CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

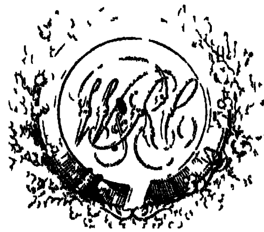
CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME XVIII.

Nos. 444 to 469. JULY—DECEMBER, 1852.



EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

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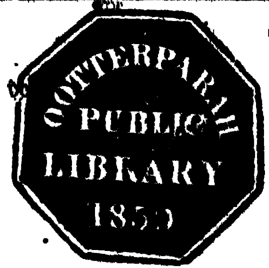

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No. 444. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE ART SEASON.

RETURNING with the circling year, and advancing *pari passu* with the multitude of metropolitan musical attractions, comes the more silent reign of the picture exhibitions—those great art-gatherings from thousands of studios, to undergo the ultimate test of public judgment in the dozen well-filled galleries, which the dilettante, or lounging Londoner, considers it his recurring annual duty strictly to inspect, and regularly to gossip in. As places where everybody meets everybody, and where lazy hours can be conveniently lounged away, the exhibitions in some sort supply in the afternoon what the Opera and parties do in the evenings. Nearly all through the summer-day, they are crowded with a softly-rustling, humming, buzzing crowd, coming and going perhaps, taking little heed of the nominal attraction, but sauntering from room to room, or ensconcing themselves in colonies or clusters of chairs, and lounging vacantly in cool lobbies. At energetic sight-seers, who are labouring away, catalogue and pencil in hand, they stare languidly. They really thought everybody had seen the pictures; they know they have: they have stared at them until they became a bore. But this sort of people, who only come once, why, of course, they suppose this sort of people must be allowed to push about as they please. But it is a confounded nuisance; it is really.

The great army of art amateurs, connoisseurs, and the body who are regarded in the artistic world with far greater reverence—the noted picture buyers and dealers, have come and seen, and gone away again; after having lavishly expended their approbation or disapprobation, and possibly in a less liberal degree, their cash. After the first week or so, the galleries begin to clear of gentlemen of the class in question; even artists have got tired of coming to see their own pictures, particularly if they be not well hung; and so the exhibition is generally handed over during the greater part of its duration to the languid *far niente* elegant crowd we have seen thronging its corridors. The grand day for the moneyed amateurs, who come to increase their collections, is, however, that of the private view. This generally occurs on a Saturday, and the public is admitted on the following Monday. Within an hour of the opening on the former day, the rooms are crowded with a multitude of notabilities. You see that you are in a special class of society, or rather, in two special classes—literary and artistic on the one hand; wealthy and socially elevated on the other. The fact is evident in the general mutual acquaintanceship which prevails, principally within each respective circle, but by no means exclusively so. First, you are sure to observe a cluster of those peers and members of parliament who busy themselves most in social, literary, and artistic questions. Bishops, too, are regular private-view men; capital judges, moreover, and liberal buyers; and we seldom miss catching a glimpse of some dozen faces, whose proprietors are men standing at the very top of our historic, philosophic, and critical literature, and who move smilingly about, amid the keen but concealed inspection of the crowd, who pass their names in whispers from group to group.

But the class of regular picture-buyers is quite *sui generis*. You may pitch upon your man in a moment. Ten to one, he is old, and has all the shrivelled, high-dried appearance of the most far-gone and confirmed bachelorism. Everything about him looks old and old-fashioned. His hair is thin and gray, and he shuffles along on a couple of poor old shanks, which will never look any stouter unless it be under the influence of a fit of the gout. He wears a white neckcloth, arranged with the celebrated wisp-tie—shoes a great deal too big for him—and to his keen, twinkling eyes he applies a pair of heavy horn or silver-set glasses. These old gentlemen appear to know each other as if by magic. They cluster in groups like corks in a basin of water, and then go hobbling eagerly along, peering closely into the more promising works, jerking their heads from side to side, so as to get the painting in as many lights as possible; and full of talk—good critical talk—about the productions in course of inspection. True, there may be something in their observations speaking too much of the technical, and too little of the more ideal faculty. They are greater upon flesh-tints and pearly grays, middle distances and chiaroscuro, than upon conception, expression, or elevation or magnificence of sentiment. Nevertheless, they know thoroughly what appertains to a good picture. They give a work its place in a moment, and assign it to its author by internal evidence, with an unfailing accuracy, which speaks of long training and constant familiarity with all the main studios of London. Perhaps you observe one of our friends apparently fascinated before a particular canvas: he dances about, so as to get it in every angle of light. Then he shuffles off, and brings two other skilful old foggies, holding each by an arm; and the three go through the former ceremony as to the lights, and then lay their heads together; and then our original personage glides softly up to the table where the secretary's clerk sits with pen and ink before him, and whispers. The clerk smiles affably—turns up a register: there are two or three confidential words interchanged; and then he rises and sticks into the frame of the lucky picture a morsel of card, labelled 'Sold;' and leaves the purchaser gloating over his acquisition.

And where do these pictures go? Frequently to some quiet, solemn old house in the West End, or to some grange or manor far down in the country. The picture-gallery is the nursery of that house—its pride and its boast. Year after year has the silent family of canvas been increasing and multiplying. Their proprietor is, as it were, their father. He has most likely no living ties, and all his thoughts and all his ambitions are clustered round that silent gallery, where the light comes streaming down from high and half-closed windows. The collection gradually acquires a name. Descriptions of it are found in guide-books and works upon art. Strangers come to see it with tickets, and a solemn housekeeper shews them up the silent stairs, and through the lonesome mansion to its *sanctum sanctorum*. At length, perhaps, the old man takes his last look at his pictures, and then shuts his eyes for ever. It may be, that within six weeks the laboriously collected paintings are in a Pall-Mall auction-room, with all the world bidding and buzzing round the pulpit; or it may also chance that a paragraph goes the round of the papers, intimating that his celebrated and unrivalled collection of modern works of art has been bequeathed by the late Mr So-and-so to the nation—always on the condition, that it provides some fitting place for their preservation. The government receives bequests of this kind oftener than it complies with the stipulation.

In the beginning of March, the first of the galleries opens its portals to the world. This is the British Institution, established at the west end of Pall-Mall, and now in existence for the better part of a half century. The idea of the establishment was to form a sort of nursing institution for the Royal Academy. Here artists of standing and reputation were to exhibit their sketches and less important works; and here more juvenile aspirants were to try their wings before being subjected to the more severe ordeal of Trafalgar Square. The idea was good, and flourished apace; so much so, that you not unfrequently find in the British Institution no small proportion of works of a calibre hardly below the average of the Great Exhibition; while the A. R. A.'s, and even the aristocratic R. A.'s* themselves, do not by any means disdain to grace the humble walls of the three rooms in Pall-Mall. This year, the only picture of Sir Edwin Landseer's exhibited—a wild Highland corry, with a startled herd of red deer—is to be found in the British Institution. But the merit of the works is wonderfully unequal. They are of all classes and all sizes, in water-colour and in oils. Clever sketches by clever unknowns, rest beside sprawling frescos by youths whose ambition is vaster than their genius; and finished and accomplished works of art are set off by the foils of unnumbered pieces of unformed and not very promising mediocrity. Among them are the productions of many of the more humble painters of *genre* subjects—the class who delight in portraying homely cottage interiors, or troops of playing children, or bits of minutely-finished still life—or careful academical studies of groups with all the conventions duly observed: this class of pictures musters strong, and connoisseurs, without so much remarking their imperfections, carefully note their promise.

A month after the opening of the British Institution, three galleries become patent on the same morning: the Old Water Colour, in Pall-Mall East, the New Water Colour, in Pall-Mall West, and a still more recently founded society, called, somewhat pompously, the National Institution of Fine Arts. These are mainly composed of dissenters from the other associations—gentlemen who conceive that they have been ill-treated by Hanging Committees, and a large class of juvenile but promising artists, who resort to the less crowded institutions in the hope of there meeting with better places for their works than in the older and more established bodies. The two water-colour galleries are both highly favoured exhibitions, and present works of an importance quite equal to those of the Academy itself. Water-colour painting is indeed a national branch of art in England. Neither French, Germans, nor Italians, can presume for a moment to cope with us in the matter of *aquarelles*. They have no notion of the power of the medium, of the strong and rich effects it is capable of producing, and the transparency of the tints which a great water-colour artist can lay on. Nearly twenty years ago, there was but one water-colour society; but increasing numbers, and the usual artistic feuds, produced a partly natural, partly hostile, separation. The ladies and gentlemen who withdrew were mainly figure painters; those who stayed were mainly landscape artists; and thus it happens, that while in the new society you are principally attracted by historic and *genre* groups and scenes, in the old you are fascinated by landscape and city pictures of the very highest order of art. The painters, too, you observe, are very industrious. The fact is, they can work more quickly in water than in oil. Copley Fielding will perhaps exhibit a score of landscapes, blazing with summer sunshine; David Cox, half as many—stern and rugged in tone and style; George Tripp will have painted his fresh river and meadow scenes by the dozen; and the two brothers Callum will each have poured in old Gothic streets and squares, and ships in calm and storm, which catch your eye scores of times upon the walls. As in the other society, many of the finest 'bits' contributed by the water-colourists are not much above miniature size. The screens on which these gems are hung attract fully as much as the walls with their more ambitious freight; and Jenkin's rustic lasses, and Topham's Irish groups, and Alfred Fripp's dark-eyed Italian monks and Campagna peasants, are as much gazed at as Richardson's sunny landscapes or Bentley's breezy seas.

Five minutes' walk takes us to the new society. No lack of landscape here; but it is inferior to that in the rival institution, and its attractions are eclipsed by ambitious pictures of historic or fictitious interest; the scene almost always laid in the picturesque streets or rooms of a mediæval city, and the groups marvels of display in the matter of the painting of armour, arms, and the gorgeous velvets, minivers, and brocades of feudal *grande tenue*. See Mr Edward Corbould. He is sure to be as picturesque and chivalrous as possible. There is the very ring of the rough old times in his caracoling processions of ladies and knights, or his fierce scenes of hand-to-hand fight, with battered armour, and flashing weapons, and wounded men drooping from their steeds. Or he paints softer scenes—passages of silken dalliance and love; ladies' bowers and courtly revels in alcoved gardens. Mr Haghe is equally mediæval, but more sternly and gloomily so. He delights in sombre, old Flemish rooms, with dim lights streaming through narrow Gothic windows, upon huge chimney-pieces and panellings, incrusted with antique figures, carved in the black heart of oak—knights, and squires, and priests of eld. Then he peoples these shadowy chambers with crowds of stern burghers, or grave ecclesiastics, or soldiers 'armed complete in mail;' and so forms striking pieces of gloomy picturesqueness. Figure-paintings of a lighter calibre also abound. There is Mr John Absolon, who is in great request for painting figures in panoramic pictures; Mr Lee, whose graceful rural maidens are not to be surpassed; Mr Warren, whose heart is ever in the East; and Mr Mole, who loves the shielings of the Highland hills. Landscape, though on the whole subordinate to *genre* pictures, is very respectably represented; and the lady-artists usually make a good show on the screens, particularly in the way of graceful single figures, and the prettinesses of flower and fruit painting.

* Associates Royal Academy, and Royal Academicians.

We can merely mention the Society of British Artists and the National Institution of Fine Art. Both are mainly composed of the natural overgrowth of artists who prefer a speedy and favourable opportunity for the display of their works in minor galleries, to waiting for years and years ere they can work themselves up to good positions on the walls of the Academy. Many of these gentlemen, however, exhibit both in the smaller and the greater collection; but here and there an artist will be found obstinately confining his contributions to one pet establishment—possibly entertaining a notion that he has been deeply wronged by the Hanging Committee of another.

Both of the exhibitions under notice are very various in merit; but each generally contains some able works, and the specialties of one or two painters distinguished by notable peculiarities. Thus the president of the British Artists, Mr Hurlstone, has for several seasons confined himself to Spanish subjects; Mr West paints Norwegian landscape; Mr Pyne sends to this gallery only his very splendid lake-pictures; and Mr Woolmer's curious sketches, which seem compounded of the styles of Turner and Watteau, blaze almost exclusively upon the walls. The best men of the National Institution contribute also to the Royal Academy—as, for example, Mr Glass, with his capital groups of hunters or troopers, so full of life and movement; and Mr Parker, with his smugglers and coast-boatmen. In this exhibition—and, indeed, in all the London exhibitions—a family, or rather a race or clan of artists, connected at once by blood and style, and rejoicing in the name of Williams, abound and flourish exceedingly. These Williamses are dreadful puzzlers to the students of the catalogue; they positively swarm upon every page, and the bewildered reader is speedily lost in a perfect chaos of undistinguishable initials. Sometimes, indeed, the Williamses come forth under other appellations—they appear as Percies and Gilberts; but the distinguishing mark is strong, and a moment's inspection convinces the amateur that the landscape before him, attributed to Mr So-and-so, is the work of 'another of these everlasting Williamses.'

But the first Saturday of May arrives, and with it many a rumour, true and false, of the state of matters within the Royal Academy—of the academicians who exhibit, and of what are to be 'the' pictures. From early morning, St Martin's bells have been ringing, and a festival flag flies from the steeple; no great pomp, to be sure, but it marks the occasion. About noon, the Queen's party arrives, and Her Majesty is conducted about the rooms by the leading members of the Academy. Between one and two, she departs; and immediately after, the crowd of ticket-holders for the private view cluster before the closed gratings. Punctually as the last stroke of the hour strikes, the portals are flung open, and a cataract of eager amateurs rush up the staircases, and make their way straight to the inner room, or room of honour, all in quest of *the* picture, to which the *pas* has been given, by its being hung upon the line in the centre of the eastern wall of the apartment. The salons fill as by magic; in half an hour, you can hardly move through a crowd of dignitaries of all kinds—hereditary, social, literary, scientific, and artistic. Perhaps, indeed, there is no muster in London which collects a greater number of personages famous in every point of view. The ladies of the aristocracy swarm as at a drawing-room. The atmosphere is all one rustle of laces and silks; and it is anything but easy to make one's way among the bevies of clustered beauties who flock round their chaperone, all one flutter of ribbons, feathers, and flowers. And to the Academy, at all events, come all manner of political notabilities; you find a secretary of state by your elbow, and catch the muttered criticism of a prime-minister. Ordinary peers and members of parliament are thicker than blackberries. Bishops prevail as usual; and apropos of ecclesiastical costumes, peculiar looped-up beavers and single-breasted greatcoats, the odds are, that you will be attracted by the portly figure and not very refined face of the Romish dignitary whose pretensions, a couple of years ago, set the country in a blaze. The muster of literary men is large and brilliant. Mr Hallam is most likely there as Professor of Ancient History to the Academy; and Mr Macaulay as Professor of Ancient Literature. Sir George Staunton puts in an appearance as Secretary for Foreign Correspondence; and blooming Sir Robert Harry Inglis, with the largest of roses at his button-hole, looks the most genial and good-humoured of 'antiquaries.' The Academicians—lucky Forty!—muster early. Happy fellows! they have no qualms of doubt, or sick-agonies of expectation as they mount the broad flight of steps. They have been giving hints to the Hanging Committee, or they have been on the Hanging Committee themselves. Well they know that *their* works have been at least provided for—all on the line, or near it; all in the best lights; and all titivated and polished up and varnished on the walls, and adapted, as it were, to the situation. You may know an R.A. on the private view-day by the broad, expanding jollity of his visage, if he be a man of that stamp, or by a certain quiet, self-satisfied smile of self-complacence, if he be a man of another.

But he looks and bears himself as a host. He cicerones delighted parties of lady-friends with his face all one smile of courtesy, or he does the honours with dignity and a lofty sense of—we do not speak disrespectfully—of being on his own dunghill, in respect to the more important exigeant connoisseurs, whom he thinks it right to patronise. He always praises his brethren's works, and discovers in them hidden virtues. For the Associates, he has minor smiles and milder words. The ordinary mob of exhibiters he looks down upon with a calm and complacent gaze, as though from the summit of a Mont Blanc of superiority. At any bold defier of the conventions and traditions of the Academy drawing-school, he shakes his head. The pre-Raphaelite heresy was a sore affliction to him. He looked upon Millais and Hunt as a Low-church bishop would regard Newman and Pusey. He prophesied that they would come to no good. He called them 'silly boys;' and he looks uneasily at the crowds who throng before this year's picture of the Huguenot Couple—not recovering his self-complacency until his eye catches his own favourite work, when he feels himself gradually mollified, and smiles anew upon the world.

Not so the nameless artist, whose work of many toiling days, and many sleepless nights, has been sent in unprotected to take its chance. He knows nothing of its fate until he can get a catalogue. It may be on the line in the east room; it may be above the octagon-room door; it may not be hung at all. Only the great artistic guns are invited to the private view, the rest must wait till Monday. Possibly a stray catalogue puts him so far out of his pain on Sunday. If not, he passes a feverish and unhappy time till the afternoon of Monday; and then, first among the crowd, rushes franticly up stairs. We had an opportunity the other day of seeing the result of a case of the kind. The picture—a work of great fancy and high feeling, but deficient in manipulative skill—the artist, a poet in the true sense of the word, had spent months in dreaming and in joying over. He found it in the dingiest corner of the octagon-room. His lip quivered and his chest heaved. He pulled his hat further down on his face, and walked quickly and quietly out.

We would gladly, indeed, see the octagon-room abolished. A picture is degraded, and an artist is insulted, by a painting being hung in this darksome and 'condemned cell.' The canvas gets a 'jail-bird' stamp, and its character is gone. In France, at the Palais-Royal,

the young artists have a far better chance. After a stated time, the pictures, which, as the best have primarily had the best places, change stations with their inferiors; so that everybody in turn enjoys the advantages of the brightest lights and the most favourable points of view.

No need, of course, of attempting even the most summary sketch of the styles and ordinary subjects of the great painters who bear aloft the banner of the British school of art—of Landseer's glimpses of the Highlands; or Stanfield's skyey, breezy landscapes; of the quiet pieces of English rural scenery—meadows, and woodland glades, and river bits, fresh and rich, and green and natural—of our Lees, our Creswicks, our Coopers, our Witheringtons, our Redgraves, our Ausdills; of the classic elegance and elevated sentiment of groups by our Dyces and our Eastlakes; of the abundance of clever *genre* subjects—scenes from history or romance—poured in by our Wards, our Friths, our Pooles, our Elmores, our Eggs; or of—last, not least—the strange but clever vagaries of that new school, the pre-Raphaelites, who are startling both Academy and public by the quaintness of their art-theories, and the vehement intensity of their style of execution. All the summer long, the world is free to go and gaze upon them. All the summer long, the salons are crowded from morning till night—in the earlier hours, by artists and conscientious amateurs, the humbler sort of folks, who have daily work to do; in the later, by our old friends, the staring, *insouciant*, lounging, fashionable mob, whose carriages and Broughams go creeping lazily round and round Trafalgar Square. And at parties and balls, and all such reunions, the exhibition forms a main topic of discourse. Bashful gentlemen know it for a blessing. Often and often does it serve as a most creditable lever to break the ice with. The newspapers long resound with critical columns apropos of Trafalgar Square. You see 'sixth notice' attached to a formidable mass of print, and read on, or pass on, as you please. But you distinctly observe, at anyrate, the social and conversational, as well as the artistic importance of the Royal Academy; and you confess, that a London season would be shorn of its brightest feature if you shut the gates of the National Gallery.

A. B. R.

BILL WILLIAMS:

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

It was in the first flush of the Californian fever, when moderate people talked of making one's fortune in a fortnight, and the more sanguine believed that golden pokers would soon become rather common, that the *Betsy Jones* from London to New Zealand, with myself on board as a passenger, dropped anchor in the bay of San Francisco, and master and man turned out for the diggings. It is my impression that not a soul remained on board but the surgeon, who was sick, and the negro cook, who wouldn't leave him; and the first man I met on the deck of the *Go-Ahead* steamer, which took us up to Sacramento, was our enterprising captain, clad in a canvas jacket and trousers, with the gold-washing apparatus, two shirts, and a tin kettle, slung at his back. The crew followed his example, and all the passengers. The latter were some thirty men, from every corner of Britain, and of various birth and breeding. There were industrious farm-servants and spendthrift sons of gentlemen among them. Some had sailed with money, to purchase land in the southern colony, some were provided only with their hopes and sinews; but California was an irresistible temptation to them all, and by general desire, they had come to try their luck at the washing. We had mere boys and men of grizzling hair in our company. Two were married, but they wisely left their wives in San Francisco, where, having brought with them some spare blankets and crockery, the ladies improvised a boarding-house, and I believe realised more than their wandering lords. Nevertheless, we, one and all, went up the broad river with loftier expectations than the prudent among us cared to make public.

There was one who made no secret of his hopes. The man's name was Bill Williams. I had had a loose acquaintance with Bill from school-time, for we had been brought up in the same good town of Manchester, where his father was a respectable tradesman, and his three brothers were still in business. Many a town and many a trade had Bill tried to little purpose. Never doing what his relatives could call well he had gone through a series of failures, which tired out both kinsmen and creditors, and at length shipped for New Zealand, leaving a wife and seven children to the care of the said three brothers, till he should see how the climate agreed with him, and find a home for them. Bill did not belong to the extended fraternity of scapegraces. He was neither wild nor worthless, in the ordinary sense of those terms, but there was a faith in him, the origin of which baffled his most penetrating friends, that he was to get money somehow without working for it by any of the common methods. Unlike many a professor of better principles, Bill had carried that faith into practice. Under its influence, he had engaged in every scheme for making fortunes with incredible rapidity which coffee-house acquaintances or advertising sheets brought to his knowledge. There was not a banking bubble by which he had not lost, nor a mining company of vast promise and brief existence in which he had not held shares. Uncompromisingly averse to the jog-trot work of ordinary mortals, Bill was neither indolent nor timid in his own peculiar fashion of seeking riches. He would have gone up in a balloon to any height, or down in a diving-bell to depths yet unsounded, had the promise been large enough; and there was something so suitable to his inclinations in the Californian reports, that he was the prime mover of our visit to San Francisco, and the entire desertion of the ship. Strange to say, every man on board believed in Bill; from the captain to the cabin-boy, they had all listened to his tales. Where he had learned such a number, fortune knows, concerning found treasures, and wealth suddenly obtained by unexpected and rather impracticable ways. That was the whole circle of Bill's literature, and going over it appeared his chief joy; but the gem of the collection was a prophecy which a gipsy woman, whom his mother met once in a country excursion, had uttered concerning himself—that he should find riches he never wrought for, and leave a great fortune behind him. In the faith of that prediction Bill had lived; and it was a curious illustration of the sympathetic force inherent in a firm belief, that both passengers and seamen, even those who affected to laugh at the rest of what they called his wonderful yarns, entertained a secret conviction in favour of that tale, and felt secure of gold-gathering in Bill's company.

I am not certain that my own mind was entirely clear of a similar impression, but the two among us who contemned loudest and believed most devoutly, were the captain and his mate. They were brothers, and of Jewish parentage; the rest of the family still hang about an old-clothes and dyeing establishment

in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch. I made that discovery by an accidental glance at a torn and mislaid letter before we left the Thames, and thought proper to reserve it for private meditation. The relationship of the two was kept a profound secret, for reasons best known to themselves; but to the eye at least it was revealed by their striking resemblance, both being small, spare, dingy-complexioned men, with keen, cunning eyes, and faces that looked as hard and sharp as steel. Ever since they first heard of the prophecy, they had half ridiculed, half flattered, and kept remarkably familiar with Bill. That familiarity rather increased as we went up the Sacramento. A goodly number we made on the deck of the *Go-Ahead*, our only place of accommodation; and at length we reached the new town, the golden city, which takes its name from the river, christened in old times of Spanish voyaging by some discoverer for his Catholic majesty, and which was to be the metropolis of the diggings. When I first saw it, it consisted of some hundred huts and tents, a large frame-house, in which an advertising board informed us there was an ordinary, a gaming-table, and all manner of spirits; and a timber wharf, somewhat temporarily put together, at which we landed. Yet the city was rising, as cities rise only in the western hemisphere: broad streets and squares were marked out; building was going forward on all sides; while bullock-wagons, canoes, and steamers, brought materials by land and water. The enterprise and vagrancy of all nations were there, as we had seen them at San Francisco; and those not engaged in building the town, were going off in caravans to the gold-gathering.

We fraternised with a company of Americans, who said they knew 'a bluff that flogged creation for the real metal,' and sold us two spare tents and a wagon, at a price marvellous to ask or pay. Our journey was not far. It led along the course of the Sacramento, and towards evening we came in sight of the diggings. A strange sight it was for one accustomed to London streets and shops. The Sacramento runs through a great inclined plane, sloping from the hill-country to the sea. Here and there, it is covered with low coppice or underwood; but the greater part is bare and sandy, or sprinkled over with thin, dry waving grass. As far as the eye could reach upon the plain, and up the river-banks, the smoke of fires was rising from hut, tent, and upturned wagon, which served for temporary dwellings. Groups of men were hard at work in small trenches, and numbers more stood with pan and cradle, washing out the gold in the shallow creeks of the river. 'Our location,' as the Americans called it, was an earthy promontory jutting far out into the water. Close by its landward base we pitched our tents, turned up our wagon—the bullocks that brought it belonged to the Americans, who promised to sell us a share when they were killed—and commenced operations. Digging out tenacious clay, and washing its sandy particles for minute grains of gold, sleeping under canvas at night, and living on half-cooked and not very choice provisions, have little in them of interest worth relating. The first thing that struck me, was the silence that prevailed among the workers. In a district so populous, scarcely a sound was heard from tent, trench, or river. Caravan after caravan, as it arrived, pitched its tents, and fell to work in the same quiet fashion. A cynical character might have attributed this to the absence of all feminine faces, for in my time there was not a woman at the diggings. Incredible as it may seem to the fair ones themselves, they were not missed; but nobody missed anything except gold. Relations parted; old comrades left each other with scarcely a leave-taking in search of better gatherings; our American friends began to get tired of the bluff that flogged creation; for although we were getting gold, it was but little, and the more impatient spirits of our company departed with them to find another.

I wondered that Bill did not join their company. He was long ago weary of gold-washing; the work was too regular, and the returns far too slow for him. He used to declare that shopkeeping was better; and it is probable that most of us had similar convictions regarding the vocations we had left in Britain; but except occasionally cooking for the rest, smoking the tobacco he had providently brought with him, and suggesting wild projects of digging down the bluff, and dredging the river for lumps of gold, which, he said, all the grains we found came off, Bill at last did nothing at all. With hard labour and harder fare, we had collected some of us more and some less of the precious dust; but nobody's fortune was yet made, and the rainy season set in.

The heavy rains confined us for days to the shelter of tent and wagon; but the days were nothing to the nights, which on the banks of the Sacramento are almost equinoctial throughout the year; and we had neither coal nor candle. All the fuel that could be found was rather too little for culinary purposes. Concerning the rest of our comforts, there is no use in being particular; but at intervals between the drowning showers, we were willing enough to come out and work, though the muddy soil and the swollen river made our labour still harder, and our profits less. The best service was done us by an honest Paisley weaver, who had left his helpmate and two children at San Francisco, in hopes of taking back, quite full, a strong chest, of some two hundredweight capacity, which he had brought with infinite pains to the diggings. He enlivened our wet leisure by repeating whole volumes of Burns and Scott. Bill also returned to his wonderful stories, though the captain and mate sneered at them more than ever; indeed, they were by far the most discontented of the company, and an unaccountable sort of distrust seemed growing between them and Bill. At length, fever and ague began to thin the ranks of the gold-seekers; we saw the working-parties around us diminish day by day, and graves dug in the shadows of the low coppice. Our company kept up amazingly, perhaps because, according to the captain's counsel, we held but little communication with other workers; but the want of the buffalo-meat, which the Indian traders were accustomed to bring, was much felt among us; and one day less rainy than usual, Bill Williams, as the idlest, was sent up the river's bank, on their wonted track, to look out for their coming. The rest were busy, and did not miss him; but I thought he stayed long. The sky became unusually dark; great clouds floated over us from the west, and then broke with a sudden thunder-crash, which was renewed every five minutes with such rain and lightning as I had never seen. We ran to our tents, and, when fairly sheltered, Bill also arrived, wet to the skin, out of breath, and looking terribly frightened. He said, hastily, that he had seen nothing, and no word of the Indians; but the poor fellow began to shiver as he spoke, and before evening the fever was strong upon him.

To keep the rest safe, he was quartered alone in a small hut which the Americans had left us. It was a poor shelter, being built of turf, and roofed with boughs and grass, but as good as any we had. There was no surgeon among us, and handing him food or drink was deemed a perilous business; but all his comrades had a sort of a liking for Bill, and, besides, he was regarded as the palladium of the party. The fever was not violent, though Bill raved at times, and all his wanderings were after gold. I have heard him talk for half-hours together in a loud whisper, as if communicating a secret to some very dull ear, concerning a pool among rocks, with glistening sands, and something shining far down in a crevice. He was restless, too, and kept looking out on the track of the Indians after they had come and gone. One evening I observed him particularly so. The night fell with heavy rain; we

all took early to shelter, and slept so soundly, that Bill was forgotten among us; but in the morning we found him lying wrapped in his blanket, as thoroughly wet as if he had been dipped in the river, while the hut remained quite dry. Where he had been, or under what illusion of the fever, we could not learn, for he never spoke a rational word after. The wet and exposure increased his malady tenfold. He became fiercely delirious, and struck at whoever approached him, swearing he would let nobody kill him for his gold. The captain warned us all, that this was the most dangerous time for infection; but I saw that he and his brother had got wind of something, for their eyes were never off the hut.

Towards the second evening, Bill grew worse, his ravings became faint and low, and he lay gathered up on a corner of his mattress. I had placed a pitcher of water as near him as possible, escaping by chance a blow which the poor soul struck at me in his feverish fury; but I could not help thinking of him when we had all gone to rest. The night was so still, that I could hear the rush of the river and the cries of the night-hawks on its opposite bank; but being unable to sleep, I crept out of the tent, and looked to Bill's hut. A smothered sound of scuffling came from that direction, and stepping nearer, I saw by the rising moon, which just then shone with extraordinary brightness, two men struggling, as it seemed for life, in the narrow space between Bill's bed and the door.

'If you don't give me the full half, I'll tell them all,' said the voice of the captain's brother; but almost as he spoke, his antagonist threw him heavily back. I knew it was upon poor Williams, for a low moan reached my ear, and I sprang forward just in time to intercept the victor, who stumbled over me as he rushed out, and a heavy bag rolled from him. The next moment the other was at my side, and I stood face to face with the captain and his brother in the broad moonlight. The bag for which they had sneaked, and sinned, and scuffled, had burst by the fall, and its contents—stones, gravel, and sand, with some small sparkles of gold-dust amongst them—were scattered at my feet. Both stood stupified, and I stepped into the hut; but Bill was dead, and growing cold, with his stiff hands stretched out, as if clutching at something, and a wild expression of pain and anger in the ghastly face, which lay turned up to the moon. Her light filled the hut, and lay upon plain, and tent, and river. It was a glorious night, such as sometimes shines in the gold-country. I woke up my comrades, and told them what I had seen, but they all said: 'Poor Bill! How could they help it? and it was a good thing that the captain and his chum had been disappointed;' upon which every man composed himself again to sleep.

Next morning, the captain and mate were gone with all their traps, having joined, as we afterwards heard, a company returning to San Francisco. We laid Bill beside the gold-seekers who rested in the coppice, and our company broke up, and scattered away: some settled at San Francisco; some went to the United States; and I, having collected through so many hardships almost a pound of dust, returned to the employment I had left in London with such high contempt. From an old comrade, however, still located at the diggings, I heard by letter that a party of Americans had made a great discovery of gold among some rocks in a creek of the Sacramento, and that they had found, sticking fast in a crevice close by, a small spade marked with the name of Bill Williams, which the poor fellow had cut on the handle, as I well remembered, in one of his many idle hours. This explained to me Bill's long absence when he went to look for the Indians, his after-anxiety, and where he had been in the delirium of the fever, filling up that canvas bag which so fatally deceived the captain and his brother. The last I heard of these worthies was, that they had gone to the diggings in Australia; and I never see gold in any shape without a recollection of their disappointment, and my own experiences in California.

HYGIENIC CHANGE OF AIR.

The age of hygiene is rapidly approaching, when the exhibition of drugs will be the exception instead of the rule in medical treatment. For this reason, the effect of climate on disease is rising into a subject of first-rate importance, and, no longer a prejudice or a tradition, submits to the investigations of science. The chief recent writers on what we already presume to call climatology, are Sir James Clark in England, Schouw in Sweden, and Carrière in France; and now there comes Dr Burgess, armed with the united authority of these physicians, and with his own experience, to indoctrinate the public as well as the profession. His book is of moderate size and price, and we recommend it to all invalids, whether they are able to travel abroad, or are confined by circumstances to their own country; but in the meantime, as the subject is both new and interesting to general readers, we propose giving them an inkling of what it contains.*

We do not mean that the subject of climate is new in itself: it is only new in its treatment. We have all, from our earliest youth, heard of the effects of climate; we have all been brought up to believe in certain foreign places; and we have all observed that when—consumption, for instance—approaches its last stage (rarely before), it is shipped off, as a matter of course, for Italy or the south of France. And, alas! we have all heard from the wan lips of the stricken one excluded by poverty from the privilege of foreign travel: 'If I could but get to a warm climate, I should live!' Such notions, right or wrong, depended exclusively upon habit or prejudice. Experience had no effect upon them, any more than it had upon the orthodox course of medicines which entitled the death of a patient to be considered professionally legitimate. Sometimes, indeed, the venue was changed, and one place became more fashionable than another to die in. Here the group of English tombs grew gray and ancient, and there a new city of the silent sprang up with the suddenness of an American emporium. But still the cry was: 'A warm climate! Give us Italy, or we perish!'

But we need not say the cry *was*: it continues to this moment. Such impressions are long of being dispelled; it takes a great many years for the voice of doubt even to reach completely the public ear; and we think it a privilege to be able to take such advantage of our wide circulation as will give repining invalids to understand, that the advantages of a foreign climate are closely limited by one portion of the profession, and considered by another portion as highly problematical, if not entirely visionary. This applies, however, mainly to consumption; for the advantages of the climatic change are seldom denied in dyspepsy, rheumatism, scrofula, and the tribe of nervous diseases. Even in these, however, the locality chosen is rarely a proper one. There are countries which, if they could only obtain the stamp of fashion, would be invaluable to the invalid. 'The climate of Norway, for example,' says Dr Burgess, 'is admirably suited, during several months of the year, between the middle of May and the middle of September, for certain forms of dyspepsy, lesions of the nervous system affecting the mind, or that form of general innervation which results from an overwrought brain, and diseases of repletion. But Norway is little frequented, because it is not fashionable,

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* *Climate of Italy in Relation to Pulmonary Consumption:* with Remarks on the Influence of Foreign Climates upon Invalids. By T. H. Burgess, M.D., &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1852.

although it would be difficult to point out a more appropriate occasional residence for the numerous class of invalids just mentioned, than Christiania, with its picturesque environs, sublime scenery, and clear and rarefied atmosphere.'

The non-professional predilection in favour of a warm climate for consumption, may be referred, we suspect, to the analogy that exists between the earlier stages of that disease and those of a common cold. In fact, in most cases in this country, consumption is for a long time styled a cold; then it becomes a bad cold; then a worse; till it is impossible to withhold from it the more formidable name. A cold, however, it should be considered, occurs as frequently in summer as in winter; and in neither is it owing to the temperature, whether high or low, but to the *atmospheric changes*. The warmer the weather is, the greater will be the morbific effect of a cold draught of air. That a warm climate *in itself* is neither prevention nor cure in consumption, may be inferred from the prevalence of the complaint in all latitudes. In India and in Africa it is as rife as in any part of Europe. By the Army Reports from Malta, we find that upwards of 30 per cent. of the whole number of deaths throughout the year is caused by phthisis. In Madeira, according to Dr Heineken, Dr Gourlay, and Dr Mason, no disease is more common among the natives than pulmonary consumption. At Nice, it is stated by Dr Meryon, more natives die annually of consumption than in any town in England of the same amount of population. In Genoa, one of the most prevalent and fatal of the indigenous diseases is pulmonary consumption. In Florence, pneumonia is marked by a suffocating character, and rapid progress towards its last stage. In Naples, 1 death from consumption occurs in a mortality of 2½; while in the hospitals of Paris, where phthisis is notoriously prevalent, the proportion is only 1 in 3¼. In short, in all the celebrated sanatoria to which we fly for relief, we find the disease as firmly established as at home.

If we examine the analogies presented by the history of the inferior animals, we find no argument in favour of a foreign climate. The fishes, birds, and wild beasts of one region, die in another. 'Man, although endowed in a remarkable degree, and more so than any other animal, with the faculty of enduring such unnatural transitions, nevertheless becomes sensible of their injurious results. For familiar illustrations of this influence, we have only to look to the broken-down constitutions of our Indian officers, or to the emaciated frame of the shivering Hindoo who sweeps the crossings of the streets of London. The child of the European, although born in India, must be sent home in early life to the climate of his ancestors, or to one closely resembling it, in order to escape incurable disease, if not premature death. Again, the offspring of Asiatics born in this country pine and dwindle into one or other of the twin cachexiæ—scrofula and consumption; and, if the individual survives, lives in a state of passive existence, stunted in growth, and incapable of enduring fatigue. If such extreme changes of climate prove obnoxious to the health of individuals having naturally a sound constitution, how are we to expect persons in a state of organic disease to be thereby benefited? In fact, view the subject in whatever light we may, we must eventually arrive at the natural and rational conclusion—that nature has adapted the constitution of man to the climate of his ancestors. The accident of birth does not constitute the title to any given climate. The natural climate of man is that in which not only he himself was born, but likewise his blood-relations for several generations. This is his natural climate, as well in health as when his constitution is broken down by positive disease, or unhinged by long-continued neglect of the common rules of hygiene.' It is Dr Burgess's theory, therefore, that when change is necessary, a modification of the patient's own climate—that is to say, change of air in the same climate—is more in accordance with the laws of nature, and more likely to effect good, than a violent transition to warmer countries.

With regard to the curability of this disease, there is now, we believe, no doubt of the fact, although, unfortunately the process has not yet come completely into the hands of the physician. That a cure has frequently taken place, somehow or other, even in advanced stages of pulmonary consumption, has been demonstrated by *post-mortem* examinations; but nature herself seems, in these cases, to have been her own doctor, for no mode of treatment of general applicability has been discovered. Some think that the progress of tubercles may be arrested in the first stage—others, that nothing can be effected till the second. Some resort to the water-cure—others, to the still more marvellous Spanish baths of Panticosa; and others, again, swear by cod-liver oil. As to the last remedy, our author quotes the statements of Dr Williams, 'that the pure fresh oil from the liver of the cod is more beneficial in the treatment of pulmonary consumption than any agent, medicinal, dietetic, or regimenal, that has yet been employed. Out of 234 cases carefully recorded, the oil disagreed, and was discontinued, in only 9 instances. In 19, although taken, it appeared to do no good; whilst in the larger proportion of 206 out of 234, its use was followed by marked and unequivocal improvement—this improvement varying in degree in different cases, from a temporary retardation of the progress of the disease, and a mitigation of distressing symptoms, up to a more or less complete restoration to apparent health. The most numerous examples of decided and lasting improvement, amounting to nearly 100, have occurred in patients in the second stage of the disease, in which the tuberculous deposits begin to undergo the process of softening. The most striking instance of the beneficial operation of cod-liver oil in phthisis, is to be found in cases in the *third* stage—even those far advanced, where consumption has not only excavated the lungs, but is rapidly wasting the whole body with copious purulent expectoration, hectic, night-sweats, colliquative diarrhœa, and other elements of that destructive process by which, in a few weeks, the finest and fairest of the human family may be sunk to the grave. The power of staying the demon of destruction sometimes displayed by the cod-liver oil is marvellous.' Dr Burgess, however, although witnessing the same results even in far-gone cases, limits their duration to a year or eighteen months, after which the medicine lost its effect. 'Although the oil, therefore, is serviceable through the process of nutrition, he considers it no specific, and concludes on the subject thus: 'All that our present knowledge enables us to state positively on the subject is this: cod-liver oil is the most effectual stay to the progress of consumption, in a great majority of cases, that we possess; this salutary action is not always lasting, and there are cases in which its administration cannot be borne, and others in which it produces no good effects whatever. In those cases in which the stomach rejects the pure oil, if it be given in combination with phosphoric acid, it will generally be borne easily, and the acid will assist the tonic action of the oil.'

The non-professional notion respecting the curative powers of climate is, that by breathing a mild and soothing atmosphere, the phthisical patient withdraws irritation, and leaves nature at liberty to effect her own cure. But this, it seems, is entirely erroneous, inasmuch as it is through the skin, not the lungs, that a warm climate acts beneficially. When an atmospheric change takes place so as to produce a chill, 'whereby the cutaneous transpiration is instantly checked, the skin then becomes dry and hard, so that the respiratory organs suffer from the excessive action they now undergo, for the matter of transpiration must be eliminated through the lungs if the action of the skin

be interrupted.' This is illustrated by the instantaneous relief usually afforded by free perspiration in cases where difficult breathing and oppression of the chest have been occasioned by artificial heat. What really soothes, therefore, is *equability* of climate, not high temperature. Some authors even think that a cold climate is more suitable for consumption than a warm one, and point to Upper Canada, with its pure, dry, tonic atmosphere, affording hardly any trace of the complaint at all.

Here we might stop, as the nature of our work precludes our following Dr Burgess in his exposition of the action of climate on the lungs and skin; but it may be useful, and at anyrate amusing, to trace his iconoclastic progress through the popular shrines of Hygiea on the continent.

Malta is a famous resort for phthisical patients, although during the winter and spring the weather is cold and variable, and in autumn the sirocco is frequent. When a sirocco has blown for some days, it lulls suddenly, and is succeeded by an equally strong breeze from the north-west, contrasting violently with the former in temperature and everything else. The extremes of heat and cold are as great here and in other places in the Mediterranean as in London. In Malta, our author saw five or six cases of bronchitis, which in a single month terminated in incurable phthisis; and in two cases, six weeks only elapsed between the first signs of the tuberculous deposit and the death of the patients.

Madeira, a still more popular sanatorium for this disease, is a complete delusion. Instead of the climate being essentially dry, it is saturated with humidity during a great part of the year; and the peculiar sirocco of the place is of a hot, dry, irritating nature. An intelligent medical author, who had resorted to Madeira for change of air, remarks, that 'very frequent and remarkable variations in a given series of years, incontestably prove that Madeira is no more to be relied on than any other place for certainty of fine weather, and that it has equally its annual variations of temperature. . . . From what has been stated by writers, a person might be led to believe that disease was scarcely known there; but I am afraid, that were the subject thoroughly investigated, as it ought to be, few places would be found where the system is more liable to general disorder; while, at the same time, I suspect that the average duration of life would turn out to be inferior to that of our own country.'

Our author knows no place more unfavourable to patients suffering from organic diseases of the lungs, than the far-famed sanatoria—Aix and Montpellier. The atmosphere is pure, but ever and anon keen and piercing, and the *bise* and *marin*—one cold and cutting, and the other damp—irritate the lungs, and excite coughing. Add to this, that Provence is proverbially the land of dust, and, what is worse, the land of the *mistral*—a wind from the north-west, which carries stones, men, and carriages before it. 'For several days in spring the climate may no doubt be delicious, although, however, always too warm about mid-day, when suddenly the mistral, of evil celebrity, begins to blow. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the change, or of the injurious effects of the climate under the influence of this scourge. The same sun shines in the same bright blue sky, but the temperature is glacial. The sun is there only to glare and dazzle, and seems to have no more power in producing warmth, than a rushlight against the boisterous winds, which chill the very marrow in one's bones. During the prevalence of this wind, it is impossible to stir out of doors without getting the mouth and nostrils filled with dust. All nature seems shrivelled and dried up under its baneful influence.'

Nice, likewise, is scourged by the mistral, which there, however, divides its empire with winds from the north and north-east. 'But one of the greatest vices characterising the climate of Nice, if not the greatest, is the remarkable variation of temperature noticed between day and night—in the sun and in the shade. The land or continental winds prevail during the night; the southerly or maritime during the day. The former are cold and dry; the latter, soft and humid. As soon, therefore, as the former subside, and the sun rises in the horizon, the humidity commences to shew itself in the atmosphere; whilst, on the contrary, when the diurnal winds cease, and the sun sets, the above hygrometric condition of the air disappears.' M. Carrière cannot conceive why our countrymen prefer Nice to a milder climate, and considers that the annual mortality in the English colony ought to discourage other hectic invalids from going thither.

Central Lombardy is, in general, characterised by marshy swamps poisoning the whole atmosphere with their miasmatic exhalations. The meteoric influences are decidedly cold and variable; and the 'extremes of temperature increase in proportion as we approach the valleys at the foot of the Central Alps, especially those most distant from the Adriatic coast.' This climate, our author tells us, cannot afford more benefit to the consumptive than that of the fens of Lincolnshire, or of the marshes of Holland. Brescia, Pavia, Mantua, and other Lombard towns, also share in this character; and at Verona, Mr B. Honan writes, that of all humbugs, the humbug of an Italian climate is the most intolerable.

At Genoa, although the air is pure and transparent in fine weather, it is liable to sudden gusts of wind and violent transitions dangerous to the invalid.

'In no part of England could a climate be found more unfavourable for consumptive invalids than that of Florence, a town built in a deep ravine, almost surrounded by the Apennines, and intersected by a squalid river. . . . Extreme cold in winter, great heat in summer, the prevalence of the northerly winds, the chilling effects of which are not always neutralised by the antagonistic winds, rapid and violent transitions, profoundly affecting the system, even in healthy persons, and combined with these violent atmospheric and thermal variations are also, in similar proportions, hygrometric and electric ever-changing influences.' Leghorn, the seaport of Tuscany, is built in a sunk locality, in the midst of a marshy country. Beggars, galley-slaves, assassins, smugglers, these are the picturesque portions of the inhabitants; and the promenade is an arid beach, anything but soothing to the respiratory organs. The English cemetery is a touching spectacle, with its numerous monuments of brilliant marble; among which stands conspicuous the tomb of Smollett.

Of Pisa, the grand central depôt of Italy for foreign consumptive patients, Dr Burgess says: 'The excess of humidity and warm temperature of the Pisan climate depress the vital force, induce an overwhelming lassitude, and are, in my opinion, most unfavourable elements in a climate so generally recommended for pulmonary consumption. Whatever effect the humid mildness of the air may have in diminishing excitability, and in allaying pulmonary irritation in patients of a nervous temperament, it is decidedly injurious in those of a feeble and lymphatic habit. . . . The delusion of an Italian climate, as regards the cure or prophylaxis of tubercular consumption, is in no part of that country, so delightful to persons in sound health, more clearly portrayed than at far-famed Pisa. The stagnant life, the death-like silence, the dreary solitude of this dull town, whatever utility these elements may have in allaying the restless irritability of nervous and excitable patients, always produce serious evils upon those consumptive invalids of a melancholy turn of mind, or whose spirit is broken by hope deferred. Brooding over their melancholy condition, in a foreign land, away

from the comforts of home, without the solace and cheering influence of friends and relations, they soon break down and perish.' M. Carrière and Sir James Clark consider the climate of Rome adapted only for consumptive patients in the first stage of the complaint; but Dr Burgess, after a train of reasoning founded on scientific facts, comes to a conclusion consonant with his own theory, that it is not adapted for consumption in any stage or form whatever.

It is needless to follow our author to Naples, for this place is admitted by all writers to be injurious in cases of pulmonary consumption; but we may conclude this fragmentary survey by stating that, according to Dr Burgess, the least injurious portions of Italy are the Lake of Como and the city of Venice, *the air in neither of them being warm, but in both equable.* Here we end as we began: 'It is a mistake to suppose that a warm, humid, relaxing atmosphere can benefit pulmonary disease. Cold, dry, and still air, appears a more rational indication, especially for invalids born in temperate regions.' It will be seen that our author differs occasionally from both his great predecessors, Sir James Clark and M. Carrière; but even in so doing, he has at least the merit of fairly opening out a most important subject.

Let it be understood, that we have merely mentioned the nature of the contents of this volume, without attempting to follow Dr Burgess either in his reasonings or in the facts on which these are founded. We have now only to recommend the work as one that will be found highly interesting and suggestive, both by the medical and non-medical reader.*

* We print the above as we received it from a respectable contributor, but without giving any opinion ourselves upon a subject of which we are not qualified to judge.—*Ed. C. J.*

THE DEVICE, OR IMPRESS.

If the various works of useful and ornamental art discovered in the sepulchres of nations long since fallen into oblivion, were of no other value, at the present day, than merely to be applied to the purposes which they were originally intended to subserve; if they did not elucidate the manners, customs, and progressional refinement of men with passions and feelings similar to our own; the labour and expense incurred by their exhumation would be thrown away. It is not, then, for the intrinsic value of the specimens to be produced, neither is it for any very particular admiration of the 'good old times,' but to exhibit and illustrate a very general and exceedingly active phase of our ancestors' minds, that, turning over the refuse materials of history, we proceed to disinter, from their worm-eaten pages, the dead and almost forgotten art of Device—an art that once claimed an extensive literature, and canons of criticism, peculiarly its own. From about 250 to 400 years ago, were the high and palmy days of this 'dainty art.' Then, the learned and subtile schoolmen of the age did not disdain to write upon it, with ink scarcely dry upon the pens with which they had been discussing the most abstruse dogmas of theology; then, not unfrequently, the cureless curate, by the concoction of a happy device for a generous patron, found himself a beneficed bishop. Nor is such preferment to be wondered at. The qualifications considered necessary to constitute a device-maker, were fully equal to those which Imlac described to Rasselas as requisite to form a poet. 'Philosophy and poetry,' wrote Père le Moyne, 'history and fable, all that is taught in colleges, all that is learned in the world, are condensed and epitomised in this great pursuit; in short, if there be an art which requires an all-accomplished workman, that art is device-making.' Ruscelli says: 'It belongs only to the most exquisite wits and best-refined judgments to undertake the making of devices.' Yet, though the learned doctors of Padua, Wirtemberg, and the Sorbonne, engaged in deep disquisitions on the emblematical properties, natural and mythical, of cranes and crescents, sunflowers and salamanders, pelicans and porcupines—the length and language of mottoes—how the wind should be pictorially portrayed, with many other equally weighty considerations, still the chivalrous knights of the tournay, and the fair ladies of their devoirs, attained proficiency in the art. Wolf of Wolfrath, the lute-player, records, that at a grand tournament held at Vienna in 1560, crowns of laurel were awarded to the knights who wore the wittiest devices, as well as to those who excelled in feats of arms.

'But,' the reader very probably exclaims, 'what was this art of device?'

It consisted in translating an idea into a symbol, and illustrating that symbol by a tersely-expressed motto. 'The object of a device,' according to the Lord of Fossez, 'was to express covertly, by means of a picture and words, a conception of human wit;' and it was distinguished from an emblem, inasmuch as the emblem demonstrated something universal, whereas the device was peculiarly appropriate to the person who wore it. The old writers glory in its antiquity, citing many instances of its having been known and used by both Greeks and Romans. Even during the dark ages it was not entirely lost; it merely slumbered until the *renaissance*, and the invasions of Italy under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., when it awoke to a vigorous existence. Thus, though of much greater antiquity than heraldic blazonry, which only dates from the time of the Crusades, it was not hereditary, could be adopted or changed at pleasure, and did not define the rank of the wearer. Shakspeare, who well understood the nature of the device, distinguishes between it and armorial bearings in the passage where Bolingbroke recounts his injuries:

> 'Disparked my parks, and felled my forest woods;
> From my own windows torn my household coat,*
> Razed out my impress'——

The old heralds, however, looked upon the device with but little favour. Camden sneeringly says, that 'Armes were most usual among the nobility in wars till about some hundred years since, when the French and Italians, in the expedition of Naples, beganne to leave armes, haply for that many of them had none, and to bear the curtaines of their mistresses' beddes, their mistresses' colours, as impresses in their banners, shields, and caparisons.' Daniel, one of our earliest English writers on the subject, is worth quoting for a definition of the impress, and to shew the exclusive spirit of the age. He says: '*Impresa*, used of the Italians for an enterprise taken in hand, with a firm and constant intent to bring the same to effect. As if a prince or captaine taking in hand some enterprise of war, or any other perticulaire affaire, desirous by some figure and motto to manifest to the world his intent, this figure and motto together is called an impress, made to signify an enterprise, whereat a noble mind levelling with the aime of a deep desire, strives with a stedy intent to gaine the prize of his purpose. For the valiant and hautie gentlemen, disdayning to conjoine with the vile and base plebeians in any rustique invention, have procured to themselves this one most singulare.'

Paul Jovius, a celebrated Italian historian and bishop, in his treatise on devices, says, that the figure or emblem, which he terms the *body* of the device, must be exactly fitted to the motto, which he terms its *soul*; and though it should not be so obscure as to require a sibyl to explain it, yet the motto ought to be in a foreign or dead language, so that it may not be comprehended by the vulgar—'such dainties not being

* The armorial bearings or coat-armour of his house.

intended for vulgar appetites.'* The human figure, also, should never be introduced into the emblem, and the motto ought not to contain more than three or four words. These rules, however, were not strictly adhered to, even by Jovius himself. The treatise is written in the form of a dialogue between the bishop and his secretary; its gossipping manner, quaint style, and the great importance attributed to the subject-matter, remind us exceedingly of the *Complete Angler* of our old English friend Izaak Walton. As an example of a perfect device, Jovius mentions one worn in the Italian wars by Antonio Colonna, the friend of Michael Angelo. It represented a branch of palm laid across a branch of cypress, with the motto, *Erit altera merces* (There will be another reward.) Another, highly praised by the old device-writers 'for being of subtle invention, and singular in outward view,' was assumed by a Spanish knight, Don Diego Mendoza, to signify the slight encouragement he received from the fair lady who was mistress of his affections. It represented a well, with a circular machine for raising water, full buckets ascending and empty ones going down, the motto, *Los llenos de dolor, y los vazios de esperanza* (The full one is grief; the empty, hope.) By the way, we find a similar figure in *Richard II.*, where the unfortunate monarch says:

> 'Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
> That owns two buckets, filling one another—
> The emptier ever dancing in the air,
> The other down, unseen, and full of water:
> That bucket down and full of tears am I,
> Drinking my grief while you mount up on high.'

Jovius also warmly commends a device worn by Edward Stuart, Lord of Albany, a famous captain of tried valour in the French army, during their Italian campaigns. Of the blood-royal of Scotland, being cousin to James IV., he wore, as his arms, a lion rampant in a field argent; and as his device, a buckle, with the motto, *Distantia jungit*; 'thereby implying that he was the bond which held united the kings of France and Scotland, to countervail the forces of their natural enemy, the king of England.'

A quaint bit of romance, in connection with a lady's device, is perhaps worthy of notice. Hippolita Fioramonda excelled all the ladies of her day in beauty and courtesy, and wore, as her device, moths, embroidered in gold, on a sky-blue robe—a warning to the amorous not to approach too closely the light of her beauty, lest, like moths attracted by a lamp, they should be burned. There being no motto, one of her admirers, the Lord of Lesui, a brave knight, famous for his horsemanship, asked her for an explanation of such a singular and imperfect device. She replied: 'It is to use the like courtesy to gentlemen who call to see me, as you do to those who ride in your company; you being accustomed to put on the tail of your horse a small rattle, to make him more fierce in kicking, so as to warn any who may approach you of the danger of his heels, thereby causing them to keep aloof.' Notwithstanding this repulse, the knight persevered, though unsuccessfully, in his suit, until he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Pavia. Then the lady Fioramonda relenting, had him sought for on the sanguinary field, and carried to her own house, where, to his great contentment, he died in her arms. Such imperfect devices, however, were considered unworthy of the name, unfit for men of gravity, and suited but to make sport with ladies. Of this description was that of Augustine Porco, a gentleman of Verona, who, being in love with a lady named Bianca, wore in his scarlet cap a small, real, white wax-candle, and perseveringly followed the lady to ev[illegible] of public resort she visited. To the in[illegible] of his friends respecting this extraordinary [illegible], he merely replied, that it signified *Candela* [illegible]*anca* (A white candle), and, consequently, doubts were entertained of the eccentric gallant's sanity. At last, though love is proverbially blind, the lady—probably she had a prompter—discovered that the true meaning was *Can de la Bianca* (The dog of Bianca), and with her hand rewarded the ingenuity and perseverance of Signor Porco.

Through devices we obtain glimpses at the morals, as well as the manners, of a foreign people and a bygone age. The amorous devices of many ecclesiastical dignitaries afford a capital reason for the rule, that the motto should not be comprehensible 'by the vulgar.' That of Cardinal Medici, who loved the lady Julian Gonzago, was a comet surrounded by stars, the motto, *Micat inter omnes* (It shines among them all), from the lines of Horace:

> Micat inter omnes Julium sidus
> Velut inter ignes luna minores.

The allusion to the star of Julius in connection with the lady's name renders this device, in our opinion, rather neat and classical.

A still more startling sign of the times is exhibited by the device-loving bishop. He relates that one Mattei, a man of noble courage, when waiting with dissimulation and patience an opportunity to murder a person by whom he had been insulted, applied to him (Jovius) for an appropriate device; and the bishop, 'wishing to shew that a noble mind has power to *digest*, with time, every grievous injury,' designed an ostrich devouring a nail, with the motto, *Spiritus durissima conquit.* Mattei wore the device, and ultimately succeeded in assassinating his victim; and 'so much was this noble revenge commended,' that the pope promoted the ruffian to be captain of his guard—the family of the murdered man signing an agreement to cancel all future quarrels.

Great care was requisite, when framing a device, lest any part of it could be turned into ridicule by a witty or spiteful enemy. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, bore a flint and steel, with the motto, *Ante ferit quam flamma micet* (As he strikes, the fire flashes); and when defeated, and slain at the battle of Nancy, the day being cold, with snow on the ground, his triumphant enemy, the Duke of Loreno, said: 'This poor man, though he has great need to warm himself, has not leisure to use his tinder-box.'

However puerile the 'art' may appear to us now, there can be little doubt, that the construction of devices, as an incentive to the acquisition of general knowledge, and as a kind of mental training, was not altogether useless in its day, and formed a link, were it ever so slender, in the development of the human mind. Estienne, a noted French device-author, observes, that 'to express the conceptions of our own mind in the most perfect device, there is nothing so proper, so *gentile*, so powerful, or so witty, as the similitudes we discover when walking in the spacious fields of Nature's wonderful secrets; for the grace of a device, as well as the skill of him who makes it, consists in discovering the correspondence of natural qualities and artificial uses with our own thoughts and intentions.'

The old scholastic logic was freely employed in the arguments by which the device-authors advanced their own opinions, or attacked those of their contemporaries. Ammirato condemns the unphilosophical definition of Jovius—that the emblem is the body, and the motto, the soul of a device. With long, and, we must acknowledge, to us at least, not very intelligible argument, he maintains, that 'the motto is the *major* part of a syllogism, and the emblem the *minor*; from the conjunction of which the conclusion is drawn.' Unprofitable and uninteresting are these discussions. We shall, in preference, mention the canons of device-criticism, which were of most general prevalence.

Comparison was considered an essential property of a perfect device. Thus the Pillars of Hercules, with

the motto, *Plus ultra* (More beyond), adopted by Charles V., in allusion to the Spanish discoveries and conquests in America, and still to be seen on the coin of that nation, was, by the connoisseurs, termed a mere conceit. The scholar's two pens, with *His ad aethera* (By these fame), being also devoid of comparison, was equally inferior. Not more than three figures were permissible in the emblem, unless the greater number were of the same species. A device portraying an elephant, with a flock of sheep grazing quietly around, the motto, *Infestus infestis* (Hostile only to the wicked), was strictly correct, as the sheep, being all of one species, were recognised merely as one figure. Metaphor was not allowed in the motto: a device faulty in this respect, represented a ball of crystal, the motto, from Plautus, *Intus et in cute* (The same within and without); crystal being devoid of skin (*cutis*), the expression was metaphorical. The introduction of negatives into the motto was considered good: as a sun-dial, with *Ne aspiciatur non aspicitur* (Unless looked upon —by the sun—it is not esteemed, or is of no use), a good device for a king's favourite; a flame of fire, with *Nunquam deorsum* (Never downwards); a gourd floating on a stream, with *Jactor non mergor* (Abandoned, but not sunk.) When the motto was taken from a well-known classic, fewer words were required: thus in a device representing a flame blown upon by the wind, with *Lenis alit flammas, grandior aura necat* (A gentle wind nourishes flame, a stronger, extinguishes), the words, *grandior necat* (a stronger, extinguishes) would have been sufficient. Nice discrimination was required in selecting the most suitable language for a motto. According to Contile, the Spanish was most suitable for love-matters; the Italian, for pleasant conceits; the Greek, for fiction; and the Latin, for majesty. Household furniture, and implements of husbandry, were considered improper subjects for the emblem of a device; consequently, that of the Academia della Crusca was set down as decidedly vulgar, it being a sieve, with *Il piu bel fior ne coglie* (It collects the finest flour of it)—a play on the word *crusca* (bran), assumed as the title of the Academy, from its having been instituted for the express purpose of purifying (sifting) the Italian language.

Objects that were not recognisable unless painted in colours, were also inadmissible; thus the otherwise clever device of the Earl of Essex—a rough diamond, with the motto, *Dum formas minuis* (In fashioning, you diminish), came under the censure of the critics. In like manner, objects not easily distinguishable from others, were liable to the same condemnation. The celebrated device assumed by Mary Queen of Scots on the death of her first husband, Francis II., representing a liquorice-plant, with *Dulce meum terra tegit* (The earth covers my sweet), was pronounced faulty, because the liquorice-plant could not be readily distinguished from other shrubs, the roots of which wanted the property of sweetness so necessary to give point to the device. Unnatural or chimerical figures could not be admitted, excepting those to which tradition or classical authors had given fixed forms and attributes—as the mermaid, harpy, phœnix; consequently, a device representing a winged tortoise, the motto, *Amor addidit* (Love has added them), was improper. Qualities ascribed to animate or inanimate bodies by the ancients, were considered legitimate, though known by the moderns to be fictitious. Thus the dolphin, from the story of Arion, appears in devices as the friend of the distressed; the salamander, living in fire, typifies the strong passions, natural, yet destructive to their victim; the young stork, carrying the old one, illustrates filial piety; the crane, which, according to Pliny, holds a stone in its claw to avert sleep, is a fit emblem of watchfulness; the pomegranate, king of fruits, wears a regal crown; the crocodile, symbol of hypocrisy, sheds deceitful tears. In short, almost everything that was in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, was seized by the device-maker, and converted into a symbol of some virtue, vice, or other quality of the mind. Nor was there only one emblem taken from each object; by varying the circumstances, they were multiplied to an enormous amount. Menestrier gives no less than 514 different devices, founded upon the properties of the sun alone.

Though devices previous to the reign of Henry VIII. were seldom worn in England, yet the insignia of the order of the Garter, instituted in 1350, in connection with its well-known motto and assumed origin, may be considered a genuine device. The next earliest we meet with was worn by Henry IV., and represented a blazing beacon, the motto, *Une sans plus* (One alone.) This motto has been termed inappropriate; but, considering that beacons were always placed at considerable distances from each other—one sufficing for a considerable district—we may conclude that the usurping Henry implied, that there was only one king in England, and that one was himself. Richard Duke of York, when he took up arms against Henry VI., assumed, as his device, a sun, partly visible only through thick clouds, with the motto, *Invitis nubibus* (Obscured by clouds.) After his death, his son Edward, in consequence of the success of the Yorkist cause, changed this device to a full sun unobscured. This was the sun of York so frequently alluded to by Shakspeare, and such a stumbling-block to his commentators. Henry VIII., on the occasion of his visiting Francis I. at the field of the Cloth of Gold, wore an English archer, dressed in Lincoln green, drawing his arrow to the head, the motto, *Cui adhereo praeest* (He whom I aid, conquers); a very significant intimation to Charles V. and Francis, both of whom were anxious for Henry's alliance against each other. Ann Boleyn wore a white-crowned falcon standing on a golden stem, from which sprouted red and white roses, with the motto, *Mihi et meae* (To me and mine.) This device of the fair and unfortunate Ann has survived to the present day. Now, emblematical of her fall, as it was once of her high station, it is degraded to be the sign of an ale-house, and known to the village topers as the *Magpie and Stump!* 'The gentle Surrey of the deathless lay,' one of the last victims of the tyrant Henry, wore a broken pillar, with the motto, *Sat super est* (Enough remains.) One of the charges brought against him, when arraigned for high treason, was for wearing this very device. Mary, when she ascended the throne, wore a representation of Time drawing Truth out of a well, with the words, *Veritas temporis filia* (Truth is the daughter of Time); and Cardinal Pole wore a serpent surrounding the terrestrial globe, with the motto, *Estote prudentes* (Be ye cunning.) Both of those devices were very significant of the period and of their wearers.

The romantic amusements of Queen Elizabeth raised the device to the highest pinnacle of importance it ever possessed in this country. Hentzner, a German traveller, who visited the palace of Whitehall in 1598, says, that he saw in her majesty's bedroom 'a variety of devices on paper, cut in the shape of shields, with mottoes, used by the nobility at tilts and tournaments, hung up there for a memorial.' As to Elizabeth herself, Camden states, that the enumeration of the various devices worn by her would fill a large volume. The generality, however, of the devices of that reign were fulsome flatteries, allusive to the Maiden Queen; such as—the moon, with the words, *Quid sine te cœlum?* (What would Heaven be without thee?) or, Venus seated on a cloud, with, *Salva me Domina!* (Save me, O lady!) The best of the time was worn by the impetuous and ill-starred Essex, to signify his grief on one of the occasions when he had lost the queen's favour. It represented merely a sable field, surrounded by the words, *Par nulla figura dolori* (Grief cannot be painted.) The 'English Bayard,' Sir Philip Sidney,

does not appear to great advantage in his devices. One, we presume, intended to shew the steadfastness of his purpose, represented the tideless Caspian Sea, the motto, *Sine refluxa* (Without ebb.) Another of 'that famous soldier, scholar, and poet,' throws a curious light on the manners of the age. Camden tells us that Sir Philip, 'who was a long time heir-apparent to the Earl of Leicester (his uncle), after the earl had a son born to him, used at the next tilt-day following the motto, *Speravi* (I had hoped), with a dash across the word, thereby signifying that his hope was dashed.' Would any gentleman now thus publicly express his disappointment at such an event?

The pedantry of the first James was almost as favourable to devices as the pageantry of Elizabeth; but the days of chivalry, the glories of the *triumph* and the tilt-yard, were fast passing away, while the new arts of wood and copper-plate engraving were rising into eminence; and consequently devices, instead of being worn singly on the shields and trappings of knights and maskers, were soon found collected, and seasoned with poetry on the pages of printed books. These books of emblems, as they were termed, are by no means uninteresting; haply, at a future time, we may have an opportunity of referring to them. The early printers, we should observe, were the first who used devices on paper, each having a distinguishing emblem and motto, which they displayed on the title-pages of their works. We read of only one device worn by James; it represented the Scottish thistle united with red and white roses, the motto, *Rosas Henricus, regna Jacobus*, implying that as Henry united roses, James united kingdoms. Though foreign to our subject, we may mention here, as it is not generally known, that it was James who removed the red dragon of the Tudors from the royal arms, placing as a supporter in its stead the unicorn of Scotland. We meet with only one device of the unfortunate Charles. It represented a snake that had just cast its skin, the motto, *Paratior* (More ready.) During the civil war, many mottoes and figures were adopted by both the royalist and parliamentary parties, but few of them can be termed regular devices. With the Restoration, a new description of court amusement came into fashion, and the device soon became a prey to 'dull forgetfulness.' Many emblems, however, were then and subsequently assumed as crests, and a great number of mottoes were taken to point the moral, if any, of heraldic blazonry. Though repudiated and unrecognised by the strict herald, they are now generally considered to be the particular property and distinguishing ensign of certain surnames and families, and as hereditary as the quaint and fanciful charges and quarterings of coat-armour itself.

A COUNTRY WEDDING IN FRANCE.

No part of France, with the exception of Brittany, has preserved its patriarchal habits, national character, and ancient forms of language, more than Touraine and Berry. The manners of the people there are extremely primitive, and some of their customs curious and interesting. The following account is from the pen of a modern French writer of great power of observation and description.

It was in winter, near the time of the carnival, a season of the year when it is very customary to celebrate country weddings. In the summer, there is seldom time, and the farm-work will not allow of a three days' holiday, to say nothing of the slackened diligence which is the unavoidable consequence of a village festival. I was seated under the large kitchen chimney, when the firing of pistols, the barking of dogs, and the squeaking sounds of the bagpipe, announced the approach of the betrothed couple. Presently after, old Maurice and his wife, with Germain and Marie, followed by Jacques and his wife, the chief respective kinsfolk, and the godfathers and godmothers of the betrothed, made their entrance into the yard.

Marie, not having yet received the wedding-presents, called *livrées*, was dressed in the best attire of her simple wardrobe: a coarse dark gown; a white handkerchief, with large flowers of gaudy colours; a red calico apron; a snow-white muslin head-dress, the shape of which called to mind the *coiffure* of Ann Boleyn and Agnes Sorel. Marie's features were fresh-looking, and lighted up with a smile, but without any expression of pride, albeit she had some good reason for such a feeling at this moment. Germain was grave and tender in his attentions to his betrothed, like the youthful Jacob saluting Rachel at the wells of Laban. Any other girl would have assumed an air of importance and triumph; for in all classes of society, it is something for a girl to be married for her sparkling eyes. But Marie's eyes glistened with tears of emotion and love; you could see at a glance that she was too deeply affected to be heedful of the opinion of others. Père Maurice was the spokesman on the occasion, and delivered the customary compliments and invitations. In the first place, he fastened to the mantelpiece a branch of laurel ornamented with ribbons: this is called the *exploit*—that is to say, the form of invitation. He then proceeded to distribute to each of those invited a small cross, made of blue and rose coloured ribbon—the rose for the bride, the blue for the bridegroom; and the guests had to keep this token—the women to deck their head-dress, and the men their buttonhole, on the day of the wedding. This is their ticket of admission to the ceremonies.

Père Maurice, after making his compliments, invited the master of the house and all his 'company'—that is to say, all his children, his kinsfolk, his friends, and servants—to the benediction, to the entertainment, to the feast, to the dance, and 'to all the rest;' observing with the usual form of words: 'I have *done you the honour* of bidding you to the wedding.'

Notwithstanding the liberality of the invitation carried thus from house to house, through the whole parish, the natural politeness of the peasants, which is remarkably discreet, prescribes that only two persons of each family should avail themselves of the summons—the head of the family and one of the children.

The invitations being concluded, the betrothed couple and their relatives repaired to dinner together at the farmhouse, after which Marie tended her three sheep on the common, and Germain went to work in the fields, as if nothing had happened.

The day before that appointed for the wedding, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the band of music arrived—that is to say, the *bagpipe*, and the man with the *triangle*—their instruments ornamented with long floating ribbons, and playing a march for the occasion, somewhat slow, indeed, for feet not indigenous to the country, but in perfect harmony with the character of the soil and the up-and-down nature of the roads in those parts. Some pistol-shots, fired by the young folks and children, announced the commencement of the nuptials. The company gradually assembled, and a dance was struck up on the grass-plot before the house. At nightfall, strange preparations were begun, the party separating into two bands; and when darkness closed in, they proceeded to the ceremony of the *livrées*, or present-making.

This took place at the house of the bride—Mrs Guillette's cottage. The good woman took with her her daughter; a dozen young and pretty *pastourelles*, Marie's friends and relatives; two or three respectable matrons, her neighbours, loquacious, quick of reply,

and rigid guardians of ancient usages; then she selected a dozen vigorous champions from her kinsmen and friends; and lastly, the old *chauvreur* or flaxdresser of the parish, a man of eloquence and address if ever there was one.

The part that in Brittany is played by the *bazvalan* or village tailor, is in our part of the country acted by the flaxdresser or woolcomber—two professions which are often united. He is present at all solemnities, gay or grave, being essentially a man of erudition and a good speaker; and on these occasions he has always to act as spokesman, and to execute well and worthily certain formularies of speech, in use from time immemorial. His wandering profession, which introduces the man into so many family circles, without allowing him to fix himself in his own, naturally serves to render him talkative and amusing, a ready story-teller, and an able man of song.

The flaxdresser is particularly sceptical. He, and another rustic functionary, of whom we shall speak presently, the grave-digger, are always the *esprits forts* of the place. They are so much in the habit of talking of ghosts, and are so well acquainted with all the tricks of which these evil spirits are capable, that they scarcely fear them at all. It is especially in the night that all these worthies, grave-diggers, flaxdressers, and ghosts, exercise their industry. It is in the night also the flaxdresser relates his lamentable stories. But he is no more than the sacristan addicted exclusively to the pleasure of inspiring his auditors with fear; he delights in raising a laugh; and is jocose and sentimental by turns, when he comes to speak of love and Hymen. He is the man to collect and store up in memory the most ancient songs, and to hand them down to posterity; and, as usual, he was in the present instance the person charged with the presentation of the wedding-gifts at the nuptials of Marie.

As soon as all were assembled in the house, the doors and windows were closed with the greatest care; the very leucomb shutter of the granary was barricaded; planks, trussels, and tables were put up across all the points of egress, as if one was preparing to sustain a siege; and within this fortification reigned a solemn silence of expectation, until from a distance were heard singing, laughter, and the sound of rustic instruments. These were the bridegroom's band, Germain at its head, accompanied by his stoutest companions, the grave-digger, kinsfolk, friends, and servants, who formed a joyous and solid *cortège*.

As they approached the house, however, they slackened their pace, consulted together, and were silent. The young girls, shut up in the house, had contrived to find little slits in the windows, through which they watched the procession as it arrived, and formed in order of battle. A fine chilly rain fell, which added to the excitement of the situation, whilst a large fire crackled and blazed on the hearth within doors. Marie would gladly have shortened the inevitable slowness of this state of siege: she did not at all like to see her betrothed dawdling about in the wet and cold; but she had no voice in the affair—nay, she had even to share ostensibly in the cruelty of her companions.

When the two camps were thus pitched in face of one another, a discharge of firearms from the party without doors set all the dogs in the neighbourhood in commotion: those belonging to the house flew to the gate, barking loudly; and the little children, whom their mothers vainly endeavoured to quiet, fell to crying and trembling with fear. The grave-digger, the bard and orator of the bridegroom, now stationed himself before the door, and in a pitiable voice began a dialogue with the flaxdresser, who was at the garret-window over the same door.

Grave-digger. Hollo! my good folks, my dear neighbours, for mercy's sake open the door.

Flaxdresser. Pray who may you be; and how come you to take the liberty of calling us your dear neighbours? We don't know you.

G. We are honest folks in trouble. Don't fear us, my friends, but bestow your hospitality on us. The sleet falls fast, our feet are all frozen, and we have come such a distance that our shoes are worn out.

The flaxdresser inquires sharply who they are, and receives various ridiculous answers. At length the besiegers say—

Grave-digger. Well, then, if you'll not listen to reason, we shall enter by force.

Flaxdresser. Try, if you like. We are strong enough not to fear you; and as you are insolent, we shall not answer you any more.

So saying, the flaxdresser slammed to the wicket with a bang, and went down a ladder into the room below. He then took the bride elect by the hand, and the young folks joining them, all fell to dancing and shouting gaily, whilst the matrons of the party sang with shrill voices, and amidst shouts of laughter, at the people outside, who were attempting the assault. The besiegers, on their side, pretended rage; they fired their pistols at the doors, set the dogs barking, rattled the shutters, thumped the walls, and uttered loud cries.

The garrison at last seemed to manifest some desire to capitulate; but required as a condition that the opposite party should sing a song. As soon as the song was begun, however, the besieged replied with the second line; and so long as they were able to do this, they were safe. The two antagonists were the best hands in the country for a song, and their stock seemed inexhaustible. Once or twice the flaxdresser made a wry face, frowned, and turned to the women with a disappointed look. The grave-digger sang something so old that his adversary had forgotten it, or perhaps had never known it; but instantly the good woman took up the burden of the song with a shrill voice, and helped their friend through his trouble. At length the party of the bride declared they would yield, provided the others offered her a present worthy of her. Thereupon began the song of the *Wedding-gifts*, to an air as solemn as a church psalm, the men outside singing bass in unison, and the women answering from within in falsetto. In twenty couplets at least the men enumerate all the wedding-presents, and the matrons at length consent that the door should be opened.

On this being arranged, the flaxdresser instantly drew the wooden spigot which fastened the door on the inside—the only fastening known in most of the dwellings in our village—and the bridegroom's band rushed in, but not without a combat, for the lads who garrisoned the place, even the old flaxdresser and the ancient village dames, considered it their duty to defend the hearth. The invaders were armed with a goose stuck upon a large iron spit, adorned with bouquets of straw and ribbons, and to plant this at the fire was to gain possession of the hearth. Every effort was of course made to attain this object. Now came a veritable battle, although the combatants did not come to actual blows, and fought without any anger or ill-will. But they pressed and pushed one another so closely, and there was so much emulation in the display of muscular power, that the results might have been more serious than they appeared amidst the singing and laughter. The poor old flaxdresser, who fought like a lion, was pinned to the wall, and squeezed until he could hardly get breath. More than one hero was rolled in the dust, more than one hand was withdrawn bleeding from an attack on the spit. These sports are dangerous, and in consequence of the occurrence of serious accidents, our peasants have resolved to drop them. The enormous iron spit was twisted like a screw before it was at length flung across the fire-irons, and the conquest achieved.

There was now no lack of talk and laughter. Each one exhibited the wounds he had received; but as they were in many cases given by the hand of a friend, nobody complained. The matrons cleaned the stone-floor, and order was re-established. The table was covered with pitchers of new wine. When they had all drunk together, clinking their glasses, and had taken breath, the bridegroom was led into the middle of the room; and, furnished with a ring, he had to undergo a new trial.

During the contest, the bride had been concealed, with three of her companions, by her mother, her godmother, and her aunts, who had seated the four young girls on a bench, in a corner of the room, and covered them with a large white cloth. The three girls had been selected of the same height as Marie; and this cloth veiling them from head to foot, it was impossible to distinguish one from another. The bridegroom was only allowed to touch them with the end of his switch, to point out which he guessed to be his bride. If wrong, he could not dance with the latter that evening, but only with the one he had selected in error.

The party then separated, to re-assemble at eight o'clock the next morning. At the appointed time, after a breakfast of milk-soup, well peppered to stimulate the appetite—for the nuptial-feast promised to be a rich one—all assembled in the farmyard. A journey of several miles had to be performed to obtain the nuptial benediction. Germain mounted the gray mare, which had been new shod and decked with ribbons for the occasion; the bride rode behind him; whilst his brother-in-law, Jacques, was mounted on the old gray, with the grandmother. The joyous cavalcade set out, escorted by the children on foot, who kept firing pistols and making the horses start. Mrs Maurice, the mother, seated with the children and the village fiddlers in a cart, opened the procession to the sounds of the little band of music.

A crowd was gathered at the *mairie* and the church to see the pretty bride. We must describe her dress, it became her so well. Her clean muslin cap, embroidered all over, had lappets trimmed with lace; a white kerchief, modestly crossed in front, left visible only the delicate outline of a neck rounded like that of a dove; her dress of fine green cloth set off her pretty figure; and she wore an apron of violet silk, with the *bavette* or bib, which the village lasses have since then foolishly given up.

