg, and idos, a stone—as being a rock composed of eggs, or an egg-rock.

How have these oolitic rocks, which differ so much from all the others, been formed? This question has puzzled geologists, chemists, mineralogists, paleontologists, &c., ever since oolites were first observed. Some have seen a grain of sand rolling along the calcareous bed of a trout-stream, gradually cover itself with a crust of limestone, and, rolling still, soon present the aspect of an isolated oolite. To these sporadic nodules, the name of Pisolites has been given. Is it, then, in the agglomeration of these pisoliths that must be sought the explanation of oolitic structure? Others have seen pisoliths form in the interior of steam-engines, when certain substances have been introduced to prevent the calcareous matter contained in the water from depositing upon the sides of the boilers; and they have concluded that pisoliths could be formed in thermal or hot mineral springs as well as in streams. It was observed that these nodules are easily cemented together by water holding calcareous or other mineral matter in solution, and it was consequently supposed, pretty generally, that pisoliths may have given rise to the peculiar structure of the oolitic beds observed in nature.

But now comes an entirely and very ingenious theory respecting the origin of oolites—here, at the commencement of the present year, we have two observers who look upon these rocks as having an organic origin! Mr Bowring and M. Virlet d'Aousta think—indeed, have apparently proved by direct observation—that the oolitic globules have been, and are still formed by an incrustation of carbonates of lime deposited upon the eggs of certain water-insects, belonging to the family of the Notonectidae, or boat-flies.

A paper has lately been read at the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. Virlet, in which he endeavours to prove, not only that oolite must have been formed in very ancient, anti-historic times, from the eggs of similar aquatic insects, but that the same wonderful cause of rock-formation is extremely active in Mexico at the present time.

However extraordinary this origin of oolitic limestone may appear at first sight, we must not be too hasty in rejecting altogether the statements brought forward by the above-named author. Has not Dr Ehrenberg shown that immense masses of the earth's crust owe their origin to a profusion of microscopic Infusoria and Foraminifera?—and, Mr Rupert Jones, has he not discovered that great portions of the structure of our globe are strewn with Estomoastracae—small crustaceans (formerly taken for bivalve mollusca) resembling our little water-fleas (Cycrida)? Has not Dr Bowerbank ingeniously demonstrated that flints and muss-agates are nothing more than petrified or fossil sponges; and do we not know with certainty that a great part of the earth's structure is composed almost entirely of corals and shells? M. Virlet d'Aousta, in his turn, endeavours to show that oolitic rocks owe their formation to myriads of minute eggs and the seed of some aquatic insects. Here are the facts observed:

Every one has heard of the great plain of Mexico, situated some 7500 feet above the level of the sea, and from whence Humboldt brought back the idea of what was called an antediluvian man (homo diluvii tantis), being neither more nor less than a large fossil salamander.

* The family of the Notonectidae, as the water-bugs are called, belongs to the hemipterous section of the insect order.
belonging to the most recent fresh-water formations. Near the centre of the lake itself, two large lakes. The first of these goes by the name of Chalco; the second, near which some salt-works have been established, is called Texcoco. M. Virlet remarked that the bottoms of both these lakes are formed by a sort of gray limestone of modern formation, containing small olivicic globules, which, in this author’s eyes, are in every respect similar to those found in the limestone of the Jura. He immediately made known this fact to Mr Bowring, director of the salt-works at Texcoco, who informed him that these globules were owing simply to the incrustation of the eggs of water-insects by carbonate of lime deposited daily from the waters of the lakes.

In a second excursion to these lakes, it was observed that their banks were strewn, under water, with an infinitude of insects’ eggs, about the size of a pin’s head, and which appeared to belong to a species of boat-fly. M. Virlet is not only convinced that these modern collides of Mexico owe their formation to the eggs of these insects, but thinks, like Crézé, also, that the collides of the Jura and other ancient strata must be attributed to a similar cause. ‘This would explain,’ says he, ‘the irregular distribution of olivicic grains or nodules in the rocks of the Jurassic strata. Where there is a small collide, there are few water-insects, the egg which formed it has been enclosed before being hatched; where the olivicic globules are completely solid, the eggs have had time to hatch, and the cavities left by the exit of the grubs (larvae) have been filled up by the increasing calcareous matter.’

If these facts are confirmed by future observation, it will not be without interest that we shall recall the Greek origin of the word olite. I would, however, on this occasion remind our geological readers that a small olivicic bed, bearing great resemblance to the Jura limestone, was formerly discovered by Leopold von Buch, near Tegucigalpa, in the Canary Islands. This olivicic bed is also, like that of Mexico, of modern formation, and probably continues increasing at the present day. It would therefore be of great interest to ascertain if the olivicic deposit made known to us by Leopold von Buch owes its origin to causes similar to those stated by M. Virlet in reference to the Mexican olivicic. Such an investigation would be made possible by the English vessels which frequently visit the Canary Islands, would be more likely to decide the question than the examination of ancient olivicic, with a view to discover some organic remains that might be attributed to the eggs of insects.

But the Mexican boat-flies, which appear to play so important a part in modern rock-formation, are important also in a truly practical sense, insomuch as they furnish to man, and some of his domestic animals, a plentiful supply of food. The Mexicans consume at their meals immense quantities of the eggs of these aquatic insects. Many authors have written more or less indistinctly on this curious alimentary substance, which is sometimes termed Mexican flour, animal flour, ete., or known under the Mexican epithet of haulte. That it has been employed as food for a long time past, we learn from the fact that Thomas Gage, an ecclesiastic and a naturalist, who was travelling in Mexico in the year 1625, described the cakes and cakes that were then made of it.

Brantz Mayer, in a work called Mexico as it Was and as it Is, published in 1844, affirms that the Indians made use of this ‘animal flour’ long before the conquest. From the account left us by M. Craveri, who sent to Europe a certain quantity of this Mexican flour, and samples of the insects which produce it, the latter appear to be very common in the waters of the lakes we have referred to above. In the lake of Chalco, off the nateral tree of land are seen two large lakes. The first of these goes by the name of Chalco; the second, near which some salt-works have been established, is called Texcoco. M. Virlet remarked that the bottoms of both these lakes are formed by a sort of gray limestone of modern formation, containing small olivicic globules, which, in this author’s eyes, are in every respect similar to those found in the limestone of the Jura. He immediately made known this fact to Mr Bowring, director of the salt-works at Texcoco, who informed him that these globules were owing simply to the incrustation of the eggs of water-insects by carbonate of lime deposited daily from the waters of the lakes.

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SUNNET—THE SKY-LARK’S BEST.

Nur in secluded incense-breathing grove,
Nur tangled brake, nor coprice privacy.—
Sweet haunts of nests fashioned so cunningly—
Weaves the bold sky-lark his retreat of love,
But on heath, marsh, or green, where cattle rove,
He scratches out a cupful of loose ground,
And struggling lay within the hollow wound
His humble nest completes.
But oft above
From out the grass-fringed edges of the daisy peep,
And bends her golden eye o’er eggs or young.
And never seemeth half so fair as then;
So like sweet spirit to protect from wrong
The ministril’s house, exposed to eager keen
Of village boy, as through the grass he creeps.

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RULING THE PLANETS.

Since one murder and several score of serious larcenies have recently taken place among us by means of supposed Planetary Influences, it really becomes high time to investigate their phenomena with some care. Even in these days, it seems—in this so much bemoaned nineteenth century of ours—householders, men that have two costs, and women of the crinoline social status, are found to go, day after day, and week after week, with money in their hands, to Wise Men, for aid in their distresses; while maid-servants, by the hundred, are accustomed to exhaust their scanty finances upon the same ingenious persons; and when their own money is gone, to depop the unbelief of masters and mistresses for rewards for these Searchers of the Stars. In every city, nay, in every smallest country town, a belief in Soothsaying is still found to be widespread and well rooted; while the Art of ruling the Planets, besides having professors in abundance all over the land, has a Literature at least as extensive as any of those Sciences, of the popularity of which our social leaders are just now so boastful. It is not prominent, indeed, in Regent Street, nor even in Paternoster Row, although the specimens of it which we have now before us* profess, with a vague magnificence, to be published 'for the booksellers;' but it is to be seen and sold in every back-street of inferior neighbourhood in London, as in every other place. The shops which it affects mostly are not those where The London Journal, Reynolds's Miscellany, The Family Friend, and other cheap periodicals, are exposed for sale, but establishments of a still more humble character. These treatises upon astrology and the mysteries of the future are content to stand in the same shop-windows, side by side with peppermint bulls-eyes, with boot-laces, with advertisements of 'a mangle within,' with artificial flowers, with marbles, and with exceedingly red and high-dried herrings. Their sale is enormous, in spite—or, perhaps, in some measure because—of the miscellaneous company which they are thus wont to keep. A young woman may be of opinion that artificial flowers become her, and also be desirous of knowing, by means of The Bohemian (or other) Fortune-teller, what sort of young man he is whose affections they may assist to caprice. A gentleman may want a bootlace, and at the same time may be glad to learn whether the journey which he is about to undertake, when that lace is tied, will be prosperous; in which case, The New Forest Gipsy is ready to his hand. It was, we confess, under pretence of purchasing a pennyworth of peppermint-drops, that we ourselves obtained, at different emporiums, the five remarkable volumes which form the subject of this paper; and our whole outlay, exclusive of the above refreshments, did not exceed fourpence halfpenny. All these works, save one, are illustrated, although not profusely, and one of them is coloured to that extent, that the paint of its single picture has run through and dyed all the rest of the pages. Diagrams of Futurity, Oracles of Love, Marriage, and Destiny, Tablets of Prophecy, and Trees of Fate, are also interspersed through each—a little embarrassing in themselves, perhaps, but made clear by copious references to the letterpress. The Universal Book of Fate has even a preface in the form of a memoir, written, as it seems, by way of tribute to the memory of one of the fathers, or rather of the mothers, of the Art of Divination. The anonymous biographer who has undertaken this labour of love, is somewhat eccentric in his spelling, and altogether unique in his grammatical arrangement, but his facts are doubtless indisputable; and here we have them:

'To the Reader.'

In ushering into the world such a performance as this, it may be necessary to give our readers some account of the life of the person who left the following little work for the benefit and instruction of the world, a person whose name, though not recorded among the roll of those whose heroic actions have trumped the world to the world, yet her discerning eye, and her knowledge in prescience, render her not unknown to the generality of those who devote any attention to this interesting study. 'Mrs Bridget, vulgarly called Mother Bridget, lived, in her peregrination through this life, in a kind of cave, or rather a hollow, formed by nature above ground, with the assistance of a little art, and comprising an exceeding warm shelter from the air: company of all sorts resorted to her, nobility, gentry, tradesmen, and mechanics—men, women, girls, and boys, of all degrees and classes.'

This lady was, it seems, 'born on the spot where she lived,' and gifted with 'an early propensity to prescience, which evinced she had it instilled in her by nature.' She would sit up whole nights when the atmosphere was clear, 'as intent on considering the stars, as the greatest astronomers with their glasses;' and she made use of the knowledge thus gained of the signs of the weather, to predict

there are more or less unlucky days in every month, from eight in January to one in October. In a brief answer to my question concerning children born on any day of the week, we learn that Sunday is the most fortunate day, and Tuesday the least. We ourselves, who came into the world on a Thursday, are again favored, as far as the greater number of people are concerned. For all things are not alike: when life has been but a day younger, we might have been of a strong constitution, but probably far too amatory. It is worthy of remark, that the lucky days are the same in all the countries, and the predictions almost identical, so that either a miraculous similarity of prophetic power must have pervaded all our authors, or else they must have plagiarised from one another to an extent unknown in any other literature.

The most curious part of Mother Bridget's work is that devoted to 'Judgment.' The nails, Those who have broad nails are 'of a gentle disposition, bashful, and afraid of speaking before their superiors, or indeed to any, without hesitance and a downcast eye to which the thumb is so often confined.'

'...the person loves agriculture.' Finally, 'if the nails be red and spotted, the individual will be cholerical and martial, delighting in cruelty and war; his chief pleasure being in plundering of towns, wherein all things precious in human nature is glutted to satisfy.'

*The New Forest Gipsy* bears evidence of a higher culture, but of a less inspired character. Its style is not so good as Mr Macaulay's, nor yet so eccentric as Mr Cowper's. I had made it my business formerly to transcribe the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which, when they were as unintelligible to me as these, I might by perseverance get at the depth of this valuable manuscript, or, at least, I would have made a diligent attempt to decipher it. But the British Muse is, as the remains of a woman who was so famous, and whose name was so well known among mankind.

'I was therefore immediately determined on renewing my labours with redoubled ardour and unwearied assiduity; and, in length, as perseverance and resolution will conquer difficulties, I found it, and the whole mystery was opened unto me.

The first chapter of this inspired work—considering, however, of only fourteen pages—is devoted to an explanation of the circle of the sphere and some other terms in astrology,' which, so far from being a sort of supernatural nature, might have been written by the Astronomer-Royal himself. But when we get to the planetary days and hours, how much more is there to know! And it seems that Jupiter, have the pleasure of learning that we are (or ought to be) 'of a ruddy and sandy complexion, fair hair, well-proportioned body, and of a lovely countenance;' our face is rather broad than long; and we are also 'courteous, of a very affable carriage, moral, and deeply religious.' That the art of Mother Bridget is an old one, is evident enough from the continual references to minutia or bloodletting, which was wont to be such a favourite recreation among the old age. And for the present these lines of the new moon are, it seems, extremely propitious for our being led (whether we want it or not), but on the seventeenth and one-and-twentieth days, 'by no means let blood,' and if a child be born unto us in these days, let us not rejoice, since, 'the time may be witty and ingenious, he will surely be addicted to stealing.' Beside the cardinal or dog days, which are fraught with the greatest peril and danger to everybody—and wherein, if you must let blood, be sure to do it before the middle of the day—
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look well to their conduct; justice, though slow, is sure to overtake the wicked.

But of all this liberal library of divination, commend us to The Bohemian Fortune-teller, which we have reserved, with our usual foresight, to finish with, as the postboy reserves one gallop for the avenue.

This volume plunges at once in medias res, without any introduction, dedication, preface, heading, or explanation. Its opening words are these: 'The star denotes happiness in the clear and at the top of the cup; clouded, or in the thick, it signifies long life, though exposed to various troubles. If dots are about it, it foretells great fortune, wealth, responsibility, and honour.'

The grounds upon which this strange prediction is made are not stated, and we have to refer, in another work, to the article 'Divination by means of Teas and Coffee Grounds.' Conceive how well known must this abstruse science be among the people to whom it is addressed, since a matter to us so mysterious, needs for them no explanation beyond that afforded by the frontispiece, wherein—as appears to the common eye—a young woman is being persuaded by a young man to take a little physic in a tea-cup!

'The Art of Fortune-telling by Cards,' to which several pages are devoted, is commonplace enough; and we merely remark of it, that the Ace of Spades—contrary to the opinion of wise and foolish—was considered the worst of the four suits, while the 'Tray of spades shews you will be unfortunate in marriage, and your partner inconsistent'—by which term, we believe, The Bohemian Fortune-teller intends to imply inconstancy.

The main attraction of this volume consists in its directions for obtaining or executing 'charms, spells, and incantations;' and it is observable that these are almost exclusively addressed to the softer sex, with the avowed object of procuring for them lovers, or for informing them what their lovers will be like.

'To see a Future Husband in a Dream.—The party inquiring must lie in a different county from that in which she commonly resides, and on going to bed must kneel on the right knee, thinking of her lover; leaving the other garter and stocking alone; and as you rehearse the following verse, at every comma knit a knot:

This knot I knot, to know the thing I know not yet, That I may see, the man who shall my husband be, How goes, and what he bears. And what he does all days and years.'

Beside this charm, there are, strange to say, only three others which are in verse; of which the following bears, perhaps, the most evident trace of antiquity:

'The Nine Keys.—Get nine keys; they must all be your own by borrowing or purchase (borrowing will not do, nor must you tell for what you want them); plait a three-pleated band of your own hair, and tie them together, fastening the ends with nine knots; fasten them with one of your garters to the left wrist on going to bed, and bind the other garter round your head; then say:

St Peter, take it not amiss, To try your favour I've done this. You are the ruler of the keys, Favour me, then, if you please; Let me, then, your influence prove, And see my dear and wedded love.

This must be done on the eve of St Peter's day, and is an old custom used by the maidens of Rome in ancient times, who put great faith in it.'

Here follows a doubtless excellent, but somewhat complex receipt for knowing Whether a Lady will have the Gentlemen she wishes. 'Get two lemon-peels, wear them all day in each pocket; at night, rub the four posts of the bedstead with them; if she is to be successful, the person will appear in his sleep, and present her with a couple of lemons; if not, there is no hope.'

If our maid-servants do indeed practise the device which forms our next extract, there is no wonder that robberies are sometimes committed with such incomprehensible ease: 'Any unmarried woman, living in Middens Lane, and having a piece of clean cloth, with bread, cheese, and ale, and sitting down as if going to eat, the street-door being left open, the person whom she is afterwards to marry will come into the room, and drink to her by bowing; and afterwards filling the glass, will leave it on the table, and making another bow, retire.' We fear that this mysterious Unknown, without imputation upon his polite behaviour, would scarcely vanish so easily satisfied, if any plate or other valuables were within reach.

To know what fortune (rank in life) her future husband will have, a young woman must observe the following precautions: 'Take a walnut, a hazel nut, and a nutmeg; grate them together, and mix them with butter and sugar, and make them into small pills, of which exactly nine must be taken on going to bed, and according to her dreams, so will be the state of the person she will marry. If a gentleman, of riches; if a clergyman, of a private income; if a lawyer, of darkness; if a tradesman, of odd noises and tumults; if a soldier or sailor, thunder or lightning; if a servant, of rain.' We do not know how highly a knowledge of the future may be valued by persons about to marry; but we ourselves would not take nine pills, at one go, for the sake of obtaining all the partners as well as the fortunes of the Revd Brigham Young, of the Salt Lake. Finally, there is a device, To discover theft by means of the sieve and shears, which, in its form, very singularly assimilates to 'table turning;' but whether it is of ancient or modern origin, we do not know: 'Stick the points of the shears in the wood of the sieve, two persons supporting it balanced upright with their two fingers, then read a certain chapter in the Bible, and afterwards ask St Peter and St Paul if A or B is the thief, naming all the persons you suspect. On naming the real thief, the sieve will suddenly turn round.'

Reader, however these misshapen children of ignorance and superstition may procry your smiles, you must not forget that they are the acknowledged genii of no small number of your countrymen, and especially of your countrywomen; and so long as the question of popular education is left to the faculties of seers, and the supine is content with the most in need of its benefits, they will always remain so. Poor, much abused 'secular enlightenment,' whatever it may fail to do, would at least destroy under its first foot-tread such miserable and evil fungi as The Bohemian Fortune-teller and The Universal Book of Fate.

DR JOHN BROWN'S 'LOCKE AND SYDENHAM,' &c.*

Dr John Brown is one of a numerous class of men in the professional and middle ranks of life, who use their spare time in an unobtrusive cultivation of literature, writing an anonymous paper now and then, which the public 'does not willingly see die,' but seldom coming out into the blaze of literary notoriety. He has here collected his few occasional writings into an elegant volume, and placed them with his name before the public judgment. Natures of a refined

delicate cast, gentle meditative spirits, lovers of elegant phraseology, especially if they belong to the medical world, will relish the book highly, and give it a good place in their libraries. With the great mass of the public kind of an ingenue, we're thinking of one popular element, a rich quaint humour—we should think there will be less appreciation. Let them judge for themselves, however, after reading a specimen.

When a boy at the High School of Edinburgh, the author made acquaintance with a dog called Rabs, the guardian of the lawn of the Howgate carrier, in consequence of seeing him comport himself nobly in a fight with one of his own species. The acquaintance was kept up till Mr Brown was a medical student and clerk in the Minto House Hospital. 'We had,' says he, 'much pleasant intimacy. I found the way quite safe, and now I see him, I know I am safe.' And all this time, he was calling him 'Maister John,' but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rabs, with that great and easy air that belonged to him. He looked more like the taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satisfied with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse and apparently, and looking back. When he saw me, James—for his name was James Noble—made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breast—so she's going to ask me an income between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rabs had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Caesar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity of all great fighters.

'Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Allie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her peace, while full also of other things overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate; and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful couple than one more subdued to settled quiet.

"Allie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rabs's frend, ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. "Unto the corner of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rabs looked concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Allie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breast, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rabs grim and concis, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shewn, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Allie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? there was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions"—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet respiration, with its mouth, express the pangs of suffering overw. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

"I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "You may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I 'se warrant he's d that, doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now; he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brinded, and one eye out of the ear of his. He looked more like the taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satisfied with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse and apparently, and looking back. When he saw me, James—for his name was James Noble—made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breast—so she's going to ask me an income between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rabs had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Caesar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity of all great fighters.

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gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, allowing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the dictionary, and took that handsome and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear, and dropping it as fast.

"Allie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a glimpse at James, but her eyes rested on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did not know the doctrine. The pain was dreadful in its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and important; he grew bold, and now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Allie.

"It is over; she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, and takes her leave. He, after household cares, sombrely, if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wet like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Allie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy coat, warmed withblankets, but her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness.

"We tried what we could. James did everything, went everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subdued under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Allie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently, was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and slow at times. He was vexed, and said: "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in, strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle—

"The intellectual power, through words and things, went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

"She sang bits of old songs and psalms, stopping suddenly, mingle the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballad.

"Nothing more touching, or, in a sense, more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some tender words, some household cares, some sentiment, some case of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "frenzy" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the psalms, prose and metre, chancing the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Allie." "Ailie, ma woman!"

"Ma ain bonny wee dawtie!"

"The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking, the silver cord was fast being loosed—that animula, blandula, vagilla, hopose, conteuse, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being parted. His eyes were sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to smash its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and important; he grew bold, and now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Allie.

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he was "wat, wat, and weary," and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while "a the laws were sleepin'"; and by the freighting putting her name on the blankets for her ain James's bed. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and hopped her careful and finely up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding strode up the only light in my hands in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her up. She was as though as when he had had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jesus by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, with his shoulder against him. 

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicholson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; got in, turned, thinking the company got up Litherton Bros, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands, and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchiniddy woods, past a haunted Woodhouselee, and as daybreak came across, Wally, bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Adie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jesus up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling snow's tawny whiteness. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made his death not difficult. The house opened to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the office—Mr. Johnstone, who was now James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart.

"How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely: "What's your business wi' the dog?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said: "Deed, sir, Rab's dead!" "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He quite up in the mea, and when he come out. I tempt him wi' kail and meat, but he wadna tae it, and keep it free feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurgin', and gur grappin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dog; he's like wasms between this and Thornhill; but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

We cannot resist the temptation to add an anecdote which Dr Brown gives in a paper on Dr Henry Marshall and the health of the soldiers. 'All great and true generals,' says he, 'from King David, Hannibal, Caesar, Cromwell, the great Frederick, &c., down to our own Sir Colin, have had their men's comforts, interests, and lives at heart. The late Lord Dunelm, when speaking, with deep feeling and anger, to the writer about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimes, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercromby. After his glorious victory, the dying general was being carried on a litter to the boat of the Foudroyant, in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards adjutant-general) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled, and said: "That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?" "It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph." "Only a soldier's blanket, sir," said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. "Why does the blanket is it?" "One of the men's. I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is;" and everything passed till he was satisfied. "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night;" and, weared and contents, the soldier's friend was moved to no fault bed. "You can give the blanket to Dunelm, in his strong, earnest way, "the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night.""

Perhaps it is from an ineradicable habit of trying to view everything in its just limits, colouring, and proportions, that we feel inclined to remark in Dr Brown a tendency to admire special things too exclusively and too much, and generally to overdo every picture he condescends to paint. The work goes beyond the material; phrase beyond the idea. As all idolaters, he finds virtues and beauties in his idols which other people do not see, and which probably the idols themselves were unconscious of, and would have been surprised to hear attributed to them. We can say in all sincerity, we should be more afraid to be of his favourites than the reverse.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

Truly, to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, in the education of his child, or his guardians made for his education. A few years went by, and the labouring stonemason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With better means and good wages, Richard Mallet was willing to cause the child to be sent to Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner, but her labours were aided by a little servant; and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the case he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But his wife and children would find him at home. Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was not the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time? In these few years, Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch and there was a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements now-a-days. Under skilful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school,
The daughters were rather more humble-minded, and being old school-fellows of Jessie, welcomed her right gladly. They were soon out in the garden together—all three glad to escape from the drawing-room, and have a few minutes' chat before the bustle of the day commenced.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr Dick Hale running down to the tower where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

'Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes.'

The girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

'We'll Miss Mallet, this is doing us honour, isn't it? You and I are lucky fellows to have such a birthday-keeping as this.'

'I am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or, perhaps—' Jessie hesitated.

'Or, perhaps, you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. He's sure to oblige you.' Mr Dick turned very red.

'No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—' Jessie stammered, and stopped again.

'To insult your guardian, eh?' said Dick, recovering his good-humour, when he saw Jessie look distressed. 'You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. Oh, if you only knew what she's gone through to get them together, and the management it has taken to avoid giving offence. Just imagine her position this morning, when the Romleys sent word they'd be able to come after all, and we (unhappy wretches), on receiving their first note to decline, had invited their mortal enemies, the Cheesemans. The families are at daggers drawn, because young Romley, I suppose, wants to marry one of the Miss Cheesemans, and old Romley spurns the alliance, and swears he'll never consent. A pretty thing for an anxious hostess! Oh—I wish the Cheesemans were here. Oh, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all.' Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

'Why not?' asked Jessie.

'Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By the way, you don't, I hope.'

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

'No, I don't know them.'

'Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious.'

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

'There goes my father!' suddenly cried Richard.

'He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. I must be off too, or we shall have the Romleys falling foul of the Cheesemans, and there'll be blood split. Come along.'

They hastened away to the lawn.

Everything wore a gala air there. The visitors...
were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fête at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighbourhood for days past.

Jessie was an object of considerable interest to the guests. She was said to be a sort of ward of Mr Hale's, and very rich; also there was some mystery about her fortune. Had they known that it was a half-sovereign lent, years ago, by Mr Hale's father to Zebedee Peck, the hop-picker boy, that had laid the foundation of the fortune, they would probably have manifested less enthusiasm; but, being ignorant of this prosaic fact, several persons were very eager for an introduction.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no stranger; she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr Hale decided the prize when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr Hale's home- made music, and such exhilarating madrigals, that was enough to set the very cows in the neighbouring fields doing Letz and La Poule.