At the ceremony of the *offrande*, Germain, according to custom, placed the *treizaine*—that is to say, thirteen pieces of silver—in the hand of his bride, and slipped on her finger a silver ring of a peculiar form, which had existed unchanged for ages, but which has now been replaced by the *alliance d'or*.

We pass over the ceremony of the wedding. The party remounted their steeds, and returned home at a rapid pace. The feast was splendid, and lasted till midnight, interspersed with song and dance. The old folks did not quit the table for fourteen hours. The grave-digger superintended the *cuisine*, and filled his part to admiration; in fact, he was famous in this line, and between the services, he left his cooking and joined in the dance and song. He was strong, fresh, and gay as a lark. On leaving a wedding-party, he would go and dig a grave, or nail down a coffin—a task of which he acquitted himself with pious care.

We now come to the third and most curious day of the nuptials, which is still strictly observed. As the ceremony of the *livrées* is the symbol of taking possession of the heart and home of the bride, that of the *chou* is the type of the fecundity of marriage. After breakfast the next morning, this performance commenced—a custom of ancient Gallic origin, which became gradually a sort of Mystery or Morality of the middle ages. Two lads disappear during the breakfast, go and dress themselves up, and then return, accompanied by music, dogs, children, and firing of pistols. They represent a couple of beggars—husband and wife—covered with rags: they are called the gardener and his wife (*le jardinier* and *la jardinière*), and give out that they have the charge and the cultivation of the sacred cabbage. The man's face is bedaubed with soot and wine-lees, or sometimes covered with a grotesque mask. A broken pot or an old shoe, suspended to his belt with a bit of string, serves him to beg for and collect the offerings of wine. No one refuses; and he pretends to drink, and then pours the wine on the ground, in token of libation. He now feigns to be tipsy, and rolls in the mud; whilst his poor wife runs after him, reproaching him pathetically, and calling for help. A handbarrow is now brought, on which is placed the gardener, with a spade, a cord, and a large basket. Four strong men carry him on their shoulders. His wife follows on foot, and the old folks come after with a grave and pensive air; then the nuptial procession march two by two to the measure of the music. The firing of pistols recommences, the dogs bark more loudly than ever at the sight of the gardener thus borne in triumph, and the children jeer him as he passes. The procession arrives at the bride's dwelling, and enters the garden. There a fine cabbage is selected—a matter which is not effected in a hurry, for the old folks hold a council, each one pleading for some favourite cabbage. Votes are taken; and when the choice is made, the gardener ties his cord round the stalk, and retreats to the further end of the garden, whilst the other actors in the comedy—the flaxdresser, the grave-digger, the carpenter, and the shoemaker—all stand round the cabbage. One digs a trench, advances, recedes, makes a plan, spies at the others through a pair of spectacles; and, in short, after various difficulties and mummeries, the gardener pulls the cord, his wife spreads her apron, and the cabbage falls majestically amidst the hurrahs of the spectators. The basket is then brought, the two gardeners plant the cabbage in it with all sorts of precautions; fresh earth is put round its root, it is propped with sticks, and carefully tied up. Rosy apples on the end of sticks, branches of thyme, sage, and laurel are stuck all round it, and the whole is decked with ribbons and streamers. The trophy is then replaced on the handbarrow with the gardener, who has to hold it upright, and prevent any accident. Lastly, the procession leaves the garden in good order, and to a measured march. On coming, however, to the gate, and again when they enter the court-yard of the bridegroom's house, an imaginary obstacle opposes their passage. The bearers of the burden stumble, raise a great outcry, draw back, advance again, and, as if repelled by some invincible force, pretend to give way under their load. Meantime the bystanders keep exclaiming, to excite and encourage the bearers: 'Bravo!' 'Well done, my boys!' 'Courage!' 'Have a care!' 'Patience!' 'Stoop now; the gate is too low!' 'To the left—now to the right!' 'Look sharp now!' 'Now you're through!'

On reaching the court-yard of the bridegroom, the cabbage is lifted off the barrow, and carried to the highest point of the house—whether a chimney, a gable, or a pigeon-house. The gardener plants it there, and waters it with a large pitcher of wine, whilst a salvo of pistol-shots, and the joyous contortions of the *jardinière*, announce its inauguration. The same ceremony is immediately recommenced: another cabbage is removed from the bridegroom's garden, and carried with the same formalities to the roof of the house which his wife has just quitted. These trophies remain there, until the wind and rain destroy the baskets, and carry away the plants; but they generally remain long enough to verify the predictions of the village dames, that ere their removal, the new-married couple shall be blessed with a pretty little addition to their domestic happiness.

The day is far advanced when these ceremonies are

accomplished, and all that remains, is to escort with music the parents of the young couple to their homes. There they have a dance, and all is over.

NOBLE INSTANCE OF TURKISH GENEROSITY AND HONESTY.

I HAPPENED, a short time ago, to be in company with a retired shipmaster in Liverpool, who, after spending forty-five years of his life chiefly in command of vessels from that port, had retired to enjoy the fruits of a well-deserved competency. The conversation turned upon the difficulty, nay, almost the impossibility, of being able, in this highly-civilised and *moral* country, in the ordinary business of life, to trust only to the *word* or *honour* of the contracting parties. The Ancient Mariner fully agreed with me in my opinions, and said, that during a long intercourse with his species in every quarter of the globe, the only men he had met with whose words were equal to their bonds, or whose *honesty* would stand the test of being trusted with untold gold, were—*the Turks*. On my expressing surprise at this unqualified encomium in favour of a set of men on whom, as a nation, we have generally been accustomed to look with distrust and suspicion, the old gentleman said: 'I will give you an account of the circumstances which first led me to form this opinion, and leave you to judge for yourself;' and added, that during an occasional intercourse with them, extending over a period of twenty years, he had had it only the more strengthened and confirmed. He then said: 'It is now upwards of thirty years since I had, for the first time, any intercourse with the Mediterranean: our vessel was chartered to Constantinople; and one of the principal owners, a Liverpool merchant, was aboard acting as his own supercargo. Although it was *my* first acquaintance with the Turks, it was not *his*, as the sequel will shew.

'As we approached our destination, we availed ourselves of the customary aid of one of the local pilots; but he who on this occasion undertook the responsibility, proved but an inexperienced guide; and from some mistake in his bearings, ran the vessel upon a sandbank, from which every effort to dislodge her, laden as she was, proved unavailing. We were on a bleak part of the coast, and not more than half a mile from the shore, although a considerable distance from our destined port. It was necessary, therefore, to take out several boat-loads of the cargo, and send them on shore, whatever might be the risk they ran of being left there, while we were getting the ship afloat again. On expressing my fears as to their safety to the merchant whose property the goods were, he at once said: "I know the Turks, and will abide the consequences of the step;" although, situated as we were, we could not shrink from the results, whatever they might be, without incurring a much heavier loss, if not the entire destruction of the vessel. Accordingly, the boats were got out, and part of the cargo at once transferred to them, and conveyed to the shore, I acting as cockswain on the occasion. As the foremost boat approached, a number of turbaned figures were seen advancing, who, as soon as it touched the beach, rushed into the surf, and, with a shout, hauled it high and dry, and commenced at once to bear off its cargo to a field in the immediate neighbourhood, above high-water mark. Remonstrance or resistance would have been equally out of the question, as neither understood a word the other said, and their numbers were overpowering. So rapidly did the goods vanish from the boat under their active operations, that I had not even time to take a note of the particular packages. As soon as the boat was emptied of its contents, they assisted in pushing it off again into deep water; and in a very desponding state of mind regarding the ultimate fate of the goods which I had left on shore, I returned to the ship. On expressing my fears on that score to the merchant, who met me at the gangway, he smiled, and said: "It's all right. I saw by the turbans and dresses of the men who came down to you that they were Turks; and I know, from experience, that we run no risk whatever in leaving the goods under their self-imposed guardianship." As he was the party who was most interested in the result, I said nothing more, but proceeded to lighten the ship as speedily as possible, by making several additional trips to the shore with as much of the cargo as enabled us to get at the ballast; and on each occasion we received the same prompt and energetic assistance from our turbaned allies, each boat-load being carried to the corner of the field where the others were deposited. It required two days to get the ship sufficiently lightened of her ballast, so as to get her afloat again, and this we were enabled to do without her sustaining any damage of a serious nature, as the weather, fortunately for us, continued perfectly calm.

'During these two nights that the goods were left on shore, they were watched by *two of the Turks alone;* and when we were ready for their reshipment, they assisted us as energetically in replacing them in the boat, as they did at first in removing them from it. On our last trip to the shore, the merchant went with us, and I took several pieces of gold with me, which I offered to the honest fellows who had so generously and voluntarily rendered us such efficient service; when, to my still greater surprise, they, to a man, making a low bow, and muttering something, which to me was unintelligible, put their hands on their hearts, and refused to accept it. The merchant, who understood a word or two only of their language, said that he could make out that what they had said was, that *we were brothers*, and *in distress*, and *that* was enough to induce them to do what they could to assist us.

'Our vessel then proceeded on her voyage to Constantinople, which she reached in a short time, and got her cargo safely disembarked. While there, I occasionally met in the streets several of the men who had assisted us, and received from them in passing always a pleasing smile of recognition.'

I ask my readers whether they think that, if such a thing had occurred on almost any part of *our own coasts*, a similar result would have taken place? Is it not notorious, and a deep and indelible stain on the great proportion of our population on the coast, that on a wreck taking place, the natives not only pilfer all that they can lay their hands upon, but sometimes do not even hesitate, it is alleged, to extinguish any glimmering sparks of life that may be perceptible in the bodies of the unfortunate mariners who have been washed ashore—with a view to protect themselves in the possession of their basely acquired spoil? And is it not equally notorious, that so far from their doing anything to warn a ship in distress, that they see approaching their iron-bound shores, of its danger, and doing anything to prevent it, they very often shew false signals, so as to draw the unfortunate vessel upon the rocks which it is so anxious to avoid? Such practices are an everlasting disgrace to the natives of many parts of our coasts; and how nobly, therefore, does the conduct of the poor Turks contrast with it, and that, too, be it borne in mind, even when rendered to those whom they are taught to regard as Infidels!

My venerable informant also told me, that during an occasional intercourse, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, with the natives of several parts of Turkey, he had never met with a solitary instance even of dishonesty, or a departure from an agreement, the conditions of which had only been settled by *a verbal* engagement, even when the result would evidently be unfavourable to them.

LADY BETTY, THE HANGWOMAN.

[The following curious sketch is from Mr W. R. Wilde's *Irish Popular Superstitions*, printed in M'Glashan's *Readings in Popular Literature*. It does not refer to a superstition, but to one of those facts which exhibit as much of the preternatural as the wildest excursion of fancy. A portion of the little volume is reprinted from the *Dublin University Magazine*, and, for aught we know, Lady Betty may have made her appearance originally in that work.]

THE old jail of Roscommon stood, and, although now converted to other purposes, still stands in the market-place, in the centre of the town. It is an exceedingly high, dark, gloomy-looking building, with a castellated top, like one of the ancient fortresses that tower above

the houses in many of the continental cities. It can be discerned at a great distance; and, taken in connection with the extensive ruins of O'Connor's Castle, in the suburbs, and the beautiful abbey upon the other side of the town, seems to partake of the character of the middle-age architecture. The fatal drop was, perhaps, the highest in Ireland. It consisted of a small doorway in the front of the third storey, with a simple iron beam and pulley above, and the *lapboard* merely a horizontal door hinged to the wall beneath, and raised or let fall by means of a sliding-bolt, which shot from the wall when there was occasion to put the apparatus of death in requisition. Fearful as this elevated gallows appeared, and unique in its character, it was not more so than the finisher of the law who then generally officiated upon it.* No decrepit wretch, no crime-hardened ruffian, no secret and mysterious personage, who was produced occasionally disguised and masked, plied his dreadful trade here. Who, think you, *gentle* reader—who now, perhaps, recoils from these unpleasant but truthful minutiæ—officiated upon this gallows high?—a female!—a middle-aged, stout-made, dark-eyed, swarthy-complexioned, but by no means forbidding-looking woman—the celebrated Lady Betty—the finisheress of the law—the unflinching priestess of the executive for the Connaught circuit, and Roscommon in particular, for many years. Few children, born or reared in that county thirty, or even five-and-twenty years ago, who were not occasionally frightened into 'being good,' and going to sleep, and not crying when left alone in the dark, by *huggath a' Pooka*, or, 'here's Lady Betty.' The only fragment of her history which we have been able to collect is, that she was a person of violent temper, though in manners rather above the common, and possessing some education. It was said that she was a native of the County Kerry, and that by her harsh usage she drove her only son from her at an early age. He enlisted; but, in course of years, returned with some money in his pocket, the result of his campaigning. He knocked at his father's door, and asked a night's lodging, determined to see for himself whether the brutal mother he had left had in any way repented, or was softened in her disposition, before he would reveal himself. He was admitted, but not recognised. The mother, discovering that he possessed some money, murdered him during the night. The crime was discovered, and the wretched woman sentenced to be hanged, along with the usual dockful of sheep-stealers, Whiteboys, shop-lifters, and cattle-houghers, who, to the amount of seven or eight at a time, were invariably 'turned off' within four-and-twenty hours after their sentences at each assizes. No executioner being at hand, time pressing, and the sheriff and his deputy being men of refinement, education, humanity, and sensibility, who could not be expected to fulfil the office which they had undertaken—and for which one of them, at least, was paid—this wretched woman, being the only person in the jail who could be found to perform the office, consented; and under the name of Lady Betty, officiated, unmasked and undisguised, as *hangwoman* for a great number of years after; and she used also to flog publicly in the streets, as a part of her trade. Numerous are the tales related of her exploits, which we have now no desire to dwell upon. We may, however, mention one extraordinary trait of her character. She was in the habit of drawing, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of her apartment, portraits of all the persons she executed.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men—and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there—can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?—*William Cobbett.*

PAPER-MILLS.

A return has been made of the number of paper-mills at present at work in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; also of the number of 'beating-engines' in each mill. From this it appears that there are in England, 364 paper-mills at present in activity, having 1267 beating-engines at work, and 107 silent. In Scotland, there are 48 mills, having 278 beating-engines at work, and 8 silent. In Ireland, there are 28 mills, having 71 beating-engines at work, and 15 silent. In Wales, there are no paper-mills. The total is, 880 mills, having 1616 beating-engines at work, and 139 silent.

LINES TO ——.

O COULD I love thee, love as thou art worthy to be loved,
Thy deep, thy constant tenderness my purpose might have moved.
I know, might I accept thy heart, a blissful lot were mine;
Would we had earlier met—but no! I never could be thine.

I love thee as a sister loves a brother kind and dear,
And feel a sister's thrilling pride whene'er thy praise I hear;
And I have breathed a sister's prayer for thee at Mercy's throne,
And ne'er a truer, purer love might sister's bosom own.

I knew this trial was in store; I felt it day by day;
And oft in agony I prayed this cup might pass away;
And yet I lacked the power to tell, what thou too late must hear,
To tell thee that another claims this heart to thee so dear.

Alas! that I must cause thee pain—I know that thou wilt grieve—
For oh! thou art all truthfulness; thou never couldst deceive;
And I have wept when anxious care sat heavy on thy brow,
Have wept when others wounded thee, and I must wound thee now.

It may be that in after-years we yet shall meet again,
When time has cancelled every trace of this dark hour of pain:
O may I see thee happy, blest, whate'er my lot may be,
And, as a sister and a friend, I shall rejoice with thee.

HARRIET.

PROCESS FOR PRODUCING TAPERED IRON.

In No. 430 of this Journal, page 207, there is some mention of the patented rolling process for tapering bar-iron by machinery. This important invention is not of American origin, as persons unacquainted with the facts might imagine: it was first practised at the Mersey Steel and Iron Company's works at Liverpool, and then patented by Mr William Clay in the United States. The Company mentioned were awarded for the manufacture the prize-medal of the Great Exhibition, and the silver medals of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and the American Institute of New York.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 445. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

ECONOMY IN DISTRIBUTION.

WE had lately occasion to proceed by an omnibus from a country town to a station on a railway, by which we were to return to the city where we have our customary abode. On arriving at the station, we learned that we should have to wait an hour for an *up* train, the omnibus being timed in relation to a *down* one, which was about to pass. Had this arrangement been the only one readily practicable in the case, we should have felt it necessary to submit uncomplainingly to the loss of our hour; but it really was not so. We had come in one of three omnibuses, none of which had more than two or three passengers. Why should not one have come at this hour with *down* passengers, and another come an hour later with *up* ones, thus by the same trouble giving more accommodation? We found that the three omnibuses are run by so many hotels, and that an arrangement for general convenience was impossible, as it might have interfered with the hotel business. On the continent, the government would have ordered matters otherwise: with us, the genius of *laissez faire* permits them to be as we describe.

It is in the same part of the country that a system exists amongst bakers, which we described many years ago in these pages. There are three towns, triangularly arranged, about ten miles from each other. One or more bakers in each has a van, in which he sends bread every day to the other two. As there is no witchcraft in the making of bread, it might be as well for the inhabitants of each town to be supplied by the bakers of their own place exclusively, and then the expense of the carriage would be saved. Such, however, is the keenness of competition in the case, that each baker strives to get supporters in the neighbouring towns, and willingly pays for van, horse, and driver in order to retain their custom. We presume each van goes thirty miles a day, and that there is not much less than 2000 miles of this unprofitable travelling weekly in connection with the three towns.

Any one who has a sincere respect for the principle of untrammelled industry, must lament to see these its abuses or drawbacks. But our commercial world is full of such anomalies. The cause is readily traced in the excessive number of persons engaged in the various trades. Not many years ago, the number of bakers in a town known to us, of the same size as one of those above referred to, was fourteen, while everybody acknowledged that four might have sufficed. In such circumstances, it is not wonderful that expedients like that of the van are resorted to, notwithstanding that it can only diminish the aggregate of profit derived by an already starving trade.

Few persons who walk along a street of nicely-decorated and apparently well-stocked shops, have the slightest conception of the hollowness of many of the appearances. The reality has been tested in part by the income-tax inquisition, which shews a surprising number of respectable-looking shops not reaching that degree of profit which brings the owner within the scope of the exaction. It may be that some men who are liable, contrive to make themselves appear as not so; but this cannot be to such an extent as greatly to affect the general fact. In the assessing of the tax, no result comes out oftener than one of this kind: Receipts for the year, L.2200; estimated profit at 15 per cent., L.330; deductions for rent of shop, taxes, shopmen's wages, and bad debts, L.193; leaving, as net profit, L.137. The commissioners are left to wonder how the trader can support his family in a decent manner upon so small a return, till they reflect that possibly a son brings in a little as a shopman, or a daughter as a day-governess; or that possibly an old female relative lives with the family, and throws her little income into the general stock. It is, after all, a fact capable of the clearest demonstration, that a vast number of shopkeepers' families maintain decent appearances upon an income below that enjoyed by many artisans—what goes, in the one case, for the decent appearances, being enjoyed in substantial comforts in the other, or else misapplied, to the degradation of body and mind.

The evil primarily lies in an erroneous distribution of industry. Where twenty men offer themselves to do a duty to society for which three are sufficient, it cannot be good for any party; whereas, were the extra seventeen to apply themselves to other departments of the labour required for all, it would be better times for the whole twenty. The light, easy, and pleasant occupations are those most apt to be beset by superfluous hands. Shopkeeping is generally easy, and often pleasant; hence the excessive number of individuals applying themselves to it. In the difficulties of the case, conspicuousness of situation, extravagant decoration, and abundant advertising, are resorted to, as means of obtaining a preference. Many, to help out profits, resort to tricks and cheating. The expense thus incurred, above what is necessary, in distributing certain goods, must be enormous. To bring most articles to the hands of the consumer should be a simple business. Every member of the public must feel that his clothes will be as good, coming from a wareroom on a third floor at L.30 a year, as from a flashy corner shop which costs L.300. He will feel that to make him buy a new hat when he needs one, it is not necessary that an advertising van should be continually rumbling along the streets. His tea and sugar from the nearest grocer cannot be any better because

of there being fifty other grocers within two miles of his residence, and forty of these not required. Yet, by reason of the great competition in nearly all trades, these vast expenses, which do nothing for the public, are continually incurred. Means misapplied are means lost. The community is just so much the poorer. And we must pronounce the superfluous shopkeepers, those who live by the rents of fine shops, and those who are concerned in the business of advertising beyond what is strictly necessary for the information of the public, as incumbrances on the industry of the country.

One unfortunate concomitant of competition is, that it prompts in the individual trader an idea which places him in a false position towards the general interest. It is the general interest that all things fit for use should be abundant; but when a man is concerned in producing any of those things, he sees it to be for his immediate interest that they should be scarce, because what he has to sell will then bring a greater price. It is the general interest that all useful things should be produced and distributed as cheaply as possible; but each individual producer and distributer feels that the dearer they are, it is the better for him. It is thus that a trade comes to regard itself as something detached from the community; that a man also views his peculiar trading interest as a first principle, to which everything else must give way. It might, indeed, be easily shewn, that whatever is good for the whole community, must be in the long-run beneficial to each member. He either cannot look far enough for that, or he feels himself unable to dispense with the immediate benefit from that which is bad for the public. In short, each trade considers the world as living for it, not it as living for the world—a mistake so monstrous, that there is little reason to wonder at the enormous misexpenditure to which it gives rise.

The idea essentially connected with these false positions, that *because* there are certain persons in a trade in a particular place, they *ought* to be there, and that the primary consideration regarding them is how to enable them to continue living by that trade—as if they were fixed there by some decree of Providence—is one of the most perverse and difficult to deal with in political economy. The assertion of any principle ruling to the contrary purpose, seems to the multitude of superficial thinkers as a kind of cruelty to the persons, the severity of the natural law being, by an easy slide of thought, laid to the charge of the mere philosopher who detects and announces its operation. In reality, those are the cruel people who would contentedly see a great number of their fellow-creatures going on from year to year in a misery, which, being brought upon themselves by ignorance, and the want of a right spirit of enterprise, can only be banished or lessened by their being rightly informed, and induced to enter upon a proper course.

If there were a right knowledge and just views of these subjects diffused through the community, a man would be ashamed to enter upon a business in which a sufficient number of persons was already engaged, knowing that he was thereby trifling with his time and fortunes, and perhaps encouraging in himself a love of ease, or some other desire which he was not entitled to gratify. He would rather go to some new country, where he might eat in rough independence the rewards of an actual toil. What is really required, however, is not that men should leave their own country, but enter upon such pursuits there as may preserve an equal instead of an unequal distribution of industry throughout the various fields in which there is something to be done for the general advantage. Distribution should be less a favourite department, and production more so. With more producers and fewer distributers, the waste we have endeavoured to describe would be so far saved, and there would be fewer miserable people on the earth.

Even amidst all the delusions which prevail upon the subject, it is curious to observe that there is a strong current towards a rectification of what is amiss. The interests of the individual, which produce so much fallacy, after all bring a correction. The active, original-minded tradesman, seeing that, with an ordinary share of the entire business of his department, he can scarcely make bread and butter, bethinks him of setting up a leviathan shop, in which he may serve the whole town with mercery at a comparatively small profit to himself, looking to large and frequent returns for his remuneration. The public, with all its sentimentalisms, never fails to take the article, quality being equal, at the lowest price, and accordingly the leviathan dealer thrives, while nearly all the small dealers are extirpated. Now this is a course of things which produces partial inconveniences; but its general effect is good. It lessens the cost of distribution for the consumer, and it decides many to take to new and more hopeful courses, who otherwise might cling to a branch of business that had become nearly sapless. Underselling generally has the same results. When in a trade in which distribution usually costs 43 per cent., one man announces himself as willing to lessen this by 15 or 20 per cent., his conduct is apt to appear unbrotherly and selfish to the rest; but the fact is, that for goods of any kind to cost 43 per cent. in mere distribution, is a monstrosity; and he who can in any measure lessen that cost, will be regarded by the community as acting in the spirit of a just economy, and as deserving of their gratitude. These may be considered as the rude struggles of competition towards a righting of its own evils. The public sees two selfishnesses working in the case, and it naturally patronises that which subserves its own interest.

The waste arising from an over-costly system of distribution, will probably lead to other correctives of even a more sweeping kind than that of underselling, or the setting up of leviathan shops. For the greater number of the articles required for daily use, men begin to find that a simple co-operative arrangement is sufficient. A certain number agree to combine in order to obtain articles at wholesale prices; after which a clerk, shopman, and porter suffice to distribute them. They thus save, in many trades, as much as 15 per cent. So far from their being under any peculiar disadvantage as to the quality of the articles, they are rather safer than usual in that respect; and indeed a freedom from the danger of getting adulterated or inferior goods is one of the recommendations of the system. It would probably extend more rapidly, were it not for the difficulties attending the law of partnership, which, however, will in all likelihood be speedily removed.

We make these remarks on distribution mainly in the hope of saving individuals from entering upon a career in which, not being truly useful to their fellow-creatures, they have little to expect of good for themselves. At present, shopkeeping is limited by what an able writer of the day calls the *bankruptcy check;** that is, men go into it, and remain in it, while they can just barely sustain themselves, not regarding that they do not and cannot thrive, and that they are only adding to a mass of idleness already burdensome to the community. What we desire is, to see men so far enlightened in the principles of economy, that they will be at least less apt to rush into fields where their help is not wanted. We wish to assist in creating a public opinion on this subject, which, fixing on shopkeeping in such circumstances the odium of a masked idleness, will tend to send the undecided into courses of real

* Mr F. O. Ward.

activity and serviceableness; thus securing their own good by the only plan which can be safely depended upon—that of first securing the good of the entire community.

THE VENDETTA.

In the morning, we were off the coast of Sardinia, steaming rapidly along for the Straits of Bonifacio. The night had been tranquil, and the morning was more tranquil still; but no one who knew the capricious Mediterranean felt confident of continued fair weather. However, at sea the mind takes little thought for the morrow, or even for the afternoon; and as we sat in the warm shade of the awning, looking out to the purple horizon in the east, or to the rocky and varied coast to the west; I felt, and if the countenance be not treacherous, all felt that it was good even for landsmen to be moving over waters uncrisped except by the active paddles, beneath a sky all radiant with light. My companions were chiefly Levant merchants, or sallow East Indians; for I was on board the French packet *Le Caire*, on its way from Alexandria, of Egypt, to Marseille.

I had several times passed the Straits, each time with renewed pleasure and admiration. It would be difficult to imagine a scene more wild and peculiar. After rounding the huge rock of Tavolara—apparently a promontory running boldly out into the sea, but in reality an island, we are at once at the mouth of the Straits. The mountains of Corsica, generally enveloped in clouds, rise above the horizon ahead, and near at hand a thousand rocks and islands of various dimensions appear to choke up the passage. The narrow southern channel, always selected by day, is intricate, and would be dangerous to strangers; and indeed the whole of the Straits are considered so difficult, that the fact of Nelson, without previous experience, having taken his fleet through, is cited even by French sailors as a prodigy.

On one of the rocky points of the Sardinian coast, I observed the ruins of a building, but so deceptive is distance, I could not at first determine whether it had been a fortress or a cottage. I asked one of the officers for his telescope; and being still in doubt, questioned him as I returned it. He smiled and said: 'For the last five or six years, I have never passed through the Straits by day without having had to relate the story connected with that ruin. It has become a habit with me to do so; and if you had not spoken, I should have been compelled, under penalty of passing a restless night, to have let out my narrative at dinner. You will go down to your berth presently; for see how the smoke is weighed down by the heavy atmosphere upon the deck, and how it rolls like a snake along the waters! What you fancy to be merely a local head-wind blowing through the Straits, is a mistral tormenting the whole Gulf of Lions. We shall be tossing about presently in a manner unpleasant to landsmen; and when you are safely housed, I will come and beguile a little time by relating a true story of a Corsican Vendetta.

The prophecy was correct. In less than a quarter of an hour, *Le Caire* was pitching through the last narrows against as violent a gale as I ever felt. It was like a wall of moving air. The shores, rocks, and islands were now concealed by driving mist; and as the sea widened before us, it was covered with white-crested waves. Before I went below, a cluster of sails ahead was pointed out as the English fleet; and it was surmised that it would be compelled to repeat Nelson's manœuvre, as Sardinia and Corsica form a dangerous lee-shore. However, the atmosphere thickened rapidly; and we soon lost sight of all objects but the waves amidst which we rolled, and the phantom-like shores of Corsica.

The officer joined me, and kept his promise. By constant practice, he had acquired some skill in the art of telling at least this one story; and I regret that I do not remember his exact words. However, the following is the substance of his narrative—Giustiniani and Bartuccio were inhabitants of the little town of Santa Maddalena, situated on the Corsican side of the Straits. They were both sons of respectable parents, and were united from an early age in the bonds of friendship. When they grew up, Giustiniani became clerk in a very humble mercantile establishment; whilst Bartuccio, more fortunate, obtained a good place in the custom-house. They continued on excellent terms till the age of about twenty-one years, when an incident occurred, that by making rivals of them, made them enemies.

Giustiniani had occasion to visit the city of Ajaccio, and set out in company with a small party mounted upon mules. Bartuccio went with him to the crest of the hill, where they parted after an affectionate embrace. The journey was fortunately performed; in about a month Giustiniani was on his way back, and reached without incident, just as night set in, a desolate ravine within a few leagues of Santa Maddalena. Here a terrific storm of wind and rain broke upon the party, which missed the track, and finally dispersed; some seeking shelter in the lee of the rocks, others pushing right and left in search of the path, or of some hospitable habitation. Giustiniani wandered for more than an hour, until he descended towards the plain, and, attracted by a light, succeeded at length in reaching a little cottage having a garden planted with trees. The lightning had now begun to play, and shewed him the white walls of the cottage streaming with rain, and the drenched foliage that surrounded it. Guided by the rapidly succeeding gleams, he was enabled to find the garden gate, where, there being no bell, he remained for some time shouting in vain. The light still beamed gently through one of the upper windows, and seemed to tell of a comfortable interior and cosy inmates. Giustiniani exerted his utmost strength of voice, and presently there was a movement in the lighted chamber —a form came to the window; and, after some delay, the door of the house was opened, and a voice asked who demanded admittance at that hour, and in such weather. Our traveller explained, and was soon let in by a quiet-looking old gentleman, who took him up stairs into a little library, where a good wood-fire was blazing. A young girl of remarkable beauty rose as he entered, and received him with cordial hospitality. Acquaintance was soon made. Giustiniani told his little story, and learned that his host was M. Albert Brivard, a retired medical officer, who, with his daughter Marie, had selected this out-of-the-way place for economy's sake.

According to my informant, Giustiniani at once fell in love with the beautiful Marie, to such an extent that he could scarcely partake of the supper offered him. Perhaps his abstinence arose from other reasons—love being in reality a hungry passion in its early stage—for next day the young man was ill of a fever, and incapable of continuing his journey. M. Brivard and his daughter attended him kindly; and as he seemed to become worse towards evening, sent a messenger to Maddalena. The consequence was, that on the following morning Bartuccio arrived in a great state of alarm and anxiety; but fate did not permit him again to meet his friend with that whole and undivided passion of friendship in his breast with which he had quitted him a month before. Giustiniani was asleep when he entered the house, and he was received by Marie. In his excited state of mind, he was apt for new impressions, and half an hour's conversation seems not only to have filled him with love, but to have excited the same feeling in the breast of the gentle girl. It would have been more romantic, perhaps, had Marie been tenderly impressed

by poor Giustiniani when he arrived at night, travel-stained and drenched with rain, in the first fit of a fever; 'but woman,' said the sagacious narrator, as he received a tumbler of grog from the steward, 'is a mystery'—an opinion I am not inclined to confute.

In a few days, Giustiniani was well enough to return to his home, which he reached in a gloomy and dissatisfied state of mind. He had already observed that Bartuccio, who rode over every day professedly to see him, felt in reality ill at ease in his company, spoke no longer with copious familiarity, and left him in a few minutes, professing to be obliged to return to his duty. From his bed, however, he could hear him for some time after laughing and talking with Marie in the garden—and he felt, without knowing it, all the pangs of jealousy: not that he believed his friend would interfere and dispute with him the possession of the gem which he had discovered, and over which he internally claimed a right of property, but he was oppressed with an uneasy sentiment of future ill, and tormented with a diffidence as to his own powers of pleasing, that made him say adieu to Marie and her father with cold gratitude—that seemed afterwards to them, and to him when reflection came, sheer ingratitude.

When he had completely recovered his strength, he recovered also to a certain extent his serenity of mind. Bartuccio was often with him, and never mentioned the subject of Marie. One day, therefore, in a state of mingled hope and love, he resolved to pay a visit to his kind host; and set out on foot. The day was sunny; the landscape, though rugged, beautiful with light; a balmy breeze played gently on his cheek. The intoxication of returning strength filled him with confidence and joy. He met the old doctor herborising a little way from his house, and saluted him so cordially, that a hearty shake of the hand was added to the cold bow with which he was at first received. Giustiniani understood a little of botany, and pleased the old man by his questions and remarks. They walked slowly towards the house together. When they reached it, M. Brivard quietly remarked: 'You will find my daughter in the garden,' and went in with the treasures he had collected. The young man's heart bounded with joy. Now was the time. He would throw himself at once at Marie's feet, confess the turbulent passion she had excited, and receive from her lips his sentence of happiness, or—— No, he would not consider the alternative; and with bounding step and eager eye, he ran over the garden, beneath the orange and the myrtle trees, until he reached a little arbour at the other extremity.

What he saw might well plunge him at once into despair. Marie had just heard and approved the love of Bartuccio, who had clasped her, not unwilling, to his breast. Their moment of joy was brief, for in another instant Bartuccio was on the ground, with Giustiniani's knee upon his breast, and a bright poniard glittered in the air. 'Spare him—spare him!' cried the unfortunate girl, sinking on her knees. The accepted lover struggled in vain in the grasp of his frenzied rival, who, however, forbore to strike. 'Swear, Marie,' he said, 'by your mother's memory, that you will not marry him for five years, and I will give him a respite for so long.' She swore with earnestness; and the next moment, Giustiniani had broken through the hedge, and was rushing franticly towards Santa Maddalena.

When he recovered from his confusion, Bartuccio, who, from his physical inferiority, had been reduced to a passive part in this scene, endeavoured to persuade Marie that she had taken an absurd oath, which she was not bound to abide by; but M. Brivard, though he had approved his daughter's choice, knew well the Corsican character, and decreed that for the present at least all talk of marriage should be set aside. In vain Bartuccio pleaded the rights of an accepted lover. The old man became more obstinate, and not only insisted that his daughter should abide by her promise, but hinted that if any attempt were made to oppose his decision, he would at once leave the country.

As may well be imagined, Bartuccio returned to the city with feelings of bitter hatred against his former friend; and it is probable that wounded pride worked upon him as violently as disappointed passion. He was heard by several persons to utter vows of vengeance—rarely meaningless in that uncivilised island—and few were surprised when next day the news spread that Giustiniani had disappeared. Public opinion at once pointed to Bartuccio as the murderer. He was arrested, and a careful investigation was instituted; but nothing either to exculpate or inculpate him transpired, and after some months of imprisonment, he was liberated.

Five years elapsed. During the first half of the period, Bartuccio was coldly received by both M. Brivard and his daughter, although he strenuously protested his innocence. Time, however, worked in his favour, and he at length assumed the position of a betrothed lover, so that no one was surprised when, at the expiration of the appointed time, the marriage took place. Many wondered indeed why, since Giustiniani had disappeared, and was probably dead, any regard was paid to the extorted promise; whilst all augured well of the union which was preceded by so signal an instance of good faith. The observant, indeed, noticed that throughout the ceremony Bartuccio was absent and uneasy—looking round anxiously over the crowd assembled from time to time. 'He is afraid to see the ghost of Giustiniani,' whispered an imprudent bystander. The bridegroom caught the last word, and starting as if he had received a stab, cried: 'Where, where?' No one answered; and the ceremony proceeded in ominous gloom.

Next day, Bartuccio and his young wife, accompanied by M. Brivard, left Santa Maddalena without saying whither they were going; and the good people of the town made many strange surmises on the subject. In a week or so, however, a vessel being wrecked in the Straits, furnished fresh matter of conversation; and all these circumstances became utterly forgotten, except by a few. 'But this drama was as yet crowned by no catastrophe,' said the officer, 'and all laws of harmony would be violated if it ended here.' 'Are you, then, inventing?' inquired I. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'but destiny is a greater tragedian than Shakspeare, and prepares *dénouements* with superior skill.' I listened with increased interest.

The day after the departure of the married couple, a small boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail left the little harbour of Santa Maddalena a couple of hours before sunset, and with a smart breeze on its quarter, went bravely out across the Straits. Some folks who were accustomed to see this manœuvre had, it is true, shouted out to the only man on board, warning him that rough weather was promised; but he paid no heed, and continued on his way. If I were writing a romance, if, indeed, I had any reasonable space, I would keep up the excitement of curiosity for some time, describe a variety of terrific adventures unknown to seamen, and wonderful escapes comprehensible only by landsmen, and thus make a subordinate hero of the bold navigator. But I must be content to inform the reader, that he was Paolo, a servant of Giustiniani's mother, who had lived in perfect retirement since her son's disappearance, professing to have no news of him. In reality, however, she knew perfectly well that he had retired to Sardinia, and after remaining in the interior some time, had established himself in the little cottage, the ruins of which had attracted my attention. The reason for his retirement, which he afterwards gave, was that he might be enabled to resist the temptation to avenge himself on Bartuccio, and, if possible, conquer his love for Marie. He no longer entertained any hope of possessing her himself; but he thought that at least

she would grow weary of waiting for the passage of five years, and would marry a stranger—a consummation sufficiently satisfactory, he thought, to restore to him his peace of mind. Once a month at least he received, through the medium of the faithful Paolo, assistance and news from his mother; and to his infinite discomfiture learned, as time proceeded, that his enemy, whilom his friend, was to be made happy at last. His rage knew no bounds at this; and several times he was on the point of returning to Santa Maddalena, to do the deed of vengeance from which he had hitherto refrained. However, he resolved to await the expiration of the five years.

Paolo arrived in safety at the cottage some time after dark, and communicated the intelligence both of the marriage and the departure of the family. To a certain extent, both he and the mother of Giustiniani approved the projects of vengeance entertained by the latter, but thought that the honour of the family was sufficiently cleared by what was evidently a flight. Paolo was disappointed and puzzled by the manner of the unfortunate recluse. Instead of bursting out into furious denunciations, he became as pale as ashes, and then hiding his face in his hands, wept aloud. His agony continued for more than an hour; after which he raised his head, and exhibited a serene brow to the astonished servitor. 'Let us return to Santa Maddalena,' he said; and they accordingly departed, leaving the cottage a prey to the storms, which soon reduced it to ruins, and will probably erelong sweep away every trace.

Giustiniani reached his mother's house unperceived, and spent many hours in close conversation with his delighted parent. He did not, however, shew himself in the town, but departed on the track of the fugitives the very next day. He traced them to Ajaccio, thence to Marseille, to Nice, back to Marseille, to Paris, but there he lost the clue. Several months passed in this way; his money was all spent, and he was compelled to accept a situation in the counting-house of a merchant of the Marais, and to give up the chase and the working out of the catastrophe he had planned for his Vendetta.

A couple of years afterwards, Giustiniani had occasion to go to one of the towns of the north of France—Lille, I believe. In its neighbourhood, as my narrator told me—and on him I throw the whole responsibility, if there seem anything improbable in what is to come—the young man was once more overtaken by a storm, and compelled to seek refuge in a cottage, which the gleams of the lightning revealed to him. This time he was on foot, and after knocking at the door, was admitted at once by a young woman, who seemed to have been waiting in the passage for his arrival. She was about to throw herself into his arms, when suddenly she started back, and exclaimed: 'It is not he!' Taking up a candle, which she had placed on the floor, she cast its light on her own face and that of the stranger, who had remained immovable, as if petrified by the sound of her voice. 'Madam,' said he, brought to himself by this action, 'I am a stranger in these parts, overtaken by the storm, and I beg an hour's hospitality.'

'You are welcome, sir,' replied Marie, the wife of Bartuccio, for it was she; but she did not at the moment recognise the unfortunate man who stood before her.

They were soon in a comfortable room, where was M. Brivard, now somewhat broken by age, and a cradle, in which slept a handsome boy about a year old. Giustiniani, after the interchange of a few words—perhaps in order to avoid undergoing too close an examination of his countenance—bent over the cradle to peruse the features of the child; and the pillow was afterwards found wet with tears. By an involuntary motion, he clutched at the place where the poniard was wont to be, and then sat down upon a chair that stood in a dim corner. A few minutes afterwards, Bartuccio came joyously into the room, embraced his wife, asked her if she was cold, for she trembled very much—spoke civilly to the stranger, and began to throw off his wet cloak and coat. At this moment the tall form of Giustiniani rose like a phantom in the corner, and passions, which he himself had thought smothered, worked through his worn countenance. Brivard saw and now understood, and was nailed to his chair by unspeakable terror, whilst Bartuccio gaily called for his slippers. Suddenly Marie, who had watched every motion of the stranger, and, with the vivid intuition of wife and mother, had understood what part was hers to play, rushed to the cradle, seized the sleeping child, and without saying a word, placed it in Giustiniani's arms. The strong-passioned man looked amazed, yet not displeased, and, after a moment's hesitation, sank on his knees, and embraced the babe, that, awaking, curled its little arms round his head——

A tremendous crash aloft interrupted the well-prepared peroration of the narrator; and, to say the truth, I was not sorry that a sail was carried away, and one of our boats stove in at this precise moment, for I had heard quite enough to enable me to guess the conclusion of the history of this harmless Vendetta.

WRECK-CHART AND LIFE-BOATS.

Many of our readers are probably aware that Prince Albert, in his capacity of president of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, suggested that lectures should be delivered on the results of the different classes of the Great Exhibition, by gentlemen peculiarly qualified by their several professions and pursuits. This suggestion has been admirably carried out; but we propose at present to direct attention only to one of the twenty-four lectures in question—namely, that on life-boats, by Captain Washington, R. N.; our individual calling in early life having been such as to enable us to understand thoroughly the technical details, and judge of the accuracy of the views and opinions propounded by the gallant and intelligent lecturer.*

First, we will speak of the wreck-chart of the British islands prefixed to the lecture. Round the entire coast is a prodigious number of *black dots*, of two kinds—one a simple round dot, and the other having a line drawn through it. They all point out the locality of shipwrecks during the year 1850, and the latter dot shews the wreck to have been total. The English coasts are most thickly dotted, but this is to be expected from the greater proportion of shipping; next in the scale is Ireland, and then Scotland, which has comparatively few black dots, the densest portion being on the west coast, from Ayr to Largs, where we count eleven, nine indicating total wrecks. In the Firth of Forth there are but three, one total. A sprinkling of dots is seen among the Eastern Hebrides, but not so many as one would expect. Turning to England, we count about forty-five wrecks in the Bristol Channel alone, by far the greater number being total. On the Goodwin Sands there are fourteen, all total but one. On the Gunfleet Sands there are nine, four total. They are numerous on the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts, especially off Yarmouth and the Washway. On the Welsh coast, particularly around Beaumaris, Holyhead, &c., the number is very great. In the firth leading to Liverpool, we count no less than twenty-one, of which twelve are total. On the north coast of England the numbers are appalling. Off Hartlepool are fifteen, eight being total. Off Sunderland are twelve, all total but three. Off Newcastle are fifteen, eight total. Ah, that fearful, iron-bound coast of Northumberland! We have hugged it close in calm weather, with a fair breeze, and the views we caught of its shores made us shudder to think of what would befall a vessel on a stormy night and the shore alee. The following is the

* Published by Bogue, Fleet Street.

awful summary of 1850:—'The wrecks of British and foreign vessels on the coasts and in the seas of the United Kingdom were 681. Of these, 277 were total wrecks; sunk by leaks or collisions, 84; stranded and damaged so as to require to discharge cargo, 304; abandoned, 16. Total wrecks, &c., 681; total lives lost, 784.'

Certain peculiar marks on this chart indicate the spots where life-boats are kept. In the vicinity of Liverpool we count no less than seven, and not one too many; but in many parts of the coast, where numerous wrecks occur, there are none. In all England there are eighty life-boats; in Ireland, eight; in Scotland, eight. A most portentous note on the chart informs us, that '*about one-half of the boats are unserviceable!*' Think of Scotland, with its rocky seaboard of 1500 miles: only eight life-boats, and some of these 'quite unserviceable!' The boats at St Andrews, Aberdeen, and Montrose, have saved eighty-three lives; and the rockets at eight stations, sixty-seven lives. 'Orkney and Shetland are without any provision for saving life; and with the exception of Port Logan, in Wigtonshire, where there is a mortar, the whole of the west coast of Scotland, from Cape Wrath to Solway Firth—an extent of 900 miles, without including islands—is in the same state.' With regard to the chief distribution of English life-boats, there is one to every eight miles on the Northumberland coast; one to every ten miles in Durham and Yorkshire; one to fifteen miles in Lincolnshire; and one to five miles in Norfolk and Suffolk—a fact which, the lecturer well observes, is highly creditable to the county associations of the two last counties. But 'from Falmouth round the Land's End, by Trevose Head to Hartland Point, an extent of 150 miles of the most exposed sea-coast in England, there is not one really efficient life-boat.' On the Welsh coasts are twelve boats, some very defective. At the five Liverpool stations are nine good boats, 'liberally supported by the dock trustees, and having permanent boats' crews.' These Liverpool boats have, during the last eleven years, assisted 269 vessels, and brought ashore 1128 persons. As to the Isle of Man, situated in the track of an enormous traffic, with shores frequently studded with wrecks, we are told that there is not a single life-boat; for the four boats established there by Sir William Hillary, Baronet, 'have been allowed to fall into decay, and hardly a vestige of them remains!' The paltry eight life-boats for the whole Irish coast of 1400 miles are stated to be likewise inefficient.

On the whole, it appears to us that the present number of efficient life-boats is not more than one-fourth of what ought to be constantly kept ready for immediate service. Only think of the amount of wrecks occurring occasionally in a single gale. On the 18th January 1843, not less than 103 vessels were lost on the British coasts. In 1846, nearly forty vessels were driven ashore in Hartlepool Bay alone. In the month of March 1850, the wrecks on our coasts were 134; in the gale of the 25th and 26th September 1851, the number wrecked, stranded, or damaged by collision, was 117; and in January of the present year, the number was 120. The above are the numbers actually ascertained; but it is well known that *Lloyd's List* is an imperfect register, although at present the best existing.

A secondary mode of communicating with a stranded vessel is by firing rockets with a line attached to them, by which means a hawser may be drawn from the ship and fastened to the shore. Mortars are likewise used for the same purpose; the latter plan having been invented by Sergeant Bell, and first tried in 1792. Bell's plan was very greatly improved by Captain Manby; and all the mortars now in use for the purpose are called after him. Mr Dennett, of the Isle of Wight, first introduced the rocket-plan in 1825. Rockets or mortars, or both, are kept at most of the coast-guard stations; but in numerous cases were found worthless on trial, owing to the lines breaking, or the rockets being old and badly made. Nevertheless, at twenty-two stations, 214 lives have been saved by them. The evil is, that neither rockets nor mortars are of any use unless the wreck lies within a short distance of the shore; for the maximum range attained is only 350 yards, and in the teeth of a violent wind, often not above 200 to 300 yards. If a ship, therefore, is stranded on a low shelving shore, she is almost certain to be beyond the range of the life-rocket or of Manby's mortar. The main reliance, therefore, is the life-boat, and to it we return.

The Duke of Northumberland recently offered a reward for the best model of a life-boat. This offer was responded to by English, French, Dutch, German, and American boat-builders; and the amazing number of 280 models and plans was sent in. About fifty of the best of these were contributed by the duke to the Great Exhibition; and he had also a report and plans and drawings of them printed, of which he distributed 1300 copies throughout the world. Baron Dupin, chairman of the Jury of Class VIII., thus summed up the award of the jury concerning them:—'These models figure among the most valuable productions in our Great Exhibition, and furnish an example of liberality in the cause of humanity and practical science never surpassed, if ever equalled. Such are the motives from which we have judged his Grace the Duke of Northumberland worthy of receiving the Council Medal.'

The inventor of life-boats, as is well known, was Henry Greathead, of South Shields, in 1789. His boat was 30 feet long, with 10 feet breadth of beam, 3¼ feet depth of waist, stem and stern alike nearly 6 feet high, and pulled ten oars (double-banked.) A cork lining went fore and aft 12 inches thick, on the inside of the boat, from the floor to the thwarts; and outside was a cork fender, 16 inches deep, 4 inches wide, and 21 feet long. 'She could not free herself of water, nor self-right in the event of being upset.' She was launched in 1790, and in the year 1802, the inventor was rewarded by the Society of Arts with its gold medal and fifty guineas; and parliament voted him L.1200, 'in acknowledgment of the utility of his invention.' Many presumed improvements and modifications of the original boat have been effected, with more or less success. James Beeching, a Yarmouth boat-builder, has carried off the prize offered by the duke, and we may therefore suppose his was the best of the models submitted. Captain Washington thus describes Beeching's model sent to the Exhibition: 'It may be seen from the model of that boat, that from her form she would both pull and sail well in all weathers; would have great stability, and be a good sea-boat. She has moderately small internal capacity under the level of the thwarts for holding water, and ample means for freeing herself readily of any water that might be shipped; she is ballasted by means of water admitted into a tank or well at the bottom after she is afloat; and by means of that ballast and raised air-cases at the extremities, she would right herself in the event of being upset. It will thus be seen, that this model combines most of the qualities required in a life-boat; and the boat which has since been built after it, and is now stationed at Ramsgate, is said to answer her purpose admirably.'

M. Lahure, of Havre, sent a full-sized boat of *iron;* and Mr Francis, of New York, also sent a model life-boat of corrugated galvanised iron. Captain Washington thinks, that if metal is used at all, it should be copper in preference to any other. For our own part, we can only say, that we have helped to build boats, though not life-boats, and we have helped likewise to man boats, but we should like to have good sound timber beneath our feet in preference to any metal whatever; and we should prefer cork for the floating substance to air-tight cases, or copper tubing, or any of the other contrivances that have been adopted to give buoyancy to a swamped boat. Air-cases are very

liable to leak, or may be stove in by the sea, or be crushed by coming in contact with the wreck or rocks, but cork can never be injured. And as to metal air-cases, it was found on opening the sides of a life-boat at Woolwich Dockyard, that her copper tubes, supposed to be air-tight, were corroded into holes; for copper will corrode when in contact with sea-water, especially when alternately wet or dry, as is the case in life-boats.

We cannot here follow Captain Washington through his critical and technical details, but we think it right to express our strong suspicion, that the much-lauded *self-righting* power of certain new life-boats is obtained only at the cost of greater liability to upset. Doubtless a boat can be made to right herself after a capsize, but this really seems to us something like locking the stable-door when the steed is stolen; for even if she rights the very instant after upsetting, three-fourths of the crew are almost certain to perish. We think it far more important to construct a boat that will hardly capsize at all, than to build one that will right itself *after* capsizing; for we repeat our opinion, that the latter boat will prove liable to upset just in proportion to her capability of self-righting.

Many fatal accidents have happened to life-boats; and the details of some mentioned by the lecturer are peculiar and interesting. On the coast of Northumberland, in 1810, one of Greathead's boats, after saving several crews of fishing-cobles, was returning to the shore, when a heavy sea overwhelmed her, and by its sheer weight and force broke her in two, and the whole of the crew, thirty-four in number, perished. In 1820, Greathead's original life-boat, after saving the crew of the ship *Grafton*, at Shields, struck on a rock, and swamped; nevertheless, the brave old boat—although she had not the boasted power of self-righting—preserved her centre of gravity, and brought both crews to land. At Scarborough, in 1836, the life-boat, in going out to a vessel, turned completely end over end, 'shutting up one of the crew inside, where he remained in safety, getting fresh air through the tubes in the bottom, and was taken out when the boat drifted, bottom upwards, on the beach: ten lives were lost.' In 1841, the life-boat at Blyth, Northumberland, capsized, and ten men were drowned. At Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire, in 1843, the life-boat capsized, three men remaining under her bottom, while others got upon it. The accident was seen from the shore, and five men put off in a coble, fitted with air-cases like a life-boat; but she almost immediately turned end over end, and two men were drowned. The life-boat herself drifted ashore, and the three men under her bottom were saved. In all, twelve lives were lost. But the most lamentable disaster that ever befell a life-boat was at South Shields, on December 4, 1849, when twenty-four men, all pilots, went off to rescue the crew of the *Betsy*, stranded on Herd Sand. 'The boat had reached the wreck, and was lying alongside with her head to the eastward, with a rope fast to the quarter, but the bow-fast not secured. The shipwrecked men were about to descend into the life-boat, when a heavy knot of sea, recoiling from the bow of the vessel, caught the bow of the boat and turned her up on end, throwing the whole crew and the water into the stern-sheets. The bow-fast not holding, the boat drove in this position astern of the vessel, when the ebb-tide, running rapidly into her stern, the boat completely turned end over end, and went on shore bottom up. On this occasion, twenty out of twenty-four—or double the proper crew—were drowned under the boat. On seeing the accident, two other life-boats immediately dashed off from North and South Shields, saved four of the men, and rescued the crew of the *Betsy*.' It is added, that the life-boats have been in constant use at Shields since Greathead first launched his boat there in 1790, and excepting the above accident, no life has ever been lost in them, or from want of them. Between 1841 and 1849, they saved 466 lives. But good is frequently educed from evil, and it was this very disaster at Shields that induced the Duke of Northumberland to offer a premium for the best life-boat; and his Grace has now, with princely liberality, undertaken to place a well-built life-boat at each of the most exposed points of the coast of his own county, with rockets or mortars at every intermediate station.

As to dimensions, the existing life-boats are of three classes: from 20 to 25 feet long, from 25 to 30 feet, and from 30 to 36 feet. Some are only 18 feet long, and on thinly-inhabited coasts are the best, as unless a regular crew is provided, it is often difficult to man a large boat—at least efficiently. The largest boats are used at Caistor and Corton, in Norfolk, and are 40 to 45 feet long, weigh from four to five tons, and cost L.200 to L.250 each. They are said to be admirable vessels of the kind, and well manned. The 36 feet boat is used at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Deal, &c., and always goes off under sail. The 30 feet boat is used at Liverpool, Shields, Dundee, &c.; and one of those at Liverpool brought sixty people ashore on one occasion. Some of the models sent to the Exhibition were of boats that did not weigh more than half a ton; but we fully agree with the lecturer, that a boat so light as that would never be able to pull out to sea in a head-wind. A life-boat ought to possess a certain weight, or momentum, or it will be driven back by the winds, or sucked back by the sea, like a feather.

It is exceedingly desirable that all life-boats should have regularly trained crews, for an ordinary sailor or fisherman is by no means competent to do properly the duty of a life-boatman. The cockswain, especially should be well trained.

Captain Washington remarks, that 'a careful examination of the returns of wrecks by the Coast-guard officers, forcibly impresses on the mind the painful conviction, that the greater part of the casualties that occur are not occasioned by stress of weather, but that they are mainly attributable to causes within control, and to which a remedy might be applied.' This has long been our own opinion, and we have again and again expressed it. 'Wherever the boats have been looked after, and the crews well trained, as at Liverpool, Shields, and on the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk, the most signal success has rewarded their exertions. The first step is to insure a safe and powerful life-boat, and this, we feel confident, has been accomplished; the next is to build a sufficient number of such boats, place them where required, organise and train the crews, and provide for their supervision and maintenance. . . . . There seems no reason why a very few years should not see a life-boat stationed at each of the exposed points on the most frequented parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom; by means of which—with the blessing of Divine Providence upon the endeavours of those who undertake the work—the best results to the cause of humanity may confidently be anticipated.'

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

News has just reached us from Paris of the death of Madame Sophie Gay. She was a writer of the half-historical, half-sentimental school of French fiction, of which Madame de Genlis, the Duchess d'Abrantes, and Madame de Souza were specimens more or less worthy; but in ease and grace, Madame Gay was superior to all we have mentioned. It is, in our minds, very affecting to witness the last lights of the ancient salons of Paris dropping out one by one. Mme Gay has herself, in a single volume published in 1837, entitled *Salons Célèbres*, left us a very beautiful picture of them as they were in their prime. We have translated—abridging, however, as we went—the opening chapters of this work, and may add a notice of more modern salons, as given by the lively pen of Mme Emile de Girardin—*née* Del-

phine Gay—daughter of Mme Sophie. The reader will judge whether the fashionable Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have really profited much by the storms and tempests that have gone over their heads. To be sure, Mme de Girardin's pictures were given twelve years ago; but we believe they would require little change, at least up to the conclusion of the Orleans reign in 1848. The volume from which these last extracts are made, is entitled *Lettres Parisiennes*. It has all the wit and talent of the cleverest of fashionable Frenchwomen. The tone is sometimes extremely good—better than we were led to expect; but the picture it presents is about as mournful a one as pictures of French frivolity usually are. We will, however, leave them to make their own impression. First, then, for Mme Sophie Gay and the ancient *salons*.'

Now that the empire of the salons, she observes, has passed away with that of women, it would be difficult to convey to our youthful France an idea of the influence which certain of these were wont to exercise, in state affairs and in the choice of men in power. To have a salon is far from an easy thing; a crowd of people may, and do every day, give concerts and balls in their gilded apartments, and yet they may never have salons. Essential conditions are required which can rarely be found in conjunction. The most important of all is the talent and character of the lady who does the honours. Without being old, she must have passed the age in which a woman is chiefly spoken of for her prettiness or her dress, and be at that point of time when a woman's mind may rule over the self-love of a man more than her youthful attractions enabled her to rule over his heart.

Rank and fortune were important items, not quite indispensable, however; for Mme du Deffand was poor, and Mme Geoffrin was the wife of a manufacturer. In the salons of these two women edicts were framed, and academicians reared; but the questions discussed there were not nearly of the importance of those to which Mme de Staël's salon gave rise. It was essential that the mistress of the house should have a decided and superior taste in a variety of ways; also a total absence of those little, envious feelings which might have tended to exclude the fashionable woman or successful author. She must know how to bear enemies in her presence, to place talents according to their worth, to shew the tiresome the way to the door—things which require address and courage.

The salon of Mme de Staël, during three different periods of her life, took considerable modification from the changes of the time; but it was always the same in power, if not in brilliancy.

Under the first Revolution, it was the scene of most momentous deliberations. Barnave, Talleyrand, Lameth, Dupont, Boissy d'Anglas, Portalis, Chénier, Rœderer, and Benjamin Constant, discussed at the place of familiar meeting many a half-formed decree, and many important state nominations. The only member of the Directory who visited there was Barras; and it was a common saying, that every visit cost him a good deed; for Mme de Staël never slackened in her intercessions for the victims of the tribunals. She infused courage into the hearts of those who were pleaders for them. Through her means, Talleyrand was recalled, and even named minister of foreign affairs. 'He wanted some help,' she said, 'in order to arrive at power, but none to enable him to keep it when gained.' Her sagacity was at fault, if she persuaded herself that the returned emigrant-priest would bring harmony into public counsels. On these evenings, pregnant with deeds both evil and good, it was said that some very foul conspiracies were concocted, and some of these were directly imputed to Mme de Staël; but she earnestly denied the truth of such surmises. Her salon, not herself, was guilty. Most generously did she exert herself in behalf of those who suffered after such conspiracies; but some one was heard to say: 'She is a good woman, but would push any of her friends into the water for the delight of fishing them up again with her own tackle.'

When the Consulate was established, Mme de Staël's salon empire was watched by the rising influence of the day with a jealous eye. It was certainly a turbulent scene. Very bitter were the complaints of the men of the Revolution. They had risked so much; they had fought so courageously for liberty! They saw the disorders of the time, but they could not bear to lose all the fruits of their toil; and Garat and Andrieux, Daunou and Benjamin Constant, urged on by the eloquence of Mme de Staël, framed powerful appeals on these occasions for the morrow. Bonaparte could not tolerate this. His power was too recently gained—his projects too unripe. In vain did the friends of Mme de Staël say, that a *salon* could never be dangerous to a rule like his. 'It is not a salón,' said he; 'it is a club.' It was, in fact, the antagonism between mind and physical force. The First Consul had said before, of the orators of the Tribune: 'I have no time to answer these refractory speechifiers: they *do* nothing but perplex all things; they must be silenced.' And one great point of attack was Mme de Staël's salón. It was necessary she should abdicate her throne. A sentence of banishment condemned the brilliant lady to lay down the sceptre. Exiled to Geneva, surrounded by friends, sharing her father's lot, occupied with her daughter's education, she had, it may be thought, plenty of objects: she was unquestionably the first literary woman in Europe, too, and as such, Geneva was as her salon, where she received the homage of royalty and talent. Yet, a true Frenchwoman, unable to bear separation from the peculiar atmosphere in which she had been reared, she pined after it—pined still more for the friends who visited her only to be partakers of her exile; and so she passed the whole period of the Napoleon dynasty.

Meanwhile, in the interval between the banishment of Mme de Staël and her return, the most captivating mistress of a Paris salon appears to have been Mme de Beaumont. She was the daughter of M. de Montmorin, the minister of foreign affairs, who had immediately followed Necker. She married early, and not happily. She lived with her father, separated from her husband, and was intrusted to transcribe some of the very important correspondence between Mirabeau and the court. In the Reign of Terror, her father, and it is thought others of her family, fell by the guillotine; but she herself was spared, even against her will. She retired for awhile into the country, visiting among her friends, who did all they could to console her. She was the object of the strongest attachment on the part of Châteaubriand, Joubert, Fontanes, Molé, and many others; and when, once more, quiet and order were restored, even at the sacrifice of much of liberty, she came to Paris again. Her old friends rallied about her, her spirits seemed to revive for awhile, and her salon was for a year or two a scene of remarkable enjoyment. One who truly appreciated her, and who was worthy to be himself the centre of a social circle—M. Joubert, the author of some beautiful thoughts on literature and divers other subjects—thus tenderly commemorates the evenings to which we have alluded: 'Peaceful society! where none of those disuniting pretensions which spoil enjoyment could come; where acknowledged talent was not divorced from good temper; where praise was given to whatever was praiseworthy; where nothing was thought of but what was really attractive. Peaceful society! whose scattered members can never unite again without speaking of her who was the connecting link that brought them all together.'

To our minds, there seems something unique and infinitely touching in this bursting out, though but for

a short time, of the slumbering fires of an older society, from underneath the heaps of hard and alien material which had gone far to extinguish every spark of gentleness and refinement. The relics of families—their hearts still bleeding from their wounds—came to forget, if possible, the terrible past, and indulge their quiet hopes for the future. Very soon, indeed, the dream was dispelled; the tyranny proved to some unbearable; and some it vanquished in their highest part—their inward conscience—making them subservient when they might have shunned the danger altogether. But while the quiet interval lasted, it was like an Indian summer, prolonging the intellectual and tasteful beauty which was soon to be overwhelmed by the vulgar splendours of the Empire.

The greatest loss this circle could have had was the first. Mme de Beaumont died at Rome in 1804—attended only by Châteaubriand—who has given an account of the closing scene in his memoirs, and thenceforth it does not appear that the same society reassembled.

But another and third edition of the salon, under Mme de Staël, was witnessed at the Restoration. Hitherto we have sketched from Mme Sophie Gay's pictures. At this period, she declares herself unable to bear the mortification of mingling with the public of Paris: she could not see the Cossacks without shuddering. She shut herself up in her house, and knew what passed only through the kindness of friends, who wrote narratives for her amusement of any remarkable incidents they might note. Among these communications, Mme Sophie Gay has preserved one from the Marquis de Custine, and she has given it as a faithful picture of one of the last of Mme de Staël's soirées in Paris.

'I am just returned, and will not go to bed without telling you what has most amused me—not that *amused* is the right word, for Mme de Staël's salon is more than a scene of amusement: it is a glass in which is reflected the history of the time. What we see and hear there is more instructive than books, more exciting than many comedies. . . . .

'You know that the Duke of Wellington was to visit her this evening for the first time. I went in good time; she was not yet in the room: several others were also waiting—such as the Abbé de Pradt, Benjamin Constant, La Fayette. They were conversing; I remained in one corner, as if listening to them. . . . . At length Mme de Staël came in. "I am late," she said; "but it is not my fault. I was invited to dine at ——, and was obliged to go." A great many of the guests were come: all were looking for the hero of the evening—we had seen him only as part of a show, now we wanted to hear him converse. At length he entered. The nobleness of his figure and simplicity of his manners produced a most agreeable impression on us. His pride, as it ought, has nearly the grace of timidity. Mme de Staël, impressed by a style and manner so little like that of our countrymen, said: "He carries his glory as if it were a nothing." Then, by a quick recall of patriotism, she whispered in my ear: "One must admit, however, that nature never made a great man at less expense." It seemed to me that the whole man was portrayed in these brief remarks.

'You would suppose, after this *début*, that we had a very pleasant evening; you shall judge. The Duke had not reached the end of the salon, when the Abbé de Pradt fastened on him, and actually forced him to listen for at least three-quarters of an hour, while he expressed his ideas—the ideas of the Abbé de Pradt!—upon military tactics. Conceive the wrath of Mme de Staël, and the annoyance of everybody there! M. Schlegel said, that he could fancy he was listening to that rhetorician who pronounced a discourse on the art of war to Hannibal.

'This remark did not make amends for the nuisance of hearing in good French what we all knew before, when what we wanted was to listen to new things, in a foreign accent. Among the very few words which the English general was allowed to put in, I caught one sentence which struck me. While the abbé took breath, or coughed, the warrior had just time to tell us, that the most awful day in the life of a commander is that in which he has gained a battle; because, before having passed a night on the ground, and being assured on the morrow of the departure of the enemy, the conqueror cannot even know whether he is not conquered.

'Everything has its cost in this world, and if every man told us his secret, we should see that the most dazzling triumphs are paid for at their full price. However that may be, I thought there was sense and good taste in the Duke's remark. It seemed as if he tried to make us forgive him for exciting our curiosity so much.

'Many people went away discouraged by the bad manners of M. de Pradt. The hero himself was thinking of a retreat, when Mme de Staël came to release him from the ambuscade into which he had fallen. She retained him near the door, and there was a grave conversation on the English constitution. Mme de Staël could not reconcile the idea of political liberty, with the prevalence of servile forms remaining in the individual relationships of a society so jealous of that liberty as England.

'"Language and aristocratic customs do not annoy people living in a country that is really free," said the Duke. "We use these unimportant formulæ in compliment to the past, and preserve our ceremonies as we keep a memorial, even when it has lost its primitive destination."

'"But is it true," asked Mme de Staël, "that your lord chancellor speaks to the king on his bended knee during the opening address or sitting of parliament?"

'"Yes; quite true."

'"How *does* he do it?"

'"He speaks to him kneeling, as I have told you."

'"But how?"

'"Must I shew you? You *will* have it!" answered the Duke; and he threw himself at the feet of our Corinna.

'"I wish everybody could see him," cried Mme de Staël.

'And everybody there did applaud with one accord. I would not answer for the same unanimity of approbation among the same people after they had reached the foot of the staircase.

'Everybody went away, only I stayed two hours with the mistress of the house and M. Schlegel, whose anger against the abbé did not wear out. These two hours Mme de Staël's conversation enchanted me, proving how much there is to attach us to one who can live at one and the same time so near and yet so far above the world. . . . . I might pass many evenings in recounting in detail the conversation of this evening. There is more than matter for a book in a two hours' talk with Mme de Staël. I had better go to bed, that I may be able to tell you to-morrow all I can only leave you to guess at now.'*

And now we come to a later period, and Mme Sophie Gay shall give place to her lively and clever daughter Delphine, Mme Emile Girardin.

'Parisian society,' she writes, 'now, in 1839, offers the strangest aspect that ever was seen—a mixture of luxury and rudeness, English propriety and French negligence, political absurdities and revolutionary

* Perhaps the reader of the above will partake our own feeling of surprise at one circumstance which it records. How happened it, that the accomplished lady of a Parisian salon could not shield her chief guest, and all her guests, from the impertinence of one among them? To us this seems incomprehensible, and excites our suspicion that Mme de Staël could not have been among those mistresses of the science of tact, of whom elsewhere Mme Gay speaks. The whole charm of the evening was here allowed to be spoiled.

terrors, of which it is hard to form a just conception. The luxury of the salons is truly Eastern, not only the salons, indeed, but the anterooms: an anteroom in a handsome hotel is more richly adorned than the most beautiful drawing-room of the provincial prefecture. There, footmen more or less powdered—for there are rebels who choose to wear so little powder, that you would rather take them for millers in livery, than for servants of the anteroom—these self-styled powdered lackeys offer you a great book, bound in velvet, with the corners bronzed and gilt, in which you are asked to write your name. If the lady of the house is visible, you are pompously ushered into the sanctuary—that is to say, into the second salon or parlour, or closet, or *atelier*, whichever best assorts with the pretensions of the lady. A dog darts upon you, barks, makes a show of biting you; he is quieted, submits, and regains his purple cushion, growling. Dogs are very much in fashion: together with the fire, flowers, an old aunt, and two toadies, they make up part of the living accompaniments of a genteel salon. As you are an elegant person, of course you are ill-dressed: your coat is dusty, your boots speckled with mud, your hair uncombed, you exhale a strong odour of tobacco. At first glance, such things seem rather disagreeable, common, and inelegant. No such thing: this is exactly the most fashionable style we have; it seems to say: "I have just dismounted from the finest horse in Paris. I am a man of fashion, of that distinguished position in society, that I can go in a morning to call on a duchess, *dressed like a highwayman*."

'On the other hand, the mistress of the house is charming.. One must do women the justice to say, that they never take a pride in ugliness; that they never make elegance to consist in appearing to the greatest possible disadvantage. The woman whom you are visiting, then, is dressed in the best taste. A beautiful lace cap covers her light hair; she wears a soft figured Gros de Naples; her stockings are of exquisite fineness; her shoes irreproachable (we doubt not they bear the mark of either Gros or Müller); her Valenciennes cuffs are irresistible: everything betokens care and fastidious nicety. The freshness of her appearance is a satire on the negligence of yours. One cannot comprehend why this elegant woman should have prepared herself in so costly a manner to receive this man; and in the evening, really the contrast is greater still. Young men no longer wear stockings when they go into a party; yet they dare not just yet present themselves in boots; and therefore they come in *brodequins*, like students. We are in the age of the *juste-milieu;* and this is appropriate enough. The *brodequin* is in its right place half-way between shoes and boots. These ill-dressed men are surrounded by women blazing in jewels and diamonds, coronets and diadems. It is impossible to believe that such differently dressed beings can be of the same country and station in society; and yet they are all talking and chirping together: and what conversation! what a conflict of subjects! what an inexplicable picture of forethought and thoughtlessness! or rather of apathy!

'"And do you also believe in a revolution, M. de P——?" inquires a charming princess, spreading out her fan.

'"Certainly, madame; and I hope we shall have one sooner than some may think."

'"What! monsieur—you make me tremble."

'"Can you, then, be afraid of a revolution which will bring about what you wish for?"

'"No; but we shall have some cruel moments to pass through."

'"S[illegible]y; but not everybody."

'"But revolutions make no selection; and then, when once the scaffold is set up"——

'"How fast you travel, madame: in our day we shall never bear with scaffolds. The days of Terror will never return!"

'"I think with M. de P——," chimes in a young dandy, playing with a Chinese ape on the table: "I rather look for civil war."

'"I do not expect it; we have not energy enough for a civil war." . . .

'"But you will have household assassinations, probably, if that will be any comfort."

'"And then, the pillage of Paris!"

'"Pillage!"

'"Certainly." And every one cries:

'"Oh, well, if there is pillage, I will be in it."

'"I shall come to your house, madame," says one, "I shall carry away this beautiful vase."

'"And I, the plate."

'"And I, the charming portrait."

'"I have no fixed idea yet. I shall come to your house to-morrow, madame, to choose," &c.

'"All this will be very amusing; and yet, when the day comes, I shall not be sorry to be in Italy."

'"Well, let us set out, then."

'"Not yet, but soon. I will warn you when it is best to go." And so they talk on of all these horrible things, half buried under canopies of *lampas*, surrounded by flowers, by the light of thousands of wax-candles burning in golden lustres; and these women, who foresee such great catastrophes—tragical events, which may divide them from all they love, from parents, from friends—have beautiful dresses, with trimmings from England, and make the prettiest little gestures while speaking. It is because in France vanity is so deeply rooted that it leads to indifference. Presumption stands in lieu of courage. They believe in disasters, but only for others: they never seem to expect them for themselves.'

So much for national character. If all this be a truthful picture, and really we see no reason for doubt, it does but add another to the many proofs of the springing elasticity of that element of light-hearted short-sightedness which is so proverbially characteristic of the French. But we will say no more, for our paper has already exceeded the limits we had assigned to it; and the things that *are* must ever prevail in our pages over those that have been.

THE OLD CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF SCOTLAND.

The father of mental philosophy, Aristotle, begins his work on ethics by telling us, that nothing exists without some theory or reason attached to it. The following out of this view leads to classification—that great engine of knowledge. We see things at first in isolated individuality or confused masses. Investigation teaches us to separate them into groups, which have some common and important principle of unity, though each individual of the group may be different from the others in detail. Thus we arrive at the great classifications of natural science, with which every one is more or less familiar. But the works of men have their classification too, for in human effort like causes produce like effects. Most people know what schools of poetry, painting, and music are. In architecture, we know, too, that there are great divisions—such as classic and Gothic. But many have yet to learn how far classification may go; and it is a new feature to have the peculiar national architecture of Scotland separated from that of England, and its peculiarities traced to interesting national events and habits. The common observer is apt to think that all buildings are much alike, or that each is alone in its peculiarities. Before classification can take place, there must be a collection and comparison of leading characteristics;

and this is not easily accomplished with the edifices scattered over a whole country. It may be said that it was never done for Scotland, until Mr Billings completed his great series of engravings of the baronial and ecclesiastical antiquities of Scotland.

Taking the former—the baronial—for our text, we find ourselves now for the first time in a condition to discover the leading features of the Scottish school of architecture, and to connect it with the history of Scotland. We know that until the wars of Wallace and Bruce, the two countries, England and Scotland, could scarcely be said to be entirely separated; at all events, they did not stand in open hostility to each other. Endless animosities, however, naturally followed a war in which the one country tried to enslave the other, and where the weaker only escaped annihilation by a desperate struggle. It is not unnatural, therefore, to expect that the habits of the two countries diverged from each other as time passed on; and this process is very distinctly shewn in the character of the edifices used by the barons and lairds of Scotland. A very few of the oldest strongholds resemble those of the same period in England. The English baronial castle of the thirteenth century generally consisted of several massive square or round towers, broad at the base, and tapering upwards, arranged at distances from each other, so that lofty embattled walls or curtains stood between them, making a ground-plan of which the towers formed the angles. The doors and windows were generally in the Gothic or pointed style of architecture, and the vaulted chambers were frequently of the same. There are not above three or four such edifices in Scotland. The most complete, perhaps, is the old part of Caerlaverock, in Dumfriesshire; another fine specimen is Dirleton, in East Lothian; and to these may be added Bothwell, in Clydesdale, and Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire.

This style was long followed in England. It is known as the baronial, and architects in all parts of the country, when building a modern mansion in the castellated manner, have invariably followed it. It is easy to see, however, that it was early abandoned in Scotland, the people not taking their forms of architecture from a nation with which they had no connection but that of hostility. The first species of national baronial architecture to which they resorted was a very simple one, characteristic of an impoverished people. It consisted of little more than four stone walls, forming what in fortification is called a block-house. The walls were extremely thick, with few apertures, and these suspiciously small. But these old towers or keeps were not without some scientific preparations for defence. In the more ancient baronial castles, the large square or round towers at the angles served to flank the walls or curtains between them; that is, supposing an enemy to be approaching the main gate, he could be attacked on either side from the towers at the angles. To serve the same purpose, the Scottish keeps had small bastions or turrets at the corners, which, projecting over the wall, flanked it on each face. The simple expedient here adopted is at the root of all the complex devices of fortification. The main thing is just to build a strong edifice, and then, by flanking outworks, to prevent an enemy from getting up to it. In other respects, these square towers were scarcely to be considered peculiarly Scottish. They are to be found in all parts of the world—along the Wall of China; in the Russian steppes; in Italy, where they are sometimes remains of republican Rome; and in Central India. They constitute, in fact, the most primitive form of a fortified house.

When we come a century or two later, the difference between the English and Scottish styles becomes more distinct and interesting. Almost every one is acquainted with that beautiful style of building called in England the Tudor or Elizabethan, with its decorated chimneys, its ornamented gables, and large oriel or bow windows. It is not well suited for defence, and denotes a rich country, where private warfare has decayed. This class of edifice is rarely, if at all, to be found north of the border; but much as it is to be admired, a contemporary style sprang up in Scotland entirely distinct from it, yet, in our opinion, quite fitted to rival it in interest and beauty. It was derived, in some measure, from Flanders, but chiefly from France. The Scots naturally looked to their friends as an example, rather than to their enemies. Many of the Scottish gentry made their fortunes in the French service, and when they came home, naturally desired to imitate, on such a scale as they could afford, the châteaux of their allies and patrons. The state of the country, too, made it a more suitable pattern than the Tudor style. France was still a country of feudal warfare—so was Scotland; and it was necessary in both to have defence associated with ornament. The chief peculiarity of this new style was, the quantity of sharp-topped turrets, which form a sort of crest to the many details of the lower parts of the buildings. These are not solely ornamental; they succeeded the bastions of the old square towers, and served the same purpose. Among the secondary peculiarities of these buildings, may be counted an extremely rich and profuse ornamentation of the upper parts—probably the only portions out of the way of mischief. Indeed, the edifice is sometimes a mere square block for two or three storeys, while it is crowned, as it were, with a rich group of turrets and minarets, gables, window-tops, ornamented chimneys, and gilded vanes. In many instances, the great square block of older days received this fantastic French termination at a later time—as, for instance, the famous castle of Glammis, in Strathmore.

It almost appears as if this style, which has its own peculiar beauties, had been adopted out of a national antagonism to the contemporary style in England. The Tudor architecture has always a horizontal tendency, spreading itself out in broad open screens or wall-plates, diversified by occasional angular eminences—as, for instance, in the tops of the decorated windows. But in the Gallo-Scottish style everything tends to the perpendicular, not only in the long, narrow shapes of the buildings themselves, and their tall, spiral turrets, but in the many decorations which incrust them. This decoration has an extremely rich look, from the quantity of breaks, and the absence of bare wall or long straight lines. Thus, to save the uniform plainness of the straight gable-line, it is broken into small gradations called 'crow-steps.' Every one who looks at old houses in Scotland must be familiar with this feature, and must have noticed its picturesqueness. It appears to have been derived from the Flemish houses, where, however, the steps or terraces are much larger, and not so effective, since, instead of merely breaking and enriching the line of the gable, they break it up, as it were, into separate pieces.

The Scottish style has not, indeed, slavishly adopted any foreign model. It is, as we have remarked, chiefly

adopted from the French; but it has characteristics and beauties of its own. No one, we believe, had any conception of their extent and variety, until they were brought to light by the artistic labours of Mr Billings. In some instances, to bring out the full effect of the ornamental parts of these buildings without overloading his picture with the more cumbrous plain stone-work, he brings forward, by some artistic manœuvre, the crest of the building, as if the spectator saw it from a scaffold or a balloon level with the highest storey. The effect of the rich Oriental-looking mass of decoration thus concentrated is extremely striking, and one is apt to ask, if it is possible that the country so often characterised as bare, cold, and impoverished, could have produced these gorgeous edifices. Their number and distribution through the most remote parts of the land are equally remarkable. Among Mr Billings's specimens, we have, in the southern part of Scotland, Pinkie, near Musselburgh; Auchans and Kelburn, in Ayrshire; Newark, on the Clyde; Airth and Argyle's Lodging, in Stirling. Going northward, we come to Elcho and Glammis, and to Muchalls and Crathes, in Kincardineshire. It is remarkable, that the further north we go, the French style becomes more conspicuous and complete. Many of the finest specimens are to be found in Aberdeenshire. Fyvie Castle, which was built for a Scottish chancellor—Seton, Earl of Dunfermline—is almost a complete French château of the sixteenth century, such as the traveller may have seen in sunny Guienne or Anjou; and there it stands transplanted, like an exotic, among the bleak hills of the north. It is only natural to find in connection with such a circumstance, that Seton received his education in France, and passed a considerable part of his life there. Whether from such an example or not, the Aberdeenshire lairds seem to have been all ambitious of possessing French châteaux; and thus in the county of primitive rock, where there is certainly little else to remind us of French habits or ideas, we have some admirable specimens of that foreign architectural school in Castle Fraser, Craigievar, Midmar, Tolquhon, Dalpersie, and Udny. Nearer Inverness, we have Balveny, Castle-Stewart, and Cawdor.

The same foreign influence is exhibited in our street architecture, some specimens of which are engraved in the work to which we have referred.* Every one knows that the lofty Scottish edifices with common stairs—houses built above each other, in fact—give our large towns a character totally different from those of England; but it is equally clear that the practice was derived from France, where it is still in full observance literally among all classes, since the different social grades occupy separate floors of the same edifices. In the *coup d'état* of 1851, it will be remembered, that in making the arrests of the leading men supposed to be inimical to Louis Napoleon, one of the difficulties—as the affair took place at midnight—was to know the floors in which they lived; for these great statesmen and generals inhabited houses with common stairs.

We have here discussed one special feature of Mr Billings's work, on account of the remarks which it suggests; but it is only right to mention, before parting with it, that it contains engravings of every thing that is remarkable in the ancient architecture of Scotland, whether it be called civil and baronial or ecclesiastical. Certainly, the remains of antiquity in North Britain were never previously so amply and completely illustrated. Nor is it without reason, that some contemporary critics have maintained this to be the most entire collection of the sort which any nation possesses. The chief merits of the views consist in their accuracy and effect. They are wonderfully clear and minute, so that every detail of the least importance is brought out as distinctly as in a model, while this is accomplished without sacrifice of their artistic effect as pictures.

* Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland. By William Burn and W. Billings. 4 vols. 4to. Blackwoods, Edinburgh.

AMERICAN HONOUR.

About seventy-five years ago, there was at Charleston, in South Carolina, a family consisting of several members. It belonged to the middle class—that is to say, contained barristers, bankers, merchants, solicitors, and so on—all of them animated, at least so far as appears, by a high sense of honour and integrity. But noble sentiments are no certain guarantee against poverty. One of the members of the family in question became embarrassed, borrowed L.1000 of one of his relatives, but was soon after seized with paralysis, and, having kept his bed five years, died, leaving behind him a widow with several children. He could bequeath them no property, instead of which they received as their inheritance high principles, and a strong affection for the memory of their father. The widow also was, in this respect, perfectly in harmony with her sons. By dint, therefore, of prudence, industry, and economy, they amassed among them the sum of L.400, which they rigidly appropriated to the repayment of a part of their father's debt. The old man had, indeed, called them together around his death-bed, and told them that, instead of a fortune, he left them a duty to perform; and that if it could not be accomplished in one generation, it must be handed down from father to son, until the descendants of the B——s had paid every farthing to the descendants of the S——s.

While matters stood in this predicament, the creditor part of the family removed to England, and the debtors remained at Charleston, struggling with difficulties and embarrassments, which not only disabled them from paying the paternal debt, but kept them perpetually in honourable poverty. Of course, the wish to pay in such minds survived the ability. It would have been to them an enjoyment of a high order to hunt out their relatives in England, and place in their hands the owing L.600. This pleasure, which they were destined never to taste, often formed the subject of conversation around their fireside; and the children, as they grew up, were initiated into the mystery of the L.600.

But that generation passed away, and another succeeded to the liability; not that there existed any liability in law, for though a deed had been executed, it had lapsed in the course of time, so that there was really no obligation but that which was the strongest of all—an uneradicable sense of right. Often and often did the B——s of Charleston meet and consult together on this famous debt, which every one wished, but no one could afford, to pay. The sons were married, and had children whom it was incumbent on them to support; the daughters had married, too, but their husbands possibly did not acquire with their wives the chivalrous sense of duty which possessed the breast of every member, male and female, of the B. family, and inspired them with a wish to do justice when fortune permitted.

It would be infinitely agreeable to collect and peruse the letters and records of consultations which passed or took place between the members of this family on the subject of the L.600. These documents would form the materials of one of the most delightful romances in the world—the romance of honour, which never dies in some families, but is transmitted from generation to generation like a treasure above all price. When this brief notice is read in Charleston, it may possibly lead to the collection of these materials, which, with the proper names of all the persons engaged, should, we think, be laid before the world as a pleasing record of hereditary nobility of sentiment.

After the lapse of many years, a widow and her three nephews found themselves in possession of the

necessary means for paying the family debt. Three-quarters of a century had elapsed. The children and the children's children of the original borrower had passed away; but the honour of the B. family had been transmitted intact to the fourth generation, and a search was immediately commenced to discover the creditors in England. This, however, as may well be supposed, was no easy task. The members of the S. family had multiplied and separated, married and intermarried, become poor and wealthy, distinguished and obscure by turns, changed their topographical as well as their social position, and disappeared entirely from the spot they had occupied on their first arrival from America.

But honour is indefatigable, and by degrees a letter reached a person in Kensington, who happened to possess some knowledge of a lady of the S. family, married to a solicitor practising with great success and distinction in London. When the letter came to hand, she at first doubted whether it might not be a sort of grave hoax, intended to excite expectation for the pleasure of witnessing its disappointment. However, the English solicitor, accustomed to the incidents of life, thought there would at least be no harm in replying to the letter from Charleston, and discovering in this way the real state of the affair.

Some delay necessarily occurred, especially as the B. family in America were old world sort of people, accustomed to transact business slowly and methodically, and with due attention to the minutest points. But at length a reply came, in which the writer observed, that if a deed of release were drawn up, signed by all the parties concerned in England, and transmitted to America, the L.600 should immediately be forwarded for distribution among the members of the S. family. Some demur now arose. Some of the persons concerned growing prudent as the chances of recovering the money appeared to multiply, thought it would be wrong to send the deed of release before the money had been received. But the solicitor had not learned, in the practice of his profession, to form so low an estimate of human nature. He considered confidence in this case to be synonymous with prudence, and at anyrate resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility of complying with the wishes of the Americans. He accordingly drew up the necessary document, got it signed by as many as participated in his views, and sent it across the Atlantic, without the slightest doubt or hesitation. There had been something in the rough, blunt honesty of Mr B——'s letter that inspired in the man of law the utmost reliance on his faith, though during the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the deed and the reception of an answer from the States, several of his friends exhibited a disposition to make themselves merry at the expense of his chivalry. But when we consider all the particulars of the case, we can hardly fail to perceive that he ran no risk whatever; for even if the debt had not legally lapsed, the people who had retained it in their memory through three generations—who had from father to son practised strict economy in order to relieve themselves from the burden—who had, with much difficulty and some expense, sought out the heirs of their creditor in a distant country, could scarcely be suspected of any inclination to finish off with a fraud at last.

Still, if there was honour on one side, there was enlarged confidence on the other; and in the course of a few months, the American mail brought to London the famous L.600 due since before the War of Independence. The business now was to divide and distribute it. Of course, each of the creditors was loud in expressions of admiration of the honour of the B. family, whose representative, while forwarding the money, asked with much simplicity to have a few old English newspapers sent out to him by way of acknowledgment. For his own part, however, he experienced a strong desire to behold some of the persons to whom he had thus paid a debt of the last century; and he gave a warm and pressing invitation to any of them, to come out and stay as long as they thought proper at his house in Charleston. Had the invitation been accepted, we cannot doubt that Brother Jonathan would have acted as hospitably in the character of host as he behaved honourably in that of debtor. It would have been a pleasure, we might indeed say a distinction, to live under the same roof with such a man, whose very name carries us back to the primitive times of the colony, when Charleston was a city of the British Empire, and English laws, manners, habits, and feelings regulated the proceedings and relations of its inhabitants. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the London solicitor will some day drop in quietly upon his friend in Charleston, to smoke a cigar, and discuss old times with him. He will in that case probably fancy himself chatting with a contemporary of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless there are thousands of such men in the States, where frequently everything that is estimable in the English character is cultivated with assiduity.

How the property was distributed among the S. family in England, we need not say. Each surviving individual had his or her share. The solicitor was only connected with them by marriage; but with good old English ideas of uprightness and integrity, he was fully able to appreciate the Charleston lawyer's sentiments. He would have done exactly the same himself under similar circumstances; and therefore, had the sum been tens of thousands instead of hundreds, it could not be said to have fallen into bad hands. Whether the transaction above noticed has led or not to a continued correspondence between the families, we are unable to say; but we think the creditors in England would naturally have felt a pleasure in exchanging intelligence from time to time with their worthy debtors in Charleston. These things, however, are private, and therefore we do not intend to trench upon them.

THE PARLOUR AQUARIUM.

It is not many years since Mr Ward first drew the attention of botanists to the cultivation of plants in closely-glazed cases; but the most sanguine dreams of the discoverer could not then have foretold the many useful purposes to which the Wardian Case has become applicable, nor the important influence which it was destined to obtain in promoting the pleasant pursuits of gardening and botany. The Wardian Case has been instrumental in diffusing a love of these pursuits among all classes of society. It has opened up to those whose pursuits confine them within the limits of the city's smoke-cloud, a means whereby they may obtain 'a peep at nature, if they can no more.' Far removed from green fields and leafy woods, they may, for instance, enjoy their leisure mornings in watching one of the most beautiful phenomena of vegetable development—the evolution of the circinate fronds of the fern; a plant in every respect associated with elegance and beauty. This kind of gardening has, therefore, become of late years one of the most fashionable, while at the same time one of the most pleasant sources of domestic amusement.

An interesting companion to the Wardian Case has lately been presented in the Aquatic Plant Case, or Parlour Aquarium, due to the ingenuity of Mr Warington, and which has for its object, as its name indicates, the cultivation of aquatic or water plants. It may be described as a combination of the Wardian Case and the gold-fish globe, the object being to illustrate the mutual dependence of animal and vegetable life. Mr Warington has lately detailed his experiments. 'The small gold-fish were placed in a glass-receiver of about twelve gallons' capacity, having a cover of thin muslin stretched over a stout copper wire, bent into a

circle, placed over its mouth, so as to exclude as much as possible the sooty dust of the London atmosphere, without, at the same time, impeding the free passage of the atmospheric air. This receiver was about half-filled with ordinary spring-water, and supplied at the bottom with sand and mud, together with loose stones of limestone tufa from Matlock, and of sandstone: these were arranged so that the fish could get below. . . . A small plant of *Vallisneria spiralis* was introduced, its roots being inserted in the mud and sand, and covered by one of the loose stones, so as to retain the plant in its position. . . . . The materials being thus arranged, all appeared to go on well for a short time, until circumstances occurred which indicated that another and very material agent was required to perfect the adjustment.' The decaying leaves of the vallisneria produced a slime which began to affect the fish injuriously: this it was necessary to get quit of. Mr Warington introduced five or six snails (*Limnea stagnalis*), 'which soon removed the nuisance, and restored the fish to a healthy state; thus perfecting the balance between the animal and vegetable inhabitants, and enabling both to perform their functions with health and energy. So luxuriant was the growth of the vallisneria under these circumstances, that by the autumn the one solitary plant originally introduced had thrown out very numerous offshoots and suckers, thus multiplying to the extent of upwards of thirty-five strong plants, and these threw up their long spiral flower-stems in all directions, so that at one time more than forty blossoms were counted lying on the surface of the water. The fish have been lively, bright in colour, and appear very healthy; and the snails also—judging from the enormous quantities of gelatinous masses of eggs which they have deposited on all parts of the receiver, as well as on the fragments of stone—appear to thrive wonderfully, affording a large quantity of food to the fish in the form of the young snails, which are devoured as soon as they exhibit signs of vitality and locomotion, and before their shell has become hardened.'

In remarking upon the result of his experiments, Mr Warington observes: 'Thus we have that admirable balance sustained between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and that in a liquid element. The fish, in its respiration, consumes the oxygen held in solution by the water as atmospheric air, furnishes carbonic acid, feeds on the insects and young snails, and excretes material well adapted as a rich food to the plant, and well fitted for its luxuriant growth. The plant, by its respiration, consumes the carbonic acid produced by the fish, appropriating the carbon to the construction of its tissues and fibres, and liberates the oxygen in its gaseous state to sustain the healthy functions of the animal life; at the same time that it feeds on the rejected matter, which has fulfilled its purposes in the nourishment of the fish and snail, and preserves the water constantly in a clean and healthy condition. While the slimy snail, finding its proper nutriment in the decomposing vegetable matter and minute confervoid growth, prevents their accumulation by removing them; and by its vital powers converts what would otherwise act as a poison into a rich and fruitful nutriment, again to constitute a pabulum for the vegetable growth, while it also acts the important part of a purveyor to its finny neighbours.'* This perfect adjustment in the economy of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, whereby the vital functions of each are permanently maintained, is one of the most beautiful phenomena of organic nature.

The Parlour Aquarium affords valuable, we might say invaluable, facilities to the naturalist in the prosecution of his researches. The botanist can now conveniently watch the development of aquatic plants under conditions *not* unnatural, throughout the entire period of their existence, from their germination to the production of flowers and the perfection of seeds; and we are in hopes that much of the obscurity that invests many aquatic vegetables will in consequence be cleared up. The zoologist is perhaps even more indebted to the invention. The habits, not only of the fishes, but of the mollusca, can be accurately studied under natural conditions, and many important facts of their history ascertained and illustrated. The water-beetles and other aquatic insects will also come in for a share of attention.

In concluding his paper in the *Garden Companion* (i. p. 7), Mr Warington states, that he is at present attempting a similar arrangement with a confined portion of sea-water, employing some of the green sea-weeds as the vegetable members of the circle, and the common winkle or whelk to represent the water-snails. In a Report of the Yorkshire Naturalist's Club, November 5, 1851,* we observe it stated, that Mr Charlesworth read an extract from a letter from a gentleman in America, detailing some successful experiments on keeping marine molluscs alive in sea-water for months; but our inquiries have not been successful in eliciting any further information on the subject.

Experiments of our own have led to the conclusion, that some families of aquatic plants are altogether unsuitable for the Parlour Aquarium—such as, potamogeton, chara, &c., which very soon communicate a putrescent odour to the water in which they are grown, rendering it highly disagreeable in a sitting-room.

A WEDDING DINNER.

THE English are often reproached with love of good cheer, and certainly if foreigners were to judge of us from the manner in which we celebrate our Christmas, we cannot wonder at their supposing 'biftik' to be necessary to our happiness. But high feasting has not in any age been confined to the English, and perhaps the following account, translated from an old chronicle, of a wedding-dinner given by the Milanese, in 1336, to our Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., may prove not unamusing or unsuggestive.

Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, was the widower of Elizabeth of Ulster, and his second wife, Zolante, was the sister of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The latter nuptials were celebrated at Milan with great pomp. The most illustrious personages were invited from every part of Europe; tournaments, balls, and other diversions, occupied the guests, who were all furnished with splendid apartments, till the whole company being assembled, Giovanni Galeazzo conducted the newly-married couple from the church to his palace. In one immense hall were laid out a hundred tables for the most distinguished guests, including the mightiest princes in Italy, the most beautiful women, and the most celebrated characters of the age; among whom we must not omit to mention Francesco Petrarca. Other tables were placed in the adjoining apartments. Seneschals, in the most sumptuous dresses, brought in the massive dishes of gold and silver. The cup-bearers performed their duties on horseback, galloping round the hall and handing the choicest wines in costly vases of gold, silver, or crystal. This custom of servants waiting at table on horseback appears singular in our time, but it serves to give an idea of the splendour of other days and the enormous size of the apartments. It also tends to explain why most of the noble mansions still extant from the time of which we speak, instead of a staircase, have a gradual ascent of bricks, generally leading to a hall of large dimensions. And frequently we

* *Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society*, iii. 52.

* *Naturalist*, vol. i. 239.

see evident tokens that flights of steps have been substituted in later times.

The banquet consisted of eighteen courses; and between each course presents of various kinds were offered to the bridegroom, or distributed by him; so that before the dinner had ended, Lionel had presented every individual around him with some article of value, besides 600 richly embroidered garments which he had given to the mimes and players engaged for the occasion.

Here follows a formal account of the dinner, but we must economise our space. The first course consisted of young pigs gilded, with flames issuing from their mouths; the second, of hares and pike, likewise gilded; the third, of gilded veal and trout; the fourth, of partridges, quails, and fish, all gilded; the fifth, of ducks, small birds, and fish, all gilded; the sixth, of beef, capons with garlic-sauce, and sturgeon; the seventh, of veal and capons with lemon-sauce; the eighth, of beef-pies, with cheese and sugar, and eel-pies with sugar and spices; the ninth, of meats, fowl and fish in jelly (potted, we presume); the tenth, of gilded meats and lamprey; the eleventh, of roast kid, birds, and fish; the twelfth, of hares and venison, and fish with vinegar and sugar; the thirteenth, of beef and deer, with lemon and sugar; the fourteenth, of fowls, capons, and tench, covered with red and green foil; the fifteenth, of pigeons, small birds, beans, salt tongues, and carp; the sixteenth, of rabbits, peacocks, and eels roasted with lemon; the seventeenth, of sour milk and cheese; and the eighteenth, of fruits of the rarest and most expensive kinds.

At each of these courses the duke received a separate gift—beginning with a pair of *leopards*, with velvet collars and gilded buckles. Then followed numberless braces of pointers, greyhounds, setters, and falcons, all with trappings and ornaments of silk, gold, and pearls; dozens of breastplates, helmets, lances, shields, saddles, and complete suits of armour, enriched with silver, gold, and velvet; numerous pieces of cloth of gold and satin; horses by half-dozens, with saddles and trappings highly ornamented; twelve beautiful milk-white oxen; 'a vest and cowl embroidered with pearls, representing various flowers; a baronial mantle and cowl lined with ermine, and richly embroidered with pearls; a large ewer of massive silver, four waistbands of wrought silver (now called filigrane); a clump of diamonds and rubies, with a pearl of immense value in the centre; and a variety of specimens of the choicest wines and most elegant confectionary.'

In those times, there was little refinement of taste, and the culinary art was probably in its infancy. Hence we find the dishes in quality and number rather suited to satisfy the appetites of huntsmen than the delicate palate of a courtier of our day. Sugar and spices were used in profusion, perhaps because they were scarce and expensive, rather than on account of their flavour. Fowls were coloured red or green; while meat, and such other solid eatables as could only be boiled or roasted, were gilt all over. The expense of such an entertainment must have been immense; and when we add, that the value of most of the gifts was vastly greater than at present, and that, besides the presents to the bridegroom, Giovanni Galeazzo gave away 150 beautiful horses, and his kinsman, Bernabo, jewels and golden coins to a large amount, the whole sum disbursed on this occasion would appear so enormous as to make one doubt whether a petty sovereign could really afford such ostentatious prodigality. But when we consider that the flourishing state of the commerce of Italy attracted thither all the wealth of Europe, we are no longer surprised at an expenditure which, however great, might at that time have been borne not by a reigning duke of Milan or Florence alone, but even by many citizens of the various Italian republics.

During the repast, an innumerable crowd of jesters, mimes, and trick-players of all sorts, amused the company with their gambols; and such was the noise produced by trumpets, drums, and other martial instruments, by the vociferation of the performers and the applause of the spectators, that no single voice could be heard; and a contemporary historian compares it to the wild roar of a tempestuous sea.

SAVINGS-BANKS IN RUSSIA.

UNTIL the year 1825, no kind of savings-bank existed in Russia. The farmers and peasants, residing for the most part in remote and scattered habitations, were accustomed to keep their little store of money in common earthen-pots buried in the ground, whence it was not unfrequently stolen. It also often happened that, owing to the sudden illness or death of the owner, the place of concealment was unknown to any one; thus the savings were lost, and much family trouble and difficulty arose. In March 1825, a truly patriotic young merchant, Frederick Hagedom, junior, of Libau, in Courland, perceived the advantage of savings-banks in other countries of Europe, and the disadvantages of the system pursued by his poor countrymen. He resolved, therefore, to institute a savings-bank in Libau. The patronage of the governor-general was obtained, and one of the magistrates of the town appointed superintendent: Frederick Hagedom and two other gentlemen were chosen directors. The public of the town soon testified their approbation of the good work, by bringing in their silver rubles and copper kopecks at the appointed hours—namely, from five to seven every Saturday evening, and at two periods of the year daily—from the 1st to the 12th of June and December. The peasants, however, did not display the same alacrity and confidence as indeed was to be expected. Their kind benefactor perceiving this, wrote and circulated a short pamphlet in the Lettish language of the country, explaining the intention, object, and advantages of the new savings-bank. This convinced the ignorant country-people that their old way of keeping their money, even if safe, was not profitable. The pastors of the village churches also took occasion to speak to their people on the subject, being persuaded, like the benevolent founders of the savings-bank, that it was a plan which could not fail to improve the moral and religious character of the peasantry. These exertions did not fail to produce the desired effect.

To accommodate the country-people who came from a distance, it was soon found advisable to open the savings-bank for their attendance daily from twelve to one—the Saturday evenings being reserved for the inhabitants of the town. All classes now became desirous of taking advantage of the savings-bank, and brought in silver rubles and kopecks, instead of keeping them hoarded and useless.

A sum under five rubles receives no interest—is merely saved and kept—which is, however, no slight benefit to the poor peasant. Above that sum, 4 per cent. interest is paid. The owner is at liberty to withdraw the principal at will. The tables published in 1845, after twenty years' existence, afford a most satisfactory and interesting result. The increase of members who partake of the benefits has steadily advanced. One-third of the number are inhabitants of Libau, the remainder are from the country. A very important gain was also perceived to arise from the system: a large portion of the silver rubles and Albert-dollars paid in, had evidently been for many years kept entirely out of circulation, buried in pots in the earth, and consequently in such a condition, that it was often necessary to have the coin carefully cleaned, before it was fit to be sent out into circulation again. Besides the pecuniary advantage, the improvement in the character of the people has been remarkable. The savings-bank has strengthened in a singular degree the love of order, industry, and temperance. How many

cheerful hopes and anticipations are connected with savings! It has been ascertained, both in England and France, that since the establishment of savings-banks in those countries, no criminal has ever been found to have been a member of one. How true a benefactor to his country has the young merchant Hagedom proved himself to be! May he live long to direct the savings-bank of his native town of Libau! And, to conclude with the words of the last report of the institution: 'May a gracious Providence continue to prosper this first and oldest institution of the kind in the empire of Russia, and preserve this institution, so highly beneficial to the economical and moral state of the people, in its full prosperity, to future generations!'*

CALORIC SHIPS.

The idea of substituting a new and superior motive-power for steam will no doubt strike many minds as extravagant, if not chimerical. We have been so accustomed to regard steam-power as the *ne plus ultra* of attainment in subjecting the modified forces of nature to the service of man, that a discovery which promises to supersede this agency will have to contend with the most formidable preconceptions as well as with gigantic interests. Nevertheless, it may now be predicted with confidence, that we are on the eve of another great revolution, produced by the application of an agent more economical and incalculably safer than steam. A few years hence we shall hear of the 'wonders of caloric' instead of the 'wonders of steam.' To the question: 'How did you cross the Atlantic?' the reply will be: 'By caloric of course!' On Saturday, I visited the manufactory, and had the privilege of inspecting Ericsson's caloric engine of 60 horse-power, while it was in operation. It consists of two pairs of cylinders, the working pistons of which are 72 inches in diameter. Its great peculiarities consist in its very large cylinders and pistons, working with very low pressure, and in the absence of boilers or heaters, there being no other fires employed than those in small grates under the bottoms of the working cylinders. During the eight months that this test-engine has been in operation, not a cent has been expended for repairs or accidents. The leading principle of the caloric engine consists in producing motive-power by the employment of the expansive force of atmospheric air instead of that of steam; the force being produced by compression of the air in one part of the machine, and by its dilatation by the application of heat in another part. This dilatation, however, is not effected by continuous application of combustibles, but by a peculiar process of transfer, by which the caloric is made to operate over and over again—namely, the heat of the air escaping from the working cylinder at each successive stroke of the engine, is transferred to the cold compressed air, entering the same; so that, in fact, a continued application of fuel is only necessary in order to make good the losses of heat occasioned by the unavoidable eradiation of the heated parts of the machine. The obvious advantages of this great improvement are the great saving of fuel and labour in the management of the engine, and its perfect safety. A ship carrying the amount of coal that the Atlantic steamers now take for a single trip, could cross and recross the Atlantic twice without taking in coal; and the voyage to China or to California could be easily accomplished by a caloric ship without the necessity of stopping at any port to take in fuel. Anthracite coal being far the best fuel for this new engine, we shall no longer have to purchase bituminous coal in England for return-trips. On the contrary, England will find it advantageous to come to us for our anthracite. A slow radiating fire without flame is what is required, and this is best supplied by our anthracite. The *Ericsson* will be ready for sea by October next, and her owners intend to take passengers at a reduced price, in consequence of the reduced expenses under the new principle.—*Boston Transcript.*

* Communicated by a lady, as translated from a pamphlet published in Russia.

VIOLETS:

SENT IN A TINY BOX.

LET them lie—ah, let them lie!
Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;
Lift the lid up quietly,
As you'd lift the mystery
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,
All their souls thus giving;
Let no breeze's ambient wings
And no useless water-springs
Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more;
Nothing can requite them
For the gentle life they bore,
And up-yielded in full store
While it did delight them.

Yet, I ween, flower-corses fair!
'Twas a joyful yielding,
Like some soul heroic, rare,
That leaps bodiless forth in air
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die
In the hand that slew ye,
Glad to leave the open sky,
And the airs that wandered by,
And the bees that knew ye;

Giving up a small earth-place
And a day of blooming,
Here to lie in narrow space,
Smiling in this smileless face
With such sweet perfuming.

O ye little violets dead!
Coffined from all gazes,
We will also smile, and shed
Out of heart-flowers withered
Perfume of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,
Love with life are buying,
So, I doubt not, ONE will make
All our gathered flowers to take
Richer scent through dying.

CHINESE LAUNDRY IN CALIFORNIA.

What a truly industrious people they are! At work, cheerfully and briskly, at ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under-clothing disposed in baskets about the room, near the different ironers. Those at work dampening and ironing—peculiar processes both. A bowl of water is standing at the ironer's side, as in ordinary laundries, but used very differently. Instead of dipping the fingers in the water, and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head in the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes from his mouth *in a mist*, resembling the emission of steam from an escape-pipe, at the same time so directing his head that the mist is scattered all over the piece he is about to iron. He then seizes his flat iron. This invention beats the 'Yankees' all to bits. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep, metallic wash-basin, having a highly-polished flat bottom, and a fire continually burning in it. Thus they keep the iron hot, without running to the fire every five minutes and spitting on the iron to ascertain by the 'sizzle' if it be ready to use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the fingers by the slipping of the 'ironing rag.' Ladies who use the ordinary flat irons will appreciate the improvement.—*Marysville (California) Herald.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 446. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

WOLF-CHILDREN.

It is a pity that the present age is so completely absorbed in materialities, at a time when the facilities are so singularly great for a philosophy which would inquire into the constitution of our moral nature. In the North Pacific, we are in contact with tribes of savages ripening, sensibly to the eye, into civilised communities; and we are able to watch the change as dispassionately as if we were in our studies examining the wonders of the minute creation through a microscope. In America, we have before us a living model, blind, mute, deaf, and without the sense of smell; communicating with the external world by the sense of touch alone; yet endowed with a rare intelligence, which permits us to see, through the fourfold veil that shrouds her, the original germs of the human character.* Nearer home, we have been from time to time attracted and astonished by the spectacle of children, born of European parents, emerging from forests where they had been lost for a series of years, fallen back, not into the moral condition of savages, but of wild beasts, with the sentiments and even the instincts of their kind obliterated for ever. And now we have several cases before us, occurring in India, of the same lapses from humanity, involving circumstances curious in themselves, but more important than curious, as throwing a strange light upon what before was an impenetrable mystery. It is to these we mean to direct our attention on the present occasion; but before doing so, it will be well just to glance at the natural history of the wild children of Europe.†

The most remarkable specimen, and the best type of the class, was found in the year 1725, in a wood in Hanover. With the appearance of a human being—of a boy about thirteen years of age—he was in every respect a wild animal, walking on all-fours, feeding on grass and moss, and lodging in trees. When captured, he exhibited a strong repugnance to clothing; he could not be induced to lie on a bed, frequently tearing the clothes to express his indignation; and in the absence of his customary lair among the boughs of a tree, he crouched in a corner of the room to sleep. Raw food he devoured with relish, more especially cabbage-leaves and other vegetables, but turned away from the sophistications of cookery. He had no articulate language, expressing his emotions only by the sounds emitted by various animals. Although only five feet three inches, he was remarkably strong; he never exhibited any interest in the female sex; and even in his old age—for he was supposed to be seventy-three when he died—it was only in external manners he had advanced from the character of a wild beast to that of a good-tempered savage, for he was still without consciousness of the Great Spirit.

In other children that were caught subsequently to Peter, for that was the name they gave him, the same character was observable, although with considerable modifications. One of them, a young girl of twelve or thirteen, was not merely without sympathy for persons of the male sex, but she held them all her life in great abhorrence. Her temper was ungovernable; she was fond of blood, which she sucked from the living animal; and was something more than suspected of the cannibal propensity. On one occasion, she was seen to dive as naturally as an otter in a lake, catch a fish, and devour it on the spot. Yet this girl eventually acquired language; was even able to give some indistinct account of her early career in the woods; and towards the close of her life, when subdued by long illness, exhibited few traces of having once been a wild animal. Another, a boy of eleven or twelve, was caught in the woods of Canne, in France. He was impatient, capricious, violent; rushing even through crowded streets like an ill-trained dog; slovenly and disgusting in his manners; affected with spasmodic motions of the head and limbs; biting and scratching all who displeased him; and always, when at comparative rest, balancing his body like a wild animal in a menagerie. His senses were incapable of being affected by anything not appealing to his personal feelings: a pistol fired close to his head excited little or no emotion, yet he heard distinctly the cracking of a walnut, or the touch of a hand upon the key which kept him captive. The most delicious perfumes, or the most fetid exhalations, were the same thing to his sense of smell, because these did not affect, one way or other, his relish for his food, which was of a disgusting nature, and which he dragged about the floor like a dog, eating it when besmeared with filth. Like almost all the lower animals, he was affected by the changes of the weather; but on some of these occasions, his feelings approached to the human in their manifestations. When he saw the sun break suddenly from a cloud, he expressed his joy by bursting into convulsive peals of laughter; and one morning, when he awoke, on seeing the ground covered with snow, he leaped out of bed, rushed naked into the garden, rolled himself over and over in the snow, and stuffing handfuls of it into his mouth, devoured it eagerly. Sometimes he shewed signs of a true madness, wringing his hands, gnashing his teeth, and becoming formidable to those about him. But in other moods, the phenomena

* See 'The Rudimental,' in No. 391.

† A paper on this subject will be found in *Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, vol. v. No. 48.

of nature seemed to tranquillise and sadden him. When the severity of the season, as we are informed by the French physician who had charge of him, had driven every other person out of the garden, he still delighted to walk there; and after taking many turns, would seat himself beside a pond of water. Here his convulsive motions, and the continual balancing of his whole body, diminished, and gave way to a more tranquil attitude; his face gradually assumed the character of sorrow or melancholy reverie, while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the surface of the water, and he threw into it, from time to time, some withered leaves. In like manner, on a moonlight night, when the rays of the moon entered his room, he seldom failed to awake, and to place himself at the window. Here he would remain for a considerable time, motionless, with his neck extended, and his eyes fixed on the moonlight landscape, and wrapped in a kind of contemplative ecstasy, the silence of which was interrupted only by profound inspirations, accompanied by a slight plaintive noise.

We have only to add, that by the anxious care of the physician, and a thousand ingenious contrivances, the senses of this human animal, with the exception of his hearing, which always remained dull and impassive, were gradually stimulated, and he was even able at length to pronounce two or three words. Here his history breaks off.

The scene of these extraordinary narratives has hitherto been confined to Europe; but we have now to draw attention to the wild children of India. It happens, fortunately, that in this case the character of the testimony is unimpeachable; for although brought forward in a brief, rough pamphlet, published in a provincial town, and merely said to be 'by an Indian Official,' we recognise both in the manner and matter the pen of Colonel Sleeman, the British Resident at the court of Lucknow, whose invaluable services in putting down thuggee and dacoitee in India we have already described to our readers.*

The district of Sultanpoor, in the kingdom of Oude, a portion of the great plain of the Ganges, is watered by the Goomtee River, a navigable stream, about 140 yards broad, the banks of which are much infested by wolves. These animals are protected by the superstition of the Hindoos, and to such an extent, that a village community within whose boundaries a single drop of their blood has been shed, is believed to be doomed to destruction. The wolf is safe—but from a very different reason—even from those vagrant tribes who have no permanent abiding-place, but bivouac in the jungle, and feed upon jackals, reptiles—anything, and who make a trade of catching and selling such wild animals as they consider too valuable to eat. The reason why the vulpine ravager is spared by these wretches is—*that wolves devour children!* Not, however, that the wanderers have any dislike to children, but they are tempted by the jewels with which they are adorned; and knowing the dens of the animals, they make this fearful gold-seeking a part of their business. The adornment of their persons with jewellery is a passion with the Hindoos which nothing can overcome. Vast numbers of women—even those of the most infamous class—are murdered for the sake of their ornaments, yet the lesson is lost upon the survivors. Vast numbers of children, too, fall victims in the same way, and from the same cause, or are permitted, by those who shrink from murder, to be carried off and devoured by the wolves; yet no Indian mother can withstand the temptation to bedizen her child, whenever it is in her power, with bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold and silver. So much is necessary as an introduction to the incidents that follow.

One day, a trooper, like Spenser's gentle knight, 'was pricking on the plain,' near the banks of the Goomtee. He was within a short distance of Chandour, a village about ten miles from Sultanpoor, the capital of the district, when he halted to observe a large female wolf and her whelps come out of a wood near the roadside, and go down to the river to drink. There were four whelps. Four!—surely not more than three; for the fourth of the juvenile company was as little like a wolf as possible. The horseman stared; for in fact it was a boy, going on all-fours like his comrades, evidently on excellent terms with them all, and guarded, as well as the rest, by the dam with the same jealous care which that exemplary mother, but unpleasant neighbour, bestows upon her progeny. The trooper sat still in his saddle watching this curious company till they had satisfied their thirst; but as soon as they commenced their return, he put spurs to his horse, to intercept the boy. Off ran the wolves, and off ran the boy helter-skelter—the latter keeping close up with the dam; and the horseman, owing to the unevenness of the ground, found it impossible to overtake them before they had all entered their den. He was determined, nevertheless, to attain his object, and assembling some people from the neighbouring village with pickaxes, they began to dig in the usual way into the hole. Having made an excavation of six or eight feet, the garrison evacuated the place—the wolf, the three whelps, and the boy, leaping suddenly out and taking to flight. The trooper instantly threw himself upon his horse, and set off in pursuit, followed by the fleetest of the party; and the ground over which they had to fly being this time more even, he at length headed the chase, and turned the whole back upon the men on foot. These secured the boy, and, according to prescriptive rule, allowed the wolf and her three whelps to go on their way.

'They took the boy to the village,' says Colonel Sleeman, 'but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put near him, he rejected it in disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it with avidity, put it upon the ground, under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog's coming and sharing his food with him.'

This wild boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the 1st regiment of Oude Local Infantry, stationed at Sultanpoor. He lived only three years after his capture, and died in August 1850. According to Captain Nicholetts' account of him, he was very inoffensive except when teased, and would then growl and snarl. He came to eat anything that was thrown to him, although much preferring raw flesh. He was very fond of uncooked bones, masticating them apparently with as much ease as meat; and he had likewise a still more curious partiality for small stones and earth. So great was his appetite, that he has been known to eat half a lamb at one meal; and buttermilk he would drink by the pitcher full without seeming to draw breath. He would never submit to wear any article of dress even in the coldest weather; and when a quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, 'he tore it to pieces, and ate a portion of it—cotton and all—with his bread every day.' The countenance of the boy was repulsive, and his habits filthy in the extreme. He was never known to smile; and although fond of dogs and jackals,

* See 'Gang-Robbers of India,' in Nos. 360 and 361 of this Journal. The title of the pamphlet alluded to is, *An Account of Wolves nurturing Children in their Dens.* By an Indian Official. Plymouth: Jenkin Thomas, printer. 1852.

formed no attachment for any human being. Even when a favourite pariah dog, which used to feed with him, was shot for having fallen under suspicion of taking the lion's share of the meal, he appeared to be quite indifferent. He sometimes walked erect; but generally ran on all-fours—more especially to his food when it was placed at a distance from him.

Another of these wolf-children was carried off from his parents at Chupra (twenty miles from Sultanpoor), when he was three years of age. They were at work in the field, the man cutting his crop of wheat and pulse, and the woman gleaning after him, with the child sitting on the grass. Suddenly, there rushed into the family party, from behind a bush, a gaunt wolf, and seizing the boy by the loins, ran off with him to a neighbouring ravine. The mother followed with loud screams, which brought the whole village to her assistance; but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey, and the boy was heard no more of for six years. At the end of that time, he was found by two sipahis associating, as in the former case, with wolves, and caught by the leg when he had got half-way into the den. He was very ferocious when drawn out, biting at his deliverers, and seizing hold of the barrel of one of their guns with his teeth. They secured him, however, and carried him home, when they fed him on raw flesh, hares, and birds, till they found the charge too onerous, and gave him up to the public charity of the village till he should be recognised by his parents. This actually came to pass. His mother, by that time a widow, hearing a report of the strange boy at Koeleapoor, hastened to the place from her own village of Chupra, and by means of indubitable marks upon his person, recognised her child, transformed into a wild animal. She carried him home with her; but finding him destitute of natural affection, and in other respects wholly irreclaimable, at the end of two months she left him to the common charity of the village.

When this boy drank, he dipped his face in the water, and sucked. The front of his elbows and knees had become hardened from going on all-fours with the wolves. The village boys amused themselves by throwing frogs to him, which he caught and devoured; and when a bullock died and was skinned, he resorted to the carcass like the dogs of the place, and fed upon the carrion. His body smelled offensively. He remained in the village during the day, for the sake of what he could get to eat, but always went off to the jungle at night. In other particulars, his habits resembled those already described. We have only to add respecting him, that, in November 1850, he was sent from Sultánpoor, under the charge of his mother, to Colonel Sleeman—then probably at Lucknow—but something alarming him on the way, he ran into a jungle, and had not been recovered at the date of the last dispatch.

We pass over three other narratives of a similar kind, that present nothing peculiar, and shall conclude with one more specimen of the Indian wolf-boy. This human animal was captured, like the first we have described, by a trooper, with the assistance of another person on foot. When placed on the pommel of the saddle, he tore the horseman's clothes, and, although his hands were tied, contrived to bite him severely in several places. He was taken to Bondee, where the rajah took charge of him till he was carried off by Janoo, a lad who was khidmutgar (table-attendant) to a travelling Cashmere merchant. The boy was then apparently about twelve years of age, and went upon all-fours, although he could stand, and go awkwardly on his legs when threatened. Under Janoo's attention, however, in beating and rubbing his legs with oil, he learned to walk like other human beings. But the vulpine smell continued to be very offensive, although his body was rubbed for some months with mustard-seed soaked in water, and he was compelled during the discipline to live on rice, pulse, and bread. He slept under the mango-tree, where Janoo himself lodged, but was always tied to a tent-pin.

One night, when the wild boy was lying asleep under his tree, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at him. They touched him, and he awoke; and rising from his reclining posture, he put his hands upon the heads of his visitors, and they licked his face. They capered round him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. The khidmutgar gave up his protégé for lost; but presently he became convinced that they were only at play, and he kept quiet. He at length gained confidence enough to drive the wolves away; but they soon came back, and resumed their sport for a time. The next night, three playfellows made their appearance, and in a few nights after, four. They came four or five times, till Janoo lost all his fear of them. When the Cashmere merchant returned to Lucknow, where his establishment was, Janoo still carried his pet with him, tied by a string to his own arm; and, to make him useful according to his capacity, with a bundle on his head. At every jungle they passed, however, the boy would throw down the bundle, and attempt to dart into the thicket; repeating the insubordination, though repeatedly beaten for it, till he was fairly subdued, and became docile by degrees. The greatest difficulty was to get him to wear clothes, which to the last he often injured or destroyed, by rubbing them against posts like a beast, when some part of his body itched. Some months after their arrival at Lucknow, Janoo was sent away from the place for a day or two on some business, and on his return he found that the wild boy had escaped. He was never more seen.

It is a curious circumstance, that the wild children, whether of Europe or Asia, have never been found above a certain age. They do not grow into adults in the woods. Colonel Sleeman thinks their lives may be cut short by their living exclusively on animal food; but to some of them, as we have seen, a vegetable diet has been habitual. The probability seems to be, that with increasing years, their added boldness and consciousness of strength may lead them into fatal adventures with their brethren of the forest. As for the protection of the animal by which they were originally nurtured becoming powerless from age, which is another hypothesis, that supposes too romantic a system of patronage and dependence. The head of the family must have several successive series of descendants to care for after the arrival of the stranger, and it is far more probable that the wild boy is obliged to turn out with his playmates, when they are ordered to shift for themselves, than that he alone remains a fixture at home. That protection of some kind at first is a necessary condition of his surviving at all, there can be no manner of doubt, although it does not follow that a wolf is always the patron. The different habits of some of the European children we have mentioned, shew a totally different course of education. If, for instance, they had been nurtured by wolves, they would no more have learned to climb trees than to fly in the air. As for the female specimen we have mentioned, hers was obviously an exceptional case. She was lost, as appeared from her own statement, when old enough to work at some employment, and a club she used as a weapon was one of her earliest recollections.

The wild children of India, however, were obviously indebted to wolves for their miserable lives; and it is not so difficult as at first sight might be supposed, to imagine the possibility of such an occurrence. The parent wolves are so careful of their progeny, that they feed them for some time with half-digested food, disgorged by themselves; and after that—if we may believe Buffon, who seems as familiar with the interior of a den as if he had boarded and lodged in the family—they bring home to them live animals, such as hares and rabbits. These the young wolves play with, and

when at length they are hungry, kill: the mother then for the first time interfering, to divide the prey in equal portions. But in the case of a child being brought to the den—a child accustomed, in all probability, to tyrannise over the whelps of pariah dogs and other young animals, they would find it far easier to play than to kill; and if we only suppose the whole family going to sleep together, and the parents bringing home fresh food in the morning—contingencies not highly improbable—the mystery is solved, although the marvel remains. It may be added, that such wolves as we have an opportunity of observing in menageries, are always gentle and playful when young, and it is only time that develops the latent ferocity of a character the most detestable, perhaps, in the whole animal kingdom. Cowardly and cruel in equal proportion, the wolf has no defenders. 'In short,' says Goldsmith—probably translating Buffon, for we have not the latter at hand to ascertain—'every way offensive, a savage aspect, a frightful howl, an insupportable odour, a perverse disposition, fierce habits, he is hateful while living, and useless when dead.'

But what, then, is man, whom mere accidental association *for a few years can strip of the faculties inherent in his race and convert into a wolf?* The lower animals retain their instincts in all circumstances. The kitten, brought up from birth on its mistress's lap, imbibes none of her tastes in food or anything else. It rejects vegetables, sweets, fruits, all drinks but water or milk, and although content to satisfy its hunger with dressed meat, darts with an eager growl upon raw flesh. Man alone is the creature of imitation in good or in bad. His *faculties* and instincts, although containing the *germ* of everything noble, are not independent and self-existing like those of the brutes. This fact accounts for the difference observable, in an almost stereotyped form, in the different classes of society; it affords a hint to legislators touching their obligation to use the power they possess in elevating, by means of education, the character of the more degraded portions of the community; and it brings home to us all the great lesson of sympathy for the bad as well as the afflicted —both victims alike of *circumstances*, over which they in many cases have nearly as little control as the wild children of the desert.

THE LITERATURE OF PARLIAMENT.

The Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to its other varied and important functions, fulfils, through one of its branches, that of a great national book manufactory. Every session, the House of Commons issues a whole library of valuable works, containing information of the most ample and searching kind on subjects of a very miscellaneous character. These are the Blue-books, of which everybody has heard: many jokes are extant as to their imposing bulk and great weight, literally and figuratively; and a generation eminently addicted to light reading, may well look with horror on these thick and closely-printed folios. But, in truth, they are not for the mere *reader:* they are for the historian, and student of any given subject; they are storehouses of material, not digested treatises. True it is, that their great size sometimes defeats its object—the valuable portion of the material is sometimes buried under the comparatively worthless heap that surrounds it—the golden grains lost amid the chaff. But in a case of this kind, the error of redundancy is one on the safe side; let a subject in all its bearings be thoroughly and fully brought up, and it is the fault or failing of him who sets about the study of it, if he is appalled at the amount of information on which he has to work, or cannot discriminate and seize upon the salient points, or on those which are necessary for his own special purposes.

Few persons, we believe, who have not had occasion to consult these parliamentary volumes in a systematic manner, are at all aware of the immense labour that is bestowed upon them, and the care and completeness with which they are compiled and arranged. Indeed, we daresay few readers have any accurate notions of the actual number of parliamentary papers annually issued, or of the nature of their contents. From even a very cursory examination of the literary result of a parliamentary session, the previously uninformed investigator could not fail to rise with a greatly augmented estimate of the functions of the great ruling body of the State—the guarding and directing power in the multitudinous affairs of the British Empire—an empire that extends over every possible variety of country and climate, and includes under its powerful, yet mild and beneficent sway, tribes of every colour of skin, and of every shade of religious belief. Such a survey, in fact, tends to impress one more fully and immediately than could well be fancied, with the magnitude of the business of the British legislature, and the consequent weighty responsibilities imposed upon its members. But, great as the burden is, it is distributed over so many shoulders, that it appears to press heavily, and really does so, only on a few who support it at the more trying points.

The session 1851 is the latest of whose labours, as they appear in the form of parliamentary records, an account can be given. By the admirable system of arrangement we have referred to, each parliamentary 'paper,' whether it issues in the shape of a bulky Blue-book—that is to say, as a thick, stitched folio volume, in a dark-blue cover—or as a mere 'paper'—an uncovered folio of a single sheet of two or four pages, or several stitched together, but not attaining the dignity of the blue cover—is marked as belonging to a certain class; and when the issue of the session is complete, a full set of 'Titles, Contents, and Indexes' to the whole is supplied, so that they can all be classified and bound up in due order with the utmost ease and celerity. The *Titles, Contents, and Indexes to the Sessional Printed Papers of Session* 1851 are at present before us, in the shape of a folio Blue-book about an inch and a half thick, from which we think we may pick some facts of interest.

It must be premised, that the session 1851 was considered by politicians a peculiarly barren and unfruitful one, as the Great Exhibition, in conjunction with ministerial difficulties, and the monster debates on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, tended greatly to impede the ordinary business of the Houses, and gave an air of tedium and languor to the whole proceedings. Nevertheless, the papers for the year amount to no less than sixty volumes! Of these, the first six contain Public Bills. A bill, as most of our readers must be aware, is a measure submitted to the consideration of parliament with the view of its being adopted into the legal code of the country, for which it must receive the sanction of both Houses and the assent of the crown. When a bill has 'passed' through the Lords and Commons, and received the royal assent, it becomes an 'act' —that is, a law. A bill, in passing through the Houses, is subjected to numerous amendments and alterations in form, and is often printed, for the use of members and other parties interested, three or four times after such alterations, before it comes forth in its final and permanent form as an act. Thus, the famous Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill is to be found in three several shapes among the bills before it reappears for the fourth time as an act. Again, the word 'public' prefixed to these six volumes of bills, reminds us of the vast amount of business that comes before parliament and its committees in the shape of 'private' bills, of which no record appears here. These are bills of special and individual application, such as when a public company seeks an act of incorporation, the possessor of an entailed estate

desires to sell a portion of ground, a railway directory asks for powers of various kinds, and so on.

An examination of the contents of these six volumes would shew how many and diverse are the subjects that turn up in parliament in the course of a single and brief session; but to enter on it satisfactorily would require a great amount of space, and might, after all, be more tedious than profitable. A glance at those actually passed may suffice. These were 106 in number: the first is, 'An Act to amend the Passengers' Act of 1849;' and the hundred and sixth, 'An Act to appoint Commissioners to inquire into the Existence of Bribery in St Albans.' Besides the acts of an ordinary or routine character, we find the following among the subjects legislated on:—The Marine Forces, Leases for Mills in Ireland, Protection of Original Designs, the Protection of Servants and Apprentices, the Sale of Arsenic, Highways in Wales, Sites for Schools, Herring-Fishery, Prisons in Scotland, Common Lodging-Houses, Window and House Duties, Marriages in India, Ecclesiastical Titles, Smithfield Market, Settlement of the Boundaries of Canada and New Brunswick, Highland Roads and Bridges, Gunpowder Magazine at Liverpool, Management of the Insane in India, Lands in New Zealand, Representative Peers of Scotland, Emigration, Law of Evidence, Criminal Justice, &c.

Following the six volumes of bills, are fifteen volumes of *Reports from Committees*, which are again succeeded by nine volumes of *Reports from Commissioners*. These two sections of the literature of parliament form vast stores of material on an immense number of subjects, into which he who digs laboriously is sure to be rewarded in the end. They contain great masses of 'evidence,' extracted by the examinations of committees and commissioners from the parties believed to be best qualified to give correct and full information on the various subjects on which they are examined, and these opinions are supported by facts and authentic statements and statistics, invaluable to the investigator. The first volume of last year's Reports from Committees opens with that on the Edinburgh Annuity Tax, the fifteenth contains that on Steam Communications with India. There are four volumes on Customs, two on Ceylon, one on Church-rates, one on the Caffre Tribes, one on Newspaper Stamps, &c.; while other volumes contain Reports on the Property Tax, the Militia, the Ordnance Survey, Public Libraries, Law of Partnership, &c. From commissioners, we have Reports on Fisheries, Emigration, National Gallery, Public Records, Board of Health, Factories, Furnaces, Mines and Collieries, Education, Maynooth College, Prisons, Public Works, &c.

The fourth section of these parliamentary papers for 1851 amounts to thirty volumes, and consists of *Accounts and Papers.* It is in these that the statist finds inexhaustible wealth of material, long columns of figures with large totals, tables of the most complicated yet the clearest construction, containing a multiplicity of details bearing on the riches and resources of the empire in its most general and most minute particulars. Thus the first volume relates to 'Finance,' and includes the accounts of the Public Income and Expenditure, Public and National Debt, Income Tax, Public Works, and a vast variety of other subjects. The second volume is made up of the 'Estimates' for the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and 'Civil Services,' which includes Public Works, Public Salaries, Law and Justice, Education, Colonial and Consular Services, &c. The third volume is filled with Army and Navy Accounts and Returns. The next six volumes refer to the colonies, and consist of Accounts, Dispatches, Correspondence. The tenth is occupied with the subject of Emigration; and the eleventh with the Government of our Eastern Empire in all its vast machinery and complicated relations. The remaining volumes—for space would fail us to enumerate them in detail—treat of such subjects as the Census, Education, Convict Discipline, Poor, Post-office, Railways, Shipping, Quarantine, Trade and Navigation Returns, Revenue, Population and Commerce, Piracy, the Slave Trade, and Treaties and Conventions with Foreign States. Last of all, as volume sixty of the set, we have the *Numerical List and General Index*, itself a goodly tome of nearly 200 pages, compiled with immense care, and arranged so perspicuously as to afford the utmost facilities for reference.

These papers, as we have said, differ greatly in size. Some consist of but a single page, others swell up to volumes two or three inches thick, and of perhaps 2000 pages. As to the contents, the majority display a mixture of letterpress with tabular matter; and while some are wholly letterpress, others present an alarming and endless array of figures—filing along, page after page, in irresistible battalions. In many, valuable maps and plans are incorporated, with occasional designs for public works, &c.

Besides these returns and papers of permanent value, there are daily issued during the session programmes of the business of the day, entitled *Votes and Proceedings*, and containing a list of the subjects, the motions, petitions, bills, &c., that are to be brought before the House, according to 'the orders of the day.' These, and all the other papers issued by parliament, may be obtained regularly through 'all the booksellers,' by any person desiring to have them. Their prices are fixed; and in the case of the larger papers, the price is printed on the back of each. Copies of bills and returns may be had separately, on payment of these affixed prices; and indeed few parties require complete sets. Some public libraries take them, as do most of the London, and one or two provincial newspapers, by which the gentlemen of the press are enabled to compile the numerous articles and paragraphs with which all newspaper readers are familiar, and which usually begin: 'By a return just issued, we learn,' &c.; or: 'From a parliamentary paper recently printed, it appears,' &c. The public is often considerably indebted to the labours of newspaper men in regard to these papers, for the exigence of space, and the necessity of beating everything into a readable shape, require them to condense the voluminous details of the returns; and their sum and substance is thus given without any encumbering extraneous matter.

The cost of complete series of the papers varies from session to session, according to the number issued, ranging usually about L.12 or L.14.

LIGHTS FOR THE NIGHT.

UNQUESTIONABLY, darkness is disagreeable. Whether to manhood hoary-headed in wisdom, or to childhood yet in soft-brained ignorance, darkness is an unpleasant fact, to be got over in the best way possible—to be got over at all events, and at any cost, and to be turned into luminosity by every expedient that can be used. Wax-tapers, to throw their soft, luxurious light on my lady's delicate face, as she lies like a beautiful piece of marble-work on her dreamy couch; shaded lamps for the grave merchant, the virtual king of the present, as he sits in his still office, ruling nations by bale and bond, and guiding the tide of events by invoices and ship's papers; Palmer's candles, under green pent-houses, for students and authors, whose eyes must withstand a double strain; the mild house-light, with a dash of economy in the selection, whether of oil, sperm, long-fours, or short-sixes, for the family group; the white camphene flame for the artist; strange mechanisms for the curious; the flaunting brilliancy of the coloured chandeliers and cut-glass shades for our English Bedouins in the gin-palace; the flaring jet of the open butchers' shops; the paper-lantern of the street-stalls; the consumptive dip of

the slop-worker; the glimmering rush-light for the sick-room; the resin torch for the midnight funeral: these, and countless other inventions—not to mention the universal gas—assert man's disinclination to transact his life in the dark, or to bound his powers by the simple arrangements of nature. There are better lights, though, than any of these, and a worse than mere physical night, be it the blackest with which romancer ever stained his innocent paper, when describing those dark deeds on desolate moors which all romancers delight in, and which send young ladies pale to bed. The night of the mind is worse than the night of time; and lamps which can dispel this are more valuable than any which make up for the loss of the sun only, though these are grand undertakings, too.

Most people know what a Child's night-light is, and most people have heard of Belmont Wax, and Price's Patent Candles, though few would be able to explain exactly what the warrant guards. But who ever pretends to understand patents? The 'Belmont' every one knows; it is a mere ordinary wax-candle, which perhaps does not 'gutter' so much as others, and with wick more innocent of 'thieves' than most, but with nothing more wonderful in appearance than an ordinary candle. A Child's night-light, too, has nothing mysterious in its look. It greatly resembles the thick stumpy end of a magnificent mould, done up in a coloured card-jacket, and with a small thin wick, that gives just a point of flame, and no more, by which to light another candle, if necessary—of admirable service for this and all other purposes of a common-place bedroom. Eccentric sleepers, who write Greek hexameters, and fasten on poetic thoughts while the rest of the world are in rational slumber, might object to the feebleness of this point of light; but eccentricities need provisions of their own, and comets have orbits to which the laws of the stars do not apply. For all ordinary people, this thick candle-end is a delicious substitute for the ghastly rush-light in its chequered cage, which threw strange figures on wall and curtain, and gave nervous women the megrims. But nothing more is known of Belmonts or night-lights; their birthplace, and the manner of their making, are alike hidden from the outer world; the uninitiated accept the arcana of tallow only in the positive form. It is generally presumed that candles, in the abstract, come from some unknown place in 'the City;' but how they are made, or who is employed in their making, or how the workmen live in the grease-laden steam of the factory, not one in a thousand would know if he could—certainly none would give himself any trouble to find out. Neither should we ourselves have known, had not a little pamphlet, bearing the heading, *Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company*, fallen into our hands. Holding the Report open on the desk before us, we will now give to our readers the net result of the moral doings of the factory.

In the winter of 1848, half-a-dozen of the boys employed in the candle manufactory used to hide themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, when work and tea were over, to practise writing on useless scraps of paper picked up anyhow, and with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house. Encouraged by the foreman of their department, who begged some rough, movable desks for them, and aided by timely but not oppressive prizes from the Messrs Wilson, and by the presence of Mr J. P. Wilson, the little self-constituted school progressed considerably, until it reached the number of thirty; then a large old building was cleared out, a rickety wooden staircase taken down, an iron one put up in its stead, and a lofty school-room, capable of holding about 100 or more, made in the place of two useless lumber-rooms. The making and furnishing that room amounted to L.172. The school for some time held to its first principles of self-government. All the instruction, discipline, and management were supplied by the boys themselves; and when a number of elder boys joined, a committee, appointed by themselves, regulated the affairs of the community. However, this did not last long. The hot young blood and immature young brain needed a stronger curb than self-appointed committees could supply; and by a general request, the school has since been worked by authority—this authority itself guided by a general vote in many matters of choice immediately concerning the scholars. In the following summer—we are still in '48—a day-school was held in the room, to which the younger boys who were wanted in the factory at uncertain times and for indefinite periods, were sent when not employed—drafted from school to work, and from work to school, as the necessities of the factory required. The annual cost of this day-school is L.130; the total cost from the commencement, L.327.

Amusements must now be provided. The first and most obvious were tea-parties, the usual rewards to school-children, and often made very tedious affairs by the enormous quantity of talk inflicted on them. However, Mr Wilson managed better. To the first, many of the boys came dirty and untidy; the second shewed a great improvement; the third, one still greater; until now, most of the factory-boys assemble to chapel, and other places where they ought to be decent, in plain suits of black, which give them a neat and even gentlemanlike appearance: yes, though the word applied to a set of factory-boys, candlemakers, may make many of our readers smile. But for all that constitutes real gentlemanlike feeling for order, obedience to authority, courtesy of manner, the absence of rudeness, quarrelling, and other petty vices of school-boys—these factory lads, taken from the very heart of a low population, shine pre-eminently, or rather have shone, since Mr Wilson has taken their educational training so much to heart. The first tea-party was held on Easter-Monday, as a counterpoise to the attractions of Greenwich and Camberwell fairs; and it succeeded in that object, evidencing that vice is not that necessary ingredient in the pleasures of the people which some people think.

In 1849, the cholera came, peculiarly severe about Lambeth and Battersea Fields, where many of the candlemakers lived. Mr Wilson's first thought was for the young people in the factory. He consulted with his brother, and they took additional counsel of first-rate medical men, and then added to the committee a Mr Symes, a gentleman holding a field that was waiting to be built on. The result of these consultations was, that Mr Symes giving them temporary possession of the field, the night-school was closed entirely, and all the boys set to work to learn cricket—cricket as the best antidote to cholera the directors of Price's Patent could devise. Wise men these directors, with some sterling common sense and rare old hearty benevolence mixed up with their generous Saxon blood! Mr Symes was not the only stranger—for stranger he was—eager to help the directors. A Mr Graham came forward, and many others joined in offering; and altogether, as Mr J. P. Wilson says, 'everybody's heart seemed to warm up to their object.' The plan was a success. Of the whole crowd of cricket-players, only one, an interesting lad of seventeen, was lost, though most of them had kinspeople dying and dead in their own homes. That cricket-ground was not, however, useful only for physical health; it presented a beautiful and striking scene, which must have carried home to every heart deep thoughts and holy purposes to strengthen the soul as well.

'Always when the game was finished,' says Mr Wilson, 'they (the boys) collected in a corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety of themselves and their friends from cholera; and the tone in which they said their amen

to this, has always made me think, that although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game, 'so concluded, more moral benefit than any ordinary schooling could have given them.' This belief we heartily endorse. That informal prayer, made while the blood was warm with happiness and high with health, spoken in the open field, by themselves, direct to Heaven, without other interpreter between them, must have made a deep impression on the boys. Its very informality must have added to its solemnity; making it appear, and indeed making it in reality, so much more the genuine, spontaneous, heart-spoken expression of each individual, than the mere customary attendance on a prescribed form can admit. A field of six and a half acres is now rented, at the annual gross cost of L.80, the middle of which is kept for the cricket-ground, while the edges are laid down in gardens, allotted out.

During all the bright summer weather the boys worked eagerly at their gardens, and played perseveringly at cricket—making a happy and healthy use of time that otherwise must, if used well, have been spent in a dull school-room (not the most inviting of recreations, after a hard day's work at the candle-making), or idled away in the streets, amongst the unprofitable and unhealthy amusements provided for the people. Amongst other good results, Mr Wilson notices that of 'softening to the boys one of the greatest evils now existing in the factory—the night-work, for which the men and boys come in at six in the evening, to leave at six in the morning.' These workers do not go to bed, it seems, so soon as they leave work: in former days, they generally dawdled about, took a walk, or strolled into a gin-palace, as it might happen, or did anything else to kill the time until their sleeping-hour arrived. Since the cricket-ground has been established, however, they rush off to the field on leaving work at six in the morning, thoroughly enjoy themselves at gardening and cricket until about a quarter past eight; and then, after collecting in a little shed, where a verse or two of the New Testament and the Lord's Prayer are read to them, they go home to sleep, refreshed by the exercise after their unnatural hours, happy, peaceful, and healthy. These are the birches and canes of the Messrs Wilson's moral and scholastic training!

Then came the summer-excursion. The first experiment was in June 1850, when 100 of them went down to Guildford early in the morning, and returned late in the evening. It was a beautiful day, bright and cloudless; and as those London boys wandered about the country lanes and meadows of Guildford, and heard the ceaseless hum of insect life, and the uncaged birds singing high in the blue sky, and saw the wild-flowers in the hedgerows, and the glancing waters in their way, we may be sure that more than mere enjoyment was stored up in their minds, and that thoughts which might not be brought out into set phrases, but which would be undying in their influence through life, were raised in each heart that drank in the glories, and the holy teaching of nature, perhaps on that day for the first time. It was something for them to think of in the toil and heat of the factory; a beautiful picture, to fill their minds while their hands were busy at their work; and the rippling rivers and singing birds would sing and flow again and again in many a young head bending carefully over its task. The excursion of the next year was on a grander scale: 250 started from Vauxhall Bridge, to go down the river to Herne Bay, which, though it may sound ludicrously Cockneyfied, was quite as much as the strength, and more than the stomachs of the little candlemakers could stand; yet very delightful, notwithstanding the qualmishness and face-playing of the majority. This year, they are all invited by the Bishop of Winchester to the brave old castle of Farnham—a treat to which they are looking forward with all the headlong eagerness of youth, and which, we trust, will have other and even better results than the pleasures we wish them. A bishop entertaining a set of factory children will be a welcome sight in these days of clerical pomp, when the episcopal purple so often hides the pastoral staff. It will be a rare occurrence, but a good practice begun—to be followed, we would fain hope, by its like in other districts.

The expense of the day at Guildford was L.28; of that at Herne Bay, L.48; the estimated expense of the excursion for the present year is L.55. This seems a heavy item for a single day's amusement, but the Messrs Wilson have proved the immense advantage which their boys derive from these excursions: the hope, the stimulus to exertion—as only those who have worked hard at school, and behaved well generally, join the cricket-club and the excursionists—the health, the incentive to good conduct, and the preservation from evil habits; all these varied good effects have convinced the directors that it is money well spent—money that will bring in a richer percentage than government securities or Australian gold-fields could give, for it brings in the percentage of virtue. Not always in the power of money to gain that! And right thankful ought we to be, when we have found any investment whatever which will return us such rich usurious interest for what is in itself so intrinsically valueless.

So much, then, for the Belmont Factory—for the light of that busy wax-candle making. Turn we now to the Night-Light Factory, though our notice of this must be brief; but brevity befits those thick, short candle-ends.

In the autumn of 1849, the night-light trade came into the possession of Price's Patent Candle Company. Amongst the Child's Lights we have girls to deal with as well as boys—an element not to be provided for in the Belmont arrangements, and causing a little difficulty as to their proper disposition on first starting. But nothing seems to daunt Mr Wilson. Give him but a square inch for his foothold, and his moral lever will raise any given mass of ignorance, and remove any possible amount of obstruction. After a little time, and some expense, one of the railway arches near the night-factory was taken possession of, fitted up, made water-tight, and turned into a school-room for the boys and girls of the adopted concern. The expense of preparing and furnishing that arch was L.93. Still, the girls remained as a doubtful and untried version of the Belmont success; but by the energetic aid of a lady, much experienced in such matters, and by the untiring cares of a chaplain recently appointed to the factory, and who is in reality the moral and educational superintendent of the whole, something of the uncertainty hanging over the result has been removed, and all matters have greatly improved. Inasmuch as the character of women is of more delicate texture than that of men, so are the managers of the Night-Light School more careful to secure an unexceptionable set of girls in the school, that prudent parents may send their children there without alarm, and without more danger of contamination than must always arise where a number of human beings, adults or youths, are assembled together.

Everything seems prospering. Church-organs in the school-rooms, chapel-services at various times as the different sets of workmen come and go, and flourishing schools for the mere child up to the actual young man, supply all the spiritual, intellectual, and devotional requirements of the work-people; games, gardening, excursions, and a general friendliness between masters and people, form their social happiness; and useful arts taught and about to be taught, help to make up the wellbeing of the community. Tailoring and shoemaking are to be learned, not as trades, but

as domestic aids, many working-men having found the advantage, in various ways, of being able to do those little repairs at home which perishable garments are always requiring; and a shop full of young coopers employs another section of tradesmen in rather large numbers. For this last improvement, Mr J. Wilson was obliged to take up his freedom of the city, that he might apprentice the lads to himself, as it is a rule among the coopers that no one follows this trade, which is a close one, without having learned it by regular apprenticeship. However, a freeman can take apprentices in any trade, whether close or open, provided he does teach them a *bonâ fide* business; and Mr Wilson availed himself of this privilege, and netted to himself a batch of young coopers, as we have said. So much can one earnest wish to be of real use to a cause or a generation enable a single individual to do! We may be sure that when we talk of our inability to do good, we mean our inattention to means, not our incapacity from want of them.

The expenses we have quoted were all originally borne by Mr J. P. Wilson. In three years, he spent L.8289 in payments to teachers, in fitting up schools, in cricket-grounds, excursions, chaplain's salary, &c. His own salary is L.1000 per annum. And though the proprietors have refunded all moneys spent by him on these things, and have taken on themselves the future expenses of the institutions commenced by him, yet that does not diminish the worth of his magnificent intentions, or take from the largeness of his self-sacrifice and generosity. Add to this simple expenditure—for it was made in good faith, and in the belief that it was a virtual sacrifice of income—the labour, want of rest, the constant thought at all times and under all sorts of pressure—illness and business the most frequent—and we may form a slight estimate of what this glorious work of educating his young charge has cost a man whose name we must ever mention with respect.

In Mr J. Wilson's Report, there are many points unattainable to moderate incomes and circumscribed resources, but many also that it is in the power of every man of education, and consequently of influence, to carry out in his neighbourhood. Amongst them is that simple item of the cricket-field and garden-ground. It has become so much the fashion among certain of us, renowned more for zeal than knowledge, to cry down all amusements for the people, as tending to the subversion and overthrow of morality, to shut them out from all but the church, the conventicle, and the gin-shop—that any recognition of this mistake in a more liberal arrangement, may be hailed as the inauguration of an era of common sense, and consequently of true morality. Amusements are absolutely necessary for mankind. The nation never existed on this earth which could dispense with them. Sects rise up every now and then which carry their abhorrence of all that is not fanaticism—after their own pattern—to the extreme, and which lay pleasure under the same curse with vice; but sects are cometic, and are not to be judged of after the generalisations of national character. Practically, we find that rigidness and vice, amusements and morality, go together, Siamese-like. In the year of the Crystal Palace, the London magistrates had fewer petty criminals brought before them than at any other period of the same duration; and what Mr Wilson proves in his cricket-ground, what London shewed in the time of the World's Fair, generations and countries would always exhibit in larger characters, more widely read—that the mind and body of man require amusement—simple pleasure—purposeless, aimless, unintellectual, physical pleasure—as much as his digestive organs require food and his hands work; not as the sole employment, but mixed in with, and forming the basis and the body of higher things—the strong practical woof through which the warp of golden stuff is woven into a glorious fabric—a glorious fabric of national progression. Yes, and into a wider garment still; one that will cover many an outlying Bedouin cowering in the darkness round—one that will join together the high and the low, the good and the bad, and so knead up the baser element into amalgamation with and absorption into the higher. This is no ideal theory. It is a possibility, a practical fact, proved in this place and in that—wherever men have taken the trouble to act on rational bases and on a true acceptation of the needs of human nature. For as the quality of light is to spread, and as the higher things will always absorb the lower, so will schools and kindly sympathy diffuse knowledge and virtue among the ignorant and brutalised; and Love to Humanity will once more read its mission in the salvation of a world.

OUT-OF-DOORS LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

The out-of-doors life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the continent, strikes a person, unacquainted with their habits and manners, more perhaps than anything which meets his eye in that part of the world. Rational, agreeable, and healthy as it is, it requires a long time before a thorough Englishman can accustom himself to it, or feel at all comfortable in eating his meals in the open air, surrounded by two or three hundred persons employed in the same manner, or crossing and recrossing, and circling round his table. He is apt to fancy himself the sole object of curiosity; while, in reality, the eyes which seem to mark him out, have in them perhaps as little speculation as if they were turned on vacancy. We have been amused, and sometimes ashamed, in witnessing the painful awkwardness of many of those numerous steam-boat voyagers who, subscribing in London for their passage to and from the Rhine in a given time, and for a trifling sum, find themselves in a few hours transported from the bustle of Oxford Street, Ludgate Hill, or the Strand, to the happy, idle, *fat*, laughing, easy enjoyment of a German *Thee-Garten*, in the midst of four or five hundred men, women, and children—all eating, drinking, and smoking as if time, cares, and business had no influence over them. It is a life so new to him, and so diametrically opposed to all his habits and notions, that, in general, it affords him anything but ease and enjoyment. To those, however, who know how to enjoy it, it affords both. There is in these popular reunions an ease and confidence, a *bonhomie* and freedom, of which a Briton, with all his boasted liberty, has no idea. What is strangest of all to him, no distinction of rank, wealth, or profession is acknowledged. There are no reserved places. The rich and the poor, the prince and the artisan, sit down at the same kind of modest little green-painted tables, with rush-bottomed chairs, all kind, affable, and jovial—all respecting each other. The child of the citizen comes up without restraint, and plays with the sword-knot of the commander-in-chief; and the little princess will naïvely offer her bunch of grapes to the peasant who sits at the next table with his pipe and his tall glass of Bavarian beer. And yet the truest decorum is observed. There is no noise, no rioting, no intoxication; we have never witnessed a single example of any of these inconveniences. The education and habits of all the inhabitants of this part of the world, have been from infancy so regulated, and during many generations so completely formed to this sort of life, that not the smallest ungracious familiarity ever troubles these kindly popular reunions.

But let us come to a definite description. We will take the Blum-Garten at Prague, for example—a city where the aristocracy are as exclusive, as it is called, as anywhere in the world. This garden, or rather park, is an imperial domain, having formed part of the hunting-park of the emperors of Germany in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was planted

by the great and good Charles IV., king of Bohemia, and emperor of Germany, son of that blind king who was killed at the battle of Cressy by Edward the Black Prince. This park is situated without the fortifications of the Hradschin, at about half an hour's walk from them, in a valley formed by the river Moldau, and stretches away to the plateau which forms the eastern boundary of the valley. On the edge of this plateau, surrounded by gardens and plantations, is situated the Lust-Haus, or summer residence, in which the governor of Bohemia, or the members of the imperial family in Prague, pass some days at intervals during the summer months. The principal descent to the park is by a broad drive, which zig-zags till it gains the proper level. There are also several pleasant paths which descend in labyrinths under a profusion of lilacs and other flowering shrubs, overhung by birches and all kinds of forest-trees.

At the foot of the drive is the house of general entertainment, consisting of several apartments, together with a spacious ball-room—an indispensable requisite, as on the continent all the world dances. From this house stretches a long wide gravel space, completely shaded from the noonday heat by four or five vast lime-tree alleys, beneath which are placed some fifty or a hundred tables. A military band is always to be found on fête-days, and very good music of some kind is never wanting. Here the whole population of Prague circle with perfect freedom, and with no attempt at class separations. The first comer is first served, taking any vacant place most suited to his fancy, or to the convenience of his party. At one table may be seen the Countess Grünne, her governess, and children, taking their coffee with as much ease and simplicity as if she were in her own private garden; at another, a group of peasants, with their smiling faces and picturesque costumes; at a third table, a soldier and his old mother and sister, whom he is treating on his arrival in his native town. Then come the Archduke Stephen, with his imperial retinue, and one or two general-officers with their staffs; and at a little distance, with a merry party of laughing guests, the Prince and Princess Coloredo. In short, all the tables are by and by occupied by guests continually succeeding each other, of all classes and of all professions, from the imperial family, down to the most humble artisan; all gay, amiable, condescending on the one side; happy, respectful, and free from restraint on the other. Thus the season passes in that delicious climate, which is rendered a thousand times more delicious by the harmony and good-feeling reigning throughout all these mingled classes of society. In the evening, the same joyous reunions again take place, with this exception, that after dinner (which meal takes place generally from three to four, *very rarely* so late as six, and that only within the last three or four years) the aristocracy drive round the broad shady alleys of the park till sunset, while the lawns and paths are crowded with innumerable groups of pedestrians, before or after taking their evening repast under the lime-trees.

But what makes summer life so agreeable in these countries, is the simplicity and cheapness with which every variety of necessary refreshment and restoration is afforded, and the multiplicity of places where such are to be found. Walk in whatever direction you may, in the environs of any town—wherever there is shade, wherever there is a grove, or a clump of acacias, limes, or chestnuts, the favourite trees for such purposes, and consequently much cultivated—there you are sure to find rest and refreshment suited to the wants and purses of all classes—from the most simple brown bread, milk, and beer, to the most delicate sweetmeats and wines. In the article of wine, however, Bohemia is not so favoured; but this is a circumstance more felt by the stranger than by the natives, who like the wines of their own country, as they do the beer better than our ale and porter. Still, there are some passably good wines, such as Melnik, Czerniska, and one or two others, and all at a moderate price, varying from 8d. to 1s. a bottle. But in Hungary we have good wines and extraordinarily cheap, which adds much to these rural out-of-doors reunions. It is true, that some of the most fashionable restaurateurs, both in the town and country, have been much spoiled by the extravagance of the higher classes, who are here the most reckless; carrying this vice in Europe to an excess which has ruined, or greatly embarrassed, almost all the nobility of the kingdom. Notwithstanding this passion, however, for everything that is foreign, few countries can be at all compared with Hungary as to its wines, many of which are scarcely known to any but to the peasants who grow them, and the local consumers of the same class. These wines, with which every peasant's house, especially on the skirts of the mountain-districts, and every little bothy-like public-house, are abundantly furnished, are both red and white, and at a price within the reach of the poorest peasant. Even in and about the great towns—such as Presburg, near the frontier of Austria—where every article of food is double and treble the price of the interior—the wines cost no more than from 2d. to 3d. a quart. Most of the peasants grow their own, and make from 50 to 200, and even 1500 eimers or casks, containing 63 bottles each; and this is not like many of the poor, thin, acid wines, known in so many parts of Germany, the north of France, and other countries; but strong, generous beverage, with a delicious flavour, perfectly devoid of acidity, and at the same time particularly wholesome. Many of the white wines we prefer to the generality of those from the Rhine, Moselle, &c.; the red has a kind of Burgundy flavour, with a sparkling dash of champagne, and is nearly as strong as port, without its heating qualities.

For the sake of these agreeable and cheap enjoyments, the whole of the population of the towns pass a great part of the summer in the woods, orchards, and gardens in the neighbourhood, where every want of the table is supplied without the trouble of marketing, cooking, or firing; and, consequently, in the cool of a summer morning, the inhabitants of Presburg, for instance, may be seen strolling in different directions—either ascending the vine-covered hills to the fresh tops, or wending their way through the deep, shady woods, along the side of the Danube, to the Harbern or the Alt Mülau. There, after having sharpened their appetites with this charming walk, they find themselves seated at a neat little table, beneath the shade of an old chestnut or elm. The cloth is laid by the vigilant host as soon as the guest is seated, and often before, as the former knows his hour; for nothing in machinery can equal the regularity with which meal-hours are ordered, especially in Germany, where the habitual greeting on the road is: 'Ich wünsche guten appetit'—(I wish you a good appetite.) Coffee, wine, eggs, butter, sausages, Hungarian and Italian, the original dimensions of which are often two feet long, and four to five inches thick: these are to be found at the most humble houses of resort, among which are those frequented by the foresters and gamekeepers, not professed houses of entertainment, yet always provided with such materials for those who love the merry greenwood, and who extend their walks within their cool and solitary depths. And now we must speak of the expenses of these rural repasts. A party of five persons can breakfast in the above manner—that is to say, on coffee, eggs, sausages, rolls, butter, and a quart bottle of wine—for something less than 4½d. a head. Those who breakfast more simply, take coffee and rolls—and the natives rarely, if ever, eat butter in the morning, though a profusion of this, as well as of oil and lard, enters into the preparation for dinner—and such guests pay only from 3d. to 3½d. But if wine,

which is the most common native production, is taken instead of coffee, it is always cheaper. Among the middle and lower classes, the favourite refreshment is wine, household bread, and walnuts; and thus you will constantly find labourers, foresters, or wood-cutters, joyfully breakfasting together, with their large slices of brown bread and a bottle of wine, for 2d. a head. Many, again, of the lower classes of labourers bring their own home-baked bread in their pockets, and get their large tumbler of good wine to moisten it for a half-penny.

The evening, however, is the great time for recreation and redoubled enjoyment, as the labours and occupations of the day have then ceased; and all without exception, rich and poor, flock from the town to the sweet, cool, flowery repose of the woods and vineyards, and there take their evening repast in the midst of the wild luxuriance of nature, 'health in the gale, and fragrance on the breeze.' And when the sun is gone down, they return in the cool twilight to their homes, where they find that sweet sleep which movement in the open air alone can give, and which, with our more confined British habits, few but the peasant ever enjoy.