Bilbey, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one car, not far off, to whom it brought no comfort. In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallett, who for the last hour had paced backwards and forwards in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter; she had been a stranger to him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with grey, and his face had a hard, rather worn, look of old age. He wore a better coat now, and had a black silk neckerchief fastened loosely round his throat. The horse and hedges of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time, he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time, he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

'Mr Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—and I'm engaged, and a bound to business.' called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates.

'My business ain't with Mr Hale,' said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face showed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

'Oh, it's the back-door you want, is it? Take that first path, then, to the right.'

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly, he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind him, and the high laurel-hedge at his side.

'Mallet? Ah, that's her name, is it? Well, she is certainly good-looking. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognisable. Is it true?'

'Quite true. Mrs Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common masson, and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people—that's certain.'

Richard's lips became white as death.

'What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!' continued the new speaker. 'Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host!'

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side-lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquees erected; so he escaped observation.

'Is my daughter in?'' he inquired of the servant at the hall-door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at a waiter near, replied:

'No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Your business ain't particlar pressin', I 'ope; and he winked at his companion.

'You'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?'

'Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; she's in the house.'—The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

'You'll have the goodness to shew me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her.

Without another word, the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow-window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was admitted without more ado. Then the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantel-piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Mr Dick Hale.

For one moment they both stared at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next, Jessie gave a low cry and sprung forward:

'Father!' Richard Mallett's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

'Mrs Hale disappeared.

'Thou art changed since we met, girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown.' He scanned her over at arm's-length.

'I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress.
Stay; don't speak yet; you may repent it. I have a question to ask you: I want to know whether you will have an audience of me, and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child.

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

'Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough, meditated disloyal friends? Yes, father, there is a deal to lose's but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find else'—He suddenly stopped. 'Answer me, my lass, which is it to be—go or stay?'

'I love her still; his last words had decided her in a moment. 'You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed of them you'll have to live out of her hand, and be poor with her. Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your child.

'He bent his face in her hands, and wept.

'You say you ain't ashamed of me,' said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. 'Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and hard with labour; my boots are the bigger and uglier; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—anybody may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window, to the lawn amongst those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out.'

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasms passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much, too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her irresolution, and his breath came quick. 'You've had time to think. Dare you do it?'

There was a moment's silence, and then the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and stepped back from the window.

She had reached the window, when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

'I can't, then—you can't do it,' whispered Richard hoarsely. Without another word, he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her, Jessie was at his side: 'Father, forgive me; I have no fear.'

'Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up to the tent where Mr and Mrs Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

Who Was Miss Mallet? got with her? 'What a singular thing is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?' asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there, in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs Hale.

A buzz of astonishment spread around. Mrs Hale looked bewildered and confused; but true, Jessie had done speaking, Mr Hale was at her side.

'This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance.' Mr Hale held out his hand to Richard. 'I have only seen you once before, Mr Mallet (it was when your uncle died); but I have not forgotten your behaviour then.'

Mr Hale's prompt manner had spared anything like a scene, and relieved everyone at once.

'Sir, I thank you;' said the young man. 'But let me explain how I come to intrude myself here.' Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed, with his hat off. 'I ain't a man to intrude myself anywhere, but I had a reason for coming here, which may be a wrong one, but which I couldn't help followin' out. For now goin' on seven years, sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled nor interfered with the education I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, sir, to claim her, and see if she is still loved as she was to do; but come, I'm afraid, in a spirit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed, and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlour, where I was waitin' for her just now, I stealed glances at her, her beauty as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened-like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that came, I don't know how): 'If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me before all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought.' Whereupon, sir, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she step out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so He will.—It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it.'

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

'Mr Mallet,' said an old gentleman coming forward, 'I admire and sympathise with your conduct. May God bless your daughter.'

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm, and led her to a seat.

'Let me shake the hand of your father, Mr Mallet. I honour both your head and your heart.'

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes; Mrs Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses; but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions, had they not stole off, through Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlour, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course, the archery fête at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighbourhood, and gained considerableitet from what certain ladies pleased to term 'the romantic incident' that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farmhouse in Devonshire. The garden overlooked the sea, and, from the seat under the sycamore, the white, bird-like sail of the fishing-boats coming up with the tide, and the great
hull of a Plymouth steamer in the distance, with its smoke-plume trailing along the horizon, were visible.

The sea, and to May and June a family who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knees, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farmyard. His wife, busy with a needle, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother’s feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father, on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped tightly together, eyes fixed, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

‘Father,’ she said suddenly, ‘I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb’s wicked intentions seemed to have cared nothing for his own frustration. He has knitted us closer together than ever. I think I should never have known how much I loved you, had I not been separated from my home all those years; and I certainly never could have known how much you loved me.’

‘Yes, Jessie, good has come out of evil in our lives, and I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have, were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so, Uncle Zeb’s curse could never have done us any harm. We want more faith in one another, Jessie, and in the goodness of our own hearts, and then we’d see less coldness and disunion than there is in the world. But I mustn’t preach; it’s only your mother who says I’m as good as the parson, or who thinks me as clever, bless her heart!’ He looked towards his wife with a fond smile, and then up to the sky. ‘Is there any sign of them up there? See, there’s Phil shouting like mad!’

There was evidently great excitement amongst the mother and her boys.

‘There he goes, father. There’s the gentleman who took us to the sea last month, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!’

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall. ‘Oh, do run and ask him to come in,’ said the father, ‘I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn’t know him! You go too, Jessie; you’ll know how to thank him. Here’s your hat.’

Jessie took her father’s arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father’s arm. ‘O stop, father—stop! Look, he’s coming this way!’

Jessie had recognised the figure before—she was that of Mr Dick Hale. He had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days past, in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behaviour. Wild-ducks had been the object of his Wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appealed only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighbourhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs Mallet’s part to induce Mr Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterwards. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighbourhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

‘A few years further on, and we again took a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.’

But this time they are assembled by a winter’s fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grand-children. Grandfather has seen many changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

‘Let it be something true, grandfather,’ says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

‘And let it have a terrible name,’ says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

‘Suppose, then, I tell you your mother’s history,’ says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband’s side.

‘Yes, grandfather, tell them that,’ replies the children, their heads leaned together on his knee. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

‘But mother’s history won’t be a story,’ cries Dick.

‘It will be as good,’ says grandfather; ‘and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it A Dead Man’s Revenge!’

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

The organisations by virtue of which the five senses are enabled to convey their ministrations to the sentient part of us, are all interesting of their kind; but neither the mechanism of the ear, nor the organism of taste, of smell, or of touch, is so full of interest as the structure of the eye.

The fact is, that the mechanism of the other four senses is too complex, too anatomical to awaken popular sympathy. One cannot sit down and dissect the nerves of taste; still more difficult for any but an anatomist is it to appreciate the organism of smell, hearing, and touch. The mechanism of seeing is more obvious. Nature, we may say—slightly inverting the truth—has so exactly copied the structure of telescopes and similar optical instruments in the construction of eyes, that even the most ignorant of anatomists may say what are they up to there! See, there’s Phil shouting like mad!’

There was evidently great excitement amongst the mother and her boys.

‘There he goes, father. There’s the gentleman who took us to the sea last month, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!’

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall. ‘Oh, do run and ask him to come in,’ said the father, ‘I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn’t know him! You go too, Jessie; you’ll know how to thank him. Here’s your hat.’

Jessie took her father’s arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father’s arm. ‘O stop, father—stop! Look, he’s coming this way!’

Jessie had recognised the figure before—she was that of Mr Dick Hale. He had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days past, in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behaviour. Wild-ducks had been the object of his Wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appealed only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighbourhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs Mallet’s part to induce Mr Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterwards. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighbourhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

‘A few years further on, and we again took a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.’

But this time they are assembled by a winter’s fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

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of the beautiful mechanism by which this is effected. To acquire that knowledge, an eye must be skilfully dissected in its socket, from behind. All the various kinds of motion of which ordinary eyes are susceptible, are effected by muscles stowed away in the socket. The acts of turning to the right, upwards, downwards, as well as rolling, are all accomplished by specific muscles. Contemplate now the admirable mechanism for keeping the eyes moist, without which provision, the sight would wax dim and difficult. Carefully bedded away in the outer corner of each eyeocket, the tear-liquid, of particular apparatus, specially designed for the manufacture and supply of the moisture in question. This moisture is no other than tears. On all ordinary occasions, this tear-liquid diffuses itself over the eyeballs in a thin sheet, thus producing for the moment closing the eyelids. When this constant alternate opening and closing of the eyelids is interfered with—as, for example, during sleep—the tears have to find their way from the external to the internal corner of the eye in a different fashion, to the explanation of which the reader's attention is now required. The upper and lower eyelids, notwithstanding they seem to be capable of actual juncture, only touch, nevertheless, and if the slightest particle of any substance, externally, their edges diverge so considerably, that between the external touching edges and the front of the eyeball protected by them, a triangular canal is left, along which the tear-moisture passes from the external to the internal corner of the eye. In this way, tears are secreted at last, a little duct awaits it, leading quite down into the cavity of the nose. Through this duct the tear-liquid escapes, after it has done its lubricating duty.

Except under circumstances of deep and peculiar excitement, the tear-liquid is not supplied to the eye faster than the little channels between the two lids and the aperture leading down to the nose can give exit to it. Occasionally, the development of tear-liquid is too rapid to permit this way of disposal; then, instead of the tears being secreted at the edges of the eyelashes, and trickles over the cheek; then we have veritable weeping. Fishes cannot cry; of this, one may rest assured. Having no lacrimal gland, they cannot secrete tears. Of what use would have been a tear-excreting apparatus to creatures whose eyes, throughout their whole system, are bathed in water? Fishes, moreover, have no eyelids. They do not need them, having no tear-liquid to be distributed; and even if a fish's eye should fall upon the eye of a fish, the very best conditions to effect its removal are supplied by a copious ablation of water.

From fishes which have no eyelids, to birds which possess each eye, the distance is great indeed. Beside the ordinary or external eyelid which birds possess in common with mammals, they have also a peculiar inner eyelid, termed the membrana nictitans by anatomists. Its motions are far more rapid than those of the external eyelids; in birds it is withdrawn, and the inges are almost lightning-like in their rapidity. The great use of the membrana nictitans is obviously to protect birds against the chances of getting floating particles of dust or of their external external eye into which they are especially liable, owing to the rapidity of their flight through the atmosphere.

It must not be imagined that all living beings are supplied with eyes made up of complex humours and lenses—a contrivance performed liere situated in front of the eyes. If, for example, we magnify the ocular appendages of a common house-fly, we should never discover—however considerable the magnifying power brought to bear—we should never discover the sort of eye-organism I have already described. We should find a very beautiful optical appendage nevertheless, the nature of which is as follows. A multiplying-glass is a common toy enough—not a magnifying-glass or lens, which simply makes things look bigger than they really are, but a block of glass cut into facets, which multiplies the visual representations of the thing observed by as many times as there are facets on the glass. Now, the small insects and flies are of this very type. Although their eyes are fixed and immovable, the necessity still exists in them, as in other creatures, for looking about in many directions, and therefore a sort of multiplying eye has been given to them. The facets of these eyes are many thousands in number, all tending in different directions; wherefore a common house-fly may be said to look habitually many thousand ways at once. Perhaps most people have experienced the difficulty of getting on the blind side of a fly; indeed, flies have no blind sides; the compound eyes with which they are furnished, though immovable, have a scope of vision to which our own more elaborate visual organs can advance and surpass.

The multiplying eye may be called the distinctive insect eye. Though a common house-fly has been chosen for convenience sake, nevertheless certain larger members of the insect tribe—dragon-flies, for example—display the same great advantage. To recognise thoroughly the beauty of a house-fly's visual organs, a microscope, or, at any rate, a magnifying-glass, is necessary. Otherwise is it, however, with the eyes of a dragon-fly. In them the multiplying facets are so large and so re dellously in the sunbeams, that simple inspection of them without optical aid is all we require.

Let no person make a spider the subject of microscopic observation, to the end of discovering those multiplying eyes. The most inventive of the mind of spiders, though they are not found them. Spiders, it is to be remembered, are not insects, though usually called so. Truly speaking, they range above insects, because of some well-marked peculiarities. They do not possess the insect or multiplying eye, for example; and they breathe by lungs, whereas the breathing of insects is performed after another fashion. Spiders are altogether more highly organised than insects, wherefore they possess a higher type of eye. The ocular apparatus of spiders is more like that of mammals and birds, divided into the head, however, each spider possesses more than one pair of eyes, though the exact number differs in different species. No wonder a spider can observe so well; no wonder a poor fly once caught in its web can escape. Spiders possess eyes of more than one sight, eyes of different power.

The very simplest form of eye an animal can have is a little dot of optic nerve, without corneal, lens, or anything of the sort. Of this kind are the eyes of leeches and snails. Animals whose visual perceptions must be very dull indeed, although doubtless sufficient for their necessities. Perceptions of light and darkness, such eyes are cognizant of; perhaps, too, of colour; but so far as anatomists can understand and interpret the mysteries of their organisation, these rudimentary eyes must be totally incompetent to realise the nice perceptions of form. That beautiful eye-appendage, the retina, together with its pupil, in addition to the function of the only one usually attributed to it—of admitting the amount of light proper for correct vision, has also another and scarcely less necessary function, that of rendering the outlines of bodies perceptible: in other words, of distinguishing forms.

As regards perceptions of colour, notices in many popular journals, and an ingenious treatise by Professor George Wilson, have given prominence to the defect commonly and appropriately known as colour-blindness; namely, the inability to perceive certain colours, or, at any rate, to individualise them. The late celebrated chemist, Dr Wollaston, furnished
An example of colour-blindness; and the still more celebrated chemist, Dr. Dalton, an example of the same defect in a still higher degree. Dalton's peculiarity was in no respect more prominently demonstrated than in his inability to perceive red as red should be. It looked to him as being a sort of dirty neutral tint — mud colour, as he designated it; and writing from London to a friend in Manchester concerning the beasts of the metropolis, a lane he had seen, their faces were described as having a tint of sky-blue. Nevertheless, Dalton thought the ladies pretty!

LEGAL FACETIE.

There is nothing, we imagine, more refreshing in the close atmosphere of a crowded court of justice, and to the tired minds of its occupants, than the interruption of the monotony of some long dull trial by a witicism from the witness-box. Dull faces brighten up; horsehair wigs, steeply reclined over the bailtable, are raised; the weary jurymen freshen up; and the great emblem of sovereignty, the judge himself, condescends to expand his solemn visage into a wintry smile. In such a case, the counsel sees in a moment that he has hit upon a little vein of wit, which he proceeds to burrow and mine in every direction, extracting from therefrom that most precious material, amusement.

But a careful man must the counsel aforesaid be in these mining operations, for scarcely a more dangerous being exists than your witty witness. A man, when elevated with the applause which greets a good saying, may follow it up with something else, intensely amusing to himself, but which has the effect of disconcerting his own counsel, and of materially damming, if not of wholly destroying, his own chance of success.

The legitimate object of a witty remark from the witness-box, is generally conceded to be the flooring of the counsel who is conducting the inquiry—an operation which, we need scarcely say, requires peculiar skill and dexterity, and which is of course only advantageous during cross-examination.

Two of the best instances in which we can present the reader of this feat having been signal accomplished, occurred to two profound lawyers, both of whom were, as it were, the judicial bees.

At the Cambridge Spring Assizes 1838, a person was accused of stealing a watch from the bedroom of Mr. George Paynter, at Wallingham, Cambridgeshire; and on the trial, the following little conversation took place during the cross-examination of the prosecutor.

Counsel. 'Where do you live?'

Witness. 'At Wallingham; but I am not a Wallingham man.'

Counsel. 'What are you?'

Witness. 'An engineer. I was apprenticed to Henry Mansfield, partner to Sir Isambert Brunel, of Thames Tunnel notoriety.'

Counsel. 'Well, what else are you?'

Witness. 'I am a gunsmith, locksmith, and bell-hanger, iron arm and lathe maker; edge-tool maker; watch and clock maker, and repairer; mathematical instrument maker; weighing-machine, scale and steelyard maker; knife-maker and grinder; publican and licensed victualler; and an old man-of-war's-man, and was engaged in the glorious action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake.'

Counsel. 'Are you not a conjuror as well?'

Witness. 'O yes, that I am; and if you are willing, I will show you one or two of my tricks.'

Counsel. 'Well, if you will allow me, and not consider I am insulting, I will tell you.'

Witness. 'Oh, certainly; go on.'

'Then, if you will just take off your wig, and get the gentleman next you to grease your head, I will swallow you whole, and then you will have no more trouble to Almenger this time to try one else!'

Counsel. 'You may stand down, sir.'

The other incident we alluded to is of more recent date (1850), and rather singularly, the witness was a clergyman.

Scene, a crowded court; trial an action on the warranty of a horse, commonly called a horse case. Witness, a clergyman, who has sworn in his examination in chief that in his opinion the horse was sound.

Counsel. Well, you don't know anything about horses? You're a parson, you know.

Witness. I have a good deal of knowledge respecting horses.

Counsel. You think you have, I daresay, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Yes, I daresay I do.

Counsel. Now then, sir, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is, that one has horns and the other has not—much the same difference, gentlemen, that exists between a bull and a bully (turning to counsel). Words of laughter, judge joining.

Counsel (very angrily). I daresay you thought that very funny, sir?

Witness. Well, I don't think it was bad, and several of the audience seem to be of the same opinion.

Counsel. Very likely, but perhaps you have before now heard the remark that 'one fool makes many.'

Witness. I hope, sir, you don't intend to include his lordship in that flattering remark.

Judge to Counsel. Go on, sir, in a proper manner with your examination. I am surprised at you.

Of course the counsel sat down, and the witness left the court with the happiness of having completely discomfited the opposite side, and escaped perhaps a rigid cross-examination.

We remember another nice little reply made by a witness, a chemist, called to prove the badness of the gas supplied by a certain gas company. One of his statements was that the ceilings in his house were so disfigured that he had to have them whitewashed.

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Witness. Yes, sir, two of the directors of your Company were.

Counsel. Their laughable remarks made by judges and counsel, upon innocent answers to no less innocent questions. At such witty replies, perhaps the greatest adept was the late excellent judge, Mr. Baron Alderson. Very seldom indeed did any trial of slight or of grave importance take place before him, in which the audience was not convulsed with laughter at some extraordinary remark emanating from the judge. We do not for a moment attempt to defend the learned barrister from the charges which have perhaps very properly been brought forward against him of doing away with that dignity which is so great an ornament to the bench; but we consider that the jokes having been made, and being some of them pretty good, we are doing no harm in retaining them.

A prisoner was once tried before the Baron for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it in joke.

'And pray, prisoner, how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?' asked the judge.

'Perhaps two miles, my lord.'

'Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far; so the sentence of the court upon you is, &c.'

Another time we recollect a jurymen begging
be excused from attendance, on the ground of deafness.

"Why, you can hear me speak," said his lordship.

"That, as far as my hearing goes, is true; but I have to turn my head round very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf with one ear.""

"Oh, then, certainly, sir, you are excused," replied the Baron with mock solemnity, "a juryman ought undoubtedly to hear his voice.""

The judge we are speaking of had, in general, a very profound dislike to scientific witnesses, especially of the medical profession, called upon to give an opinion upon the evidence they had heard in court; and he regarded it as proposing some curious question to them, which eventually proved a floofer.

At one time he took up the assertion of an eminent medical practitioner, that "in all cases of death by violent means, a post-mortem examination would be of the utmost advantage." The judge said:-"And pray, sir," asked the judge, "if I were discovered lying on the highway with my head severed from my body, what particular light would a post-mortem examination throw upon the cause of my death?"

At the end of a very long examination of another celebrated medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness unfortunately said that his belief of persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity.

"And when are they in, sir," asked the judge, "are they aware of their state?"

"Certainly not, my lord," was the reply; "they believe all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Alderson, "then have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and, after all, you may be as much subject to temporary insanities, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!"

Next in order to Baron Alderson, as a judicial joker, we must place the late Honourable Mr Justice Maule, whose jests were indeed generally exceeded in wit and pungency those of the learned baron, although every attempt at a repetition of them on paper must necessarily be most improper, owing to the absence of the extraordinary tone and gesticulation with which they were to be accompanied.

"Where do you live?" asked a counsel of a policeman in plain clothes.

"I, sir? I am in the hens (N division.)"

"Very good: then I'll put on my notes that you reside in the poultry!" quietly remarked the judge.

"Of course, such a joke as this was far too subtle to be appreciated by half the people in court; and indeed the general inconvenience met with in this learned judge's remarks was, that they were rather above the common reach of ordinary minds, and did not always accomplish the object for which they were specially intended. Such was the effect in his witty summoning up of a certain Wilshire case. A prisoner was indicted for cutting and wounding the prosecutor, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm; and other counts in the indictment varied the intents, bringing the offence at last to one of unlawful wounding only, the punishment for which is vastly less than the gravest general wounding. A most minute charge having been clearly proved, the prisoner's counsel contended himself with arguing that no malice had been proved to exist in the prisoner's mind, and that the offence of 'unlawful wounding' was the only one of which he could be convicted.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the facts are undisputed; the law laid down by the learned counsel is quite correct. If, therefore, you think that the prisoner ripped up the prosecutor's abdomen, allowing his bowels to fall through the wound, without any intention of doing him grievous bodily harm, but merely by way of slightly annoying him, you will find him guilty of unlawful wounding. The jury, wholly unperceiving the irony conveyed in this charge, acted upon what they considered to be the advice of counsel and judge, and acquitted the prisoner of the gravest offence!"

We may here mention incidentally Justice Maule's dislike at all times to clear the court of females when cases of an indecent nature were being tried.

"Women had no occasion whatever to be in court," he would say; "and if they were there, he was not going to bother himself about sending them out!"

Notwithstanding this seeming indifference, however, he at all times took very good care, by some direct or indirect remark, to let them know how much he disliked their attendance, at a time when modesty should have led them elsewhere.

"I am very sorry," he once said, "him say to a young female, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence,—I am very sorry to have to enforce such an examination as this; it must of course be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and only on such at all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter.""

"We need hardly say the bench was clear in a very few moments."

On another occasion, he said to a policeman who disliked repeating some very disgusting conversation:- "Go on, go on, my good man, you need not mind me, and these ladies enjoy it!"

"On a third occasion, during the progress of a trial of a very peculiar nature, an officer, noticing several ladies in court, and being ignorant of the learned baron's peculiarity, exclaimed:- All females must be good enough to leave the court."

"All decent females have left long ago!" exclaimed the judge.

"Seize was, indeed, the distinguishing element in all the jocose remarks of Justice Maule, and the ladies from such a whip were by no means easy to bear to."

"To a young attorney's clerk, who, at his lordship's chambers, politely intimated that he thought the judge had no power to make a particular order, he said: 'O pray don't trouble yourself to talk about my power—that you know nothing about; if you don't like the order, and think it will relieve your mind to do so, go if you dare and call me a fool; but don't do it in here, or else I must have the unpleasantness of committing you.'"

Another excellent remark has been so often repeated that we almost fear to 'dish it up' again. 'Maule,' said a somewhat vain, although profoundly learned judge, speaking to our witty friend as he was quietly taking his lunch of bread and cheese in the judges' private room,—'Maule, why do you drink beer?'"

"To bring my mind down to a level with the other judges, was the immediate reply."

"We remember being one day in the Court of Common Pleas, where an intricate point relative to the true construction of a plea was being debated, when, after 'bottling up' his indignation for some time, the judge we are speaking of thus delivered himself:

"It is the pleader's own fault, that we have in court one half the litigation that exists. Why, in this very plea, there is a sentence wholly unintelligible, owing to the presence of three very unwarrantable words—the plaintiff is said to have done certain acts 'behind the defendant's back.' Now, what is meant by this sentence? Of course you will say it means
"without his knowledge," but this is a most fallacious answer to a wonder which were fixed behind the back of the special pleader who drew this plea, would that be without his knowledge, I wonder! I should say not. I never like these fanciful terms in serious matters; I am pestered with them at chambers. Why, only the other day, I had to read an affidavit in which the deponent swore that "she was so frightened, she could have crept into a nut-shell;" my only wonder is she didn't follow it up with the assertion, that she "verily believed she should have done so, had a nut-shell been there to receive her."

The only other anecdote we have room for, is connected with a trial for a very serious offence, in which the prisoner, after conviction, being called upon in the usual manner before judgment was passed, answered: 'May Heaven strike me dead, my lord, if I know anything about it.' There was perfect silence in court for nearly a minute, every one looking at the judge, and wondering what was to come next.

At last came this startling address: 'Prisoner at the bar, Providence not thinking fit to interfere in your case, the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the period of fifteen years."

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER II.

BEFORE I give you an account of what remains of the ancient Sardis, to which we made an expedition a few days since, it would be well to describe to you our head-quarters, Smyrna. I took one of the army of guides who harass you from dawn to eve; and he first conducted me through the intricacies of the several bazaars. They are extremely dirty, and so narrow, that a string of camels passing through with their cumbersome bales of merchandise on either side completely blocks up the passage. When a stoppage thus takes place, the animals lie down and suffer the impatient passengers to walk over them and their laden, for the whole length of the train. These bazaars are all covered in, more or less imperfectly, and have gates at each end, which are secured at night when no one remains within. The shops or booths at each side are small, and quite open in front, to within about two feet of the ground; the great shutter by which it is secured, lifting up like a port-hole, leaves the whole of the interior exposed, as well as the proprietor himself, sitting cross-legged amidst his wares, within reach of every article, ready to serve his customers, who stand without.

There are many bazaars, and each is devoted to the sale of the same description of article throughout. Thus, in one I found dried fruits and sweetmeats; in another, all kinds of silk manufacture; in a third, cotton stuffs of every description; in a fourth, pipes and pipe-sticks of all varieties, but no tobacco, for which I had to go to another place. Here were arms new and old, Khusara-sabres and Damascus yataghans; rifles inlaid with silver, and beautifully ornamented. There, in a bazaar with scarce room for two to pass each other, and ankle-deep in mud, were operatives in the costliest metals, squatted by their charcoal stoves, and smoking their tabulehognes. Of the wealth of these no idea can be formed from their outward appearance. There is no show; nothing is produced till it is required by a purchaser, real or pretended, when they will bring forth from about their persons the richest chains and bracelets, and ornaments of solid gold. Exposed, there is only a small case of jewels, as if to show their calling, containing nothing of much value. Diamonds, ever they may come from, are very plentiful, and not badly set. The mixture of gold and silver in the same article of plate is much prized here, though not to my individual taste. The shopkeepers are manufacturers and mechanics, as well as salesmen, and carry on the business of selling and making in the same booth.