A word more on Presburg, and we have done. In winter, this place, so little known to travellers, is frequented by the best society in Hungary; and it becomes a little metropolis, to which many of the nobility resort from the distance of 300 to 500 miles — from Tokay, and beyond the Theiss and Transylvania. In summer, perhaps, it offers still more enjoyment; for although the winter society is then scattered far and near, the town is always animated by the presence of those who are continually coming and going between Pesth and all parts of the south of Hungary and Vienna, conveyed either by the railway or by the numerous steam-boats which daily ply on the Danube. The neighbourhood, as we have already mentioned, is full of simple and healthy enjoyments, from the number of its delicious drives and walks, and places of rural entertainment, the quaint names of some of which cannot fail to amuse and attract the stranger. At about half an hour's drive from the town is the Chokolaten-Garten, much frequented for its excellent chocolate, which is manufactured on the spot. A little further on, and situated in the centre of one of the most beautiful little valleys of the Kleine Karpathen, is the Eisen-Brundel, a large house of entertainment, with a spacious dancing-room; and, without, a luxuriant grove of fine old trees, forming an impenetrable shelter, beneath which are arranged a number of tables and chairs. Here every species of entertainment is to be found, from the most simple brown bread, milk, and fruits, to the most sumptuous champagne dinners; and the prince and the peasant take their places without ceremony, as in the olden time of Robin Hood and Little John—'all merry under the greenwood tree.'

Numerous other and still more simple places of refreshment and enjoyment present themselves at every turn of those delicious mountain-paths, which lead through the little valleys and hollows of the vineyards overlooking the town. One of the most agreeable is on the summit of the hill, near the little chapel of St Mary, called Marien Kirche, under the Kalvarienberg, and from which the eye looks over the whole town and the plain which stretches towards Pesth, and through which the Danube winds like a vast silver serpent, till it is lost in the far woods and dim distance. Lower down, and still nearer the town, in a little valley, is 'The Entrance to the New-World!' The house is deliciously situated half-way up a wooded hill crowned with pines, and clothed with rich orchards and vineyards; not far off, in another little valley, are the Passen-Häuser, with their orchards and gardens; and higher up we come to 'The Entrance to Paradise!' whence, as might be expected, there is a most superb view. This embraces the whole plain so far as the eye can reach towards the east and south; on the north it is bounded by the towering mountains of the Great Carpathians, the haunt of bears and wolves, wild boars and stags; and to the west, between the valleys which are formed by the hills of this smaller range of the same mountains, is seen the plain of Vienna, in the midst of which can be distinguished in a clear day the tall spire of St Stephen, rising as if from the bosom of the imperial park which conceals the capital. Beyond this towers the Neu-klosterberg, with its vast monastery; and further to the left, like white broken clouds in the blue horizon, are the snow-clad mountains of Steyer-mark (Styria.)

MY FIRST BRIEF.

I HAD been at Westminster, and was slowly returning to my 'parlour near the sky,' in Plowden Buildings, in no very enviable frame of mind. Another added to the long catalogue of unemployed days and sleepless nights. It was now four years since my call to the bar, and notwithstanding a constant attendance in the courts, I had hitherto failed in gaining business. God knows, it was not my fault! During my pupilage, I had read hard, and devoted every energy to the mastery of a difficult profession, and ever since that period I had pursued a rigid course of study. And this was the result, that at the age of thirty I was still wholly dependent for my livelihood on the somewhat slender means of a widowed mother. Ah! reader, if as you ramble through the pleasant Temple Gardens, on some fine summer evening, enjoying the cool river breeze, and looking up at those half-monastic retreats, in which life would seem to glide along so calmly, if you could prevail upon some good-natured Asmodeus to shew you the secrets of the place, how your mind would shudder at the long silent suffering endured within its precincts. What blighted hopes and crushed aspirations, what absolute privation and heart-rending sorrow, what genius killed and health utterly broken down! Could the private history of the Temple be written, it would prove one of the most interesting, but, at the same time, one of the most mournful books ever given to the public.

I was returning, as I said, from Westminster, and wearily enough I paced along the busy streets, exhausted by the stifling heat of the Vice-Chancellor's court, in which I had been patiently sitting since ten o'clock, vainly waiting for that 'occasion sudden' of which our old law-writers are so full. Moodily, too, I was revolving in my mind our narrow circumstances, and the poor hopes I had of mending them; so that it was with no hearty relish I turned into the Cock Tavern, in order to partake of my usual frugal dinner. Having listlessly despatched it, I sauntered into the garden, glad to escape from the noise and confusion of the mighty town; and throwing myself on a seat in one of the summer-houses, watched, almost mechanically, the rapid river-boats puffing up and down the Thames, with their gay crowds of holiday-makers covering the decks, the merry children romping over the trim grass-plot, making the old place echo again with their joyous ringing laughter. I must have been in a very desponding humour that evening, for I continued sitting there unaffected by the mirth of the glad little creatures around me, and I scarcely remember another instance of my being proof against the infectious high spirits of children. Time wore on, and the promenaders, one after the other, left the garden, the steam-boats became less frequent, and gradually lights began to twinkle from the bridges and the opposite shore. Still I never once thought of removing from my seat, until I was requested to do so by the person in charge of the grounds, who was now going round to lock the gates for the night. Staring

at the man for a moment half unconsciously, as if suddenly awaked out of a dream, I muttered a few words about having forgotten the lateness of the hour, and departed. To shake off the depression under which I was labouring, I turned into the brilliantly-lighted streets, thinking that the excitement would distract my thoughts from their gloomy objects; and after walking for some little time, I entered a coffee-house, at that period much frequented by young lawyers. Here I ordered a cup of tea, and took up a newspaper to read; but after vainly endeavouring to interest myself in its pages, and feeling painfully affected by the noisy hilarity of some gay young students in a neighbouring box, I drank off my sober beverage, and walked home to my solitary chambers. Oh, how dreary they appeared that night!—how desolate seemed the uncomfortable, dirty, cold staircase, and that remarkable want of all sorts of conveniences, for which the Temple has acquired so great a notoriety! In fine, I was fairly hipped; and being convinced of the fact, smoked a pipe or two—thought over old days and their vanished joys—and retired to rest. I soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I arose in the morning much refreshed; and sallying forth after breakfast with greater alacrity than usual, took my seat in court, and was beginning to grow interested in a somewhat intricate case which involved some curious legal principles, when my attention was directed to an old man, whom I had frequently seen there before, beckoning to me. I immediately followed him out of court, when he turned round and said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr ——, for interrupting you, but I fancy you are not very profitably engaged just now?'

I smiled, and told him he had stated a melancholy truth.

'I thought so,' answered he with a twinkle of his bright gray eye. 'Now'—and he subdued his voice to a whisper—'I can put a little business into your hands. No thanks, sir,' said he, hastily checking my expressions of gratitude—'no thanks; you owe me no thanks; and as I am a man of few words, I will at once state my meaning. For many years, I have been in the habit of employing Mr ——' (naming an eminent practitioner); 'and feeling no great love for the profession, intrusted all my business to him, and cared not to extend my acquaintance with the members of the bar. Well, sir, I have an important case coming on next week, and as bad luck will have it, T——'s clerk has just brought me back the brief, with the intelligence that his master is suddenly taken dangerously ill, and cannot possibly attend to any business. Here I was completely flung, not knowing whom to employ in this affair. I at length remembered having noticed a studious-looking young man, who generally sat taking notes of the various trials. I came to court in order to see whether this youth was still at his ungrateful task, when my eyes fell upon you. Yes, young man, I had intended once before rewarding you for your patient industry, and now I have an opportunity of fulfilling those intentions. Do you accept the proposal?'

'With the greatest pleasure!' cried I, pressing his proffered hand with much emotion, quite unable to conceal my joy.

'It is as I thought,' muttered he to himself, turning to depart. Then suddenly looking up, he requested my address, and wished me good-morning.

How I watched the receding form of the stranger! how I scanned over his odd little figure! and how I loved him for his great goodness! I could remain no longer in court. The interesting property case had lost all its attractions; so I slipped off my wig and gown, and hastened home to set my house in order for the expected visit. After completing all the necessary arrangements, I took down a law-book and commenced reading, in order to beguile away the time. Two, three o'clock arrived, and still no tidings of my client; I began almost to despair of his coming, when some one knocked at the outer-door; and on opening it, I found the old man's clerk with a huge packet of papers in his hand, which he gave me, saying his master would call the following morning. I clutched the papers eagerly, and turned them admiringly over and over. I read my name on the back, Mr ——, six guineas. My eyes, I feel sure, must have sparkled at the golden vision. Six guineas! I could scarcely credit my good-fortune. After the first excitement had slightly calmed down, I drew a chair to the table, and looked at the labour before me. I found that it was a much entangled Chancery suit, and would require all the legal ability I could muster to conquer its details. I therefore set myself vigorously to work, and continued at my task until the first gray streak of dawn warned me to desist. Next day, I had an interview with the old solicitor, and rather pleased him by my industry in the matter. Well, the week slipped by, and everything was in readiness for the approaching trial. All had been satisfactorily arranged between myself and leader, a man of considerable acumen, and the eventful morning at length arrived. I had passed a restless night, and felt rather feverish, but was determined to exert myself to the utmost, as, in all probability, my future success hung on the way I should acquit myself that day of my duty. The approaching trial was an important one, and had already drawn some attention. I therefore found the court rather crowded, particularly by an unusual number of 'the unemployed bar,' who generally throng to hear a maiden-speech. Two or three ordinary cases stood on the cause-list before mine, and I was anxiously waiting their termination, when my client whispered in my ear: 'Mr S—— (the Queen's counsel in the case) has this instant sent down to say, he finds it will be impossible for him to attend to-day, as he is peremptorily engaged before the House of Lords. The common dodge of these gentry,' continued he in a disrespectful tone. 'They never find that it will be impossible to attend so long as the *honorarium* is unpaid; afterwards—— Bah! Mere robbery, sir—taking the money, and shirking the work. However, as we cannot help ourselves, you must do the best you can alone; for I fear the judge will not postpone the trial any longer. Come, and have a dram of brandy, and keep your nerves steady, and all will go well.' I need not say it required all his persuasion to enable me to pluck up sufficient courage to fight the battle, deserted as I now found myself by my leader; still, I resolved to make the attempt. Presently the awful moment arrived, and I rose in a state of intense trepidation. The judge seeing a stranger about to conduct the case, put his glass up to his eye, in order the better to make himself acquainted with my features, and at the same time demanded my name. I shall never forget the agitation of that moment. I literally shook as I heard the sound of my own voice answering his question. I felt that a hundred eyes were upon me, ready to ridicule any blunder I might commit, and even now half enjoying my nervousness. For a minute, I was so dizzy and confused, that I found it utterly impossible to proceed; but, warned by the deep-toned voice of the magistrate that the court was waiting for me, I made a desperate effort at self-control, and commenced. A dead quiet prevailed as I opened the case, and for a few minutes I went on scarcely knowing what I was about, when I was suddenly interrupted by the vice-chancellor asking me a question. This timely little incident in some measure tended to restore my self-possession, and I found I got on afterwards much more comfortably; and, gradually warming with the subject, which I thoroughly understood, finally lost all trepidation, and brought my speech to a successful close. It occupied at least two hours; and when I sat down, the judge smiled, and paid a compliment to the ability with which he was pleased to say I had conducted the

process, whilst at least a dozen hands were held out to congratulate on his success the poor lawyer whom they had passed by in silent contempt a hundred times before. So runs life. 'Had I failed through nervousness, or any other accident, derisive laughter would have greeted my misfortune. As it was, I began to have troops of friends. To be brief, I won the day, and from that lucky circumstance rose rapidly into practice.

Years rolled on, and I gradually became a marked man in the profession, gaining in due time that summit of a junior's ambition—a silk gown. I now began to live in a style of considerable comfort, and was what the world calls a very rising lawyer, when I one day happened to be retained as counsel in a political case then creating much excitement. I chanced to be on the popular side; and, from the exertions I made, found myself suddenly brought into contact with the leading men of the party in the town where the dispute arose. They were so well satisfied with my endeavours to gain the cause, as to offer to propose me as a candidate for the representation of their borough at the next vacancy. This proposition, after some consideration, I accepted; and accordingly, when the general election took place, found myself journeying down to D——, canvassing the voters, flattering some, consoling others, using the orthodox electioneering tricks of platform-speaking, treating, &c. Politics ran very high just then, and the two parties were nearly balanced, so that every nerve was strained on each side to win the victory. All business was suspended. Bands of music paraded the streets, party flags waved from the house windows, whilst gay rosettes fastened to the button-hole attested their wearer's opinions. All was noise, and excitement, and confusion. At length the important hour drew near for closing the polling-booths. Early in the morning, we were still in a slight minority, and almost began to despair of the day. All now depended on a few voters living at some distance, whose views could not be clearly ascertained. Agents from either side had been despatched during the night to beat up these stragglers, and on their decision rested the final issue. Hour after hour anxiously passed without any intelligence. My opponents rubbed their hands, and looked pleasant, when, about half an hour before the close of the poll, a dusty coach drove rapidly into the town, and eight men, more or less inebriated, rolled out to record their votes. The following morning, amidst the stillness of deep suspense, the mayor read the result of the election, which gave me a majority of three. Such a shout of joy arose from the liberals as quite to drown the hisses of the contending faction; and at length I rose, flushed with excitement, to return thanks. This proved the signal for another burst of applause; and amid the shouting and groaning, screaming and waving of hats, I lost all presence of mind, and fell overcome into the arms of my nearest supporters.

* * * * *

'Dear me, sir, you've been wandering strangely in your sleep. Here have I been a-knocking at the door this half-hour. The shaving-water is getting cold, and Mr Thomas is waiting yonder in the other room, to give you some papers he's got this morning.'

I rose, rubbed my eyes, wondered what it all meant. Ah, yes; there was no mistaking the room and Mrs M'Donnell's good-natured Scotch voice. It was all a dream, and my imagination had magnified the thumping at the door into the 'sweet music of popular applause.' I fell back in bed, hid my face in the pillow, sighed over my short-lived glory, and felt very wretched when my young clerk came smiling into the room. 'Here's some business at last, sir!' cried the boy with pleasure. To his astonishment, I looked carelessly at the papers, and found they consisted of 'a motion of course;' which some tender-hearted attorney had kindly sent me.

Heigh-ho! it was all to be done over again! I flung the document on the ground in utter despair; but gradually recovering my temper, I at length took heart, and fell earnestly to work. At all events, this was a *real* beginning; so I began to grow reconciled to the ruin of my stately castle of cards. It was a cruel blow, though; and now, reader, you have learned how I came by MY FIRST BRIEF.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY—(SO-CALLED.)

THAT the phenomena now so commonly exhibited under the above title, demand a careful examination, and, if possible, a distinct explanation, will be readily admitted. It is clear that they ought not to be allowed to rest as materials for popular amusement, but should be submitted to strict scientific inquiry. The theory which so boldly ascribes them to electric influence, should be strictly examined. If this theory is found to be untenable, some important questions will remain to be considered; such as: May not the phenomena be explained on physiological principles? and, Is it not probable that the means employed may have an injurious tendency?

The extent to which public attention has been excited by the phenomena, may be guessed by a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, and by placards meeting the eye in various parts of the country, announcing that, 'at the Mechanics' Institute,' or elsewhere, experiments will be performed in 'electro-biology,' when 'persons in a perfectly wakeful state' will be 'deprived of the powers of sight, hearing, and taste,' and subjected to various illusions. One advertiser professes to give 'the philosophy of the science;' another undertakes to 'reveal the secret,' so as to enable *any* person to make the experiments; and another undertakes the cure of 'palsy, deafness, and rheumatism.' Lectures on the topic, in London and in the provincial towns, are now exciting great astonishment in the minds of many, and give rise to considerable controversy respecting the theory and the *modus operandi*.

It is on this latter point—the means by which the effects are produced—that we would chiefly direct our inquiry, for we shall very briefly dismiss the attempt to explain them by a vague charge of collusion or imposture.

If this charge could be reasonably maintained, it would, of course, make all further remarks unnecessary, as our topic would then no longer be one for scientific investigation, but could only be added to the catalogue of fraud. It is possible that there may have been some cases of feigning among the experiments, but these do not affect the general reality of the effects produced. So epilepsy and catalepsy have been feigned; but these diseases are still found real in too many instances. We need not dwell on this point; for it may be safely assumed, that all persons who have had a fair acquaintance with the experiments of electro-biology (so-called), are fully convinced that, in a great number of cases, the effects seen are real and sincere, not simulated. The question then remains: Are these effects fairly attributed to 'electric' influence, or may they not be truly explained by some other cause?

Before we proceed to consider this question, it will be well to give some examples of the phenomena to which our remarks apply. We shall state only such cases as we have seen and carefully examined.

A. is a young man well known by a great number of the spectators—unsuspected of falsehood—knows nothing of the experimenter or of electro-biology, not even the meaning of the words. After submitting to the process employed by the lecturer—sitting still, and gazing fixedly upon a small disk of metal for about a quarter of an hour—he is selected as a suitable subject. When told by the experimenter that he cannot open his eyes, he seems to make an effort, but does not open

them until he is assured that he can do so. He places his hand upon a table—is told that he cannot take the hand off the table—seems to make a strong effort to remove it, but fails, until it is liberated by a word from the lecturer. A walking-stick is now placed in his right hand, and he is challenged to strike the extended hand of the lecturer. He throws back the stick over his shoulder, and seems to have a very good will to strike, but cannot bring the stick down upon the hand. He afterwards declares to all who question him, that he 'tried with all his might' to strike the hand. A. has certainly no theatrical talents; but his looks and gestures, when he is made to believe that he is exposed to a terrific storm, convey a very natural expression of terror. He regards the imaginary flashes of lightning with an aspect of dismay, which, if simulated, would be a very good specimen of acting. In many other experiments performed upon him, the effects seem to be such as are quite beyond the reach of any scepticism with regard to his sincerity. He cannot pronounce his own name—does not know, or at least cannot *tell*, the name of the town in which he lives—cannot recognise one face in the room where scores of people, who know him very well, are now laughing at him. On the other side, we must state, that when a glass of water is given to him, and he is told that it is vinegar, he persists in saying that he tastes water, and nothing else. This is almost the only experiment that fails upon him.

B. is an intelligent man, upwards of thirty years of age, of nervous temperament. His honesty and veracity are quite beyond all rational doubt. The numerous spectators, who have known him well for many years, are quite sure that if he has any will in the matter, it is simply to defeat the lecturer's purpose. However, after he has submitted himself to the process, the experiments made upon him prove successful. He is naturally a fluent talker, but now cannot, without difficulty and stammering, pronounce his own name, an easy monosyllable—cannot strike the lecturer's hand—cannot rise from a chair, &c. We may add, that he cannot be made to mistake water for vinegar.

One more case. C. is a tradesman, middle-aged, has no tendency to mysticism or imaginative reverie—knows nothing of 'mesmerism' or 'electro-biology'—was never suspected of falsehood or imposition. He proves, however, the most pliable of all the patients—the experiments succeed with him to the fullest extent—his imagination and his senses seem to be placed entirely under the control of the experimenter. Standing before a large audience, he is made to believe that he and the lecturer are alone in the room. He cannot recognise his own wife, who sits before him. He cannot step from the platform, which is about one foot higher than the floor. When informed that his limbs are too feeble to support him, he totters, and would fall if not held. Many of the experiments upon him, shewing an extreme state of mental and physical prostration, are rather painful to witness, others are ludicrous; for instance, he is made to believe that he is out amid the snow in the depth of winter—he shivers with cold, buttons up his coat, beats the floor with his feet, brushes away the imagined fast-falling flakes from his clothes, and almost imparts to the spectators a sympathetic feeling of cold by his wintry pantomime: then he is jocosely recommended not to stand thus shivering, but to make snow-balls, and pelt the lecturer. Heartily, and with apparent earnestness, he acts according to orders. Next, he is made to believe that the room has no roof.—'You see the sky and the stars, sir?'—'Yes.' 'And there, see, the moon is rising, very large and red, is it not?'—'Yes, sir.' 'Very well: now you see this card in my hand; we will throw it over the moon, and pull her down.' He addresses himself to the task with perfect gravity, pulls heartily. 'Down she comes, sir! down she comes!' says the experimenter: 'mind your head, sir!'—and the deluded patient falls on the platform, as he imagines that the moon is coming down upon him.

These instances will be sufficient for our purpose. We have given them as fair average examples of many others. If any reader still supposes that these effects have all been mere acting and falsehood, we must leave that reader to see and examine for himself as we have done.* For other readers who admit *the facts* and want an explanation, we proceed to discuss the *modus operandi.*

In the first place, then, we assert that *there is no proof whatever* that these effects depend upon any electric influence: there is absolutely no evidence that the metallic disk, as an '*electric*' agent, has any connection with the results. On this point, we invite the lecturers and experimenters who maintain that electricity is the agent in their process, to test the truth of our assertion, as they may very easily. *Cæteris paribus*—all the other usual conditions being observed, such as silence, the fixed gaze, monotony of attention—let the galvanic disk be put aside, and in its place let a sixpence or a fourpenny-piece be employed, or indeed any similar small object on which the eyes of the patient must remain fixed for the usual space of time, and we will promise that the experiments thus made shall be equally successful with those in which the so-called galvanic disk is employed. The phenomena are physiological and not electrical.

Our conviction is, that the results proceed entirely from *imagination acting with a peculiar condition of the brain*, and that this peculiarly passive and impressible condition of the brain is induced by the *fixed gaze* upon the disk. These are the only agencies which we believe to be necessary, in order to give us an explanation of the phenomena in question. In saying so, however, we are aware that such data will seem to some inquirers insufficient to account for the effects we have described. It may be said: 'We know that imagination sometimes produces singular results, but can hardly see how it explains the facts stated.' We have only to request that such inquirers, before they throw aside our explanation, will give attention to a few remarks on the power of imagination in certain conditions. We propose, 1*st*, To give some suggestions on this point; 2*d*, To notice the relations of imagination with reason; and, 3*d*, To inquire how far the physical means employed—the fixed gaze on the disk—may be sufficient to affect the mental organ, the brain, so as to alter its normal condition.

1. Our usual mode of speaking of imagination, is to treat it as the opposite of all reality. When we say, 'that was merely an imagination,' we dismiss the topic as not worthy of another thought. For all ordinary purposes, this mode of speaking is correct enough; but let us ask, Why is imagination so weak?—why are its suggestions so evanescent? Simply because it is under the control of reason. But if the action of reason could be suspended, we should then see how great, and even formidable, is the imaginative power. It is the most untiring of all our mental faculties, refusing to be put to rest even during sleep: it can alter the influence of all external agents—for example, can either assist or prevent the effects of medicine—can make the world a prison-house to one man, and a paradise to another—can turn dwarfs into giants, and make various other metamorphoses more wonderful than any described by Ovid; nay, these are all insufficient examples of its power when left without control; for it can produce either health, or disease, or death!

* We can corroborate the view taken by the writer of this article as to the reality of the effects produced on the persons submitting to the process, having seen many who are intimately known to us experimented on with success. The incredulity which still prevails on this subject in London can only be attributed to the necessary rarity, in so large a town, of experiments performed on persons known to the observers.—Ed.

To give a familiar instance of the control under which it is generally compelled to act: You are walking home in the night-time, and some withered and broken old tree assumes, for a moment, the appearance of a giant about to make an attack upon you with an enormous club. You walk forward to confront the monster with perfect coolness. Why? Not because you are a Mr Greatheart, accustomed to deal with giants, but because, in fact, the illusion does not keep possession of your mind even for a moment. Imagination merely suggests the false image; but memory and reason, with a rapidity of action which cannot be described, instantly correct the mistake, and tell you it is only the old elm-tree; so that here, and in a thousand similar instances, there is really no sufficient time allowed for any display of the power of imagination.

A tale is told—we cannot say on what authority—which, whether it be a fact or a fiction, is natural, and may serve very well to shew what would be the effect of imagination if reason did not interfere. It is said that the companions of a young man, who was very 'wild,' had foolishly resolved to try to frighten him into better conduct. For this purpose, one of the party was arrayed in a white sheet, with a lighted lantern carried under it, and was to visit the young man a little after midnight, and address to him a solemn warning. The business, however, was rather dangerous, as the subject of this experiment generally slept with loaded pistols near him. Previously to the time fixed for the apparition, the bullets were abstracted from these weapons, leaving them charged only with gunpowder. When the spectre stalked into the chamber, the youth instantly suspected a trick, and, presenting one of the pistols, said: 'Take care of yourself: if you do not walk off, I shall fire!' Still stood the goblin, staring fixedly on the angry man. He fired; and when he saw the object still standing—when he believed that the bullet had innocuously passed through it—in other words, as soon as reason failed to explain it and imagination prevailed—he fell back upon his pillow in extreme terror.

2. The point upon which we would insist is that, in the normal condition of the mind and the body, the power of imagination is so governed, that a display of the effects it produces while under the control of reason, can give us but a feeble notion of what its power might be in other circumstances. To make this plain, we add a few suggestions respecting the nature and extent of the control exercised by reason over imagination; and we shall next proceed to shew, that *the activity of reason is dependent upon certain physical conditions.*

We shall say nothing of a metaphysical nature respecting reason, but shall simply point to two important facts connected with its exercise. The *first*—that it suspends or greatly modifies the action of other powers —has already been noticed in our remarks on imagination; but we must state it here in more distinct terms. We especially wish the reader to understand how wide and important is the meaning of the terms 'control' and 'overrule' as we use them when we say: 'reason controls, or overrules, imagination!' When we say that, in nature, the laws which regulate one stage of existence *overrule* the laws of another and a lower stage, we do not intend to say that the latter are annulled, but that they are so controlled and modified in their course of action, that they can no longer produce the effects which would take place if they were left free from such control. A few examples will make our meaning plain. Let us contrast the operations of chemistry with those of mechanism. In the latter, substances act upon each other simply by pressure, motion, friction, &c.; but in chemistry, affinities and combinations come into play, producing results far beyond any that are seen in mechanics. On mechanical principles, the trituration of two substances about equal in hardness should simply reduce them to powder, but in chemistry, it may produce a gaseous explosion. Again—vegetable life overrules chemistry: the leaves, twigs, and branches of a tree, if left without life, would, when exposed to the agencies of air, light, heat, and moisture, be partly reduced to dust and partly diffused as gas in the atmosphere. It is the vegetative life of the tree which controls both the mechanical and the chemical powers of wind, rain, heat, and gravitation; and it is not until the life is extinct that these inferior powers come into full play upon the tree. So, again, the animal functions control chemical laws — take digestion, for example: a vegetable cut up by the root and exposed to the air, passes through a course of chemical decomposition, and is finally converted into gas; but when an animal consumes a vegetable, it is not decomposed according to the chemical laws, but is digested, becomes chyle, and is assimilated to the body of the animal. It is obvious that animal life controls mechanical laws. Thus, the friction of two inert substances wears one of them away—the soft yields to the hard; but, on the contrary, the hand of the labourer who wields the spade or the pickaxe becomes thicker and harder by friction.

The bearing of these remarks upon our present point will soon be obvious: we multiply examples, in order to shew in what an important sense we use the word *control*, with regard to the relation of reason with imagination. As we have seen, chemistry overrules the mechanical laws; vegetation suspends the laws of chemistry; a superior department of animal life controls influences which are laws in a lower department; again, mind controls the effects of physical influences; and, lastly, one power of the mind controls, and in a great measure suspends, the natural activity of another power—*reason controls imagination.* A second fact with regard to the action of reason must be noticed—that *it requires a wakeful condition of the brain.* Some may suppose that they have reasoned very well during sleep; but we suspect that, if they could recollect their syllogisms, they would find them not much better than Mickle's poetry composed during sleep. Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, sometimes expressed his regret that he could not remember the poetry which he improvised in his dreams, for he had a vague impression that it was very beautiful. 'Well,' said his wife, 'I can at least give you two lines, which I heard you muttering over during one of your poetic dreams. Here they are:

"By Heaven! I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose!"'

If we required proof that the operation of reason demands a wakeful and active condition of the brain, we might find it in the fact, that all intellectual efforts which imply sound reasoning are prevented even by a partial sleepiness or dreaminess. A light novel may be read and enjoyed while the mind is in an indolent and dreamy state; music may be enjoyed, or even composed, in the same circumstances, because it is connected rather with the imaginative than with the logical faculty; but, not to mention any higher efforts, we cannot play a game of chess well unless we are 'wide awake.'

Now we come to our point:—Supposing that, by any means, the brain can be deprived of that wakefulness and activity which is required for a free exercise of the reasoning powers, then what would be the effect on the imagination? For an answer to this query, we shall not refer to the phenomena of natural sleep and dreaming, because it is evident that the subjects of the experiments we have to explain are not in a state of natural sleep; we shall rather refer to the condition of the brain during what we may call 'doziness,' and also to the effects sometimes produced by disease on the imagination and the senses.

We all know that in a state of 'doziness,' any

accidental or ridiculous image which happens to suggest itself, will remain in the mind much longer than in a wakeful condition. A few slight, shapeless marks on the ceiling will assume the form of a face or a full-length figure; and strange physiognomies will be found among the flowers on the bed-curtains. In the impressible and passive state of the brain left by any illness which produces nervous exhaustion, such imaginations often become very troublesome. Impressions made on the brain some time ago will now reappear. Jean Paul Richter cautions us not to tell frightful stories to children, for this reason—that, though the 'horrible fancies' may all be soon forgotten by the healthful child, yet afterwards, when some disease—a fever, for instance—has affected the brain and the nerves, all the dismissed goblins may too vividly reproduce themselves. Our experience can confirm the observation. Some years ago, we went to a circus, where, during the equestrian performances, some trivial popular airs were played on brass instruments—cornets and trombones—dismally out of tune. Now, by long practice, we have acquired the art of utterly turning our attention away from bad music, so that it annoys us no more than the rumble of wheels in Fleet Street. We exercised this voluntary deafness on the occasion. But not long afterwards, we were compelled, during an attack of disease which affected the nervous system, to hear the whole discordant performance repeated again and again, with a pertinacity which was really very distressing. Such a case prepares us to give credit to a far more remarkable story, related in one of the works of Macnish. A clergyman, we are told, who was a skilful violinist, and frequently played over some favourite *solo* or *concerto*, was obliged to desist from practice on account of the dangerous illness of his servant-maid—if we remember truly, phrenitis was the disease. Of course, the violin was laid aside; but one day, the medical attendant, on going toward the chamber of his patient, was surprised to hear the violin-solo performed in rather subdued tones. On examination, it was found that the girl, under the excitement of disease, had imitated the brilliant divisions and rapid passages of the music which had impressed her imagination during health! We might multiply instances of the singular effects of peculiar conditions of the brain upon the imaginative faculty. For one case we can give our personal testimony. A young man, naturally imaginative, but by no means of weak mind, or credulous, or superstitious, saw, even in broad daylight, spectres or apparitions of persons far distant. After being accustomed to these visits, he regarded them without any fear, except on account of the derangement of health which they indicated. These visions were banished by a course of medical treatment. In men of great imaginative power, with whom reason is by no means deficient, phenomena sometimes occur almost as vivid as those of disease in other persons. Wordsworth, speaking of the impressions derived from certain external objects, says:

> ——————— on the mind
> They lay like images, *and seemed almost*
> *To haunt the bodily sense!*

Again, in his verses recording his impression of the beauty of a bed of daffodils, he says:

> And oft, *when on my couch I lie*, [dozing ?]
> They *flash* before that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

These words are nothing more, we believe, than a simple and unexaggerated statement of a mental phenomenon.

Enough has now been said to shew, that in a certain condition of the brain, when it is deprived of the wakefulness and activity necessary for the free use of reason, the effects of imagination may far exceed any that are displayed during a normal, waking state of the intellectual faculties. The question now remains: Are the means employed by the professors of electro-biology sufficient to produce that peculiar condition to which we refer? We believe that they are; and shall proceed to give reasons for such belief.

3. What are these means? or rather let us ask, 'Amid the various means employed, which is the real agent?' We observe, that, in the different processes by which—under the names of electro-biology or mesmerism—a peculiar cerebral condition is induced, such means as the following are employed:—Fixed attention on one object—it may be a metallic disk said to have galvanic power, or a sixpence, or a cork; silence, and a motionless state of the body are favourable to the intended result; monotonous movements by the experimenter, called 'passes,' may be used or not. The process may be interrupted by frequent winking, to relieve the eyes; by studying over some question or problem; or, if the patient is musical, by going through various pieces of music in his imagination; by anything, indeed, which tends to keep the mind wakeful. Now, when we find among the various means *one* invariably present, in some form or another—*monotony of attention producing a partial exhaustion of the nervous energy*, we have reason to believe that *this* is the real agent.

But how can the 'fixed gaze upon the disk' affect reason? Certainly, it does not immediately affect reason; but through the nerves of the eye it very powerfully operates on the organ of reason, *the brain*, and induces an impressive, passive, and somnolent condition.

Such a process as the 'fixed gaze on a small disk for about the space of a quarter of an hour,' must not be dismissed as a trifle. It is opposed to the natural wakeful action of the brain and the eye. Let it be observed that, in waking hours, the eye is continually in play, relieving itself, and guarding against weariness and exhaustion by unnumbered changes of direction. This is the case even during such an apparently monotonous use of the eye as we find in reading. As sleep approaches, the eye is turned upwards, as we find it also in some cases of disease—hysteria, for example; and it should be noticed, that this position of the eye is naturally connected with a somnolent and dreaming condition of the brain. In several of the subjects of the so-called electro-biological experiments, we observed that the eyes were partially turned upward. It is curious to notice that this mode of acting on the brain is of very ancient date, at least among the Hindoos. In their old poem, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, it is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, almsgiving, attendance at temples, &c.; for the god Crishna, admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, says: '*but he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kindred, himself, and all created things—he attains perfection.*' Not having at hand any version of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, we cannot now give an exact translation of the passage; but we are quite sure that it recommends a state of stupefaction of the brain, induced by a long-continued fixed gaze upon one object.

We have now stated, 1*st*, That such an act of long-fixed attention upon one object, has a very remarkable effect on the brain; 2*d*, That in the cerebral condition thus induced, the mental powers are not free to maintain their normal relations to each other; especially, will, comparison, and judgment, appear to lose their requisite power and promptitude of action, and are thus made liable to be overruled by the suggestions of imagination or the commands of the experimenter.

To this explanation we can only add, that all who doubt it may easily put it to an experimental test. If it is thought that the mere 'fixed gaze,' without electric or galvanic agency, is not sufficient to produce the phenomena in question, then the only way of

determining our dispute must be by fair experiment. But here we would add a word of serious caution, as we regard the process as decidedly dangerous, especially if frequently repeated on one subject.

To conclude: we regard the exhibitions now so common under the name of electro-biology as delusions, so far as they are understood to have any connection with the facts of electricity; so far as they are *real*, we regard them as very remarkable instances of a mode of acting on the brain which is, we believe, likely to prove injurious. As we have no motive in writing but simply to elicit the truth, we will briefly notice two difficulties which seem to attend our theory. These are—1. The *rapid transition* from the state of illusion to an apparently wakeful and normal condition of mind. The patient who has been making snow-balls in a warm room, and has pulled the moon down, comes from the platform, recognises his friends, and can laugh at the visions which to him seemed realities but a few minutes since. 2. The *apparently slight effects* left, in some cases, after the experiments. Among the subjects whom we have questioned on this point, one felt 'rather dizzy' all the next day after submitting to the process; another felt 'a pressure on the head;' but a third, who was one of the most successful cases, felt 'no effects whatever' afterwards; while a fourth thinks he derived 'some benefit' to his health from the operation. We leave these points for further inquiry.

NEW MOTIVE-POWER.

We copy the following from an American newspaper, without vouching for the accuracy of the statement:—'The *Cincinnati Atlas* announces a wonderful invention in that city. Mr Solomon, a native of Prussia, is the inventor. He is a gentleman of education, and was professor of a college in his native land at the age of twenty-five. In Cincinnati, he prosecuted his scientific researches and experiments, which now promise to result in fame, wealth, and honour to himself, and incalculable benefit to the whole human family. The invention of a new locomotive and propelling power by Mr Solomon was mentioned some six months ago; and a few days ago, his new engine, in course of construction for many months, was tested, and the most sanguine expectations of the inventor more than realised. The *Atlas* says: "On Monday last, the engine was kept in operation during the day, and hundreds of spectators witnessed and were astonished at its success. The motive-power is obtained by the generation and expansion, by heat, of carbonic acid gas. Common whiting, sulphuric acid, and water, are used in generating this gas, and the 'boiler' in which these component parts are held, is similar in shape and size to a common bomb-shell. A small furnace, with a handful of ignited charcoal, furnishes the requisite heat for propelling this engine of 25 horse-power. The relative power of steam and carbonic acid is thus stated:—Water at the boiling-point gives a pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. With the addition of 30 degrees of heat, the power is double, giving 30 pounds; and so on, doubling with every additional 30 degrees of heat, until we have 4840 pounds under a heat of 452 degrees—a heat which no engine can endure. But with the carbon, 20 degrees of heat above the boiling-point give 1080 pounds; 40 degrees give 2160 pounds; 80 degrees, 4320 pounds; that is, 480 pounds greater power with this gas, than 451 degrees of heat give by converting water into steam! Not only does this invention multiply power indefinitely, but it reduces the expense to a mere nominal amount. The item of fuel for a first-class steamer, between Cincinnati and New Orleans, going and returning, is between 1000 and 1200 dollars, whereas 5 dollars will furnish the material for propelling the boat the same distance by carbon. Attached to the new engine is also an apparatus for condensing the gas after it has passed through the cylinders, and returning it again to the starting-place, thus using it over and over, and allowing none to escape. While the engine was in operation on Monday, it lifted a weight of 12,000 pounds up the distance of five feet perpendicular, five times every minute. This weight was put on by way of experiment, and does by no means indicate the full power of the engine."'

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That lost 'good-night' along the soul.

'Good-night'—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
For ever waft it near,
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!—
That ne'er shall breathe 'good-night' again.

Good-night! it mocks us from the grave—
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence there flows no backward wave—
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, around, above,
'Good-night,' 'good-night,' to life and love!

Good-night! Oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good-night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
'Good-night!'—thy time of toil is o'er!

Good-night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good-night!—Oh, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain.
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no 'good-night?'

O.

ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.

Somebody—and we know not whom, for it is an old faded yellow manuscript scrap in our drawer—thus rebukes an Englishman's aspiration to be independent of foreigners: A French cook dresses his dinner for him, and a Swiss valet dresses him for his dinner. He hands down his lady, decked with pearls that never grew in the shell of a British oyster, and her waving plume of ostrich-feathers certainly never formed the tail of a barn-door fowl. The viands of his table are from all countries of the world; his wines are from the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone. In his conservatory, he regales his sight with the blossoms of South American flowers; in his smoking-room, he gratifies his scent with the weed of North America. His favourite horse is of Arabian blood, his pet dog of the St Bernard breed. His gallery is rich with pictures from the Flemish school and statues from Greece. For his amusement, he goes to hear Italian singers warble German music followed by a French ballet. The ermine that decorates his judges was never before on a British animal. His very mind is not English in its attainments—it is a mere picnic of foreign contributions. His poetry and philosophy are from ancient Greece and Rome, his geometry from Alexandria, his arithmetic from Arabia, and his religion from Palestine. In his cradle, in his infancy, he rubbed his gums with coral from Oriental oceans; and when he dies, he is buried in a coffin made from wood that grew on a foreign soil, and his monument will be sculptured in marble from the quarries of Carrara. A pretty sort of man this to talk of being independent of foreigners!—*Harper's Magazine.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 447. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE MARTYR SEX.

EVER since that unfortunate affair in which the mother of mankind was so prominently concerned, the female sex might say, with Shylock, 'Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.' They are, in fact, an incarnation of the Passive Voice—no mistake about it. 'Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet,' as Burns pathetically says, to think on all the hardships and oppressions which you have undergone throughout the course of history, political and domestic. It is most wonderful that you can bear up your heads at all in the world. Most assuredly it could not be done except under favour of some inherent principle of fortitude, quite beyond all that your associate, Man, has ever displayed. For this reason, I propose to fix upon you the honourable style and title of the Martyr Sex.

As insanity is the more affecting when we observe its victim to be unconscious of the visitation, so does my heart bleed most particularly for the Martyr Sex, when I observe them undergoing severe oppressions without knowing it. So natural is suffering to the sex, or so accustomed are they to it, that they subject themselves spontaneously to enormous loads of trouble and torture, which no one would think of imposing upon them, and which they might easily avoid. It might almost be said, that suffering has a sort of fascination for them, drawing them placidly into it, whether they will or not. It seems in some mysterious way wrought up with their entire destiny.

Hence, at no period of the history of the Sex, do we find them free from some form of amateur affliction. At one time, it is one part of their persons, at another time, another, which is subjected to voluntary distress—but always some part. Not that the shifting is, so far as can be seen, designed as a measure of relief; it would rather appear the object simply is—to make every part bear its share in turn, and allow none to escape. Thus, about a hundred years ago, a lady went about with shoes that raised her heels three inches above the floor, and threw her whole person out of its proper balance, occasioning, of course, a severe strain upon certain muscles, attended by constant pain. A little later, her feet might have been found restored to their right level; but, as if to make up for this, and allow no interval of misery, a tower of hair, pomatum, flour, pins, and pinners, had been reared on the head, such as an inquisitor might have considered himself very ingenious in devising, as a means of undoing the convictions of heretics, or bringing round a Jew to Christianity. Verily, it was a most portentous enginery for the affliction of female humanity; but how heroically it was endured! A whole generation bore it without a sigh! It often cost them their night's rest merely to get it properly put in order—for, dressing being in those days very elaborate, the attendants had to prepare some ladies one day for a party that was to take place the next. They would sit, however, in a chair all night, in order to preserve the structure in all its integrity, sleeping only by snatches, and often waking in terror lest something might be going wrong. Talk of the martyrs of science—Galileo in prison, Bruno at the stake. These men had something of importance in view to sustain them in their trials. Give me the Martyr Sex, who sacrifice ease and convenience, without having any adventitious principle whatever to compensate for and support them under their sufferings.

In more recent times, we have seen the entire Sex submitting to torture in a middle ground—namely, the waist—with an equal degree of magnanimity. The corsets also formed an engine which would have perfectly fitted the purposes of the Inquisition; indeed, there were some ingenious devices of the Holy Office which did not greatly differ from it. It might almost shake the common-sense of admiration for martyrial sufferings, to find that every little girl in England was for some years both able and willing to endure a regular torture, without apparently having the least idea of making any merit by her patience. Present pains, possible consequences—such as red noses, bad breath, permanent ill health, death itself—were made light of. There being no imaginable good end to be served by it, was nothing to the point. The corsets were, for a time, a proud symbol of the martyr power of the Sex. You would see an example set forth in each milliner's window, carefully disposed under a glass-shade, as indicating the pride they felt in it as a sort of badge of honour. It is to be hoped that a few special copies will be preserved in our antiquarian museums, and, if possible, they should be such as can be certified to have killed their wearers, in order to show to future generations what the women of our age could submit to *in that particular line*—not *generally* of course, for it is to be expected that the women of the future will have equal sufferings in some other walk to boast of.

It is not always, indeed, that the Sex have a master torment, like tight stays, to endure; but certainly they are never without some source of either anguish or inconvenience to keep their martyr power in exercise. For one thing, they are sadly afflicted with over-large shoes. Strange to say, though there are artists pretending to be ladies' shoemakers, the sex never get shoes sufficiently small. Every now and then, they are receiving some monstrous affront, in the form of a pair of shoes that might hold sufficient meal for a pudding besides their feet. From this cause flow

certain pains and penalties in the form of corns and bunions, insuring that they shall never take a step in life without being reminded of the doom of suffering which has been passed upon them. To speak of the simple incommodations which they suffer from dress were endless. At one time, they are all blown out into sleeve, so that a miscellaneous dinner-party looks like a series of men and women with feather-beds stuck between each pair. At another time, the sleeve, while moderate in the region of the upper arm, is fashioned wide at the bottom, as if to allow of the fair wearers laughing in it—the joke, however, being all against themselves, seeing that the pendulous part is a source of continual trouble and worry, from its trailing through every sauce and tart that may be at table, till it becomes a kind of geological phenomenon, in the illustration which it affords of the succession of deposits and incrustations. Or the swelling falls mainly into a lower part of the dress, taking the form of a monstrous prolongation of skirts, and insuring that the fair Martyrs shall act as scavengers upon every street in which they promenade. I hardly know a more interesting sight than that of a young lady going to school on a wet day, with books to carry in one hand, and an umbrella to sustain in the other. To see the struggles she makes in such circumstances to keep her skirts from dragging in the mud, or the patience with which she submits to their unavoidably doing so, and to think of the sad condition of her lower extremities all the time—to reflect, moreover, that all this trouble and suffering could be avoided by merely having skirts of a sufficient, but not over-sufficient length—presents such an affecting picture of evils voluntarily encountered and heroically sustained, as but rarely occurs in the course of human life. It is justly held as a strong proof of patience, that you should calmly submit to be spat upon, or have mud thrown upon you by some infuriated crowd; but here is a gentle creature who literally goes out every day to endure the certain contact of these nuisances, and comes home to dinner not in much better plight than one who has sat (unpopularly) in the pillory for an hour. I really must give such martyrdom the meed of my admiration; and the more so, that I feel myself, under the hardening effects of worldly common-sense, totally unprepared to go through such hardships without some useful end to be served by it.

The last example of what may be called the Martyrdom of Inconvenience which the Sex have shewn, is to be found in a form of bonnet adapted for summer wear, in which the front comes only to about an inch behind the forehead, so as to leave the face fully exposed to the attacks of the sun (when there is one) and the unmitigated gaze of the beaux. There is something very remarkable in this fashion, for a great number of ladies find it absolutely indispensable to add to this abbreviation of a bonnet a sort of supplement of silk called an *ugly*, wherewith to screen the face from becoming an absolute photograph. A couple of inches added to the bonnet itself would serve the end; but this would give a regular and not inelegant protection. It would, therefore, entirely prevent inconvenience, and so thwart the Sex in their martyrial propensities. Such a thing is not to be thought of. On the contrary, either to suffer from sunlight without an *ugly*, or to suffer from clumsiness with one, enables the unfortunate Sex to indulge in its favourite passion to the fullest extent possible in such cases. Admirable portion of creation! what merits are yours, what praise is called for fully to requite you! But, indeed, it must be quite impossible ever to make sufficient acknowledgment of that wonderful power of endurance for its own sake which you shew in the most trivial, as in the most important phases of life!

I therefore quit the subject with a humiliating sense of my utter incompetency to do it entire justice. I weep and wonder—my very soul thrills with the pathos of woman's martyr position on the earth and her volunteer sufferings above all. But I would vainly attempt to utter all I feel. I must leave it to each bearded fellow-creature, as he walks through the wilderness of this world, to behold with a sympathising eye and spirit an endurance so affecting, and endeavour to compensate it, to the individual sufferers within his reach, by every consolation and every reward he may have it in his power to bestow.

THE YOUNGEST BRITISH COLONY.

Which is the youngest British colony? Simple as the question seems, it may be doubted, considering the remarkable increase of late years in the number of John Bull's colonial progeny, whether the most experienced red-tapist of Downing Street could answer it without some hesitation. At least a dozen infant communities occur at once to the recollection. There is Port Philip, lately rechristened by the royal name of Victoria, and now seemingly in a fair way to be smothered in its cradle by a deluge of gold-dust. There is the Hudson's Bay Company's little Cinderella of Vancouver's Island, with its neglected coal-mines, and other mineral riches. Then we have the precocious 'Canterbury' pet, the 'young Virginia' of New Zealand. Nor must we forget the storm-vexed colony of Labuan, ushered into existence amid typhoons and parliamentary debates—nor the small castaways, growing up in secluded islets and corners—in the Falkland Islands, the Auckland Islands, on the Mosquito Shore, and in the far Eastern Seas. It is in one of these directions that most persons would probably be inclined to cast an inquiring glance before attempting to answer the question with which these remarks are prefaced. It is not likely that many would at once be able to recall to mind the fact, that an important British colony, dating its official existence from the 22d of March 1851, has suddenly sprung up in the interior of Africa—a colony already possessing an efficient legislature, a handsome revenue, and several flourishing towns, with churches, schools, a respectable press, and other adjuncts, of civilisation. A brief description of this remarkable colony may serve to awaken for it an interest which its future progress, if at all corresponding with the past, will probably keep alive.

There is some difficulty in describing the 'Orange River Sovereignty'—for such is the long and rather awkward name by which this settlement is now known—so as to convey a correct idea of its situation without the aid of a map. That the Cape Colony occupies the southern coast of the African continent, and that the colony of Natal is on the south-eastern coast, are facts of which few readers will need to be reminded. Will it, then, be sufficient to say, that the 'sovereignty' in question is situated in the interior, between these two colonies, having the Cape on the south, and Natal on the east? It will be necessary to refer briefly to the manner in which it acquired its rank as a colony, and its peculiar name. Just two hundred years ago, in the year 1652, the Cape Colony was founded by the Dutch; and about fifty years ago, it came into the possession of our own government. During these two centuries, the colony has been constantly extending itself towards the east and north, just as the British settlements in North America, which were founded about the same time, have been ever since extending their borders towards the west and south, or as the settlements of Eastern Australia have been spreading to the west, south, and north. It is a natural movement of colonisation, and there seems to be no means of checking it, even if any advantage were to be gained by doing so.

As the American backwoodsmen, in their progress westward, reached at last the boundary-streams—as they were once considered—of the Mississippi and the Ohio, so the South-African colonists gradually found

their way to the great Orange River, which, flowing nearly across the continent, from east to west, formed a sort of natural limit to the old colony. But beyond this boundary, extensive plains and undulating downs, covered with nutritious herbage like the American prairies, spread out invitingly towards the distant northern horizon. The exterminating wars among the native tribes had left these grassy plains almost wholly unoccupied. You might travel over them for days without meeting a human being, or any traces of human possession, except here and there the decaying huts and bleaching skeletons of the former inhabitants. The feeble remnants of these tribes had sought refuge in the recesses of the neighbouring mountains, where some of them, in their dire extremity, sustained a horrid existence by cannibalism, which revolting custom still further diminished their numbers, and has only recently been suppressed. The Cape 'boers,' or farmers, rich as the patriarchs of old in cattle and sheep, and straitened like them for pasture, gradually found their way over the river into these fruitful and vacant plains. At first, they crossed only in small numbers, and with no intention of remaining permanently. But the abolition of slavery, the mismanaged Caffre wars, and some unpopular measures of the Cape government, suddenly gave a great impulse to the emigration.

About fifteen years ago, some thousands of Dutch colonists sold their farms, packed their household gear in their huge capacious wagons, and with their wives and children—in all, at least 10,000 souls—accompanied by myriads of cattle, sheep, and horses, crossed the Orange River, and plunged into the vast wilderness beyond. Some spread themselves over the rich pastures in the country lying immediately north of that river, and now forming the infant colony which is presently to be described. Others penetrated far to the north, forded the Vaal or Yellow River, and planted corn-fields and vineyards on the fertile slopes of the Kashan Mountains, where they still maintain themselves as a self-governed and thriving community. One small band of bold adventurers found their way to the verdant but fever-haunted plains about Delagoa Bay, whence the few survivors were presently driven by the destructive ravages of the pestilence. But the main column of the emigrants, turning to the right, crossed the lofty chain of the Drakenberg—the 'Rocky Mountains' of Africa—and descended into the well-watered valleys and woody lowlands of Natal. The romantic but melancholy story of the sufferings, the labours, the triumphs, and the reverses which filled up the subsequent years—how some of the emigrants were surprised and massacred by the jealous tribes of the interior, and others were treacherously slaughtered by their professed ally, the blood-thirsty chief of the Zulus—and how the exasperated survivors turned upon their assailants, broke their power, and scattered them; how they planted towns, formed a regular government, and set up an independent republic; all these, and many similar events, must be left for the future historians of South Africa to record. Neither is it necessary to refer here to the policy which led our government afterwards to extend its authority over the lands thus conquered and settled by the emigrants, or to the manner in which this authority, at first resisted, was finally established. Natal was thus made a British province in 1842. Many of the boors, naturally enough disliking the new government thus forced upon them, retraced their course over the Drakenberg, back into the upland plains of the interior. Here they were left pretty much to themselves, until the year 1848, when Sir Harry Smith proclaimed the extension of the Queen's supremacy over the whole of the territory situated between the Orange and Vaal Rivers; but, as has been already said, it was not until March of last year that this acquisition was finally sanctioned, and the new colony established by an act of the imperial government.

The Vaal River—sometimes called the Nu Gariep, and sometimes the Yellow River—is the principal tributary of the Orange River; indeed, it is so large an affluent, that some geographers have doubted, as in the case of the Mississippi and the Missouri, which should properly be considered the main stream. These rivers, the Orange and the Vaal, rising near together in the Drakenberg chain, take a wide circuit, the one to the south-west, the other to the north-west, and flow each a distance of about 400 miles before their junction. The territory which they thus enclose is nearly as large as England, comprising between 40,000 and 50,000 square miles. It is inhabited by about 80,000 natives, of various Bechuana, Namaqua, and half-caste tribes, and by some 15,000 or 20,000 colonists of European origin. Over all these inhabitants, colonists and natives, the British sovereignty has been proclaimed. Subject to this supremacy, the native chiefs and tribes are still left to manage their own affairs, according to their original laws and customs. But in order to indicate clearly and decisively the fact, that the royal authority is now paramount in this region whenever Her Majesty's government chooses to exert it, the name of the Orange River Sovereignty has been given to the whole territory.

The portion of this territory which is properly a British settlement—or, in other words, which is inhabited by Dutch and English colonists, is in extent about two-thirds of the whole. It is subdivided into four districts, for each of which a stipendiary magistrate has been appointed. These magistrates, with eight unofficial members of council—who are all respectable landowners—form, in conjunction with the 'British resident,' the legislature of the colony. The title of the Resident is borrowed from the official system of India, and was originally given to him when acting as a government commissioner for the protection of the native tribes; but his office is at present simply that of a colonial governor.

The extensive country which is thus governed, cannot be better described than in the words of Sir Harry Smith, who, in a dispatch written in January 1848, gives the following account of the whole region, which he had just traversed, on his way from the Cape to Natal. He describes it as 'a country well fitted for the pasturage of cattle, and covered in every direction with large game. It is,' he adds, 'strongly undulating; and although badly watered, well adapted for the construction of dams; and, the soil being generally rich, it is capable, if irrigated, of producing every species of grain. It is miserably destitute of trees, frequently even of bush, and is thickly studded with abrupt and isolated hills, whose height frequently approaches that of mountains. Over the greater part of this tract of country, not a single native is to be seen; nor for many years, if ever, has it been inhabited by one. The gardens of the emigrants (boers) are in many places very good; their houses miserable, as they have been deterred from exhausting their little remaining capital by building on a doubtful and precarious tenure. That objection to the increase of their comfort, if the word be applicable, will now, I trust, be happily removed.' The absence of trees, of which Sir Harry speaks, is believed to have originated from the same cause which occasions a similar want in the prairies of America—that is, the native custom of burning down the grass every winter, to fertilise the soil. Where trees have been planted recently, they have grown well. The apple, pear, peach, and other fruit-trees of temperate climates, are found to thrive and produce abundantly. The whole country, it should be added, is a great plateau, elevated 2000 or 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is, therefore, cooler than in Natal, which is situated in the same latitude, but at a lower elevation.

It was not till Sir Harry Smith had thus proclaimed

the royal supremacy, in 1848, that English colonists began to establish themselves in any considerable numbers in the country. But they then soon found their way thither, principally as traders, and settled in the new towns which quickly sprang up in the several districts. Bloem Fontein, the capital, is now almost wholly an English town. It has its municipality; its weekly newspaper—printed in English and Dutch; its English and 'Dutch Reformed' churches, and Wesleyan Chapel; its government school; its market; and various other appurtenances of a flourishing town, all of which have come into existence since Sir Harry Smith made his flying visit to the province in 1848, and proclaimed it subject to Her Majesty's supremacy. Such magic resides in a British governor's proclamation!

But the growth of Bloem Fontein, rapid as it has been, is not so striking as that of another town. There is a well-known story of a traveller, in a newly-settled part of North America, inquiring his way at a lonely hut to a 'city' which made a conspicuous figure in some land-speculator's map, and receiving the startling information, that he was then standing in the principal square. An adventure of much the same nature befell a traveller in South Africa, who, in February 1850, attempted, while on his way from Bloem Fontein to Natal, to discover the newly-founded town of Harrismith.

'At length,' he writes, 'having reached the eastern side of the mountain, I halted, and determined to go in search of this new-born town—a future city in our vast empire. Taking my attendant, Andries, with me, we proceeded to an elevation, where I felt sure it must come into view. We were disappointed. Not a spire, nor chimney, nor hut could be seen; and so we walked on towards another elevation. On our way, we came to an emigrant settler, busily employed in brick-making; and from him I learned that we had taken the left-hand road instead of the right, after we passed the last stream. We were about a mile from the spot marked out as the town, *but no houses are built, nor are any persons residing there;* so I did not deem it worth while to proceed further in that direction.' In May of the same year, 'two or three houses' are reported to have been built; in 1851, they are springing up rapidly; and at the latest date, the 9th of last January, we hear of an actual flourishing little town, with school-house, flour-mill, and bustling and increasing trade.

The progressing town, however, had its difficulties, both physical and political, to contend with. The correspondent has to report, that 'the postal arrangements still continue unsatisfactory and vexatious, no post having been received from Bloem Fontein for the last two months; and,' he indignantly adds, 'to make matters worse, the late magistrate's clerk and post-master has resigned, owing to grave charges having been preferred against him by a party faction who would rule public opinion.' But he consoles himself with the judicious reflection, that 'time and imported respectable intelligence will remedy this unhappy state of things, in the changes which small communities undergo.' It is satisfactory to learn, that in spite of the machinations of faction, the citizens managed to enjoy themselves when a suitable occasion offered. 'New-Year's Day,' we are told, 'was celebrated with more than ordinary spirit. A shooting-match took place, after which a public supper and quadrille-party came off, which finished the pleasures of the day. The next day, lovers of the turf had their enjoyment in the establishment of races.' And then we have, duly recorded in the well-known *Racing-Calendar* style, the fortunes of the competitors, for the 'Untried' Cup, the 'Harrismith Plate,' the 'Ladies' Purse,' and the 'Hack-Race;' and it is stated that 'one of the horses was sold immediately after the races for L.40,' which would seem to be considered a high figure in that region. It is further announced, 'that another year will probably see the establishment of a fair, which will give our interior farmers and friends an opportunity of rendering a journey to Harrismith both profitable and pleasurable, as such an occasion will doubtless attract buyers of cattle, horses, sheep, wool, butter, tallow, grain, &c., from Natal.' And the correspondent is 'happy to state, that several farmers are settling upon their farms in the neighbourhood of the town, which will tend to give confidence, and increase the value of land in its vicinity.'

Thus, in less than two years, a real, bustling, hopeful little town had sprung into existence, with all the genuine characteristics of an English community. Education and trade, races and quadrilles, were already flourishing. The well known political parties, the Buffs and the Blues, the foes of corruption and the friends of established institutions, were already arraying themselves in hostile ranks. In two years more, we may expect to receive the first numbers of the *Harrismith Gazette* and the *Harrismith Independent*, the 'organs' of the respective parties; and to learn through their valuable columns, that the 'Harrismith Agricultural and Commercial Bank' has declared its first annual dividend of 10 per cent., and that the new 'Harrismith Assembly-Rooms' were thrown open, on the auspicious anniversary of the royal birthday, to a large and select assemblage of the rank, fashion, and beauty of the city and its neighbourhood.

The writer from whose letter some of the foregoing quotations are made, strongly recommends that the government should offer 'unstinted encouragement and liberal assistance' to promote emigration from Great Britain; and considers that, if this were done, 'thousands of hardy English and Scotch farmers would avail themselves of the advantages which the country offers.' This is possible; but at the same time, it should be known, that the excitement among the native tribes, caused by the war in Caffreland, had extended across the Orange River into the sovereignty, and that much confusion, and, unfortunately, some bloodshed, had ensued. These disorders, it is true, were only local; but it is evident that the neighbourhood of some 80,000 barbarians must, for some time to come, be a source of considerable embarrassment and danger to all settlers in the new colony. In time, no doubt, with the progress of civilisation, this danger will be removed; and the natives may become, as in New Zealand, a source of wealth to the colony, as useful labourers—like the 'skipping Caffres' under the brickmaker's instructions, or peaceful cultivators of the soil. At present, however, the peril from this source is so evident and so serious, that a warning reference to it could not with propriety be omitted in any description of this otherwise promising settlement.

THE SECRET.

Jean Baptiste Véron, a native, it was understood, of the south of France, established himself as a merchant at Havre-de-Grâce in 1788, being then a widower with one child, a young boy. The new-comer's place of business was on the south quay, about a hundred yards west of the custom-house. He had brought letters of high recommendation from several eminent Paris firms; his capital was ascertained to be large; and soon, moreover, approving himself to be a man of keen mercantile discernment, and measured, peremptory, unswerving business habits, it is not surprising that his commercial transactions speedily took a wide range, or that, at the end of about fifteen years, M. Véron was pronounced by general consent to be the wealthiest merchant of the commercial capital of northern France. He was never, albeit, much of a favourite with any class of society: his manner was too *brusque*, decided, unbending—his speech too curt, frequently too bitter, for that; but he managed to steer

his course in very difficult times quite as safely as those who put themselves to great pains and charges to obtain popularity. He never expressed—publicly at least—any preference for Royalism, Republicanism, or Imperialism; for fleur-de-lis, bonnet-rouge, or tricolore: in short, Jean Baptiste Véron was a stern, taciturn, self-absorbed man of business; and as nothing else was universally concluded, till the installation of a *quasi* legitimacy by Napoleon Bonaparte, when a circumstance, slight in itself, gave a clearer significance to the cold, haughty, repellent expression which played habitually about the merchant's gray, deep-set eyes, and thin, firmly-compressed lips. His newly-engraved private card read thus:—'J. B. *de* Véron, *Mon Séjour*, Ingouville.' Mon Séjour was a charming suburban domicile, situate upon the Côte, as it is usually termed—a sloping eminence on the north of Le Havre, which it commands, and now dotted with similar residences, but at the period we are writing of, very sparsely built upon. Not long after this assumption of the aristocratic prefix to his name, it was discovered that he had insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the De Mérodes, who were an unquestionable fragment of the old noblesse, damaged, it is true, almost irretrievably in purse, as their modest establishment on the Côte too plainly testified; but in pedigree as untainted and resplendent as in the palmiest days of the Capets. As the Chevalier de Mérode and his daughter Mademoiselle Henriette-Delphine-Hortense-Marie-Chasse-Loup de Mérode—described as a tall, fair, and extremely meagre damsel, of about thirty years of age—were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste de Véron had been able to satisfy his noble friends, that although *de facto* a merchant from the sad necessities of the evil time, he was *de jure* entitled to take rank and precedence with the illustrious though decayed nobility of France. It might be, too, as envious gossips whispered, that any slight flaw or break in the chain of De Véron's patrician descent, had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially if it was true, as rumour presently began to circulate, that the immense sum—in French eyes and ears—of 300,000 francs (L.12,000) was to be settled upon Mademoiselle de Mérode and her heirs on the day which should see her united in holy wedlock with Eugène de Véron, by this time a fine-looking young man, of one or two-and-twenty, and, like ninety-nine in every hundred of the youth of France, strongly prejudiced *against* the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumour in this instance was correctly informed. 'Eugène,' said M. de Véron, addressing his son in his usual cold positive manner, and at the same time locking his private écritoire, the hand of the clock being just on the stroke of five, the hour for closing—'I have a matter of importance to inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Mérode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mademoiselle de Mérode, are'——

'Hein!' ejaculated Eugène, suddenly whirling round upon his stool, and confronting his father. 'Hein!'

'All differences, I say,' resumed M. de Véron with unruffled calm and decision, 'between myself and the chevalier are arranged *à l'aimable;* and the contract of marriage will be ready, for your and Mademoiselle de Mérode's signature, on Monday next at two precisely.'

'Mine and Mademoiselle de Mérode's!' repeated the astounded son, who seemed half doubtful whether he saw or heard aright.

'Yes. No wonder you are surprised. So distinguished a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation on the subject whilst there was a chance of the negotiation issuing unfavourably. Your wife and you will, for the present, at all events, take up your abode at Mon Séjour; and I must consequently look out at once for a smaller, a more bachelor-suiting residence.'

'My wife and me!' echoed Véron junior with the same air of stupid amazement as before—'My wife and me!' Recovering a little, he added: 'Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know, *mon père*, that this Mademoiselle de Mérode is not at all to my taste? I would as soon marry'——

'No folly, Eugène, if you please,' interrupted M. de Véron. 'The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mademoiselle de Mérode; or if not, he added with iron inflexibility of tone and manner—'Eugène de Véron is likely to benefit very little by his father's wealth, which the said Eugène will do well to remember is of a kind not very difficult of transference beyond the range of the law of inheritance which prevails in France. The leprosy of the Revolution,' continued M. de Véron as he rose and put on his hat, 'may indeed be said to have polluted our very hearths, when we find children setting up their opinions, and likings and dislikings, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely within the parental jurisdiction as that of a son or daughter's marriage.'

Eugène did not reply; and after assisting his father—who limped a little in consequence of having severely sprained his ankle some eight or ten days previously—to a light one-horse carriage in waiting outside, he returned to the office, and resumed his seat, still in a maze of confusion, doubt, and dismay. 'How could,' he incoherently muttered—'how could my father—how could anybody suppose that—— How could he especially be so blind as not to have long ago perceived—— What a contrast!' added Eugène de Véron jumping up, breaking into passionate speech, and his eyes sparkling as if he was actually in presence of the dark-eyed divinity whose image filled his brain and loosed his tongue—'what a contrast! Adéline, young, roseate, beautiful as Spring, lustrous as Juno, graceful as Hebe! Oh, *par exemple*, Mademoiselle de Mérode, you, with your high blood and skinny bones, must excuse me. And poor, too, poor as Adéline! Decidedly, the old gentleman must be crazed, and—and let me see—— Ay, to be sure, I must confer with Edouard at once.'

Eugène de Véron had only one flight of stairs to ascend in order to obtain this conference, Edouard le Blanc, the brother of Adéline, being a principal clerk in the establishment. Edouard le Blanc readily and sincerely condoled with his friend upon the sudden obscuration of his and Adeline's hopes, adding that he had always felt a strong misgiving upon the subject; and after a lugubrious dialogue, during which the clerk hinted nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import—a nervousness but very partially relieved by Eugène's assurance, that, come what may, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do—the friends left the office, and wended their way to Madame le Blanc's, Ingouville. There the lover forgot, in Adéline's gay exhilarating presence and conversation, the recent ominous and exasperating communication from his father; while Edouard proceeded to take immediate counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adéline and Eugène de Véron, but more particularly himself, Edouard le Blanc.

Ten minutes had hardly passed by ordinary reckoning—barely one by Eugène de Véron's—when his interview with the charming Adéline was rudely broken in upon by Madame le Blanc, a shrewd, prudent woman of the world, albeit that in this affair she had somewhat lost her balance, tempted by the glittering prize offered for her daughter's acceptance, and for a time apparently within her reach. The mother's tone and manner

were stern and peremptory. 'Have the kindness, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, to bid Adéline adieu at once. I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!'

Adéline was extremely startled at hearing her rich lover thus addressed, and the carnation of her glowing cheeks faded at once to lily paleness, whilst Eugène's features flushed as quickly to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend madame immediately, and hastily kissing Adéline's hand, followed the unwelcome intruder to another room.

'So, Monsieur Eugène,' began Madame le Blanc, 'this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Mérode in the early part of next week.'

'Madame le Blanc,' exclaimed the young man, 'what is it you are saying? *I* marry Mademoiselle de Mérode next or any other week! I swear to you, by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith with'——

'Chut! chut!' interrupted Madame Le Blanc; 'you may spare your oaths. The sentimental bavardage of boys in love will be lost upon me. You will, as you ought, espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, who is, I am told, a very superior and amiable person; and as to Adéline, she will console herself. A girl with her advantages will always be able to marry sufficiently well, though not into the family of a millionaire. But my present business with you, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, relates to a different and much more important matter. Edouard has just confided to me a very painful circumstance. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act: he has let you have, without Monsieur de Véron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father.'

'But, Madame le Blanc'——

'Neither of which alternatives,' persisted that lady, 'I very plainly perceive, you will be able to fulfil, unless you comply with Monsieur de Véron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adéline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin would in a moral sense be hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered on the presents you have made her: they shall be returned'——

'Madame le Blanc,' exclaimed the excited young man, 'you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not give up Adéline; and as for the paltry sum of money you speak of—*my* money as it may fairly be considered—*that* shall be returned to-morrow morning.'

Madame le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, and then said: 'Very well, mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is, you are aware, the Fête Dieu: we have promised Madame Carson of the Grande Rue to pass the afternoon and evening at her house, where we shall have a good view of the procession. Do you and Edouard call on us there, as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay—by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adéline again, at all events till this money transaction is definitively settled.'

'As you have now slept upon the proposal I communicated to you yesterday afternoon,' said M. de Véron, addressing his son on the following morning at the conclusion of a silent breakfast—'you may perhaps be prepared with a more fitting answer than you were then?'

Eugène warmly protested his anxiety to obey all his father's reasonable commands; but in this case compliance was simply impossible, forasmuch as he, Eugène, had already irrevocably pledged his word, his heart, his honour, in another quarter, and could not, therefore, nay, would not, consent to poison his future existence by uniting himself with Mademoiselle de Mérode, for whom, indeed, he felt the profoundest esteem, but not the slightest emotion of affection or regard.

'Your word, your honour, your heart—you should have added your fortune,' replied M. de Véron with frigid, slowly-distilled, sarcastic bitterness—'are irrevocably engaged, are they, to Adéline le Blanc, sister of my collecting clerk—daughter of a deceased sous-lieutenant of the line'——

'Of the Imperial Guard,' interposed Eugène.

'Who aids her mother to eke out a scanty pension by embroidery'——

'Very superior, artistic embroidery,' again interjected the son.

'Be it so. I have not been quite so unobservant, Eugène, of certain incidents, as you and your friends appear to have supposed. But time proves all things, and the De Mérodes and I can wait.'

Nothing further passed till M. de Véron rose to leave the room, when his son, with heightened colour and trembling speech, although especially aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner, said: 'Sir—sir—one word, if you please. I have a slight favour to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs, which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact.'

'Debts to the amount of about two thousand francs, which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact,' slowly repeated De Véron, fixing on his son a triumphant, mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. 'Well, let the bills be sent to me. If correct and fair, they shall be paid.'

'But—but, father, one, the chief item, is a debt of honour!'

'Indeed! Then your honour is pledged to others besides Mademoiselle *la brodeuse?* I have only to say, that in that case I *will not* assist you.' Having said this, M. de Véron, quite regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after, the sound of carriage-wheels announced his departure to Le Havre. Eugène, about an hour afterwards followed, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope, that before the day for balancing Edouard's accounts arrived, he should find his father in a more Christian-like and generous mood, or, at anyrate, hit upon some means of raising the money.

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterruptedly away in M. de Véron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. le Blanc, that he, M. de Véron, wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing this order, Eugène looked quickly up from the desk at which he was engaged, to his father's face; but he discerned nothing on that impassive tablet either to dissipate or confirm his fear.

'Edouard le Blanc,' said M. de Véron with mild suavity of voice the instant the summoned clerk presented himself, 'it so chances that I have no further occasion for your services'——

'Sir!—sir!' gasped the terrified young man.

'You are,' continued M. de Véron, 'entitled to a month's salary, in lieu of that period of notice—one hundred francs, with which you may credit yourself in the cash account you will please to balance and bring me as quickly as possible.'

'Sir!—sir!' again bewilderedly iterated the panic-stricken clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son—'Sir!'

'My words are plain enough, I think,' observed M. de Véron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box from which he helped himself to a hearty pinch. 'You are discharged with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring your accounts; they are correct, of

course; I, finding them so, sign your *livret*, and there is an end of the matter.'

Edouard le Blanc made a step or two towards the door, and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the hopelessness of further concealment, turned round, threw himself with a cry of terror and despair at M. de Véron's feet, and poured forth a wild, sobbing, scarcely intelligible confession of the fault or crime of which he had been guilty, through the solicitations of M. Eugène, who had, he averred, received every farthing of the amount in which he, Edouard le Blanc, acknowledged himself to be a defaulter.

'Yes!—yes!' exclaimed the son; 'Edouard gave the money into my hands, and if there is any blame, it is mine alone.'

M. de Véron listened with a stolid, stony apathy to all this, save for a slight glimmer of triumph that, spite of himself, shone out at the corners of his half-closed eyes. When the young man had ceased sobbing and exclaiming, he said: 'You admit, Edouard le Blanc, that you have robbed me of nearly two thousand francs, at, you say, the solicitation of my son—an excuse, you must be aware, of not the slightest legal weight; no more than if your pretty sister, Mademoiselle Adéline, who, I must be permitted to observe, is not altogether, I suspect, a stranger to this affair—— Hear me out, Messieurs, if you please: I say your excuse has no more legal validity, than if your sister had counselled you to commit this felony. Now, mark me, young man: it is just upon five o'clock. At half-past seven precisely, I shall go before a magistrate, and cause a warrant to be issued for your apprehension. To-morrow morning, consequently, the brother of Mademoiselle le Blanc will either be an incarcerated felon, or, which will suit me just as well, a proclaimed fugitive from justice.'

'One moment—one word, for the love of Heaven, before you go!' exclaimed Eugène. 'Is there any mode, any means whereby Edouard may be rescued from this frightful, this unmerited calamity—this irretrievable ruin?'

'Yes,' rejoined M. de Véron, pausing for an instant on the outer threshold, 'there is one mode, Eugène, and only one. What it is, you do not require to be told. I shall dine in town to-day; at seven, I shall look in at the church of Notre Dame, and remain there precisely twenty minutes. After that, repentance will be too late.'

Eugène was in despair, for it was quite clear that Adéline must be given up—Adéline, whose myriad charms and graces rose upon his imagination in tenfold greater lustre than before, now that he was about to lose her for ever! But there was plainly no help for it; and after a brief, agitated consultation, the young men left the office to join Madame and Mademoiselle le Blanc at the Widow Carson's, in the Grande Rue, or Rue de Paris, as the only decent street in Havre-de-Grâce was at that time indifferently named, both for the purpose of communicating the untoward state of affairs, and that Eugène might take a lingering, last farewell of Adéline.

Before accompanying them thither, it is necessary to say a few words of this Madame Carson, who is about to play a very singular part in this little drama. She was a gay, well-looking, symmetrically-shaped young widow, who kept a confectioner's shop in the said Grande Rue, and officiated as her own *dame du comptoir*. Her good-looks, coquettishly-gracious smiles, and unvarying good temper, rendered her establishment much more attractive—it was by no means a brilliant affair in itself—than it would otherwise have been. Madame Carson was, in a tacit, quiet kind of way, engaged to Edouard le Blanc—that is to say, she intended marrying him as soon as their mutual savings should justify such a step; and provided, also, that no more eligible offer wooed her acceptance in the meantime. M. de Véron himself was frequently in the habit of calling, on his way to or from Mon Séjour, for a pâté and a little lively badinage with the comely widow; and so frequently, at one time, that Edouard le Blanc was half-inclined—to Madame Carson's infinite amusement—to be jealous of the rich, though elderly merchant's formal and elaborate courtesies. It was on leaving her shop that he had slipped and sprained his ankle. M. de Véron fainted with the extreme pain, was carried in that state into the little parlour behind the shop, and had not yet recovered consciousness when the apothecary, whom Madame Carson had despatched her little waiting-maid-of-all-work in quest of, entered to tender his assistance. This is all, I think, that needs be said, in a preliminary way, of Madame Carson.

Of course, the tidings brought by Eugène and Edouard very painfully affected Mademoiselle le Blanc; but being a very sensible, as well as remarkably handsome young person, she soon rallied, and insisted, quite as warmly as her mother did, that the sacrifice necessary to relieve Edouard from the peril which environed him—painful, heartbreaking as that sacrifice might be—must be submitted to without reserve or delay. In other words, that M. de Véron, junior, must consent to espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, and forthwith inform his father that he was ready to sign the nuptial-contract that moment if necessary. Poor Eugène, who was really over head and ears in love, and more so just then than ever, piteously lamented his own cruel fate, and passionately denounced the tiger-heartedness of his barbarian father; but as tears and reproaches could avail nothing in such a strait, he finally submitted to the general award, and agreed to announce his submission to M. de Véron at the church of Notre Dame, not a moment later, both ladies insisted, than five minutes past seven.

Madame Carson was not at home all this while. She had gone to church, and after devotions, called on her way back on one or two friends for a little gossip, so that it wanted only about a quarter to seven when she reappeared. Of course the lamentable story had to be told over again, with all its dismal accompaniments of tears, sighs, and plaintive ejaculations; and it was curious to observe, as the narrative proceeded, how the widow's charming eyes flashed and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with indignation, till she looked, to use Edouard le Blanc's expression, 'ferociously' handsome. 'Le monstre!' she exclaimed, as Eugène terminated the sad history, gathering up as she spoke the shawl and gloves she had just before put off; 'but I shall see him at once: I have influence with this Monsieur de Véron.'

'Nonsense, Emilie,' said Madame le Blanc. '*You* possess influence over Monsieur de Véron!'

'Certainly I do. And is that such a miracle?' replied Madame Carson with a demure glance at Edouard le Blanc. Edouard looked somewhat scared, but managed to say: 'Not at all, certainly not; but this man's heart is iron—steel.'

'We shall see,' said the fair widow, as she finished drawing on her gloves. '*La grande passion* is sometimes stronger than iron or steel: is it not Monsieur Eugène? At all events, I shall try. He is in the church, you say. Very well, if I fail—but I am sure I shall *not* fail—I return in ten minutes, and that will leave Mademoiselle Adéline's despairing lover plenty of time to make his submission, if better may not be; and so *au revoir*, Mesdames et Messieurs.'

'What can she mean?' said Madame le Blanc as the door closed. 'I have noticed, once or twice during the last fortnight, that she has made use of strange half-hints relative to Monsieur de Véron.'

'I don't know what she can mean,' said Edouard le Blanc, seizing his hat and hurrying off; 'but I shall follow, and strive to ascertain.'

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Madame Carson's skirts as they whisked round the corner of

the Rue St Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from that street. Notre Dame was crowded; but Edouard le Blanc had no difficulty in singling out M. de Véron, who was sitting in his accustomed chair, somewhat removed from the mass of worshippers, on the left of the high altar; and presently he discerned Madame Carson gently and adroitly making her way through the crowd towards him. The instant she was near enough, she tapped him slightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly, and stared with a haughty, questioning glance at the smiling confectioner. There was no *grande passion* in that look, Edouard felt quite satisfied, and Madame Carson's conduct seemed more than ever unintelligible. She appeared to say something, which was replied to by an impatient gesture of refusal, and M. de Véron turned again towards the altar. Madame Carson next approached close to his chair, and bending down, whispered in his ear, for perhaps a minute. As she did so, M. de Véron's body rose slowly up, involuntarily as it were, and stiffened into rigidity, as if under the influence of some frightful spell. Forcing himself at last, it seemed, to confront the whisperer, he no sooner caught her eye than he reeled, like one struck by a heavy blow, against the pedestal of a saint, whose stony features looked less white and bloodless than his own. Madame Carson contemplated the effect she had produced with a kind of pride for a few moments, and then, with a slight but peremptory wave of her hand, motioned him to follow her out of the sacred edifice. M. de Véron hastily, though with staggering steps, obeyed; Edouard le Blanc crossing the church, and reaching the street just soon enough to see them both driven off in M. de Véron's carriage.

Edouard hurried back to the Grande Rue to report what he had witnessed; and what could be the interpretation of the inexplicable scene, engrossed the inventive faculties of all there, till they were thoroughly tired of their wild and aimless guesses. Eight o'clock chimed—nine—ten—and they were all, Edouard especially, working themselves into a complete panic of undefinable apprehension, when, to their great relief, M. de Véron's carriage drew up before the door. The first person to alight was M. Bourdon, a notary of eminence; next M. de Véron, who handed out Madame Carson; and all three walked through the shop into the back-apartment. The notary wore his usual business aspect, and had in his hands two rolls of thickly-written parchment, which he placed upon the table, and at once began to spread out. M. de Véron had the air of a man walking in a dream, and subdued, mastered by some overpowering, nameless terror; while Madame Carson, though pale with excitement, was evidently highly elated, and, to use a French phrase, completely 'mistress of the situation.' She was the first to break silence.

'Monsieur de Véron has been kind enough, Edouard, to explain, in the presence of Monsieur Bourdon, the mistake in the accounts he was disposed to charge you with to-day. He quite remembers, now, having received two thousand francs from you, for which, in his hurry at the time, he gave you no voucher. Is not that so, Monsieur de Véron?' she added, again fixing on the merchant the same menacing look that Le Blanc had noticed in the church.

'Yes, yes,' was the quick reply of M. de Véron, who vainly attempted to look the astounded clerk in the face. 'The mistake was mine. Your accounts are quite correct, Monsieur le Blanc; and—and I shall be glad, of course, to see you at the office as usual.'

'That is well,' said Madame Carson; 'and now, Monsieur Bourdon, to business, if you please. Those documents will not take so long to read as they did to write.'

The notary smiled, and immediately began reading a marriage-contract between Eugène de Véron and Adéline le Blanc, by which it appeared, that the union of those young persons was joyfully acceded to by Jean Baptiste de Véron and Marie le Blanc, their parents—the said Jean Baptiste de Véron binding himself formally to endow the bride and bridegroom jointly, on the day of marriage, with the sum of 300,000 francs, and, moreover, to admit his son as a partner in the business, thenceforth to be carried on under the name of De Véron & Son.

This contract was written in duplicate, and as soon as the notary had finished reading, Madame Carson handed a pen to M. de Véron, saying in the same light, coquettish, but peremptory tone as before: 'Now, Monsieur, quick, if you please: yours is the most important signature.' The merchant signed and sealed both parchments, and the other interested parties did the same, in silent, dumb bewilderment, broken only by the scratching of the pens and the legal words repeated after the notary. 'We need not detain you longer, Messieurs, I believe,' said Madame Carson. '*Bon soir*, Monsieur de Véron,' she added, extending an ungloved hand to that gentleman, who faintly touched it with his lips; 'you will hear from me to-morrow.'

'What is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed Eugène de Véron, the instant his father and the notary disappeared. 'I positively feel as if standing upon my head!' A chorus of like interrogatories from the Le Blancs assailed Madame Carson, whose ringing bursts of mirth mocked for a time their impatience.

'Meaning, *parbleu!*' she at last replied, after pausing to catch breath. 'That is plain enough, surely. Did you not all see with what *empressement* the poor man kissed my hand? There, don't look so wretched, Edouard,' she added with a renewed outburst; 'perhaps I may have the caprice to prefer you after all to an elderly millionaire—who knows? But come, let us try to be a little calm and sensible. What I have done, good folks, I can as easily undo; and that being the case, Monsieur Eugène must sign me a bond to-morrow morning for fifty thousand francs, payable three days after his marriage. Is it agreed? Very well: then I keep these two parchments till the said bond is executed; and now, my friends, good-night, for I, as you may believe, am completely tired after all this benevolent fairy-work.'

The wedding took place on the next day but one, to the great astonishment of every one acquainted with the two families. It was also positively rumoured that M. de Véron had proposed marriage to Madame Carson, and been refused! Be this true or not, it was soon apparent that, from some cause or other, M. de Véron's health and spirits were irretrievably broken down, and after lingering out a mopish, secluded life of scarcely a twelvemonth's duration, that gentleman died suddenly at Mon Séjour. A clause in his will bequeathed 20,000 francs to Madame Carson, with an intimated hope, that it would be accepted as a pledge by that lady to respect, as she hitherto had done, the honour of an ancient family.

This pledge to secrecy would no doubt have been kept, but that rumours of poisoning and suicide, in connection with De Véron's death, having got abroad, the Procureur-Général ordered an investigation to take place. The suspicion proved groundless; but the *procès-verbal* set forth, that on examining the body of the deceased, there were discovered the letters 'I. de B.,' 'T. F.,' branded on the front of the left shoulder; the two last, initials of '*Travaux Forcés*' (forced labour), being large and very distinct. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the proud M. de Véron was an escaped *forçat;* and subsequent investigation, which was not, however, very strongly pressed, sufficiently proved that Jean Baptiste de Véron, the younger son of a high family, had in very early youth been addicted to wild courses; that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name, to escape difficulties at

home; and whilst at the Isle de Bourbon, had been convicted of premeditated homicide at a gaming-house, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment with hard labour. Contriving to escape, he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career; how terminated, we have just seen. It was by pure accident, or what passes for such in the world, that Madame Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Véron, after spraining his ankle, was carried in a state of insensibility into the room behind her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neckcloth, unfastening his shirt, then a flannel one which fitted tightly round the neck, and thus obtained a glimpse of the branded letters 'T. F.' With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirts, neckcloth, &c., and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired, till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself.

The foregoing are, I believe, all the reliable particulars known of a story of which there used to be half-a-hundred different versions flying about Le Havre. Edouard le Blanc married Madame Carson, and subsequently became a partner of Eugène de Véron. It was not long, however, before the business was removed to another and distant French seaport, where, for aught I know to the contrary, the firm of 'De Véron and Le Blanc' flourishes to this day.

BETTING-OFFICES.

'Betting-shop' is vulgar, and we dislike vulgarity. 'Commission Office,' 'Racing Bank,' 'Mr Hopposite Green's Office,' 'Betting-Office,' are the styles of announcement adopted by speculators who open what low people call Betting-shops. The chosen designation is usually painted in gold letter on a chocolate-coloured wire-gauze blind, impervious to the view. A betting-office may display on its small show-board two bronzed plaster horses, rampant, held by two Ethiopian figures, nude; or it may prefer making a show of cigars. Many offices have risen out of simple cigar-shops. When this is the case, the tobacco business gives way, the slow trade and fast profession not running well together. An official appearance is always considered necessary. A partition, therefore, sufficiently high not to be peered over, runs midway across the shop, surmounted with a rail. By such means, visions are suggested to the intelligent mind of desks, clerks, and, if the beholder has sufficient imagination, of bankers' clerks. In the partition is an enlarged *pigeon*-hole—not far off, may be supposed to lurk the hawk—through which are received shillings, half-crowns; in fact, any kind of coin or notes, no sum appearing inadmissible. The office is papered with a warm crimson paper, to make it snug and comfortable, pleasant as a lounge, and casting a genial glow upon the proceedings.

But the betting-lists are the attraction—these are the dice of the betting-man: a section of one of the side-walls within the office is devoted to them. They consist of long strips of paper—each race having its own slip—on which are stated the odds against the horses. Hasty and anxious are the glances which the speculator casts at the betting-lists: he there sees which are the favourites; whether those he has backed are advancing or retrograding; and he endeavours to discover, by signs and testimonies, by all kinds of movements and dodges, the knowing one's opinion. He will drop fishing words to other gazers, will try to overhear whispered remarks, will sidle towards any jockey-legged or ecurial-costumed individual, and aim more especially at getting into the good graces of the betting-office keeper, who, when his business is slack, comes forth from behind the partition and from the duties of the pigeon-hole, to stretch his legs and hold turf-converse. The betting-office keeper is the speculator's divinity.

The office itself is but the point where the ringing of the metal takes place, where the actual business is more bindingly entered into; but on great, or, as they are technically termed, grand days, there will occur—what will also apply, perhaps, occasionally to grand operas—very heavy operations. Large numbers of the speculators will collect, forming themselves into knots and groups on the pavement, and even in the roadway contiguous to the office. Here they appear a motley congregation, a curious agglomeration of seediness. Seediness is the prominent feature of the betting mass, as they are on such occasions collected—seediness of dress and of character. Yet amongst the groups are some better-looking kine, some who seem to fatten, and who costume themselves in fully-napped cloth, and boast of ostentatious pockets, and hats which advertise the owner as knowing a thing or two. These may be touters to the office: some may be victims, who have once won a stake. The latter now neglect their ordinary calling, and pass the whole of their time in the purlieus of betting-shops. As for the touters—betting-offices are not progressive without the aid of touters—they are gentlemen who have in their time worn many kinds of character, who have always existed one way or another on the very outskirts of honesty, till some fine morning a careless step brings them from that neutral ground into the domain of the law, where they are laid hold of. They do not disdain their adopted calling; they are not above assisting errand-boys to go in for large stakes; they tempt apothecaries' apprentices by prospects of being able to come out. They know likewise the best horses, and which are sure to win.

But there are numbers of willing, untutored betting-men, who go in of their own accord—'quite promiscuous.' They belong to the class of petty tradesmen, and perhaps there are steady workmen and comfortably incomed clerks among them; although it is the tradesmen who are most numerous, and who give colour to the whole body. There is Macwait, the cheap baker, he contributes his quota weekly to the betting-shop: he has a strong desire to touch a twenty-pound stake. Whetcoles, the potato salesman, has given up a lucrative addition to his regular business—the purveying of oysters—for the sake of having more time to attend the office. Nimblecut, the hairdresser, has been endeavouring to raise his charge for shaving one half-penny per chin, to be enabled to speculate more largely. Shavings, journeyman carpenter, calculates upon clearing considerably more by 'Sister to Swindler' than a year's interest from the savings-bank. There are thousands of similarly circumstanced speculators: they make a daily, if not more frequent promenade to the betting-office; and on the days when the races come off, they may be observed in shoals, nodding and winking knowingly as they pass one another. Some are seen with jocular countenances, and pass for pleasant fellows: they are impressed with the idea that their horses are looking up. In others, the jocular expression has passed away, and the philosophical observer sets them down as melancholy individuals, given to castigating their wives, and verging dogwards.

Betting-men—those who take a pride in their profession—assume generally a looseness of style: there may be an appropriateness in this, considering the mercurial contents of their pockets. In walking, a freedom of gait, approaching the swagger, is generally adopted; cigar-smoking at the office door is considered respectable; hands may be inserted *ad libitum* in pockets, and a primary coloured kerchief worn mildly. The individual is usually seen by the observant public making up his book. But the

evidence of shrewdness consists in familiarity with the technicalities of turf-lore; without this, costume is of no use. The better, must be well up to the jockeys' names, and those of the horses—of the races they have run—of Day's stable—of Scott's ditto—must know when the cup or 2000-guinea stakes are run for. His vocabulary comprises such words as outsiders, winners, two-year old, lame ducks, and bad books. He sometimes talks loudly, although, for the most part, he delights in a close, earnest, confidential, suppressed tone. There is nothing a better prides himself on more than being in the possession of some, to the common herd, unattainable secret—something only to be obtained once in a lifetime, and then only after severe losses—a secret brought out by some train of fortuitous and most intricately-woven events. It comes through a line of ingenious, quickwitted, up-to-everything communicators, and is made known proximately to the fortunate possessor by a diplomatic potman, who waits in a room frequented by a groom, who pumped it out of a stable-boy, who——It is not improbable that the information has somewhat deteriorated in its journeyings through mews and along dung-heaps: it is possible, when it comes to be made use of, it may be found very expensive in its application.

The turf speculator must possess a frank and willing imagination: he must calculate upon his account at the betting-shop, as he would upon so much being to his credit at a banker's; he must consider the office cheques with which his pocket-book is overflowing, as at par with bank-notes; he need keep but little gold and silver, as it is far better to know that it is producing a highly-profitable percentage. Should he be visited by any momentary fits of depression, he may draw forth his portfolio, and gratify his eyes with the contemplation of certificates for fives, and twenties, and fifties.

We must not pass over a class of speculators who bet, and yet who are not true betting-men: they do not wish to be seen in betting-shops, yet cannot keep away. They are not loungers, for they may be observed passing along the thoroughfare seemingly with all desirable intentness upon their daily business; but they suddenly disappear as they arrive at the door of the betting-shop. These are your respectable men; worthy, solid, family men. But it is not easy to enter a betting-shop, and avoid rubbing against some clinging matter. Betting-men generally are not nice in their sensibilities; and perhaps on a fine Sunday morning, proceeding with his family to the parish church, our Pharisee may receive a tip from some unshaven, strong-countenanced *sans culotte*, which may cause his nerves to tingle for the rest of the day.

But there is also a light, flimsy, fly-away-kind of speculator, a May-day betting-man—a youth fresh, perhaps, from school and the country, with whom his friends have hardly yet made up their minds what to do—who is at present seeing as much as he can see of town, upon what he finds decidedly small means. He has an ambition to appear fast; has of course a great admiration for fast people; but is at present young and fresh-coloured, and cannot, with all his endeavours, make himself appear less innocent and good-natured than he is. He has strained his purse in a bet, has betted on a winning horse, and has won five pounds. This would perhaps have fixed him for life as a speculator; but the money burns in his pocket. Before he can make up his mind to lay out his winnings on fresh bets, he must have a Hansom for the day. He decorates himself in his light-coloured paletot, blue neck-tie, and last dickey—drives to Regent Street to purchase cigars—to an oyster-shop redolent of saw-dust and lobsters—rigs a very light pair of kids—drives to, and alarms by his fast appearance, a few of his friends, who forthwith write off long woolly letters to relations in the country. He is accordingly cited to appear at home, where he becomes a respected local junior clerk in a Welsh mining company.

There are various kinds of betting-offices. Some are speculative, May-fly offices, open to-day and shut to-morrow—offices that will bet any way, and against anything—that will accommodate themselves to any odds—receive any sum they can get, small or large; and should a misfortune occur, such as the wrong horse winning, forget to open next day. These are but second-rate offices. The money-making, prosperous betting-office is quite a different thing. It is not advisable for concerns which intend making thousands in a few years, to pay the superintendents liberally, and to keep well-clothed touters—to conduct themselves, in short, like speculative offices. They must not depend entirely upon chance. Chance is very well for betting-men, but will not do for the respectable betting-office keepers, who are the stakeholders.

The plan adopted is a very simple one, but ingenious in its simplicity. The betting-office takes a great dislike in its own mind to a particular horse, the favourite of the betting-men. It makes bets against that horse, which amount in the aggregate to a fortune; and then it *buys* the object of its frantic dislike. This being effected, the horse of course loses, and the office wins. How could it be otherwise? Would you have a horse win against its owner's interest? The thing being settled, the office, in order to ascertain the amount of its winnings, has only to deduct the price of the horse from its aggregate bets, and arrange the remainder in a line of perhaps five figures. Whereupon the betting-men grow seedier and more seedy; some of the more mercurial go off in a fit of apoplectic amazement; some betake themselves to Waterloo Stairs on a moonless night; some proceed to the Diggings, some to St Luke's, and some to the dogs; some become so unsteady, that they sign the wrong name to a draft, or enter the wrong house at night, or are detected in a crowd with their hand in the wrong man's pocket. But, by degrees everything comes right again. The insane are shut up—the desperate transported—the dead buried—the deserted families carted to the workhouse; and the betting-office goes on as before.

A MAY FLOWER-SHOW AT CHISWICK.

It is one o'clock P.M.; I am at Hyde-Park Corner; I hail the nearest 'Hansom,' and am quickly dashing away for Chiswick. The road leading thither is always a scene of great bustle: on a Chiswick fête-day, this is very much augmented. But I am early, and the increase of vehicles is not yet great. A few carriages and cabs, mostly filled with ladies, who, like myself, are early on the road, and eager to be at the scene of action, are occasionally passed; for my horse is a good one, and the driver seems to desire to do the journey in good style. The majority of passengers and conveyances are chiefly of the everyday character, and such as are always met with on this great thoroughfare. Omnibuses, with loads of dusty passengers; carts and wagons, filled with manure, and each with a man or boy dozing upon the top; teams baiting at the roadside inns; troops of dirty children at the ends of narrow streets; with carriers' carts, and travel-stained pedestrians, make up the aggregate of the objects on the road. But in another hour the scene will change; the aristocratic 'turn-out,' with its brilliant appointments and spruce footmen—the cab, the brougham, and the open chariot, all filled with gaily-dressed company, will crowd the way; for a Chiswick fête is one of the events of a London season. People go there as they do to the Opera—to see and to be seen. As I journey onward, I catch glimpses of blooming fruit-trees, and green hedges, speaking of the approach of summer. The little patches of garden by the wayside are gay with flowers, but sadly disfigured with dust. Even they, however,

look quite refreshing in contrast with the close and crowded streets I have left behind. The spire of the church on Chiswick green is peeping above the houses in the distance; and by the time I have noticed the increase of bustle on the road, and about the inn-doors, the cab has stopped at one of the garden entrances. Early as I am, many others are before me, and are waiting for the hour of admission—two o'clock. The carriages of those already arrived are drawn up in rank upon the green; policemen are everywhere to preserve order; ostlers are numerous, with buckets of water and bundles of hay; groups of loungers are looking on, carriages are every minute arriving, and the bustle is becoming great. As it yet wants ten minutes to two o'clock, I shall occupy the time by giving the reader a little introduction to what we are presently to see.

There are three of these fêtes every year—one in May, another in June, and a third in July. When the weather is fine, there is always a brilliant gathering of rank, and beauty, and fashion; but the June show is usually the best attended. English gardening is always well represented here. The plants and fruit brought for exhibition astonish even those who are best acquainted with what English gardeners can do. For several seasons past, it was thought that cultivation had reached its highest point; yet each succeeding year outvied the past, and report tells me, that the plants exhibited to-day are in advance of anything previously seen. They are sent here from widely distant parts of the country—many of them are brought one or two hundred miles; but most of the large collections are from gardens at a comparatively short distance from Chiswick. The principal prize is contended for by collections of thirty stove and greenhouse plants; and their large size will be apparent, when it is stated that one such collection makes eight or ten van-loads. There are never more than three or four competitors for this prize. Their productions are generally brought into the garden on the evening previous to the day of exhibition. At about daylight on the morning of the fête, the great bustle of preparation begins. Everything has to be arranged, and ready for the judges by ten o'clock A.M., at which hour all exhibitors, and others interested in the awards, are obliged to leave the gardens; and they are not readmitted until the gates are thrown open to those who may have tickets of admission, at two o'clock.

At last they *are* open. (How expectation clogs the wheels of time!) I join the throng; and in a few minutes I am among the flowers, which are arranged in long tents, on stages covered with green baize, as a background to set off in bold relief their beautiful forms and tints. There are three military bands stationed in different parts of the grounds, to keep up a succession of enlivening strains until six o'clock, the hour when the proceedings, so far as the public are concerned, are supposed to terminate. One of them is already 'discoursing most eloquent music.' Company rapidly arrives; well-dressed persons are strolling through the tents, sitting beneath the trees, or on the benches, listening to the music. The scene is a gay one. The richness and beauty of the masses of flower, rivalled only by the gay dresses and bright eyes of hundreds of fair admirers; the delicate green of the trees clothed with their young foliage, and the carpet-like lawns, all lit up by a bright May sun, and enlivened by the best music, combine to form a whole, the impression of which is not easily forgotten.

But I am forgetting the flowers. Suppose we enter the nearest tent, and note the more prominent objects on our way. Here is a somewhat miscellaneous assortment; geraniums are conspicuous. The plants are remarkably fine, averaging nearly a yard across, and presenting masses of flower in the highest perfection. One is conspicuous for the richness of its colouring; its name is magnet (*Hoyle*). There is a collection of ferns, too; their graceful foliage, agitated by every breeze, adds much to the interest of this tent. Among the most remarkable are the maidenhair-ferns (*adiantum*), and a huge plant of the elk's horn fern, from New South Wales. It derives its name from the shape of its large fronds. Before us is a quantity of Chinese hydrangeas, remarkable in this case for the small size of the plants, and disproportionately large heads of pink blossoms. Cape pelargoniums, too, are well represented: they are curious plants, indigenous to the Cape of Good Hope; specimens of them are very often sent to this country, with boxes of bulbs, for which the Cape is famous. When they arrive, they look like pieces of deadwood; but when properly cared for, they rapidly make roots and branches, and produce their interesting flowers in abundance.

Passing to the next tent, we enter that part devoted to the fruit. A delicate aroma pervades the place. Directly before us is a large plant of the Chinese loquah, loaded with fruit. This is yellow, and about the size of a small plum. The plant is a great novelty; for although hardy enough to be grown out of doors in this country, it produces its fruit only in a hothouse. Associated with it are some large vines in pots, with a profusion of fine bunches of grapes. Then there are dishes of strawberries (*British Queens*), numerous pine-apples, cherries, peaches, bananas (grown in this country), melons, &c.; besides some very fine winter apples and pears, which have been admirably preserved. Of the former, the winter-queen, old green nonpareil, and golden harvey are conspicuous; of the latter, the warden and Uvedale's St Germain are fine.

The most attractive feature of these shows appears to be the orchideous or air-plants, as they are popularly known. A greater number of persons are always collected round them than in any other part of the tents; nor is this to be wondered at. Nothing can be more singular in appearance or gorgeous in colouring. Their fragrance, too, is so delightful. Description can convey but a faint idea of their great beauty and diversity of character. They seem to mimic the insect world in the shapes of their blossoms; nor are the resemblances distant. Every one has heard of the butterfly-plant: there is one on the stage now before us; and as the breeze gently waves its slender stalks, each tipped with a vegetable butterfly, it becomes almost difficult to imagine that we are not watching the movements of a real insect flitting among the plants. Here is a spike of *Gongora maculata*, bearing no faint resemblance to a quantity of brown insects with expanded wings collected round the stem. Close to it are some *Brassias*, mimicking with equal fidelity insects of a paler colour, besides hundreds of others equally curious and beautiful. Some bear their flowers in erect spikes, or loose heads; others have drooping racemes a yard in length, as some of the *dendrobiums*. More have a slender flower-stalk making a graceful curve, with the flowers placed on the uppermost side, as *Phalœnopsis amablis*, which bears a profusion of white blossoms closely resembling large moths with expanded wings. Here are some remarkable plants we must not pass without noticing: they are equally attractive both by their beauty and associations. They are two plants of *Stanhopea tigrina*, exhibited by Her Majesty, and a fine specimen of *Acincta Humboldtii*, named in honour of the philosophic traveller. They are all worthy of the associations they call up; they grow in open baskets, and the flowers are produced from below, directly opposite the leaves. The ordinary law of flowering-plants is reversed in them.

We pass on: everywhere gorgeous masses of flower are before us. Huge plants of Indian azaleas, filling a space of several feet, literally covered with blossoms of every hue. Heaths from the Cape, far outrivalling their brethren in their native wilds; rhododendrons

from the Himalaya; and cactuses from the plains of South America. In fact, here are collected examples of the flora of almost every known country of the globe. But we must not be carried away by these more showy plants to the exclusion of some very curious and interesting little things which I see we are in danger of forgetting. Here, carefully covered by a bell-glass, is a fine specimen of *Dionæa muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap. Every reader of natural history is familiar with its economy; but one does not often get a sight of it. By the side of it are many other curious plants, covered with equal care. *Anæctochillis argenteus*, a little dwarf plant, with leaves which, both in their beautiful lustre and peculiar markings, resemble a green lizard, must serve for an example. Among other curiosities, is a small plant of one of the species of rhododendrons, recently introduced by Dr Hooker from the mountains of Sikkim Himalaya; close to it are some azaleas imported from the northern parts of the Celestial Empire. There are also some very rare and valuable specimens of hardy trees, from the mountains of Patagonia. They belong to the very extensive family of coniferous plants, and have been named respectively *Fitz-Roya Patagonica* and *Saxe-Gothea conspicua*. There is also a remarkably handsome creeper, *Hexacentras mysorensis*, having pendent racemes of large flowers in shape resembling the snap-dragon, and of a rich orange and chocolate colour.

To revert to the little Sikkim rhododendron, I shall give here the description of a still more diminutive specimen, met with by Dr Hooker during his journey, and which he has figured and described in his beautiful work, *The Rhododendron of Sikkim-Himalaya*. It is called *R. nivale*, or snow-rhododendron. 'The hard, woody branches of this curious little species, as thick as a goose-quill, struggle along the ground for a foot or two, presenting brown tufts of vegetation where not half-a-dozen other plants can exist. The branches are densely interwoven, very harsh and woody, wholly depressed; whence the shrub, spreading horizontally, and barely raised two inches above the soil, becomes eminently typical of the arid, stern climate it inhabits. The latest to bloom, and earliest to mature its seeds, by far the smallest in foliage, and proportionally largest in flower, most lepidote in vesture, humble in stature, rigid in texture, deformed in habit, yet the most odoriferous, it may be recognised, even in the herbarium, as the production of the loftiest elevation on the surface of the globe—of the most excessive climate—of the joint influences of a scorching sun by day, and the keenest frost by night—of the greatest drought, followed in a few hours by a saturated atmosphere—of the balmiest calm, alternating with the whirlwind of the Alps. For eight months of the year, it is buried under many feet of snow; for the remaining four, it is frequently snowed on and sunned in the same hour. During genial weather, when the sun heats the soil to 150 degrees, its perfumed foliage scents the air; whilst to snow-storm and frost it is insensible: blooming through all; expanding its little purple flowers to the day, and only closing them to wither after fertilisation has taken place. As the life of a moth may be indefinitely prolonged whilst its duties are unfulfilled, so the flower of this little mountaineer will remain open through days of fog and sleet, till a mild day facilitates the detachment of the pollen and the fecundation of the ovarium. This process is almost wholly the effect of winds; for though humblebees, and the "Blues" and "Fritillaries" (*Polyommatus* and *Argynnis*) amongst butterflies, do exist at this prodigious elevation, they are too few in number to influence the operations of vegetable life.' To this Dr Hooker adds: 'This singular little plant attains a loftier elevation, I believe, than any other shrub in the world.'

But here is a plant, or rather flower, more curious than any we have seen. The corolla is on a long-stalk, a foot or more high; but how to describe it is the difficulty. Imagine a bat with expanded wings, with the addition of a tail, spread out before you, having on its breast a rosette of narrow ribbon, of the same dusky colour, and you will gain some idea of its form and colour. Its botanical name is *Attacia cristata*.

Here is the rose-tent. In no previous season have the plants appeared in finer condition. A few years ago, nobody could grow roses fit to be seen in pots; many said it was impossible to do so: now, one can scarcely imagine anything finer than they are seen at the metropolitan flower-shows. Both in healthy appearance, and in fineness of flower, they exceed those which we admire so much in the open garden in summer. One or two are conspicuous, though all are beautiful. *Souvenirs d'un ami* has pale flesh-coloured flowers, exceedingly delicate; nor is the perfume they emit less attractive. *Niphetus*, pure white; *Adam*, very pale; and *Géant des Batailles*, of the richest crimson, are among the most attractive; but there are numerous others, rivalling them in beauty and fragrance.

As the afternoon wears away, the more fashionable visitors depart. At six o'clock, the several bands of music form one, the National Anthem is played, and the fête is over.

GOLD-SEEKING AT HOME.

The Lomond Hills, in the shires of Fife and Kinross, were known in ancient times as the hunting-grounds of the kings of Scotland, when these monarchs resided in their summer-palace at Falkland, a village on their north-eastern declivity. At a period intermediate between these and the present times, they were the haunt of the persecuted Covenanters, and often resounded with the voice of psalms raised at conventicles. Since then, their solitude and silence have seldom been disturbed, save by the bark of the shepherd's dog, or the echoes caused by the blasting of rocks in the limestone quarries which run along their southern and western ridges. But during the month of May last, this solitude and silence were completely destroyed, by thousands of persons plying every kind of instrument upon them, from the ponderous crowbar and pickaxe, to the easily-wielded trowel and hammer, in search of gold, which they believed to be hidden in their recesses. The information on which they acted seemed to them to come from an authentic source, and to be confirmed by competent authority.

On the southern base of the hills, overlooking the far-famed Lochleven, lies the village of Kinnesswood, noted as the birthplace of the poet Michael Bruce. A native of this village entered the army, and there learned manners at war with good morals, which, after his discharge, brought upon him the vengeance of the law, and he was banished 'beyond seas.' His subsequent good-conduct, however, procured him 'a ticket-of-leave,' and he became servant to the commissariat for the convicts in Van Diemen's Land. In this capacity he had frequent opportunities of seeing the substance brought from the Bathurst 'diggings,' containing the gold which is now arriving in this country in such large quantities. It at once struck him that he had seen abundance of the same material in his native hills, when visiting the quarries in which several of his friends and acquaintances earned their livelihood. This impression he conveyed in a letter to his mother, who, as a matter of course, afforded the information to all to whom she had an opportunity of communicating it. The intelligence spread with the rapidity of an electric telegraph; and an excitement was produced such as is seen among

bees when their hive has received a sudden shock. The mountain pathways became immediately alive with human beings, and noises arose like the hum of a city heard at a distance during the busiest hours of the day. In the villages immediately adjoining the place of resort, the excitement was wholly confined to youngsters and idlers, who are ever ready to seize upon novelty and enter upon bustle; but further off, it extended to old and young, hale and infirm, asthmatic and long-winded, grave and gay, taught and untaught, respectable and disreputable, industrious and idle, till it reached a compass of twenty miles at least, extending not only to the Forth and Tay, but stretching inland from their opposite shores. In short, men who had never climbed a mountain all their lives before, though living in close proximity to one, were seen on its loftiest peaks, and toiling there with all the ardour of Cyclops.

Meanwhile, some of the less impulsive minds in the district, not altogether untouched by the prevailing mania, began to cast about for warrants to justify their appropriation of some of this much-coveted material, and assure their confidence that it was really gold. Memory, research, tradition, testimony, all came to their help. They recollected how their fathers had told them that the Laird of Lathrisk had wrought a lead-mine on the northern declivity of the East Law, which yielded also a considerable proportion of silver, and which was abandoned only because of the high tax government had put upon the latter metal. Then came the ready query: That since there is silver in these hills, why not also gold, seeing they frequently go together? Then it was found that the mineral formations in which this metal occurs are the crystalline primitive rocks; and with these the Lomond Hills were held to correspond. Then it had been told them, that in days of yore shepherds had found pieces of gold while tending their flocks on the hills, and that gold had been frequently met with in the whole district of country between the Forth and the Tay. Last of all came the testimony of a man who had returned to the neighbourhood from California, and who assured them, that the substance they submitted to his inspection was in all respects similar to that which was dug out of the hills in the gold regions of America. Singularly enough, though they did not reflect upon the facts, this man had returned home as poor as he had departed, and manifested no desire to accompany them to the new El Dorado at their doors. Other persons were meanwhile pushing inquiries in a more certain direction, and subjecting the supposed precious treasure to infallible tests.

The chief centre of attraction is a partially-wrought limestone quarry, known by the name of the Sheet-hiehead, right above the village of Kinnesswood, and about a gunshot back from the brow of the Bishop Hill. It is surrounded on all sides by immense heaps of débris, which has been repeatedly dug into during the last thirty years by geologising students, in search of fossils connected with the carboniferous system, and who must have frequently met with the substance which has caused all this excitement, but never imagined it to be gold. The face of the quarry, to the depth of twenty feet from the top, is an accumulation of shale or slate, lying in regular layers, and easily broken. It has been turned to good account of late in the manufacture of slate-pencils of superior quality. Among this shaly accumulation, there are frequent layers of a soft, wet clay or ochre; and it is in this that the brilliants which have dazzled the imagination of so many are chiefly found, and which, accordingly, are frequently thrown out among the débris, of which it comes to form a part. In this quarry, then, and in the heaps around it, hundreds are earnestly busy in laying bare what is beneath; while scores of men, women, and children are silently and earnestly looking on. One has just brought out a ball of stone, or something like stone, about the size of a man's hand, known among the quarrymen as 'a fairy ball;' it is composed of a hard crust, like rusted iron, which, on being broken, is found to contain a yellow shining metal of various shapes and sizes—grains, octohedrons, cubes, and their allied forms, as is the case with gold; and what else can it be but the precious metal, thinks the finder, as he places it in his receptacle, and applies himself anew to his vocation. In a little while he stumbles on another of these balls, as big as a man's hat, which he breaks, and opens with increasing eagerness; when, lo! it is as empty as a 'deaf nut'—the water which percolated through the shale having rusted the iron that goes to form the crust along with the ochre, but failed, as in the previous case, to form crystals in the interior. A third, fourth, and fifth are found to be as hollow as the last, and the 'digger' begins to look a little crestfallen, and abate his eagerness.

But here is an Irishman, who has been vastly more lucky, dancing a jig, with a footless stocking near him, tied at each end, packed as full as it can hold of 'the fine stuff,' as he calls it, while with wonderful agility he flourishes a heavy pickaxe and spade over his head, and screams at the highest pitch of his voice: 'Sure, now, and isn't my fortune made!' By and by, getting at once hoarse and tired, he desists from his exertions, and entreats a boy near him 'to go into the bog beyont there, and get him some poteen, which he is sure is making in the stills among the turf;' offering him at the same time a lump of his 'treasure' as payment for his trouble.

Here is a tall, grave, shrewd-looking man, very like an elder of the kirk, throwing away part of his accumulation, but somewhat stealthily retaining a portion in the large cotton handkerchief in which he had placed it, while a respectable-looking woman is saying to him: 'John, the minister says, it's no gold, but only brimstone.' To which he answers, with an audible sigh: 'Well hath the wise man said, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Here is a strong-built but lumpish-looking fellow, seemingly a ploughman or day-labourer, leaving the scene of action in evident disgust, who, on being asked if he had been successful, answers roughly: 'No!' and adds: 'I'll sell you this pick for a glass of ale or a dram of whisky.' Here are angry words passing between a middle-aged man and a youth, respecting the right of possession, the former having driven the latter away from a promising-looking place on which he was employed, and commenced operations upon it himself.

It is Saturday; and the mills on the river Leven are stopped at noon, to allow the water in the lake from which it flows to accumulate its supplies for the following week's operations. Freed thus from labour, the spinners hasten to the scene of attraction, and largely swell the crowd already assembled there. The men begin the search with eagerness, while the women content themselves with looking on; but it is evident that they are unaccustomed to the use of the instruments they have assumed, and that long practice will be necessary before they can turn them to much account. Here are bands of colliers able to wield them to purpose, yet how unwilling they appear to be to put forth their strength. They came in the expectation of getting gold for the lifting, which is nowhere the case; and are evidently disappointed in finding that both effort and perseverance are necessary. Indeed, it surprised us to see so little disposition to make and maintain exertion on the part of those who fancied that certain riches would be the result. Notwithstanding the numerous traces of picking, hammering, and shovelling they have left behind them, there is not an excavation a foot deep; while over a crevice in the rock, three inches square, a digger has left the words, scratched with a piece of slate: 'There

is no gold here,' as if he had done all that was necessary to prove it. Even in the loose débris around the quarry—with which the substance referred to abounds—there is no trace of a digging wider or deeper than a man's hat. We have seen a student make greater and longer-continued exertion to get a fossil shell, and a terrier dog to get a rat or a rabbit, than any of the gold-seekers have. Burns the poet, in his lament, entitled *Man was made to Mourn*, complains, with more pathos and sentiment than truth and justice, that the landlords will not 'give him leave to toil.' That is not the leave most men desire, but the leave to be idle. If gold were to be got for the lifting, and bread were as easily procured as water, man would not be disposed to take healthful exercise, much less labour or toil.

We shall not describe the scene as it developed itself on Sunday. It was at total variance with the reputation Scotchmen have acquired for the observance of that day, but in perfect keeping with the notoriety they have gained for their love of strong drink. Monday was the fifteenth day of the gold-fever; and, like most other fevers, it was then at its height. Parties had been on the hill soon after the previous midnight awaiting the dawn, resolved to be the first at the diggings that morning, and 'have their fortunes made before others arrived.' But the lark had not got many yards high in his heavenward ascent, and only struck the first note of his morning-carol, when the mountain concaves sent back echoes of music from a whole band of men, marching at the head of a still greater number, who might have been taken for a regiment of sappers and miners. They have come from a distance; and, like the others who have preceded them, can have known little or nothing of 'balmy sleep, kind nature's sweet restorer,' unless they have taken it at church the preceding day, or in their beds, when they should have been there. The morning has grown apace, and shews the mountain-sides and table-land teeming with life. 'The cry is still, they come;' and long before mid-day, it is calculated that there are at least 1200 persons on the hill—many of them spectators of the scene, but most of them actors in it.

To a curious observer, it was at once an amusing, interesting, instructive, and painful spectacle. It developed character; shewed to some extent the state of society among certain classes and professions; and exhibited human nature in some of its peculiar and less agreeable phases. The most striking and unlikeable manifestations were—ignorance, credulity, superstition, recklessness, and disregard for all that is 'lovely and of good report.' We were particularly struck with the want of foresight, observation, and reflection shewn by a great number of the persons concerned, and of whom other things might have been expected. They had come to 'the diggings' without instruments of any kind with which to bring forth the supposed gold from its recesses; and, more wonderful still, without food to sustain them while employed in finding it. What an easy prey these persons would have been to any one willing to take advantage of them! They willingly parted with much of their supposed treasure for a few crumbs of cake from a boy's pocket, and with still more for a slice of poor cheese from a quarryman's wallet. The man who brought intoxicating drink to them, would have received in return whatever he would have been pleased to demand. One party, and one only, so far as we could learn, was more provident than the rest, having provisions with it equal to its necessities for one day at least, among which whisky held a prominent place.

The substance found and supposed to be gold is very similar to that found in the coal-mines and iron-bands of Fife, which are known to 'crop out' in the Lomond Hills—none being found further north—yet the colliers and miners did not identify the substance when found in other circumstances than those in which they are accustomed to meet with it. The inhabitants of the district in which it is found shewed little sympathy with the excitement produced, a fact which should have led the gold-hunters to pause and ponder; for they were as likely to know the nature of the substance sought as persons at a distance, and just as likely to appropriate it, if it really were gold. But under the influence of their credulity, our adventurers drew a conclusion quite different—namely, that the people at the foot of the hill affected indifference, in order to deceive those at a distance, and keep all the treasure to themselves. It was of no use to tell them, that this said gold had been tested half a century ago, and been 'found wanting.' They wished it to be gold, and they were determined to believe it such. Much advantage was taken of this credulity, even by those who had themselves been its dupes. The most daring falsehoods were invented by them, in order to induce others to befool themselves as they had done. One, according to his own account, had received 30s. for his 'findings;' and another had been offered L.2 for as much as he had collected in half an hour. Such are specimens of the fables they devised, with a view to deceive their acquaintances, and they had manifest pleasure in seeing them produce the desired effect.

Meanwhile, every test known to or conceivable by the amateur chemists—of which there are not few in the counties in which the hills are situated—was put in requisition, and a voice evoked by them, but it would not speak as desired. Others, who knew nothing of chemistry, were torturing it in every possible way—beating it with hammers, to see if it would expand, like gold, into leaf; but instead of this, it only flew off in splinters: then putting it into the smith's forge, to see if it would liquefy and separate from the dross, but it only evaporated in fumes, which drove them from the smithy by their offensive odour. Not one of these experimenters, whether more or less skilled, thought of subjecting it to the simple and certain test of cutting it with a knife, of which the substance in question is not susceptible, whereas gold cuts like tough cheese. Enough, however, had been done to confirm suspicions which had been floating in the minds of many of the diggers, that this rapid wealth-finding was a delusion and a lie. All doubts upon the subject were finally set at rest by the professors of mineralogy in the colleges, and the practical chemists in Edinburgh and Glasgow, informing certain inquirers as to the real nature of this deceptive substance. It is of two kinds: the one with a gray, the other with a brown base—the latter much more common than the former; the one shining with a whitish, the other with a yellowish lustre. The one is *galena*, a sulphuret of lead; the other, *pyrites*, a sulphuret of iron. These pyrites are very extensively diffused, and are said to be worth about L.2 a ton. Pity it is that even this trifle should be lost to the poor quarryman, who has only to lay them aside when wheeling away his rubbish till they accumulate to such a quantity as to be worth a purchaser's notice, but who does not know where to find a customer.

The Lomonds were now again left to their solitude and silence, a few stray persons visiting them only from curiosity, to see the place and its productions which had caused such excitement. But the mania did not abate all at once. A village patriarch, skilled in fairy lore, entertained some of the gold-seekers with the following legend, which had the effect of sending them in search of the precious metal elsewhere. According to this ancient, a fairy, in times long gone by, appeared on a summer gloaming to a boy herding cattle in the place indicated by the following doggrel, and told him that—

> If Auchindownie cock does not craw,
> If Balmain horn does not blaw,
> I'll shew you the gold in *Largo Law*.

'But,' added this benevolent son of Puck, 'if I leave you when these happen—for I must then return home immediately—take you notice where the brindled ox lies down, and there you will find the gold.' The cock crew and the horn blew. The fairy vanished, but the boy observed where the brindled ox lay down; but then he did not reflect upon the need of marking the place, but ran home, in his impatience to communicate the delightful information he had received, and on his return found that the brindled ox had risen and left the place; and as he could not determine the spot, the gold still awaits the search of some more reflective and painstaking person. Of course, one and another of the narrator's auditors thought himself such a person, and hied him away to the conical hill that rises so conspicuously at the entrance to the estuary of the Forth. What success attended them there we have not the means of knowing, but we have seen it stated in a local newspaper, that a specimen of the shining substance found in that place had been sent to the editor, and he pronounces it more like gold than the crystals brought him from the Lomond Hills. But 'like,' says the proverb, 'is an ill mark;' and we hope the gold-diggers of Fife will consider themselves as having been already sufficiently deceived by appearances.

The mania lasted fully three weeks, not that any one person was under its influence all that time—for, singularly enough, the man who had been once there rarely if ever returned—but, like an epidemic, it spread wide, and only ceased by a change in the intellectual atmosphere. There could not be less than 300 persons upon an average each day upon the hill, either searching for the supposed treasure, or waiting to ascertain the result from those that did. This would make an aggregate of 6300 in the whole time; but let us keep much within the mark, and take the number convened during that period at 5000. Many of these were men earning 15s. a week; but let us put them all down at 1s. 6d per day each, and allow 1s. for the expense incurred in their going to and from the place. This will make half-a-crown lost and expended by every one of them. This calculation makes L.30 a day, and L.630 for the whole period. Now, we are fully persuaded, that though all the pyrites carried off had been gold in the proportion in which it seemed in the substance, it would not have realised this sum, which is about the price of 200 ounces of gold; so that, in the aggregate, the diggers would have been losers, though some of them individually might have been gainers. But the gainers would have been few in proportion to the whole, for we observed that not more than one man in twenty found even the pyrites, which are probably still more extensively diffused than gold itself ever is, even in the regions where it is now known to prevail: so that the wages of the nineteen unsuccessful men are to be calculated along with those of the successful one; and then it follows, that unless the 'findings' of the latter at the close of the day are equal to the wages of twenty men, there is no increase of capital to the country, no gain upon the whole. Then the man who was lucky at one time, was unlucky at another—like a poacher who snares three hares in a night, but does not snare another for a week, while he has been unable to work during the day, and, in the end, his losses have counterbalanced his gains. Then if this phantom had proved a reality, all the mines and mills within a wide range of the place would have been instantly abandoned, and it must have taken a long time, indeed, to reproduce the capital thus lost to the country. In fine, it must have become necessary to fix a rent upon the diggings, in order to constitute a right to labour in them; and still further, to levy a tax to provide a police, if not a military force, to preserve order; and after these deductions are made, together with the incomes derived from previous occupations, and the great uncertainty connected with the vocation—to say nothing of the labour and discomforts to be endured—we cannot think gold-digging a profitable or desirable pursuit.

COMPETITION AND MONOPOLY.

A MEMORANDUM just issued by that active body, the Sanitary Association, contains the following amusing and instructive account of the memorable competition between the great London water-companies forty years ago, and of the close monopoly in which that reckless and ruinous struggle ended:—

'In 1810, a water mania, like our recent railway mania, suddenly broke out; and the principle of competition, to which the legislature had all along looked for the protection of the public, was put upon its trial. Two powerful companies, which had been several years occupied in obtaining their acts and setting up their machinery, now took the field—one, the West Middlesex, attacking the old monopolists on their western flank; the other, the East London, invading their territory from the opposite quarter. At the same time, a band of dashing Manchester speculators started the Grand Junction Company with a flaming prospectus, and boldly flung their pipes into the very thick of the tangled net-work which now spread in every direction beneath the pavement of the hotly-contested streets.

'These Grand-Junction men quite astonished the town by the magnificence of their promises. "Copious streams" of water, derived, by the medium of the Grand Junction Canal, from the rivers Colne and Brent: "always pure and fresh, because always coming in"—"high service, free of extra charge;" above all, "*unintermittent supply, so that customers may do without cisterns;*" such were a few of the seductive allurements held out by these interlopers to tempt deserters from the enemy's camp.

'The West Middlesex Company, in its opening circulars, also promised "unlimited supplies" to the very "house-tops," of water "clear and bright from the gravelly bottom of the Thames, thirteen miles above London Bridge." The East London was not behindhand with the trumpet; and its "skilful" directors, by paying dividends in rapid succession out of capital, raised their L.100 shares to the enormous premium of L.130 before they had well got their machinery into play. Meanwhile the South London (or Vauxhall) Company was started—in 1805—on the other side of the river, with a view to wrest from its old rulers the watery dominion of the south. The war was not, however, carried on in a very royal sort; for, as the travelling mountebank drives six-in-hand through a country town to entice the gaping provincials to his booth, so these water-jugglers went round the streets of London, throwing up rival *jets-d'eau* from their mains, to prove the alleged superiority of their engines, and to captivate the fancy of hesitating customers.

'The New River Company, thus put upon its mettle, boldly took up the gauntlet. It erected new forcing-engines, changed its remaining wooden pipes for iron, more than doubled its consumption of coal, reduced its charges, augmented its supplies, issued a contemptuous rejoinder to its adversaries, and, appealing as an "old servant" to the public for support, engaged in a war of extermination.

'For seven years, the battle raged incessantly. The combatants sought—and openly avowed it—not their own profit, but their rivals' ruin. Tenants were taken on almost any terms. Plumbers were bribed to *tout*, like omnibus cads, for custom. Such was the rage for mere numerical conquest, that a line of pipes would be often driven down a long street, to serve one new customer at the end. Arrears remained uncollected, lest offence should be given and influence impaired. Capricious tenants amused themselves by changing from one main to another, as they might taste this or that tap of beer. The more credulous citizens, relying on the good faith of the "public servants"—as these once powerful water-lords now humbly called themselves—were simpletons enough, on the strength of their promises, to abandon their wells, to sell off their force-pumps, and to erect water-closets or baths in the upper storeys of their houses. In many streets, there were three lines of pipes laid down, involving triple leakage, triple interest on capital,

triple administrative charges, triple pumping and storage costs, and a triple army of turncocks—the whole affording a less effective supply than would have resulted from a single well-ordered service. In this desperate struggle vast sums of money were sunk. The recently-established companies worked at a ruinous loss; and such as kept up a show of prosperity were, in fact, like the East London Company, paying dividends out of capital. The New River Company's dividends went down from L.500 to L.23 per share per annum. In the border-line districts, where the fiercest conflicts took place, the inhabitants sided with one or other of the contending parties. Some noted with delight the humbled tone of the old arbitrary monopolists, and heartily backed the invaders. Some old-stagers stuck to the ancient companies, and to the faces of familiar turncocks. These paid; but many shrewd fellows put off the obsequious collectors, and contrived to live water-rate free. Thus the honest, as usual, paid for the knaves; and the ultimate burden of all these squandered resources fell—also as usual—on society at large.

'Such a state of things could not last; and it came to a conclusion which experience, had it been invoked, might have led parliament to anticipate. For, scarcely a century before, the two chartered East India Companies, after five years' internecine war, had coalesced to form that gigantic confederacy which for years monopolised the Indian trade, and rose to an unexampled pitch of corporate power and aggrandisement, at the cost of the mercantile community.

'Just so, in 1817, the great water-companies coalesced against the public, and coolly portioned out London between them. Their treatment, on this occasion, of the tenants so lately flattered and cajoled, will never be effaced from the public memory. Batches of customers were handed over by one water-company to another, not merely without their consent, but without even the civility of a notice. Old tenants of the New River Company, who had taken their water for years, and had been their thick-and-thin supporters through the battle, found themselves ungratefully turned over, without previous explanation, to drink the "puddle" supplied by the Grand Junction Company. The abated rates were immediately raised, not merely to the former amount, but to charges from 25 to 400 per cent. more than they had been before the competition. The solemnly-promised high service was suppressed, or made the pretext for a heavy extra charge. Many people had to regret "selling their force-pumps as old lead," or fixing water-closets on their upper floors, on the faith of these treacherous contractors. Those who had fitted up their houses with pipes, in reliance on the guarantee of *unintermitting pressure*, found themselves obliged either to sacrifice the first outlay, or to expend on cisterns and their appendages further sums, varying from L.10 or L.20 up to L.50—and even, in many cases, L.100. When tenants thus unhandsomely dealt by expressed their indignation, and demanded redress, they were "jocosely" reminded by smiling secretaries that the competition was over, and that those who were dissatisfied with the companies' supplies were quite at liberty to set up pumps of their own.

'Thus as, in political affairs, anarchy invariably leads to despotism, so, in commerce, subversive competition always ends its disorderly and ruinous course in monopoly, which, whether avowed or tacit, individual or collective, is but despotism in a lower sphere.

'The cure for these evils lies in the competitive contract-system, which brings competition to bear *for*, instead of *in*, the field of supply, so as to obviate the reckless multiplication of establishments, and capitals, and staffs, for the performance of a service for which one would suffice. Evidence shews that the water-companies might be bought out, so as to clear the way for the consolidation of the water-supply with the drainage and other connected sanitary services, under a public authority, responsible to the rate-payers through parliament, and charged to supervise the due execution of the works by contractors competing freely, on open tender, in the public market—a system obviously calculated to secure for the public the best possible service at the lowest possible rates. By empowering such an authority to buy the companies out in full, with money borrowed at 3 or 3½ per cent., we should come into possession of their works at an annual charge for interest, less, by nearly two-fifths, than our present annual payment to the companies; by consolidating the nine establishments thus acquired, we should save more than half the present working costs; and by the further consolidations referred to above, for which this first one would prepare the ground, we should still more reduce our annual charges, and still more improve our sanitary condition.'

MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL:

A STATUETTE.

My white archangel, with thy steady eyes
Outlooking on this silent, ghost-filled room,
Thy clasped hands wrapped on thy sheathed sword or doom,
Thy firm-closed lips, not made for human sighs,
Kisses, or smiles, or writhing agonies,
But for divine exhorting, heavenly song,
Bold, righteous counsel, sweet from seraph tongue—
Beautiful angel, strong as thou art wise,
Would that thy sight could make me wise and strong!
Would that this sword of thine, which idle lies
Stone-planted, could wake up and gleam among
The crowd of demons that with eager cries
Howl in my heart temptations of world's wrong!
Lama Sabachthani! How long—how long!

Michael, great leader of the hosts of God,
Warrer with Satan for the body of him
Whom living, God had loved—If cherubim
With cherubim contend for one poor clod
Of human dust, with sin-stained feet that trod
Through the wide deserts of Heaven's chastisement—
Are there not ministering angels sent
To strive with evil ones that roam abroad
Clutching on living souls? 'The living, still
The living, they shall praise Thee.' Let some great
Invisible spirit enter in and fill
The howling chambers of hearts desolate,
There stand like thee, O Michael, strong and wise,
My white archangel with the steadfast eyes!

WAGES HEIGHTENED IN CONSEQUENCE OF IMPROVEMENT OF MACHINERY.

It is stated in a report of the Commissioners appointed in 1832 to inquire concerning the employment of women and children in factories, that 'in the cotton-mill of Messrs Houldsworth, in Glasgow, a spinner employed on a mule of 336 spindles, and spinning cotton 120 hanks to the pound, produced in 1823, working 74½ hours a week, 46 pounds of yarn, his net weekly wages for which amounted to 27s. 7d. Ten years later, the rate of wages having in the meantime been reduced 13 per cent., and the time of working having been lessened to 69 hours, the spinner was enabled by the greater perfection of the machinery to produce on a mule of the same number of spindles, 52¼ pounds of yarn of the same fineness, and his net weekly earnings were advanced from 26s. 7d. to 29s. 10d.' Similar results from similar circumstances were experienced in the Manchester factories. The cheapening of the article produced by help of machinery increases the demand for the article; and there being consequently a need for an increased number of workmen, the elevation of wages follows as a matter of course. Nor is this the only benefit which the working-man derives in the case, for he shares with the community in acquiring a greater command over the necessaries which machinery is concerned in producing.—*Condensed from a Lecture by G. R. Porter to the Wandsworth Literary and Scientific Association.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 448. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

BOOK-WORSHIP.

A BOOK belongs in a peculiar manner to the age and nation that produce it. It is an emanation of the thought of the time; and if it survive to an after-time, it remains as a landmark of the progress of the imagination or the intellect. Some books do even more than this: they press forward to the future age, and make appeals to its maturer genius; but in so doing they still belong to their own—they still wear the garb which stamps them as appertaining to a particular epoch. Of that epoch, it is true, they are, intellectually, the flower and chief; they are the expression of its finer spirit, and serve as a link between the two generations of the past and the future; but of that future—so much changed in habits, and feelings, and knowledge—they can never, even when acting as guides and teachers, form an essential part: there is always some bond of sympathy wanting.

A single glance at our own great books will illustrate this—books which are constantly reprinted, without which no library can be tolerated—which are still, generation after generation, the objects of the national worship, and are popularly supposed to afford a universal and unfailing standard of excellence in the various departments of literature. These books, although pored over as a task and a study by the few, are rarely opened and never read by the many: they are known the least by those who reverence them most. They are, in short, idols, and their worship is not a faith, but a superstition. This kind of belief is not shaken even by experience. When a devourer of the novels of Scott, for instance, takes up *Tom Jones*, he, after a vain attempt to read, may lay it down with a feeling of surprise and dissatisfaction; but *Tom Jones* remains still to his convictions 'an epic in prose,' the fiction *par excellence* of the language. As for *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, we have not heard of any common reader in our generation who has had the hardihood even to open the volumes; but Richardson as well as Fielding retains his original niche among the gods of romance; and we find Scott himself one of the high-priests of the worship. When wandering once upon the continent, we were thrown for several days into the company of an English clergyman, who had provided himself, as the best possible model in description, with a copy of Spenser; and it was curious to observe the pertinacity with which, from time to time, he drew forth his treasure, and the weariness with which in a few minutes he returned it to his pocket. Yet our reverend friend, we have no doubt, went home with his faith in Spenser unshaken, and recommends it to this day as the most delightful of all companions for a journey.

In the present century, the French and German critics have begun to place this reverential feeling for the 'classics' of a language upon a more rational basis. In estimating an author, they throw themselves back into the times in which he wrote; they determine his place among the spirits of his own age; and ascertain the practical influence his works have exercised over those of succeeding generations. In short, they judge him relatively, not absolutely; and thus convert an unreasoning superstition into a sober faith. We do not require to be told that in every book destined to survive its author, there are here and there gleams of nature that belong to all time; but the body of the work is after the fashion of the age that produced it; and he who is unacquainted with the thought of that age, will always judge amiss. In England, we are still in the bonds of the last century, and it is surprising what an amount of affectation mingles with criticism even of the highest pretensions. It is no wonder, then, that common readers should be mistaken in their book-worship. To such persons, for all their blind reverence, Dante must in reality be a wild beast—a fine animal, it is true, but still a wild beast—and our own Milton a polemical pedant arguing by the light of poetry. To such readers, the spectacle of Ugolino devouring the head of Ruggieri, and wiping his jaws with the hair that he might tell his story, cannot fail to give a feeling of horror and disgust, which even the glorious wings of Dante's angels—the most sublime of all such creations—would fail to chase away. The poetry of the Divine Comedy belongs to nature; its superstition, intolerance, and fanaticism, to the thirteenth century. These last have either passed away from the modern world or they exist in new forms, and with the first alone can we have any real healthy sympathy.

One of our literary idols is Shakspeare—perhaps the greatest of them all; but although the most universal of poets, his works, taken in the mass, belong to the age of Queen Elizabeth, not to ours. A critic has well said, that if Shakspeare were now living, he would manifest the same dramatic power, but under different forms; and his taste, his knowledge, and his beliefs would all be different. This, however, is not the opinion of the book-worshippers: it is not the poetry alone of Shakspeare, but the work bodily, which is pre-eminent with them; not that which is universal in his genius, but that likewise which is restricted by the fetters of time and country. The commentators, in the same way, find it their business to bring up his short-comings to his ideal character, not to account for their existence by the manners and prejudices of his age, or the literary models on which his taste was formed. It would be easy to run over, in this way, the list of all

our great authors, and to shew that book-worship, as contradistinguished from a wise and discriminating respect, is nothing more than a vulgar superstition.

We are the more inclined to put forth these ideas, at a time when reprints are the order of the day—when speculators, with a singular blindness, are ready to take hold of almost anything that comes in their way without the expense of copyright. It would be far more judicious to employ persons of a correct and elegant taste to separate the local and temporary from the universal and immortal part of our classics, and give us, in an independent form, what belongs to ourselves and to all time. A movement was made some years ago in this direction by Mr Craik, who printed in one of Charles Knight's publications a summary of the *Faëry Queen*, converting the prosaic portions into prose, and giving only the true poetry in the rich and musical verses of Spenser. A travelling companion like this, we venture to assure our clerical friend, would not be pocketed so wearily as the original work. The harmony of the divine poet would saturate his heart and beam from his eyes; and when wandering where we met him, among the storied ruins of the Rhine, he would have by his side not the man Spenser, surrounded by the prejudices and rudenesses of his age, but the spirit Spenser, discoursing to and with the universal heart of nature. Leigh Hunt, with more originality—more of the quality men call genius, but a less correct perception of what is really wanted—has done the same thing for the great Italian poets; and in his sparkling pages Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and the rest of the tuneful train, appear unfettered by the more unpleasing peculiarities of their mortal time. But the criticism by which their steps are attended, though full of grace and acuteness, is absolute, not relative. They are judged by a standard of taste and feeling existing in the author's mind: the *Inferno* is a magnificent caldron of everything base and detestable in human nature; and the *Orlando*, a paradise of love, beauty, and delight. Dante, the sublime poet, but inexorable bigot, meets with little tolerance from Leigh Hunt; while Ariosto, exhaustless in his wealth, ardent and exulting—full of the same excess of life which in youth sends the blood dancing and boiling through the veins—has his warmest sympathy. This kind of criticism is but a new form of the error we have pointed out; for both poets receive his homage—the one praised in the spontaneous outpourings of his heart, the other served with the rites of devil-worship.

When we talk of the great authors of one generation pressing forward to claim the sympathy of the *maturer* genius of the next, we mean precisely what we say. We are well aware that some of the great writers we have casually mentioned have no equals in the present world; yet the present world is more mature in point of taste than their own. That is the reason why they *are* great authors now. Some books last for a season, some for a generation, some for an age, or two, or more; always dropping off when the time they reach outstrips them. One of these lost treasures is sometimes reprinted; but if this is done in the hope of a renewed popularity, the speculation is sure to fail. Curious and studious men, it is true, are gratified by the reproduction; but the general reader would prefer a book of his own generation, using the former as materials, and separating its immortal part from its perishing body.

And the general reader, be it remembered, is virtually the age. It is for him the studious think, the imaginative invent, the tuneful sing: beyond him there is no appeal but to the future. He is superstitious, as we have seen, but his gods are few and traditional. He determines to make a stand somewhere; and it is necessary for him to do so, if he would not encumber his literary Olympus with a Hindoo-like pantheon of millions. But how voracious is this general reader in regard to the effusions of his own day! What will become of the myriads of books that have passed through our own unworthy hands? How many of them will survive to the next generation? How many will continue to float still further down the stream of time? How many will attain the honour of the apotheosis? And will they coexist in this exalted state with the old objects of worship? This last is a pregnant question; for each generation will in all probability furnish its quota of the great books of the language, and, if so, a reform in the superstition we have exposed is no longer a matter of mere expedience, but of necessity. We are aware that all this will be pronounced rank heresy by those who assume the style of critics, who usually make a prodigious outcry when a great author is mutilated, even by expunging a word which modern decency excludes from the vocabulary of social and family intercourse. This word, however—supposing it to represent the mortal and perishing part of an author's productions—belongs not to him, but to his age; not to the intellectual man, but to the external and fleeting manners of his day and generation. Such critics usually take credit to themselves for a peculiarly large and liberal spirit; but there seems to us, on the contrary, to be something mean and restricted in views that regard the man as an individual, not as a portion of the genius which belongs to the world. Yet, even as an individual, the man is safe in his entirety, for there is no project of cancelling the printed works extant in our libraries, public and private. The true question simply is: Are great authors to be allowed to become practically obsolete—and many of them have become so already—while we stand upon the delicacies and ceremonies of Book-worship?

OUR TERRACE.

LONDON has been often compared to a wilderness—a wilderness of brick, and so in one sense it is; because you may live in London all the days of your life if you choose—and, indeed, if you don't choose, if you happen to be very poor—without exciting observation, or provoking any further questioning than is comprised in a demand for accurate guidance from one place to another, a demand which might be made upon you in an Arabian desert, if there you chanced to meet a stranger. But London is something else besides a wilderness—indeed it is everything else. It is a great world, containing a thousand little worlds in its bosom; and pop yourself down in it in any quarter you will, you are sure to find yourself in the centre of some peculiar microcosm distinguished from all others by features more or less characteristic.

One such little world we have lived in for a round number of years; and as we imagine it presents a picture by no means disagreeable to look upon, we will introduce the reader, with his permission, into its very limited circle, and chronicle its history for one day as faithfully as it is possible for anything to do, short of the Daguerreotype and the tax-gatherer. Our Terrace, then—for that is our little world—is situated in one of the northern, southern, eastern, or western suburbs—we have reasons for not being particular—at the distance of two miles and three-quarters from the black dome of St Paul's. It consists of thirty genteel-looking second-rate houses, standing upon a veritable terrace, at least three feet above the level of the carriage-way, and having small gardens enclosed in iron palisades in front of them. The garden gates open upon a pavement of nine feet in width; the carriage-road is thirty feet across; and on the opposite side is another but lower terrace, surmounted with handsome semi-detached villas, with ample flower-gardens both in front and rear, those in the front being planted, but rather sparingly, with limes, birches, and a few specimens of the white-ash, which in summer-time overshadow the pavement, and shelter a passing pedestrian when caught in a shower. At one end

of Our Terrace, there is a respectable butcher's shop, a public-house, and a shop which is perpetually changing owners, and making desperate attempts to establish itself as something or other, without any particular partiality for any particular line of business. It has been by turns a print-shop, a stationer's, a circulating library, a toy-shop, a Berlin-wool shop, a music and musical-instrument shop, a haberdasher's shop, a snuff and cigar shop, and one other thing which has escaped our memory—and all within the last seven years. Each retiring speculator has left his stock-in-trade, along with the good-will, to his successor; and at the present moment it is a combination of shops, where everything you don't want is to be found in a state of dilapidation, together with a very hungry-looking proprietor, who, for want of customers upon whom to exercise his ingenuity, pulls away all day long upon the accordion to the tune of *We're a' noddin'*. The other end of Our Terrace has its butcher, its public-house, its grocer, and a small furniture-shop, doing a small trade, under the charge of a very small boy. Let thus much suffice for the physiology of our subject. We proceed to record its history, as it may be read by any one of the inhabitants who chooses to spend the waking hours of a single day in perusing it from his parlour window.

It is a fine morning in the middle of June, and the clock of the church at the end of the road is about striking seven, when the parlour shutters and the street doors of the terrace begin to open one by one. By a quarter past, the servant-girls, having lighted their fires, and put the kettle on to boil for breakfast, are ostensibly busy in sweeping the pathways of the small front-gardens, but are actually enjoying a simultaneous gossip together over the garden railings - a fleeting pleasure, which must be nipped in the bud, because master goes to town at half-past eight, and his boots are not yet cleaned, or his breakfast prepared. Now the bedroom-bell rings, which means hot water; and this is no sooner up, than mistress is down, and breakfast is laid in the parlour. At a quarter before eight, the eggs are boiled, and the bacon toasted, and the first serious business of the day is in course of transaction. Mr Jones of No. 9, Mr Robinson of No. 10, and Mr Brown of No. 11, are bound to be at their several posts in the city at nine o'clock; and having swallowed a hasty breakfast, they may be seen, before half-past eight has chimed, walking up and down the terrace chatting together, and wondering whether 'that Smith,' as usual, means to keep the omnibus waiting this morning, or whether he will come forth in time. Precisely as the half hour strikes, the tin horn of the omnibus sounds its shrill blast, and the vehicle is seen rattling round the corner, stopping one moment at No. 28, to take up Mr Johnson. On it comes, with a fresh blast, to where the commercial trio are waiting for it; out rushes Smith, wiping his mouth, and the 'bus,' swallowing up the whole four, rumbles and trumpets on to take up Thompson, Jackson, and Richardson, who, cigars in mouth, are waiting at a distance of forty paces off to ascend the roof. An hour later, a second omnibus comes by on the same benevolent errand, for the accommodation of those gentlemen, more favoured by fortune, who are not expected to be at the post of business until the hour of ten. As Our Terrace does not stand in a direct omnibus route, these are all the 'buses' that will pass in the course of the day. The gentlemen whom they convey every morning to town are regular customers, and the vehicles diverge from their regular course in order to pick them up at their own doors.

About half-past nine, or from that to a quarter to ten, comes the postman with his first delivery of letters for the day. Our Terrace is the most toilsome part of his beat, for having to serve both sides of the way, his progress is very like that of a ship at sea sailing against the wind. R'tat he goes on our side, then down he jumps into the road—B'bang, on the other side—tacks about again, and serves the terrace—off again, and serves the villas, and so on till he has fairly epistolised both sides of the way, and vanished round the corner. The vision of his gold band and red collar is anxiously looked for in the morning by many a fair face, which a watchful observer may see furtively peering through the drawing-room window-curtains. After he has departed, and the well-to-do merchants and employers who reside in the villas opposite have had time to look over their correspondence, come sundry neat turn-outs from the stables and coach-houses in the rear of the villas: a light, high gig, drawn by a frisky grey, into which leaps young Oversea the shipbroker—a comfortable, cushioned four-wheel drawn by a pair of bay ponies, into which old Discount climbs heavily, followed perhaps by his two daughters, bound on a shopping-visit to the city—and a spicy-looking, rattling trap, with a pawing horse, which has a decided objection to standing still, for Mr Goadall, the wealthy cattle-drover. These, with other vehicles of less note, all roll off the ground by a quarter after ten o'clock or so; and the ladies and their servants, with some few exceptions, are left in undisputed possession of home, while not a footfall of man or beast is heard in the sunshiny quiet of the street.

The quiet, however, is broken before long by a peculiar and suggestive cry. We do not hear it yet ourselves, but Stalker, our black cat and familiar, has caught the well-known accents, and with a characteristic crooning noise, and a stiff, perpendicular erection of tail, he sidles towards the door, demanding, as plainly as possible, to be let out. Yes, it is the cats-meat man. 'Ca' me-e-et—me-yet—me-e-yet!' fills the morning air, and arouses exactly thirty responsive feline voices—for there is a cat to every house—and points thirty aspiring tails to the zenith. As many hungry tabbies, sables, and tortoise-shells as can get out of doors, are trooping together with arched backs upon the pavement, following the little pony-cart, the cats' commissariat equipage, and each one, anxious for his daily allowance, contributing most musically his quota to the general concert. We do not know how it is, but the cats-meat man is the most unerring and punctual of all those peripatetic functionaries who undertake to cater for the consumption of the public. The baker, the butcher, the grocer, the butterman, the fishmonger, and the coster, occasionally forget your necessities, or omit to call for your orders—the cats-meat man never. Other traders, too, dispense their stock by a sliding-scale, and are sometimes out of stock altogether: Pussy's provider, on the contrary, sticks to one price from year's end to year's end, and never, in the memory of the oldest Grimalkin, was known to disappoint a customer. A half-penny for a cat's breakfast has been the regulation-price ever since the horses of the metropolis began to submit to the boiling process for the benefit of the feline race.

By the time the cats have retired to growl over their allowance in private, the daily succession of nomadic industrials begin to lift up their voices, and to defile slowly along Our Terrace, stopping now and then to execute a job or effect a sale when an opportunity presents itself. Our limits will not allow us to notice them all, but we must devote a few paragraphs to those without whom our picture would be incomplete.

First comes an ingenious lass of two or three-and-twenty, with a flaming red shawl, pink ribbons in her bonnet, and the hue of health on a rather saucy face. She carries a large basket on her left arm, and in her right hand she displays to general admiration a gorgeous group of flowers, fashioned twice the size of life, from tissue-paper of various colours. She lifts up her voice occasionally as she marches slowly along, singing in a clear accent: 'Flowers—ornamental papers for the stove

—flowers! paper-flowers!' She is the accredited herald of summer—a phenomenon, this year, of very late appearance. We should have seen her six weeks ago, if the summer had not declined to appear at the usual season. She is the gaudy, party-coloured ephemera of street commerce, and will disappear from view in a fortnight's time, to be seen no more until the opening summer of '53. Her wares, which are manufactured with much taste, and with an eye to the harmony of colours, are in much request among the genteel housewives of the suburbs. They are exceedingly cheap, considering the skill which must be applied in their construction. They are all the work of her own hands, and have occupied her time and swallowed up her capital for some months past. She enjoys almost a monopoly in her art, and is not to be beaten down in the price of her goods. She knows their value, and is more independent than an artist dares to be in the presence of a patron. Her productions are a pleasant summer substitute for the cheerful fire of winter; and it is perhaps well for her that, before the close of autumn, the faded hues of the flowers, and the harbour they afford to dust, will convert them into waste paper, in spite of all the care that may be taken to preserve them.

Paper Poll, as the servants call her, is hardly out of sight, and not out of hearing, when a young fellow and his wife come clattering along the pavement, appealing to all who may require their good offices in the matter of chair-mending. The man is built up in a sort of cage-work of chairs stuck about his head and shoulders, and his dirty phiz is only half visible through a kind of grill of legs and cross-bars. These are partly commissions which, having executed at home, he is carrying to their several owners. But as everybody does not choose to trust him away with property, he is ready to execute orders on the spot; and to this end his wife accompanies him on his rounds. She is loaded with a small bag of tools suspended at her waist, and a plentiful stock of split-cane under one arm. He will weave a new cane-seat to an old chair for 9d., and he will set down his load and do it before your eyes in your own garden, if you prefer that to intrusting him with it; that is, he will make the bargain, and his wife will weave the seat under his supervision, unless there happen to be two to be repaired, when husband and wife will work together. We have noticed that it is a very silent operation, that of weaving chair-bottoms; and that though the couple may be seated for an hour and more together rapidly plying the flexible canes, they never exchange a word with each other till the task is accomplished. Sometimes the wife is left at a customer's door working alone, while the husband wanders further on in search of other employment, returning by the time she has finished her task. But there are no chairs to mend this morning on Our Terrace, and our bamboo friends may jog on their way.

Now resounds from a distance the cry of 'All a-growin' an' a-blowin'—all a-blowin', a-blowin' here!' and in a few minutes the travelling florist makes his appearance, driving before him a broad-surfaced hand-cart, loaded in profusion with exquisite flowers of all hues, in full bloom, and, to all appearance, thriving famously. It may happen, however, as it has happened to us, that the blossoms now so vigorous and blooming, may all drop off on the second or third day; and the naked plant, after making a sprawling and almost successful attempt to reach the ceiling for a week or so, shall become suddenly sapless and withered, the emblem of a broken-down and emaciated sot—and, what is more, ruined from the self-same cause, an overdose of stimulating fluid. It may happen, on the other hand, that the plant shall have suffered no trick of the gardener's [illegible], and [illegible] bloom fairly to the end of its natural term. [illegible]mmerce in blossoming flowers is one of the most uncertain and dangerous speculations in which the small street-traders of London can engage. When carried on under favourable circumstances, it is one of the most profitable, the demand for flowers being constant and increasing; but the whole stock-in-trade of a small perambulating capitalist may be ruined by a shower of rain, which will spoil their appearance for the market, and prevent his selling them before they are overblown. Further, as few of these dealers have any means of housing this kind of stock safely during the night, they are often compelled to part with them, after an unfavourable day, at less than prime cost, to prevent a total loss. Still, there are never wanting men of a speculative turn of mind, and the cry of 'All a-blowin' an' a-growin'' resounds through the streets as long as the season supplies flowers to grow and to blow.

The flower-merchant wheels off, having left a good sprinkling of geraniums in our neighbours' windows; and his cousin-german, 'the graveller,' comes crawling after him, with his cart and stout horse in the middle of the road, while he walks on one side of the pavement, and his assistant on the other. This fellow is rather a singular character, and one that is to be met with probably nowhere upon the face of the earth but in the suburbs of London. He is, *par excellence*, the exponent of a feeling which pervades the popular mind in the metropolis on the subject of the duty which respectable people owe to respectability. It is impossible for a housekeeper in a neighbourhood having any claims to gentility, to escape the recognition of this feeling in the lower class of industrials. If you have a broken window in the front of your house, the travelling glazier thinks, to use his own expression, that *you have a right* to have it repaired, and therefore that he, having discovered the fracture, has a right to the job of mending it. If your bell-handle is out of order or broken off, the travelling bellman thinks he has a right to repair it, and bores you, in fact, until you commission him to do so—and so on. In the same manner, and on the same principle, so soon as the fine weather sets in, and the front-gardens begin to look gay, the graveller loads his cart with gravel, and shouldering his spade, crawls leisurely through the suburbs with his companion, peering into every garden; and wherever he sees that the walks are grown dingy or moss-grown, he knocks boldly at the door, and demands to be set to work in mending your ways. The best thing you can do is to make the bargain and employ him at once; if not, he will be round again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and bore you into consenting at last. You live in a respectable house, and you *have a right* to keep your garden in a respectable condition—and the graveller is determined that you shall do so: has he not brought gravel to the door on purpose? it will cost you but a shilling or two. Thus he lays down the law in his own mind; and sooner or later, as sure as fate, he lays down the gravel in your garden.

While the graveller is patting down the pathway round Robinson's flower-bed, we hear the well-known cry of a countryman whom we have known any time these ten years, and who, with his wife by his side, has perambulated the suburbs for the best part of his life. He has taken upon himself the patronage of the laundry department, and he shoulders a fagot of clothes-poles, ten feet long, with forked extremities, all freshly cut from the forest. Coils of new rope for drying are hanging upon his arm, and his wife carries a basket well stocked with clothes-pins of a superior description, manufactured by themselves. The cry of 'Clo'-pole-line-pins' is one long familiar to the neighbourhood; and as this honest couple have earned a good reputation by a long course of civility and probity, they enjoy the advantage of a pretty extensive connection. Their perambulations are confined to the suburbs,

and it is a question if they ever enter London proper from one year's end to another. It is of no use to carry clothes-poles and drying-lines where there are no conveniences for washing and drying.

Next comes a travelling umbrella-mender, fagoted on the back like the man in the moon of the nursery rhyme-book. He is followed at a short distance by a travelling tinker, swinging his live-coals in a sort of tin censer, and giving utterance to a hoarse and horrible cry, intelligible only to the cook who has a leaky sauce-pan. Then comes the chamois-leather woman, bundled about with damaged skins, in request for the polishing of plate and plated wares. She is one of that persevering class who will hardly take 'No' for an answer. It takes her a full hour to get through the terrace, for she enters every garden, and knocks at every door from No. 1 to No. 30. In the winter-time, she pursues an analogous trade, dealing in what may strictly be termed the raw material, inasmuch as she then buys and cries hare-skins and rabbit-skins. She has, unfortunately, a notoriously bad character, and is accused of being addicted to the practice of taking tenpence and a hare-skin in exchange for a counterfeit shilling.

By this time it is twelve o'clock and past, and Charley Coster, who serves the terrace with vegetables, drives up his stout cob to the door, and is at the very moment we write bargaining with Betty for new potatoes at threepence-half-penny a pound. Betty declares it is a scandalous price for potatoes. 'Yes, dear,' says Charley; 'an' another scanlous thing is, that I can't sell 'em for no less.' Charley is the most affectionate of costers, and is a general favourite with the abigails of the terrace. His turn-out is the very model of a travelling green-grocer's shop, well stocked with all the fruits and vegetables of the season; and he himself is a model of a coster, clean shaved, clean shod, and trimly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, an everlasting smile upon his face, and the nattiest of neck-ties. The cunning rogue pretends to be smitten with Betty, and most likely does the same with all the other Bettys of the neighbourhood, to all of whom he chatters incessantly of everything and everybody—save and except of the wife and three children waiting for him at home. He will leave a good portion of his stock behind him when he quits the terrace.

After Charley has disappeared, there is a pause for an hour or two in the flow of professionals past Our Terrace. The few pedestrians that pass along are chiefly gentlefolks, who have come abroad this fine morning for an airing—to take a constitutional, and to pick up an appetite for dinner. You may chance to hear the cry of 'Oranges and nuts,' or of 'Cod—live cod,' and you may be entertained by a band of musicians in a gaily-coloured van patrolling for the purpose of advertising the merits of something or other which is to be had for nothing at all, or the next thing to it, if you can prevail upon yourself to go and fetch it. Perhaps Punch and Judy will pitch their little citadel in front of your dwelling; or, more likely still, a band of mock Ethiopians, with fiddle, castanets, and banjo, may tempt your liberality with a performance of *Uncle Ned* or *Old Dan Tucker;* or a corps of German musicians may trumpet you into a fit of martial ardour; or a wandering professor of the German flute soothe you into a state of romance.

As the afternoon wears on, the tranquillity grows more profound. The villas opposite stand asleep in the sunshine; the sound of a single footstep is heard on the pavement; and anon you hear the feeble, cracked voice of old Willie, the water-cress man, distinctly articulating the cry of 'Water-cresses; fine brown water-cresses; royal Albert water-cresses; the best in London—everybody say so.' The water-cresses are welcomed on the terrace as an ornament and something more to the tea-table; and while tea is getting ready for the inhabitants of the terrace, the dwellers in the opposite villas are seen returning to dinner. The lame match-man now hobbles along upon his crutches, with his little basket of lucifers suspended at his side. He is thoroughly deaf and three parts dumb, uttering nothing beyond an incomprehensible kind of croak by way of a demand for custom. He is a privileged being, whom nobody thinks of interfering with. He has the *entrée* of all the gardens on both sides of the way, and is the acknowledged depositary of scraps and remnants of all kinds which have made their last appearance upon the dinner or supper table.