There is a bazaar for anything and everything, but it is hard to deal with the Turks and Armenians without interpreters; and there are Jews, 'crowning Jews,' who are certain to cheat the purchaser, receiving a percentage from the dealer upon the sum laid out as a matter of course. I saw some handsome Turkish carpeting sold at about a dollar per two square feet, and some beautiful Persian rugs of the most brilliant colour at about double that price. I visited the vapour-bath and the bazaar, the Greek churches, Catholic chapels, Jewish synagogues, and Turkish mosques, and I was and am myself at a café—al fresco—with a margeheid and sherbet at the caravan bridge. Having thus reached the extremity and outskirts of the town, and the cemeteries which partly enclose it, I turned back, and crossed through a labyrinth of streets to the glass bazaar, where is an enormous quantity of the German kind, coloured and gilded to suit the Turkish taste.

The town of Smyrna is backed on the south by a fine grassy elevation. The declivity of this hill is still occupied by the healthier and better situated quarters of the Turks and Jews; and, on the summit, quite alone, stand the ruins of a fort built by a Greek emperor about the year 1224. These old walls, from which an excellent view of the city is obtained, enclose a considerable space, and have within them large suburban magazines, beneath grooved arches supported by square pillars. These places are choked with the rubbish of ages; but some stone-labs are yet visible, and a very remarkable stone, fixed in a niche in the wall, supposed by some to represent Apollo, and by others to be the Amazon Smyrna, from whom the town received its name.

A few old rusty guns upon the rampart yet enable the Turks to 'make it sunset' during the festival of the Ramazan, when their welcome report permits the faithful to commence a repet which they may prolong to any hour of the night, and conclude with tobacco and opium sufficient to stupify them, five sunrises until the cannon's roar again releases them from total abstinence.

'Smyrna the beautiful,' 'the glory of Ionia,' 'the right eye of Asia Minor,' appears a mass of red-tiled roofs, with numerous white minarets rising high above it; with here and there clumps of cypress trees that mark where intramural burial-grounds are prohibited. To the right, above the head of the sea and inland of Smyrna, a beautiful plain spreads itself to the foot of the mountains by which the whole is distantely enclosed. This plain is thick strewn with vineyards and gardens, and is abundantly prodigal of vegetables and fruits. It is pleasantly shaded with olives, pomegranates, and magnificent plane-trees and watered with innumerable streams.

Descending from this place with one Bega Jew, who had attached himself to our company, accepted an invitation to his house. The appearance of his mean and ruined domicile gave little hope of such comfort as was within. He ushered me into an elegant divan, softly carpeted, and filled with..."
here we found his brother, both their wives, and the widow of a third brother just dead of the plague: all young and handsome, but with unbecoming head-dresses tied under the chin, and concealing every lock of their hair; their complexions were remarkably fair and transparent, and their eyes dark and animated; thus are most of the Jewish and Turkish Smyrnesse beauties in their youth, but in middle age take the silly tallow in face, as few Turks or Greeks employed in grinding corn there to bake us some bread. We found it no easy matter to bathe in that remarkable stream; so shallow was it, and insignificant, that we could scarce persuade it to run over us as we lay flat upon its pebbly bed. We Turkish travellers have described as the Temple of Ceresus and the Church of St John. We found, indeed, old walls in abundance, and the ruins of what must have been stupendous buildings; but, alas, whether they were by the Persians, Turks, or Greeks, we could not guess. We only mark with inward regret the whole matter of vain conjecture. It is now as it was described to be by Macrobius thirty years ago, and doubtless will remain in the same state for generations to come: nothing short of such an earthquake as destroyed it in the reign of Tiberius can ever alter its present appearance. Ceresus, identified with the names of Ceresus, and Cyrus, and Alexander, covering the plain with his thousands and tens of thousands of men of war; great even to the days of Augustus; destroyed by earthquake and fire; restored by Christian Sardis offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from pagan persecution in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and apostles; Sardis again fallen under the yoke of a false creed but retaining yet her myriads, only 600 years ago! What is Sardis now? Her foundations are fallen, her walls are thrown down; "she sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the Lady of Kings;" a few mud-huts and a Chief among the priests of her ancient temple, and a mill or two, contain her whole present population. That description—I think Arundell's—describes Sardis now also. A colony of storks have taken quiet possession of her ancient walls. The only very remarkable relic of her antiquity are two columns of a temple said to have been the temple of Cybele; their fall has been predicted often enough, but the disturbed capital yet maintains its position, and the marmorean blocks which compose the fellow-pillars still lie scattered on the ground, ready to be placed on the column with backgammon-men, and gently overset it, and you will have a good idea of how these were constructed, and of their present state. Each huge millstone-like piece is of such weight and solidity as to defy the power of Saracen Turks, and if the Turks had not wished to commit the sacrilege of removing them: there they remain as they fell long since—those two still stand as they stood from the remotest antiquity; but from the columns being fionic, I am inclined to place their existence back to the reign of Gyges and his immediate successors. One may climb to the Acropolis, and suffer imagination to assume itself with the anecdotes with which the earlier historians have put flesh and blood, and life and sin and complexion, to the skeleton upon which they had to work: one may pronounce this or that part of the extensive plain beneath us to be Thyymbria, where the victorious Cyrus deprived the Lydian kings of their crowns; the Caresus of his emperor, loaded with fine columned edifices that always conduct them, and extend a far greater distance than any trains on the Great Northern or Western Railways; they vary in number from two hundred down to forty, and arrive from distances as far as fifty days' journey.

Enough of modern Smyrna. I will say a few words of ancient Sardis—Sard, as it is now called—which we visited the other day. It is situated on a small hill, separated from a mountain by a deep valley, through which the golden-sanded Pactolus flows. This hill is about an hour's walk in circuit, and composed of a loose crumbling red earth, on which so much water may suppose it to have changed its form considerably in the course of ages. The ruins on the northern side, where it descends into the plain, first arose before us, and these are supposed to be a part of the city beneath where the Acropolis stood. At a mill, turned by the Pactolus, we obtained our bread; and while we were thus seated, a little boy employed in grinding corn there to bake us some bread. We found it no easy matter to bathe in that remarkable stream; so shallow was it, and insignificant, that we could scarce persuade it to run over us as we lay flat upon its pebbly bed. We Turkish traveller...
crown and kingdom unto Gyges, and conferred upon him the magic ring; that in the vast plain beneath were once arrayed the hosts of Xerxes, and the barbaric splendours of the hordes of Alaric, the Scourge of God. The Pactolus is in no place deep or clear, and the sandy bed wherein it runs is scarcelyaurifereous; one branch flows round the ruined city to the west, and another, as already mentioned, takes an eastward course; both almost lose themselves in the marshy plains of Hermus.

We were prevented from prolonging our stay in this ruined haunt of the subliminal memories by absence of all accommodation, and we took horse in a few hours for Magnesia. Our course lay through a country studded with enormous tumuli, where

Lye the Terrible in arms, who, born beside
The broad Gygcean lake where Hylus flows
And Hermes, called this fertile soil their own;

in fact, through the necropolis of Sardis.

Now, you will have had enough of ruins, and, indeed, death; there are several together, so I will conclude with a brief account of a trip to the island of Patmos, and so say my last of 'the Levant.'

Patmos is a very high and rocky island indeed, and has scarcely a level spot upon it. It consists of steep and craggy hills, and is indented by deep bays along its coasts; one of these forms a harbour, where six or seven ships may lie secure from every wind that blows in from twelve to seventeen fathoms of water; the entrance to this is on the east side. The island produces corn and wine, but neither in sufficient quantities for its own wants. Down upon the beach where we landed was a small fishing-village; from thence the inhabitants sail to the mainland, with their exports of manufactured caps and stockings, and bring back the necessities of life in their open caisques. The women are dressed in caps of enormous size, and of their own making; the men are almost all fishermen. The whole island belongs to the monastery, which is built upon its highest point; but the holy men themselves have to pay a tax, of a small amount, to the capitain pacha.

We visited the consul’s house, who had attired himself—though a Greek, born and bred—in an English costume, to do us honour; he professed great admiration of our countrymen, and of all that belonged to us; of our rum, gunpowder, biscuits, and pork and beef—which last articles he dexterously indicated he had less of than he wanted. The houses of Patmos are flat-roofed, and the streets too narrow for a donkey or a wheelbarrow; there are no shops except a wine-seller’s or two, and cobblers’ stalls. The monastery is dedicated to St John the Divine, and is said to be of great antiquity; the walls within are painted in a sort of fresco, with a series of wonderful animals; the beasts of the Apocalypse, according to the idea of the artist, whose imagination must have been as dis tempered as the surface he heaved, without committing one breach of the second commandment. The chapel and other parts of the edifice were elaborately carved; there were several pictures of the Virgin, St John, and St George, much gilded, and a good deal smoked; and upon the altar were three golden candlesticks.

As we could only speak English, and the superior of the convent only Romance, our communications were rather curtailed, but he was immensely civil; he gave us pipes to smoke, and aniseed rakı—a spirit such as the Russians were pled with during the late war—and having presented each of us with an aromatic apricot, he, politely and with considerable tact, turned us over to his usher, a venerable papa, with an enormous snow-white beard. In the library were about 800 volumes, of chiefly Greek theology, and, like their wine, a little of it went a great length with us; the latter is red, with a sweet and not palatable taste. In a cave, about half-way down the hill from the monastery, St John is said to have resided; it is a mere shelf of the precipitous rock, of which the upper part projects so as to form a kind of roof, and the front is faced with mason-work; it now forms a little chapel, especially grateful for a resting-place, wherein relics are exhibited and sold to pilgrims. The revered relics who inhabits it exhibited some specimens of unique pottery found in the island, one of which much amazed us: a piece of superior fabric, of unquestionable but unknown age, disclosed upon its neither side the familiar name of ‘Wedge.’ Carefully preserved, here she were some fragments of paper, clearly printed on a tea- chest, which, being covered with Chinese characters, incomprehensible and probably unknown to people in this remote spot, were actually set down by them, and preserved with religious veneration as a fragment of the original Apocalypse.

Leaving these proofs of ignorance or desecrations, as once more ascended to the monastery, and viewed out upon its terraced roof; before us lay the Sycine and the distant Cyclades, and beautiful sails as all sides through the calm grey air; the sea all round was quite unruffled, and rising out of it were islands almost without number. Viewing the world from this place, we might suppose that she was beginning to show the topmost crags of hermargin, after the first universal deluges, preparing to cope still greater trecas yet fathom below the light of the sun. We left this Patmos terrae nullius, and envied the good friars their daily pannons.

THE SOOTHER

Thrill little silvan brooklet,
That ripples past my feet,
Come speak to me and soothe me
With whispers strange and sweet

And charm away my sadness,
And bid my heart rejoice;
So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice.

Come tell me how the light wish
Do loiter as they pass,
With snow-drop and with bluebell
Among the tender grass.

Some legend of the green-wood,
Or loves of water-fay;
Of fancies that come tripping
To dance the night away.

Daintily sipping the dew-drops,
Until the sun’s return,
Then lulled by thee to slumber
Under the wary fern.

Thou mossy-margèd brooklet,
That glidest calm and free,
Wilt thou speak to the rubus,
And wilt thou not to me?

So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice,
Oh, speak to me and soothe me,
And make my heart rejoice.

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THE GREAT ST CADGER SWEEPSTAKES.

I am not one of the 'knowing ones;' I am not a 'noble sportsman;' I have but vague notions associated with the locality known as 'the Corner;' I do not pretend even to be 'a judge of horseflesh;' yet was I to be found not long since in company with many thousand fellow-Londoners, journeying in an express excursion-train, to witness that important turf-event—the race for the Great St Cadger Sweepstakes. Now this, as every one knows, takes place at the Diecaster Autumn Meeting; and, as every one also knows, Diecaster is a pleasant, pretty town, situate in a northern county, and some one hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis. So, to be in time for the race, the train started at a very early hour, while cocks were just clearing their throats for crowing, while breakfast-rolls were in an immature and indigestible state in the oven, while the morning air was blowing about in a free, fresh, and genial manner, as yet unadulterated for the London market, and while the dew was very wet on the ground, and its little diamond eggs laid out in every place where room could possibly be found to deposit them. Quite a noontide hubbub at the station, however, if not something more. Extra porters, extra guards, extra pay-boxes. This way to the train now starting for Diecaster! Here's room. Ring bell, and scream whistle, and away we move. And now the sun fairly mounts on to the cloth of gold spread for his footsteps in the east, and, like a young heifer come into possession, begins to fling about his wealth upon all manner of barren and unprofitable objects, gliding blank hill-tops, and grim and soty manufactury chimneys, and being in no sort of hurry to seek out the good glorious little flowers down in the valley, opening their pretty lips in grateful readiness for his morning kisses.

*Latest Betting.*—7 to 4 agst. Pentapolis; 8 to 1 agst. Blandenbore; 11 to 1 agst. Archipelago; 12 to 1 each agst. All Baba and Semiramis; 100 to 7 agst. Salty-in-our-Alley; 100 to 3 agst. Hoopdedoodendo; 40 to 1 agst. Camaralizaman; 100 to 1 agst. Dandy Jim; and 1000 to 1 agst. Hippopotamus.

'They are still at it, then,' must the sun have thought, if the sun ever does think—he has reflections, but has he thoughts?—as he rose upon the hum of talking at the railway station, where the above quotations were the staple of the discussion. 'Just as I left them last night.' Yes, and all the night through they've been going on very much in the same way; and some of us, I note, as I glance round at my brother-excurionalists, look a little the worse for it already. A glaze of bile dims some eyes near me, and, generally, the faces are rather pale and tumbled; and there is an undoubted odour of doubtful tobacco, and just a soupcon—a whiff of stale brandy and water, or whisky-toddy. Have we all been to bed? I wondered.

There are divers modes of estimating time's progress. As farmersuddle sheep, so we all affix some distinguishing mark upon each year as it passes; and different men have different marks. I have heard soldiers single out the Chilianwallah year, or the Alma year. Collegians refer to the year when Dimple got the Newdigate. Lawyers date from Dobbs being Chief-justice, or Sheepskin having the Common Pleas; or allude to the 15th and 16th Victoria. We excursionists marked our calendars with racing notabilities. We spoke of the year when Artaxerxes won the Newgate Cup; when Our Mary Ann carried off the Corporation Stakes; and when Merry Andrew ran for the Pacha's Plate. We were intensely turfy; and yet, almost to my disappointment, we had not all that pronounced, equine appearance I had, in idea, been in the habit of connecting with sporting gentlemen. True, some of us rejoiced in the regulation close-shave, short-cut hair, narrow-rimmed hat, trousers tight as eelkins, and the curved parenthesis legs. But others, in appearance, betrayed no sign of stable predilections; and might, indeed, so solid, grave, and respectable they seemed, have been farmers, merchants, lawyers, or even eminent physicians. One—a stout elderly gentleman, whose chin was quite an important work in many volumes, and who was attired in sleek black, with a white cravat and a broad-brimmed hat—I was fast setting down as a bishop, or, at any rate, as a metropolitan dean, when I found him breaking out in language even less ecclesiastical than I have chronicled—

'I say, sir, it's an infernal shame, an infernal shame!' His voice became thick with indignation; a very fine purple dawned in his face, and his chins bellowed about in a tempest. I thought he had been robbed, seriously maltreated, or charged double fare, being a stout man, and carrying so much luggage, as it were, in the shape of fat. I inquired the reason of his wrath.

'It's an infernal shame! They've taken Whatchman off Methuselah! He's going to ride Semiramis.'

There was quite a yell of execration in the carriage. I did not strictly appreciate the grievance, but I cordially agreed that it was really a great deal too bad, and that it was just such things as that which disgusted
respected people with the turf; and as all, of course, arrogate themselves a respectful curiosity, the remembrance was received with favour. And now we rattled along bravely on our iron path. Would the weather hold up? We were speculating. It just wanted a shower to put the course in nice order. Ah! but too much rain, and where would Pentapolis be? Some one asked in a knowing way. Fen—for so, with affectation of abbreviation, we termed the animal—couldn't win on a wet course. For his part, the bishop was of opinion that it would rain like blazes before we reached Diecaster; that the strongest horse would win, and that the devil might take the hindmost. Then alarmist suggestions were heard: Did any one know anything about Ali Baba casting his shoe, and damaging his off-foot? Was it true that Sally had beaten Hoopdedoodendo at the trial on Monday? The bishop remarked, in reference to Arethusa, that he had looked well at her legs, and in strong language desired great mischief to himself if he thought much of them. He did not believe the least in Pentapolis; now knew a horse to whom the odds were seven to four about him; knew a thing or two, and it couldn't be done for the money; shouldn't be surprised if a dark horse played the trick, after all; and if any gentleman would like to transplant business success, he wouldn't balk him—he couldn't say fairer than that.

Half-way on the journey there was a plunge out of the carriages for bitter beer—a lapse of five minutes merely, and then we were zkrikling through the Trench, ascertaining whether the hawk was patched. That was what we all wanted to know. And was the owner going to stand win upon Ali Baba or upon Semiramis? Why had Camarazaman gone down suddenly, after having been as high up as he well could have been? Would the crowds be upon the odds on the whole?—we cannot say.

To what a conclusion all this could and would lead, was a question. Once, it is true, the bishop led the conversation astray about the fight on Monday, at which he had assisted, between those distinguished members of the P. E., the Bradford Bantam and the Chelsea Nibbler, and described with glowing eloquence a 'one, two,' between the eyes, administered by the Bantam; but this lasted only a few minutes, and then we were on the main line again; and, the field against the favourite, would anybody make a bet?

Here we are at Diecaster station at last, and not merely the London train, but excursion-trains from all the neighbouring manufacturing towns are pouring out their thousands and tens of thousands, and through many arrangements of barricades, temporary plastering for the accommodating or confusing of crowds, through cords of additional railway-servants recruited from all parts of the railway kingdom, of policemen sworn in special for this great occasion, we make our way into the town. Soon the bodies of excursionsists lose their identities, and all seethe together in a human mass, moving through the principal street all in one, like the tide rushing over the fallen gates. Had the town capitulated that morning to a besieging enemy, it could not have filled more rapidly, or by a more ample and heterogeneous army; horses, carriages, and omnibuses are bringing in more company from the field—it is as if the railway did not run, and flies are swarming about—one-horsed, not entomological—beast with a mad anxiety to convey visitors to the course, and hurry back into the town, and generally, to make more trips to and fro than they can possibly hope to achieve within the given time. Were Diecaster an open museum for the display of vehicular curiosities, more striking examples of carriage construction could not have been collected in its streets. A special crowd blocks round the betting-room, quite an imposing building, and not unlike a chapel in its external aspect. Wading through this crowd, and following cleverly in the rear of a costermonger's cart, donkey-drawn, and conveying a heavy party of six, I, too, push on for the course; and now on its edge, I find myself in quite a market overt for commerce in brandy-balls, walking-sticks, nuts and apples, Albert rock, and 'calices and boons, a pony.' Here, too, I perceive much three-throwing at coocus-nut-laden sticks, divers gambling arrangements for knocking sixpence off a lump of putty, and not getting it when you do knock it off; for pricking at a subtly folded garter, and for firing at a target with the advantage of obtaining 'nuts for your money, and sport for nothing.' Here, too, is a grand performance of acrobatic talent; a gentleman in exhibition doubling-up a little boy, also in spangles, into all conceivable and inconceivable shapes. The royal Punch and Judy is giving an allegretto vivace performance; a girl with fair hair and a dirty face is dancing in a sort of grasshopper wagon—stilts; a band of sailors and marines are diriging out 'Sally, come up—Sally, come down;' an accomplished monkey, on an elevated round table, plays the tambourine, skips with a hoop, dances a hornpipe, performs a solo on the triangle, goes through the broadsided exercises, and occasionally free off, like the whole round of his entertainment in about the space of three minutes. All these are swarming along to the race-course, but making occasional halts with the view of feeling the pulse of the crowd, and ascertaining what we would call the shifting of the wind. Some old vagrant acquaintances. The British seaman who has lost his legs, as he states, from the bite of a shark, and who exhibits a hideous cartoon of the painful occurrence, and keeps too curious boys from tramping on such subjects as these. Once, it is true, the bishop led the conversation astray about the fight on Monday, at which he had assisted, between those distinguished members of the P. E., the Bradford Bantam and the Chelsea Nibbler, and described with glowing eloquence a 'one, two,' between the eyes, administered by the Bantam; but this lasted only a few minutes, and then we were on the main line again; and, the field against the favourite, would anybody make a bet?

At length we are on the course. The air is gbeling and thither in a delicious abondance, and a blue sky canopies over the wide-spread carpet below—bright, warm, green in colour, save where a thick crowd blackens it near the grand stand and winning-post, and one who steps out 'Sally, come up' has to go in search of moved spectators. And here, wonder of wonders!—here is a blind man dragged raceward by his dog.
'Gr-reat St Cadger,' as a wild-looking being (like a huntsman suffering from panperititis and insanity, and preferring nakedness to top-boots for his feet and legs), proclaims it, thrusting what he calls a 'cro' card in the face of any one he can approach sufficiently near for his purpose; and he is only a sample of a legion of other insane and poverty-stricken huntsmen, who, leaping, and bounding, and shrieking about, hoarse, hot, and hard-breathing from their exertion, proffer 'cro' cards three-pence, and lead pencils a penny, to every one who appears not to want the articles in question. And now I am close to the palings of an enclosure in which are congregated very fine samples of that great institution, the British Swallow. Groomed and glossy altogether, with copious broadcloths, well-waxed, well-setting moustache, bird's-wing whiskers, long white hands, superbly cool and grandly imperturbable altogether, the swell proper—and here is the proper ton—hastens immediately. I see—those are his lead pencils in the notes on the most natty of note-books. He will drop his money, of course—it is one of the missions of the awfully grand-looking birds to spend money, but he is a fine production, and well worth examining. Note that the sun and breeze of the course have improved by warming up his usually somewhat too pale complexion; and his face, a smaller enclosure, and more authentic, and more of a mask in every way, but still making very rapid entries in their note-books. One of them, flabby as to his eyes, and mildewed generally in appearance, comes down to the front, near where I am stationed; he smiles in a bland, moist, inviting way.

'Can I make a bet with any gentleman? What do you stand on, sir? I'll go twelve to one against Archipelagic—or will Blundebore suit your little game? Eight to one—eight to one in the bull against the favourite—at two to one. I'll give or I'll take you.' This was said in a general way. 'Come, gentlemen, can't I do anything with you?' He called us Gentlemen—it was complimentary, for we were rather common locality; it was a cheap way of flattering half-pence among us.

'I'll back Fer,' said a husky voice; it belonged to a very decayed looking groomsman, with one eye only, a plain cap, and a stable fragrance about him. He held out a shilling.

The man with the book looked at the coin with a sublime air of pity. 'No, no!' he said, still affable, but just the slightest degree in the world offended, and a small sneer stealing up from his animal lip to his fish eye. 'No—I should like to oblige you, but I can't take shillings.—What will you do, sir?—to another portion of the crowd. Shall we say thirteen to one against Semiramide? or will you back an outsider? Long odds given—long odds. Ah! you're laughing me out of the ground; I can't make a joke this way. Then we'll call it a done deal.'

'It's an infernal shame,' a loud voice was exclaiming in the enclosure—an infernal shame! What will they do next? Hippopotamus is scratched!'

It was the bishop. He was talking to a man with a globular body and very attenuated legs—something like an overgrown spider altogether. He had a speckled red face, seemingly tattooed and well rubbed in with red ochra, a heavy jaw closely shaved, coarse mouth, depressed nose, and eyes like little black beads on a bloodshot ground.

'And yet you know what that is?' asked the decayed groomed man, an odorous whisper.

'That's the race-prophet of the Sunday Seller.'

It was evident my notions of prophets had been of an overcharged and Michael Angeleseque character. I had entertained thoughts of flowing robes, patriarchal forelocks, crumpled foreheads, and mane-like beards. That a prophet! A compound of the preacher, the prize-fighter, and the stable-help, with a slight dash, by way of flavour, of the low comedian.

'He calls himself Joe Nuggins's Cat. He mewed last Sunday.'

'Who does he say will win?' I asked.

'Ali Baba, one; Blundebore, two; Pentapolis, three.'

Here the prophet, recognising a friend in the crowd, came down quite close to me.

'How are you, old Flick?' he said with a coarse guttural voice.

'Give us the tip,' was his friend's only remark.

The prophet put up two dingy, horny, hairy hands to his ugly mouth, and in a husky whisper said: 'Put the pot on Hoopledoodendo, ten to one. It's safe.'

And he was gone to make bets with another spider in the enclosure. 'O false prophet,' I thought, and what about Ali Baba?

Past the densely crowded grand stand, and its not less crowdedサーさ convex wall, brood the fine phalanx of carriages, filled with bewitching pink bonnets and French grey frilly fringy parasols, and pretty faces beneath, now busily engaged in taking bird-sips of champagne, and bird-pecks at diamond edition, forty-eight sheets a day, but still making very rapid entries in their note-books. One of them, flabby as to his eyes, and mildewed generally in appearance, comes down to the front, near where I am stationed; he smiles in a bland, moist, inviting way.
exhibitors, performers, conjurors, and mountebanks, generally speak without the slightest provincialism. Are they all Londoners, then, these vagrant professors of a hundred arts, or do the hard toils of their life erase every evidence of their places of nativity? And now the bell rings for saddling, so back to the course to see the running for the Great St. Cæder Sweepstakes.