About five o'clock, the tinkling note of the muffin-bell strikes agreeably upon the ear, suggestive of fragrant souchong and bottom-crusts hot, crackling, and unctuous. Now ensues a delicate savour in the atmosphere of the terrace kitchens, and it is just at its height when Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are seen walking briskly up the terrace. They all go in at Smith's, where the muffin-man went in about half an hour before, and left half his stock behind him. By six o'clock, the lords and ladies of Our Terrace are congregated round their tea-urns; and by seven, you may see from one of the back-windows a tolerable number of the lords, arrayed in dressing-gowns and slippers, and some of them with corpulent meerschaums dangling from their mouths, strolling leisurely in the gardens in the rear of their dwellings, and amusing themselves with their children, whose prattling voices and innocent laughter mingle with the twittering of those suburban songsters, the sparrows, and with the rustling of the foliage, stirred by the evening breeze. These pleasant sounds die away by degrees. Little boys and girls go to bed; the gloom of twilight settles down upon the gardens; candles are lighted in the drawing-rooms, and from a dozen houses at once pianofortes commence their harmony. At No. 12, the drawing-room windows are open, though the blinds are down; and the slow-pacing policeman pauses in his round, and leans against the iron railings, being suddenly brought up by the richly-harmonious strains of a glee for three voices: Brown, Jones, and Robinson are doing the *Chough and Crow;* and Smith, who prides himself on his semi-grand, which he tunes with his own hands once a week, is doing the accompaniment in his best style. The merry chorus swells delightfully upon the ear, and is heard half way down the terrace: the few foot-passengers who are passing stop under the window to listen, till one of them is imprudent enough to cry 'Encore,' when down go the windows, and the harmonious sounds are shut in from vulgar ears.

It is by this time nearly half-past nine o'clock, and now comes the regular nightly 'tramp, tramp' of the police, marching in Indian file, and heavily clad in their night-gear. They come to replace the guardians of the day by those of the night. One of the number falls out of the line on the terrace, where he commences his nocturnal wanderings, and guarantees the peace and safety of the inhabitants for the succeeding eight hours; the rest tramp onwards to their distant stations. The echoes of their iron heels have hardly died away, when there is a sudden and almost simultaneous eruption from every garden-gate on the terrace of clean-faced, neat-aproned, red-elbowed servant-girls, each and all armed with a jug or a brace of jugs, with a sprinkling of black bottles among them, and all bound to one or other of the public-houses which guard the terrace at either end. It is the hour of supper; and the supper-beer, and the after-supper nightcaps, for those who indulge in them, have to be procured from the publican. This is an occasion upon which Betty scorns to hurry; but she takes time by the forelock, starting for the beer as soon as the cloth is laid, and before master has finished his pipe, or his game of chess, or Miss Clementina her song, in order that she may have leisure for a little gossip with No. 7 on the one hand, or No. 9 on the

other. She goes out without beat of drum, and lets herself in with the street-door key without noise, bringing home, besides the desiderated beverage, the news of the day, and the projects of next-door for the morrow, with, it may be, a plan for the enjoyment of her next monthly holiday.

Supper is the last great business of the day upon Our Terrace, which, by eleven at night, is lapped in profound repose. The moon rides high in mid-sky, and the black shadows of the trees lie motionless on the white pavement. Not a footfall is heard abroad; the only sound that is audible as you put your head out of the window, to look up at the glimmering stars and radiant moon, is the distant and monotonous murmur of the great metropolis, varied now and then by the shrill scream of a far-off railway-whistle, or the 'cough, cough, cough' of the engine of some late train. We are sober folks on the terrace, and are generally all snug abed before twelve o'clock. The last sound that reaches our ears ere we doze off into forgetfulness, is the slow, lumbering, earthquaky advance of a huge outward-bound wagon. We hear it at the distance of half a mile, and note distinctly the crushing and pulverising of every small stone which the broad wheels roll over as they sluggishly proceed on their way. It rocks us in our beds as it passes the house; and for twenty minutes afterwards, if we are awake so long, we are aware that it is groaning heavily onwards, and shaking the solid earth in its progress—till it sinks away in silence, or we into the land of dreams.

SLAVES IN BRITAIN.

IT has sometimes been predicted, not without plausibility, that if this great empire should sink before the rising genius of some new state, when all it has accomplished in arts and arms, and its wealth, its literature, its machinery, are forgotten, its struggles for humanity in the abolition of negro slavery will stand forth in undiminished lustre. All the steps of this mighty operation are interesting. It is a peculiarity of England and its institutions, that many of the most momentous constitutional conflicts have taken place in the courts of law. In despotic countries, this seldom occurs, because the rulers can bend the courts of law to their pleasure; but here, even under the worst governments, whatever degree of freedom was really warranted by law, could be secured by the courts of justice. When it was said that the air of Britain was too pure for a slave to breathe in — that his shackles fell off whenever he reached her happy shore—the sentiment was noble; but the question depended entirely on the law and its technical details. The trials resulting in a decision against slavery, have thus much interest from the influence they exercised on human progress.

There seemed to be every probability that the interesting question, whether ownership in slaves continued after they had reached Britain, would have been tried in Scotland. In the middle of last century, a Mr Sheddan had brought home from Virginia a negro slave to be taught a trade. He was baptised, and, learning his trade, began to acquire notions of freedom and citizenship. When the master thought he had been long enough in Scotland to suit his purpose, the negro was put on board a vessel for Virginia. He got a friend, however, to present for him a petition to the Court of Session. The professional report of the case in *Morison's Dictionary of Decisions* says: 'The Lords appointed counsel for the negro, and ordered memorials, and afterwards a hearing in presence, upon the respective claims of liberty and servitude by the master and the negro; but during the hearing in presence, the [illegible] the point was not determined.' In the [illegible] to which we shall presently advert, it was [illegible] that from the known temper and opinions [illegible] court, the decision would undoubtedly have been in the negro's favour. At the time when Mr Grenville Sharp, to his immortal honour, took up in the courts of law the question of personal liberty as a legal right, there was a more serious risk of Britain becoming a slave state than it is now easy to imagine. There was no chance of negroes being employed in gangs in the field or in manufactories, but there was imminent danger of their being brought over and kept in multitudes as domestic servants, just as they are still in some of the southern states of America. Mr Sharp drew attention to the following advertisement in the *Public Advertiser* of 28th March 1769, as one of a kind becoming too common:

'To be sold, a Black Girl, the property of J. B——, eleven years of age, who is extremely handy, works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English perfectly well; is of an excellent temper and willing disposition.

'Inquire of Mr Owen, at the Angel Inn, behind St Clement's Church in the Strand.'

Mr Sharp's early conflicts in the law-courts are more romantic than the last and decisive one. He and his brother had found a poor mendicant negro, called Jonathan Strong, in rags on the streets of London. They took him into their service, and after he had become plump, strong, and acquainted with his business, the man who had brought him from the colonies, an attorney, seeing him behind a carriage, set covetous eyes on him. The lad was waylaid on a false message to a public-house, seized, and committed to the Compter, where, however, he managed to make Mr Sharp acquainted with his position. The indefatigable philanthropist had him brought before the lord mayor as sitting magistrate. After hearing the case stated, his lordship said: 'The lad had not stolen anything, and was not guilty of any offence, and was therefore at liberty to go away.' A captain of a vessel, saying he had been employed by a person who had just bought the youth, to convey him to Jamaica, seized him by the arm as his employer's property. A lawyer standing behind Mr Sharp, who seems to have been puzzled how to proceed, whispered, 'Charge him.' Sharp charged the captain with an assault, and as he would have been immediately committed by the lord mayor if he persisted, he let go his hold. The philanthropist was threatened with a prosecution for abstraction of property, but it was abandoned.

This occurred in 1767. The next important case was that of a negro named Lewis. He 'had formerly,' says Mr Sharp's biographer, 'been a slave in possession of a Mr Stapylton, who now resided at Chelsea. Stapylton, with the aid of two watermen, whom he had hired for that purpose, in a dark night seized the person of Lewis, and, after a struggle, dragged him on his back into the water, and thence into a boat lying in the Thames, where, having first tied his legs, they endeavoured to gag him by running a stick into his mouth; and then rowing down to a ship bound for Jamaica, whose commander was previously engaged in the wicked conspiracy, they put him on board, to be sold as a slave on his arrival in the island.' The negro's cries, however, were heard; the struggle was witnessed; and information given in the quarter whence aid was most likely to come. Mr Sharp lost no time in obtaining a writ of habeas corpus. The ship in the meantime had sailed from Gravesend, but the officer with the writ was able to board her in the Downs. There he saw the negro chained to the mast. The captain was at first furious, and determined to resist; but he knew the danger of deforcing an officer with such a writ as a habeas corpus, and found it necessary to yield. The writ came up before Lord Mansfield. He did not go into the general question of slavery, for there was an incidental point on which the case could be decided on the side of humanity—the captain and the persons employing him could not prove their property in the slave, supposing such property lawful. He was not

only liberated, but his captors were convicted of assault.

These cases, however, did not decide the wide question, whether it was lawful to hold property in negroes in this country. It came at last to be solemnly decided in 1771, on a habeas corpus in the King's Bench. Affidavits having been made before Lord Mansfield, that a coloured man, named Somerset, was confined in irons on board a vessel called the *Ann and Mary*, bound for Jamaica, he granted a habeas corpus against the captain, to compel him to give an account of his authority for keeping the man in custody. Somerset had been a slave in Virginia, the property of a Mr Stewart; and the captain of the vessel stated that the owner had put him on board, to be conveyed to Jamaica, and there sold. In what was called the return to the writ, the justification for keeping Somerset in restraint was thus quaintly stated:—'That at the time of bringing the said James Somerset from Africa, and long before, there were, and from thence hitherto there have been, and still are, great numbers of negro slaves in Africa; and that during all the time aforesaid, there hath been, and still is a trade, carried on by his majesty's subjects from Africa, to his majesty's colonies or plantations of Virginia and Jamaica, in America, and other colonies and plantations belonging to his majesty in America, for the necessary supplying of the foresaid colonies and plantations with negro slaves.' It proceeded to relate with the same verbosity, that the slaves so brought from Africa 'have been and are saleable and sold as goods and chattels; and upon the sale thereof, have become, and been, and are, the slaves and property of the purchasers thereof.' It was stated that Mr Stewart, who resided in Virginia, had Somerset as a domestic slave or valet—that having business to transact in London, he took his usual attendant there, intending to take him back to Virginia. Somerset, however, made his escape; and when he was apprehended, his master, probably believing that he would thenceforth be rather a troublesome valet, changed his intention, and put the negro into the hands of the captain of a vessel bound for Jamaica, that he might be sold there.

The pleadings upon the legality of this proceeding were solemn and full. The question was, Whether it was to be held a just inference, from the fact of the slave, being undoubtedly by the law of the day property in the colonies, that, while his colonial master made a temporary stay in Britain, he should be property there also, without any direct law to that effect. Had it been a question of inanimate goods, there would be no reason why the property should not continue in the colonial owner. It would be all one to the inanimate object what hands it was in, and regularity and justice would decree that the person who was owner of it in one country should be so in another. But in these cases there was a separate adverse interest of a very strong character. Was the uniformity of this right of possession sufficient to overrule another right—that which every man, black or white, had to the freedom of his own person, unless there was special law to restrain it? The counsel for the negro not only pleaded strongly on this his personal right, but on the consequence to the moral condition of the British Empire, if the inhabitants of slave countries could bring their slaves hither. From the strictness of the laws, and the uniformity of the course of justice, if slaves were permitted in England, it was the very place where property in them would be most secure. Thus the country might become a resort of slaveholders, and its boasted purity and freedom would be sadly contaminated. 'If that right,' said Mr Hargrave, 'is here recognised, domestic slavery, with its horrid train of evils, may be lawfully imported into this country, at the discretion of every individual, foreign and native. It will come not only from our own colonies, and those of other European nations, but from Poland, Russia, Spain, and Turkey—from the coast of Barbary, from the western and eastern coasts of Africa—from every part of the world where it still continues to torment and dishonour the human species.'

The counsel on the other side was the celebrated Mr Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, a friend of freedom, who seems to have undertaken the cause on notions of professional duty, and without any great inclination for it. His first words were: 'It is incumbent on me to justify Captain Knowles's detainer of the negro.' He was careful to shew, that he did not in the meantime maintain that there was an absolute property in Somerset—it was sufficient to shew, that there was a sufficient presumption of property to authorise the shipmaster in detaining him until the absolute question of right was solemnly settled. He proceeded to say: 'It is my misfortune to address an audience, the greater part of which I fear are prejudiced the other way. But wishes, I am well convinced, will never be allowed by your lordships to enter into the determination of the point. This cause must be what in fact and law it is. Its fate, I trust, therefore, depends on fixed and variable rules, resulting by law from the nature of the case. For myself, I would not be understood to intimate a wish in favour of slavery by any means; nor, on the other side, to be supposed the maintainer of an opinion contrary to my own judgment. I am bound in duty to maintain those arguments which are most useful to Captain Knowles, as far as is consistent with truth; and if his conduct has been agreeable to the laws throughout, I am under a further indispensable duty to support it.'

Much reference was made to the ancient laws of villenage, or semi-slavery, in Britain. Mr Dunning maintained, that these were testimony that a slave was not an utter anomaly in the country. The class of villeins had disappeared, and the law regarding them was abolished in the reign of Charles II. But he maintained, that there was nothing in that circumstance to prohibit others from establishing a claim upon separate grounds. He said: 'If the statute of Charles II. ever be repealed, the law of villenage revives in its full force.' It was stated that there were in Britain 15,000 negroes in the same position with Somerset. They had come over as domestics during the temporary sojourn of their owner-masters, intending to go back again. Then it was observed, that many of the slaves were in ships or in colonies which had not special laws for the support of slavery; and by the disfranchisement of these, British subjects would lose many millions' worth of property, which they believed themselves justly to possess.

British justice, however, has held at all times the question of human liberty to be superior to considerations of mere expediency. If the question be, who gains or loses most, there never can be a doubt that the man whose freedom has been reft from him has the greatest of all claims for indulgence. Accordingly, Lord Mansfield, the presiding judge, looking in the face all the threatened evils to property, held that nothing but absolute law could trench on personal freedom. He used on the occasion a Latin expression, to the effect that justice must be done at whatever cost; it has found its way into use as a classical expression, and as no one has been able to find it in any Latin author, it is supposed to have been of Lord Mansfield's own coining. 'Mr Stewart,' he said, 'advances no claims on contract; he rests his whole demand on a right to the negro as slave, and mentions the purpose of detainure of him to be the sending him over to be sold in Jamaica. If the parties will have judgment, *fiat justitia ruat cœlum*—Let justice be done whatever be the consequence.' In finally delivering judgment, he concluded in these simple but expressive terms:—'The state of slavery is of such a nature, that it is incapable of being introduced, on any reasons, moral or political, but only by positive law, which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasion, and time itself, for which

it was created, are erased from memory. It is so odious, that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law. Whatever inconveniences, therefore, may follow from the decision, I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England; and therefore the black must be discharged.'

A few years afterwards—in 1778—a case occurred in Scotland, where the question of a master's rights over a negro slave in Britain was at issue. The right claimed in this case, however, was not of so offensive a nature. The master did not claim the power of seizing the negro as his property. He maintained, however, that their mutual position gave him a right to claim the negro's services, as if he had engaged himself as a servant for life. Mr Wedderburn had bought in Jamaica a negro named Knight, about twelve years old. He came to Scotland as Mr Wedderburn's personal servant, married in the country, and for some years seemed contented with his position. Probably at the suggestion of some one who wished to try the question, as it had been tried in England, Knight went off, avowing his intention of being free. Mr Wedderburn applied to a justice of peace, who at once issued a warrant for the negro's apprehension. The matter, however, came before the sheriff, a professional judge, who decided that the colonial laws of slavery do not extend to Scotland, and that personal service for life is just another term for slavery. After a tedious litigation, this view was affirmed by the Court of Session, and the negro was declared free. The case acquired notice from the interest taken in it by Dr Johnson, and the frequent mention of it in Boswell's well-known work.

THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE.

After my good and excellent mistress, Mrs Dacre, departed this life for a better, it seemed as if nothing ever prospered in the family, whom I had the honour of serving in the capacity of confidential housekeeper. Mr Dacre became morose and careless of his affairs; his sons were a source of great misery to him, pursuing a course of reckless extravagance and heartless dissipation; while the five young ladies—the youngest of whom, however, had attained the age of twenty-four—cared for little else than dress, and visiting, and empty show. These five young ladies had not amiable dispositions or gentle manners; but they were first-rate horsewomen, laughed and talked very loud, and were pronounced fine dashing women. There was another member of the family, an orphan niece of my master's, who had greatly profited by my lamented lady's teaching and companionship. Miss Marion had devoted herself to the sick-room with even more than a daughter's love; and for two years she had watched beside the patient sufferer, when her more volatile and thoughtless cousins refused to credit the approach of death. Miss Marion had just entered her twentieth year; life had not been all summer with her; for she remembered scenes of privation and distress, ere the decease of her parents left her, their only child, to the care of affluent relatives. She was a serious and meek, but affectionate creature; of a most goodly countenance and graceful carriage; and I used sometimes to think that the Misses Dacre were jealous of the admiration she excited, and kept her in the background as much as possible. It was not difficult to do this, for Miss Marion sought and loved retirement. After Mrs Dacre's decease, she had expressed an urgent wish to earn her bread by filling the situation of a governess. But the pride of the Dacres revolted at this; besides, Miss Marion was a comfort to her uncle, when his daughters were absent or occupied. So the dear young lady gave up her own wishes, and strove to do all she could for her generous benefactor, as she was wont to call my master.

Circumstances, which it were needless to detail, except to say that, although I had served *one* mistress satisfactorily, I found it impossible to serve *five*, determined me to resign the situation I had creditably filled for so many years. I deeply grieved to leave my beloved Miss Marion; and she, sweet, humble soul, on her part, yearned towards me, and wept a farewell on my bosom. I betook myself, in the first instance, to my brother Thomas Wesley and his wife—a worthy couple without children, renting a small farm nearly a hundred miles off. A very pleasant, small farm it was, situated in a picturesque valley, through which tumbled and foamed a limpid hill-stream, washing the roots of fine old trees, and playing all sorts of antics. This valley was a resort of quiet anglers, and also of artists during the summer season; and Thomas and Martha Wesley often let a neat parlour and adjoining bedroom to such respectable, steady people as did not object to observe the primitive hours and customs enforced at Fairdown Farm. Here I enjoyed the privilege of writing to, and hearing from, my dear Miss Marion; and though she never complained, or suffered a murmur to escape her, yet from the tenor of her letters I had great cause to fear things were all going very wrong at Mr Dacre's, and that her own health, always delicate, was giving way beneath the pressure of anxiety and unkindness.

In less than six months after I had quitted the family, a climax, which I had long anticipated with dread, actually arrived. Mr Dacre, suddenly called to his account, was found to have left his temporal affairs involved in inextricable and hopeless ruin; and amid the general crash and desolation, who was to shield or befriend the poor dependent, the orphan niece, Miss Marion? She was rudely cast adrift on the cold world; her proffered sympathy and services tauntingly rejected by those who had now a hard battle to fight on their own account. Broken down in health and spirits, the poor young lady flew to me, her humble, early friend, gratefully and eagerly availing herself of Thomas Wesley's cordial invitation, to make his house her home for the present.

My brother was a kind-hearted, just man; he had once been to see me when I lived at Mr Dacre's; and that gentleman, in his palmy days, was truly hospitable and generous to all comers. Thomas never forgot his reception, and now he was a proud and happy man to be enabled thus to offer 'a slight return,' as he modestly said, to one of the family. With much concern we all viewed Miss Marion's wan and careworn looks, so touching in the young; 'But her dim blue een will get bright again, and she'll fill out—never fear,' said Martha Wesley to me, by way of comfort and encouragement, 'now we've got her amongst *us*, poor dear. I doubt those proud Misses Dacre were not over-tender with such a one as sweet Miss Marion'——

'Dame, dame, don't let that tongue of thine wag so fast,' interrupted Thomas, for he never liked to hear people ill spoken of behind their backs, though he would speak out plainly enough to everybody's face.

A few days after Miss Marion's arrival at Fairdown (it was just at the hay-making season, and the earth was very beautiful—birds singing and flowers blooming—soft breezes blowing, and musical streamlets murmuring rejoicingly in the sunshine), a pedestrian was seen advancing leisurely up the valley, coming in a direction from the neighbouring town—a distance, however, of some miles, and the nearest point where the coach stopped. The stranger, aided in his walk by a stout stick, was a short, thickset, elderly man, clad in brown habiliments from head to foot: a brown, broad-brimmed beaver, an antiquated brown spencer (a brown wig must not be omitted), brown gaiters, and brown cloth boots, completed his attire. His linen was spotless and fine, his countenance rubicund and benevolent; and when he took off his green spectacles, a pair of the clearest and honestest brown eyes ever set in mortal's head

looked you full in the face. He was a nice, comfortable-looking old gentleman; and so Thomas and I both thought at the same moment—for Martha was out of the way, and I shewed the apartments for her; the stranger, who gave his name as Mr Budge, having been directed to our house by the people of the inn where the coach stopped, who were kin to Martha, and well-disposed, obliging persons.

Mr Budge said he wanted quietness for some weeks, and the recreation of fishing; he had come from the turmoil of the great city to relax and enjoy himself, and if Thomas Wesley would kindly consent to receive him as a lodger, he would feel very much obliged. Never did we listen to so pleasant and obliging a mode of speaking; and when Mr Budge praised the apartments, and admired the country, the conquest of Thomas's heart was complete. 'Besides,' as Martha sagaciously remarked, 'it was so much better to have a steady old gentleman like this for a lodger, when pretty Miss Marion honoured them as a guest.' I thought so too; my dear young lady being so lone and unprotected by relatives, we all took double care of her.

So Mr Budge engaged the rooms, and speedily arrived to take possession, bringing with him a spick-and-span new fishing-rod and basket. He did not know much about fishing, but he enjoyed himself just as thoroughly as if he did; and he laughed so good-humouredly at his own Cockney blunders, as he called them, that Thomas would have been quite angry had any one else presumed to indulge a smile at Mr Budge's expense. A pattern lodger in all respects was Mr Budge—deferential towards Martha and myself, and from the first moment he beheld Miss Marion, regarding her as a superior being, yet one to be loved by a mortal for all that. Mr Budge was not a particularly communicative individual himself, though we opined from various observations, that, although not rich, he was comfortably off; but somehow or other, without appearing in the least inquisitive, he managed to obtain the minutest information he required. In this way, he learned all the particulars respecting Miss Marion; and gathered also from me, my own desire of obtaining a situation, such as I had held at Mr Dacre's, but in a small and well-regulated household. As to Miss Marion, the kind old gentleman could never shew kindness enough to her; and he watched the returning roses on her fair cheeks with a solicitude scarcely exceeded by mine. I never wondered at anybody admiring and loving the sweet, patient girl; but Mr Budge's admiration and apparent affection so far exceeded the bounds of mere conventional kindness in a stranger, that sometimes I even smilingly conjectured he had the idea of asking her to become Mrs Budge, for he was a widower, as he told us, and childless.

Such an idea, however, had never entered Miss Marion's innocent heart; and she, always so grateful for any little attention, was not likely to receive with coldness those so cordially lavished on her by her new friend, whom she valued as a truly good man, and not for a polished exterior, in which Mr Budge was deficient. Nay, so cordial was their intimacy, and so much had Miss Marion regained health and cheerfulness, that with unwonted sportiveness, on more than one occasion she actually hid the ponderous brown snuff-box, usually reposing in Mr Budge's capacious pocket, and only produced it when his distress became real; whereupon he chuckled and laughed, as if she had performed a mighty clever feat, indulging at the same time, however, in a double pinch.

Some pleasant weeks to us all had thus glided away, and Miss Marion was earnestly consulting me about her project of governessing, her health being now so restored; and I, for my part, wanted to execute my plans for obtaining a decent livelihood, as I could not think of burdening Thomas and Martha any longer, loath as they were for me to leave them.' Some pleasant weeks, I say, had thus glided away, when Mr Budge, with much ceremony and circumlocution, as if he had deeply pondered the matter, and considered it very weighty and important, made a communication which materially changed and brightened my prospects. It was to the effect, that an intimate friend of his, whom he had known, he said, all his life, required the immediate services of a trustworthy housekeeper, to take the entire responsible charge of his house. 'My friend,' continued Mr Budge, tapping his snuff-box complacently, his brown eyes twinkling with the pleasure of doing a kind act, for his green specs were in their well-worn case at his elbow—'My friend is about my age—a sober chap, you see, Mrs Deborah;' here a chuckle—'and he has no wife and no child to take care of him'—here a slight sigh: 'he has lately bought a beautiful estate, called Sorel Park, and it is there you will live, with nobody to interfere with you, as the lady-relative who will reside with my friend is a most amiable and admirable young lady; and I am sure, Mrs Deborah, you will become much attached to her. By the by, Mrs Deborah,' he continued, after pondering for a moment, 'will you do me a favour to use your influence to prevent Miss Marion from accepting any appointment for the present, as after you are established at Sorel Park, I think I know of a home that may suit her?'

I do not know which I felt most grateful or delighted for—my own prospects, or my dear Miss Marion's; though certainly hers were more vague and undefined than mine, for the remuneration offered for my services was far beyond my expectation, and from Mr Budge's description of Sorel Park, it seemed to be altogether a place beyond my most sanguine hopes. I said something about Miss Marion, and my hope that she might be as fortunate as myself; and Mr Budge, I was happy to see, was quite fervent in his response. 'My friend,' said he, at the close of the interview, 'will not arrive to take possession of Sorel Park until you, Mrs Deborah, have got all things in order; and as I know that he is anxious for the time to arrive, the sooner you can set out on your journey thither the better. I also must depart shortly, but I hope to return hither again.' Important business required Mr Budge's personal attention, and with hurried adieus to us all, he departed from Fairdown; and in compliance with his request, I set off for Sorel Park, leaving my beloved Miss Marion to the care of Thomas and Martha for the present.

The owner of this fine place was not as yet known there; for Mr Budge, being a managing man, had taken everything upon himself, and issued orders with as lordly an air as if there was nobody in the kingdom above the little brown man. The head-gardener, and some of the other domestics, informed me they had been engaged by Mr Budge himself, who, I apprehended, made very free and busy with the concerns of his friend. Sorel Park was a princely domain, and there was an air of substantial comfort about the dwelling and its appointments, which spoke volumes of promise as to domestic arrangements in general. I soon found time to write a description of the place to Miss Marion, for I knew how interested she was in all that concerned her faithful Deborah; and I anxiously awaited the tidings she had promised to convey—of Mr Budge having provided as comfortably for her as he had for me. I at length received formal notification of the day and hour the owner of Sorel Park expected to arrive, accompanied by his female relative. This was rather earlier than I had been led to expect; but all things being in order for their reception, I felt glad at their near approach, for I was strangely troubled and nervous to get this introduction over. I was very anxious, too, about my

dear Miss Marion; for I knew that some weighty reason alone prevented her from answering my letter, though what that reason could be, it was impossible for me to conjecture.

The momentous day dawned; the hours glided on; and the twilight hour deepened. The superior servants and myself stood ready to receive the travellers, listening to every sound; and startled, nevertheless, when the rapid approach of carriage-wheels betokened their close proximity. With something very like disappointment, for which I accused myself of ingratitude, I beheld Mr Budge, browner than ever, alight from the chariot, carefully assisting a lady, who seemed in delicate health, as she was muffled up like a mummy. Mr Budge returned my respectful salutation most cordially, and said, with a smile, as he bustled forwards to the saloon, where a cheerful fire blazed brightly on the hearth—for it was a chill evening: 'I've brought your new mistress home, you see, Mrs Deborah; but you want to know where your new master is—eigh? Well, come along, and this young lady will tell you all about the old fellow.'

I followed them into the apartment; Mr Budge shut the door; the lady flung aside her veil, and my own dear, sweet Miss Marion clasped me round the neck, and sobbed hysterically in my arms.

'Tell her, my darling,' said Mr Budge, himself quite husky, and turning away to wipe off a tear from his ruddy cheek—'tell her, my darling, you're the *mistress* of Sorel Park; and when you've made the good soul understand *that*, tell her we'd like a cup of tea before we talk about the *master*.'

'O my dear Miss Marion!' was all I could utter; 'what does this mean? Am I in a dream?' But it was not a happy dream; for when I had a moment to reflect, my very soul was troubled as I thought of the sacrifice of all her youthful aspirations, made by that poor, gentle creature, for the sake of a secure and comfortable home in this stormy world. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of Mr Budge and Marion as man and wife; and as I learned, ere we retired to rest that night, I had no occasion to do so. Mr Budge was Miss Marion's paternal uncle, her mother, Miss Dacre, having married his elder brother. These brothers were of respectable birth, but inferior to the Dacres; and while the elder never prospered in any undertaking, and finally died of a broken heart, the younger, toiling in foreign climes, gradually amassed a competency. On returning to his native land, he found his brother no more, and the orphan girl he had left behind placed with her mother's relatives.

Mr Budge had a great dread of appearing before these proud patrician people, who had always openly scorned his deceased brother; and once accidentally encountering them at a public *fête*, the contumelious bearing of the young ladies towards the little brown gentleman deterred him from any nearer approach. No doubt, he argued, his brother's daughter was deeply imbued with similar principles, and would blush to own a 'Mr Budge' for her uncle! This name he had adopted as the condition of inheriting a noble fortune unexpectedly bequeathed by a plebeian, but worthy and industrious relative, only a few years previous to the period when Providence guided his footsteps to Fairdown Farm and Miss Marion.

The moderate competency Mr Budge had hitherto enjoyed, and which he had toiled hard for, now augmented to ten times the amount, sorely perplexed and troubled him; and after purchasing Sorel Park, he had flown from the turmoil of affluence, to seek peace and obscurity for a while, under pretext of pursuing the philosophical recreation of angling. How unlike the Misses Dacre was the fair and gracious creature he encountered at Fairdown! And not a little the dear old gentleman prided himself on his talents for what he called diplomacy—arranging his plans, he said, 'just like a book-romance.' After my departure, he returned to Fairdown, and confided the wonderful tidings to Thomas and Martha Wesley, more cautiously imparting them to Miss Marion, whose gentle spirits were more easily fluttered by sudden surprise.

For several years, Mr Budge paid an annual visit to Fairdown, when the trout-fishing season commenced; and many useful and valuable gifts found their way into Thomas's comfortable homestead, presented by dear Miss Marion. In the course of time, she became the wife of one worthy of her in every respect—their lovely children often sportively carrying off the ponderous box of brown rappee, and yet Uncle Budge never frowning.

These darlings cluster round my knees, and one, more demure than the rest, thoughtfully asks: 'Why is Uncle Budge's hair not snowy white, like yours, dear Deb? For Uncle Budge says he is *very* old, and that God will soon call him away from us.'

ADVENTURES IN JAPAN.

For above two hundred years, the unknown millions of Japan have been shut up in their own islands, forbidden, under the severest penalties, either to admit foreigners on their shores, or themselves to visit any other realm in the world. The Dutch are permitted to send two ships in a year to the port of Nangasaki, where they are received with the greatest precaution, and subjected to a surveillance even more degrading than was that formerly endured by the Europeans at Canton. Any other foreigner whom misfortune or inadvertence may land on their shores, is doomed to perpetual imprisonment; and even if one of their own people should pass twelve months out of the country, he is, on his return, kept for life at the capital, and suffered no more to join his family, or mingle at large in the business or social intercourse of life. In pursuance of this policy, it is believed that the Japanese government now holds in captivity several subjects of the United States, and it is expected that an armament will be sent to rescue them by force.

Since this announcement has been made, and the general expectation has been raised that Japan will soon have to submit, like China, to surrender its isolation, and enter into relations with the rest of the civilised world, there has seasonably appeared an English reprint of a work hitherto little known among us—a personal narrative of a Japanese captivity of two years and a half, by an officer in the Russian navy.* If we may judge from its details, our transatlantic friends had need to keep all their eyes wide open in dealing with this people.

The leading circumstances connected with Captain Golownin's captivity were the following:—In the year 1803, the Chamberlain Resanoff was sent by the Emperor Alexander, to endeavour to open friendly relations with Japan, and sailed from the eastern coasts in a merchant vessel belonging to the American Company. But receiving a peremptory message of dismissal, and refusal of all intercourse, he returned to Okhotsk, and died on his way to St Petersburg. Lieutenant Chwostoff, however, who had commanded the vessel, put to sea again on his own responsibility, attacked and destroyed several Japanese villages on the Kurile Islands, and carried off some of the inhabitants. In the year 1811, Captain Golownin, commander of the imperial war-sloop *Diana*, lying at Kamtschatka, received orders from headquarters to make a particular survey of the southern Kurile Islands, and the coast of Tartary. In pursuance of his instructions, he was sailing without any flag near the coast of Eetooroop (Staaten), when he was met by some Russian Kuriles, who informed him that they had been

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* *Japan and the Japanese.* By Captain Golownin. London: Colburn & Co. 1852.

seized, and were still detained prisoners, on account of the Chwostoff outrage. They persuaded the captain to take one of them on board as an interpreter, and proceed to Kunashir, to make such explanations as might exonerate the Russian government in this matter. The Japanese chief of the island further assured the Russians, that they could obtain a supply of wood, water, and fresh provisions at Kunashir; and he furnished them with a letter to its governor. The reception of the *Diana* at Kunashir was, in the first instance, a vigorous but ineffective discharge of guns from the fortress, the walls of which were so completely hung with striped cloth, that it was impossible to form any opinion of the size or strength of the place. After some interchange, however, of allegorical messages, conveyed by means of drawings floated in empty casks, Golownin was invited on shore by the beckoning of white fans. Concealing three brace of pistols in his bosom, and leaving a well-armed boat close to the shore, with orders that the men should watch his movements, and act on his slightest signal, he ventured on a landing, accompanied by the Kurile Alexei and a common sailor. The lieutenant-governor soon appeared. He was in complete armour, and attended by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his cap or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. 'It is scarcely possible,' says the narrator, 'to conceive anything more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked. His eyes were cast down and fixed on the earth, and his hands pressed closely against his sides, whilst he proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely moved one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet wide apart. I saluted him after the European fashion, upon which he raised his left hand to his forehead, and bowed his whole body towards the ground.'

In the conversation that ensued, the governor expressed his regret that the ignorance of the Japanese respecting the object of this visit should have occasioned them to fire upon the *Diana*. He then closely interrogated the captain as to the course and objects of his voyage, his name, the name of his emperor, and whether he knew anything of Resanoff. On the first of these heads, Golownin deemed it prudent to use some deception, and he stated that he was proceeding to St Petersburg, from the eastern extremity of the Russian Empire; that contrary winds had considerably lengthened his voyage; and that, being greatly in want of wood and fresh water, he had been looking on the coasts for a safe harbour where these might be procured, and had been directed by an officer at Etooroop to Kunashir. To all the other questions, he returned suitable answers, which were carefully written down. The conference ended most amicably, and the captain was invited to smoke tobacco, and partake of some tea, sagi,* and caviar. Everything was served on a separate dish, and presented by a different individual, armed with a poniard and sabre; and these attendants, instead of going away after handing anything to the guests, remained standing near, till at length they were surrounded by a formidable circle of armed men. Golownin would not stoop to betray alarm or distrust, but having brought some French brandy as a present to the governor, he desired his sailors to draw a bottle, and took this opportunity of repeating his order, that they should hold themselves in readiness. There appeared, however, no intention of resorting to violence. When he prepared to depart, the governor presented a flask of sagi, and some fresh fish, pointing out to him at the same time a net which had been cast to procure a larger supply. He also gave him a white fan, with which he was to beckon, as a sign of amity, when he came on shore again. The whole draught of fish was sent on board in the evening.

On the following day, the captain, according to appointment, paid another visit on shore, accompanied by two officers, Alexei, and four seamen carrying the presents intended for the Japanese. On this occasion, the former precautions were dispensed with; the boat was hauled up to the shore, and left with one seaman, while the rest of the party proceeded to the castle. The result was, that after a renewal of the friendly explanations and entertainments of the preceding day, the treacherous Japanese threw off the mask, and made prisoners of the whole party.

'The first thing done, was to tie our hands behind our backs, and conduct us into an extensive but low building, which resembled a barrack, and which was situated opposite to the tent in the direction of the shore.' Here we were placed on our knees, and bound in the cruelest manner with cords about the thickness of a finger; and as though this were not enough, another binding of smaller cords followed, which was still more painful. The Japanese are exceedingly expert at this work; and it would appear that they conform to some precise regulation in binding their prisoners, for we were all tied exactly in the same manner. There was the same number of knots and nooses, and all at equal distances, on the cords with which each of us was bound. There were loops round our breasts and necks; our elbows almost touched each other, and our hands were firmly bound together. From these fastenings proceeded a long cord, the end of which was held by a Japanese, and which, on the slightest attempt to escape, required only to be drawn to make the elbows come in contact with the greatest pain, and to tighten the noose about the neck to such a degree as almost to produce strangulation. Besides all this, they tied our legs in two places—above the knees and above the ankles; they then passed ropes from our necks over the cross-beams of the building, and drew them so tight, that we found it impossible to move. Their next operation was searching our pockets, out of which they took everything, and then proceeded very quietly to smoke tobacco. While they were binding us, the lieutenant-governor shewed himself twice, and pointed to his mouth, to intimate, perhaps, that it was intended to feed, not to kill us.'

After some hours, the legs and ankles of the prisoners were partially loosed, and preparations were made for removing them to Matsmai, which seems to be the head-quarters of government for the Kurile dependencies of Japan. The journey, which occupied above a month, was performed partly in boats, which were dragged along the shore, and even for miles over the land; and partly on foot, the captives being marched in file, each led with a cord by a particular conductor, and having an armed soldier abreast of him. It was evident, however, that whatever was rigorous in their treatment, was not prompted by personal feelings of barbarity, but by the stringency of the law, which would have made the guards answerable for their prisoners with their own lives. They were always addressed with the greatest respect; and, as soon as it was deemed safe, their hands, which were in a dreadfully lacerated state, were unbound, and surgically treated; but not till their persons had been again most carefully searched, that no piece of metal might remain about them, lest they might contrive to destroy themselves. Suicide is, in Japan, the fashionable mode of terminating a life which cannot be prolonged but in circumstances of dishonour: to rip up one's own bowels in such a case, wipes away every stain on the character. The guards of the Russian captives not only used every precaution against this, but carefully watched over their health and comfort, carrying them over the shallowest pools and streamlets, lest their feet should be wet, and assiduously beating off the gnats and flies, which would have been annoying. At every village, crowds of both sexes, young and old, turned out to see these unfortunate men; but there was nothing like insult or mockery

* Sagi is the strong drink of Japan, distilled from rice.

in the demeanour of any—pity appeared to be the universal feeling: many begged permission from the guards to offer sagi, comfits, fruits, and other delicacies; and these were presented often with tears of compassion, as well as gestures of respect.

The prison to which Golownin and his companions were finally committed had been constructed expressly for their habitation in the town of Matsmai. It was a quadrangular wooden building, 25 paces long, 15 broad, and 12 feet high. Three sides of it were dead-wall, the fourth was formed of strong spars. Within this structure were two apartments, formed likewise of wooden spars, so as to resemble cages: one was appropriated to the officers, the other to the sailors and Alexei. The building was surrounded by a high wall or paling, outside of which were the kitchen, guard-house, &c., enclosed by another paling. This outer enclosure was patrolled by common soldiers; but no one was allowed within, except the physician, who visited daily, and the orderly officers, who looked through the spars every half-hour. Of course, it was rather a cold lodging; but, as winter advanced, a hole was dug a few feet from each cage, built round with freestone, and filled with sand, upon which charcoal was afterwards kept burning. Benches were provided for them to sleep on, and two of the orderlies presented them with bear-skins; but the native fashion is to lie on a thick, wadded quilt, folded together, and laid on the floor, which, even in the poorest dwellings, is covered with soft straw-mats. A large wadded dress, made of silk or cotton, according to the circumstances of the wearer, serves for bed-clothes—which seem to be quite unknown; and while the poorer classes have only a piece of wood for a pillow, the richer fasten a cushion on the neat boxes which contain their razors, scissors, pomatum, tooth-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

But while the comfort of the captives was attended to in many minor matters, there was no relaxation of the vigilance used to preclude the possibility of self-destruction. They were not allowed scissors or knife to cut their nails, but were obliged to thrust their hands through the palisades, to get this office performed for them. When they were indulged with smoking, it was with a very long pipe held between the spars, and furnished with a wooden ball fixed about the middle, to prevent its being drawn wholly within the cage.

For weeks together they were brought daily before the bunyo (governor of the town, and probably lord-lieutenant of all the Japanese Kurile Islands), bound and harnessed like horses as before. The ostensible object of these examinations, which frequently lasted the whole day, was to ascertain for what purpose they had come near Japan, and what they knew of Resanoff and Chwostoff—for a singularly unfortunate combination of circumstances had arisen to give colour to the suspicion, that some of their party had been connected with that expedition. But for one inquiry connected with the case, there were fifty that were wholly irrelevant, and prompted by mere curiosity. The most trivial questions were put several times and in different forms, and every answer was carefully written down. Golownin was often puzzled, irritated, and quite at the end of his stock of patience; but that of the interrogators appeared interminable. They said, that by writing down everything they were told, whether true or false, and comparing the various statements they received, they were enabled through time to separate truth from fiction, and the practice was very improving. At the close of almost every examination, the bunyo exhorted them not to despair, but to offer up prayers to Heaven, and patiently await the emperor's decision.

Presently new work was found for them. An intelligent young man was brought to their prison, to be taught the Russian language. To this the captain consented, having no confidence in the Kurile Alexei as an interpreter, and being desirous himself to gain some knowledge of Japanese. Teske made rapid progress, and soon became a most useful and kindly companion to the captives. Books, pens, and paper were now allowed them in abundance; and their mode of treatment was every way improved. But by and by, they were threatened with more pupils; a geometrician and astronomer from the capital was introduced to them, and would gladly have been instructed in their mode of taking observations. Other learned men were preparing to follow, and it was now evident that the intention of the Japanese government was to reconcile them to their lot, and retain them for the instruction of the nation. Indeed, this appears to be the great secret of the policy of detaining for life instead of destroying the hapless foreigners that light on these shores; as the avowed motive for tolerating the commercial visits of the Dutch is, that they furnish the only news of public events that ever reach Japan. Fearful of becoming known to other nations for fear of invasion, they are yet greedy of information respecting them, and many were the foolish questions they asked Golownin about the emperor of Russia, his dress, habitation, forces, and territories.

Golownin, on his part, endeavoured to elicit all the information he could gain with respect to the numbers, resources, government, and religion of this singular people. He found it impossible to ascertain the amount of the population; indeed, it seems it would be very difficult for the government itself to obtain a census, for millions of the poor live abroad in the streets, fields, or woods, having no spot which they can call a home. Teske shewed a map of the empire, having every town and village marked on it; and though on a very large scale, it was thickly covered. He pointed out on it a desert, which is considered immense, because litters take a whole day to traverse it, and meet with only one village during the journey. It is perhaps fifteen miles across. The city of Yedo was usually set down by Europeans as containing 1,000,000 inhabitants; but Golownin was informed, that it had in its principal streets 280,000 houses, each containing from 30 to 40 persons; besides all the small houses and huts. This would give in the whole a population of above 10,000,000 souls—about a fourth part of the estimated population of this country! The incorporated society of the blind alone is affirmed to include 36,000.

The country, though lying under the same latitudes as Spain and Italy, is yet very different from them in climate. At Matsmai, for instance, which is on the same parallel as Leghorn, snow falls as abundantly as at St Petersburg, and lies in the valleys from November till April. Severe frost is uncommon, but cold fogs are exceedingly prevalent. The climate, however, is uncommonly diversified, and consequently so are the productions, exhibiting in some places the vegetation of the frigid zone, and in others that of the tropics.

Rice is the staple production of the soil. It is nearly the only article used instead of bread, and the only one from which strong liquor is distilled, while its straw serves for many domestic purposes. Besides the radishes already mentioned, there is an extensive cultivation of various other esculent roots and vegetables. There is no coast without fisheries, and there is no marine animal that is not used for food, save those which are absolutely poisonous. But an uncommonly small quantity suffices for each individual. If a Japanese has a handful of rice and a single mouthful of fish, he makes a savoury dish with roots, herbs, or mollusca, and it suffices for a day's support.

Japan produces both black and green tea; the former is very inferior, and used only for quenching thirst; whereas the latter is esteemed a luxury, and is presented to company. The best grows in the principality of Kioto, where it is carefully cultivated for the use both of the temporal and spiritual courts. Tobacco, which was first introduced by the European missionaries, has

spread astonishingly, and is so well manufactured, that our author smoked it with a relish he had never felt for a Havana cigar. The Japanese smokes continually, and sips tea with his pipe, even rising for it during the night.

All articles of clothing are made of silk or cotton. The former appears to be very abundant, as rich dresses of it are worn even by the common soldiers on festive days; and it may be seen on people of all ranks even in poor towns. The fabrics are at least equal to those of China. The cotton of Japan seems to be of the same kind as that of our West Indian colonies. It furnishes the ordinary dress of the great mass of the people, and also serves all the other purposes for which we employ wool, flax, furs, and feathers. The culture of it is, of course, very extensive; but the fabrics are all coarse: Golownin could hardly make himself believe that his muslin cravat was of this material. There is some hemp, which is manufactured into cloth for sails, &c.; but cables and ropes, very inferior to ours, are made from the bark of a tree called kadyz. This bark likewise supplies materials for thread, lamp-wicks, writing-paper, and the coarse paper used for pocket-handkerchiefs.

There is no lack of fruit-trees, as the orange, lemon, peach, plum, fig, chestnut, and apple; but the vine yields only a small, sour grape, perhaps for want of culture. Timber-trees grow only in the mountainous districts, which are unfit for cultivation. Camphor is produced abundantly in the south, and large quantities of it are exported by the Dutch and Chinese. The celebrated varnish of Japan, drawn from a tree called silz, is so plentiful, that it is used for lacquering the most ordinary utensils. Its natural colour is white, but it assumes any that is given to it by mixture. The best varnished vessels reflect the face as in a mirror, and hot water may be poured into them without occasioning the least smell.

The chief domestic animals are horses and oxen for draught; cats and dogs are kept for the same uses as with us; and swine furnish food to the few sects who eat flesh. Sheep and goats seem to be quite unknown: the Russian captives had to make drawings of the former, to convey some idea of the origin of wool.

There are considerable mines of gold and silver in several parts of the empire, but the government does not permit them to be all worked, for fear of depreciating the value of these metals. They supply, with copper, the material of the currency, and are also liberally used in the decoration of public buildings, and in the domestic utensils of the wealthy. There is a sufficiency of quicksilver, lead, and tin, for the wants of the country; and one island is entirely covered with sulphur. Copper is very abundant, and of remarkably fine quality. All kitchen utensils, tobacco-pipes, and fire-shovels, are made of it; and so well made, that our author mentions his tea-kettle as having stood on the fire, like all other Japanese kettles, day and night for months, without burning into holes. This metal is likewise employed for sheathing ships, and covering the joists and flat roofs of houses. Iron is less abundant, and much that is used is obtained from the Dutch. Nails alone, of which immense numbers are used in all carpentry-work, consume a large quantity. Diamonds, cornelians, jaspers, some very fine agates, and other precious stones, are found; but the natives seem not well to understand polishing them. Pearls are abundant; but not being considered ornamental, they are reserved for the Chinese market.

Steel and porcelain are the manufactures in which the Japanese chiefly excel, besides those in silk-stuffs and lacquered ware already mentioned. Their porcelain is far superior to the Chinese, but it is scarce and dear. With respect to steel manufactures, the sabres and daggers of Japan yield only perhaps to those of Damascus; and Golownin says their cabinet-makers' tools might almost be compared with the English. In painting, engraving, and printing, they are far behind; and they seem to have no knowledge of ship-building or navigation beyond what suffices for coasting voyages, though they have intelligent and enterprising sailors. There is an immense internal traffic, for facilitating which there are good roads and bridges where water-carriage is impracticable. These distant Orientals have likewise bills of exchange and commercial gazettes. The emperor enjoys a monopoly of the foreign commerce.

It is popularly said, that Japan has two emperors—one spiritual, and the other temporal. The former, however, having no share in the administration of the empire, and seldom even hearing of state affairs, is no sovereign according to the ideas we attach to that term. He seems to stand much in the same relation to the emperor that the popes once did to the sovereigns of Europe. He governs Kioto as a small independent state; receives the emperor to an interview once in seven years; is consulted by him on extraordinary emergencies; receives occasional embassies and presents from him, and bestows his blessing in return. His dignity, unlike that of the Roman pontiffs, is hereditary, and he is allowed twelve wives, that his race may not become extinct. According to Japanese records, the present dynasty, including about 130 Kin-reys, has been maintained in a direct line for above twenty-four centuries. The person of the Kin-rey is so sacred, that no ordinary mortal may see any part of him but his feet, and that only once a year; every vessel which he uses must be broken immediately; for if another should even by accident eat or drink out of it, he must be put to death. Every garment which he wears must be manufactured by virgin hands, from the earliest process in the preparation of the silk.

The adherents of the aboriginal Japanese religion, of which the Kin-rey is the head, adore numerous divinities called Kami, or immortal spirits, to whom they offer prayers, flowers, and sometimes more substantial gifts. They also worship Kadotski, or saints—mortals canonised by the Kin-rey—and build temples in their honour. The laws concerning personal and ceremonial purity, which form the principal feature of this religion, are exceedingly strict, not unlike those imposed on the ancient Jews. There are several orders of priests, monks, and nuns, whose austerity, like that of Europe, is maintained in theory more than in practice.

Three other creeds, the Brahminical, the Confucian, and that which deifies the heavenly bodies, have many adherents; but their priests all acknowledge a certain religious supremacy to exist in the Kin-rey. There is universal toleration in these matters; every citizen may profess what faith he chooses, and change it as often as he chooses, without any one inquiring into his reasons; only it must be a spontaneous choice, for proselyting is forbidden by law. Christianity alone is proscribed, and that on account of the political mischief said to have been effected through its adherents in the seventeenth century. There is a law, by which no one may hire a servant without receiving a certificate of his not being a Christian; and on New-Year's Day, which is a great national festival, all the inhabitants of Nangasaki are obliged to ascend a staircase, and trample on the crucifix, and other insignia of the Romish faith, which are laid on the steps as a test. It is said that many perform the act in violation of their feelings. So much of the religious state of the empire Golownin elicited in conversation with Teske and others; but everything on this subject was communicated with evident reluctance; and though in the course of the walks which they were permitted to take in harness, the Russian captives sometimes saw the interior of the temples, they were never permitted to enter while any religious rites were celebrated.

With respect to the civil administration of Japan, our author seems to have gathered little that was

absolutely new to us. The empire comprises above 200 states, which are governed as independent sovereignties by princes called Damyos, who frame and enforce their own laws. Though most of these principalities are very small, some of them are powerful: the damyo of Sindai, for instance, visits the imperial court with a retinue of 60,000. Their dependence on the emperor appears chiefly in their being obliged to maintain a certain number of troops, which are at his disposal. Those provinces which belong directly to the emperor, are placed under governors called Bunyos, whose families reside at the capital as hostages. Every province has two bunyos, each of whom spends six months in the government and six at Yedo.

The supreme council of the emperor consists of five sovereign princes, who decide on all ordinary measures without referring to him. An inferior council of fifteen princes or nobles presides over important civil and criminal cases. The general laws are few and well known. They are very severe; but the judges generally find means of evading them where their enforcement would involve a violation of those of humanity. In some cases, as in conjugal infidelity or filial impiety, individuals are permitted to avenge their own wrong, even to the taking of life. Civil cases are generally decided by arbitrators, and only when they fail to settle a matter is there recourse to the public courts of justice. Taxes are generally paid to the reigning prince or emperor, in tithes of the agricultural, manufactured, or other productions of the country.

Such were some of the leading particulars ascertained by Golownin concerning the social and civil condition of this singular people. He says, they always appeared very happy, and their demeanour was characterised by lively and polite manners, with the most imperturbable good temper. It seems at length to have been through fear of a Russian invasion, rather than from any sense of justice, that his Japanese majesty, in reply to the importunities of the officers of the *Diana*, consented to release the captives, on condition of receiving from the Russian government a solemn disavowal of having sanctioned the proceedings of Chwostoff. Having obtained this, the officers repaired for the fourth time to these unfriendly shores, and enjoyed the happiness of embracing their companions, and taking them on board.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

July 1852.

When we shall have a constant supply of pure water —a complete system of efficient and innoxious sewers —a service of street hydrants—when the Thames shall cease to be the *cloaca maxima*, are questions to which, however seriously asked, it is not easy to get an answer. Add to these grievances, the delay of proper regulations for abolishing intramural interments, and the fact that Smithfield is not to be removed further than Copenhagen Fields—a locality already surrounded with houses—and it will occasion no surprise that the authorities are treated with anything but compliments.

The laying down of an under-sea telegraph wire across the Irish Channel, may be taken as a new instance of the indifference consequent on familiarity. When the line was laid from Dover to Calais, the whole land rang with the fact; but now the sinking of a wire three times the length, in a channel three times the width, excites scarcely a remark, and seems to be looked on as a matter of course. The wire, which is eighty miles in length, is said to weigh eighty tons. It was payed out and sunk from the deck of the *Britannia*, at the rate of from three to five miles an hour, and was successfully laid, from Holyhead to Howth, in from twelve to fifteen hours; and now a message may be flashed from Trieste to Galway in a period brief enough to satisfy the most impatient. The means of travel to the East, too, are becoming tangible in the Egyptian railway, of which some thirty miles are in a state of forwardness, besides which a hotel is to be built at Thebes; so that travellers, no longer compelled to bivouac in the desert, will find a teeming larder and well-aired beds in the land of the Sphinxes. And, better still, among a host of beneficial reforms to take place in our Customs' administration, there is one which provides that the baggage of travellers arriving in the port of London shall be examined as they come up the river, instead of being sent to the Custom-house.

By a report of the Astronomer-royal to the Board of Visitors, who have lately made their annual inspection of the Greenwich Observatory, we are informed of a singular fact, that observations of the pole-star shew that its position varies some three or four seconds on repeating the observations at intervals of a few months, and this notwithstanding the extreme accuracy of the transit circle. The only explanation which can as yet be given for this phenomenon is, that the earth, solid as it appears, is liable to slight occasional movements or oscillations.

We shall know, in a few weeks, the result of the telegraphic correspondence with the Observatory at Paris—one interesting point being, as to whether the respective longitudes, as at present determined, will be verified by the galvanic test. Besides which, Greenwich time is to be sent every day to London, where a pole, with a huge sliding-ball, has been fixed on the top of the Telegraph Office, near Charing Cross. This ball is to be made to descend at one o'clock simultaneously with the well-known ball which surmounts the Observatory; and thus scientific inquirers—to say nothing of the crowds who will daily throng the footways of the Strand to witness the downcome—will be informed of the true time, while, by means of the wires, it may be flashed to all parts of the kingdom.

The lecture with which Professor Faraday wound up the course at the Royal Institution may be mentioned here, seeing that it adds somewhat to our knowledge of the theory and phenomena of magnetism. As usual, the lecture-room was crowded; and those who could not understand, had at least the satisfaction of being able to say they were present. Mr Faraday, who, enlarging upon his view, announced, a short time since, that there are such things as magnetic lines of force, now contends that these lines have a 'physical character'—a point most satisfactorily proved by sundry experiments during the lecture. The inquiry is one, as Mr Faraday observes, on the 'very edge of science,' trenching on the bounds of speculation; but such as eminently to provoke research. The phenomena, he says, 'lead on, by deduction and correction, to the discovery of new phenomena; and so cause an increase and advancement of real physical truth, which, unlike the hypothesis that led to it, becomes fundamental knowledge, not subject to change.' A chief point of discussion to which the investigations have led is: Whether the phenomena of what we call gravity may not be resolvable into those of magnetism—a force acting at a distance, or by lines of power. 'There is one question,' continues Mr Faraday, 'in relation to gravity, which, if we could ascertain or touch it, would greatly enlighten us. It is, whether gravitation requires *time*. If it did, it would shew undeniably that a physical agency existed in the course of the line of force. It seems equally impossible to prove or disprove this point; since there is no capability of suspending, changing, or annihilating the power (gravity), or annihilating the matter in which the power resides.' The lines of magnetic force may have 'a separate existence,' but as yet we are unable to tell whether these lines 'are analogous to those of gravitation, acting at a distance; or whether, having a physical existence, they are more like in their nature to those of electric induction or the electric current.' Mr

Faraday inclines at present to the latter view. He 'affirms' the lines of magnetic force from actual experiment, and 'advocates' their physical nature 'chiefly with a view of stating the question of their existence; and though,' he adds, 'I should not have raised the argument unless I had thought it both important and likely to be answered ultimately in the affirmative, I still hold the opinion with some hesitation, with as much, indeed, as accompanies any conclusion I endeavour to draw respecting points in the very depths of science—as, for instance, one, two, or no electric fluids; or the real nature of a ray of light; or the nature of attraction, even that of gravity itself; or the general nature of matter.' These are profound views; but we may reasonably conclude, that, however obscure they may at present appear, they will in time be cleared up and further developed by the gifted philosopher from whom they emanate.

Of minor matters which have been more or less talked about, there is the Library for the Working-Classes, just opened in the parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields—a praiseworthy example for other parishes, but not to be followed unless the readers actually exist, and manifest the sort of want which books alone can satisfy. A suggestion has been made, to use for books in hot climates, where paper is liable to rapid decay, the sheet-iron exhibited at Breslau, which is as thin and pliant as paper, and can be produced at the rate of more than 7000 feet to the hundredweight. This would be something new in the application of metal. Metallurgy generally is being further investigated by Leonhard of Heidelberg, who has just called on manufacturers to aid him in his researches, by sending him specimens of scoriæ, particularly of those which are crystallised. Then there is Mr Hesketh's communication to the Institute of British Architects, 'On the Admission of Daylight into Buildings, particularly in the Narrow and Confined Localities of Towns;' in which, after shewing that the proportion of light admitted to buildings is generally inadequate to their cubical contents, and means for estimating the numerical value of that which really does enter, he states that the defect may be remedied by the use of reflectors, contrived so as to be 'neither obstructive nor unsightly.' He explains, that 'a single reflector may generally be placed on either the outside or inside of a window or skylight, so as to throw the light from the (perhaps small) portion of sky which remains unobscured overhead, to any part in which more light is required.' Such difficulties of position or construction as present themselves, 'may be overcome in almost every case, by, as it were, cutting up the single reflector into strips, and arranging them one above the other, either in the reveal of the window, or in some other part where it will not interfere with ventilation, or the action of the sashes.' This is adopting the principle on which improved lighthouse reflectors are constructed; and we are told, that 'the combinations may be arranged horizontally, vertically, or obliquely, according to the positions of the centre of the unobscured portion of sky, and of the part into which the light is to be thrown, and according to the shape of the opening in which the combination is to be placed.' As a case in point, it was mentioned that a reflector 'had been fitted to a vault (at the Depôt Wharf, in the Borough) ninety-six feet in depth from front to back. The area into which the window opens is a semicircle, with a heavy iron-grating over it; and the result is, that small print can be easily read at the far end of the vault.' It is a fact worth knowing, that reflectors may be so constructed as to throw all the available daylight into any required direction; and in one instance the reflector may be made to serve at the same time as a dwarf venetian window-blind. Instead of wooden splats or laths, flat glass tubes or prisms are used, fitted into the usual framework, and these being silvered on the inside, throw all the light that falls on them into the room, when placed at the proper angle.

Again, the possibility of locomotion without the aid of steam is talked about, and the New Yorkers are said to be about to send over a large ship driven by Ericsson's caloric engine, which is to prove as powerful as vapour at one-half of the cost—a fact of which we shall be better able to judge when the vessel really arrives. Then, looking across the Channel, we find the Abbé Moigno proposing to construct and establish a relief model of Europe in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, of a size to cover several acres, and with the railways of iron, and the rivers of water, by which means one of the most interesting and instructive of sights would be produced, and the attractions of the French capital greatly increased. A desirable project —but the cost! The Montyon prize of 2000 francs has been awarded to M. Mosson, for his method of drying and preserving vegetables for long sea voyages, as published a few months ago. M. Naudin states, that a certain kind of furze or thistle, of which cattle are very fond, may be made to grow without thorns—an important consideration, seeing that at present, before it can be used as food, it has to undergo a laborious beating, to crush and break the prickles with which it is covered. As the plant thrives best on poor soils, which might otherwise lie useless, the saving of this labour will be a great benefit to the French peasantry; and the more so, as it appears the plant will grow in its new state from seed. M. Naudin believes, that the condition of other vegetable productions may be varied at pleasure, and promises to lay his views shortly before the Académie. M. Lecoq, director of the Botanical Garden at Claremont, informs the same body of something still more extraordinary, in a communication, entitled 'Two Hundred, Five Hundred, or even a Thousand new Vegetables, created *ad libitum*.' Having been struck by the fact, that the ass so often feeds upon the thistle, he took some specimens of that plant, and, by careful experiment, has succeeded in producing for the table 'a savoury vegetable, with thorns of the most inoffensive and flexible sort.' Whatever be the kind of thistle, however hard and sharp its thorns, he has tamed and softened them all, his method of transformation being, as he says, none other than exposing the plants to different influences of light. Those which grew unsheltered, he places in the dark, and *vice versâ*. Familiar examples are given in the celery, of which the acrid qualities are removed by keeping off the light; while the pungency of cress, parsley, &c., is increased by exposure to the sun. M. Lecoq has not yet detailed all his experiments; but he asserts that, before long, some of our commonest weeds, owing to his modifications, will become as highly esteemed as peas or asparagus. Let him shew that his process is one that admits of being applied cheaply and on a large scale, and he will not fail of his reward.

A QUALIFIED INSTRUCTOR.

It will be found that the ripest knowledge is best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. It is a common mistake to suppose that those who know little suffice to inform those who know less; that the master who is but a stage before the pupil can, as well as another, shew him the way; nay, that there may even be an advantage in this near approach between the minds of teacher and of taught; since the recollection of recent difficulties, and the vividness of fresh acquisition, give to the one a more living interest in the progress of the other. Of all educational errors, this is one of the gravest. The approximation required between the mind of teacher and of taught is not that of a common ignorance, but of mutual sympathy; not a partnership in narrowness of understanding, but that thorough insight of the one into the other, that orderly analysis of the tangled skein of thought; that patient and masterly skill in developing conception after conception,

with a constant view to a remote result, which can only belong to comprehensive knowledge and prompt affections. With whatever accuracy the recently initiated may give out his new stores, he will rigidly follow the precise method by which he made them his own; and will want that variety and fertility of resource, that command of the several paths of access to a truth, which are given by thorough survey of the whole field on which he stands. The instructor needs to have a full perception, not merely of the internal contents, but also of the external relations, of that which he unfolds; as the astronomer knows but little, if, ignorant of the place and laws of moon and sun, he has examined only their mountains and their spots. The sense of proportion between the different parts and stages of a subject; the appreciation of the size and value of every step; the foresight of the direction and magnitude of the section that remains, are qualities so essential to the teacher, that without them all instruction is but an insult to the learner's understanding. And in virtue of these it is that the most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive; most studious of accuracy in details, because not impatiently shut up within them as absolutely limiting the view, but quietly contemplating them from without in their relation to the whole. Neglect and depreciation of intellectual minutiæ are characteristics of the ill-informed; and where the granular parts of study are thrown away or loosely held, will be found no compact mass of knowledge, solid and clear as crystal, but a sandy accumulation, bound together by no cohesion, and transmitting no light. And above and beyond all the advantages which a higher culture gives in the mere system of communicating knowledge, must be placed that indefinable and mysterious power which a superior mind always puts forth upon an inferior; that living and life-giving action, by which the mental forces are strengthened and developed, and a spirit of intelligence is produced, far transcending in excellence the acquisition of any special ideas. In the task of instruction, so lightly assumed, so unworthily esteemed, no amount of wisdom would be superfluous and lost; and even the child's elementary teaching would be best conducted, were it possible, by Omniscience itself. The more comprehensive the range of intellectual view, and the more minute the perception of its parts, the greater will be the simplicity of conception, the aptitude for exposition, and the directness of access to the open and expectant mind. This adaptation to the humblest wants is the peculiar triumph of the highest spirit of knowledge.—*Martineau's Discourses.*

AN AMERICAN RIVER.

The picturesque banks of the river Connecticut are dotted with charming little villages, that break here and there upon the sight like feathers of light, dancing among the willow leaves; there is such a dazzling irregularity of house and hill—so much fairy-like confusion of vista, landscape, and settlement. Now we pass a tiny white and vine-clad cottage, that looks as if it had been set down yesterday; now we sweep majestically by an ambitious young town, with its two, three, or half-a-dozen church-spires, sending back the lines of narrow light into the water; anon we glide past a forest of majestic old trees, that seem to press their topmost buds against the fleecy clouds floating in the blue sky; and through these forests we catch glimpses of the oriole, dashing through the boughs like a flake of fire.—*Yankee Stories, by Howard Paul.*

CHOOSE THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.

The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, for its superior healthfulness. In some barracks in Russia, it was found that in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which occurred on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal—such as ventilation, size of apartments, &c., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities, this practical hint is well known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun; while, on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthful, and even dangerous.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

'Where shall we sail to-day?'
Thus said, methought,
A Voice—that could be only heard in dreams:
And on we glided without mast or oars,
A fair strange boat upon a wondrous sea.

Sudden the land curved inward, to a bay
Broad, calm; with gorgeous sea-flowers waving slow
Beneath the surface—like rich thoughts that move
In the mysterious deep of human hearts.

But towards the rounded shore's embracing arm,
The little waves leaped, singing, to their death;
And shadowy trees drooped pensive over them,
Like long-fringed lashes over sparkling eyes.

So still, so fair, so rosy in the dawn
Lay that bright bay: yet something seemed to breathe,
Or in the air, or trees, or lisping waves,
Or from the Voice, ay near as one's own soul—

'*There was a wreck last night!*'
A wreck?—and where
The ship, the crew?—All gone. The monument
On which is writ no name, no chronicle,
Laid itself o'er them with smooth crystal smile.

'*Yet was the wreck last night!*'
And, gazing down,
Deep down beneath the surface, we were 'ware
Of cold dead faces, with their stony eyes
Uplooking to the dawn they could not see.

One stirred with stirring sea-weeds: one lay prone,
The tinted fishes glancing o'er his breast:
One, caught by floating hair, rocked daintily
On the reed-cradle woven by kind Death.

'The wreck has been,' then said the deep low Voice,
(Than which not Gabriel's did diviner sound,
Or sweeter—when the stern, meek angel spake:
'See that thou worship not! Not me, but God!')

'The wreck has been, yet all things are at peace,
Earth, sea, and sky. The dead, that while we slept
Struggled for life, now sleep and fear no storm:
O'er them let us not weep when God's heaven smiles.'

So we sailed on above the diamond sands,
Bright sea-flowers, and dead faces white and calm,
Till the waves rocked us in the open sea,
And the great sun arose upon the world.

THE EXECUTIONER IN ALGERIA.

Every day, morning and evening, says our widow, 'I see a Moor pass along the street; all his features beam with kindness and serenity. A sword, or rather a long yataghan, is slung in his girdle; all the Arabs salute him with respect, and press forward to kiss his hand. This man is a *chaouch* or executioner—an office considered so honourable in this country, that the person invested with it is regarded as a special favourite of Heaven, intrusted with the care of facilitating the path of the true believer from this lower world to the seventh heaven of Mohammed.—*A Residence in Algeria, by Madame Prus.*

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Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 449. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE SULTAN'S BEAR.*

THE sultan being one day rather out of sorts, sent for his Jewish physician, a man very eminent for skill in his profession, and not less distinguished by his love of his own nation and his desperate enmity to the Christians. Finding that his patient had not really much the matter with him, and thinking a little gossip would not only be more agreeable, but more likely to do him good, than any medicine which could be prescribed, the doctor began to discourse on the very familiar topic of his highness's favourite bear, which was lying at his feet, and whose virtues and abilities he was never tired of extolling.

'You would wonder,' said the sultan, 'not only at the natural sagacity of the creature, and the tact which he shews in a thousand different ways, but at the amount of knowledge he has collected, and the logical correctness with which he uses it. He is really a very knowing beast.' The Jew politely acquiesced in all this and much more; but at length added: 'It is well that such a clever animal is in such good hands. If his extraordinary talents are not developed to the utmost, they are at least not perverted and made a bad use of.'

'I hope not, indeed,' said the sultan. 'But what do you mean by his talents not being developed? or in what way would they be likely to be perverted in bad hands?'

'Pardon me,' said the Jew; 'I have spoken rashly before your sublime highness—such things should not be talked of; but it is natural that, although I know very little about them, I should consider the practice and the purpose bad, when they belong to what I consider a bad people: at the same time, if your sublime highness thinks fit to tolerate them, it is not for your faithful slave to say a word about it. I should be sorry that your sublime highness should not extend to your Christian subjects the same toleration and paternal kindness my own people enjoy.'

'What in the world do you mean?' said the sultan. 'What have the Christians to do with my bear?'

'Nothing at all,' replied the Jew with great earnestness; and he added, with a sigh, 'that is the very thing I am thankful for. It is such a remarkable creature, that there is no saying what might come of it.'

'Come of what?' said the sultan.

'Why,' said the Jew, in a humble and very confidential tone, 'your sublime highness is of course aware, that among the many curious secrets the Christians possess, they have one which enables them to teach bears to read.'

'You don't say so?' exclaimed the sultan. 'How do they contrive it?'

'Ah,' replied the Jew with an internal shudder, 'that is more than I can tell your sublime highness. I don't suppose that half-a-dozen of your subjects, except themselves, are aware of the fact; and few even among the Christians know the secret. I only obtained the little knowledge I have by accidental circumstances, which put me upon the inquiry; and I was a long while before I could feel perfectly certain that they actually did the thing. *How* they did it, and *why*, I have never been able to learn. It is one of their greatest secrets, one of their deepest, and therefore, I suspect, one of their most pernicious mysteries. I do not suppose that any man among them would confess it to save his life—not even the old patriarch, if he were put to the rack.'

'It is very strange,' said the sultan, after a pause.

'It is wonderful,' said the physician with much emphasis.

'What is the harm of it?' exclaimed the sultan abruptly after a pause. 'Why should not bears read as well as men, if they are capable of learning?'

'Most true and most wisely said,' replied the Jew. 'If they were taught to read good books, it would probably mend their manners. But if that were all, why should there be so much mystery about it? why should these people do it so secretly, and deny it so stoutly?' and again he shook his head, and shuddered. But being fully persuaded that he had gained his point, he thought it safest to change the subject; and accordingly he did so as soon as he had emphatically and earnestly entreated the sultan not to say a word of the secret he had been led to impart, or, at all events, not to let it be known that *he* had given any information on the subject.

When the doctor was gone, the sultan fell into a reverie on the advantages and disadvantages of his bear learning to read. When he went to bed, the same train of thought kept him awake; and after a sleepless night, he sent early in the morning for the patriarch. The venerable Mar Yusef lost no time in obeying the summons. Taking his patriarchal staff in his hand, and followed by his two deacons with their heads bare, and their hands crossed on their bosoms, he silently bent his way towards the palace, pondering in his mind on all the various things he could think of as possible causes for his being wanted by the sultan. The sultan dismissed all his attendants; and as soon as he and the patriarch were alone, he beckoned him to approach, and when the aged ecclesiastic had come quite close, and again bowed, not only out of respect, but instinctively, as one does who expects a whisper,

* This is in substance a tradition still current among those Eastern Christians who are 'dwellers in Mesopotamia.'

the sultan said in a low, earnest tone: 'You know my bear?'

'I do, please your sublime highness,' replied Mar Yusef; 'and a very fine bear he is.'

'I know that,' answered the sultan; 'but the matter is this,' and he lowered his voice, and increased the earnestness of his tone: 'You must teach him to read.'

'To read!' exclaimed the patriarch, thunderstruck. 'To read! the thing is impossible.'

'Of course, I knew you would say that,' said the sultan; 'you must do it, however, or it will be the worse for you and for all your people.'

'Most willingly would I do that, or anything lawful, to shew my respect for your sublime highness,' said the astonished patriarch; 'but, as I have already had the honour to observe, the thing is impossible.'

'Don't tell me,' said the sultan. 'I know more about the matter than you imagine. There is no use in trying to conceal it. I know upon undoubted authority, that you have taught bears, and many of them, I daresay, of less capacity than mine. I shall send him to you this evening, and if you do not bring him back in six weeks able to read, it will be as I have already told you—at your peril, and to the ruin of all that belong to you. So, now, do not waste time, for I am quite in earnest about it; but go and make preparations to receive him, for he has been used to courteous treatment.'

This speech was accompanied by a wave of the hand, which precluded all reply, and the troubled patriarch silently and slowly withdrew.

'My children,' said the patriarch on his way home, addressing the two young men who were supporting him, 'the sultan has resolved to destroy us, and all the Christians in his dominions. He is seeking occasion against us. He does not make open war upon us; but he secretly commands us to do what is impossible, in order that he may have a pretext for our destruction. He requires that in six weeks we should teach his bear to read!'

'The old brute!' exclaimed the deacon Timothy.

'My father,' said the other deacon, Titus, 'suffer me to speak.'

'Speak, my son,' replied the aged man, in a voice scarcely articulate, while he gently withdrew his hand, and laid it on the deacon's head; 'what wouldst thou say?'

'Under favour, most dear and reverend father,' replied Titus, 'I would say that, whatever the sultan's design may be, you should not be discouraged; and that if you will only do one thing, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I will cheerfully undertake all the rest, and I doubt not that we may get clear through this difficulty.'

'What would you have me do, my son?' said the patriarch.

'Just this,' replied the deacon, 'if I may be permitted to advise: go back to the sultan as quickly as possible, and say that, on consideration, you are sorry that you hesitated—that you will be happy to receive his bear—that you will do your best, and hope to give him satisfaction in the matter.'

'What! my son,' said the patriarch, 'would you have me go to the sultan, and undertake to teach his bear *to read?* You do not know how difficult it is even to teach young children.' But the deacon pleaded so earnestly, that his superior at length consented; and returning to the palace, the patriarch signified to the sultan, that he had thought better of the subject, and was willing to do anything in his power to give his sublime highness satisfaction.

'No doubt you can, if you will,' said the sultan hastily, but not in ill-humour; 'and I expect you to do it—you might as well have agreed to it at once.'

When the patriarch was at home, seated in his arm-chair, with his deacons standing on each side, and a little recovered from the fatigue of the walk, he turned to Titus, and said: 'Well, my son, and what am I to do now?'

'Nothing, my father,' replied the deacon cheerfully. 'You have done all I asked you to do, and what remains I will readily undertake.'

So he made his bow, and set off to make his arrangements. He chose a little square room up one pair of stairs in the north turret, and parted off about a third of it with strong horizontal bars, six inches apart. The two lowest bars were movable, and the spaces between them left open, to admit air and light, as well as to allow the inmate to go in and be brought out at the pleasure of his keepers; but all above them were boarded over, except that one which was of such a height as would be about even with the bear's head when he should stand on his hind legs. This space was left open along the whole length of the den, so that, in any part of it, he could very conveniently put forth his nose far enough to look about him.

'And now,' said Titus to his comrade Timothy, when he had completed these preparations, 'I must go to seek for a book and a desk; and if they bring the bear before I come back, will you be so good as to see him put in, and also to mind that the other end of the chain, which I have padlocked to the staple in the wall, is fastened to his collar, and is long enough to allow of his lying down comfortably in the straw, and taking a little turn backwards and forwards, if he likes? and don't let them give him anything to eat, and take care not to be out of the way—that is a good fellow.'

'You may depend upon me,' said Timothy; and Titus went off to the church, to see about a lectionary, for the bear to study, though, to say the truth, not entirely, or even principally, with that intention; for he did not mean that his pupil should commence that day, or the next: and he was in no doubt which to choose among many old lectionaries that had been laid aside. There was an immense one, with great brass knobs and corners, out of which he had himself learned to chant long before he could lift it, and indeed, now that he was come to man's estate, it was as much as he could carry. This book he meant to use; but for the present he contented himself with observing from the window the bear coming to school in procession; and when he was satisfied that his pupil was in safe custody, he descended from the church-tower, and went to see after him. When he came to the door of the apartment, he waited a moment to listen to what seemed an interchange of anything but civilities between Timothy and his charge. Titus called out his colleague; and, without going in himself, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'Won't you go in and look at him?' said Timothy, as they went down the staircase together.

'Time enough,' said Titus; 'he will be better by himself just at present. Had you much trouble in getting him in? How did he behave?'

'Rather restive,' replied Timothy; 'but we managed it among us. Should not he have something to eat?'

'No,' said Titus; 'he has got plenty of water; he will do very well. But now come and help me down with the old lectionary from the upper vestry, for I don't think I can get it down that staircase myself.' Between them the lectionary was safely brought down, and deposited, not in the apartment, which we may now call the school-room, but in the chamber of Titus, on a massy oak desk or lectern, which turned upon its pedestal, and which they brought out from the patriarch's library for the purpose.

It was well that the school-room was rather remote, and had thick walls; for, missing his supper, the bear naturally became not only hungry, but savage, growled in the most ferocious manner, and rampaged about his cage like a fury. But he got nothing by it; and when he had drunk up the water, and exhausted his powers of growling and raging, he went to sleep. In the

morning, Titus brought him merely some fresh water and a cake of barley-bread; but in the afternoon, thinking it was now time for his pupil—who was tolerably tame after his unwonted exercise and fasting—to begin his studies, he brought with him the great book he had prepared for his use, and placed it open on the desk, which now stood before the horizontal opening between the bars already described. All the morning had been employed in preparing the desk and the book; and the former was now so contrived that, by means of a screw, the latter could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The book was no sooner placed before the opening, at the distance of a few inches, than the bear, which was on the look-out to see what was going forward, began to snuff and poke, and shewed a most eager desire to reach it. In fact, all along the lines of large letters, which were widely divided by the musical staves, the tutor, well knowing the taste of his pupil, had stuck little figs, dates, raisins, almonds, morsels of cake, comfits, and dried fruits; in short, all such little sweet things as bears so particularly delight in. The book was placed at such a height and distance, that the pupil could only reach the top line; and the eager manner in which he cleared it, gave promise that he would prove an apt scholar in that branch of learning. One page only was thus prepared for him; for at that period of his education it would have been impossible, without harsher measures than his tutor wished to adopt, to prevent him from cross-readings, which would greatly have blemished his scholarship. Some minor offences, such, for instance, as inordinate efforts to begin upon a second line before he had regularly perused the first, were punished by switching him on the nose, turning the double desk round—in which case it presented him with a mirror, that frightened him dreadfully—or even, in case of perverseness, leaving him to himself, without giving him the substantial honey-cake, which always rewarded a well-said lesson. In a short time the parties began to understand one another, and as Titus had prudently taken care to be known to his pupil only as a benefactor, he soon gained his confidence. The bear who, like all his race, had an ardent love for such dainties, found that he was welcome to eat all he could get, if he did but do it in a decent methodical manner. He soon learned, therefore, to take each line as it came; and, indeed, after a short time, his instructor not only ventured to cover the lines of the two open pages at the same time, but by enlarging the opening in front of his cell, he put it in his pupil's power to go on from one line to another without the book being raised; and after the tutor had for a week or two turned the leaf when necessary, the pupil began to shew that, if it was not done for him, he could do it for himself.