A stout gentleman on horseback, scarlet-coated, and with a long bound-whip, is dashing and lashing about in an impassioned way, aiding the police to clear the course of stragglers. And now come the horses for their preliminary cauter. ‘That’s Fen!’ cries a thousand voices as the satin-coated favourite bounds near. ‘Here’s Sally! That’s Archipelago! The red cap! No, the blue. Who’s this? The black one? Oh, that’s Uncle Ned. He’s not much chance. Here’s Semiramis; she’s a stunner, she is. Here’s Hoopdedoodoo, and Arethusa, and Litttle Stranger lying in the extreme rear. And so they pass along, springing over the smooth turf, their tapers necks, wonderful in their exquisite proportion, and their capacity for the speed they are called upon to exert, in their length and strength and virgin’s limb, the veins standing out in maps and patterns on their sleek coats, which gleam in the sun though recently French-polished; and pleasant to look upon those trim, spruce, little jockeys, amazing light weights of some of them, radiant in satin jackets and caps, and dainty cream-ined, tight-fitting small—very small—clothes. What children, what toys! But they look, but clean in their build, and very neatly turned about the limbs; what firm, sinewy management of their horses; what tight sticking to their saddles, as, bowing down their heads over the horses back, the wind bellies out their satin jackets, and they whirl past. How the impression comes to one that, as a matter of drawing, it would hardly be possible to make the horse with legs too long, or with a jockey too small!

The winner is now at the winning post are in a great state of mental anxiety, in a great state of bodily discomfort, and yet the while strangely and joyously excited. Will they never get the horses off? ‘Chassees’ or ‘t’hooroores,’ as the words are pronounced by the crowd. ‘They’re off, they’re off!’ ‘Nos, nos, back again.’ False start. Another, and another, and another. Will they never let them go? Now, now, off! A great stir in the grand stand, a great change in its colour, like the removal of a black mask from a white face. It is the general taking off of hats and the turning of all heads to one particular point. They’re off, they’re off! Look, you can see them. No, not yet. Now, by the hill, by the trees—now they’re lost. Wait a bit—now again, by the Red House, rounding the corner—here, here, here they are. Goo it! goo it! Bravo! Whooosh! Pen, Pen, Pen! Bounding, tearing, pulsing along, with the quick that of their hoofs beating musically on the turf, a stream of horses dashes past, more as a breathing than a reality, but that the ground trembles beneath them, and the bright jockey-colours glare past the eyes like a rainbow travelling express. Great cries of ‘The favourite, the favourite.’ More shouting, screaming, hubbub, and confusion. The great race is won and lost. Slip over the barrier, and on to the telegraph post. Hurr! Camaraz- man, 1; Archipelago, 2; Uncle Ned, 3; Pentapolis, 4. Won cleverly by a neck. Bad third; a length between third and fourth; the rest nowhere. A tempest of voices; the roar reaches a crescendo.

The details of the race, I of myself should have had great difficulty in arriving at. I must own that the horses were to me indescribably indistinguishable. Often I was prompted to give utterance to the suggestion, that it would be an excellent plan to inscribe on each horse’s name in large type—‘the colours, and the perpetual reference to the card, to ascertain what horse bore them, and what, therefore, was his name, was bewildering. Fortunately, however, the sporting paper of the week supplied particulars that struck me with amazement as to how they could possibly have been ascertained. I was informed that after four failures the lot got away on good terms. Tommy Tucker slightly in advance, and closely clustering in his wake, Semiramis, Fuzbox, Blumberg, Camarazman, Epaminondas, Pentapolis, Dandy Jim, and Archipelago, in the order just down. After the first seventy yards, however, Uncle Ned went to the front, Semiramis and Pentapolis following on close to his heels, with Potheen, and Hoopdedoodoo, and Little Stranger lying in the extreme rear. At the top of the hill, Arethusa emerged from the rack, and gained a place next to Pentapolis. On turning into the straight, Uncle Ned declined, and Semiramis and Arethusa fell off. The issue of the race that the race with Archipelago, Pentapolis, and Camarazman; Uncle Ned still leading the beaten lot. Soon Pentapolis began to evince signals of distress, and Camarazman put on the steam. Uncle Ned then passed the favourite, and made a bold spirit for a first place, running very gamely, and evidently seriously tried. The race was then a very exciting one between Camarazman and Archipelago, the former winning cleverly by a neck, &c.

A stout form with a purple face, in the neighbourhood of the winning-post, is expostulating violently to a small group of hearers. ‘It’s an infernal shame. Infamous breach—infamous. Wheres Hoop- de-hic (doedoo) Infamous. Fernalshame. It is the bishop, and he has taken a little, just a little, too much refreshment. He is held up by the prophet, who is hot and greasy, but comfortable. I think that, upon the whole, he is a winner.

There are more races—the Corporation Pot, 200 sovereigns; the Swelling Stakes, 200 guineas. But what for these? Soda-water! Let’s get away. Beds at the Ewe Inn are one pound for the night, to sleep in a double-bedded room, perhaps with the bishop or the prophet in the other bed. No, thank you; I’m for London.

AN APOLOGY FOR OUR AUGUSTAN AGE.

Although there is little more than a lifetime between us and the glorious dead of our Augustan age, what a gulf there is between their manners and our own; what a singular scene of revelry, bluster, and intemperance we picture in our minds when we ponder on their lives! How different from the peaceful, calm, and contemplative life we love to think peculiar to the scholar! Why is it that the memory of these men is always tainted with an atmosphere of excesses and the diseases consequent on over-feeding? Who imagines Johnson without his constant companions, dropsy, tumours, gout, and palpae? Who remembers Addison without a sad recollection of a trembling hand and a flushed face? When we think of Steele, is it not wondrous that with b. ever have been sober enough to write a line? Steele was so well known in his gratification, even pity the infirmities his habits brought upon him. It is useless to recapitulate: it is too evident we can scarcely find one pure life among the brilliant names that gilded our Augustan age. Why is this? It cannot be that literary man...
fall into these errors. It cannot be that the fine
thoughts conceived by these noble souls have any
tendency to drag them down to the level of our
most degraded fellow-creatures. Surely the lives of
our living authors utterly falsify any such idea. We
do not shudder at the home-life of our teachers at
the present day. They are not reduced to different
fashion from that of us, professions of us, pretrained by
ordinary vices. Beyond a trifling peculiarity in the way of a loose
sleeve here, a protoberat collar there, and an occa-
sional eccentricity in histrionic decoration, there is
nothing about our great men to excite surprise. It is
therefore unfair to attribute the sad memories of
drunkenness and disorder that encircle the writers of
the eighteenth century, to their pursuits. Let us
compare their lives with those among whom they
lived, and judge them by that standard, not our own.

The necessity for this comparison is forced upon
us by an Essay of Health and Long Life, written by
George Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S., in 1725; and from
it we see that we have been shaking our heads, and
holding up our hands at a few men, who were after
all but the type of the many, and who, from their
prominent position, have had fastened upon them
a stigma due to the nation.

Dr Cheyne was born in 1670, when the ruins of
London's Great Fire were not yet removed, and liv-
ing during the reigns of Charles II, James, William and Mary, and Anne, saw the Brunswic-
line firmly established by the accession of George I.
He was a very fashionable physician, and as he must
have had ample opportunity for acquiring experience,
we may rely upon his testimony. His book was
much read, we know; and the need there existed for
it, is fully established in the broad statement with
which the doctor commences, that 'there is nothing
that the better sort of people so lavishly and so
unconcernedly throw away as health, except eternal
felicity;' and he sufficiently accounts for the con-
tinental reputation awarded to us at that time, from
the evil effects of which we still suffer, by giving us
to understand that 'most of the chronic diseases,
the infirmities of old age, and the short periods of
the lives of Englishmen, are owing to repulsion.'

The fact is, our ancestors knew nothing of physi-
cal laws. The light that had begun to shine in
Germany and France, had not yet reached them. They
could not conceive that any ill effects could
ensue from rioting and gluttony; and the utter heed-
lessness of consequences we see now only in partic-
ular cases, was then the result of ignorance, and
not persisted in, as at present, contrary to reason
and judgment. That the little medical knowledge
then existing was so loaded with errors that it did
not afford sufficient food for expansive intellects, may
be learned from the fact, that such men as Goldsmith and
Mark Akenside, Smollett and Hartly, abandoned
their professions, and gained their reputation in the
wider fields of literature. It is rather curious that the
same period during which the future truths of
physiology lay hidden, should have given birth to the
most refined of all the sciences, and to the most pure
natural.

Much occupied as Dr Cheyne was in his profession,
medicine did not possess monopolising charms for him,
for we find him in the preface to his Essay on Health,
swear with the much contrition of a book he published
on geometry and algebra, which he declared to have
been 'brought forth in ambition, and bred up in
vanity.' Notwithstanding the mockery with which
Cheyne speaks of this 'sally,' as he calls it, Dr Isaac
Watts, in his Improvement of the Mind, mentions it with
praise, and proclaims the author to have been 'a good
proficient and writer.' Dr Cheyne says further, in
reference to this book, with a quaintness that is quite
bewitching, that a 'long time since I was forced to
forego these barren and airy studies for more sub-
stantial and commodious speculations: indulging and
riotin in these so exquisitely bewitching contempla-
tions, being only proper for public professors, and
those born to estates. Besides, to own a grievous
truth, though they may sharpen the invention,
strengthen the imagination, and refine the reasoning
faculties; yet, having no tendency to rectify the will,
restore the temper, or mend the character, they
leave a stiffness, positiveness, and sufficiency on weak
minds, much more pernicious to society, and the
interests of the great end of our being, than all the
advantages they bring them can recompense. They are,
indeed, edge knives, which sharpen the edge of
any, but those who have already acquired an
humble heart, a lowly spirit, and a sober and teach-
able temper.' These extraordinary sentiments con-
cerning geometry and algebra, have been so far
endorsed by Isaac Watts, that he gives the following
verse of this long quotation in his work just mentioned.

Dr Cheyne's Essay on Health is dedicated to his
'good and worthy friend,' Sir Joseph Jekyll—master
of the rolls to Queen Anne, and principal manager of
the trial of Dr Sacheverell—and it is an uncom-
monly good book, that Cheyne drew up some rules for a 'confirmation of his health, and in the manner of supporting his
spirits free and full under the great business he is engaged in.' These rules were afterwards extended into this essay; but Cheyne fears no endeavours of his
could make 'a change in the nation, whilst the devil,
the world, and the flesh are on the other side of the
question.' Another stumbling-block in the way of
improvement is the fact, that 'the British mind
does not admire a self-denial,' and so will indulge in
so much animal food and strong fermenting liquors,
that scarce any one before they arrive at old age but
becomes crazy, or suffers under some chronic dis-
temper.' Do we not recognize here the colours that
have been so plentifully daubed over the portraits of
our great men, and which we have thought harmonised
only with their characters?

Dr Cheyne complains that 'the variety of dishes,
the luxurious artfulness of cookery, and swallowing
rich wine after every bit of meat, so lengthen out the
appetite, the fondness of mothers and the cramming
of nurses have so stretched the capacities of receiving,
that there is no security from the appetite;' and that
his patients may not exceed, the doctor limits them to
the following allowance for what he rightly calls the
great meal: 'two wings of a middling pullet, or
one wing and both legs; three ribs of a middling neck
of mutton; two middling slices of a leg or shoulder,
throwing away the fat and the skin, and somewhat
less of beef.' Can we imagine Kitty of Queensberry
eating thus prodigiously, and charmingly petulant
with Dr Cheyne for not allowing her more? He
excludes from the table altogether all 'hog's flesh,'
and fish is so hard of digestion that he reminds us all
valaetudinarian and studious people how they are gene-
really 'forced to have recourse to spirits and distilled
liquors to carry it off, so that it is become a proverb
among those who live much on it, that brandy is
Latin for fish.'—a punitively we can imagine Dick
Steele to have revell'd in.

Dr Cheyne draws for us a picture which we would
rather not contemplate. He says: 'There is nothing
more ridiculous than to see tender, hysterical,
and vapourish people perpetually crying; and yet
perpetually crying; crying out they are ready to
sink into the ground and faint away, and yet gob-
blining down the richest and strongest food, and highest
cordials, to oppress and overlay them quite." All this is so opposed to our conventional ideas of suffering Chloe, Stella, and Lucinda, that we would fain shun these and turn them aside. We are more disturbed to learn from this book also, that not only did 'the profligate, the scoundrel,' the abandoned, run into these excesses, but that the vice is become epidemic among persons of the brightest promisings, to the finest taste, and the most accomplished parts; and—0 that I could give my conscience the lie in mentioning them—even among the first and least fallen part of the creation itself, and those of them, too, of the most elegant parts, and the strictest virtues cultivated! The dreadful discomfiture is completed when we find that the 'poor pretty creatures,' as Cheyne calls the fair sex, were in the habit of flying to drams for consolation when afflicted with 'a fit of the cholic, or of the vapours, a family recommendation to them,' and that they could bear the toils of potion with patience as well as a child, or of a friend. It would be well, perhaps, when we next feast our eyes on Sir Peter Lely's smiling beauties of Charles II.'s court, to remember these habits of theirs, and to imagine them all pallid, creased, and towards tottering on the last decade of age as a vivid Cheyne has seen them, when they would have consulted him in fond hope that he could, by some elixir, help them to 'live on a little longer. Dr Cheyne confirms his own statements by recording the orders he has given Sir George Carew before he left this physician, who was wrecked off the coast of Scotland when in attendance on James II., and pulled ashore by Pepy's, was obliged to reprove the then beautiful La Cartouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, in the following manner: 'You must eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick!'

We know that Dr Johnson read this book of Cheyne's, for Boswell relates that the great lexicographer recommended it to him. Can we not fancy then, that Johnson determined to make tea his usual drink, when he read that 'strong liquors inflame the blood into gout, stone, and rheumatism, raging fevers, pleurisies, small-pox, or measles, enrage the passions in a quarrel, murder, and blasphemy, dry up the juices, and scorch and shrivel the solids.' Does not this reveal to us likewise a reason why we hear so much of these diseases in the history of the times; and is it not evident that we have not yet begun to lose the proper remedies that have been handed down to us by our ancestors? Let us believe that flesh was never intended to be heir to these infirmities, and that it is in our own power to save our children from the inheritance.

In spite of these 'distempers,' which nothing but 'copping, bleeding, blistering, issues, vomiting, and sweatings' will remove, the doctor writes: 'I have no intention here to discourage the innocent means of enlivening conversation, promoting friendship, comforting the sorrowful heart, and raising the drooping spirits by the cheerful cup and the social feast; yet still I cannot approve of punch, which universally afflicts persons with palates, cramps, and convulsions, and cuts them off in a few days.' To this he adds, with a twinge of self-righteousness, called forth, no doubt, because it was well known that he was himself unable to resist the pleasures of the table, and had three times in his life to be limited to an entirely vegetable diet—'Perhaps I may like the harmless frolic, the wireless unsoundness of a friend, and even the dullest food itself more than I ought;' and he calls upon his readers to take a lesson from the experience he has had in his 'own crazy and untenable carcass.'

As a companion to the advice about the substantial part of the great meal, we are warned to take but one spoonful of wine in three glasses of water with it; and, as Sir William Temple has it, "one for yourself, another for your friend, a third for good-humour, and a fourth for your enemies after it." If this rule were carried out at Moor Park, it must have been more salutary than agreeable to Jonathan Swift, who, from his position as chaplain, had to retire before the arrival of the sweets.

Cheyne does not admit any danger in the foreign infusion some great doctors have condemned by bell, book, and candle, and to which Johnson became so much attached; but he has great objection to coffee, because 'those who debauch in it turn stupid, foolish, and paralytic. A dish or two is a present relief; but to dabble in it two or three times a day is as ridiculous, and more hurtful, than drinking so much lime-water.'

We find malt-liquors had not attained their present celebrity; 'they were only in use among mechanics and fox-hunters;' and our French neighbours ridiculed them under the same of 'barley-soup.'

The next time we suffer ourselves to be enrapured with the numerous heroes of the last century, who as Philandiers sighed for Delias, and as Dorimes were told by Poesies to clasped their brows by the windows, we must remember that it was positively necessary for Dr Cheyne to 'implore to eat less, drink more, take water, rub, scrape, and pare their feet and nails!' And, beneath the wig that was so universal, the condition of the head must have been anything but sightly. Not much is the doctor obliged to remind us that it will be to the benefit of their health if they will keep it well washed and shaved!

It is interesting to find contemporary testimony that Londoners could not even then enjoy a bath in their own noble river; for we read that 'the favourite place in which rivers which have been washing, or drained into them abound, will sometimes ferment, as is manifest in the Thames.'

We are prepared to find doctors differing, but should hardly have expected to hear Cheyne ridiculing a German proverb that favours warm clothing, and telling us that 'much and heavy clothes attract and draw too much perspiration.' Without doubt, the doctor approved of the airy costume patronised by the ladies of the time.

Let us imagine one of the most enlightened of these, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, applying to Dr Cheyne for relief from cold, caught perhaps from lingering too long in Pope's pretty garden at Twickenham, with a draught or improper desirables that have been handed down to us by our ancestors, and she would have been told 'to lie much abed, drink plentifully of small warm sack-whey, with a few drops of spirits of hartshorn, poesin-drink, or water, and to take a scruple of Gascoign's powder night and morning.' When we discover that Gascoign's powder—which must have been swallowed in large quantities by every one at that time, for we learn it had 'repute among physicians of the best note as a mighty cordial'—was compounded of an ounce each of red pearls, crab's eyes, red coral, amber, and oriental besezoar, we are brought back to the point from which we started, and can at once realise the ignorance that surrounded physiology at this time. Nearly all the remedies then in use were mixed with large quantities of arrack, canary, sack, hermitage or brandy, so there was no help for our invalided ancestors; they were purged by these burning liquors, and having become ill from taking too much, were expected to get well by taking more. We wish it could be said that over-eating and over-drinking had entirely disappeared from England— that the good seeds sown by Dr Cheyne had spread wider than they have done. The people of the last century may be excused for having fallen into error, because they were bound to think that they were transgressing. This cannot be said of us. If we sin, we do so in spite of warning and in spite of knowledge; and instead, therefore, of reproaching the ignorant...
excesses of our Augustan age, it would be well for us to imitate the example of Cheyne, and do everything in our power to check the wilful infringement of the laws of heaven in our own.

LABOUDIE, THE CYMBAL-PLAYER.

Sr Michael's fair, held at Angers, the capital and assize-town of the department of the Maine-et-Loire, France, drew thither, in 1846, a much larger concourse of persons than usual, from the circumstance that to its ordinary attractions was to be added the exciting spectacle of the guillotine en action—a great moral lesson which authority had declared could not, upon this particular occasion, have too large an audience. Among that thronging, eager crowd, the name of Jean Gossot Laboudie was bandied about in every variety of emphasis and tone, expressive of scorn, indignation, abhorrence; and at his appearance in the charrette, with a priest by his side, a yell of excitement burst forth, so fierce, so terrible, that the doomed wretch, whose pallid face and wildly gleaming eyes were calcining into hopeless resignation beneath the influence of the priest's prayers and promises, was actually smitten down by the overwhelming anaesthesia, falling on his face with a loud cry of despair, as if, whispered the near bystanders, as if recognizing that the unanimous judgment of his fellow-men was prophetic of the swiftly coming doom of God!

The charrette moves on the while—the irreconcilable moments roll past, and suddenly another shout, more intense, more terrible than that which struck down Laboudie, rings through the air. This hurricane-entury, commencing at the upper corner of the Place, communicates itself with electric rapidity to the whole of the vast assemblage, swaying them to and fro in bilowy eddy; and so confused, so deafening is the multitudinous uproar of voices, that it is some moments before you make out that they are shouting, screaming—"Stop! stop! It is murder! It is she! Thunders of heaven! it is Cécile! It is his child! Break down the scaffold!" and the like frantic outcries. Not only is the crowd in the Place thus furiously agitated, but superior functionaries, and others of the elite of Angers, haughtily attired ladies among them, seated at the windows of the préfecture, whence a capital view of the grim and ghastly guillotine is obtained, display equal commotion. More especially excited is the venerable, white-haired conseiller à la Cour de Cassation, who officiated as president of the Cour d'Assises which condemned Laboudie to death; and, although his words are inaudible, you perceive that he is gesticulating like a madman to the busy officials of the scaffold.

The apparent cause of the frenzy which has seized the people is a fair young girl, tall of her age, which cannot be more than seventeen, attired with picturesque fantasy in a bright-coloured dress, and holding a tambourine in her hand, who is standing up by the side of the driver of a lofty, gaily-painted, wood-roofed wagon, which has just come into view at the upper corner of the Place. She gazes from her conspicuous standing-place with wondering curiosity at the excited crowd and the grim scaffold, with which, or with which, it appears, the convulsions and vociferations, by which she is stunned and stupefied, seem to connect her in some inexplicable manner.

"What can have happened?" she murmurs bewildered. "Why do they cry murder, and ejaculate, "It is Cécile—Cécile, her very self"?"

The reply to those questions could not have been rendered briefly intelligible to the girl herself; and to the reader, ignorant of preceding circumstances with which she was familiar, it must needs be a much more lengthened one. I will, however, give it as briefly as may be, and as far as possible in the words of the original record.

Jean Gossot Laboudie, a man, by his own account, of little more than forty years of age, but, judged by appearances, fifty at least, was a discharged soldier, who had served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, had been dismissed the army for some offence without a pension, and refused admission to the Invalides, although severely wounded in the arm. His blood was inflamed with drink or passion, manifested itself by paroxysms of rage, approaching, in unreasoning violence, to absolute insanity. He had been known in the neighbourhood of Angers, Beaumont, Jumelles, and the adjacent parishes, as a strolling musician—he himself playing the Turkish cymbals and Pandeean reeds, to which his daughter Cécile, a pretty blonde, with bright blue eyes, sparkling with vivacity, and intelligence, sang and danced, at the time, of late years, after her father's instrumentation with the tambourine. This girl, who was about seven years old when they first appeared in that part of France, was fondly beloved by her father; and if anything could have weaned him from a vagabond-life, and the delights of his daily pursuits, only to fall back therein more inextricably enthralled than before. At such times, glimpses of a former and better life, of careful educational culture, clearly manifested themselves, and many efforts were made by worthy priests to win him back to a humble responsibility. It was pious labour thrown away; habits of vagabond idleness are rarely conquered in mature life: and except during these brief, remorseful intervals, Laboudie remained constant to his peripatetic way of life, more or less comparatively profitable with the development of Cécile's vivacity and talent; and several propositions were made to him that they should both, since separation from each other appeared out of the question, join a regular troupe of itinerant performers. All such offers, however, were angrily rejected by Laboudie, who could not bear the thought of Cécile's association with men of his own calling, though of a considerably higher grade. Thus dreaming, storming, repeating, Laboudie continued to squander life and health that the summer of 1846, when it was remarked that a great change had come over the girl, now in her seventeenth year. Her buoyant spirits had vanished with the bright bloom of her cheeks, and were succeeded by chagrin and listlessness. They had been absent from that part of France during the previous winter and spring, and the change consequently struck the numerous friends and admirers of La Belle Tambourine, about Angers, the more forcibly. Laboudie was questioned over and over again as to the cause of so ominous a transformation; but his answers were as petulant and fierce as they were unsatisfactory.

"He knew nothing of the cause of Cécile's megrima. Parties, how should he? It was the girl's waywardness, caprice; and, bah! she would be gay enough
again before long: and if not, he once added in terrible tones, 'I would prefer seeing her in her grave to—' But this, ma foi,' he went on to say, changing his voice to a low, persuasive tone—'this, after all, is but silly bavardeuse. Cécile is a good girl, and will soon regain her charming vivacity; and, by the way, Maître Gulton, I will trouble you for another petit verre.' Labondie tossed off the liquor, and immediately left the place—a cabaret, near Beaufort, called Le Coq.

This occurred on the 19th of August 1846; and at about eleven o'clock on the evening of that day—six hours only after Labondie had left Le Coq—two lads—a youth of eight and Simon Vesque, buditke, twelve and thirteen years of age, were met by a party of gardes champêtres (rural police), as they, the lads, were hastening to warn the authorities of Beaufort of a tragic event that had just occurred at a place about half a league of her father, who seemed to be in danger.

The story related by the boys, stripped of surmise, was as follows: They were both swine-herds in the employ of a cultivator named Perron, and, now that beech and oak mast were beginning to fail, passed the long, dark night, brief and fine, of the next three nights at that season; and the boys usually kept close by each other for companionship. They were so at about nine and ten that evening, in one of the temporary huts constructed to shelter them in case of wet, when they heard footsteps approaching, accompanied by voices pitched in a loud and angry key. Peeping forth at the unglazed apertures which admitted air and light to the hut, they perceived that the sufferer was and Simon Vesque, a youth of eight, and Labondie, whom of course much more would be heard. The boys, who had taken their meals at the inn, and Labondie and La Belle Tambourine, whom of course knew well by the bellowing observed that Cécile was weeping bitterly—an emotion which, there could be no doubt, was excited by the very thought of the refusal, and by the departure of the girl's refusal, as the boys gathered from the few sentences they distinctly made out, to give him a sum of money she had earned that afternoon by assisting at a marriage-fête. Cécile was weeping bitterly; and Labondie had seen this, and Labondie his cymbals; and it was subsequently ascertained that they were proceeding to a hamlet a considerable distance off, where their services were required, early in the morning, at another nuptial-fête. Curiosity induced the boys to follow the father and daughter, and they were led, by the sinuous path leading through the thick woods, to a place where there was no risk of being observed. The rage of Labondie continued to increase in violence, and the lads were soon quite sure that it was excited by Cécile's refusal, and her departure with the money she had earned, for he frequently broke off in what he was saying—which, for the most part, they could not comprehend, from his rapid, passionate, way of speaking—to exclaim, pausing in his walk as he did so, and shaking the cymbal in his right hand fiercely at the girl: 'Donnez le moi, malheureuse; donnez moi l'argent on je t'assassine. Cécile would not do so; and on they went, till close to the rocky turn about a quarter of a league from the edge of the Vaure, which, of course, Meunier led. The Gardes Champêtres knew perfectly well, leads precipitately down to the edge of the Loire, obliging the traveller to take the narrow footpath on the right. There Labondie again halted, exclaiming in a fierce voice that ever: 'Donnez moi l'argent, je te dir; et non.'

The girl, interrupting, said something inaudible to the boys, which had the effect of throwing Labondie into a transport of ungovernable rage; and accompanying the cruel deed with a wild, savage imprecation, he struck her a violent blow on the head with the edge of his cymbal, and Cécile fell to the ground dead—murdered!

'Dead—murdered! can it be possible?' exclaimed the gardes in a breath. 'But how did you ascertain that?'

'Very easily,' replied Brousard, the most intelligent of the boys. 'Labondie had no sooner committed the fell act, than he seemed paralysed with horror; but presently recovering his self-possession, he threw himself on his knees beside his daughter, down whose body he mysticalised, and called frantically upon the senseless corpse to speak to him—forgive him—feeling her wrists and heart the while, with the hope, no doubt, of finding that she yet breathed.' Convinced, however, that the lads concluded—that she was indeed slain, he rose to his feet, and, raging, cursed, gnashed his teeth with maniacal fury. By and by, a sense of his own peril seemed to flash upon him; he glanced eagerly about on all sides, as if to assure himself that the locality scene had no witnesses, and, rushing up the corpse he made off with it down the precipitous ravine to the river, which in that part of its course is very swift and deep, and vanished from the view of the lads, who were grazing at the bank as he may. Labondie soon appeared, lookedsearching about as before, and went rapidly off to the right, in the direction of the hamlet of Poncresson. Full ten minutes must have passed, Brousard thought, before the lads in their case of fear would have ventured forth from their hiding-place, and crept down the ravine. The body of the unfortunate Cécile was nowhere to be seen, and had doubtless been thrown into the Loire by the unnatural assassin. The lads had hardly taken the creature when they saw Labondie hurrying back to the spot, and they themselves at once set off to apprise justice of what had occurred.

The reader will understand, that while this revelation was being made, the gardes champêtres and their youthful informants were hurrying to the spot where the frightful crime was alleged to have been perpetrated. It was scarcely concluded when they arrived, and obtained abundant confirmation of its truth. Labondie's body was still there, as they ventured to approach within half-a-dozen yards of him observed. The wretched man had his daughter's tambourine in his hands, which he would one moment kiss and apostrophise with frenzied tendernesses, as if addressing his child; the next, he burst into tears of despair; he, said she was condemned to death, and it was no use praying, or words, as the horrified audience understood, to that purpose; then bethinking himself, he hastened to finish his work of fastening a heavy stone to the inside of the tambourine by means of his brace, which he had fastened across the instrument through the bell-apertures. The instant he was satisfied the stone could not slip away, he hurried with the instrument towards the river, with the obvious intention of throwing it in;—the idea suggesting itself, and the finding of the tambourine would lead to inquiries as to the fate of its owner. He reached the bank of the river, poised the tambourine with both hands, exclaimed: 'Va, suis ta maîtresse. ma maitresse. ma maitresse! (Go, follow thy unhappy mistress), while he was seized by the gardes. His glaring eyes rested for a moment, as if fascinated by fear, upon the official ministers of vengeance, and then shrieking out: 'Ha, ha! the assassin is caught then!''

The Court, at the instance of the Ministre of the Maine-et-Loire commenced its trimsal sittings on the 12th of September 1846, at Angers, under the presidency of M. Pontieu, who, as Court...
Cassation, a magistrate of high character and great experience. Labondie's trial was appointed for the 14th; and five minutes after the doors were opened on the morning of that day, the tribunaux, prétoires, even the clerks of the court, where sitting or standing room could be obtained, were filled by an excited auditory, anxious to witness, and, as it were, participate in the condemnation of the monster that had slain his own child for the purpose of possessing himself of her hardly won earnings.

Upon the appearance of the prisoner, he was greeted with a murmur, which the commands of the president with difficulty prevented from swelling into a shout of execration. Labondie shrank back from the scrutiny of so many angry eyes: but silence and order being at length enforced, his self-possession returned, and in reply to the president, he said his name was Jean Gossot Labondie; that he was born in Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme; was a widower; had served as an officer of the guard, and in the army; was now a musician by profession, and in his forty-first year: he pleaded not guilty.

Messieurs les Jurés were then called and sworn; and that ceremony over, the acte d'accusation was read by the greffier, into the proceso verbal in the case. (Minutes of preliminary evidence, taken by a juge de paix, or a commissary of police.) M. Begnard had been, it was angrily remarked, engaged for the prisoner; and immediately after the formal proceeding had closed, he took his seat upon the banc de la défense with an avéu. 'Scoundrels seldom want eloquent defenders,' growled one of the audience, loud enough to draw upon himself the official rebuke of the president.

As soon as the greffier had finished reading the proceso verbal, the procureur-général was about to call witnesses to substantiate the averments of the acte d'accusation by viv-id-voce testimony, when the prisoner intervened.

'Pardon, Monsieur le Président,' he said, in a subdued respectful tone. 'There is an error, involuntary, no doubt, in one of the proceso verbs, that drawn up by M. le Commisaire de Police, Teacher. The garde champêtre has deposed that he heard me apostrophising, in imagination, of course, l'infortunée, who, I admit, came by her death at my hands. Perhaps Monsieur le Greffier will have the complaisance to read the passage.

'Ah, yes,' said Labondie, exclaimed, as if addressing his victim, 'so the greffier read, at a sign from the president, 'that she was condemned to death, and that it was of no use praying or crying.'

'C'est ça. Well, Monsieur le Président, et Messieurs les Jurés, si vous voulez me croire, je vous assure que je ne suis pas le garde champêtre mais le garde champêtre. Monsieur le Président is no doubt well acquainted:

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autres pareilles; Nous avons beau prier; La cruauté qu'elle est, boucle ses oreilles, Et nous laisse ériger.'

'It may be as you say, Labondie,' remarked the president; 'but the correction you supply is only of consequence as shewing that you have not the excuse of having been under the influence of your misguided.

'Be it so,' rejoined the prisoner; 'it is none the less the exact verity. Au reste, the depositions of the gardes champêtres and others are correct. I did, there is no doubt, cause the death of Cécile, but not,' added Labondie, without intention—'not with intention: not, as Thou knowest, O God of mercy—not with intention—with malice! I would have freely given my own life a thousand times for hers.'

'You believe in God, then, Labondie,' said the president, taking at once the decided part, or apparently so, on the side of the prosecution, which so utterly scandalises an Englishman. 'You forgot Him on the night of the 19th of August.'

'Yes, yes,' replied the accused mournfully; 'it is true. The demon possessed me wholly then. He often does; always after his agent and foreunner, brandy—water of death, not life (eau de vie), it should be called—has prepared the way for him.'

The hearing of the witnesses was next proceeded with; and that over, the duel between the president and the prisoner, that most revolting feature in the criminal procedure of France, commenced.

'According to your own story, Labondie, said the president, 'you, after striking Cécile to the earth with a cymbal, carried her to the brink of the river, in order to try to drown her there, in a fit of passion; but you, as you afterwards confessed, could not do it; and, on reaching the spot where you had left the body of your daughter, found it had disappeared. A kirkhead that had hung loose upon her neck was floating upon the water, and you then concluded, either that Cécile upon partially recovering consciousness, had secretly escaped into the river, upon the slippery, precipitous brink of which you had left her; or that, in a paroxysm of grief and despair, excited by your brutality, she had wilfully drowned herself. The is it, I think, a fair résumé of your version of the affair?'

'Remerciements, Monsieur le Président. It is reproduced with the greatest fidelity.'

'How do you reconcile that statement with the exclamatory confession you made to me when surprised by the gardes champêtres:—"The assassin is caught then?"

'I accused myself at that bewildering moment, as I do now, of having been the involuntary assassin of the unfortunate Cécile.'

'Why, if innocent in intention, did you endeavour to destroy all traces of the deceased by sinking her tambourine and otherwise?'

'Ah, Monsieur le Président, the love of life beats strongly in the bosom of the most fallen and wretched of mankind. I feared, and justly it has proved, to be misinterpreted. Besides, the dreadful catastrophes brought on an access of insanity. I know not what I said or did.'

'You admit that the immediate cause of quarrel was the refusal of your daughter to give up a sum of money she had received from the famille Coqard?'

'Yes, the immediate apparent cause of quarrel, not the real one. I wished to obtain the money because I knew that by it is possible I could be enabled to accomplish a design I would have given my own life to frustrate.'

'What design was that?'

'The accused hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a low, determined voice: 'To state that would avail nothing. I have unwittingly slain my child, but I will cast no stain upon her memory.'

A murmur of indignation from the audience followed this apparently hypocritical declaration, but it was suppressed by the president, who, at the same time, echoed it in his mind.

'This is excellent, Labondie. You, not only a confirmed vagabond and drunkard, but who, not long since, attempted to steal a silver fagon from an abbé of Beaufort, seek to shelter yourself under a plea of folly, for your crime!'

The sallow countenance of the accused had the hue and heat of flame as he replied: 'Vagabond!
drunkard! Yes; but thief, never! The concealment of the cup was a mischievous trick played me by a drunken comrade. It was found, and Meudon the burgomaster has since acquitted me of all blame in the matter. Enough of these interpellations, so opposed to our notions of fair-play. As soon as they were concluded, the procureur-général sustained the accusation in an able and elaborate address. M. Begnard made an impassioned speech in defence, in which he questioned the legal soundness of the procureur-général's dictum, that the corpus delicti had been sufficiently established by the evidence of the boy, and the quasi confession of the accused. At all events, a verdict of guilty must be accompanied, he contended, by the qualification of extenuating circumstances. The avocat-général replied, insisting upon the sufficiency of the corpus delictii as established—evidently the weak point of the case. The corpse had no doubt been carried away by the river, or so weighted by the assassin that it had sunk deep into its soft, muddy bed—a common occurrence, he said. M. Begnard rejoined in a few words, and then Monsieur le Président, a few minutes before the abest counsellor for the prosecution assumed to hold the balance equally between the accused and accused, summed up, as we say—résumé tout les débats is the French term; and that done, Messieurs les Jurés, after deliberating for a few minutes, pronounced a simple verdict of guilt, by a majority of nine to three. The procureur thereupon intimated to the contest that Jean Gossot Labonde be condemned to death—and the costs of the proceedings. The court acquiesced, and Monsieur le Président pronounced sentence accordingly; and ordered the execution to take place on the first day of the foire de St Michael (29th September), 'in order that the punishment of the assassin might be as public as his crime was unnatural and horrible.'

I have now brought this sad story down to the moment of the startling appearance of the supposedly murdered Cécile in the Place d'Angers, with the exception of relating how it happened that she had not perished, as everybody, her father included, believed her. That is told in a few words. The cause of quarrel on the night of the 19th of August was her expression determination to rejoi a group of strollers, to one of whom, Etiene Lafont, she was strongly attached. The money she had received would soon be gone. So she thought. What escaped her during the altercation revealed to her father the extent to which her intimacy with Lafont had been carried; but the furious blow which instantly followed prevented him from learning that it had been sanctioned by marriage. The stroke of the cymbal, though severe, was but a flesh-wound: Cécile had been stunned only, and, upon regaining consciousness, found herself alone on the edge of the river. Partially divining what had occurred, she, agile and sure-footed as a goat, clambered round a rugged projecting cliff, and hastened away at her best speed, travelling all night and next day by little-frequented paths, and ultimately reached her husband's troops, just about to depart for a distant part of France. She accompanied them, and the more readily that they were to return to Angers at the foire de St Michael, when she nothing doubted that a reconciliation with her father would be of easy accomplishment.

One only inquiry remains to be answered. Did the fierce outcries of the sight-seeking mob congre gated on the Place d'Angers, the frenzied gestures of Monsieur le Président, arrest in time the mechanical action of the guillotine? Enough to reply that in every town of the churches of Angers, Beaufort, and Jumelles, a priest, on every recurring Sunday within the octave of St Michael's Day, addressing the hushed congregations, says: 'The prayers of the faithful are requested for the repose of the soul of Jean Gossot Labonde, the anniversary of whose death occurs about this time.'

Cousin Jonathan Upon His Telegraphic Cable.

The heading of this paper may possibly surprise many readers who have entertained the notion that England had some slight share in the matter of the laying of the Atlantic telegraph, but the fact is as above; we have Cousin Jonathan's own word for it, in that disinterested witness Mr John Milsby, 'official Historian of the memorable Expedition.' In this volume of his, which is as big as a quarterly, there are nine pages devoted to the biographical notice of Mr Cyrus Field, and six lines to that of Mr Charles Bright; half-a-dozen pages to Professor Morse, and half a page to Mr Whitehouse. It is only casually, and rather in spite than because of the Official Historian, that we come across the trifling facts, that the Telegraphic Cable was made in England; that the British government offered at once very liberal arrangements to the promoters of the scheme, while similar terms requested of the government of the United States were vehemently opposed, and only carried in the Senate by a majority of one; and that the telegraphic squadron, consisting of five vessels, was composed of four 'Britishers,' and only one 'Yankee.' That one, however, if we may trust the narrator in such a matter, did whip all nautical creation. This book is interesting as being the record of her voyage, and as affording a comprehensive view of the whole enterprise seen from the American point of view. It is written, where the author's national vanity—too ridiculous to be offensive—does not shew its cromocaulous head, with a graphic power little inferior to that of the historians of the Age of Iron, and contains very interesting incidents, which are new to most of us, connected with the various expeditions. Here is a curious twofold coincidence to begin with. In the autumn of 1856, after Lieutenant Berryman had surveyed and sounded the plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland, and made his report to Mr Cyrus Field (who was procuring specimens and samples of cable on the side of the water), that gentleman set off from Cork to London by way of Milford Haven in Wales. 'In the cars that started from Milford Haven was Mr Brunel, the celebrated engineer, whom Mr Field recognised, and to whom he introduced himself. The subject of conversation was the cable, and in course of it Mr Field brought forward a portion of the cable submerged in the Gulf of St Lawrence, the core of which is composed of seven twisted strands, which form the conductor. "Why not have the outer covering of the Atlantic cable formed of twisted strands as well as the conductor?" said Mr Brunel. "By that means you will have a stronger, lighter, and more flexible cable than if you retain the outer covering or armour of solid wire." By one of those strange coincidences that often happen in everyday-life, Messrs Glass and Elliot, the well-known gutta-percha manufacturers, were also in the cars, and overhearing the conversation,
joined in. During a ride of three hundred miles, the party so opportunely thrown together discussed this subject, and the result was an order to Glass and Elliott to manufacture a specimen cable after the plan suggested by Mr. Brunel. Sometimes, indeed, the Official Historian, in his liking for anecdotic narration, lets go both ends of the Telegraphic Cable, and grows discursive indeed. Yankee-like, he cannot rest without having a glimpse at Queen Victoria — her general appearance. Mr. Mullay is unhappily not entirely satisfied with— and Yankees-like, he publishes a fac-simile (with border and all) of the Lord Stewart's card of admission, which gave him (Mr. Mullay) entrance into Buckingham Palace. He stood in the great hall with the mere Thursday crowd to see her pass, it is true, but only "was not at her drawing-room, nor honoured with an introduction from our minister," he explains, "for the simple reason that the favour was not requested of him."

The thing which Mr. Mullay seems really to have had some right to boast of, is the United States Steam-frigate Niagara; although even here the praise is laid on with so broad a brush, that we cannot for the life of us help suspecting such egregious merit. A cynical philosopher of our acquaintance protests that he never saw a hammer— he has never seen his mind reverting instantaneously to "an infernal lie;" and whenever the trumpet of transatlantic self-glorification assails our tympanum, we are prone to look up the miracle about which the noise is made with the like incredulity.

The spar-deck— so called because all the masts and rigging are visible from it— of the Niagara presents perhaps a greater extent of clear and unobstructed space than is to be found in any other ship-of-war in the world. In nautical language, it is what is called a "flush-deck," which, reduced to plain English, means that it is as free from all obstructions as it is possible to make it on a vessel of such a character. This is a most essential object in the case of a ship like the Niagara, which differs in many respects from war steamers. She is the largest steam-frigate in the world, and exceeds in tonnage the heaviest of the line-of-battle ships in the British navy. While, however, she surpasses them in size, she numbers but few guns; but these are of such great calibres, and are capable of doing such terrible execution, as to place her, it is claimed, on a perfect equality with any of them, if they should not render her superior. Each of these guns weighs fourteen tons, including the carriage, and is capable of throwing a shell of one hundred and thirty pounds a distance of three miles. The following arrangements for saving the life of a man overboard seem to us particularly good, even when the loss of five minutes would be too long. The best swimmer might not be able to keep himself above water till a boat could reach him. To meet such an emergency, there are two life-buoys attached to the stern, and connected by means of wires to two handles, which are within the reach of either of the two men stationed at this part of the vessel. By pulling this handle, the buoy is immediately detached, and falling into the sea, is, in nine cases out of ten, effective in the saving of life. The instant the cry of "a man overboard" is heard by the watch upon this station, his hand is on the handle, the buoy falls from its place, and it not unfrequently happens that it is seized before it is a minute after. All this is accomplished in less time than is taken in the description. During this operation, the ship is arrested in her course, the gang of men who are stationed at the life-boat are engaged in unmooring and launching it, and in about ten minutes from the moment the man has fallen overboard, he is rescued and restored to his shipmates. As the life-buoy would not be visible at night, it is lighted by means of a trigger, which ignites a sort of roman-candle or rocket, of such light that it continues burning ten or fifteen minutes. To prevent the possibility of mistake, the following words are inscribed above both handles—"Life-Buoy—Port-fire."

More than 1250 miles, or half the entire length of the cable, was coiled in the Niagara, and the same enormous amount in the Agamemnon; and a sectional view of each of those ships is given, showing how the various masses were stowed away, from the first inch on the spar deck, to the 1200th mile in the hold with the electrician sitting in his scientific box at the end of it. It was on the changing of one of these coils of cable to another, during the paying-out, that the chief danger lay. We will leave out all that concurs in the first instance to the success of the enterprise, and turn our attention to the coil of cable, narrated at fullest length; as well as the description of the paying-out machines, of the cable guards, &c., which the most graphic pen could scarcely make intelligible without the aid of the pencil. We will omit even the details of the account of the distinguished personages who visited the Niagara while at Plymouth, and that very particular account of the carriage and livery of Mr. Dallas, which we are happy to learn make up a respectable affaire. At the time of the payment out of the cable, the men are keenly interested in every foot of which is laid down with as much precision, as much regularity, and as much neatness, as thread is wound upon a spool. Mr. Everett, the engineer, who developed the admirable plan for 'paying it out,' is himself on board to watch proceedings, having been kindly 'loaned' to the company by the American government, in whose service he is engaged. The Agamemnon is detained some days behind, which naturally frets the rest of the squadron; with the thought of so much weather wasted; but at last, on July 29th, 1858, she looms in sight. All has been made ready for the splicing, long ago; and in those vessels, a thousand miles from land, the marriage of the Old and the New World, of January and May, is being begun. The men were at their posts by the machinery, the stoppers were all arranged, the electricians were on watch in the long vacant office, the tar-tubes were put in their proper places, the scrapers adjusted, and nothing was left undone that human forethought could do. Captains Freedy (Agamemnon) and Aldham (Valorous) came on board of our ship, before commencing, and Mr. Field, and one of the electricians, visited the Agamemnon, to make further arrangements in regard to the work before us. After the necessary time, these are made, and it is concluded that if the cable should be broken after 150 miles shall have been paid out from each ship, both vessels shall at once proceed to Queenstown, there to await orders from the company; and the final disposal of the stowage of the cable. The captains have returned to their ships, the splice is made, and the work of paying-out proceeds, while the two ships move so slowly through the water that their motion is hardly perceptible. The rate of the cable is certainly much faster than that of either of the vessels, for the simple reason that it has to descend to a depth of about two miles, and it will take a considerable time to do that. The announcement comes from the electrician's office that the cable has been lowered, and the connection is perfect, and with this assurance the engineers go on more boldly with the work. In fact,
the engineers may be said to be under the control of the electricians; for if they report anything wrong with the cable, they are likely to hold the case in abeyance until they are allowed to go on with their operations by the announcement that the insulation is perfect and the continuity is all right. The sailors, who are somewhat in the dark as to the scientific definition of the term, are generally supposed to have the particular animosity to it, under the belief that it is which causes all the difficulty. "Darn the continuity," said an old sailor, at the end of a scientific but rather foggy discussion which a number of his mates had had on the subject — and by the continuity I wish they would get rid of it altogether. It has caused a damned sight more trouble than the hull thing is worth. I say they ought to do without it, and let it go. I believe they'd get the cable down if they didn't pay any attention to it. You see," he went on, "I was on the last expedition (expedition he meant, but it was all the same— his messmates did not misunderstand his meaning), "and I thought I'd never hear of the end of it. They were always talking about it; and one night, when we were out last year, it went on for two hours, and after that I thought that was the end of the affair, and we would never hear of it again. But it came back, and soon after the cable busted. Now, I tell you what, men, I'll never forget the night, I tell ye; we all felt we had our best back, and I never heard the word continuity or contiguity mentioned but I was always afraid something was going to happen. And that's a fact."

The work of paying-out the cable commenced at once, and the speed of the vessel was gradually increased after sufficient had been lowered over the stern to reach the bottom; by two o'clock, five miles had left the ship, and she had gone two miles from the starting-point. The observation taken by the Agammemnon and Niagra showed the position of both ships as follows: Lat. 52° 09', long. 38° 29'. To accomplish the work, the former has eleven hundred nautical miles, and three hundred tons of coal; while the latter had the same number of miles, and five hundred tons of coal. This will give our ship from ten to fifteen days' steaming; while the Agammemnon has sufficient for ten days, should she burn at the rate of thirty tons per day. But, if we should find that we have not enough coal, we shall have to make the best of it, and burn the spare spares; and should we be still further pressed, we will take down even the bulkheads for fuel.

Nothing, indeed, is more gratifying in this account of our operations than the intense interest which every human being on board takes in the success of the enterprise; the personal honour of each individual, as well as that of America, seeming to be concerned in the achievement of success. "The sea is smooth, the barometer well up; and if we can only do for the next seven days as we have done since one o'clock, we will be at Newfoundland by the 5th of August, and to New York some time between the 15th and 20th of the same month. But we have been somewhat too hasty in our calculations, for our ship has just slowed down, and the propeller has ceased working for the last ten minutes. There must be something wrong to cause this interruption. Let us take a look at the machine. The cable still goes out, which cannot be the case if it had parted. Ah! the continuity! that's it—there's where the difficulty lies. And as the electricians are the only parties who can inform us on that point, we at once go in search of them. A visit to their office explains the whole matter. The continuity is not gone altogether, but is defective—so defective that it is impossible to get a signal through the cable. Still, there is not "dead earth" upon it, and all hope, therefore, is not lost.

"When dead earth, as it is termed, is on the conductor, then indeed the difficulty is beyond remedy, for it shows the case is stand, until they are allowed to go on with their operations by the announcement that the insulation is perfect and the continuity is all right. The sailors, who are somewhat in the dark as to the scientific definition of the term, are generally supposed to have the particular animosity to it, under the belief that it is which causes all the difficulty. "Darn the continuity," said an old sailor, at the end of a scientific but rather foggy discussion which a number of his mates had had on the subject — and by the continuity I wish they would get rid of it altogether. It has caused a damned sight more trouble than the hull thing is worth. I say they ought to do without it, and let it go. I believe they'd get the cable down if they didn't pay any attention to it. You see," he went on, "I was on the last expedition (expedition he meant, but it was all the same— his messmates did not misunderstand his meaning), "and I thought I'd never hear of the end of it. They were always talking about it; and one night, when we were out last year, it went on for two hours, and after that I thought that was the end of the affair, and we would never hear of it again. But it came back, and soon after the cable busted. Now, I tell you what, men, I'll never forget the night, I tell ye; we all felt we had our best back, and I never heard the word continuity or contiguity mentioned but I was always afraid something was going to happen. And that's a fact."

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'The sea is smooth, the barometer well up; and if we can only do for the next seven days as we have done since one o'clock, we will be at Newfoundland by the 5th of August, and to New York some time between the 15th and 20th of the same month. But we have been somewhat too hasty in our calculations, for our ship has just slowed down, and the propeller has ceased working for the last ten minutes. There must be something wrong to cause this interruption. Let us take a look at the machine. The cable still goes out, which cannot be the case if it had parted. Ah! the continuity! that's it—there's where the difficulty lies. And as the electricians are the only parties who can inform us on that point, we at once go in search of them. A visit to their office explains the whole matter. The continuity is not gone altogether, but is defective—so defective that it is impossible to get a signal through the cable. Still, there is not "dead earth" upon it, and all hope, therefore, is not lost.
calculated to infuse new confidence into every one who sees it; but it is, after all, a confidence terribly shaken by vague fears of the future. The change from the main-deck coil to that on the deck immediately below, took place at 5.30 on the third day. 'At least an hour before it was effected, the outer boundaries of the circle in which the cable lay was literally crowded with men, and never was a greater interest manifested in any spectacle than that which they exhibited in the proceedings before them. There were serious doubts and misgivings as to the successful performance of this important part of the work, and these only served to increase the feeling of anxiety and suspense with which they silently and breathlessly await the critical moment. The last flake has been reached; and as turn after turn leaves the circle, every eye is intently fixed on the cable. Now there are but thirty turns remaining, and as the last of these is unwound, Mr Everett, who has been in the circle during the last half-hour, gives the order to the engineer on duty to "slow down." In a few moments there is a perceptible diminution in the speed, which continues diminishing till it has reached the rate of about two miles in an hour.

"Look out now, men," says Mr Everett, in his usual quiet, self-possessed way. "The men are as thoroughly wide awake as they can be, and are waiting eagerly for the moment when they shall lift the weight of the cable off the flake. They are out safety is not out of the question. One of the planks in the side of the cone has been loosened; and just as they are about taking the cable in their hands, it is removed altogether, so that as the last yard passes out of the now empty circle, the line commences paying out from the bottom of the cone, or "orlop"-deck coil, as it is called. They have hardly passed the cable out of the circle before they are received with as enthusiastic a demonstration of approval as the rules of the navy will permit."

The sound of the machinery has by this time become as familiar to all as the sound of their own voices, and when it is drowned in any other noise, they listen with eagerness to hear it again. As success gets to become probable, they can hardly think of anything else.

"Well," said a member of one of the messes, approaching some of his associates, "well, it is done at last."

"'What is done?' said half a dozen, with the most impatient haste—"'what is done—the cable?"

"'The cable? No, dinner is done!' he replied, with a tone of disgust that showed, however his comrades might regard his remark, he certainly did not intend it as a joke."

During the fifth night, the continuity was again affected. 'Both Mr Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two electricians on the Niagara, were of the opinion that the insulation was broken in some part of the wardroom coil, and on using the tests for the purpose of ascertaining the precise point, they found that it was about sixty miles from the bottom of that coil, and between three and four hundred from the part which was then paying-out. The cable was immediately cut at this point, and sent back to a deck-coil of ninety miles, which it was intended to reserve for laying in shallow water, and was therefore kept for Trinity Bay. About four o'clock in the morning the continuity was finally restored, and all was going on as well as if nothing had occurred to disturb the confidence we felt in the success of the expedition."