As the time drew on, the patriarch was most anxious to know, but did not venture to ask, how matters were going on. At length he summoned courage, and put the question, somewhat indirectly, to Titus; and although he received no particulars, yet he could not help feeling comforted by the cheerful manner in which his affectionate deacon assured him that everything was going on rightly, and that he need have no fear for the result.

In the meantime, the sultan, though less anxious, was intensely curious to see what would come of the matter, and frequently entered into conversation on the subject with his physician, who was, on somewhat different grounds, still more curious than himself. His sublime highness, however, who could not expect from a Jew much information respecting the secrets and mysteries of the Christians, rather confined the discourse between them to the physiological part of the subject, expressing his wonder—first, that bears should be able to learn to read; and, secondly, that such a capacity was not more frequently cultivated, asking him, withal, whether he had ever himself heard a bear read? The doctor, in parliamentary fashion, blinked the question; observing that as it was done by secret practices, and no doubt for wicked purposes, it was best to say as little as possible about it. His sublime highness was not altogether satisfied, but comforted himself with thinking that time would soon throw light on the matter.

At length the day arrived when the bear's proficiency was to be put to the test. The sultan was seated on a divan in his hall of audience; his ministers and officers of state stood on either side; and behind him knelt his Jewish physician, who assumed that position, because, although he would not have failed, even at the hazard of his life, to be present, yet he had no strict right to be there; and, moreover, he did not particularly wish to be seen in the business. All were in breathless expectation when the Christian procession entered. The patriarch walked first, with his crosier in his hand; next came Titus, the tutor, bowed down under the huge lectionary, which he bore upon his back, secured by leathern straps over his shoulders; then followed Timothy, leading by a chain the carefully-muzzled pupil. This precaution was quite necessary; for, having been kept fasting four-and-twenty hours, the animal was in no good-humour, and would not have been so quietly brought in, if it had not been closely following the favourite book. But, in fact, the only trouble which Timothy had, was to prevent his eager charge from leaping at the volume while it was yet on his tutor's back. The procession was closed by a porter, bearing the desk, who, under the direction of Titus, placed it before the sultan, at such a distance as would conveniently enable the reader to stand between it and his sublime highness, who might thus see the book over his favourite's shoulder. Titus himself, thus relieved of his burden by its transfer to the desk, went round into the reader's place, and opened the ample leaves of the lectionary; while, to the great amusement of the sultan, Timothy was exerting his energies to the utmost to keep back the eager pupil.

'He seems fond of his book, however,' said the sultan; 'that looks well.' And all the circle bowed assent.

At length, having arranged the volume to his satisfaction, Titus received his pupil from the hands of his colleague. The bear stood up manfully to his task; but it need scarcely be said, he was sadly disappointed when he found that, unlike itself, the beloved book contained no sweets; not a morsel, though the often-travelled, much-licked, and still-besmeared lines retained the well-known scent and savour. He ran his nose over one line after another, all down the first page, then down the second, and then somewhat impatiently turned the leaf.

'Well,' cried the sultan, 'he certainly seems to take a great interest in it himself; and he may understand it perfectly, for aught I know; but I wish he would read aloud. I should like to hear him. Will you be so good as to tell him so?' he added, addressing the patriarch.

The venerable Mar Yusef was puzzled, and, as people often do when they are puzzled, he made a bow, but could think of nothing to say. Titus, however, promptly dropped on his knees between the bear and the sultan; and addressing the latter, he said: 'Your sublime highness will hear him presently; be pleased to give him a little time. Let him not be harshly judged, if he is a little timid and shy. This is his first attempt in public.'

As he said this, the deacon saw the twinkle of the Jew's eye over the sultan's shoulder. It was only for a moment, and nobody but Titus himself knew that he had seen it at all, so intently did he seem to be occupied in comforting and encouraging—perhaps we should say exciting, his pupil. The bear, however, being disappointed line after line, and page after page, and only stimulated and irritated by the scent and the slight taste which he could get by thrusting the tip of his tongue through his muzzle, began to growl most

awfully, as he still went on mechanically, line after line, and turned the leaves with increased rapidity and vehemence. This continued for some time, until the pupil was evidently getting into a passion, and the tutor was growing rather nervous, when the sultan shewed a disposition to speak, which Titus most thankfully interpreted as an intimation that the experiment had been carried far enough. He instantly quieted his pupil, not so much by the order which he gave, as by shewing him a honey-cake, which nobody else saw, handed the chain to Timothy, and prepared to listen.

'As I observed before,' said the sultan, 'he certainly does seem to take a vast interest in it himself; and I daresay he understands it: but as to his elocution, I must say that it seems to me somewhat inarticulate.' The patriarch was puzzled again, and again he bowed, lower than before. The Jew chuckled, and whispered something in the sultan's ear. But Titus was not disconcerted. Falling again on his knees, he exclaimed: 'Pardon me, your sublime highness, we consider him a remarkably good reader, an animal of excellent parts, and a pupil who does us great credit. It is true, as your sublime highness's discrimination has observed, that his enunciation, even to those who know the language, may have some appearance of indistinctness, because he is defective in the vowel-points; but we cannot help it, for all our books are unpointed. In this, which, indeed, we consider a matter of little importance, we do not pretend to compete with the Jews, who teach theirs from pointed books. If your sublime highness ever heard a bear read more articulately than this one, it must have been one of theirs; and if you would have your own perfected in that particular, you must put it into their hands.' The sultan stared at the deacon; and the Jew eyed him over the sultan's shoulder with fierce alarm. But the hands of Titus were folded on his breast, and his head was bowed down on his hands.

'Well,' said the sultan to the patriarch, after a pause, during which it was obvious that some things were passing through his mind, of which he said nothing, 'I thank you for the pains you have taken; and although I cannot say that I quite understand the matter now, yet if I had known six weeks ago as much as I do at present, I would not have troubled you. If you are ever in want of any help or protection, remember, as I shall, that you have obliged me.'

The patriarch bowed. The sultan rose and retired, resolved that his first business should be to come to a full explanation with his doctor; and accordingly, a summons for the Israelite was instantly issued. Very long it seemed to the sultan—although, in fact, it was only half an hour—before the vizier came to report, that the doctor was nowhere to be found.

'Well,' said the sultan, 'I do not much wonder at that. I always thought him a wise man, and he is certainly no fool to get out of the way now. But, at the same time, let strict search be made; and also bring me the chief rabbi.'

In the confusion occasioned by the breaking up of the company, the tutor and his pupil—the latter of whom had naturally dropped into the less ostentatious posture of a quadruped—were forgotten, or at least overlooked, by the crowd of courtiers, who rushed to congratulate Mar Yusef, or laid their heads together, to whisper their surprise, or their suspicions. Titus, therefore, having briefly given directions to Timothy to take care that the book was removed, and to see the patriarch home, and make an excuse for his staying behind, slipped with his amiable charge through a side-door into the garden, where he seated himself on a bench, while his companion stood opposite to him on his hind legs, looking wistfully, he almost thought, reproachfully, in his face. In truth, Titus was conscious that he had tried the temper of his pupil, and was afraid to let him loose before company, or, indeed, to let him go into company at all, until he should have brought him into good-humour. He had provided himself with ample means of doing this; and having produced more than one honey-cake, and several other good things, and laid them on the bench beside him, he did not hesitate to unmuzzle his friend, and a merry meal they made together.

If the master was rendered happy by the issue of an experiment which had been matter of such great and long anxiety, the pupil was also raised to a state of the highest possible good-humour, by being at once relieved from restraint and hunger. He looked cheerily about him; seemed as if for the first time he recognised his old haunts; gamboled through the now deserted hall and passages; and, before he had been missed by anybody, found his way, by a short cut, to his own rug in the sultan's apartment.

For a moment, indeed, while occupied in anticipating the explanation which he had resolved to extort from his doctor, the sultan, like his courtiers, had forgotten his favourite; but now the meeting was most cordial on both sides. The sultan seemed determined to make up for his neglect; and the favourite to shew, that neither scholarship, nor the discipline requisite for obtaining it, had diminished his social affections or companionable qualities.

At length the rabbi arrived. He had, indeed, been a little longer than was necessary on the way, because he had found some means of persuading the messenger to let him call on two or three friends as he came along. He did not lose much time by this, however; his only object being to ask them, to what extent they could help him in case the loan should be very large. Satisfied on this point, and preoccupied by the thoughts which had suggested the inquiry, he stood before the sultan. Great, therefore, was his surprise, when his sublime highness, instead of saying a word about money-matters, briefly, but clearly, explained to him the nature of the business in which his service was required.

'Your sublime highness is pleased to jest with your servant,' said the rabbi, as soon as he could command breath enough to utter the words.

'Not at all,' replied the sultan; 'you will find me quite in earnest, I assure you. He reads, and, I am told, reads as well as can be expected *without* the points; now you must teach him to read *with* them.'

The rabbi was utterly confounded. He could only bow down his head, wondering what the sultan could mean, and what he would say next, and whether it would throw any light on what he had said already. So his sublime highness continued, with some asperity: 'Do not think to deceive me. I know all about the matter. You *can* do it, and you had better not hesitate; for I am in no humour to be trifled with. I gave the Christians six weeks, and I'll give you the same. Don't answer, but go, and he shall be sent to you.'

The unhappy rabbi returned home in a state of bewilderment. He sent for some of his friends to consult with, most of whom were as much surprised as he had been, when they learned the nature of the business which had produced the summons. Only one of them, who happened to be a friend of the missing doctor, seemed to know anything about the matter; and he could not throw much light upon it. He could only tell them, for their comfort, that it was a very serious affair, and they must mind what they were about.

It would be only tiresome, if it were possible, to particularise all the suggestions and discussions which ensued. They were still going on when the bear arrived, and was duly installed in an apartment which had been prepared for him, as well as it could be on such short notice; for all agreed, that he must be treated with great care and attention, not only in order to propitiate him, but because it might be dangerous

to let him return in worse condition than he came. So neither trouble nor cost was spared to make him comfortable; and very comfortable he was: supplied with every luxury, crammed with dainties, and petted in every conceivable way. But whatever progress he might make in the study of mankind, and in other branches of useful knowledge, it was plain that he was making none in that particular branch of learning for which he had been sent to school. His instructors did not know how to deal with him. He was on easy terms with all about him, would play with anybody, and quarrelled with nobody; but learn he would not. When they held a book before him, he thrust his nose into the cream-bowl; when they spoke of Pathach and Segol, he shut one eye, and munched figs; and when, 'as a bird each fond endearment tries,' they set up a stave which might have made the very learned the Masorites to dance for joy, in the hope that instinctively, or by mere love of imitation, he might be led to join in the chorus, he only threw himself on his back, and fairly roared them down.

Sensible of all this, and of its probable consequences, the instructors had not been idle in another direction. They had used their utmost endeavours to learn how the pupil had been dealt with by his former tutor. But all their inquiries were fruitless. Titus had kept his secret so effectually, that even Timothy knew little, if anything, more than other people; or, in other words, more than had been transacted before the sultan and his court. But in collecting all such information as could be gleaned, they were indefatigable, and were scrupulously careful to imitate everything which had been done, not knowing what hidden virtue there might be in things apparently trivial. They provided a great book and a desk; and did, and were prepared to do, all that, so far as they could learn, had been done before. And so matters went on, until the time came for them to produce their pupil.

The sultan was led, by various considerations, to think that it would be better to have the examination rather more private than the former one had been; and, accordingly, at the time appointed, the rabbi and his companions were brought into his private apartment. They had no hope that the book and desk—which, however, they had taken care to provide—would be wanted by their pupil; and indeed for some time past their thoughts had been turned from any attempts at instruction, and employed in framing an apology, in doing which they flattered themselves that they had succeeded tolerably well.

The pupil, who had grown corpulent under his late course of treatment, did not at first raise his lazy, half-shut eyes high enough from the ground to see the desk and open book, which were clever imitations, if not quite facsimiles of forms deeply impressed on his memory, and calculated to produce very stimulating recollections. As soon as they caught his eye, he seemed to be seized with sudden passion, dashed at the book, and overthrew the whole concern. Fiercely did he thrust his nose and paws between the leaves, and turn them, and tear them, and trample them. At length, exhausted by his exertions—to say nothing of his having previously had more exercise than usual—he waddled away to his well-known rug, absolutely declined all invitations either to work or play, and lay there watching the company through his half-shut eyes, in a state of stupid repose, which those who had just watched his effervescence did not care to interrupt.

'Well,' said the sultan to the rabbi and his friends, 'you are a strange set of people. When I put my bear into your hands, he read fluently, and *con amore;* and all you had to do, was to perfect his articulation. Instead of that, you bring him back fat, stupid, and savage, and so far from reading better, unable to read at all. It would serve you right, if I were to hang the whole set of you, and confiscate all your goods; but I am a merciful man, and will be content with banishment.'

So an order was immediately issued for banishing the Jews from the dominions of the sultan; and they all made off as fast as they could, not knowing that their own countryman had been at the bottom of all, or having any idea of the explanation which is here laid before the reader.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

There is a certain degree of satisfaction to the inquiring mind in knowing that, even in these days of aptness for discovering and explaining everything, there yet remains something to be found out; something to excite speculation and recompense research. Such a subject is the zodiacal light, which, for nearly two centuries past, has at different times occupied the attention of astronomers and other observers of celestial phenomena, though it is only of late years that the theories concerning it have acquired anything like a precise character. Many ingenious hypotheses have been thrown out, which may perhaps be accepted as steps towards a true explanation; and while waiting the result of further inquiry, we shall endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the interesting phenomenon.

The zodiacal light is a peculiar brightness, pyramidal or wedge-like, in form, seen at certain periods of the year in the eastern or western sky, before sunrise and after sunset. Its direction is in the line of the zodiac, whence its name—not perpendicular to the horizon, but at a varying angle, being in the spring from 60 to 70 degrees. The base of the wedge, which has a breadth generally of from 10 to 12 degrees, is below, and the sides rise in a line, curving outwards, to the apex, but so vague and diffuse as to be frequently indefinable. In our latitudes, it is best seen at or just after the equinoxes; before sunrise in autumn, and after sunset in spring; and becomes invisible as twilight increases, or if the moon shines; the light even of Venus and Jupiter is sufficient to render its discovery difficult. It is brightest at the base, and grows fainter the further it stretches from the horizon, vanishing entirely at the point. Unpractised observers would be apt to overlook it altogether, and those accustomed to watch the heavens are at times obliged to fix one eye on a dark space of sky, while they search for the light with the other, and discover it only by the contrast. A stratum of black cloud resting on the horizon often affords a means of detection, as the light can then be seen shooting from it with comparative distinctness. The soft, clear atmosphere which usually precedes or follows rain, is very favourable to a view of the light.

The luminous wedge varies in length with the progress of the seasons: sometimes but little more than its point is visible; at others, it is seen extending over a space of 120 degrees. Astronomically speaking, the axis of the zodiacal light is said to lie in the plane of the solar equator, with an angle of more than 7 degrees to the ecliptic, which it consequently intersects, the points of intersection becoming its nodes, and these nodes are the parts through which the earth passes in March and September. The light travels forward along the zodiacal signs from Gemini to Cancer and Leo from August to November, keeping pace with the sun. It grows dim towards the end of November, and fades more and more until January; but while this decrease has been going on in the east, and in the morning, the light has presented itself with increasing brightness in the west, and in the evening, and pursues its course until the end of February at about the same rate of motion. In March, it is slow, and travels through not more than one sign, and fades in April, and is lost in May, to reappear again at the end of summer, and perform the same route.

Lengthened twilight is not favourable to the appearance of the zodiacal light; it can, therefore, be observed

successfully in the temperate latitudes only by patient and long-continued watching. But in tropical regions, the deep azure of the sky, and the brief twilight, give it a distinctness and luminosity never witnessed elsewhere. In Egypt, we are told it is clearly 'visible every night, except when the light of the moon is too great, from January to June;' and in India its appearance is described as that of 'a pyramid of faint aurora-borealis like light' usually preceding the dawn. Humboldt tells us, that he has seen it shine with greater brightness than the Milky Way, from different parts of the coast of South America, and from places on the Andes more than 13,000 feet above the sea-level.

'Those who have dwelt long,' he writes, 'in the zone of palms, must retain a pleasing remembrance of the mild radiance of this phenomenon, which, rising pyramidally, illumines a portion of the unvarying length of the tropical nights.' And once, during a voyage from Lima to Mexico, he saw it in greater magnificence than ever before. 'Long narrow clouds, scattered over the lovely azure of the sky, appeared low down in the horizon, as if in front of a golden curtain, while bright varied tints played from time to time on the higher clouds: it seemed a second sunset. Towards that side of the heavens, the light diffused appeared almost to equal that of the moon in her first quarter.'

The zodiacal light can hardly fail of having been observed by astronomers in the past ages of the world; but the earliest known mention of it occurs in the *Britannia Baconica*, published by Childrey in 1661. The writer says: 'There is another thing which I recommend to the observation of mathematical men—which is, that in February, and for a little before and a little after that month—as I have observed for several years together—about six in the evening, when the twilight hath almost deserted the horizon, you shall see a plainly discernible way of the twilight, striking up towards the Pleiads, and seeming almost to touch them. It is so observed any clear night, but it is best *illa nocte*. There is no such way to be observed at any other time of the year. But what the cause of it in nature should be, I cannot yet imagine, but leave it to further inquiry.' The further inquiry followed soon afterwards, for Cassini, the eminent French astronomer, having carefully observed the phenomenon from 1683 to 1688, communicated the results to the Académie des Sciences. Some of his views and determinations were well founded; and from them we gather that the zodiacal light was nearly or quite the same in his day as at present. Others also devoted considerable attention to it, and noticed the variations in brightness in different years, which subsequent observations have verified. Since then, it has been made more or less a subject of investigation by modern astronomers, and has been observed in many parts of the world; the first observations in the southern hemisphere being those made by Professor Smyth at the Cape of Good Hope, from 1843 to 1845. In that latitude, the zodiacal light is best seen in spring evenings, at an angle of 30 degrees, visible long after sunset; its opposite peak is discernible at daybreak, but has scarcely come into view before the rising sun overpowers it. In autumn, the reverse takes place; the best appearance is in the morning.

To understand what is meant by the 'opposite peak,' we are to regard the zodiacal light, of which we see only one end in our latitudes, as a body extending all round the sun in the same form, presenting at a distance the appearance of one of those flat elongated oval nebulæ seen in the heavens. Its direction is at right angles to that of the sun's rotation, a straight line drawn from either pole of the great luminary divides it in the centre. From its outline resembling that of a lens in section, it is frequently described as a 'cosmical body of lenticular form.'

From this account of what the zodiacal light appears to be, we proceed to consider what it is. Some inquirers—arguing from the 'nebular theory,' which assumes the formation of the several planets, one after another, from nebulous matter—have supposed the zodiacal light to be a remnant of that matter yet unconcentrated. In this view, it may be a nebula, brightest in the centre, as is the case with most, and fainter towards the margin. According to Humboldt, 'we may with great probability attribute the zodiacal light to the existence of an extremely oblate ring of nebulous matter, revolving freely in space between the orbits of Venus and Mars.' On several occasions he witnessed its fluctuations, night after night, from the plains of South America, shewing itself at times greatly collapsed or condensed, with intermittences of vividness and faintness, in the course of a few minutes, as is observed of the aurora. 'The light of the stars, of even the fifth or sixth magnitudes, can be seen through it: the same has been remarked of comets; and it is known also that the tails of comets undergo frequent flashings or pulsations, so that the two phenomena may be analogous in character. It is necessary, however, to distinguish the fluctuations from such effects as may be produced by movements in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

Mairan, who wrote in 1731, was of opinion that the zodiacal light consisted of particles thrown off from the sun by its rapid rotation, or a species of atmosphere peculiar to the central orb. Others have supposed the luminosity to be composed of 'revolving planetary particles,' shining by a direct or reflected light. But, according to Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, Massachusetts, it is something which has a motion of its own around the sun, notwithstanding that the general steadiness of its movements had warranted the notion that it was in some way attached to the body of the sun itself. Olmsted's conclusions are drawn from a diligent observation of the light during a period of six years, and are on this account, as well as from his scientific reputation, entitled to respect. He states the light to be, in constitution, colour, and density, similar to that of the tail of a comet, the portion nearest the sun being brightest, and both admitting of stars being seen through them. We may, therefore, infer it to be a nebulous ring surrounding the sun, in the same way that the magnificent rings of Saturn surround that planet. Of such nebulæ as this there are from 2000 to 3000 visible in the regions of space, compared with which the dimension of ours is insignificant: at the same distance, and sought for with the same instruments, it would be invisible.

In one point, Professor Olmsted's views are particularly interesting, as, out of one mysterious phenomenon, he endeavours to explain another, and inquires: 'Whether or not the zodiacal light is the origin of the meteoric showers of November and August, and especially those of November?' Many readers know that for some years past great numbers of falling-stars, or showers of meteors, have been observed periodically in November: the fall seen in the United States in 1834—when, as is estimated, more than 240,000 stars fell as thick as snow-flakes, in the space of nine hours—being the most remarkable hitherto known. The explanation is, that the zodiacal light is a nebulous body revolving round the sun, and arrives at its aphelion on the 18th November in that part of the earth's orbit which the earth then reaches, and, coming into contact with our atmosphere, portions of the nebulous matter are detached, and, taking fire as they pass through, appear to us as shooting-stars. This explanation of the phenomenon in question is one not hastily conceived; the reasoning on which it is founded is altogether satisfactory, as well with regard to the movement of the nebulous matter, as to that of the earth.

Professor Olmsted, in a communication addressed to the 'American Association for the Advancement of Science,' sums up his views as follows:

'1. The zodiacal light, as we have found, in our

inquiry into its nature and constitution, is a *nebulous body*.

'2. It has a revolution round the sun.'

'3. It reaches beyond and *lies over the earth's orbit* at the time of the November meteors, and makes but a small angle with the ecliptic.

'4. Like the nebulous body, its periodic time is commensurable with that of the earth, so as to perform a certain whole number of revolutions while the earth performs one, and thus to complete the cycle in one year, at the end of which the zodiacal light and the earth return to the same relative position in space. This necessarily follows from the fact, that at the same season of the year it occupies the same position one year with another, and the same now as when Cassini made his observations nearly 170 years ago.

'5. In the meteoric showers of November, *the meteors are actually seen to come from the extreme portions of the zodiacal light*, or rather a little beyond the visible portions.'

There is much that is suggestive in this summary, and, as we said at the commencement, the subject is one of a nature to stimulate inquiry and research, and to lead to further explanations of cosmical phenomena. M. Mathieson's observations, published in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences for 1843, shew, that when tested with the thermo-multiplier, the zodiacal light was found to radiate heat as well as light—a fact which, if further verified, will support the evidence in favour of an independent luminous ring.

WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE?

Thus asks Mrs Kitty in *High Life Below Stairs*, to which his Grace my Lord Duke gravely replies: 'Ben Jonson.' 'O no,' quoth my Lady Bab: 'Shakspeare was written by one Mr Finis, for I saw his name at the end of the book!' and this passes off as an excellent joke, and never fails to elicit the applause of the audience; but still the question remains unanswered: Who wrote Shakspeare? a question, we humbly think, which might be made the theme for as much critical sagacity, pertinacity, and pugnacity, as the almost equally interesting question, who wrote Homer? In the former case, the question is certainly in one respect more simple, for the recognised plays and poems that go by Shakspeare's name are—at least by far the larger portion—unquestionably from one and the same pen; while Homer, poor, dear, awful, august, much-abused shade! has been torn by a pack of German wolves into fragments, which it puzzles the lore and research of Grote and Muir to patch together again. Even Mr Grote seems disposed to admit, that while the *Odyssey* may pass muster as one continuous poem, whatever was the name of the author, the greater *Iliad* must be broken up at least into an *Iliad* and an *Achilleid*, by different rhapsodists; and though Colonel Muir stands stoutly on the other side, the restoration of the unity of Homer may, even with us sober-minded thinkers, take ten times the years it took to capture Troy; while with the German Mystics and Mythists, the controversy may last till they have to open their bewildered and bewildering eyes upon the realities of another world.

So far, therefore, the question is limited, for we are entitled to assume, what no one at this time of day dreams of disputing, that *Hamlet* and his fellows are not only the productions of one mind, but are beyond comparison the greatest productions which man's intellect, not divinely inspired, has yet achieved. The question therefore is—who wrote them? With the exception of Homer, who lived before the time of written history, and Junius, who purposely and successfully shrouded himself in obscurity, there has, perhaps, been no great writer who has not in his life, his letters, or his sayings, more or less identified himself with the productions of his pen. Take Walter Scott, for instance; or Byron, or Addison, or Dryden; or, to go still earlier, take Ben Jonson, or Kit Marlowe, or Geoffrey Chaucer, and each and all of them have external marks by which we could assign the authorship, even if the production had been published anonymously. Try Shakspeare's plays by the same test, and suppose *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c., had been successively published after the fashion of Junius, and what critic of any age would ever have ascribed them to William Shakpeare?

This may appear uncandid and unfair. It may be said, that Shakspeare lived in a time when letter-writing and letter-preserving were comparatively infrequent, and that we have no right to deprive him of his authorship, any more than we should have had to deprive Dr Johnson of *Rasselas*, if he had not had the good-fortune of a Boswell to record his sayings. So we humbly think it would, had Shakspeare, like Homer, been wholly unknown, and every record of him lost; we should then, as in the case of Homer, have judged exclusively from the internal evidence of the works themselves, and formed a brilliant ideal picture of what the astonishing author must have been in his daily walk, correspondence, and conversation. But, unfortunately, enthusiasm worked up to its pitch, sweeping the clouds for a bird's-eye view of the high pinnacle of human greatness commensurate with the 'local habitation and the name' of such a genius, is at once 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' by the authentic recorded whatabouts, whenabouts, and whereabouts of William Shakspeare, actor, owner, purchaser, and chattels and messuage devisor whilom of the Globe Theatre, Surrey-side; item of the Blackfriars, Fleet Street; and ultimately of Stratford-on-Avon, '*gent*,' husband of Anne Hathaway, to whom he devises his second-best bed. On the one hand, research has traced his life from the cradle to the grave, and by means of tradition, legal documents, records, and inscriptions, formed a very accurate skeleton biography; while, on the other hand, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, to be noticed hereafter, records and even tradition are silent upon his walk and conversation; and though his signature has been several times disinterred, his whole correspondence, if he ever wrote a letter, has sunk like lead beneath the dark waters of oblivion; indeed, even the single signature as yet discovered unconnected with business documents—namely, the 'Willm^{e} Shakspere' on the volume of Montaigne—is not preceded by any remark whatever, by any sentence that might give a faint echo of *Hamlet*. Now this, to say the least, is singular to the very last degree. The unsurpassed brilliancy of the writer throws not one single spark to make noticeable the quiet uniform mediocrity of the man. Is it more difficult to suppose that Shakspeare was not the author of the poetry ascribed to him, than to account for the fact, that there is nothing in the recorded or traditionary life of Shakspeare which in any way connects the poet with the man? It will not do to use the common hackneyed expression, that Shakspeare had a 'genius so essentially dramatic, that all other writers the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself.' Even the inspired writers of Scripture have their style and their expressions modified, and adapted to the peculiar idiosyncrasy and accidental position of the respective men; and taking human nature as we find it, we think it much easier to suppose that Shakspeare never once appears personally in his dramas, because his interest in them was not personal, but pecuniary. William Shakspeare, the man, was comparatively well known. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, of respectable parentage; he married Anne Hathaway; had children; apparently became unsettled; went to London to push his fortune; made a deal of money by theatrical speculations,

and by the profits of certain plays, of which he was reputed to be the author; then retired quietly to the country, and was heard of no more, excepting that a few years afterwards old Aubrey states that 'Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.' Brandish not thy dagger, Melpomene, at this profanation! The scandal is not ours, but Aubrey's, Shakspeare's earliest biographer, but who did not write till forty-six years after his death. His name and signature are connected with the buying and selling of land and theatrical shares, and such-like commonplace transactions; and his last will and testament, with which everybody is familiar, is as plain and prosaic as if it had been the production of a pig-headed prerogative lawyer. Now, in all this we see a sensible, sagacious, cautious, persevering man, who certainly was free from the rashness and (excepting the closing scene, if old Aubrey is to be believed) rakish extravagance too often characteristic of genius at any time, and perhaps particularly so of Shakspeare's time. It is apparent that Shakspeare, at least from the time the plays commenced, never had to shift for his living: he had always money to lend and money to spend; and we know also, that many of his contemporaries, men with genius akin to that which produced these plays, were in continued and utter extremity, willing to barter exertion, name, and fame, for the daily dole that gets the daily dinner.

May not William Shakspeare—the cautious, calculating man, careless of fame, and intent only on money-making—have found, in some furthest garret overlooking the 'silent highway' of the Thames, some pale, wasted student, with a brow as ample and lofty as his own, who had written the *Wars of the Roses*, and who, with eyes of genius gleaming through despair, was about, like Chatterton, to spend his last copper coin upon some cheap and speedy means of death? What was to hinder William Shakspeare from reading, appreciating, and purchasing these dramas, and thereafter keeping his poet, as Mrs Packwood did? The mere circumstance of his assuming them as his own, may have seemed to be justified by his position as manager, and his regard to the interests of the theatre; as a play by a well-known and respected favourite would be more likely to escape hissing than one by an unknown adventurer; and the practice once commenced must go on; for we cannot suppose that Shakspeare could afford to deny the authorship of *Macbeth*, if he had previously consented to father *Henry VI.*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This assumption, we are sorry to say, smooths away many of the difficulties that have hitherto baffled the critics. How could Shakspeare, say they, have been able to write at all, while obviously and laboriously employed in the active business of his profession? Where did he acquire that all-comprehensive knowledge of nature, men, and books? How could he paint with such exact fidelity the peculiar scenery pertaining exclusively to the subject in question, when he can be proved never to have left London? What time had he to tread the 'blasted heath,' or describe the aspect of Glammis Castle? How could he accomplish all this? Why, simply, and naturally, and easily—by affording his poet all the requisite leisure, and defraying the expenses of all the requisite tours. And with this view, though it cannot be proved, and is very unlikely, that Shakspeare ever was in Scotland, yet it is most likely that the author of *Macbeth* was; and thus the intelligence, but not the genius, of these wonderful works ceases to be supernatural. Again, not one single manuscript of Shak[illegible]'s plays or poems has ever been discovered; [illegible]nly the search has been as rigorous and co[illegible]s that for the Philosopher's Stone; whi[illegible]t, when owning to the Novels, found it [illegible] say that almost all the manuscripts were holograph; nor, if we do not very much mistake, is there among all the records and traditions which have been handed to us, any statement of Shakspeare having been seen writing, or having delivered his manuscript.

Of course, the obvious answer to all this is, that such a transaction, carried on through so many years, and having reference to works which even in that age excited considerable admiration and attention, could not be concealed. We may reply to this, that Shakspeare, who apparently was liked by every one, did not conceal it from his friends, and that they supported him in this pardonable assumption—the members of the theatre for their own sakes, and his other friends for his.

Take, besides, the custom of the age, the helter-skelter way in which dramas were got up, sometimes by half-a-dozen authors at once, of whom one occasionally monopolised the fame; and the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications; and who so popular with all playgoers of the period as the gentle, well-living Shakspeare? And his name would better suit his friends and the then public, than any mere recluse, unknown poet, until his name, like other myths, acquired sanctity by age. Indeed, we fear it is not necessary to go back to Shakspeare's time to find the practice of assumed authorship of purchased plays, without either the reasons or the excuses which apply to Shakspeare. Unfortunately, however, for those who claim Shakspeare for Shakspeare, the secret was not wholly kept. Robert Greene, a well-known contemporary, a writer of reputation, but one who led the skeldering life peculiar to most of his class, addressed, on his death-bed, in 1592, a warning to his co-mates not to trust to the puppets 'that speak from our mouths.' He then goes on in these remarkable words, which we believe every critic thinks were intended for Shakspeare: 'Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.' Again: with this view, the disputed passages—those in which critics have agreed that the genius is found wanting—the meretricious ornaments sometimes crowded in—the occasional bad taste displayed—in short, all the imperfections discernible and disputable in these mighty dramas, are reconcilable with their being the interpolations of Shakspeare himself on his poet's works.

The dedication of the *Venus* and the *Lucrece* to Lord Southampton is, we confess, somewhat against us, for we cannot but think these poems came from the pen that wrote *Romeo*; but, after all, Southampton was so generous a patron, that Shakspeare might be excused in assuming the authorship, in order to make the books (as his poems) a better return for the thousand pounds bestowed. But if Southampton really knew him to be the author of the dramas, how comes it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon—all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet*—have all ignored his acquaintance? Raleigh and Bacon seem not to have known of his existence; while Spenser, if he alludes to the works, takes care to avoid the name. In short, Heywood, Suckling, Hales, and all the others who are recorded to have spoken of Shakspeare 'with great admiration,' confine themselves to the works, and seem personally to avoid the man—always excepting '*Rare Ben Jonson*;' and we confess, if Ben is to be entirely believed, Shakspeare wrote Shakspeare. But Ben, if unsupported, is somewhat disqualified from being what the Scotch would call a 'famous witness'—he was under the deepest pecuniary obligations to Shakspeare, and was through life, despite the nonsensical tradition of their quarrel—his hearty friend

and boon-companion, with 'blind affection,' as he phrases it, as seen above, literally 'unto death,' and therefore bound by the strongest ties to keep his secret, if secret there were. Besides, Ben can be convicted of at least one unqualified fib on the subject. Hear how he describes Droeshout's print of Shakspeare, prefixed to the first folio edition of 1623:

> This figure that thou here see'st put,
> It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
> Wherein the graver had a strife
> With nature to outdo the life.
> Oh! could he have but drawn his wit
> As well in brass, as he hath hit
> His face, &c.

Hear now Nathan Drake: 'The wretched engraving thus undeservedly eulogised;' and Mr Steevens calls it 'Shakspeare's countenance deformed by Droeshout'—like the sign of Sir Roger turned into the Saracen's Head.

We might, did space allow, also allude to the celebrated 'wit-combats at the Mermaid,' where Shakspeare's wit, when recorded, becomes truly un-Shakspearian. Let one example suffice, stated by Capell. 'Ben' and 'Bill' propose a joint epitaph. Ben begins:

> 'Here lies Ben Jonson,
> Who was once one—'

Shakspeare concludes:

> 'That, while he lived, was a *slow* thing;
> And now, being dead, is *no*-thing.'

We doubt if Benedict would have gained Beatrice had he wooed her in this style, and yet its tiny sparkle seems a beam of light contrasted with the dull darkness of the rest. In fine, we maintain we have no more direct evidence to shew that Shakspeare wrote Hamlet's soliloquy, than we have that he wrote the epitaph on John a Coombe, the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy, or the epitaph to spare his 'bones' on his own tombstone—all of which the commentators are now determined to repudiate.

Assuming, then, that we have proved, to our own extreme dissatisfaction, the probability that Shakspeare kept a poet, we are bound to say that the intercourse between them must have been one of almost unexampled cordiality and kindness; for seldom can we discover anything like hostility in the poet to his employer; but there must have been two little miffs—one of which occurred during the writing of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the other before the publication of the *Twelfth Night*. Shakspeare, it is well known, in very early youth, married a girl a good deal older than himself, and there is at least no evidence to shew that, as usual, he did not repent his choice. Now, we will admit that it was unhandsome in the poet at the beginning of the *Dream* to make Hermia and Lysander discourse upon this delicate subject—

> *Hermia.* O cross! too high to be enthralled to low!
> *Lysander.* Or else misgraffèd in respect of years.
> *Her.* (*the lady.*) O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

But matters were still worse, when the Duke, in the *Twelfth Night*, exclaims:

> 'Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself.'

And again:

> 'Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
> For women are as roses, whose fair flower
> Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.'

It is, we confess, very difficult to suppose that Shakspeare, with his unquestionable good feeling, could have written this unhandsome insult to his own wife, though it is very easy to imagine his passing it over in a hurried perusal previous to its presentation in the green-room.

One thing at least appears certain, and not disputed—the plays apparently rise, if we may use the expression, as the series goes on; all at once, Shakspeare, with a fortune, leaves London, and the supply ceases. Is this compatible with such a genius thus culminating, on any other supposition than the death of the poet and the survival of the employer?

Well, reader, how like you our hypothesis? We confess we do not like it ourselves; but we humbly think it is at least as plausible as most of what is contained in the many bulky volumes written to connect the man, William Shakspeare, with the poet of *Hamlet*. We repeat, there is nothing recorded in his everyday life that connects the two, except the simple fact of his selling the poems and realising the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret. In fact, the only other hypothesis which we think will serve at all, is to suppose that Shakspeare, like Mohammed, instead of going to a garret, went to a cave, and received his *Koran* from Gabriel; but then the mischief is, that Shakspeare is the most readable of authors, and the *Koran*, perhaps the most unreadable trash ever inflicted on a student—at least its translation is; and besides, no angel of them all could ever have shewn such an acquaintance with our (to a celestial) unkindred humanity as these poems display. Perhaps the best and crowning hypothesis is that of Byron about Junius:

> That what we Shakspeare call,
> Was really, truly, nobody at all.

Thus, whether Shakspeare were written by nobody or not, it seems pretty well proved that *nobody gave* the plays to Shakspeare; so that, whether by inheritance, *purchase*, or divine afflatus, the man who wrote Shakspeare was—William Shakspeare.

A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA.

For persons who have never visited the tropics to form an idea of the exceeding beauty of night in these regions, is utterly impossible. The azure depth of the sky, illuminated by numberless stars of wondrous brilliancy, seems, as it were, reflected in the giant foliage of the trees, and on the dewy herbage of the mountain-sides, gemmed with the scintillations of innumerable fire-flies; while the gentle night-wind, rustling through the lofty plantain and feathery cocoa-nut, bears upon its breath a world of rich and balmy odours. Perhaps the scene is still more lovely when the pale moon flings down her rays on the chalice of the *Datura arborea*, brimming with nectareous dew—her own most favoured flower, delicate of scent and chaste in beauty. Yet the night of the tropics has many drawbacks: noxious, unsightly creatures then forsake their lair, lithe snakes uncoil their glossy rings, bats flutter in the moonbeams, and croaking frogs disturb the silence of the hour.

In a valley of the St Andrew Mountains, in the island of Jamaica, where we resided for a short time, we beheld in perfection this lovely night, and experienced in an equally great degree its inconveniences. It was indeed a favoured spot, for which nature had done her utmost. Sublime and beautiful were there so exquisitely blended, that to determine the leading characteristic of the scenery was impossible. Mountains, clad to the loftiest summit in perpetual verdure; gigantic trees, rich in blushing fruits; pensile plants, aglow with the choicest flowers; proud-rifted rocks, pale and ghastly, as if cleft by an earthquake; foaming cascades springing madly down the cliffs, leaping through chasms spanned with aquatic creepers, and then dwindling into ever-gurgling streams, that glided through ravines curtained with verdant drapery—such

were some of the details of the picture; but how vain the endeavour to describe this redundant beauty! A friend, who enjoyed it with a zest as keen as our own, once remarked: 'It is like nothing in this world but one of Salvator Rosa's pictures framed in a garland of flowers!'

This gorgeous scenery screened from our dwelling the unsightly squalor of a negro village, which lay at a distance of a mile and a half on the other side of an abrupt hill to our rear. It consisted merely of some score of huts, of miserable aspect, formed of matting, stretched on stakes stuck in the ground; and in other cases, of interwoven bamboos, dabbed with mud, and roofed over with gigantic palm-leaves. Each had its garden in front, of yams, cocos, and sweet potatoes. The negroes of the village were our nearest neighbours, and we visited them occasionally, in the hope of ameliorating their condition by communicating to them such instruction as they were capable of receiving; but their grotesque ideas of liberty, overweening egotism, and marvellous superstition, together with the shortness of our stay in their vicinity, combined to frustrate our object.

The place we occupied had been once a missionary station, and consisted merely of a couple of chambers, a sitting-room, and a veranda that ran round the house, which was built of an inferior species of mahogany, and ceiled and floored with the same. The colour of the wood, together with the fact, that all the former occupants had fallen victims to the climate, gave the house an air of extraordinary gloom; still, this was in some measure dissipated by the multitude of flowers in the garden, of the kinds familiar to us in England, and which, from the equable temperature of the mountain climate, flourished in the open air.

Before the windows flashed a bright parterre, begirt with a thick hedge of salvias, above which the exquisite humming-bird for ever hovered. The hedge was intermingled with the tea-rose, white jasmine, fuchsia, pink cactus, and bignonia; all of which, from the hardihood of their growth, appeared indigenous. Balsams sprung like weeds, and every conceivable variety of convolvulus flaunted in gay bands from the shafts of ever-blossoming limes. Along the veranda, extending from column to column, ran a drapery of nurandias, lobeas, and plumbago; while at the end of the parterre, in close proximity, stretched the grave-yard of the station, studded thick with white stones, recording the names of many a once weary missionary and Christianised negro.

About a month after our arrival at Rosevale—for so was the place called—my husband was compelled by professional duty to be absent for a couple of days. It was the first time I had ever been left alone, having been only recently married, and separated from my family in England. An utter stranger in the island, my nerves were somewhat subdued at the prospect before me; and although determined to endure the loneliness very bravely, still it was not felt the less acutely. There were no Europeans nearer than a distance of five miles; and owing to the peculiar nature of the scenery, its extraordinary stillness, and the unusual aspect of its gigantic vegetation, it was, despite its beauty, invested to a remarkable degree with an air of desolateness and solitude. At five in the morning, my husband set out upon his journey, and at eight a negro came to inquire whether massa was at home. This was an unusual circumstance; but upon hearing that massa left home that morning, he departed, and I thought no more of him. The weary day dragged heavily to a close, and at eight in the evening the same negro returned, and repeated his inquiry by the light of a lamp held by a young lad of his own race in our service. I saw the man's face, and suffering, perhaps, from nervous irritability, fancied I had never seen a countenance more sinister. My pulse throbbed quickly, as the reply was given, that 'Massa wouldn't return till the night of the ensuing day.' Here was an admission! I alone in this wild, outlandish place, attended only by my maid, a semi-German, semi-Irish girl, exceedingly timid, and a couple of negro servants, if possible more cowardly: I felt my heart sink, as after uttering some half-intelligible words, the sable visitor departed. While drinking tea in solitude, musing on the old familiar faces of my former home, never was the croaking of the frog so loud, the curlo's note so shrill, the evening air so gentle. I heard the negro servants without expressing their astonishment that, now as massa was gone, missus wouldn't call in Miss Jane (the maid), and make her 'peak' to her; adding—'Rosevale not good house to lib by himself in—plenty "padres" die dere, plenty doppies (ghosts) come up dere from de grabe-yard!' Now my dread was not of the 'doppies,' but I did fear the return of the recent ill-favoured visitor.

Our books had not yet been forwarded from Kingston, so I had not the solace of a favourite author; but on a shelf in the sitting-room lay an odd volume of Missionary Reports, and the third or fourth of Mandeville's English History, which had belonged to the former occupant of the place. These I took from their resting-place, and essayed to read, when, in an instant, a bat dropped from the rafters, and fluttering round and round the lamp, cut short my studies. Formerly, church-service was wont to be celebrated in this same room; and for the purpose of kindling, by means of music, any latent sparks of devotion in the minds of his sable flock, the deceased clergyman, who had resided before us at Rosevale, had imported a seraphine, which he played with skill, and which had never been opened since his death. It stood as he had last touched it, at one end of the sitting-room; and hoping to overcome my nervousness, I strove against the feelings which had hitherto withheld me from approaching the instrument. I seated myself before it, and began a sacred melody, when, by the imperfect light, it seemed as if the keys were in motion. This I at first attributed to the manner in which the light was thrown, owing to the wheeling flight of some four or five bats that had joined the earliest intruder in his frolics. This idea, however, was speedily dissipated by a great cockroach crawling upon my fingers, and I started up with a shudder, for the instrument was literally covered with these unsightly creatures. I then paced up and down the veranda, flooded with moonlight, till a short time past ten o'clock, when the moon set, and I retired for the night to my chamber, where my uneasiness was speedily overcome by sleep.

At midnight, or probably earlier, I awoke with a start: unusual sounds were on the air; and the sinister visage of the past evening's visitor presented itself to my disturbed imagination. I stilled my heart, and listened. The sounds seemed to come from the negro village. I sprang from my bed, and, approaching the window, unclosed the jalousie, and saw a number of negroes pouring down the mountain-side—some bearing large torches, and all yelling fearfully. On streamed the living mass; closer and closer they approached, till their faces were distinctly visible. They carried with them a hideous burden—a swathed and ghastly corpse, the rigid features of which looked ghastlier still in the lurid glare of the torch-light! This they flung, with frantic gestures, from one to another, receiving it in their arms with a yell and a scream, gibbering in fiendish glee, and dancing and whirling about. Sickening at the horrid sight, I turned away, and closed the jalousie; when, as the procession surrounded the house, my maid rushed into the room, exclaiming: 'O ma'am, what will become of us? they are trying to force the doors—they are coming in!'

For some time they continued seeking an entrance; but the thought of admitting them never once crossed my imagination. At last, one among the number

suggested the inutility of any further attempt; and, abandoning their original design, they all marched off to the grave-yard, where they remained till dawn as it seemed in some grand carousal. They then, as I was afterwards told, returned to the dwelling of the deceased, laid him in his coffin, and at six in the morning bore him to his last resting-place. This ceremonial was called 'The Feast of the Dead,' and was celebrated in order to insure a favourable reception for their departed brother from the mouldering occupants of the grave-yard, and to prevent the appearance of his doppie.

The deceased, it seems, had been a carpenter, and in that capacity had worked occasionally at Rosevale, which, a few days previously to our arrival, had been the scene of his last labours. It was thought necessary, therefore, for the repose of his soul, that, prior to interment, his body should be brought into the house to pay a farewell visit.

A fellow-passenger in our voyage to Kingston related to us a similar occurrence. He had been but a short time resident at Montego Bay, and was, with his wife, active in disseminating Christian knowledge among the negroes of the district. One family, more intelligent than the rest, particularly attracted this good lady, who was much interested in their behalf, in return for which, they attached themselves to her most zealously. Their eldest child, a young girl of fourteen years old, was attacked by a malady, which suddenly terminated in death; and Mrs R—— was ignorant of the fact, till one evening, as she was entertaining company, the corpse of the poor girl, dressed in the latest gifts she had bestowed, was borne into the midst of the party, to take leave of the kind benefactress, so beloved by her in life.

The dread in which the appearance of disembodied spirits is held by the negroes is excessive, and the expedients to which they resort to defend themselves from their intrusion are truly absurd. One of these is to drive ten nails into the door in a pentagonal form —a very effectual barrier; for the doppie, on beholding it, can neither advance nor recede, but remains there literally spell-bound till the witching-time of night is past, vainly endeavouring to reckon the number of nails, but unable to get beyond the fifth. Another very excellent preventive, in negro estimation, is old leather—that which has been worn in boots or shoes is considered best. This should be burned with horse-litter, and afterwards rubbed upon the door-posts. 'This,' to quote one of the dusky fraternity, 'make such a bad mell, that it catch him nose; and de berry Jurabie himself would run away from it!' I know not the extent of Satanic endurance, but for a mere mortal to bear with it is impossible, as I once found by experience, when it compelled me to take refuge in the bush.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND INDIVIDUAL PANIC.

The *London Gazette* of the 3d July 1852, announced, in its weekly report of the Bank of England, that the gold coin and bullion in the issue department had reached the sum of L.21,742,110. It had never reached such a sum before. But this is not all. While this vast amount of gold already lies in the vaults of the Bank, nearly every ship from Australia, and steamer from America, brings more of the precious metal.

There are not wanting persons to whom this accession of treasure to the country is a subject of panic. The annuitant dreads a depreciation of the value of gold, equivalent, of course, to a general rise in the price of those commodities which conduce to his comfort; or, in other words, to a diminution of his income. The millionaire sees rivals springing up on all sides from the mountain of gold. Many in every class, who are at ease in their circumstances, and would fain have things remain as they are, look with dislike on a state of things so new, and wish that the 'diggings' in California, and the gold region of Australia, had never been disturbed by spade or pickaxe.

If gold were not our standard of value, no such panic could exist in any mind; but, on the contrary, the abundance of a metal so pre-eminent in beauty and utility must be universally hailed as a boon. Silver is now the legal tender in most countries of Europe, and used to be so in England, till it became too abundant; but where transactions are large, silver is too cumbrous: a man can carry L.500 in gold in his pocket, but L.500 in silver would require a horse.

The reason why these two metals form the money of the most civilised nations, need not be gone into here at any length. 'Their qualities of utility, beauty, and *scarcity*,' says Adam Smith, 'are the original foundation of the high price of those metals, or of the great quantity of other goods for which they can everywhere be exchanged. This value was antecedent to, and independent of, their being employed as coin, and was the quality which fitted them for that employment.'

We have printed the word *scarcity* in italics, because that is the point of alarm. 'If,' say the alarmists, 'gold, which has been in all the world's annals scarce, is to become plentiful, one of the conditions of its fitness for coin is annihilated.' To this we reply: Scarcity is a relative term. Actual scarcity of a commodity may exist, to all practical purposes, in the midst of an abundance of that commodity; because scarcity is occasioned by two very different causes—namely, limited supply and excessive demand.

An amount of gold coin which would be very large for a small community, might be very insignificant for the use of a great and populous nation. In August 1789, the bullion in the Bank of England amounted only to L.8,645,860; but we think that was a larger sum for the Bank to possess, in relation to the population and trade of England at that period, than L.22,000,000 now.

In 1801, the population of Great Britain numbered about from ten to eleven millions; in 1851, nearly twenty millions. Whatever quantity of money, therefore, was necessary for the former period, a very much larger, perhaps a double quantity—supposing an equal degree of prosperity to exist—would be requisite in the latter.

This necessity for a larger amount of coin is obvious when regarded only in relation to the increase of population. If population continues at its present rate of increase, a much larger amount of coin than we possess now, even with our L.22,000,000 of bullion in the Bank, will be required to keep pace with its wants. But this is not the only view of the question. The population of 1851, it must be granted, required a larger amount of coin than that of 1801, or of any former period in our history, supposing each period to possess an equal amount of prosperity. But how stand the facts on this question of prosperity? If it should appear that, while more gold is discovered, more iron, more tin, more copper, more of every other mineral is also found; that more wool and cotton are produced, more corn is grown, more ships built, more houses built, more towns raised, more countries inhabited, and last, not least, that railways begin to intersect every country, old and new, and in combination with steam-ships on the ocean, to facilitate the communication among them all—then it would appear that they required a larger amount in proportion to the population; and that if prosperity continues on the increase, so constantly progressive will be the necessity for more coin, that scarcity will be a term applicable to gold, in all probability, for a long period of time.

The fact is, that the increase of commodities has been, in many instances, far greater than the increase

of population. In 1740, the total quantity of iron made in Great Britain was 17,350 tons; in the following hundred years, this quantity increased considerably more than a hundredfold, being estimated at the later period at above 2,000,000 tons. In 1801, the Cornish tin-mines produced 2328 tons of metal; it took only thirty years to double their annual amount. The same is more than true of the copper-mines of Cornwall, which produced in 1801, 5267 tons; and after thirty years, 11,224 tons. In 1828, the quantity of sheep's wool imported from Australia was 1,574,186 lbs.; in 1850, it was 39,018,228 lbs. In 1801, the coals shipped from Newcastle were 1,331,870 tons; in fifty years more than double—namely, 2,977,385 tons. These are only a few examples gleaned from many of a similar description, and to them we will only add the fact, of a kind totally new in the world's annals, that a sum approaching to a moiety of the national debt is now invested in railways in England alone—namely, upwards of L.350,000,000.

By a late police report, it appears that 60,000 houses have been added to the metropolis of England in the last ten years. These would alone form a large city, requiring much gold and silver for money and luxury; and in this question of gold, the requisitions of luxury must not be forgotten; they form an important item, and are commensurate with the necessity for coin.

'When,' said Adam Smith, 'the wealth of any country increases, when the annual produce of its labour becomes gradually greater and greater, a quantity of coin becomes necessary, in order to circulate a greater quantity of commodities; and the people as they can afford it, as they have more commodities to give for it, will naturally purchase a greater and greater quantity of plate. The quantity of their coin will increase from necessity, the quantity of their plate from vanity and ostentation, or from the same reason that the quantity of fine statues, pictures, and of every other luxury and curiosity, is likely to increase among them. But as statuaries and painters are not likely to be worse rewarded in times of wealth and prosperity than in times of poverty and depression, so gold and silver are not likely to be worse paid for.'

It may, indeed, be predicted with tolerable certainty, that the qualities of 'beauty and utility' possessed by gold will be for a long time guarantees for its 'scarcity' whatever be its abundance. Its fine colour and brilliancy are not its only beauties. No metal is so ductile, so malleable, so indestructible by fire or chemical tests. It does not rust, it scarcely tarnishes, and it admits of the most exquisite workmanship. India alone would absorb the results of many years' digging; and when direct steam communication commences between it and Australia, gold will begin to flow into that great country, with its hundred million of people, in one continued stream, to supply their insatiable desire for it. They habitually invest their savings in gold ornaments, which they wear on their persons; and at this day, it is not uncommon to see the wife of a native under-secretary, whose salary and property altogether do not amount to much more than L.300 a year, wearing gold in this manner to the value of L.500. The treasure of this kind possessed by the rich natives is probably extraordinary; and so great is their desire to accumulate it, that it is impossible to keep up a gold-currency in the country: the coin is immediately melted down, and made into ornaments.

But whatever amount of gold is absolutely required at present as a circulating medium, and whatever amount is likely to be absorbed by the requirements of luxury, an amount far greater is likely to be needed to keep pace with the increasing prospects of prosperity in this country. Now that the restrictions on trade are nearly all removed, Britain may become the centre of the world's commerce: situated as she is in a temperate climate, between the Old and the New World, her harbours never closed by ice, there is nothing to limit the extent of her markets, nothing to check the development of her resources, nor the division of her labour. The extraordinary impetus given to emigration by the discovery of the gold-fields, has already begun to create new and great countries; and every emigrant that leaves our shores becomes a source of wealth and strength to the mother-country, which has cast off the fetters that so long restrained its enterprise, and is open to trade with all the world; while the discovery of rich coal-mines in most parts of the globe, favours the communication by steam-power between both hemispheres, and almost from pole to pole; and while we hear of new discoveries that may make the air a motive power instead of steam, and thus render railway transit possible in arid deserts; and while the electric telegraph not only connects us with the continent of Europe, but is about to cross the Atlantic. With all these powers at command, men will not long be confined to the narrow boundaries in which they are at present congregated; and in comparison with future improvements in every branch of industry, the present time may come to be regarded as one when they were bunglers in industrial art, and mere scratchers of the soil instead of cultivators.

And not the least important among the elements of national prosperity, will be found an abundance of the circulating medium. ''Tis certain,' says Hume, 'that since the discovery of the mines in America, industry has increased in all the nations of Europe, except in the possessors of those mines; and this may justly be ascribed, amongst other reasons, to the increase of gold and silver. Accordingly, we find that in every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, everything takes a new face—labour and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising; the manufacturer more diligent and skilful; and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention.'

The exception of Spain alone is a curious example and warning to nations, as shewing how the best gifts may be abused and converted into a curse instead of a blessing; for, believing the possession of gold and silver to be the only true wealth, they attempted to accumulate these metals by preventing the exportation of them by absurd restrictions; and this policy, added to her bigotry and persecution, has left Spain to this day an example of the results of restriction, powerless and poor, a haunt of the robber and the smuggler.

An abundance of the circulating medium will always be found to be an important element in national prosperity; and so great has been the conviction of this fact, that a whole school of political economists have advocated a paper-currency, in order to escape from the danger of restriction. 'Give us,' say they, 'paper-money, the basis of which shall be, not this scarce, restrictive gold, but the real wealth of the country in commodities of every kind.' It was Sir Robert Peel who explained the danger of these views, by shewing that paper-notes issued against commodities would tend to increase the fluctuations of the prices of those commodities. By the act of 1819, therefore, he established that a pound sterling, or the standard, by reference to which the value of every other commodity is ascertained, and every contract fulfilled, should be itself fixed to be a piece of gold of a certain weight and fineness, and that whatever paper-notes were issued, the holder should be entitled to demand standard coined gold in exchange for them at the Bank, at the rate of L.3, 17s. 10½d. of notes per ounce. Undertaking always to pay in coin when demanded, the Bank was allowed to use its own discretion in the amount of notes it might issue. Such discretion, however, was found to work badly, for the trading community in particular; and therefore, by the act of 1844, the issue of bank-notes was limited to the certain amount of

L.14,000,000 against securities; and it was enacted, that any further issue must vary with and be equal to the amount of bullion deposited in the coffers of the Bank. The reason why L.14,000,000 in notes against securities was the sum fixed on, was partly that this was the smallest sum that had been known to be in the hands of the public for a very long period; and it is probable that numbers of these notes will never appear again, so many being perpetually lost by fires, shipwrecks, or carelessness. However, it is said, that only the other day a bank-note was presented for payment, bearing the date of 1750.

'To what end,' it is sometimes argued—'since even the advocates of gold-currency resort to paper-money as more convenient for practical purposes—is the accumulation of treasure in the vaults of the Bank of England? Why, after all the labour of digging it out of the earth in the antipodes, is it buried again here? Why not coin it, and lend it out at interest?' The remark is, of course, not unnatural, but has a ready reply. The gold in the vaults of the Bank of England belongs, not to the Bank, but to the holders of the bank-notes. They prefer notes to gold to carry in their pockets, but these rags of notes have no value in themselves; their sole value is as representatives of a certain portion of gold. People cannot have notes and the gold represented by the notes at the same time: they may have either that they like. If they prefer to have gold spoons, or gold candlesticks, or gold watches, or gold anything else; or if, as traders, they require to make purchases in any parts of the world where their notes would not pass current, or where those from whom they buy do not require any commodity manufactured in this country, then they can have their gold at the Bank any day by presenting their notes. As, moreover, the holder of every bank-note has an equal claim, *pro tanto*, on the bullion in the Bank coffers, the more gold there is in them, the more will his note represent. In short, the act of 1844, above alluded to, established the security of the Bank-of-England-note in a way that seems perfect.

On the whole, therefore, it appears that a condition requisite to national prosperity is in prospect for our country. Individual exceptions there may be in the persons of annuitants, but even here counteracting circumstances are continually at work. By improvements in machinery, and facility of communication, the cost of production is so much reduced as, in a greater or lesser degree, to balance the rise of price consequent on an abundance of gold, should any such condition of things actually occur; and an abundance of gold would undoubtedly, as we have shewn, be favourable to all these improvements. Already, the cost of production, or small amount of labour with which commodities can be produced, compared with former periods, is an important fact in all questions of income. The quantity of cotton wool, for example, taken for consumption in the United Kingdom in 1814, was 53,777,802 lbs., and in 1849 was 775,469,008 lbs.; but its value, which in 1814 was L.20,033,132, had only increased in 1849 to L.26,771,432: so that fifteen times the quantity at the latter period cost only about a third more money than the much smaller quantity in the former. The price of cotton-yarn was 8s. 9d. per lb. in 1801, and only 2s. 11d. in 1832, owing to improved machinery. Such examples might be multiplied, and would increase in accelerated ratio in times of increased prosperity. Other compensations would not be wanting. If the actual income of an annuitant should be lowered, his taxes would be lightened, his poor-rates perhaps abolished, his sons and daughters able to find openings in every direction. He would not be called on for charity; he might become enterprising and successful like his neighbours. It is scarcely possible that individual adversity should long co-exist with national prosperity.

A period may indeed arrive, discoveries may be in store, which may render a change in the standard of value an absolute necessity. Such a period, however, must be remote, and must be met by wise legislation as it gradually approaches. Meanwhile, we see nothing to stop the development of our resources, nor the increase of our wealth, so long as we use our good gifts and do not abuse them.

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.*

It may be gathered from the two former papers, that I am not in affluent circumstances; the intimation, therefore, that four distant relations, occupying a sufficiently high position in society, intended to dine with me, was received with a feeling the reverse of pleasurable, both by myself and my single servant. The dining-room and its table were so very small, that I never gave even family dinners. Rose had no idea of waiting; and, moreover, to cook and wait at one and the same time, is by no means an easy task for any one. I could not bear the idea of hired waiters and cooks, and the attendant noise, fuss, and expense. What was to be done? I thought over my dinner, but there was no room to place it on my small table, and the apartment would not hold a larger one conveniently. Rose could cook two dishes very well for my solitary self, but how were her unpractised powers equal to sending up a dinner for five persons, two of them men! It never struck me that Madame Miau could help me in this particular dilemma; nevertheless, as I wished to consult her about a sauce, I unconsciously unfolded my cause of annoyance.

'I see no difficulty at all,' said the worthy widow; 'and if you will only let me manage for you, I will answer for its all succeeding *à merveille;* but it must be *à la Française*.'

'But the fish?'

'Oh, your fish shall come first; *soyez tranquille*.'

'Anything you please, then,' answered I, gaining comfort from her easy, confident manner. I resolved to follow her instructions faithfully; for I was persuaded somehow that, whether she managed well or ill, her plan would probably be better than mine, and the result shewed I was right.

In the middle of the table, fresh flowers in a valuable china bowl did duty as an epergne; port and sherry—the only wines I would, or, indeed, could present—stood at each corner; and round the bowl the little dessert, tastefully decorated with leaves, looked well, although consisting only of common dried fruits, preserved ginger, oranges, and cakes. But the plate was bright, the crystal clear, the table-cloth and napkins of the finest damask, and there was abundance of room for sauces, glasses, plates, and all the little things we might happen to require. As the company consisted of my private friends, not inhabitants of our town, Madame Miau herself—attired in a Bolognaise cap, long gold earrings, cross, fluted lace tucker up to her collar bones, and black silk gown—condescended to wait upon and carve for us. She had each dish and its proper accompaniments brought by Rose to the side-table, where all was neatly divided into portions, and handed round, one dish at a time, hot from the fire. We had, first, ox-tail soup; second, fried soles; third, oyster *patés;* fourth, Maintenon cutlets and cauliflower; fifth, roast lamb and potato-ribbons; sixth, pheasant, with both bread-sauce and toast. Tartlets and creams followed, and a cream-cheese finished the repast; then we were left to our dessert and conversation, the latter of which we soon resolved to terminate with our coffee in the drawing-room, where a purer atmosphere awaited us. All went

* Nos. 366 and 416.

off quietly and comfortably; no noise, no bustle, no asking will you have this or that; everything was brought round without questioning, and conversation was never for an instant interrupted. My fastidious cousin, Jack Falconbridge; his foolish fine-lady sister; her common-place lord; and her 'talented and travelled friend,' Miss Scribbleton, expressed themselves equally pleased, although there was nothing *recherché*, nothing expensive, nothing extraordinary. At the rich Mr Goldscamp's, where they had dined the day before, things were, they all agreed, very far inferior. Five or six inexperienced young footmen jostled against each other, whilst rushing about with sauces and condiments; the table groaned under a gorgeous display of plate, and loads of unnecessary glass and china.

'I was,' said Miss Scribbleton, 'really quite afraid to move, lest I should overturn or break something, and felt like a bull in a china-shop.'

'The cookery,' continued the Honourable John, 'was atrocious; everything half cold, and we rose hungry, to partake of watery coffee and lukewarm tea.'

'Ah!' sighed his sister, 'I was bored to extinction by everything and every person.' And then followed compliments to me upon my little unpretending entertainment, which I felt were sincere, for everything was good of its kind, and I presented nothing that Rose could not cook perfectly under Madame Miau's directions, except the soup and *patés*, which the pastry-cook supplied—all was hot, and all was quiet.

I have forgotten in the above enumeration the crowning dish of all, the Braousa, which drew down applause from the company; the Mayonnaise, in short, which Madame Miau concocted with her own hands. Every one thinks they can make the Mayonnaise sauce, because they find the ingredients given in various treatises upon cookery; but there is a secret, gastronomic reader, a very simple one; and this small secret I shall now unfold, by which, if you try, you will see that oil, vinegar, and egg, end in a very different result than when the usual mode of mixing them is employed. But ere I enlighten you, let me suggest to the Mesdames Jones and Thompsons, who will persist in giving dinners with few servants and small means, that if they adopt the above plan, they will better content their company, to say nothing of saving their money, than by pursuing the accustomed mode of killing off their acquaintance—namely, a huge 'feed' dressed by a common cook, and served by hired waiters, who, scuffling amongst strange plates and glasses, invariably crack many and break some.

A Mayonnaise.—Beat the yolk of a large quite freshly-laid egg, adding a little salt, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice: use a flat dish and a silver fork, and beat them thoroughly well together. Then take nearly a pint of the finest Lucca oil, which has been kept well corked from the air, and drop *one* drop. Keep beating the egg all the time, and add another drop—drop by drop at a time: it will take half an hour to do, and must be so thick as to require to be lifted by a spoon. Prepare your cold meat, lobster, chicken without skin, veal, or rabbit. Cut all in neat pieces, and set them round the centre of your dish; then take the very inside hearts of two or three cabbage lettuces, which have been well crisped in cold water, and place them round the meat. Cut two hard-boiled eggs in quarters, and some beet-root in strips, and place them tastefully, contrasting the colours. Now, with a spoon cover all with the sauce, laid on thickly, and upon it an anchovy cut in strips. Finish off with a nasturtium at the top, and also a row all round the outward edge.

Several days having elapsed since I had seen the friend in need, who had proved to me a friend indeed so lately, I went to ascertain whether her unusual exertions of body and mind had not made her ill, but was happy to find her in perfect health, seated at dinner with a very fine gentleman, all curls, compliments, gilt chains, and earrings, whom she introduced as 'Mon neveu Antonio'—the son of her husband's sister, who had married an Italian, and who, like his father, was at once cook and courier. Their dinner consisted of the following *friture*, from M. Antonio's own private recipe-book: Have ready, half-cooked, 1*st*, thin slices of calves' liver; 2*d*, artichokes cut in half quarters or quarters, according to their size; 3*d*, cauliflower—only the *flower*, divided in small pieces; 4*th*, calves' brains, previously soaked in salt, vinegar, and water, for twenty-four hours, cut in little bits: make a light batter, and fry each separately of a golden brown in the right order, having the dish in which they are to be served on a hot hearth. Cover the dish with the liver, then the artichoke, then the brains, and, lastly, the cauliflower, each distributed so as to decrease towards the top, which is covered with a larger sprig of cauliflower.

Madame Miau fried beautifully, and, under her nephew's directions, tried a pretty dish I had never before heard of—namely, the flower of the cucumber-plant, or vegetable mallow—which is usually, and, I believe, incorrectly, called marrow—nipped off with the little fruit attached to it. It was dipped in butter, fried lightly, and served quite hot.

Creams are very good, made according to the following simple, inexpensive recipe, which is just enough to fill twelve small cups or glasses. Take good milk sufficient to fill them, and boil it with two ounces of grated chocolate, and six of white sugar; then beat the yolks of six eggs, to which add slowly the chocolate-milk, turning steadily one way. When quite mixed, pass the whole through a search, fill your cups, and, if you have not a regular *bain-marie*, a flat sauce-pan will do, filled to a proper height, so as not to overtop the creams, and which must continue boiling a quarter of an hour. For a change, instead of the chocolate, boil the milk with a pod of *vanille* broken in pieces, or any other flavour you may fancy.

Spinach Cream.—Boil your spinach, and let it thoroughly drain in a cullender; then press it through a hair-sieve with a spoon, as for food. Take the pulp that has been pressed through the sieve, and mix it with cream, or very good milk, and two additional yolks of eggs. Pass the yolks of six eggs through a sieve, add six ounces of white sugar in powder, and two table-spoonfuls of trebly-distilled orange flower-water, and, as before mentioned, place the cups in a *bain-marie* for a quarter of an hour.

I requested the good-natured nephew to dress me a dish of macaroni, which he did as follows, one of his many modes of preparing it: He boiled it till just tender, and no more. The English cook it too much, he said. When drained, he grated a sufficient quantity of both Gruyère and Parmesan cheese, and alternately put upon the dish, first macaroni, and then cheese, finishing with the cheese. Over this he poured strong beef-gravy, in which some tomatoes had been dissolved, and put it a few minutes in the oven, and then a few more before the fire in a Dutch oven; but he preferred a hot hole, and to cover it with a *four de compagne*, or cover upon which you place hot embers. He also assured me the following sauce was better even than the beef-gravy:—

Tomato Sauce.—Warm your tomatoes until you can skin them; beat the pulp with finely-grated ham, onion, parsley, thyme, salt, and Lucca oil, all as small as possible; pass through a sieve, and pour over your macaroni. Serve hot.

Tomatoes are good skinned, the seeds taken [illegible] with a little butter and finely-chopped herb[illegible] into a paste with eggs, and fried in a light ba[illegible]

Fried Asparagus.—Do not boil it too much, but enough to cut in pieces and pass through a sieve; mix this with grated ham and Parmesan cheese, and with butter make it into a paste of good consistency, which fry in

a light batter. Celery is also very nice treated in the same way. As I like butter, as the French do, without any salt at all, I found much difficulty in keeping quite sweet what a farmer obligingly so prepared for me. Without water, it got bad. Made into pats, and kept in water, it lost flavour; but Madame Miau soon put me upon a plan by which it remained for ten days as if new churned. As soon as I received my quantum, I had it well washed in spring-water, for sometimes the milk had not been taken clean out of it; and then it was put down with a spoon in a salad bowl, to which it adhered. Every morning, fresh water, in which was dissolved a little salt, was poured upon it, and the top *curled* off for use with a tea-spoon or a small shell. To the very last, it was sweet and tasteless; and I consider this a very valuable hint, in hot weather especially.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

We have become so accustomed to the idea of a soul-and-body-ruining intemperance amongst the lower portion of the working-classes, that only some startling details connected with it make any great impression upon us. Yet it is verily a most awful thing to exist in the midst of enlightened, advancing England. There are 1300 beer-shops in the borough of Manchester, besides 200 dram-shops. Thirty-nine per cent. of the beer-shops are annually reported by the police as disorderly. One dram-shop receives 10,000 visits weekly. In those of Deansgate, which are 28 in number, 550 persons, including 235 women and 36 children, were found at one time on a Saturday night. Many of the beer-shops are a haunt of the young of both sexes among the factory people, 'the majority with faces unwashed and hair uncombed, dancing in their wooden clogs to the music of an organ, violin, or seraphine.'

A considerable number of the public-houses of Manchester have music continually going on as an attraction. Twenty-four such houses are open on Sunday evenings. Two of them received 5500 visitors per week last winter. The most innocent of the favourite haunts of the people are casinos, or music-saloons, where multitudes assemble to witness scenic representations, feats of jugglery, tumbling, &c. Twopence is paid for admission, and for this the value is given in refreshments, most frequently consisting of ginger-beer. These places are comparatively innocent, but still are far from being what is required in that respect.*

It is a tremendous problem—how are we to give *innocent* amusement to the people? Perhaps there is none of our day more momentous. We try the lecture, and win an audience of units out of the thousands whom we seek to benefit. The reading-room, with penny cups of coffee, holds out its modest charms, and does much good, but still leaves the masses as it finds them. Something else is wanted, but it is difficult to say what it should be. Perhaps some clever person will hit upon it by intuition, or some ordinary one by accident, and so solve the problem. Perhaps it will be left to the philosopher to consider the human nature of the case, and divine what should be done. We can imagine him saying something like this: 'Man is a creature that requires novelty, variety, and excitement. He cannot be kept at duty continually; he must have pleasure too. He cannot be always at work on the real; he demands the ideal also. Even in the course of exertions which he relishes as conducing to his material interests, he every now and then requires a change of scene and of occupation. Something to divert the mind from its ordinary series of ideas—something to enable us to lose ourselves in a temporary illusion, were it only a jocular supposition of our being something a good deal worse than we are—something, above all, to stir the hearty laugh, which proves its being good for us by the very help it gives to digestion—is required at frequent intervals—all free from what tends to debase and corrupt. Such is the theory of Amusement; and nothing which does not fulfil that theory will be effective for its ends. Here is a perquisition somewhat more startling than that of Xerxes, putting a prize upon a new pleasure. Happy will be the man who can devise truly available means of supplying this grand want in our Work-World! It is plainly for want of some such device that the public-house thrives, and that human nature is seen in such unlovely forms amongst the lower circles of society.'

It occurs to us, that there can be no social want which society itself is not competent to satisfy. In the variety of the human faculties, there are some which immediately tend to give pleasure and amusement, and certain men possess these in a greater degree than others. The *troubadour*, the *jongleur*, and the *joculator*, are natural productions of all time, in a certain proportion to the bulk of their kind. Accordingly, all through the various grades of society, we find clever people, exhibiting a gift for music, for mirth-making, for narration, and for dramatic effect. In the upper circles, these voluntary and unprofessional powers form the main dependence for the amusement of the evening. In the inferior walks of life, they are comparatively lost for want of a fair field to work in: they only find a vulgar and unworthy outlet in the coarse scenes of the tavern. Suppose we address ourselves to making arrangements by which humble society could be enabled to take advantage of the powers of amusement which lie within itself?

We can pretend to nothing like a scheme, and perhaps so much the better. We can imagine, however, that in certain circumstances, the desideratum could be tolerably well supplied without much outlay or formality. We have coffee and reading rooms already. Say that to such an institution, we add a music and conversation room; this, as a beginning. There, when the newspaper or book had ceased to charm, let a group assemble, and, according as there might be power present, enjoy itself with a tune, a song, a chorus, a recital, an elocutionary reading, a debate on some question, or a scene from a play. Presuming that the house is under the care of an honest, well-meaning person, there could be little fear of impropriety of any kind as resulting from such amusements. The amateur spirit guarantees plenty of such volunteer effort. Let it simply be understood, as in ordinary society, that each should do his best to promote the hilarity of the evening. If a single room succeeded, let two be tried—one for conversation alone, or for such games as cards and draughts (under strict regulation, to prevent any beyond nominal stakes); while the other served for music, and other entertainments not inferring silence. In the long-run, there might be further additions, allowing rooms for mutual instruction in various arts and accomplishments, sheds and courts for out-of-doors amusements, and so on.

If such establishments were ever to reach a public character, under what regulation should they be placed? We have no suggestion to make; but we embrace and maintain the principle, that the more they were understood to be under the protection of the public opinion of the class for whose benefit they are designed, the better. The patronising puritanism of another class would ruin everything. Let the other classes, if called on to assist, agree to view all that went on with a certain liberality of judgment, remembering that, although there may be some little possibilities of abuse, the whole project is, after all, an alternative from something infinitely worse; and in a fair course,

* The facts here adduced are from a recent contribution of Dr J. W. Hudson to the *Manchester Examiner*.

improvement is to be expected. It is one unfortunate necessity of the case, that a very small abuse in a system under a responsible administration, makes a great scandal against the administration itself; the public not reflecting, that that administration may be all the time tending to the repression, not the promotion of such abuses: hence the difficulty of getting responsible administrations in such cases at all. These, however, are difficulties to be struggled with, not given way to.

CORINNA AT THE CAPITOL.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

There were footsteps on the Corso in the morning twilight gray,
And gatherings in the Forum ere the rosy blush of day;
Loud voices round the Capitol, and on the marble stair,
A breathless crowd assembled, as for a triumph there.

The chimes of San Giovanni, how merrily they ring!
As if to all the city a soul of joy to bring:
There's noise of many chariots, and sounds of trampling feet,
Of horses with their trappings gay, and minstrels in the street.

And the balconies, what mean they with their tapestry so fine?
And why are garlands wreathed around the arch of Constantine?
What mean those banners streaming bright o'er tower and glittering dome,
Ye ladies fair and gentlemen, that throng the streets of Rome?

It is a day of triumph, and the brightest of its kind;
The victory of genius and the mastership of mind:
Corinna, the pride of Italy, descends the flower-wreathed way,
For at the proud old Capitol she will be crowned to-day.

Right nobly prance her snow-white steeds; behold the chariot come!
Room, room for her, the star of all! ye citizens of Rome.
Off with your hats, brave gentlemen! for genius is divine,
And never hath she made her home in such a lovely shrine.

She comes! the fair Corinna comes! 'mid thunders of acclaim,
That rush unto the lips of all at the murmur of her name.
Scatter sweet roses all around; fling perfumes to the air;
And strew her path with all that breathes of beautiful and fair.

Her car hath gained the Capitol—her foot is on the stair;
She stands a form of matchless grace, the queen of thousands there.
Bring forth the wreath that threw afresh a lustre round his name,
Whose genius burned, a vestal fire, with never-dying flame.

Whose vision pierced the mantling mists that circle round the tomb,
Where bitter groans resound for aye amid the starless gloom;
Who saw the cities of the blest, and with as fearless tread
Paced through the ebon halls of hell, the mansions of the dead.

The crown that might have cast a ray to light lone Tasso's gloom,
But only drooped, a funeral wreath, to wither on his tomb;
Ay, reach it down, that laurel crown, it never hath been given
To one more rich in beauty's grace, and all the gifts of Heaven.

Oh, it is grand, a nation's love! a people's benison,
The homage of ten thousand hearts flung at the feet of one;
The rapturous glow that fires the soul, and thrills through every frame,
At the mention of the worshipped one, the echo of her name.

Corinna at the Capitol! Oh, what a spell comes o'er me,
As I view the gorgeous pageantry that passeth now before me;
But I would I knew the meaning of the tears which like a stream
In pearly drops are shining through the rapture of her dream.

Though laurel wreaths surround her brow, and glory lights her name,
There is a chamber in her heart can ne'er be filled by fame;
Lonely, amid adoring crowds, she deems, as well she may,
The faithful love of *one* true heart were better worth than they.

And when the crowd is parted, and the festival is o'er,
The many voices silent, and the music heard no more;
She will think upon the triumph, the splendour that is gone,
As the shadow of a dream, or the echo of a tone!

GOING AHEAD.

The reading of your paper on 'Railway Communication,' has given me great pleasure: your remarks about American railways are very well in the main, but the speed of travel is misstated, as it ranges from forty to fifty miles an hour; unless it be an omnibus railway, like the Haarlem, where they stop for passengers every few hundred yards. The Hudson River Railway, which passes by our mill at Yonkers, almost frightens my brother out of his wits by its speed, and he takes the steam-boat now to avoid it. The trains go very fast, but it is a superb road, and very safe, as the servants of the company, with their flags and lanterns, line the road the whole distance. They have twenty trains a day. The Erie Railway is also finished from New York to Lake Erie; the traffic on this line is immense, freight often lying two weeks before it can be put through. Its income is over three and a half million dollars. We have only one class of passengers, except emigrant trains: the fare generally ranges from a cent and a quarter to two cents a mile—on some of the shorter roads, as high as three or four cents. All the carriages are lined with mahogany and silk plush. The locomotives on our long roads weigh from twenty to forty tons. The fact is, that anything said about our physical development on data collected at any one period, is quite likely to be false or absurd within a twelvemonth. Though in the midst of it, and not one of the excitable kind, I am often astonished at it myself. I have several times mentioned that you would hardly know New York, or find any of your old landmarks; and yet New York would be comparatively a mean city, if you took away what had been built within a year. Steam-ships shew another phase of it: three years ago, we hardly had the shadow of one; now—and I have looked into the matter very carefully—I would not, as a commercial speculation merely, exchange forty of the best of our steam-ships for any other forty in the world: of course I don't refer to war-steamers. Some of the California steam-ships are perfect pictures in model, and put the Collins' Line into the shade. By the way, did you ever notice their passenger-list?—from 300 to 600 at a trip; and one vessel last year took 1125 passengers, paying very nearly half her cost in a single trip. In the summer, they slept about the decks like ants in a hill. A good education, including a college one to those who have the proper capacity, is open to every poor child in this city, free of cost. The immense sums necessary to pay for all this, are voted by the people themselves out of their own pocket.—*Private Letter from New York.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 450. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

HINTS ON THE USEFUL-KNOWLEDGE MOVEMENT.