The sixth day, August 2, is the anniversary of the day on which Columbus sailed for the New World; may the omen be prosperous. And yet they are still but two hundred miles from land, and a "kink in the cable, or a hole running through the gattaperna into the conductor—and through which you could not even force a hair—would render the labour of years all unavailing.
The change from the foreclosed coil to that in the wardrobe (for the officers have given place to the case) and half-way up the room) took place at eight o'clock, and with the utmost success.

On the morning of the seventh day, the Niagara first came in sight of the island outpost of the American continent; but before that, the Corongos, her consort, telegraphed by flag: 'I congratulate you on your success.' The Porcupine meets them in the Bay of Bull's Arm, and leads the way up through the darkness, for it is night. 'The bleak mountains loom up through the night, and a huge bonfire, which has been built for the purpose of receiving the ship, lies on a neighboring hill, throws out columns of dense black smoke and great tongues of flame.' Before it is light, the electricians report that 'a telegraphic dispatch, or signal, has been sent from the Adjutant, informing them that the ship is in good order.' A voice is heard from the ship up to the last hour. 'The intelligence is peculiarly gratifying at this time, and adds to the enthusiasm which every one feels.'

At five o'clock, the boats of the Niagara are ranged in neat order on the underground breast, to tow that on which the cable was coiled to the landing-place. 'All the officers of the Niagara, with the exception of those on watch, in the boats, the crews of which numbered altogether about sixty men, and the officers of the British ships, and all the officers, English and American, made a total of about one hundred men. The demonstration was certainly anything but a pageant, for there were none of those accessories which make up what is generally understood by the word; but there could be no one who was imbued with a higher appreciation of the character of the occasion, nor who were better qualified to do it honour; and it is doubtful whether the presence of thousands would have added anything to its importance or solemnity. It would be a difficult matter for one who has seen nothing but civic processions to form an idea of that which attended the last act in the completion of this enterprise. The scene, the circumstances, the events, have conspired to render it totally different from any celebration the world has ever seen.'

The electric chain soon binds the two worlds together. The continuity is as perfect now as ever it was. 'At six, Major McRae and Mr. Johnstone, one of the electricians, who have accompanied us from England, have tasted the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the stir produced by the news which it brought. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment.' Alas, alas! although we suppose Mr. Whitehouse has still the opportunity of tasting the telegraph, he and Mr. De Saunier, one of the electricians, who has accompanied us from England, have not tasted the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the stir produced by the news which it brought. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment. Alas, alas! although we suppose Mr. Whitehouse has still the opportunity of tasting the telegraph, he and Mr. De Saunier, one of the electricians, who has accompanied us from England, have not tasted the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the stir produced by the news which it brought. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment. Alas, alas! although we suppose Mr. Whitehouse has still the opportunity of tasting the telegraph, he and Mr. De Saunier, one of the electricians, who has accompanied us from England, have not tasted the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the stir produced by the news which it brought. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment. Alas, alas!

'The electric spark hastens, unquenched and as swift as ever, with the message, as contorted to it, but hastens it on its way, and babbles idly when it reaches its destination. Have, then, all this time and money, this labour and pains, this patience, and care, and skill, been thrown away? Most certainly not! Though the 'continuity,' so opposed by our nautical friend, should entirely cease—which great and wise men have still good hope, at this present writing, that it will not do—yet none of these things will have been thrown away. The Atlantic Telegraph is no longer a dream, a chimera, an idea too somber to be translated into reality; it is a fact. It has been an accomplished fact, and it is only a question of time and money when it will become a fact again. It would be hard to find, throughout the entire history of the world, a success so honorable, so encouraging to mankind, as this (so-called) failure of the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable.'
them even take his name as the symbol of future successe, and inscribe it upon their banners as the inscriptions of the carboonaceous constitute are to the leaves. The atmosphere is the grand reservoir of nourishment, and the soil plays a very subordinate part indeed. Out of its substance, nothing else is contributed than the very trifling proportion of saline or earthy matter that remains in the form of ash after any vegetable structure has been submitted to the process of burning. Even the poorest soils contain within themselves saline ingredients for multiplied crops of the richest kinds of grain.

It follows, from this data, that the only requirements in a good seed-bed are, that it shall be a layer of loosened and finely comminuted earth, which has been well turned over in the process of preparation. Break up the soil thoroughly, and open out its substance to the air, and it will maintain its own productiveness through lengthened years. In the first place, it will constantly throw more and more of its reserved bullion into active circulation; and in the second place, it will keep a sufficient quantity of floating capital always within call for the safe transaction of affairs.

But, here again, if improved comminution of the soil, and not increased manuring, is the thing required, a great revolution must be made in a very important particular. A new form of apparatus must be conceived for attaining this end. Plough now in use is merely a barbarous implement, planned in rude days for enabling horses to do man's work. The spade lifts up the soil in mass, turns it over, and leaves it evenly spread as a loosened porous bed; but the ploughshare, on the other hand, squeezes down and condenses one part, while it loosens and turns up another. It is simply a compromise of accurate principle, for the sake of insuring the horizontally acting service of the horse. It is a matter of familiar knowledge that spade-husbandry answers very much better than plough-tillage, whenever it can be employed.

Spade-husbandry cannot, however, be much in use in these luxurious days; manure has now too high a value in the markets of the world for this to be the case. Some agent must therefore be sought that shall combine in itself the skill of the biper and the strength of the quadruped, and that shall also admit of economical application; in other words, the animal drudge must be exchanged for a mechanical one. That potent slave of the wonderful lamp of science, who never fails to accomplish all that the possessor of the radiant spell enjoins, must be summoned to the agriculturalist's aid; steam, ever ready to transform coarse materials into fine, must now be put in commission to grind down the soil, as it has before ground down hosts of stiffborn things, in order that nourishing grain may multiply as fast as hungry mouths.

Assuming that steam has once been enlisted in the service of agriculture, the consideration yet remains of how its enormous power may best be employed. Clearly, it must not be harnessed to the obsolete plough, as some have thought, merely to get out of place if set to dig, as a horse would be if put to dig. Man works best with an upward lift, the horse with an onward pull; but the genius of steam is rotary. It likes to have the resistance it is to conquer placed at the circumference of a wheel, the spokes of which it is allowed to drive. The steam cultivator must wear the form of a compact locomotive, carrying behind it a revolving cylinder, fully armed with case-hardened claws of steel. As this
A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A short time ago, an act of parliament was passed in relation to bankruptcy, in virtue of which a person in desperate circumstances may come from England to Scotland, and having resided at any spot he pleases in the country for forty days, pass through the bankruptcy court. This is found to be an exceedingly simple and rather an agreeable method of getting rid of debts. Instead of running the gauntlet of a bankruptcy process in the city or district where he is known, all that an insolvent Englishman has to do is to make a trip to Scotland, and there, at the distance of four hundred or five hundred miles from his creditors, go through a few trifling forms, which relieve him from his pecuniary obligations.

When this convenient law came into operation, English insolvents—some of them notorious for their transactions—tried to pass through the bankruptcy court at Edinburgh; but that was short-sighted. Edinburgh has newspapers with a corps of reporters, who are on the lookout for interesting events, and accordingly, reports of the examinations of the would-be bankrupts before the sheriff were duly paraded for public edification and amusement. Then, as a matter of course, followed comments of the London newspapers, as there was no peace for the unhappy English visitors, who might as well have stayed at home and become bankrupt in the old-fashioned way.

At length, a great discovery was made. This consisted in the selection of a retreat in some obscure Scotch town provided with a resident sheriff, but without that pestilent thing, a newspaper. And be it known, there are a number of towns of this primitive nature. Two of the most pleasant are Tobermory, in the island of Mull, and Peebles, situated on the upper part of the Tweed. At all events, Tobermory and Peebles seem to have been fixed on for carrying through this species of business, and are likely to become the Greta Green of English insolvents, should no new law interfere. Tobermory may possibly secure a preference; for it can be reached only by performing a voyage to the Hebrides, which London creditors, however keen, may not like at all seasons of the year. It is true, that in one or two instances, English creditors have been provoked into the adoption of measures to prevent their debtors from walking the course through even a Tobermory bankruptcy; but according to the old Angushire saying, 'it is a far cry to Lochawe;' and he must be a very resolute person, who will either go himself or employ an agent to watch over low-proceedings in the distant island of Mull.

We do not usually allude to parliamentary doings—it is not our vocation to do so. In the present instance, we may be excused for drawing attention to a very flagrant legislative abuse. Reader, think of a man carrying on business in Regent Street, or some other well-known thoroughfare in the metropolis, and at his good pleasure walking off to a remote and isolated town in the Western Islands of Scotland, and by a few manoeuvres, getting completely rid of his debts in a day or two—a fiction; the law allows it, and it is done. What are we to think of the conduct of senators in concocting and passing so odious a law—a law as ridiculous as anything in the annals of Legislaus, only it is rather too painful to laugh at. We can understand the propriety of estimating the legal practices of England and Scotland, and of opening English and Scotch courts to all parties indiscriminately; but in the matter of bankruptcy, it is but reasonable that insolvents should resort only to courts within the district where they have chiefly incurred obligations, and which are easily accessible to their creditors. For do it from us to counsel anything like severity in disposing of bankruptcy cases. We can have no objection to the tender and considerate treatment of persons who, from sheer misfortune, have fallen into a state of insolvency. All that is insisted on is that each case as it occurs shall be examined into in its own proper locality, and that Scotland shall not be scandalised by being made the chosen resort of every one of the erring Englishmen, desiring to save the latter's face, who desires the publickity which is incidental to the proceeding. We might indeed add something more. The practice referred to must, we fear, have unpleasant influence to make respectable persons in Scotland by so solicitous an attention. Insolvents are, who are not particularly well introduced. If the remains as it is, which can scarcely be imagined, every Englishman who takes up his quarters for a short time in a country town in the north, will be presumed to be a refugee from his creditor, and shunned accordingly.

M O S S.

Calm sleeper 'long the mouldying wall,
Whereon the robin rests his feet,
And warbles out his love-note sweet,
While golden elm-leaves round him lie.

Fair circlet of the woodland wall,
Where water-jewels softly gleam,
Like glowworm lamps by haunted rocks,
or pears in Beauty's coronal.

Lone hermit—such to me thou art—
That on the old oak's root reciles,
And thy warm arms around his tawes,
As if thou'lt clasp his folded heart.

Companion of lone churchyard stones,
Where oft thy restless head is bend,
Hiding the quaint words from our ken
That sweetly speak of absent ones.

High dweller on the hoary tower,
Screener, yet emblem of decay—
Where Ruin's fingers pick away,
Thou lov'st best to build thy bower.

But there's a Queen of fragrant breath,
And fresh as floral child can be,
Thou seem'st to love most tender's,
And dower with thy brightdest breast.

So I will call a sweet moss-rose,
And twine it in my lady's hair;
And thus parting, and parting more for
My love than fairest flower that blows.
CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES AT ROME.

A sudden influx of visitors at the hotels, a jostling of carriages in the streets, and a certain indescribable air of bustle and activity which prevailed during the Christmas-week last year, announced that many foreigners were congregated at Rome to witness the ceremonies pertaining to the festival of the Nativity at the high seat of Roman Catholicism. Most people, I believe, wished eagerly to be for once free from that human infirmity which, as night draws on, calls more or less imperatively for sleep—sleep, as the great restorer of jaded mind and body. How else would it be possible to hear the Christmas-eve vespers with the choir of well-attuned voices at one church, and the nuns' singing at another; the midnight mass at St Peter's, and the Shepherds' Hymn at two o'clock in the morning, and still rise before dawn so as to secure seats at St Peter's during the celebration of the grand Christmas Mass? Our party not being endowed with frames of twenty-women-power, but all needing some modicum of rest and sleep in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, endeavoured to moderate their desires, and contented themselves on Christmas Eve with passing two hours at the Sistine Chapel.

The Sistine Chapel was built in 1473 by the command of Sixtus IV, and subsequently adorned by many great painters; but it is perhaps most famous as enshrining some of the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, especially his world-renowned Last Judgment. We had visited the chapel by daylight on a previous occasion, and had been impressed by a certain grand simplicity in its design. It may be called, I suppose, with propriety the pope's private chapel, being in reality a lofty oblong chamber attached to the Vatican. It measures about 135 feet in length by 45 in width, and has a gallery running round three sides. A sort of barrier divides it into two unequal parts, the smaller portion—that near the door—being reserved for ladies, who, during religious services, are not permitted to pass beyond. It is the fashion to rave about the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel with an indiscriminating admiration; and I believe them to be master-pieces of design and colouring—the subjects among the greatest that pertain to humanity, and bodied forth by genius that was adequate to its task; but the simple truth is, that these frescoes are so blackened with the smoke of ever-burning lamps, and the vapours of often-rising incense, that hardly the designs, and certainly not their colouring, can be fairly estimated even by the patient examiner, much less by the hurried visitor who 'does' Rome in a month, and judges of such things as these by the piecemeal revelations of an opera-glass, and by the dim light which ordinarily alone penetrates the chapel.

The wall on the left side as one enters is devoted to fresco-paintings by some of the early masters, of subjects taken from the life of Moses; that on the right side, to subjects from the life of Christ, illustrated by Perugino, Ghirlandajo, and others. It was not till the year 1508 that Michael Angelo, at the entreaty of Pope Julius II., undertook the painting of the roof. At this time, the great artist's triple gifts of genius as architect, sculptor, and painter, were not recognised; but his success as a sculptor had made many rivals envious; and it is said that this commission, though coming from the pope, commissioned, in the first instance, from a cabal who had a double aim—that of causing him, by the distraction of his energies, to neglect a grand mausoleum he had recently undertaken to execute, and to venture on an enterprise in which they believed he would fail.

It was already known that Michael Angelo considered oil-painting as worthy only of the powers of 'women and idlers,' and that the grander style of fresco-painting was the one he avowed to be the more congenial to his own genius. Yet so ignorant was he of the necessary process of this branch of art, that he sent to Florence for certain mediocre but practical painters in fresco, and set them to work from his own designs, and under his personal direction. As might have been expected, such assistants proved only artisans, and, however skilful and painstaking, failed in carrying out and embodying the thoughts of the master. After a disappointing trial of a few weeks, he sent these men back to Florence, and shutting himself up alone in the chapel, set vigorously to work, excluding every one, and often painting with scarcely any intermission from dawn till sunset.

This laborious and self-sustained life continued for many months; no one knew what progress was made; and even the pope himself desired that the public, not a clique of artists, should decide on the merit of the paintings. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1511, the chapel was opened, the scaffolding removed, and the work was found sufficiently advanced for a true judgment on its merits to be formed. The people were enchanted; and the little envious band who had plotted the ruin of their rival, found they had elicited from his hand a chef d'œuvre, and been the means of crowning him with fresh laurels. The designs of the roof form a continuation of the Scripture history commenced on the
walls; and by far the larger portion of the subjects are drawn from the Old Testament. Indeed, the "divine" Raphael, as it has been said, was essentially the painter of the Gospel, and Michael Angelo the grand illustrator of the Old Testament. There was something in the terrible histories associated with the Fall of Man, the Deluge, and the Jewish dispensation, into which he threw his sympathies more readily than he could lend them to the seraphic purity of the Virgin Mother, or the patience, humility, and love, which warmed the hearts of the early converts to Christianity.

Nearly three years afterwards, when Clement VII. occupied the papal chair, the same great artist was commissioned to execute the fresco of the Last Judgment. This marvellous work is sixty feet high, and thirty broad, and occupies the end-wall of the Sistine Chapel; but it has suffered from damp as well as from smoke, and is, moreover, partially hidden by the high-altar; consequently, I really believe that ordinary people may derive more pleasure from examining a good copy or good engraving of it, than from seeing the fresco itself. The great painter is said to have acknowledged that he sought his inspiration in the pages of Dante, rather than in the Bible itself, and the treatment he chose to adopt tempted him to introduce the portraits of friends and foes in paradise or in the infernal regions, according to the measure of his love or hate. The curious may still observe in the lower right angle of the picture a figure with ass's ears, and a body twined round by a serpent. This form, represented as writhing in the lowest depth of hell, is the likeness of the pope's master of the ceremonies, Biagio by name, who had raised certain objections to this great work while it was in progress. Biagio, on finding himself thus caricatured, complained to the pope, who requested that the figure might be altered; but Michael Angelo declared that it was impossible, adding, that though his holiness might be able to effect a release from purgatory, he had no power over hell.

This grand fresco, commenced by Michael Angelo in his sixtieth year, occupied him for eight years, and was completed in 1541, during the pontificate of Paul III. In the Colonna Palace, in Rome, there is shown an ivory carving of the Last Judgment; it is about two feet high, the figures appearing in alto and bass-relief, and is said to have cost two brothers the labour of thirty years to execute.

It was eight o'clock on Christmas-eve when we arrived at the Vatican. Passing up the Scala Regia—that grand staircase by Bernini, so famous for its imposing perspective—we entered the Sala Regia, a large and richly decorated apartment, intended as an audience-hall for ambassadors, but which also forms a vestibule to the Sistine Chapel. When the massive folding-door of the chapel was opened from within, in answer to our tap, we perceived at a glance that the seats reserved for ladies were nearly all occupied, and yet the service was not to commence for nearly an hour. However, by dint of a little patient perseverance, we edged our way on, and at last procured tolerably advantageous places. As perhaps many of my readers are aware, a rigid rule prevails that ladies of all nations and of all ages who appear in the presence of the pope, must be attired in black, and wear black veils. It may be imagining how funereal was the aspect of about two hundred ladies crowded together thus costumed. A few paces distant from us, a sort of platform or gallery was reserved for the dowager of Spain, Queen Christina, and her suite, who in due time arrived to perform their devotions. Meanwhile, I had time to look about me.

The chapel was lighted with innumerable candles. Massive candelabras, each with many burners, were ranged round the galleries, and lighted up the frescoes of the walls and ceiling in a manner that gave them something of a weird effect. Outside of the chapel was dim, if not dark; but we looked forward to the comparatively vacant space before us, which seemed to rest in a blaze of light, and showed to advantage the uniforms of the pope's noble guard, and the rich vestments of the priests, as from time to time they made their way to the places apparently reserved for them. By and by, the pope and several dignitaries of the church, entered, the Holy Father being conducted to a throne-like seat beneath a canopy. Then the organ poured forth a swelling strain, and many silver voices rose and fell in measured cadences. The service in the Latin tongue commenced, ever and anon interrupted by genuflexions and pantomimic ceremonies, of which a Protestant can hardly be expected to give a faithful account. We lent ourselves to the free enjoyment of the music; but apparently the monotony of the scene soon became wearisome to a large proportion of the ladies present. By half-past nine o'clock, some of the best seats were vacated, and we were able to push forward almost close to the barrier which separated us from the great body of the chapel.

Occasionally, we heard a few words spoken in a foreign tongue; but so frequently did a burst of English conversation break on the ear, that we concluded at least three-fourths of the ladies present must be English or Americans, who, like ourselves, were attracted by curiosity to see the sight—not drawn to the Sistine Chapel to join in a religious service. I believe this celebration of high-mass lasted till nearly midnight; but probably few strangers remained till the conclusion, for, in retiring about ten o'clock, we ourselves only seemed following a general example.

I know the fine things that have been said and ought to be said in favour of early rising; nevertheless, I persist in considering candle-light rising and candle-light breakfast among the disagreeable incidents of travelling and sight-seeing. I had desired to be called at half-past five in the morning; and when the sharp tap at my door aroused me, I opened my eyes on pitchy darkness; but that very intensity of night revealed what would never have shown itself in the dawn, a single topaz-like spark that shone from out the wood-ashes. I had not had the heart to desire a fire to be lighted for me that early hour, but here was the thing beautifully arranged—three puffs from the bellows, and the skilful adjustment of some slender logs, were all that was necessary for my purpose; and in five minutes, a bright flame and a cracking music dispelled the sense of gloom I had experienced. By the light of my lamp, a pair of bellows, usually astatic, and a pair of tongs, always rusty, constituted the 'fire-irons' to be found in such Italian apartments as boast of a luxury of
open chimney. Nor are these all-sufficient weapons to be despised: the management of a wood-fire is not a thing to be rashly or unadvisedly undertaken; and though, when masterly instruction is bestowed on a genius so vivid and constant as his, the accomplishment may be acquired in a few practical lessons, I have known unfortunate who, after suffering the severities of many transalpine winters, were still limbiciles at their own hearth-stone.

Even in December the daylight comes and goes in Rome with a visible celerity that reminds a northern traveller of the latitude into which he has passed. There is, in fact, little or no twilight; but Christmas morning rose foggy and dull, and when we left the hotel between seven and eight o'clock, the aspect of the streets was more murky than I have often known London to be at the same season. Then the streets are so narrow, and the shops so mean, that there is nothing to relieve the gloom. As we crossed the Ponte di St Angelo, we observed that the fog crawled and clung about the Tiber even as a London fog crawls and clings about the Thames.

It may easily be believed, that a faithful description and a historical account of St Peter's would fill a third volume of this book. It is both attempted: I shall do little more than endeavour to convey to the untravelled reader some of my own passing impressions. This magnificent structure—certainly the largest, and by some critics declared to be the most important—was begun in 1506, the year in which the battle of Parnassus was fought. The design for this temple was interred after his crucifixion, head downwards, on a hill about two miles distant. In the year 90 A.D., a bishop of Rome, who was said to have received ordination from St Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site of the present cathedral; and in 306 Constantine the Great built a basilica here, which henceforth continued a centre of attraction to the Christian world. It lasted till the end of the fifteenth century; and some curious representations of it exist among the paintings of the early Italian masters. Ruin had, however, long threatened the building, and various plans for a new structure had been submitted to different popes, who were all convinced of the want of a new St Peter's. The last, that of Nicholas V, represented a plan which Bramante was engaged in, and to which allusion has already been made as a work which gave rise to malignant envy; a work destined never to be completed, but which, in its fragmentary state, rests in another church in Rome—the well-known Moses, a copy of which is placed in the Crystal Palace, being the central and most remarkable statue.

Only four piers, and the arches which spring from them, were completed when Bramante the architect died, and by this time Leo X. filled the papal chair. New architects were chosen, and the assistance of Raphael obtained. The original plan had been that of a Greek cross. Raphael preferred the Latin cross; but Raphael died in 1520, and among the changes of purpose and of patrons which ensued, time passed on; and it was not till the year 1546, when Michael Angelo had completed his seventy-second year, that to this great artist was confided the task of altering, modifying, and completing the work which many hands had attempted to carry out. Michael Angelo returned to the form of the Greek cross, enlarged the tribunes, and the two transepts, strengthened the foundations, and commenced the dome on a plan suggested by the dome of the cathedral at Florence,—saying that he would lift the Pantheon into the air. He kept his word; for the external measurement of its base, a diameter of 195 feet—exceeds that of the great heathen temple by nearly two feet. It is true that, though he reached his ninetieth year, Michael Angelo did not live to see the completion of his work; but so far as this portion of the building is concerned, succeeding architects adhered exactly to his plan. We must remember that the building of St Peter's occupied more than a century—at a period when death seemed unusually busy in high places, so that the generations of men in power succeeded each other with strange rapidity. Hence proceeded the frequent changes of purpose which occurred in the erection of this cathedral. Many critics regret that Michael Angelo's design of a Corinthian portico, combined with the Greek cross, was not followed, as this arrangement would have permitted the whole dome to be visible from the piazzas. But, on the contrary, succeeding architects returned to the form of the Latin cross, and built a façade which, however beautiful in itself, has the unfortunate effect of so screening the dome, that there is no point of the piazza from which the cupola can be combined with the rest of the building, so as to exhibit all parts in their just proportions.

In fact, it is necessary to ascend above the cupola in order to realize the gigantic proportions of the building. Yet it may give some idea of the height to mention that, on the roof, wooden houses are erected for the convenience of workmen, who seem always occupied on the mosaics or in executing other repairs of such houses being quite shrouded by the angle of the parapets, and consequently invisible from below; and that the thirteen statues of Our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles which crown the façade do not strike the eye as colossal, although they are really 17 feet high.

An inside gallery runs round the base of the cupola, and from this gallery the visitor looks down on the bronze baldachino resting as below; and up to the colossal mosaics which line the dome, and which are of necessity executed in large squares, though, when seen from below, they look highly finished and delicate. I was sorry to perceive a crack in the mosaics many inches in width and many feet in length, which indicated too surely a dangerous strain, though this large crack was quite invisible from below. On mentioning the circumstance, I discovered a certain superstitious feeling to prevail in Rome in connection with the dome of St Peter's—a feeling that its permanence and the permanence of the papal power were in some way connected.

It is the interior of St Peter's that in most hearts kindles the sentiment of admiration to intensity. Byron says:

Enter; its grandeur overwhels thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

Indeed, some wondrous law of harmony must prevail in St Peter's, which takes from it that stern, if not rude aspect which commonly belongs to immensity in works of art—a law similar to that which rules in nature, for the beautifully rounded and developed tree will always appear taller than it really is when brought into comparison with those of less graceful

* It is curious to observe how reverential true genius was. Michael Angelo used to gaze for hours in admiration of Brunelleschi's dome at Florence, and often exclaimed when studying it: 'Like it, I will not do; better, I cannot!' and in accordance with his feelings, Michael Angelo, Santa Maria del Popolo, at Florence, is so placed that if he can see the wondrous dome he so admired.
growth, and a man or woman of perfectly symmetrical figure never looks the same height as a gaunt sort of person of the same inches. In my own case, I never could realise the vastness of St Peter's except by a scale; and I feel as if I should measure off by my eye a certain space, and say: 'Surely that might be the site of a large church;' and then making the extreme limit of that measurement the starting-point of another, would mentally portion out a second allotment, and so on, till I satisfied myself that many fine churches might stand within the walls of that one. Or I would walk up to the marble cherubim that support the vases for holy-water, and satisfy myself that these figures, which look so infantile, were in reality five feet in height.

I always found St Peter's a particularly comfortable place in cold weather, but never appreciated its warm and pleasant atmosphere more thoroughly than on that chilly foggy Christmas morning. We had been compelled to present ourselves attired in black, with black veils on our heads instead of bonnets, to claim seats at the side of the high-altar, where benches rising one above the other had been placed, capable, I should think, of accommodating about five hundred ladies. We were in such good time that we saw at a glance we might choose our places, so we walked leisurely up the nave, enjoying the warmth of the many lamps, and the fragrant remains of the incense. One of the most fascinating objects to the eye is the bronze statue, or rather the nudes who hold the statue of the saint, which some antiquaries declare to be an ancient Jupiter with the keys added, and the name changed; others say it was the statue of a slave; but the majority of critics, I believe, consider it the statue of the early Christian emperors, which perhaps melted down a Jupiter, and used the metal for their purpose. I confess I cannot believe the old pagans, who have left us so many forms of beauty, ever made anything half so hideous as this seated image, which resembles a Hindo idol more than anything else. On Christmas-day, a ring—apparently an enormous sapphire surrounded with large diamonds—blazed upon one of the brazen fingers; and two soldiers were stationed, one on each side, a guard of honour for St Peter—and the ring.

Most people are familiar with the interior of St Peter's, if only by means of drawings and engravings, and I need scarcely remind my readers that the high-altar is beset with marble columns, and a great canopy, stands immediately beneath the dome. The relics of St Peter are said to rest beneath the altar; and the confessional, where Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. is placed, is surrounded by a balustrade of marble, on which are suspended eighty-nine lamps, kept burning night and day. Leaning over this balustrade, we look down on the statue which represents the pope praying at the tomb of the apostle, and likewise on the double flight of steps which lead to the shrine. The baldacchino, which is 941 feet high, and which is profusely ornamented and gilt, was partly composed of bronze stripped from the Pantheon, in those days when there seemed little reverence for the beautiful remains of ancient art, and when the Colosseum itself was used like a quarry to supply building materials for medieval palaces. It is conjectured that tin from our Cornwall mines was a component part of that Pantheon bronze; brought from the island of the barbarians by the Romans, when Rome was the seat and centre of civilisation. How strangely do the generations clasp hands, and weave the chain which stretches through all time!

The great dome is mainly supported by four piers, each having a colossal statue at its base; and the seats appointed for ladies stretched on our side from the statue of St Helena—represented bearing the cross, of which her dream led to the discovery, and other instruments of the Saviour's passion—and the statue of St Longinus—the soldier who pierced His Side; opposite, the seats extended under the statue of St Venecia. We were by no means too early, for ten minutes after the first lady had secured seats in the first and second rows, ladies thronged in so fast that I began to pity a certain official, a sort of master of the ceremonies, whose duty it appeared to be to accommodate the accommodation of the black-robed visitors. This functionary was a gentleman evidently, and one who spoke three or four languages fluently; but he wore a dress that belonged to the Elizabethan period; and by the starched ruff, which gave his head a somewhat appearance, the slashed sleeves and ruffles, and numerous chains hanging about him, so reminded one of some ancient knight, that I found myself indulging in a sort of waking dream, and fancying that I saw before me an old picture that I took out of its frame, and become vivified for this scene.

But the living picture was a character with decided opinions of his own. His abhorrence of crinolines became painfully evident as he marshalled the ladies to the best seats in the house, which two hundred 'loons' that so troubled him. He did not look like a married or paternal personage, and, moreover, I believe celibates are chiefly in favour near the Sepulchre; but he spoke as severely of the moon as our Benedictine. He would scold the nuns, who had to cover the crinolines of a wife and half-a-dozen daughters. Then his temper certainly was tried by the pertinacity with which people would seat themselves just in the way where the new-comers a few minutes before had passed, and would give the word 'pass' to the ladies behind them. The 'ladies of the French garrison,' who, later in the morning, came in by two and three on the arms of French officers. A bishop, courtesy this, no doubt, and yet significant, in condition of modern Rome, where a foreign clergy keep guard over her most time-honoured memorial, exercise in the piazza of her cathedral, and take to wall when passing her citizens in the streets, the very names ring with a rhythm of past glory. A soldier who seeks to drown the audible murmur of discontent with the drum and the fife, and mains by sheer force an outward calm that can be only prefigured by a sense of national conviction. Ladies of the French garrison, enjoy your reserved seats while you may; I scarce a second word about the bluest eyes of many a Roman maid and matron as your sons and husbands pass by, glances also sideways at you.

Soon after nine o'clock, St Peter's began. I was going to say if; but that is a mistake. I imagine St Peter's was to be ever filled. It seemed to absorb the crowds who entered; they looked so small and were so quickly scattered. Now a party of Sons of Charity arrived, and, before taking their places, bent their knees in profound reverence. Some of the worship, then came the pope he had just attended, and said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; the
bare-legged friars with their sandalled feet, serge frocks, and rope-girdles, sitting as well as praying, and giving unmistakable evidence of their standing quarrel with, and separation from, soap and water. They came, more the drier, and the greasier, and the more magnificent their uniforms, and ambassadors in official costumes, and priests, whose costly vestments and jewels eclipsed every other decoration. I thought, too, that the black dresses of the ladies, carried into masses, formed a contrasting or background image, rich with the most brilliant costumes to advantage. It is true there were many ladies in ordinary walking-dresses—especially those who came in for half an hour before proceeding to the English Protestant church—but they were not admitted, and placed certain on the shoulders of his bearers; and, with thumb and two extended fingers—said to symbolise the Trinity—he gave his blessing to the people as he passed along. Not believing in the infallibility of any human being, my feelings were not those of the common or other emotions; and I must confess a sentiment of compassion for this frail old man was that most prominent with me. I know not how one can go over one of his palaces and mark the arrangements which produce the effect, as we have in possession of the heart. Why, if it were only that an old man must fade away, and fall into the grave without the intimate companionship and tender care of woman, he must be an object of compassion. Is there no Crittenden to be traced in the fact that, in our Saviour's history, women were found 'last at the cross,' and 'earliest at the grave,' that may sanctify this Protestant compassion?

Pius IX. has a benedictive expression of countenance, earnestness, and indisclosure. I have seldom seen any countenance so colourless; his closely shaven face on Christmas-day had that peculiar pallor which, in the decline of life, is said to indicate great vitality; and consequently the prospect of a long life. The pope's vestments were of white silk, richly embroidered with gold; and he wore on his head the famous triple crown, which blazed with jewels. It may be worth while to remark that the lower circle of this crown typifies temporal dominion, while the unite represents the skies; and the second circle, shadows forth the union of the spiritual and temporal authority; and the third, the union of the pontifical, imperial, and royal power. In the large space behind the high-altar, the pope descended from his chair, and received the homage of the cardinals and the commencement of the ceremony of High Mass. The music, somewhat dramatic in its character, was exquisite;
only lifelike; but then we must remember that the carriages are above sixty feet in height.

In due time, our turn arrived, and thankful we were for the shade of a close carriage as we stepped into it. ‘But driving home was no very easy matter; we had to fall into the long line of carriages that was forming and proceed at a walking pace until long after we had crossed the Tiber. High Mass at St Peter’s was the great event of Christmas-day in Rome; and the procession that crowded the main lines of thoroughfare for an hour after it was over, demonstrated how numerous and motley had been the congregation beneath that wondrous dome!

IN RE MIND AND MATTER.

Bonny was the name of an old bachelor Scotchman and odd character who kept an old-book shop in a certain university town of North Britain. He was a little man, with keen gray eyes under a high wrinkled forehead, over which struggled one or two friendless hairs; his mien conveyed dignity; much on many his head since I knew it, but that they might have been counted. His features were sharp, with a constant look of care; his whiskers white and thin; his voice was tight and bare, as if worn with usage. Everything was sharp and thin about him, from his knees to his nose. His black coat was tight and bare, and his black trousers yellow and snuffy. He kept himself as he kept his favourite authors—whom he wouldn’t disgrace by binding afresh—no, not to make them fetch double the money.

He never had any other name than Bobbie; or if he had, nobody knew it. Something about him forbade inquiry; there was no sign over his door and he never gave receipts or credit. My instincts told me he was a Smith—Mr Robert Smith. He had the tread of a Smith—laid his feet on the world’s soil like one with a right to do it—steadily, frankly, flately, deliberately. He had the humanity of a Smith—that feeling for the species which, however it may be with other persons, is always perfect in the breast of a Smith. So it ought to be. Aren’t the Smiths, in a sort, human society? Others may have the feeling, but not the Smiths. That humanity one rank with the family affections. And lastly, he had that reserve about his name which characterises the Smiths: he never told it to anybody; nobody knew it. Not that the Smiths generally deny themselves, but Smiths is the name of one of what was due to the family. ‘Homo sum,’ &c. ‘Smith sum,’ &c. There is no occasion to mention the particular genus; he lived and died as Bobbie the Bookseller.

No one knew what he was in the beginning, or when the raw material of him was cast into the mould of the old-book shop. But the casting was perfect—he fitted it exactly. A cubic foot added to its space—an inch to the counter—would have made harmony impossible between him and that society—harmonised, soul and body of him, with everything in it. With the stock-in-trade, indeed, his mind had a sort of Corinthian brotherhood. Like it, he smacked of every system and of all knowledge; his kaleidoscopic views changed with its changes, whether made by sale or purchase. When nothing was doing, and there was no new book to be assimilated, he would sit for hours as steadily as the books on their shelves, and looking as straight before him, brooding over some or other questions in metaphysics—Did the owl come from the egg, or the egg from the owl? He had always food for reflection.

Of his many peculiarities, only one is to the purpose. In the flux of his mind, two things were as firmly fixed as posts in a river—his belief in the supremacy of reason, and his sense of duty. ‘More convenient nature’ was his sum of all the commandments; and wherever reason pointed the way, Bobbie put his best foot forward—a dreadfully practical little man. But as his own reason—which was none of the best—and not reason in general, was his guide, he was anything but rigorous in his observance. It was his foible to be always illustrating the power of mind over matter—if mind couldn’t triumph over matter, where was reason’s supremacy or the stoical doctrine?

The said doctrine had hardly fair-play from Bobbie—he understood it so literally. Nature was something less than a blanket, and included neither corridors nor stalact-xen, opinion nor laws. We were all right in a state of nature—so said Rousseau—when nothing entered the world with inventiveness, especially the latter. Wherever he got the notion—most likely from some forgotten work of the eighteenth century, long since gone out of stock, Bobbie had it, that all the most deplorable evils were due to the creature here named, and from this spring, in the obstinacy of his brain, a string of heresies as long and sticky as the shoots of a potato in a dungeon. It would deck itself there. There was no fear marriage was a convention. Polygamy was monogamy there; here many wives, there many husbands: bah, it was a convention! Property was a convention—any proof wanted for that?—he replied were less if the law were clearer; it was a perilous muddle of a convention! The very order of society was a convention—pampered aristocracy, high caste, low caste, humane institution of America! Of course it was a convention! Religion—yes, he wept to record it—religion was a convention. A man in it?—why, on the face of it, it was supernatural—and Bobbie would array all the religions of the world, from Mumbo-Jumboism to Mormomism, and bewail the folly of mankind. It wasn’t much on honest man could do; but he would do it. It wasn’t nature, and not conventions, and, while there was life in him, he would stand up against conventions!

One day he stumbled on a syllogism, which nearly proved the death of him, by knocking him up against a hitherto invisible principle—that of the evil principle, an evil; the major, good. ‘Sleep is a law of time; the minor, bad, but not so to Bobbie. ‘Therefore sleep is an evil’—conclusion quite alarming! Being an evil, sleep was a convention! Bobbie, the least of what his mind had discerned of what was due to the family. ‘Homo sum,’ &c. ‘Smith sum,’ &c. There is no occasion to mention the particular genus; he lived and died as Bobbie the Bookseller.

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drew down the blinds on the windows of his room over the shop, and adjusted himself for the night. He went to the whole pleasantly, reading "Ladie's Delight" in a rusty copy; his eye was on the fatiguelogism, and a note of his faith and feelings, till three in the morning; drank a glass of cold water, and exercised himself in leap ing over the chairs placed at intervals about the table till half-past three; sat a while at the fire; feeling drowsy about four, went down to the shop for Tom Paine, where he was thoroughly roused by a conversation, in a screaming voice, through the shutter, with a note which was sent through the middle of the light through the chinks; read Tom Paine till seven; cooked his breakfast and ate it till eight, and surprised the neighbours by opening shop for the day at a quarter past eight. During the day he felt very drowsy, was able to go through the ordinary routine of buying and selling, and conversing with the gowmsmen who dropped in, as if there were nothing particular on foot.

Next night, he commenced by continuing the note of his feelings and experiences. The record is before me, but too long and rambling for quotation. It begins (I alter the dialect, which was a bewildering mixture of Scotch and English): "So far forth I have holden on, and not without hope of triumph. Why should I?--God in his wisdom has no reason for a moment be lost in the unfathom'd--[A gap here.] Arms of Morpheus, forbear! the pagan hypothesis. O man! how can you have led us, with your vagaries, into this time-destroying convention--this unimportant putting of matters to sleep, in the deep of the voluntary exile of consciousness and power which we mightly suffer--this--[Gap again.] But I am throwing off the thrall. And then came the particulars. He had to rub his eyes many times before finishing his scrabbling; and when the clock struck twelve, and he rose for a change of employment, they were red and hot, and his head was aching. But he firmly believed that the majesty of the will being once asser ted, nature would interfere to readjust matters, and he should be free, nor longer liable to be caught and clasped to the bosom of the insatiable pagan hypothesis! When, thereafter, he tried to read, the print danced on the page, and colours red, blue, and black, came and went upon it; and when he shook his head, the prints were not consider; head dreary, he shut it out long webs and strings of gaude that spread and hung before his eyes, with broken edges, rent a here and there; here blotches of black, and there of blood, always shifting, always going downward out of sight, and reappearing immediately from above on their way down again; while numerous flies went in and out, and up and down, in the gauge, and completed his distraction. Reading became quite impossible. He now thought of the shop again. He went down, lit the gas, kindled the fire, and gave the place every appearance of business, save that the door was shut and the shutters on the windows. He set himself in his customary seat, as if he were expecting customers, just as a man had done any time for twenty years; and doing nothing, held himself awake, if not by sheer force of habit—it was never heard of that he napped in the shop—at least by a strong effort of will. At three, another change became necessary: his feet were aching, if the wasn't--O vexation of matter! and he had difficulty in trailing himself up stairs. Once there, he put on the kettle, made and drank a cup of strong tea, ate some bread and butter; and it now being after four, he spent the remainder of the morning till breakfast time in playing loo with himself for high stakes, won Dunby's case with great anxiety for that imaginary individual's interests. The shop was opened at eight. The issues in the great case, "Mind and Matter," Bobbie for the plaintiff, were now rapidly evolving themselves. As the day advanced, he felt like one in an uncomfortable dream. His fancy was active, and twisted everything at its will into the maddening combinations; his thoughts played leap-frog in the chambers of his brain, and congested on his tongue, striving for expression. It was mooted about that day that Bobbie had lost his wins. He stood up as usual to the business of conversation, and the students who dropped in could make nothing of him. The little man's gray eyes were red; the wrinkles on his brow were deepened; and there was a stoop on his back, that used to be straight as a pronged. Alas! for the supremacy of Reason! His absurdities and inconsistencies, that spread over many weeks, were amusing, exhibited in so many moments, were terrific—sheer insanity. In the same breath, he was a baboon with Monboddo, and recollected with Plato the state of pre-existence! In the same breath he agreed with Hume and Berkeley. Conscience was at once the divine monitor and a convention; and he went in for the Ptolemaic system against an intending purchaser of the Principles. He shut the shop that night an hour before his usual time, and thus confirmed the suspicions which his behaviour had already awakened in the minds of his neighbours.

The third night opened with a game at 'tub.' No notes, no feelings, no emotions of his experience. If his crotchets had not been so firmly rooted in him, he would have given up the cards by this time in re, 'Mind and Matter,' as well as literally. But Bobbie was no common litigant. He had foreseen and provided against the weakness of matter leading mind, through sheer pity, into a compromise of its claims. He had printed the fatal syllogism in fatal red ink, in a large hand, and pasted it on the four sides of his room. It started him into a sense of duty on which ever side he turned:

**NO COMPROMISE!**

Loss of time is an evil.
Sleep is a loss of time.

Sleep is an evil.

So on he went with his loo; Dunby now victor, now himself; strict regard for interests of Dunby; double; Dunby sweeps the pool; languid 'Bravo, Dunby!' hit in reckoning with Dunby; pause to consider; head dreary, he shut it out long webs and strings of gaude that spread and hung before his eyes, with broken edges, rents a here and there; here blotches of black, and there of blood, always shifting, always going downward out of sight, and reappearing immediately from above on their way down again; while numerous flies went in and out, and up and down, in the gauge, and completed his distraction. Reading became quite impossible. He now thought of the shop again. He went down, lit the gas, kindled the fire, and gave the place every appearance of business, save that the door was shut and the shutters on the windows. He set himself in his customary seat, as if he were expecting customers, just as a man had done any time for twenty years; and doing nothing, held himself awake, if not by sheer force of habit—it was never heard of that he napped in the shop—at least by a strong effort of will. At three, another change became necessary: his feet were aching, if the wasn't--O vexation of matter! and he had difficulty in trailing himself up stairs. Once there, he put on the kettle, made and drank a cup of strong tea, ate some bread and butter; and it now being after four, he spent the remainder of the morning till breakfast time in playing loo with himself for high stakes, won Dunby's case with great anxiety for that imaginary individual's interests. The shop was opened at eight. The issues in the great case, "Mind and Matter," Bobbie for the
premise, and dogged the little man when he saw him issuing haggard as a maniac from his door. His first idea, on coming up to him where he lay, was that he had poisoned himself, and was dead; so he sprang to his rattle, and having procured assistance, had Bobbie conveyed to the nearest house, where he was stretched out, apparently lifeless, on a bed, and kept by him for him by the humane landlord, who hurried away for a doctor.

The doctor, when he came and inspected him, pronounced him a living man, swore a round oath or two at the watch for their stupidity, and tried to arouse him. This was more than could be done, however. They pulled him, nipped him, poured water on him to no purpose. At last they took him home, put him safely into his own bed, and left him.

It was a Friday morning when Bobbie was put to bed. When he awakened, the sun was streaming upon him, and the church-bells were ringing their last peals, all over the city. Bobbie sat up in bed, bewildered, trying in vain to recall what had happened, when his door opened, and the neighbour, who, for a consideration, kept things right about him, entered and threw up his hands: "Thank Heaven, Bobbie, ye've wakened; a' thought ye wis gaen to sleep till doomsday!" The true nature of the excitement flashed was forgotten, and he buried his face, crimson with shame, under the bedclothes.

Bobbie continued in after-times to believe as firmly as ever in the majesty of the will, in the supremacy of reason, triumph of mind over matter, and in the diabolical nature of conventions; but it was observed that he always qualified his creed by a saving-clause to the effect that there were some particulars —sleep, for example—in regard to which, from the extreme weakness of the flesh resulting from confirmed habit, the mind was not to be expected to exercise its dominion. He affirmed of this subject to the last, that the thing might be done, under fair conditions: "Just gie me a bairnie wha's hasna been quite spoilt, an' a' warrant a' ll mak it dee w'oot sleep; that's all." However he had a chance of making the experiment; so he continued in his self-complacency and hatred of conventions, till the grand smash of all conventions removed him.

VISITANTS OF SHIPS AT SEA.

All persons who have made long voyages, especially in land-locked seas and on board of sailing-vessels, must remember painfully the wearinessomeness of protracted watchfulness for natural history, often find amusement in circumstances which kill others with ennui. At particular seasons of the year, a ship proceeding, for instance, to the Mediterranean, has no sooner been two or three days out at sea, than the passengers observe birds of various kinds perched upon the rigging. Fatigue is generally supposed to be the cause of these visits, though we cannot always have recourse to this explanation, since even when the shore is near at hand, these little explorers of strange things will come and display their beauty to the mariner, reminding him of green woods and sunny glades, in the midst of vast billows, and the watery waste.

We believe that hawks and falcons are not usually reckoned among migratory birds; yet it is certain that they sometimes cross the Mediterranean where it is broadest, as well from Africa to Europe as from Europe to Africa. One day in summer, lying almost midway between Marmurice and Greece, we observed a golden falcon coming up swiftly from the south, and resting upon the top-gallant-sail-yard. As he remained there a considerable time, we inferred that he meant to make the passage to Europe in our company; and a young sailor went up to do the business of the ship, and invite him to descend. Happily there had been enough of flying, the falcon made no objection. He suffered himself to be taken without the least resistance; and when brought down to the deck, looked around him, as if the thought of his pleasure. Perhaps he detected the smell of meat; and certainly when some was offered him, the vanity with which he fell upon it suggested the probability that was not indited for the pleasure of his company to hunger rather than weariness.

Being treated with much kindness, he showed no desire to quit us, though allowed his full freedom. He flew from roost to roost, soared up to the mast and top-mast, and when he thought proper, came down like an arrow.

Everybody on board was amused with him, and loved to gaze at his large bright piercing eyes as he watched everything around him, or turned up quick glances at the clouds. We began to think him so tame as a kitten, gave him, by way of praise-die, bits of meat with our fingers, and the bolder among us even ventured to stroke his speckled breast. This, however, was not done without some apprehension, for he had sharp claws, and his head was never far from his paws.

When he had already been with us eight or ten days, we came in sight of Etne, towering ten thousand feet into the blue firmament, and with its deep snowy cap looking like a stationary cloud. The lice is in doubt as to whether it is much sooner we did, but it had been kindly treated, and was doubtless leav'd to break hospitable ties. But when liberty or sedation was the question, he could not long hesitate; sat, after wheeling twice or thrice about the ship, as if to take an affectionate leave of us, he rose sick, plunged his beak in space, and disappeared in the direction of the great mountain. We could not blame him, though, as he had grown friendly and familiar, we much regretted his departure.

Some of the old Dutch navigators being like the rest of their countrymen, possessed strongly by the love of gardening, often used to make the attempt to indulge in the pleasures of horticulture at boat ship. They made large, long, and deep boxes, filled them with fine earth, and raised for themselves all kinds of salads during their voyages to the east. When the keen-eyed birds perceived, as they could from a great distance, these little floating patches of verdure, they often alighted on the vessels to examine them. As most of the birds who have a taste for gardening, are precisely the same motive as makes wayfarers pass at an inn on the road—they have travelled far, and need a little repose.

Unfortunately, sailors have formed a strange fancy respecting the appearance of birds in the neighborhood of their vessels, on their sails, or among the rigging; they look upon them as the sure forewarning of storms. Even the most observant travellers are sometimes betrayed by putting confidence in such superstitious lunacies; almost full of prejudice and expectation—into sharing this belief. An able naturalist, sailing out of the Baltic, observed, just before losing sight of the island of Gotland, a small gray bird of the sparrow tribe following the ship, as the captain said they should certainly have bad weather. Accordingly, in less than half an hour, the wind rose, the sea ran high, and the waves broke fiercely over the bulwarks. The same writer remarks that, in the North Sea, the Baltic, and on the coasts of Spain, no matter how many birds came on board, a tempest was sure to follow, which led him to infer that the petrel is not the only bird whose visits portend storms.

We have not yet sufficiently investigated the laws of instinct to know by what signs birds foretell the
coming on of bad weather, though it is certain they do, long before the human eye can discover in sea or air the slightest indication of birds. The most interesting point connected with this subject is the light it may serve to throw on the migration of birds. We know that many species disappear from the northern parts of Europe early in the autumn, and that they reappear a little later in Africa and Southern Spain. From these facts we might reasonably conclude, that in the interval they perform the passage from one of these parts of the world to the other. Ships bound in the same direction as the birds often report that they see no navigators, when the rough wind precipitates them from the upper regions of the atmosphere, through which they would otherwise prefer to fly. Among these are the reed, the swallow, and others, which the first barbinger of the nipping cold of winter sends hastily away to the beautiful slopes of Mount Atlas, or the southern acclivities of the Sierra Nevada. Sometimes on the Spanish coast the linnet puts forth to sea, either caught by the vortices of the atmosphere, and to the seaman of his board and lodging, warmer walks, curiosity to make acquaintance with the ships that sail down the Atlantic towards the Strait of Gibraltar.

Naturalists have observed that the rock of Gibraltar was for the English short-winged summer-birds, a resting-place and rendezvous, where they meet in spring and autumn, on their way to and from the north. In this fact, we discover an explanation of the facility with which these feeble voyagers pass from one quarter to another, and which is one of the most prevailing means of dispersion. It has been conjectured, that, disagreeing in the gloom in which they are enveloped by the storm, they make voluntarily towards the strong beacon-light. Whether true or not, it is as probable as it is possible that amid the fury of the winds, they lose the power of directing their own flight, and are dashed accidentally against the lofty tower.

The nightingale is undoubtedly to be reckoned among the first to think of its being taken on board. No doubt, it crosses the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa, because the season in which it is found on the northern slopes of the Atlas is precisely that in which it disappears from our latitudes. No, again, in Persia, the bulbul, or nightingale, is only observed to sing during those months in which its song is never heard with us. To Asia, however, it may easily migrate, along the soft valleys of Roumelia and Asia Minor; but to the Barbary States it could hardly travel otherwise than by sea. It may, indeed, proceed to the specular Rock of Gibraltar, and from thence see its way clearly into Marocco. Most ornithologists are of this opinion, as also that it comes over to us from Russia by the strait of the North Cape. With this Channel; and this they imagine to be the reason why it does not stroll so far westward as Devonshire and Cornwall. A much more probable reason is that they do not find their proper food in those counties; because, in reference to distance, Corfu, which they do visit, is much further from Dover than the Land's End.

Navigators in the Indian Ocean sometimes observe upon the yards and rigging of their ships unknown birds of the richest plumage, which come to them when they are so far out at sea, that nothing but experience could possibly lead the bird's flying to so great a distance. There are two species of cuckoo, natives, it is said, of Hawaii, which are known to fly across the ocean all the way from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of a thousand miles, without once resting, because there is no land between on which they could alight. As swift birds, however, fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour, they can perform this formidable passage in less than five hours and a half.

An eastern mariner once related to us a curious anecdote of a bird-vistor which he had many years before on board his ship. Having left the vicinity of Danger Island, he sailed away almost due east for upwards of a thousand miles, when, early one morning, he observed among the cordage a bird, in shape like a swallow, but of the most exquisite and delicate colours; its breast was bright azure, its tail green, its wings were of scarlet, from its head rose a golden crest, and its eyes were surrounded by a circle of pink feathers. It had toiled along with great difficulty, and by means of hunger, to a temper of the greatest tameness. He held it out to it a little rice upon a plate. The bird descended, perched upon his arm, and ate with extreme voracity. It was evidently much used to man, took flight at once, and flew out at different points about the cabin, touching curiously about upon the cabin-table among the plates and dishes, now taking a bit from one hand, and now from another. Happening by chance to approach the cabin-door noislessly, when, as he thought, the bird supposed itself to be deserted, he grasped it in the most plaintive manner, and at intervals pausing to talk in an unknown language. Watching it more narrowly, he observed that it was standing before a looking-glass, and holding a tender colloquy with its own image. On his entering, it seemed ashamed, and flew to the other side of the cabin.

At length the ship arrived at a small island, where, during its stay, several chiefs came on board, and were invited into the cabin. The mariner was surprised to behold them fall on their knees, bow their heads, and mutter a prayer to this bird. Upon inquiry, the mariner found it was their god, who, having gone out upon the sea, for fear of air, had lost his way, and owed his preservation to the accident of meeting with the ship. The chiefs offered a large sum of money for his ransom; but the generous mariner, respecting their prejudices, or else pitying their weakness, restored them their divinity, without even charging for his services.

Here in Europe—though the plumage of the birds be less brilliant, which may account, perhaps, for their being held in less respect—ships sometimes present the appearance of a moving aviary. A vessel sailing through the Bay of Biscay, a considerable distance from land, became the resting-place of a goldfinch and chaffinch; snipes also, and a white owl, flew round the ship; and, what was more surprising, a hawk appeared in the midst of large numbers of swallow and martins. To explain this phenomenon, we must suppose that the migratory instinct subsides for a season the instinct of scavenging, otherwise the white owl and the hawk would have feared forthwith upon their companions. Finding themselves to be the only species of the sea, they would have sought more defenceless birds, and looking upon the ship as a wandering caravansary, they respected the rights of hospitality, and for several days lived among their inferiors with equal gentleness and condescension. Another visitant to the same ship was a hen redstart, which entered through the port-holes over the guns, and was daily fed by the sailors. Having reposed as long as was needful, these little wayfarers took their leave—we may presume on their way to Africa, since
the ship seems to have been descending from a higher to a lower latitude, and thus afforded the emigrants a splendid view of the coast. On board the same vessel, a small gallinule and a kestrel hawk were caught as a distance of four hundred and twenty-four miles from land.

It is highly probable that, if our naval officers were in general fonder of natural history, we should obtain from them extremely curious particulars respecting the habits of migratory birds. The oldest of the Greek poets alludes, in many parts of his poems, to the migration of cranes, which are so strong of wing that it may be presumed they have reason to alight for rest on ships. After having passed the winter amid the warm marshes of the White Nile, or those of the Tigris and Euphrates, they traverse the scented valleys of Syria, and move in spring along the picturesque shores of Asia Minor. A learned traveller has an extremely interesting passage on their migration northward. A company of cranes, returning from their winter-quarters, flew in orderly array over Smyrna, on the 5th of March, northward. Assume conscious of the approach of a storm, and when they are seen changing their figure and leader; some by moonlight, when they are heard, high in air, repeating their noisy signals. The same writer, sailing in autumn southward from the Hellespont, again witnessed the old friends on their winter-quarters. Being near Tenedos, he says he was amused by vast caravans or companies of cranes passing high in the air from Thrace, to winter, as he supposed, in Egypt. He admired the number and variety of their species, the extent, orderly array, and apparently good discipline.

Other migratory birds of strong wing scorn the aid of man in their flight, and dart from one continent to another, depending exclusively on the force of their own pinions. Thus the pelicans, though birds of great weight, ascend into the atmosphere, and forming themselves into one compact wedge, cleave the air like an arrow, and traverse the whole Mediterranean at one flight. They present a sight of rare beauty when preparing for their departure. Differing in this from many other birds, they commence their journey in the morning, collecting in myriads on the marshes of the Nile, and soaring aloft with a scream, they perform a vast canopy overhead, while the sun playing on their white feathers, delicately tipped with pink, remind the traveller of the snows of the higher Alps, which are often rendered rosy by the touch of dawn.

The peacock and pheasants are almost exclusively the delight of the hunter of the forest, and are less the object of the sailor, who, instead of killing the little strangers, as many other classes of persons would, are almost invariably kind and hospitable towards them. If they could be induced to apply their leisure hours to the study of natural history, they would be able to furnish the world with inestimable curiosities respecting the habits of birds.

Many species of birds love to construct their nests on the islands of the Mediterranean. Regia is a favourite spot, where, by the policy of the inhabitants, they might multiply so fast as to produce a famine. Accordingly, as soon as the breeding-season sets in, the worthy natives disperse themselves over the island, peer into every nook and cranny of the rocks, in search of the nests of doves, pigeons, and partridges, whose eggs they collect and take away, or destroy on the spot without mercy. In this part of Greece, the partridge is reckoned among singing-birds. In spring, they say, is extremely sweet; and, contrary to the instincts of its kind, at least as observed elsewhere, it perches at night. Now and then, the solitary thrush—a peculiar species—alights on the shores that ply among the Cyclades. The Turks set a high value upon this bird, whose song is unrivalled save by that of the nightingale.

It has been suggested by an able naturalist, that a most interesting Fauna might be written on the visitors of ships at sea; and the waters of our own coast would supply considerable materials for a work. The whale, identical with the orca, or becafo, often rests upon vessels running up along the western coast of England, sometimes remaining on board for twenty-four hours together. This suggests a pleasant idea to sailors, who, instead of killing the little strangers, as many other classes of persons would, are almost invariably kind and hospitable towards them. If they could be induced to apply their leisure hours to the study of natural history, they would be able to furnish the world with inestimable curiosities respecting the habits of birds. Perhaps the most interesting scene for such observations is the Mediterranean, because of the vernal and autumnal voyages made by all the migratory birds. If, throughout all the lands alone it would be easy to find materials for an instructive chapter, since many rare birds are often found resting, as if on shipboard, upon their vitrified cones and pinnacles. But when the swallow touches at these seas, it must be for pleasure, not through weariness, since it would be easy for it, with its strong wings, to proceed onward to Sicily. Yet it may often be seen diving, so to speak, through the white smoke of Vulcano, or skimming along the rocky
shores of Feliucdi. Having performed these feats to its satisfaction, it plunges away towards the Faro, as if in search of the misty glories of the fara morgana.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Many noteworthy things are floating about in the talk of artists and savans: the statue to be erected in honour of George Stephenson at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the Stephenson memorial schools now building at Wellington Quay, where George lived as engineman; the statue of Isaac Barrow set up in the same Trinity College ante-chapel with Newton and Bacon; the monument which is to perpetuate Hugh Miller's name and fame at Cromarty; the statue of Tollem, a celebrated Dutch poet, about to adorn a public place in his native town of Rotterdam; the bestowal of the Sheepeanks collection of engravings on the South Kensington Museum, where the Sheepeanks collection of paintings so worthily supports the donor's reputation. There is the Royal Academy, and what some call their prejudicial monopoly—on which we may remark in passing, that while the R.A.s comprise only forty, the artists, who are numbered by hundreds, cannot all be R.A.s at once. There are the Royal Academy which is to be opened next June; of the steamer built of steel-plates for the navigation of the Kuban by the Russians, who hope thereby to finally circumvent the Cossacks; of the improved method of making telegraph cables by plaiting instead of twisting the wire, bringing greater strength with more flexibility; of the telegraph which Signor Bonelli proposes to lay from Genoa to Buenos Ayres; of the industrial and agricultural exhibitions at Bridgetown, Demerara; of the diary maintained by Lord Byron at Portobello, in Chile, and the story of the ship-which, by a cut at Lake Ontario, is to connect Lake Huron with the sea; of a certain silky kind of cotton which is to be grown in India; and of the new regulations of the Russian government, which opens the Academy for the instruction of civil engineers at St. Petersburg to youths of all classes.

In the last number of their Journal, the United States Institution publish a paper on an important subject—Military Dietetics; another on the rides and small-arms of England, the United States, and France; and one by Mr. Bourne on the Internal Communications of India, in which is forcibly shown, that to develop the free navigation with steamers to tug trains of barge, will be more for the immediate good of the country than railways. The length of railway sanctioned in India is 4000 miles, at an estimated cost of L34,000,000; there are 10,000 miles of water that may be opened and navigated, and little, in the clock-tower at Westminster; about the reopening of the course of lectures to working-men by Professor Huxley, at the School of Mines; and about the twenty-one sheep shipped to Melbourne, that Australia may raise ship-loads of alpaca wool: of the Great Eastern, and the hope that now prevails that the huge steamer—of which it was said so long; 'There go the ships, and there is the Leviathan'—will be ready for sea by next June; of the steamer built of steel-plates for the navigation of the Kuban by the Russians, who hope thereby to finally circumvent the Cossacks; of the improved method of making telegraph cables by plaiting instead of twisting the wire, bringing greater strength with more flexibility; of the telegraph which Signor Bonelli proposes to lay from Genoa to Buenos Ayres; of the industrial and agricultural exhibitions at Bridgetown, Demerara; of the diary maintained by Lord Byron at Portobello, in Chile, and the story of the ship-which, by a cut at Lake Ontario, is to connect Lake Huron with the sea; of a certain silky kind of cotton which is to be grown in India; and of the new regulations of the Russian government, which opens the Academy for the instruction of civil engineers at St. Petersburg to youths of all classes.

Anglo-Saxon shall have displaced the fluent and musical Kannaka; and especially as there are a New Era, an Arvyn, and a Monthly Magazine already published at Honolulu. There seems something very like progress in the publication of the Transactions of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society at their fifth annual meeting. Truly we can foresee nothing but good in the spread of the English language; and we think the suggestion for one that the Roman character should be adopted in printing for the native languages of India. It would be as easy to teach this to children as any other; and if generally adopted in the schools, a few years would see a numerous youthful population familiar with the alphabet of the west. If John Chinaman exchange for it his present complex and cumbrous symbols, his gain would be great.

Another explorer has started on the track of Barth and Vogel-Baron von Kners, who penetrate Soudan from Tripoli, in the guise of a Turkish physician, and on reaching Timbuctoo, should he prove so fortunate, will then strike out new routes to complete the discoveries of his predecessors.

The Zoological Society have added a talking canary—the second instance of the kind on record. The bird in question was, owing to the neglect of its parents, brought up by hand, and so became more familiar with human speech than ornithological warblings. At the beginning of the last month he began to talk, saying kisaka! kisaka! and since then it has gone on adding to its vocabulary, and now repeats for hours a succession of phrases comprehending about a dozen words, whistling from time to time a bar of God Save the Queen. The Society of Arts have written their 105th session with an address from Mr. Dilk, wherein what they hope to do is made to appear worthy of what they have done; they gave medals for the employment of steam-power in the cultivation of the soil, for a paper on the present use of the light-house system, and other practical subjects, and on New Zealand and Canada and their resources.

The Meteorological Society of Scotland is now organised, and fairly at work, Professor Piazz Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, having consented to give his attention to the arrangement and reduction of the observations that may be sent in.

The Royal Society, at their anniversary meeting, elected Sir Benjamin Brodie as their president, a measure which will probably cause the maintenance of that chair of that ancient corporation should not be filled by a lord. The Fellows should choose the best man, regardless of all other considerations. The retiring president, Lord Wrottesley, drew attention to the scientific questions in which government and the society may be said to co-operate—a co-operation highly beneficial to science—and, as exponent of the sentiments of the meeting, he presented the Copley men to Sir Charli Jarrell, in recognition of his eminent services to the advancement of geology, a royal medal to Mr. Alban Hancock of Newcastle-on-Tyne for studies in natural history and zoology, chiefly as regards the mollusca; a royal medal to Mr. Lennell of Liverpool for his astronomical researches; and the Rumford medal to M. Jules Jamin, professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, for investigations and discoveries by which optical science has been greatly enriched. This latter was founded by Count Rumford, to whom no man has paid more than two major discoveries in heat or light, and is worth, with the dividends accruing on the fund, which go with the medal, more than a hundred pounds.

Every week brings to light some new application of that yet novel substance—glycerine. To say nothing of its applications to photography, it serves many purposes in domestic economy and mechanical
operations. It has properties in common with oil, but, unlike oil, will bear mixture with water and alcohol, and may be kept at temperatures which freezes even mercury. It is useful in pharmacy, harmless as a medicine, and not disagreeable in taste. Some kinds of food which are injured by becoming dry, might be kept moist for months if coated with glycerine, more or less diluted according to circumstances. Confectionary and other things, now protected by tinfoil, might in many instances be better preserved by glycerine; indeed, we hardly see an end to its application in this way. Mustard mixed with glycerine, not only dries up rapidly, and leaves little trace of its being used, but can be mixed with other substances with which it does when mixed with water. Hitherto, tobacco-manufacturers have used treacle to moisten and sweeten the leaf, and find it at times ferment and turn sour; but with glycerine it may be kept moist for any length of time—a matter of no small importance to those who indulge in the filthy practice of chewing. Again: gas-meters are liable to get out of order by freezing or evaporation of the water with which they are charged; these inconveniences are obviated by glycerine, which, while it absorbs no water from the gas on its passage through the meter. For the lubrication of delicate machinery, for watches and chronometers, glycerine will probably be found preferable to oil; it may be used in water-colour and in printing and engraving, and, like spirit, for preserving specimens of dried plants in a flexible condition. Moreover, we hear that tincture of iodine and glycerine is a cure for even the most inveterate cough.

An operative chemist at Cass announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein. Does he include the chlorey which forms so large a proportion of coffee-grounds in France?

Medical and physiological science presents a few noticeable facts. Dr. Theophilus Thompson, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, endeavours to trace the action of cod-liver oil upon consumptive patients, showing that it largely increases the quantity of the red corpuscles of the blood. Consumption, as is well known, drains away these red corpuscles; thereby depriving the system of much of its vitality; but here we see a means of repairing that loss while taking steps to restore the general health. The fact is a valuable contribution to scientific medicine. Some authorities, however, are of opinion that cod-liver oil is an aliment, and not a medicament, and that its beneficial effects are solely due to nutrition, and not due to any special influence which it is supposed to exert on diseases of the chest.

Dr. Dickinson of Liverpool has written a paper in which, from personal experience, he recommends the climate of Egypt and Nubia as preferable for invalids that of any place in Europe or Algeria; care being taken to pass the first part of the winter in Cairo, and then journey up into Nubia for the second part. Rheumatism, diseases of the lungs, indigestion, and other consequences of a sedentary life, are relieved here. Bright and balmy climate, where mere existence is felt to be a positive luxury, and where the mind enjoys a serenity almost unknown in our foggy land, and the traveller scarcely ever experiences any feeling of ennui, even when confined to his bed. This is doubtless the truth as regards persons in ill health; but we happen to know a considerable number of persons who find it perfectly possible to preserve a serene disposition even in our foggy land. Health now-a-days is sacrificed to social conventions, and the climate gets the blame.

M. Pierry shows that in some cases of defective respiration, enlargement of the heart, and congestion of the liver, a simple and beneficial remedy is to be found in deep inspirations, filling the lungs full of air several times a day. In a paper published at Paris, he states that he has entered on a series of experiments, but we have only space to notice the essential point of his theory, which, at all events, may be adopted without danger.

In the Proceedings of the Med. Chir., as the Medical and Chirurgical Society is familiarly called among the profession, Dr. D. F. Rennie of the convict establishment, Western Australia, called attention to what, in plain English, means the harmful consequences of being careful overmuch about the prisoners in our jails. He found the convicts liable to serious dysentery, when all the rest of the colony was in health, and seeking for the cause, discovered it in the undue quantity of food allowed to each man—27 ounces of bread, and 16 ounces of fresh meat, daily. He recommended with the convict authorities, but they did not believe that the food was in excess; he appealed to Governor Fitzgerald, who appointed a committee to examine the question; and they confirmed his views. A reduction was made, which brought down the quantity of food to 1½ lb. a day, and with the best results on the health of the convicts. These men, moreover, as the doctor points out, were of impaired constitution, with imperfect respiration, lungs more or less diseased, occasioned by their servile and sedentary occupations, and in keeping specimens of dried plants in a flexible condition. Not only those who had been some time in the colony, but fifty men examined immediately on their arrival, showed the same impaired respiration. There is something here which, as Dr. Rennie thinks, strikes at the root of the whole dietetic system pursued during the earlier period of their confinement in England; the state of these convicts with respect to sickness contrasting strongly with that of the inmates of the military prison, who have a simple, wholesome, and yet ample diet, and plenty of exercise in the open air; whereas the convicts, during the first twelve-months of their imprisonment, are shut up like hot-house plants in a warm cell, employed at a sedentary occupation, and placed on a diet double that allowed to the military prisoners. Apart from its importance as a question of prison-discipline, this subject of excess in food is one deserving of consideration by thousands who are not prisoners.

Dr. Fiddick, whose paper on the Osteophytes of Lome as a specific remedy for rheumatic affections of the spine, and the long bones of the limbs, we noticed a year ago, now discusses the properties of iodide of calcium, as a valuable addition to the materia medica. This substance, a combination of iodine and lime, is an inexpensive and remarkably useful medicine, particularly in cases of chronic metallic poisoning, as with painters, plumbers, brass-founders, and others. 'It is highly probable,' says the doctor, 'that the antedate of every poison is to be found in the several kingdoms of nature whence the poison is derived; as, for example, ammonia is the antedate to animal poisons; potass to vegetable, and soda to mineral poisons; so iodine, chloride, and bromine may be, and facts lead us to believe, that they really are, antedates to metallic poisons.' The subject, however, is one that requires patient investigation; and much is yet to be learned concerning the symptoms and effects of chronic medicinal poisoning of the blood and tissues.
respiration of oxygen until the last trace of the acid is eliminated.

The plague of Chinese poisons is treated by Dr. Macgowan in an interesting article in an American journal. It is one of which at present but little is known. We find that wholesale destruction of the English troops by an inoculating poison has been a favourite project with the Celestials, and sanctioned by the military authorities; but the opportunity for trying it never came. Another scheme proposed to Commissioner Lin was to inoculate all the Europeans in Canton with leprosy, as a sure means of getting rid of them. It was rejected as too slow in its operation.

The poisons which kill by inhalation are employed in a way which gives us a strange notion of Chinese morality—in *filicide*. Dr. Macgowan coins a word to express the fact. It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown-up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point by way of conclusion: a government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. 'To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father felt that he must be withholding the drug, but opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he artfully led to suppose was drugged: At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium pipe, having mixed with the remnant powder another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours.'

ABOUT THE PANTOMIME.

This is Christmas-day, and Monday night will be boxing-night, when a hundred pantomimes, new or old, will be conjured into existence throughout the country, in celebration of the event—the event of the year to the masters and misses of the juvenile world. A countless host of little boys and girls are on that evening gratified with their annual visit to the theatre, and witness, in a paroxysm of excitement, the manifold delights of the ever-after-well-remembered pantomime of 'Harlequin and the Tyrant King Gobblemumpandkrumshendowno, or the Doomed Princess of the Fairy Hall, with the Forty Blood-red Pillars'—full of the usual tricks and transformations, and, if we may believe the bill, 'repleasant with new scenery, machinery, dress, and decorations.'

We often wonder if our juvenile friends ever think of the enormous amount of industry which must be evoked before the pantomime can be presented to the audience—before Clown can knock down Piercra the baker, or before Pantaloon can rob the simple-minded butcher, who has been robbed every Christmas in every pantomime that has been produced in the three kingdoms from the earliest period of the printed record to the present time. Even grown-up people, we have often thought, have a sort of idea that the Christmas pantomime is a thing produced by accident, or that it is knocked together on the spur of the moment, just because people want a hearty laugh for their children on boxing-night; and also, *sub rosa*, a little cachinnatory exercise for themselves. The pantomime is not, however, got up by accident, but is the result of intense labour, mental and bodily, on the part of all concerned, managers, authors, scene-painters, designers, carpenters, property-makers, costumers, spangle and lace makers—the pantomime draughtsman, the clowns, harlequins, pantaloons, colombine, eptits, harlequinas, ballet-girls, musicians, and supernumeraries of both sexes. The preparations for the pantomime may be assumed to commence in the large London theatres about the beginning of August, or even earlier, when the house-author and the manager determine what it is to be, and upon the principal ideas for which it is to be made the vehicle. As the autumn progresses into winter, 'it—having as yet no name, for the name belonged to a profound secret, the pantomime is always, by those interested, spoken of as *it*—gradually gets into shape; scenes are invented, and tricks planned; advertising tradesmen are arranged with, some of whom willingly pay £50 or £100 for a scene which advertises their goods—that is, a scene having a view of their premises, wherein clown and pantaloon carry out a deal of practical fun with the articles in which they deal. The house-author, of course, only prepares what is called the introduction, or literal part of the harlequinade, which is usually made a vehicle for fine scenery, gorgeous processions, incidental ballets, panoramas, &c. Some one of the pantomime corps usually takes charge of what, in technical phraseology, is called the 'comic business' and bears the title of 'Monsieur Tom Thumb' of London, such as the far-famed Mr Nelson Lee, who make it their special business, for a 'consideration,' to get up this department of our Christmas entertainments.

In the fulness of time the pantomime corps are summoned to the theatre—they have most of them been engaged since last season, if they are public favourites—and a time is fixed for the commencement of the necessary rehearsals. A troupe of fifty ballet-girls has been engaged for the processions and tableaux. Beverly, the inimitable scene-painter, has promised to do a couple of his finest scenes of fairyland. Dykwynkin has promised designs for the masks and costume of the fifty guards of the tyrant king Gobblemumpandkrumshendowno; and by and by things are so far advanced, that the name of the piece is no longer kept secret, and the bill—the bill of the pantomime, with all its comicalities, is drawn up, and is handed privately to the harlequinade; which begins with the consideration and criticism of the author and manager; for, be it known, the bill is a most particular item of the pantomime, and has been frequently known to be a great deal funnier than the piece it professes to describe. But, provided to all this, when the pantomime has got the piece into something like shape, the stage-manager assembles those who are to take part in the acting or getting-up of the pantomime in the green-room, and reads what is called in theatrical parlance the 'opening,' in order that the mechanics, tailors, artists, &c., of the theatre may each know what is required of him. For this purpose, the necessary explanations are made, and the chief of each department is provided with a list, or 'plot,' as it is called, of everything which will be required in his line of duty; and after this has been given them, there is no excuse for idleness; so these heads of departments at once set to work, assisted by a swarm of *aidos* of all kinds; for the gigantic preparations will require every hand in their time. The first step in that of that reading till boxing-night, before the productions of these working *genii* can go before the public, with their fairy scenery, their comic masks, their elaborate dresses, and all the spangles and golden glitter which are incidental to the creation of a successful pantomime.

Let us imagine, then, that it is the middle of December—the best time for making the tour of that part of the house, from which so many metaphors
talk so enthusiastically. Grimaldi was thus apostrophised by James Smith, one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses:

Faccious mine! then enemy of gloom; Grandson of Mamma, blithe and drollinaire, Who, aping Pan with an inverted broom, Can brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

But we are forgetting the present in these reminiscences. What a buzz there is when the curtain rises, and the tyrant king's band of Christy minstrels are seen, ay, and heard too, playing a serenade before the great entrance to the palace. This morning, no person could have supposed it possible that the piece could come out at all—but here it is, ay, and a great success into the bargain, as might indeed be expected from what we already know of the preparations that have been gone through to insure its 'going' well. 'Could we not go behind to-night?' asks some one. Heaven forbid! we have more sense than to venture behind the scene on the first night of a new Christmas piece. We know from experience what kind of treatment we should receive, when we should be shocked about at the various entrances of the stage, or perhaps shoved 'on' in some of the mobs in propria persona, without being called by the audience. The bustle and animation kind the scenes during the run of a popular Christmas piece can scarcely be described, and every available inch of space is blocked up with the necessary properties. Here a basketful of mock vegetables; there, a lot of chairs; in another place, a heap of kitchen utensils. 'Now, then, by your leave,' and a fierce giant, carrying his head under his arm, twists you aside—not very ceremoniously. Then the shrill treble of a trembling fairy says: 'Please, sir, will you allow me to pass?' Then the stage-manager asks some one who you are. Next, a carpenter condescends to inform you that it is very warm, and hints at 'beer.' 'Take care of your feet!' shouts the prompter, and looking down, you see two gigantic warming-pan ready to be shoved on for the next scene. As you pass up the narrow path between the side-scene and the wall, in order to gain the door, harlequin and columbine, reeking hot, bound from the stage, and nearly overthrew you; while just as you recover your perpendicular, you receive a blow on the cheek from a soft turpant, and a furious knock on the shins from a wooden cheese.

It is said that the spell of pantomime is broken, and that this kind of entertainment will speedily be numbered among the things of the past. But the same thing was said a quarter of a century ago. Just at that date, a public journalist stated that ingenious tricks, startling transformations, surprising feats of agility, grotesque masks, smacks, thumps, and tumbles, astonish without amusing, unless they are made to bear upon the action of the story. Wanting purpose, the wit of the concocters, the cleverness of the machinist, and the humour of the performers, are of no effect: strange, that those most concerned in the prosperity of pantomime will not see what is so obvious to everybody else! Notwithstanding these predictions, we still find pantomime in vigour; and since some of the London Christmas pieces ran for a period of sixty—or seventy consecutive nights, drawing large audiences on each representation, we must conclude that there is yet life in that amusement.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Holly berries, holly berries, Red, and bright, and beaming, Through the dusky evergreens Like sprays of coral gleaming; Ye have power to fill the heart With memories of glee: Oh, what happy thoughts can dig Round the holly tree!

When I see the holly berries, I can think I hear Merry chimes and carols sweet Ringing in my ear: Christmas, with its blazing fires And happy hearths I see: Oh, what merry thoughts can dig Round the holly tree!

Bring the glowing holly berries; Snow is lying deep; All the gay and blooming fays Till the spring-time sleep. Let them grace our happy homes With their crimson light, Mingling with the somber fit, And the laurel bright.

Keenly blows the icy wind, Shorter grows the day, Winter scatters cold and gloom In his dreary play. Yet we love the closing year For the joy they bring, And the holy memories That round the holly clasp.

Holly berries, holly berries, Red, and bright, and beaming, Through the dusky evergreens Like sprays of coral gleaming; Ye have power to fill the heart With memories of glee: Oh, what happy thoughts can dig Round the holly tree!

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END OF TENTH VOLUME.

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