THE advocates of the diffusion of useful knowledge among the great body of the people, found one of their greatest difficulties to lie in an inability on the part of the people themselves to see what benefit they were to derive from the knowledge proposed to be imparted. This knowledge consisted of such a huge mass of facts of all kinds, that few could overcome a sense of hopelessness as attending every endeavour to acquire it. Take botany alone, it was said. You have a hundred thousand species of plants to become acquainted with—to learn their names, and to what genera and orders they belong, besides everything like a knowledge of their habitats, their properties, and their physiology. Seeing that this is but one of the sciences, there might well be a pause before admitting that the moral and intellectual regeneration of our people was to be brought about by the useful-knowledge movement.

There was here, however, a mistake on both hands, and one which we are only now beginning to appreciate. It was not observed at first, that there is a great distinction to be drawn between the relations of science to its cultivators or investigators, and those which it bears to the community at large. It is most important that a scientific zoologist like Mr Waterhouse, or a profound physiologist like Professor Owen, should determine and describe every species with the minutest care, even to the slightest peculiarities in the markings of a shell or the arrangements of a joint, because that exactness of description is necessary in the foundations of the science. But it is not necessary that every member of the public should follow the man of science into all these minutiæ. It is not required of him, that he should have the names of even the seventy families of plants at his finger-ends, though that is not beyond the reach of most people. Some summation of the facts, some adroit generalisation, if such be attainable, is enough for him. The man of science is, as it were, a workman employed in rearing up a structure for the man of the world to look at or live in. The latter has no more necessary concern with the processes of investigation and compilation, than a gentleman has with the making of the mortar and hewing of the stones used in a house which he has ordered to be built for his residence.

Were the facts of science thus generalised, it is surprising how comprehensive a knowledge of the whole system of the universe every person might have. Only generalise enough, and no one need to be ignorant. Just in proportion as a man has little time to bestow on learning, condense the more what you wish to impart, and the result, where there is any fair degree of preparedness, will be all the better. In the very last degree of exigency, explain that nature is a system of fixed method and order, standing in a beneficial relation to us, but requiring a harmonious conformity on our part, in order that good may be realised and evil avoided, and you have taken your pupil by one flight to the very summit of practical wisdom. The most illustrious *savant*, while knowing some of the intermediate steps by which that wisdom was attained, and having many delightful subjects of reflection in the various phenomena involved in the generalisation, cannot go an inch further.

This is putting the matter in its extreme form. We are entitled to suppose that the bulk of mankind have some time to spend on the acquirement of a knowledge of the natural system of things into which their Maker has thrown them. Grant a little time to such a science, for example, as botany; we would never attempt impressing a vast nomenclature upon them. We would give them at once more pleasure and more instruction in shewing some of the phenomena of vegetable physiology: fundamental and profoundly interesting matters, of which specific distinctions and external characters of all kinds are only accidental results—that is, results determined by the outer phenomena affecting the existence of plants. A single lesson on the profound wonders of morphology would go further, we verily believe, in making our pupil a man of science, than the committing of the whole Linnæan system to memory. In zoology, again, we would leave the endless details of minute description to the tomes of the scientific naturalist, and be content to sketch animals in broad masses—first, in regard to grades of organisation; and, second, in regard to family types. The Feline Animal, we say, is one idea of the Creator—a destructive creature of wonderful strength in comparison with its bulk—of immense agility, furtive in its movements, furnished with great powers for the destruction of others. Lion, tiger, panther, ounce, lynx, jaguar, cat, are all essentially one creature—not the slightest difference can be traced in their osteological structure, hardly any in their habits. Why dwell, then, on minutiæ of external appearances, if time presses, and there be much of more importance to be learned? So, also, is the Cirrhopode one idea of the author of nature. You may find a very respectable quarto account of the family, tracing them in all their varieties; but a page might inform you of all that is essential about the barnacle, curious as its history has been, and you need not ponder on the quarto unless you have some particular curiosity to gratify. The Types of nature, both in her vegetable and animal

departments are, after all, few. Describe each comprehensively, group them all in correct relations to each other, and display their various destinies and connections with the rest of creation, and you enable your pupil to learn in a few weeks more than Pliny mastered in a lifetime.

It appears to us that the reason why science is so coldly received in ordinary society is, that either by reason of its unripeness for generalisation, or of the tendency of its cultivators to keep continually analysing and multiplying facts, it has not in general been presented in propositions which the ordinary mind can comprehend or make use of. We should be loath to urge it into generalisations for which it was not prepared; but while this is duly avoided, we would have it to be somewhat more vigilant than it usually is, in taking opportunities of proceeding with those synthetical clumpings of facts which we conceive to be so essential, on mere grounds of convenience, to its success with the multitude. Better be a little dogmatical, than insupportably tedious. Better have your knowledge in some order, though not perhaps beyond correction, than in no order at all. It is to be feared, however, that the thing wanting is not the sufficiency of particulars out of which to make general or comprehensive truths, but that of the requisite intellectual power and habit on the part of the men of science. The constant working towards separate facts seems to disqualify the mind for grouping or clustering them. Hundreds can detect a new sphinx or butterfly in the fauna of a country or a county, and are content with such small results, for one who can lay a few facts together, and make one truth out of all. One could almost believe, that there is a greater want of comprehensive intellect in the walks of science, than in some other fields of labour which make less pretension to an exertion of the mental faculties: for example, merchandise. And does not that very appearance of continual peddling amongst trifles, in some degree prevent the highest kind of minds from going into the fields of science? There is here, it appears to us, a great error to be corrected.

Another cause why science makes little way with the multitude is, that there is too little connection to be observed between the ordinary proceedings of the scientific and learned, and the practical good of the community. The British Association meets, and has its week of notoriety, and when we look into the resulting volume, what do we find? Doubtless, many ingenious speculations and many curious investigations, which may in the long-run prove beneficial in some indirect way. But it must be admitted, that there is hardly anything bearing directly upon the great interests of contemporary humanity. The crying social evils of our time and country obtain no notice from the recognised students of science. To all appearance, the political error which legitimated scarcity would have never been put an end to by them. The sanitary evils which press so severely upon the health and morals of the common people, would apparently go on for ever, for anything that philosophers have to say to the contrary. What concern have they taken in the question of education, either in promoting its extension to the masses, or improving its quality? Our national councils, and every deliberative public body throughout the country, spend one half their time in wrangling about the most contemptible puerilities, without drawing one word of indignant comment, or one effort at correction, from the learned. The studious are like stars, and dwell apart. Busying themselves in a world of their own, exercising no visible influence on the current of ordinary things, is it to be wondered at that the common people of the world put them and their pursuits almost as entirely out of account as they do the proceedings at Melton Mowbray? We grant it is not desirable that the *cui bono* should be the ruling consideration in matters of science; but we at the same time feel, that it would be well for it if it gave a little more attention to the social and moral questions affecting living interests, or at least endeavoured to bring its results to account in practical improvements of general utility.*

We must recur after all to the maxim which it is mainly the object of this paper to impress—that judicious generalisation is the indispensable pre-requisite to a more general diffusion of knowledge. To bring it to an apothegm—Let the man of science in seeking to enlighten himself, pursue analysis; in seeking to enlighten the outer public, he has no chance but in synthesis.

THE FALSE HAIR:

A TALE.

'PRAY remember, Monsieur Lagnier, that I wish particularly to go out this morning. It is now past one o'clock, and if you continue endeavouring to do what is quite impossible, my hair will never be dressed. You had much better plait it as usual.'

Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words in a tone of pettishness very unusual with her, as, giving vent to a long sigh of impatience and weariness, she glanced hastily at the mirror on her toilet-table, and saw there reflected the busy fingers of M. Lagnier, the hairdresser, deliberately unfastening her hair, and preparing once more to attempt the arrangement, which repeated failures had declared to be an impossibility. He looked up, however, as he did so, and seemed to read the expression of her features, for a comic mixture of astonishment and dismay immediately overspread his own.

'Fifteen years,' he exclaimed, 'I have had the honour of daily attending mademoiselle, and she never was angry with me before! What can I have done to offend her?'

'Oh, nothing very serious,' replied the young girl, good-naturedly; 'but really I wish you would not dally so long. It is of very little consequence, I think, how one's hair is worn.'

'Why, certainly every style is equally becoming to mademoiselle,' was the old man's polite reply. 'Nevertheless, I had set my heart upon arranging it to-day according to the last fashion: it would suit mademoiselle *à ravir*.' Adelaide laughed.

'But you see it is impossible,' she said. 'I have so very little hair; and I am sure it is not my fault—nor,' she added archly, 'the fault of all those infallible pomades and essences recommended to me by somebody I know.' M. Lagnier looked embarrassed.

'Mademoiselle is so gay, she finds amusement in everything,' he replied. '*I* cannot laugh upon so serious a subject.' Adelaide laughed again more heartily than before, and M. Lagnier continued, indignantly: 'Mademoiselle does not care for the loss of her beauty, then?'

'Oh, I did not know there was any question of that!' and the young girl suddenly resumed an expression of

* We have much pleasure in acknowledging one instance of a movement in the right direction, in connection with the Museum of Economic Geology in London. While nothing can exceed the beauty of the arrangements in that institution, for enabling everybody that chooses to study the science from the actual objects, the professors have, during the last winter, come forward with supererogatory zeal to teach the working-classes, and to illustrate in every possible way the bearings of the subject upon the arts and economy of life.

gravity, which completely imposed upon the simple old man.

'You see, mademoiselle,' he continued earnestly, 'I have been considering a long time what is best to be done. It is evident that my pomades, usually so successful, have no effect upon *your* hair; owing, I suppose, to—to—— I can't say exactly what it is owing to. It is very strange. I never knew them to fail before. Would mademoiselle object to wearing a slight addition of false hair?' he asked anxiously, after a moment's pause.

'Indeed, I should not like it,' was the reply. 'Besides, Monsieur Lagnier, you have often told me that, in all Paris, it was impossible to obtain any of the same shade as mine.'

'Ah, but I have succeeded at last!' exclaimed he; and as he spoke, he drew triumphantly from his pocket a small packet, in which was carefully enveloped a long lock of soft golden hair.

'How beautiful!' Adelaide involuntarily exclaimed. 'Oh, Monsieur Lagnier, that is far finer and brighter than mine.'

'The difference is very slight indeed; it would be imperceptible when both were braided together,' returned the hairdresser. 'Do, pray, allow me, mademoiselle, to shew you the effect;' and without waiting for a reply, he commenced the operation. In a few moments it was completed, and the old man's delight was extreme. 'There!' he exclaimed in ecstasy. 'I knew the style would suit you exactly. Oh, mademoiselle, pray allow it to remain so; I should be *au désespoir* were I obliged to unfasten it now.'

Adelaide hesitated: it was, however, no conscientious scruple which occasioned her hesitation. She was a Frenchwoman, a beauty, and a little—a very little—of a coquette. To add to her attractions by the slight *supercheries* of the toilet was, she thought, a very venial sin; it was a thing which, in the society that surrounded her, was looked upon as necessary, and sometimes even considered as a virtue. She was a strange girl, a dreamer, an enthusiast, with a warm heart, and a lively, but perhaps too easily-excited imagination. From her infancy, she had been accustomed to reflect, to question, and to reason; but left almost entirely to her own unguided judgment, the habit was not in every respect favourable to the formation of her character. It was, however, but little injured by it. She was one of those favoured beings whom no prosperity can spoil, no education entirely mislead, and whose very faults arise from the overflowings of a good and generous nature. The thought which agitated her now was one worthy of her gentle heart.

'Monsieur Lagnier,' she said earnestly, 'such beautiful hair could only have belonged to a young person. She must have been in great distress to part with it. Do you know her? Did she sell it to you? What is her name? I cannot bear to wear it: I shall be thinking of her continually.'

'Ah, Mademoiselle Adelaide, that is so like you! Why, I have provided half the young ladies in Paris with false tresses, and not one has ever asked me the slightest question as to how or where they were obtained. Indeed, I should not often have been able to reply. In this case, however, it is different. I bought it myself, and consequently can give you a little information respecting it. Yesterday evening, I was standing at my door in the Rue St Honoré, when a young girl, attracted no doubt by the general appearance of my window, stopped to admire the various articles exhibited there. She had a pretty face, but I scarcely looked at that; I only saw her hair, her beautiful, rich, golden hair. It was pushed carelessly behind her ears, and half concealed beneath a little white cap. "Mademoiselle," I said, accosting her—for I could not bear that she should pass the door—"is there anything that you would like to buy? a pair of combs, for instance. I have some very cheap; although," I added, with a sigh, as she appeared about to move on, "such lovely hair as yours requires no ornament." At these words, she returned quickly, and looking into my face, exclaimed: "Will you buy my hair, monsieur?" "Willingly, my child," I replied; and in another instant she was seated in my shop, and the bright scissors were gleaming above her head. Then my heart failed me, and I felt half inclined to refuse the offer. "Are you not sorry, child, to part with your hair?" I asked. "No," she answered abruptly; and gathering it all together in her hand, she put it into mine. The temptation was too great; besides, I saw that she herself was unwilling that we should break the contract. Her countenance never changed once during the whole time, and when all was over, she stooped, and picking up a lock which had fallen upon the ground, asked in an unfaltering voice: "May I keep this, monsieur?" I said yes, and paid her; and then she went away, smiling, and looking quite happy, poor little thing. After all, mademoiselle, what is the use of beauty to girls in her class of life? She is better without it.'

'And her name—did you not ask her name?' inquired Adelaide reproachfully.

'Why, yes, mademoiselle, I did. She told me that it was Lucille Delmont, and that she was by trade a *fleuriste*. It was all the information she would give me.'

'What could she have wanted with the money? Perhaps she was starving: there is so much misery in Paris!' continued Mademoiselle de Varenne, after a pause.

'She was very pale and thin,' said the hairdresser; 'but then so are the generality of our young citizens. Do not make yourself unhappy about it, mademoiselle; I shall see her again, probably, and shall endeavour to find out every circumstance respecting her.' With these words, M. Lagnier respectfully took leave, having by one more expressive glance testified his delighted approval of the alteration which had taken place in the young lady's appearance.

Adelaide, having summoned her maid, continued her toilet in a listless and absent manner. Her thoughts were fixed upon the young girl whose beauty had been sacrificed for hers, and an unconquerable desire to learn her fate took possession of her mind. Her intended disposal of the morning seemed quite to be forgotten; and she was on the point of forming new plans, very different from the first, when the lady to whose care she had been confided during the absence of her father from town, entered the apartment, and aroused her from her reverie by exclaiming: 'Ah, you naughty girl! I have been waiting for you this half hour. Was not the carriage ordered to take us to the Tuileries?'

'Yes, indeed, it was; but I hope you will excuse me: I had almost forgotten it.' And Adelaide immediately related to her friend the circumstance which had occurred, and begged her aid in the discovery of Lucille. Madame d'Héranville laughed—reasoned, but in vain; and, finding Adelaide resolved, she at length consented to accompany her upon the search, expressing as she did so her entire conviction that it would prove useless and unsatisfactory.

The day was spent in visits to the principal *modistes* of Paris; but from none could any information be gained concerning the young flower-girl. None had ever even heard her name. Adelaide was returning home, disappointed, but not discouraged. Still resolved to continue her endeavours, she had just announced to Madame d'Héranville her intention of visiting upon the following day the shops of an inferior class, when the carriage was suddenly arrested in its course by the crowd of vehicles which surrounded it, and they found themselves exactly before the door of a small warehouse of the description she alluded to. She was about to

express a wish to enter, it being still early, when her attention was attracted by two persons who stood conversing near the door, and whose voices, slightly raised, were distinctly audible. They had excited the interest and curiosity of both Adelaide and her companion by the earnestness of their manner, and by the expression of sorrow depicted upon the countenance of the elder speaker, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who, from his costume, as well as accent, appeared to be a stranger in Paris.

'I have promised—will you not trust me?' he said in a half-reproachful tone; and Adelaide bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the young girl to whom these words were addressed; but her face was turned away, and the large hood of a woollen cloak was drawn over her head, almost completely concealing her features.

'I do trust you,' she said in reply to the young man's words—'I do indeed. And now, good-by, dear André; we shall meet again soon—in our own beautiful Normandie.' And she held out her hand, which he took and held for an instant without speaking.

'May I not conduct you home?' he asked at length.

'No, André; it is better that we should part here. We must not trust too much to our courage, it has failed us so often already.' And as she spoke, she raised her head, and looked up tearfully at her companion, disclosing as she did so a face of striking beauty, although worn and pallid to a painful degree, and appearing even more so than it really was from the total absence of her hair. The tears sprang to Adelaide's eyes. In the careworn countenance before her she read a bitter tale. Almost instinctively, she drew forth her purse, and leaning over the side of the carriage, called 'Lucille! Lucille!' But the young girl did not hear her; she had already turned, and was hastening rapidly away, while André stood gazing after her, as if uncertain of the reality of what had just occurred. He was so deeply engrossed in his reflections, that he did not hear his name repeatedly pronounced by both Adelaide and her friend. The latter at length directed the servant to accost him, and the footman was alighting for that purpose, when two men turned quickly the corner of the street, and perceiving André, stopped suddenly, and one of them exclaimed: 'Ah, good-evening, Bernard; you are just the very fellow we want;' and taking André by the arm, he drew him under the shade of *a porte cochère*, and continued, as he placed a small morocco case in his hand: 'Take care of this for me, André, till I return: I shall be at your lodgings in an hour. Giraud and I are going to the Cité, and as this pocket-book contains valuables, we are afraid of losing it. *Au revoir!*'

André made no reply. He placed the pocket-book carelessly in his bosom, and his two friends continued hastily their way. He was himself preparing to depart, when the footman touched him gently on the shoulder, and told him of Mademoiselle de Varenne's wish to speak to him. André approached the carriage, surprised and half abashed at the unlooked-for honour; then taking off his cap, waited respectfully for one of the ladies to address him. At the same instant, a police-officer seized him roughly by the arm, and exclaimed: 'Here is one of them! I saw them all three together not two hours ago!' And calling to a comrade who stood near, he was about to lead André away. At first, the young man made no resistance; but his face grew deadly pale, and his lip trembled violently.

'What do you want? What have I done?' he demanded at length, turning suddenly round to face his accuser; but the latter only replied by a laugh, and an assurance that he would know all about it presently. A slight struggle ensued, in the midst of which the pocket-book fell to the ground, and a considerable number of bank-notes bestrewed the pavement. At this sight, André seemed suddenly to understand the cause of his arrest; he stood for an instant gazing at the notes with a countenance of horror; then, with an almost gigantic effort, he broke from the grasp which held him, and darted away in the direction which had before been taken by the young girl. He was immediately followed by the police; but although Adelaide and her friend remained for some time watching eagerly the pursuit, they were unable to ascertain whether he had succeeded in effecting his escape.

'I am sure I hope so, poor fellow!' murmured Adelaide as they drove homewards—'for Lucille's sake, as well as for his.'

'You have quite made up your mind, then, as to its being Lucille that we saw?' said Madame d'Héranville with a smile. 'If it was,' she added, more gravely, 'I think she can scarcely merit all the trouble you are giving yourself on her account. Her friendship for André does not speak much in her favour.'

'Why not? Surely you do not think *he* stole the pocket-book?' asked Adelaide, in undisguised dismay.

'Perhaps not; but his intimacy with those who did, leads one to suppose that he is not unaccustomed to such scenes. You remember the old proverb: "Dis moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es."'

'Do you not think we should give information respecting what we saw? He was certainly unconscious of its contents?' asked Adelaide again, after a short silence.

'He appeared so,' returned Madame d'Héranville; 'and I shall write to-morrow to the police-office. Perhaps our evidence may be useful to him.'

'To-morrow!' thought Adelaide; but she did not speak her thoughts aloud. 'And to-night he must endure all the agonies of suspense!' And then she looked earnestly at her companion's face, and wondered if, when hers, like it, was pale and faded, her heart should also be as cold. A strange, sad feeling crept over her, and she continued quite silent during the remainder of the drive. Her thoughts were still busy in the formation of another plan for the discovery of Lucille, when, upon her arrival at home, she was informed that M. Lagnier desired anxiously to see her, having something to communicate.

'Mademoiselle, I have not been idle,' he exclaimed, immediately upon entering the apartment. 'Here is Lucille's address, and I have seen her mother. Poor things!' he added, 'they are indeed in want. Their room is on the sixth floor, and one miserable bed and a broken chair are all the furniture. For ornament, there was a rose-tree, in a flower-pot, upon the window-seat: it was withered, like its young mistress!'

'They are not Parisians?' inquired Adelaide.

'No, no, mademoiselle. From what the mother said, I picked up quite a little romance concerning them. The husband died two years ago, leaving them a pretty farm, and a comfortable home in Normandie. Lucille was very beautiful. All the neighbours said so, and Mrs Delmont was proud of her child. She could not bear her to become a peasant's wife, and brought her here, hoping that her beauty might secure to her a better fate. The young girl had learned a trade, and with the assistance of that, and the money they had obtained upon selling the farm, they contrived to manage very well during the first year. Lucille made no complaint, and her mother thought she was happy. A Parisian paid her attention, and asked her to become his wife. She refused; but as he appeared rich, the mother would not hear of declining the offer. She encouraged him to visit them as much as possible, and hoped at length to overcome Lucille's dislike to the marriage. One evening, however, as they were all seated together, a young man entered the room. He had been an old lover of Lucille's—a neighbour's son, and an early playmate. She sprang forward eagerly

to meet him, and the rich pretender left the place in a fit of jealous anger, and they have not seen him since. Then troubles came, one following another, until at last they fell into the state of destitution in which I found them. André Bernard, who had quarrelled with his parents in order to follow them, could find no work, and every sou that Lucille gained was given to him, to save him, as she said, from ruin or from sin. Last week she sold her hair, to enable him to return home. She had made him promise that he would do so, and to-night he is to leave Paris.'

'It is he, then, whom we saw arrested!' exclaimed Adelaide; 'and he will not be able to return home. Oh, let us go to Lucille at once! Do, pray, come with me, Madame d'Héranville!' and turning to her friend, she pleaded so earnestly, and the large tears stood so imploringly in her eyes, that it was impossible to resist. Madame d'Héranville refastened her cloak, and soon afterwards, with Adelaide and M. Lagnier, found herself ascending the steep and dilapidated staircase of the house inhabited by the Delmonts. Adelaide seated herself upon the highest step, to await the arrival of her friend, whose agility in mounting was not quite equal to her own. As she did so, a loud and angry voice was heard proceeding from the apartment to which this staircase led. It was followed by a sound as of a young girl weeping, and then a few low, half-broken sentences were uttered in a voice of heart-broken distress.

'Mother, dear mother,' were the words, 'do not torture me. I am so ill—so wretched, I wish I were dead.'

'Ill! wretched! ungrateful girl!' was the reply. 'And whose fault is it that you are so? Not mine! Blame yourself, if you will, and him, your darling André. What will he do now that you have no more to give? nothing even that you can sell, to supply him with the means of gratifying his extravagance. You will soon see how sincere he is in his affection, and how grateful he feels for all the sacrifices that you have made—sacrifices, Lucille, that you would not have made for me.'

'Mother,' murmured the poor girl in a tone of heart-broken reproach, 'I have given my beauty for him; but I have given my life for you.' Adelaide listened no more. Shocked beyond measure at the misery expressed in the low, earnest voice of Lucille, she knocked at the door of the apartment, and scarcely waiting for permission, lifted the latch and entered hurriedly.

Lucille was seated at a window working, or seeming at least to do so; for her head was bent over a wreath of artificial flowers, through which her emaciated fingers passed with a quick convulsive motion. It needed not, however, a very nice observation to discover that the work progressed but slowly. The very anxiety with which she exerted herself, seemed to impede her movements, and the tears which fell from time to time upon the leaves obscured her sight, and often completely arrested her hand. She did not raise her head as Adelaide entered; too deeply engrossed in her own sadness, she had not heard the opening of the door, or her mother's exclamation of surprise, and Mademoiselle de Varenne was at her side before she was in the least conscious of her presence. Adelaide touched her gently on the arm.

'What is the matter, Lucille?' she asked. 'Tell me: I will do all I can to help you.' At these words the mother interposed, and said softly: 'I am sure, madame, you are very kind to speak so to her. I am afraid you will find her an ungrateful girl; if you had heard her words to me just now—to me, her own mother!'

'I did hear them,' returned Adelaide. 'She said she had given her life for you. What did she mean? What did you mean, Lucille?' she asked, gently addressing the young girl, whose face was buried in her hands.

'Forgive me, mother; I was wrong,' murmured Lucille; 'but I scarcely know what I say sometimes. Mademoiselle,' she continued earnestly, 'I am not ungrateful; but if you knew how all my heart was bound to home, and how miserable I am here, you would pity and forgive me, if I am often angry and impatient.'

'You were never miserable till he came,' retorted the mother; 'and now that he is going, you will be so no more. It will be a happy day for both of us when he leaves Paris.' At this moment heavy steps were heard ascending the stairs; then voices raised as if in anger. Lucille started up; in an instant her pale cheek was suffused with the deepest crimson, her eye flashed, and her whole frame trembled violently. Her mother grasped her by the hand, but she freed herself with a sudden effort, and darting past Madame d'Héranville and the hairdresser, who had entered some time before, she ran out upon the landing. Adelaide followed, and at once perceived the cause of her emotion. André was rapidly ascending the stairs, his countenance pale, and his whole demeanour indicating the agitation of his feelings. He was closely followed by the police-officer, whose voice, as he once more grasped his prisoner, appalled the terrified Lucille. 'You have given us a sharp run,' he exclaimed, 'and once I thought you had got off. You should not have left your hiding-place till dark, young gentleman.' And, heedless of the frantic and agonised gestures of the unhappy youth, he drew him angrily away.

Lucille sprang forward, and taking André's hand in hers, she looked long and earnestly in his face. He read in her eyes the question she did not dare to ask, and replied, as a crimson blush mounted to his forehead: 'I am accused of robbery, Lucille, and many circumstances are against me. I may perhaps be condemned. I came here to tell you of my innocence, and to return you this;' and he placed a gold piece in her hand. It was the money she had given him for his journey—the fruit of the last sacrifice she had made. She scarcely seemed to understand his words, and still looked up inquiringly. 'Lucille,' he continued, 'they are taking me to prison; I cannot go home as I promised; but you will not think me guilty. How could I do what I knew would break your heart?'

She smiled tenderly and trustfully upon him; then letting fall his hand, she pushed him gently away, and whispered: 'Go with him, André. Justice will be done. I am no longer afraid.' Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide at this moment approached, and eagerly related what they had seen, both expressing their conviction of the young man's innocence.

'It is not to me you must speak, ladies,' returned the gendarme, wonderfully softened by their words. 'If you will be so good as to give me your names, and come to-morrow to our office, I have no doubt that your evidence will greatly influence the magistrate in favour of the prisoner.' The ladies gave their names, and promised to attend the court the following morning; and shortly afterwards, they left the house, having by their kind promises reassured the weeping girl, and succeeded in softening her mother's anger towards her. The next day they proceeded early to the court. As Adelaide entered, she looked round for Lucille, and perceived her standing near the dock, her earnest eyes fixed upon the prisoner, and encouraging him from time to time with a look of recognition and a smile. But notwithstanding all her efforts, the smile was a sad one; for her heart was heavy, and the appearance of the magistrate was not calculated to strengthen her hope. André had declared his innocence—his complete ignorance of the contents of the pocket-book his friend had placed in his hand; but his very intimacy with such men operated strongly against him. Both Giraud and his companion were well known to the police as men of bad character, and

very disreputable associates. The prisoner's declaration, therefore, had but little effect upon those to whom it was addressed; and the magistrate shook his head doubtfully as he listened. Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide then related what they had seen—describing the young man's listless look as he received the book, and endeavouring to prove, that had André been aware of its contents, his companion need scarcely have made the excuse he did for leaving it with him. At this moment, a slight movement was observed among the crowd, and two men were brought forward, and placed beside André. At their appearance, a scream escaped from Lucille; and, turning to her mother, she pointed them out, while the name of Jules Giraud burst from her lips. Hearing his own name, one of the men looked up, and glanced towards the spot where the young girl stood. His eyes met hers, and a flush overspread his face; then, after a momentary struggle, which depicted itself in the workings of his countenance, he exclaimed: 'Let the boy go: we have injured him enough already. He is innocent.'

'What do you mean?' inquired the magistrate; while a look of heartfelt gratitude from Lucille urged Giraud to proceed.

'André knows nothing of this robbery,' he continued; 'his sole connection with us arises from a promise we gave him, to find him employment in Paris; and all the money he received we took from him under the pretence of doing so. Yesterday morning, we met him for the purpose of again deceiving him, but failed. He had a louis-d'or; but it had been given him by his *fiancée*, that he might return home, and he was determined to fulfil his promise. I would have taken his last sou; for he'—and the destined *forçat* ground his teeth—'for he owed me a debt! However,' he continued recklessly, 'it is all over now. I am off for the galleys, that's clear enough; and before starting, I would do something for Lucille.'

'How had the accused harmed you?' asked the magistrate.

Giraud hesitated; but Madame Delmont came forward, and exclaimed: 'I will tell you, monsieur. He wished to marry my daughter himself; and I,' she added, in a tone of deep self-reproach, 'would almost have forced her to consent.'

The same evening, Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille were seated together, conversing upon what had passed, and deliberating as to the best means of accomplishing an immediate return to Normandie, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the old hairdresser entered the room. He appeared embarrassed; but at length, with a great effort restraining his emotion, he placed a little packet in Lucille's hand, and exclaimed: 'Here, child, I did not give you half enough for that beautiful hair of yours. Take this, and be sure you say nothing about it to any one, especially to Mademoiselle Adelaide;' and without waiting for one word of thanks, he was about to hurry away, when he was stopped by Mademoiselle de Varenne in person.

'Ah, Monsieur Lagnier,' she merrily exclaimed, 'this is not fair. I hoped to have been the first; and yet I am glad that you forestalled me,' she added, as she looked into the bright glistening eyes of the old hairdresser. 'My father has just arrived in town, Lucille,' she continued, after a short pause, 'and he is interested in you all. He offers André the porter's lodge at the château, and I came here immediately to tell you the good news. It is not very far from your old home, and I am sure you will like it. Do not forget to take with you this poor rose-tree; it looks like you, quite pale for want of air. There! you must not thank me,' she exclaimed, as Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille pressed eagerly forward to express their gratitude: 'it is I, rather, that should thank you. I never knew till now how very happy I might be.'

And as Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words, a bright smile passed across her face. The old hairdresser gazed admiringly upon her, and doubted for a moment whether the extraordinary loveliness he saw owed any part of its charm to the lock of false hair.

CLOUDS OF LIGHT.

In March of the year 1843, a remarkable beam of light shot suddenly out from the evening twilight, trailing itself along the surface of the heavens, beneath the belt stars of Orion. That glimmering beam was the tail of a comet just whisked into our northern skies, as the rapid wanderer skirted their precincts in its journey towards the sun. To the watchful eyes of our latitudes, the unexpected visitant presented an aspect that was coy and modest in the extreme; its head, indeed, was scarcely ever satisfactorily in sight. But it dealt far otherwise with the more favoured climes of the south. At the Cape of Good Hope, it was seen distinctly in full daylight, and almost touching the solar disk; and at night appeared with the brilliancy of a first-class star, with a luminous band flowing out from it to a distance some hundred times longer than the moon's face is wide. Few persons who caught a glimpse of that shining tail, either as it fitfully revealed itself in our heavens, or as it steadily blazed upon the opposite hemisphere of the earth, were led to form adequate notions of the magnificence of the object they were contemplating. No one, unaided by the teaching of science, could have conceived that the streak of light, so readily compressed within the narrow limits of an eye-glance, stretched out 170 millions of miles in length.

The comet comes from regions of unknown remoteness, and rushes, with continually increasing speed, towards our own source of warmth and light—the genial sun. When it has reached within a certain distance of this object, it appears, however, to overshoot the mark of its desire, as if too ardent in the chase, and then sways round with fearful impetus, beginning reluctantly to settle out into space again, and moving with less and less velocity as it goes, until its misty form is once more withdrawn by distance from human sight. When the comet of 1843 swept round the sun in this way, it was so near to the shining surface of the solar orb, that it must have been rushing for the time through a temperature forty-seven thousand times higher than any which the torrid region of the earth ever feels. Such heat would have been twenty-four times more than enough to melt rock-crystal. The overburdened sense experiences a feeling of relief in the mere knowledge, that the comet passed this fiery ordeal as the lightning's flash might have done. In two short hours, it had shifted its place from one side to the other of the solar sphere. In sixty little minutes, it had moved from a region in which the heat was forty thousand times greater than the fiercest burning of the earth's torrid zone, into another, in which the temperature was four times less. The comet might well have a glowing tail as it came from such a realm of fire. Flames that were colder by many hundred times, would make the dull black iron shine with incandescent brightness.

As, however, it is the comet's nature to guard its ornamental appendages with jealous care, it may be conceived that this tail of 170 million miles might prove a somewhat troublesome travelling companion in so rapid a journey. Comets always turn their tails prudentially out of harm's way as they whisk through the neighbourhood of the solar blaze. In whatever

direction these bodies may be moving, they are always seen to project their caudal beams directly *from* the sun. Imagine the case of a rigid straight stick, held by one end in the hand, and brandished round through a half-circle. The outer end of the stick would move through a considerable sweep. If the stick were 170 million miles long, the extent of the sweep would be not less than 500 million miles! Through such a stupendous curve did the comet of 1843 whirl its tail in two little hours as it rounded the solar orb. It is hardly possible to believe, that one and the same material substance could have been subjected to the force of such motion without being shattered into a myriad fragments. Sir John Herschel very beautifully suggests, that the comet's tail, during this wonderful perihelion passage, resembled a negative shadow cast beyond the comet, rather than a substantial body; a momentary impression made upon the luminiferous ether where the solar influence was in temporary obscuration. But this suggestion can only be received as an ingenious and expressive hint; it cannot be taken as an explanation. There is as much difficulty, as will be presently seen, in the way of admitting that comets have shadows of any kind, as there would be in compassing the idea that bodies of enormous length can be whirled round through millions of miles in the minute. The truth is, the comet's tail is yet an unguessed puzzle, and vexes even the wits of the wise. It keeps grave men seated on the horns of a dilemma, so long as their attention is fixed upon its capricious charms.

The comet's tail is always thrown out away from the sun, just as the shadow of an opaque body in the same position would be. But this is not all that can be said of it. It is not only cast away from the sun: it is really cast *by the sun*—shadow-like, although not of the nature of shadow. It only appears when the comet gets near to the sun's effulgence, and is lost altogether when that body gets far from the great source of mundane light and heat. It is raised from the comet's body, by the power of sunshine, as mist is from damp ground. When Halley's Comet of 1682 approached the fierce ordeal of its perihelion position, the exhalation of its tail was distinctly perceived. First, little jets of light streamed out towards the sun, as if bursting forth elastically under the influence of the scorching blaze; very soon these streams were stopped, and turned backwards by the impulse of some new force, and as they flowed in this fresh direction, became the diverging streaks of the tail. Not only a vapour-forming power, but also a vapour-drifting power, is brought into play in the process of tail formation; and this latter must be some occult agent of considerable interest in a scientific point of view, as well as of considerable importance in a dynamic one, for it is a principle evidently antagonistic to the great prevailing attribute of gravitation, so universally present in matter. The comet's tail is the only substance known that is repelled instead of being attracted by the sun.

The repulsive power to which the development of the comet's tail is due, is one of extraordinary energy. The comet of 1680 shot out its tail through something like 100 million miles in a couple of days. Most probably, much of the matter that is thus thrown off from the cometic nucleus is never collected again, but is dissipated into space, and lost for ever to the comet. The tail of the comet of 1680 was seen in its greatest brilliancy soon before the solar approach; this was, however, an exception to the general rule. Comets nearly always have the finest tails, and present altogether the most beautiful appearance, immediately *after* they have been in the closest proximity to the sun.

The comet's tail seems, in reality, to be a thin oblong case of vapour, formed out of the cometic substance by the increasing intensity of the sunshine, and enclosing the denser portion of that substance at one end. The diverging streams which it displays upon the sky are merely the retiring edges of the rounded case, where the greatest depth of luminous matter comes into sight. As the comet nears the sun, much of its substance is vaporised for the construction of this envelope; but as it goes off again into remoteness, the vaporous envelope is once more condensed. The tail may then be seen to flow back towards the head, out of which it was originally derived.

But here, again, a difficulty presents itself. The comet's tail is believed by most of the illustrious astronomers of the day, to be the body converted into vapour by solar influence. If it be so, the vaporising process must be a much more subtile one than any that could be performed in our alembics, for the comet's substance is already all vapour before the distillation commences. The faintest stars have been seen shining through the densest parts of comets without the slightest loss of light, although they would have been effectually concealed by a trifling mist extending a few feet from the earth's surface. Most comets appear to have bright centres—nuclei, as they are called; but these nuclei are not solid bodies, for as soon as they are viewed by powerful telescopes, they become as diffused and transparent as the fainter cometic substance. Comets are properly atmospheres without contained spheres; enormous clouds rushing along in space, and bathed with its sunshine, for they have no light excepting sunlight. They become brighter and brighter as they get deeper within the solar glare, and dimmer and paler as they float outwards from the same. The light of the comet only differs from the light of a cloud that is drifted across the cerulean sky of noon, in the fact, that it is reflected from the inside as well as the outside of the vaporous substance. The material illuminated reflects light, and is permeated by light, at once. In this respect it resembles air as much as cloud—the blueness of the sky is the sunlit air seen through the lower and inner strata of itself. In the same way, the whiteness of the comet is sunlit vapour seen through portions of itself. The sunbeams pass as readily through the entire thickness of the cometic substance as they do through our own highly permeable atmosphere.

The belief in the comet's surpassing thinness and lightness is not a mere speculative opinion. It rests upon incontrovertible proof. In 1770, Lexell's Comet passed within six times the moon's distance of the earth, and was considerably retarded in its motion by the terrestrial attraction. If its mass had been of equal amount with the earth's mass, its attraction would have influenced the earth's movement in a like degree in return, and the earth would have been so held back in its orbitual progress in consequence, that the year would have been lengthened to the extent of three hours. The year was not, however, lengthened on that occasion by so much as the least perceptible fraction of a second; hence it can be shewn, that the comet must have been composed of some substance many thousand times lighter than the terrestrial substance. Newton was of opinion, that a few ounces of matter would be sufficient for the construction of the largest comet's tail.

Light as the comet's substance is, it is not, however, light enough to escape the grasp of the sun's gravitating attraction. When the mass of thin vapour is rushing through the obscurity of starlit space, so far from the sun that the solar sphere looks but the brightest of the stellar host, it feels the influence of the solar mass, remote as it is, and is constrained to bend its course towards it. Onwards the thin vapour goes, the sun waxing bigger and bigger with each stage of approach, until at last the little star has become a fiery globe, filling up half the heavens with its vast proportions, and stretching from the horizon to the zenith of the visible concave. The great comet of 1680 came in this way from a region of space where the sun looked but

half as wide as the planet Mars in the sky, and where the solar heat was imperceptible, the surrounding temperature being 612 degrees colder than freezing water, into another in which the sun filled up 140 times greater width of the sky than it does with us, and where the heat was some hundred times higher than the temperature of boiling water. It was then only 880,000 miles away from the solar surface, and would have fallen to it in three minutes, in obedience to its attraction, if the impetus of its motion in a different direction had been on the instant destroyed or arrested. But this impetus proved too great for the attraction, light as the material of the moving body was. When the comet has approached comparatively near to the grand source of attraction, the speed of its accelerating motion has become so excessive, that it is able to withstand the augmented solicitation it is subjected to, and move outwards in a more direct course.* It goes, however, slower and slower, and curving its journey less and less, until at last its motion in remote obscurity is again so sluggish, that the sun's attraction is once more predominant, and able to recall the truant towards its realms of light. Such is the history of the comet's course.

Thin comet vapours drift through space, sustained by exactly the same influences that uphold dense planetary spheres. They are supported in the void by the combined effects of motion and attraction. Their own impetus strives to carry them one way, while the sun's attraction draws them another, and they are thus constrained to move along paths that are intermediate to the lines of the two impulses. Now, when bodies are driven in this way by two differently acting powers, they must travel along curved lines, if both the driving forces are in continued operation, for a new direction of motion is then impressed on them at each succeeding instant. There are three kinds of curved lines along which bodies thus doubly driven may move: the *circular* curve, which goes round a central point at an unvarying equal distance, and returns into itself; the *elliptical* curve, which returns into itself by a route that is drawn out considerably in one direction; and the *hyperbolic* curve, that never returns into itself at all, but has, on the other hand, a course which sets outwards each way for ever. The *parabolic* curve, as it is called, is a line partaking of the closeness of the ellipse on the one hand, and the openness of the hyperbola on the other. A parabola is an ellipse passing into a hyperbola; or, in other words, it is a part of an ellipse whose length, compared with its breadth, is too great to be estimated, and is consequently deemed to be endless for all practical purposes.

In most instances, comets move in space, about the sun, in ellipses so very lengthened, that their paths seem to be parabolas as long as the cloudy bodies are visible in the sky. Two of them, Ollier's Comet and Halley's, are known to return into sight after intervals of seventy-four and seventy-six years, during which they have visited portions of space a few hundred millions of miles further than the orbit of Neptune. Six comets travel in elliptical orbits that are never so far from the sun as the planet Neptune, and return into visibility in short periods that never exceed seven or eight years. These interior comets of short period seem to be regular members of our world-system in the strictest sense. Their paths, although more eccentric, are all contained in planes that nearly correspond with the planes of the planetary orbits, and they travel in these paths in the same general direction with their planetary brethren in every case. The planetoid comets of short period are—Encke's, De Vico's, Brorsen's, D'Arrest's, Biela's, and Faye's. The comet of 1843 is half suspected to belong to the group, and to be also a periodic body, revisiting our regions punctually at intervals of twenty-one years.

The comet's motions strikingly illustrate the almost absolute voidness of space. If the thin vapour experienced any resistance while moving, its free passage would be checked, although that resistance was many thousand times less than the one the hand feels when waved in the air. It is found, however, that Encke's Comet does indicate the presence of some such resistance. It goes slower and slower with each return, and contracts the dimensions of its elliptical journey progressively. But it must be remembered, that this is one of the close comets that never gets well out of the solar domain in which our neighbouring planets float. The resisting medium which opposes its journey may be merely an ethereal solar atmosphere surrounding the sun, as our air surrounds the earth, but spreading to distances of millions instead of tens of miles.* On the other hand, it must be remembered also that starlight passes through universal space, and is everywhere spread out therein, and that it is hardly possible to think of starlight as an existence without some sort of material reality. Some physicists believe that Encke's Comet, with its retarded motions, will some day fall into the sun; while others fancy that such a consummation can never take place, because successive portions of its substance will be thrown off by the tail-forming process with each perihelion return; so that long before the cometic mass could reach the sun, it will have been altogether dissipated into space, and nothing will be left to accomplish the final state of the fall.

The great peculiarity of cometic paths, as compared with the planetary ones, is, that they consist of ellipses of very much more eccentric proportions; and that, therefore, the bodies moving in them, go alternately to much greater and less distances from the sun than the planets do. It must not be imagined, however, that all comets revolve about the sun even in the most lengthened ellipses. Three at least—the comets of 1723, 1771, and 1818—are known to have moved along hyperbolic paths instead of parabolic or elliptical ones. These comets, therefore, can make but one appearance in our skies. Having once shewn themselves there, and vanished, they are lost to us for ever. They are but stray and chance visitors to the domains of our sun, and refuse to submit themselves, with the more regular members of their fraternity, to the regulation-arrangements of our system, or to appear punctually at the systematic roll-call therein instituted. They are the true free-wanderers of the Infinite, passing from shore to shore of immensity, and presenting themselves, for short and uncertain intervals, to star after star. When they flit through our skies, they shew themselves in all possible positions, and move along all possible directions. They sometimes, however, yield too much to temptation, and have to suffer the penalty of a short imprisonment in consequence. Lexell's Comet, for instance, rushed in its hyperbolic path too near to Jupiter, and was caught in the attraction of its mass, and made to dance attendance on the sun through two successive elliptical revolutions. At the end of the second, the influence that had impounded the comet came, however, into play oppositely, and restored it again to its wandering life and hyperbolic courses. Its cloudy form has not presented itself amongst our stars since 1770, when its visit was thus strangely received by Jupiter.

Twenty-three comets were seen by the naked eye during the sixteenth century, 12 were seen in the seventeenth, 8 in the eighteenth, and 9 in the first half of the nineteenth. This does not, however, give anything like an adequate idea of the number of comets really in existence. When Kepler was asked how many comets he thought there were, he answered: 'As many as there are fishes in the sea.' And modern science seems determined, that the sagacious German shall not be at fault even in this predication. Two or three fresh telescopic comets are now usually found out every year. In 1847, 178 comets were known to be moving

in parabolic orbits, and therefore to be in some way permanent connections of our world-system. Lalande has enumerated 700 comets, but Arago believes that not less than 7,000,000 exist, which fall at some time or other within the reach of our sun's influence.

THE SLEEPY LADY.

She is easy, good-natured, and compliant about everything but her sleep. On that point she can bear no interference and no stoppages. Unless she had it fully out every day, neither would life be worth having for herself, nor would she allow the life of any other people to be endurable. Sleep is her great gift; her body has been wonderfully constituted to take a great deal of ease. Deprive her of that, and you starve her as effectually as you famish a human being by abstraction of food. Her personal appearance confirms her philosophy; for you can detect not one particle of restlessness about her. All is soft, rounded, and woolly, as if she carried an atmosphere of deafening about with her.

It has been her habit ever since her earliest years. One of the principal anecdotes of her girlish days now remembered in her family is, that her mamma having sent on some exigency to rouse her, she faintly murmured forth, 'Not for kingdoms!' then turned on the other side, and doggedly went to sleep again. There is another story of her having had to rise one morning at half-past seven, in order to attend a friend as bridemaid, when, coming down stairs, and seeing it to be a raw drizzly day, she pronounced her situation to be 'the ne plus ultra of human misery!' She told the young bride (by way of a compliment) that she would not have got up *in the middle of the night* to be present at the marriage of any other friend on earth. This phrase might seem to most people only a pleasant hyperbole; but I am not quite sure that it was so intended. The fact is, she has seen so little of the world at any other hours than between noon and midnight, that she has a very obscure sense of other periods of daily time. She scarcely knows what morning is. Sunrise is to her as much of a phenomenon as a total eclipse of the sun to any other person. She cannot tell what mankind in general mean by breakfast-time, for she has scarcely ever seen the world so early. And really half-past seven was not very far from the middle of *her* night.

Her husband, who is a little of a wag, compares her waking-life to the appearance which the sun makes above the horizon on a winter day: only, her morning is about his noon. He says, however, there appears to be no necessary end to her sleep. It is like Decandolle's idea as to the life of a tree: keep up the required conditions, as sap, &c., and the tree will never decay. So, keep up the necessary conditions for her repose, and she continues to sleep. It is always some external accident of a disturbing nature which gets her up. He has sometimes proposed making an attempt so to arrange matters as to test how long she *would* sleep. But, unfortunately, he cannot provide against the disturbing effect of hunger, so he fears she might not sleep above two nights and a day at the most—a result that would not be worth the trouble of the experiment. She takes all his jokes in good-humour, as indeed she takes everything which does not positively interfere with her favourite indulgence. '"Ah, little she'll reck if ye let her sleep on," ought,' says he, 'to be her motto, being applicable to her in the most trying crises of life, even that of the house burning about her ears.'

He contrasts his life, which is a moderately active one, with hers. 'I went up to my dressing-room about nine o'clock one evening, to prepare to go to a party, when the sound of heavy breathing from the neighbouring apartment informed me that she had reached the land of forgetfulness. I went out, spent a couple of hours in conversation, had supper, set several new conundrums agoing in life, and made one or two new friends. Then I came home, had my usual rest, rose, and set to work in my business-room, where I drew up an important paper. Still no appearance of the lady. I had breakfast, read the newspaper, and played with the children. One of my new friends called, and made an appointment. Still no appearance of my wife down stairs. At length, about the middle of the day, when I was deep in a new piece of business, she peeped in, with a cold nose and fresh ringlets, to ask a cheque for her house-money—having got down stairs rather more promptly than usual that morning, in order to go out and settle her weekly bills. Thus I had a series of waking transactions last night, another this morning—in fact, *a history*—while she had been lost in the regions of oblivion. My sleep is rounded by hers, like a small circle within a large one.'

Sometimes he speculates on the ultimate reckoning of their respective lives. 'Mine,' says he, 'will have been so thickened up with doings of all kinds, that it will appear long. I shall seem to have lived all my days. I fear it must be different with yours. So much of it having been passed in entire unconsciousness, you will look back from seventy as most people do from five-and-thirty; and when Death presents his dart, you will feel like one that has been defrauded of a most precious privilege. You will go off in a state of impious discontent, as if you had been shockingly ill-used.' Such is one of his sly plans for rousing her to a sense of the impropriety of her ways; but all such quips and cranks are in vain. Only don't absolutely shake her in her bed before her thirteenth hour of rest, and you may *say* what you please. It cannot be implied that she is hardened, for no such quality is compatible with her character. But she smiles every joke and every advice aside with such an air of impassible benignity, that you see it is of no use to think of reforming her in this grand particular.

One day not long since it rather seemed as if she was going to turn the tables on her worthy spouse. She had a remarkable dream, in which she thought she heard a lady sing a new song. When she awoke, she remembered the two verses she thought she had heard, and they turned out to be perfectly good sense and good metre, and not intolerable as poetry. Now this was what Coleridge calls a psychological curiosity, for the verses had of course been composed by her in her sleep. There was more in the matter still. In her waking-life, she has a remarkably treacherous memory for poetry, being seldom able to repeat a single verse even of Isaac Watts without a mistake. Here, however, she had carried two entire verses safe and sound out of her sleep into her waking existence. It was therefore a double wonder. She has accordingly got up a theory, that her mind is at its best in her sleep, and is judged of at a disadvantage in its daylight moments. In sleep lies her principal life. Waking is an inferior exceptive kind of existence, into which she is dragged by the base exigencies of the world. She ought to be judged of as she is in her dreams. No saying what she goes through then. Perhaps she is the most active woman in the world in that state. Possibly she says and does the most brilliant things, such as nobody else could say or do in any condition. 'You say you cannot test it, for you cannot follow me into my dream-world. Well, but it may be as I say; and till you can prove the reverse, I hold that I am entitled to the presumption which my dream-song establishes in my favour.' It must be admitted there is some force in this reasoning. All that her husband can in the meantime say on the other side, is just this: 'Granted the activity and the brilliancy of your sleep-life, it does wonderfully little for me or our household concerns. Only give us an hour more of your sweet

company in the forenoon, and we shall admit you to be in your sleep as stirring and as clever as you choose to call yourself.' This, of course he says very safely, for he well knows that no earthly consideration would induce her to abridge her sleep even by that one hour.

At a visit I lately paid to this good couple, I found them debating these points, the gentleman still refusing to give implicit credence to the theory which the lady had started in her own favour. The controversy was conducted with a great deal of good-humour, and I could not refrain from entering into the discussion. I started, however, a new theory, which I thought might please both parties, and in this object I am happy to say I was successful. 'Here,' said I, 'is a wife remarkable for putting as much good-nature into her six or eight hours of day-life as most women put into twice the time. No one can tell what she is in her sleep: perhaps the veriest termagant on earth. Suppose her sleep could be abridged, might not some of this termagantism overflow into and be diffused over her waking existence? I can well imagine this, and you, my friend, reduced to such straits by it that you might wish she would never waken more. Be content, then, and rather put up with the little ills you have than fly to others that you know not of.'

THE NEW CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The subject of convict discipline has for several years past excited the attention both of legislators and philanthropists; but the knowledge of the public concerning its details has hitherto been exceedingly meagre. It is not intended in this article to discuss the abstract question of the policy of transportation to the colonies, or of convict discipline there pursued; but merely to give some account of the system adopted at a new settlement in Australia. We will state at once, that our official authority is a Blue Book—one of those huge volumes printed from time to time, by order of parliament, for the edification—or as some facetious folks say, for the mystification—of M.P.'s. Having carefully waded through its voluminous pages, we have jotted down the passages that especially struck us, and propose to present the pith and substance of our labour—for it is nothing less—in a condensed and popular form.

Little more than a couple of years ago, it was resolved by government to establish a convict settlement at Fremantle—a small town, as we learn, of some 5000 inhabitants—in Western Australia. The first ship arrived in Swan River on 1st June 1850, with 75 convicts; and in October following, a second came with 100 more. Soldiers, and proper officers to control and conduct the convicts, were on the spot; and a tolerably suitable prison was forthwith extemporised out of a wool-shed or warehouse. It is this kind of temporary and experimental establishment that forms the subject of the published returns to government, which are dated up to February 1851, and include an exceedingly minute and clearly-stated detail of the operations and plans adopted during the six months ending December 31, 1850. Three hundred more convicts—principally from the Portland prison in England—were expected in February 1851, and a grand permanent prison was to be erected, to contain 500 cells.

The convicts at Fremantle are employed in both in-door and out-of-door work, but principally the latter. The artisans—*tradesmen* they are styled in the Reports—such as blacksmiths, masons, carpenters, tailors, bricklayers, &c., labour at their respective trades; and the labourers, *par excellence*, toil at road-making and various [illegible] works of public utility. The 'daily [illegible] follows:—The first bell is rung at 5 A.M., [illegible] prisoners rise, and neatly fold up their bedding [illegible] sleep in hammocks, we believe, as the documents speak of the beds being 'hung' at night. The second bell rings at 5.15; and they are then mustered in their several wards, and paraded. The third bell rings at 5.55, when they are minutely inspected by the proper officers, and working-parties are detailed and marched off. From this time to 7.55, the prison orderlies are busily engaged in sweeping the wards, and making preparations for breakfast. At 7.55, the bell rings, and the convicts muster, and go into breakfast. One of the prisoners is selected to say grace, and the breakfast is eaten in perfect silence. At 8.25, they leave the mess-room, and are then 'allowed to *smoke* in the square before the prison door till 8.45, when they must muster inside for prayers.' At 9 o'clock, the bell rings for work, and the parties are inspected and marched off. At 12 o'clock, the dinner-bell rings; but parties working at a considerable distance from the prison, are allowed to leave off work a quarter or half an hour earlier, according to the distance they have to walk to the prison. When grace after dinner—for which meal one hour seems to be allowed—is said, they are again permitted to assemble outside from 1 P.M., till resuming work. At 1.55, the 'warning-bell' rings, and the working-parties are again formed. At 2 o'clock, the bell rings, and off they march, and continue working till 6 o'clock, when they are all paraded, wash themselves, and muster for supper. At 6.15 rings the supper-bell; and after supper they are 'allowed outside' from 6.45 till 7.30, when the chaplain reads prayers. At 8 o'clock, the beds are hung, and the convicts are sent into them immediately; and the most perfect quiet is enforced till the morning.

The 'rules and regulations' to be observed by the officers of the establishment and the prisoners are very strict and minute; and, on the whole, appear to be exceedingly judicious. As a fair specimen of the sound and humane spirit that seems to pervade the regulations in question, we will only quote No. 2 of the 'General Rules'—as follows:—'It is the duty of all officers to treat the prisoners with kindness and humanity, and to listen patiently to and report their complaints or grievances, being firm at the same time in maintaining order and discipline, and enforcing complete observance of the rules and regulations of the establishment. The great object of reclaiming the prisoner should always be kept in view by every officer in the prison; and they should strive to acquire a moral influence over the prisoners, by performing their duties conscientiously, but without harshness. They should especially try to raise the prisoners' minds to a proper feeling of moral obligation, by the example of their own uniform regard to truth and integrity, even in the smallest matters. Such conduct will, in most cases, excite the respect and confidence of the prisoners, and will make the duties of the officers more satisfactory to themselves and to the public.'

With respect to the degree of communication permitted between the convicts and their friends, it is stated that a prisoner is allowed to write, or to receive a letter, once every three months; but the chaplain or the overseer reads all letters either received or sent; and if the contents appear objectionable, they are withheld. We are told in the 'Rules for Prisoners,' that no prisoner during the period of his confinement, or employment on public works, has any claim to remuneration of any kind, but that industry and good conduct are rewarded by a fixed gratuity under certain regulations, depending on the class in which the prisoner is placed; and this gratuity is credited to him at the following general rates: 1st class, 9d. per week; 2d class, 6d.; 3d class, 4d. If any misconduct themselves, they forfeit all advantages, or are subject to the minor punishment of being placed in a lower class, &c. A prisoner, by particularly good behaviour, will be eligible to receive 3d. to 6d. per week in addition to the above rates. The amounts thus credited 'will be advanced

to the prisoner under certain restrictions, or otherwise applied for his benefit, as may be considered desirable.'

There are several long and extremely circumstantial tables given of the amount of work done per day, per week, per month, &c. We gather, that the estimated value of the work earned by all the convicts in the six months ending 31st December 1850, was no less than L.3128, 9s. 4d. The total number of 'non-effectives'—men unable to labour through illness or otherwise—was 40 in the six months. The total 'effective' workers, during the same time, was 586—artisans, 218; labourers, 368; and this gives the average number of effectives as nearly 98 per month; so that some idea may be formed of their individual earnings. In the month of November, the total number of effectives was 154; and they earned the large sum of L.823, 17s. 6d. During the following month of December, task-work was adopted, and the effectives, 143 in number, earned L.665, 19s. 10d. We are informed that task-work has been contrived to allow each man to do 1¼ to 1½ days' work per diem, and to obtain credit for the extra amount earned. Were we, however, to take the above figures as a criterion, we should conclude that less, rather than more, was proportionately earned during the month of task-work; yet this conclusion would not be fair, for doubtless many modifying circumstances require to be taken into consideration—such as the state of the weather, the number of artisans as compared with the labourers, &c.; besides which, it must be borne in mind, that although task-work has been specially designed to benefit the convicts themselves, yet, while some would work with a will, others, and perhaps many, would prefer unremunerative idleness.

To every breach of discipline, certain punishments are allotted; some, indeed, appear very severe; and for many misdemeanours, corporal punishment is not merely held out *in terrorem*, but inflicted. Attempts at escape are liable to be punished by labour in chains, or flogging up to 100 lashes, or to a renewed sentence of transportation; and the recaptured convict has to work out the expenses of his capture, and the reward paid for the same. In the list of offences and punishments for the month of December, we see some very curious items; and, not knowing anything of the peculiar circumstances of each case, they are apt to strike one as being somewhat arbitrary. For instance, 'for refusing to work,' a man had 'bread and water for three days;' a second, 'for insubordinate conduct'—much the same thing, we should suppose, as 'refusing to work'—had the very severe punishment of 'bread and water, and twenty-eight days' solitary confinement;' a third, for 'talking to a female,' was 'admonished;' a fourth, for being 'drunk at work,' had 'bread and water for three days, and fourteen days' solitary confinement;' a fifth, 'for threatening language,' had his '*tobacco stopped for three days!*' On the subject of the 'pernicious Indian weed,' there is the following passage in the Report of the comptroller-general of Fremantle:—'The issue, under his Excellency's sanction, of a small allowance of tobacco, has been appreciated as a very great boon, and has prevented many irregularities. It also furnishes an excellent means of punishment for minor offences—that is, by its stoppage.' We can well believe this. We know positively that prisoners will undergo any risk to get even a morsel of tobacco, and would gladly sacrifice a day's food for it. It is almost incredible what an intense longing for tobacco arises in the minds of those forcibly restrained from the indulgence.

Several 'tickets-of-leave' had already been granted at Fremantle; and on this subject we are presented with a mass of remarkable and instructive information. The reader is probably aware, that convicts in prison, before quitting England, are subjected to a term of hard labour—proportionate in duration to the length of their sentences of transportation—and to a further term of hard labour on arriving in Australia. When the latter term has expired, if the prisoner has conducted himself well, he is presented with a ticket-of-leave, which confines him to a certain district, where he may engage to labour for his own benefit under an employer. He does this, however, under very strict rules, and the least transgression is punished severely. If, for instance, he leaves the district, he is liable to be apprehended, and summarily convicted by a magistrate, who may sentence him to labour in irons; or he may forfeit his ticket-of-leave, and relapse into his former situation as a convict. Or if he at all misconducts himself, or is insubordinate, his employer may carry him before a magistrate, and have him corporally punished. A list is given of the convicts who obtained tickets-of-leave at Fremantle, with their trades, and the names of their employers, and the wages they were to receive. A groom received L.12 per annum; a carpenter, L.14; a labourer, L.1 per month; a blacksmith, L.1, 8s. per month; a mason, L.1, 10s. per month; and a brickmaker, L.2, 10s. per month. Each ticket-holder must pay to the comptroller-general the sum of L.15, for the expenses of his passage out to the colony. No ticket-holder, unless under very special circumstances, gets a 'conditional pardon' till one-half of his sentence, from date of conviction, is expired; nor will he receive a conditional pardon till the whole of the L.15 is paid. 'Wives and families of well-conducted ticket-of-leave men will be sent out to them, when one-half the cost of so doing has been paid, either by themselves, their friends, or their parishes in the United Kingdom; or the expenses of their passage may be assumed as a debt by the ticket-of-leave holder, to be repaid (under a bond) by the same means as the expenses of his own passage.' This is paid by the employer handing over to the comptroller-general annually any sum not exceeding one-third of the ticket-holder's salary, and not above L.5 a year in any case, unless at the man's own desire. On the subject of this forced payment of L.15 to government, the comptroller-general in his Report animadverts strongly. He says that ticket-men will try every trick to evade it; and that many of them openly say, that the situation of a well-conducted ticket-holder is such, as to make them think it not worth while paying so much as L.15 for a conditional pardon. The employers, however, he hints, object to pay ticket-men at all; seeming to think government ought to assign them gratuitously, as was done, we believe, under the old system.

The surgeon states in his report, that the food supplied at the establishment is 'wholesome, and ample;' and the health of the convicts seems very good, for only two had died up to that time, and both of these were landed in a very debilitated condition. He states the number of convicts in January 1851 at 140.

The chaplain's report is interesting and encouraging. He says, that 'the present discipline is well calculated to maintain the habits of industry, order, and cleanliness acquired in preceding prisons;' and he speaks well of the general attention of the convicts to religious exercises. Above all, he strongly and wisely advocates the formation of a library for their use; and hints that the books selected should not merely be religious, but 'entertaining and instructive'—such as history, biography, voyages and travels, scientific books with illustrations, &c. One exceedingly interesting fact mentioned is, that certain of the best educated and most intelligent convicts have been permitted to deliver *lectures* to their fellow-prisoners on the subjects with which they were best conversant, and with the happiest effects. Thus, a man who had been employed in a large brewery, described the whole 'mystery' in a very able manner; a second, who was by trade a French polisher, did the same; and a third, who had been a sailor, gave two

lectures on the art of navigation, and illustrated them in capital style with diagrams drawn on a black-board. We cannot but think that the beneficial tendency of these novel prison recreations will be very great.

The Report of the comptroller-general himself is, on the whole, decidedly cheering; and he says of the convicts, that, 'taken as a body, I am inclined to believe they are anxious to do well, and by honest and steady conduct, to regain here that position they have forfeited in their native land.' When inquiring of government whether the same scale is to be adopted at Fremantle as at Van Diemen's Land, he says, that at the latter place the cost of officers—such as magistrates, superintendents, overseers, storekeepers, religious instructors, medical men, &c.—allowed for each 300 convicts, amounts to L.1337, 3s. 6d. per annum, or L.4, 9s. 2d. for each convict. This seems a large sum, and does not appear to include the heavy additional cost of warders and other prison-officers.

The necessary brevity of this article precludes any allusion to a great variety of curious and instructive details of the Fremantle 'establishment,' as it is called; but if what we have already said interests the reader, and he requires to know more, we can confidently refer him to the bulky Blue Book alluded to, with an assurance that he will there find most ample and authentic information.

THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH CANNING.

In the year 1753, London was so deeply convulsed with a great question at issue in the criminal courts, that the peace of the city was seriously threatened. From the highest to the lowest grades, society was divided into two parties on this question; and it was impossible to speak of it at a dinner-table or in a street assemblage without exciting a dangerous quarrel. This dispute was an extravagant illustration of English zeal for justice and fair play. The real question lay between an old gipsy woman and a young servant-girl. The question at issue was—Had the gipsy robbed and forcibly confined Elizabeth Canning, or had Elizabeth Canning falsely accused the gipsy of these outrages? By the force of incidental circumstances, the question came to be a really important one, in which the statesmen and jurists of the age took a lively interest. In fact, it connected itself with the efficacy of the great judicial institutions of the land, and their capacity to do justice and protect innocence. Hence the several trials and inquiries occupy as much space in the *State Trials* as three or four modern novels. In giving our readers an outline of the events so recorded, only the more prominent and marked features of them can of course find room.

Elizabeth Canning, a young woman between eighteen and nineteen years of age, had borne an unexceptionable character, and was a domestic servant in the house of a gentleman living in Aldermanbury, named Edward Lyon. On the 1st of January 1753, she obtained liberty to pay a visit to her uncle, who lived at Saltpetre Bank. As she did not return at the specified time, Mr Lyon's family made inquiry of her mother about her, and learned that she had not made her appearance among her other relations after the visit to her uncle. Days and weeks passed, in which every inquiry was unavailingly made after her, and her mother suffered intense anxiety. Public notice had been taken of the mystery; it was commented on in the newspapers, and much talked of. At length, at the end of January, Elizabeth entered her mother's house in a wretched condition—emaciated and exhausted, and with scarcely a sufficiency of clothes on her person for mere decorum. She was, of course, asked eagerly to give an account of her misfortunes. Her narrative by degrees resolved itself into this shape: She set out on her visit at eleven o'clock in the day, and stayed with her uncle till nine o'clock in the evening. Her uncle and aunt accompanied her as far as Aldgate. Then setting off alone, as she crossed Moorfields, and passed the back of Bethlehem Hospital, two stout men seized her. 'They said nothing to me,' she said, 'at first, but took half a guinea, in a little box, out of my pocket, and three shillings that were loose. They took my gown, apron, and hat, and folded them up, and put them into a greatcoat pocket. I screamed out; then the man who took my gown put a handkerchief or some such thing in my mouth.' They then tied her hands behind her, swore savagely at her, and dragged her along with them. She now, according to her own account, swooned, and on recovering from her fit, she felt herself still in their hands; they were swearing, and calling on her to move on. Partly insensible, she was conveyed for a considerable distance, but could not say whether she was dragged or carried. When she found herself at rest, it was daylight in the morning. She remembered being in a disreputable-looking house, in the presence of a woman, who said if she would accompany her, she should have fine clothes. Elizabeth refused, and the woman taking a knife from a dresser, cut open her stays, and removed them. The woman and the other people present then hustled her up stairs into a wretched garret, and locked the door. She found here a miserable straw-bed, a large black pitcher nearly full of water, and twenty-four pieces of bread, seeming as if a quartern-loaf had been cut in so many pieces. Her story went on to say, that she remained in this place for four weeks, eating so much of the bread and drinking a little water daily, till both were exhausted. She then succeeded in making her escape, by removing a board which was nailed across a window. 'First,' she said, 'I got my head out, and kept fast hold of the wall, and got my body out; after that, I turned myself round, and jumped into a little narrow place by a lane, with a field beside it. Having nothing on but 'an old sort of a bedgown and a handkerchief, that were in this hay-loft, and lay in a grate in the chimney,' she managed to travel twelve miles through an unknown country to her mother's house, not daring, as she said, to call at any place by the way, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutors.

If Elizabeth's absence created excitement, her reappearance in the plight she was in, and with such a story to tell, increased it tenfold. She was an attractive-looking girl; and seeing the sympathy she excited, had no objection to assent to the theory formed by her friends, that the people in whose hands she had fallen had the basest designs upon her; that they had resolved to conquer her virtue by imprisonment and starvation; and that she had magnanimously and patiently resisted all their efforts. The story was hawked about everywhere. It was spoken of in every tavern and at every dinner-table. The indignation of many respectable citizens was roused. They were parents, and had daughters of their own, who might be made the victims of the diabolical crew from which this poor girl had escaped. Many of them resolved to rally round her—avenge her wrongs, and punish the perpetrators. Elizabeth found herself one of the most important people in London. She received many presents, and considerable funds were raised to prosecute the inquiry. In these circumstances, she was bound of course to assist her friends by remembering every little incident that could lead them to the place of her sufferings. She believed that it must have been on the Hertford road, for in looking from the window, she had caught sight of a coach on that road with which she was familiar, as a former mistress had been accustomed to travel in it. This circumstance, with the distance travelled by the girl, afforded her champions a clue, and they concentrated their researches at Enfield Wash. There they found a questionable-looking lodging-house kept by a family of the name of Wells, which seemed to

answer to Elizabeth's description. It had a garret with an old straw-bed, and a black pitcher was found in the house.

Elizabeth was taken to examine this house in a sort of triumphal procession. Her friends went on horseback, making a complete cavalcade; she and her mother travelled in a coach. As many as could find room seem to have simultaneously rushed into the squalid lodging-house, and the natural astonishment and confusion of its inmates on such an invasion were at once assigned as the symptoms of conscious guilt. Elizabeth seemed to be at first somewhat confused and undecided; these symptoms were attributed to the excitement of the moment on recollection of the horrors she had endured, and to a feeling of insecurity. She was told to take courage; she was among her friends, who would support her cause; and she at last said decidedly, that she was in the house where she had been imprisoned. A gipsy woman of very remarkable appearance was present. One of the witnesses recognised her, from her likeness to the portraits of Mother Shipton the sorceress. She sat bending over the fire smoking a pipe, and exhibiting through the hubbub around the imperturbable calmness peculiar to her race. Elizabeth immediately pointed to her, and said she was the woman who had cut her stays, and helped to put her in her prison-room. Even this did not disturb the stolid indifference of the old woman, who was paying no attention to what the people said. When, however, her daughter stepped up and said: 'Good mother, this young woman says you robbed her,' she started to her feet, turned on the group her remarkable face, and said: 'I rob you! take care what you say. If you have once seen my face, you cannot mistake it, for God never made such another.' When told of the day of the robbery, she gave a wild laugh, and said she was then above a hundred miles off in Dorsetshire. This woman was named Squires. Her son, George Squires, was present. Elizabeth did not seem completely to remember him at first, but she in the end maintained him to be one of the ruffians who had attacked her in Moorfields. Her followers were now eminently satisfied. All the persons in the house were seized, and immediately committed for examination. The strange, wild aspect of the gipsy seems to have added an element to the horrors of the affair; and in the afternoon, when two of Elizabeth's friends were discussing the whole matter over a steak in the Three Crowns at Newington, one of them said to the other: 'Mr Lyon, I hope God Almighty will destroy the model that he made that face by, and never make another like it.' It was found that Mrs Wells, who kept the lodging-house, belonged to a disreputable family, and she admitted that her husband had been hanged. If Elizabeth had given a false tale to hide the questionable causes of her absenting herself, she had probably found that it took a much more serious turn than she intended, and she must now make up her mind to recant her tale or go through with it. She resolved on the latter course, to which she was probably tempted by having all London to back her. She could not well have carried on the charge alone, but the popularity of her cause brought her unexpected aid. A woman named Virtue Hall, who lived in Mrs Wells's lodging-house, thought it would be a good speculation to be partner with Elizabeth Canning, and she gave testimony which corroborated the whole story.

On the 21st of February, Mary Squires and Susannah Wells were brought to trial for a capital offence. The evidence adduced against them was the story just told. When Mrs Squires was called on for her defence, she gave a succinct account of how she had from day to day gone from one distant place to another during the time when Elizabeth said she was in confinement. Two or three witnesses came forward somewhat timidly to corroborate her statement; and it is a melancholy fact, that others would have appeared and offered convincing testimony of the innocence of the accused, but were intimidated by the ferocious aspect of the London populace from venturing to give their evidence. That it was not very safe to contradict the popular idol, Elizabeth Canning, was indeed experienced in a very unpleasant way by the witnesses John Gibbons, William Clarke, and Thomas Greville, who came forward in favour of Squires. Money was collected to prosecute them for perjury. Dreading the strength of the popular current against them, they had to incur great expense in preparation for their defence. Before the day of trial, however, some of Canning's champions began to feel a misgiving, and no prosecutor appeared. The counsel for the accused complained bitterly of the hardship of their position. They had incurred great expense. They felt that it was necessary for the complete removal of the stain of perjury thrown on their character, that there should be a trial. They said they had witnesses 'ready to give their testimony with such clear, ample, convincing circumstances, as would demand universal assent, and fully prove the innocence of the three defendants, and the falsity of Elizabeth Canning's story in every particular;' whereas, without a trial, all would be virtually lost to the accused, who, instead of obtaining a triumphant acquittal, might be suspected of having agreed to some dubious compromise.

Mrs Squires was at length convicted, and had judgment of death. But Sir Crisp Gascoyne, the lord mayor of London, who was nominally at the head of the commission for trying Squires, believed that she was the victim of falsehood and public prejudice. He resolved to subject the whole question to a searching investigation, and to obviate, if possible, the scandal to British institutions, of perpetrating a judicial murder, even though the victim should be among the most obscure of the inhabitants of the realm. In the first place, an inquiry was instituted by the law-officers of the crown, the result of which was, that the woman Squires received a royal pardon. The lord mayor, however, having satisfied himself that this poor woman had but narrowly escaped death from the perfidious falsehood of Elizabeth Canning, aided by an outbreak of popular zeal, was not content with the gipsy woman's escape, but thought that an example should be made of her persecutor. Accordingly, although he was met with much obloquy, both verbal and written—for controversial pamphlets were published against him as an enemy of Elizabeth Canning—he resolved to bring this popular idol to justice.

On the 29th of April 1754, she was brought to trial for wilful and corrupt perjury. Her trial lasted to the 13th of May. It is one of the longest in the collection called the *State Trials*, and is a more full and elaborate inquiry than the trial of Charles I. The case made out was complete and crushing, and the perfect clearness with which the whole truth connected with the movements from day to day, and from hour to hour, of people in the humblest rank was laid open, shews the great capabilities of our public jury-system for getting at the truth. One part of the case was, the absurdity of Elizabeth Canning's story, and its inconsistency, in minute particulars, with itself and with the concomitant facts. When her first description of the room, in which, she said, she was shut up, was compared with the full survey of it afterwards undertaken, important and fatal discrepancies were proved. She professed to have been unable to see anything going on in the house from her place of confinement, but in the room at Enfield Wash there was a large hole through the floor for a jack-rope, which gave a full view of the kitchen, where the inmates of the house chiefly resorted. She professed to describe every article in the room she was confined in, but she had said nothing of a very remarkable chest of drawers found in that which she identified as the same. That this piece of furniture had not been recently placed there was made evident, by the damp dust gluing it to

the wall, and the host of spiders which ran from their webs when it was removed. She had escaped by stepping on a penthouse, but there was none against the garret of Mrs Wells's house; the windows were high, and she could not have leaped to the ground without severe injury. She stated that no one had entered the room during the four weeks of her imprisonment, but it was shewn that, during the period, a lodger had held an animated conversation from one of the windows of the identical garret with somebody occupied in lopping wood outside. Nay, a person had seen a poor woman, with the odd name of Natis, in bed in that very room. His reason for entering it was a curious one, which has almost a historical bearing. He went to try the ironwork of a sign which had once hung in front of the house, and lay in the garret. The sign had been taken down when the Jacobite army penetrated into England in the Rebellion of 1745. Probably it had been of a character likely to be offensive to the Jacobites, and its removal is a little incident, shewing how greatly the country apprehended a revolution in favour of the Stuarts.

These discrepancies were, however, far from being the most remarkable part of the evidence. Not content with shewing that Elizabeth Canning had told falsehoods, the prosecutor set to the laborious task of proving where the gipsy woman had been, along with her son and daughter, charged as her accomplices, during the time embraced by the mere active part of Elizabeth's narrative. From the vagrant habits of the race, evidence to the most minute particulars had thus to be collected over a large range of country; and the precision with which the statements of a multitude of people—of different ranks and pursuits, and quite unknown to each other, as well as to the person they spoke of—are fitted to each other, is very striking and interesting. The most trifling and unconsequential-looking facts tell with wonderful precision on the result. Thus a lodging-house keeper remembered the woman Squires being in her house on a certain day, and she made it sure by an entry in an account-book, as to which she remembered that she had consulted the almanac that she might put down the right day. The day of the woman's presence in another place was identical with the presence of an Excise surveyor, and the statements of the witnesses were tested by the Excise entry-books. The position of the wanderers was in another instance connected with the posting of a letter, and the post-office clerks bore testimony to the fact, that from the marks on the letter it must have been posted on that day. It was, as we have seen, on the 1st of January that Elizabeth Canning said she was seized. The journey of the gipsy family is traced from day to day through distant parts of England, from the preceding December down to the 24th of January, which was the day of their arrival at Enfield Wash. Thus fortified by counteracting facts of an unquestionable nature, the counsel for the prosecution felt himself in a position to turn the whole story into ridicule, and shew the innate absurdity of what all London had so resolutely believed.

He proceeded in this strain: 'Was it not strange that Canning should subsist so long on so small a quantity of bread and water—four weeks, wanting only a few hours? Strange that she should husband her store so well as to have some of her bread left, according to her first account, till the Wednesday; according to the last, till the Friday before she made her escape; and that she should save some of her miraculous pitcher till the last day? Was the twenty-fourth part of a sixpenny loaf a day sufficient to satisfy her hunger? If not, why should she defer the immediate gratification of her appetite in order to make provision for a precarious, uncertain futurity? Shall we suppose some revelation from above in favour of one of the faithful? Perhaps an angel from heaven appeared to this mirror of modern virtue, and informed her, that if she eat more than one piece of bread a day, her small pittance would not last her till the time she was to make her escape. Her mother, we know, is a very enthusiastical woman—a consulter of conjurors, a dreamer of dreams; perhaps the daughter dreamed also what was to happen, and so, in obedience to her vision, would not eat when she was hungry, nor drink when she was thirsty. However that was, I would risk the event of the prosecution on this single circumstance, that, without the interposition of some preternatural cause, this conduct of the prisoner's must appear to exceed all bounds of human probability.'

Notwithstanding the conclusive exposure of her criminality, Elizabeth Canning was not entirely deserted by her partisans to the last. Two of the jury had difficulty in reconciling themselves to the verdict of guilty, suggesting that her story might be substantially correct, though undoubtedly she had made a mistake about the persons by whom she was injured. There was a technical imperfection in the verdict, and her friends strove to the utmost to take advantage of it. When it was overruled, and a verdict of guilty was recorded, she pleaded for mercy, saying that she was more unfortunate than wicked; that self-preservation had been her sole object; and that she did not wish to take the gipsy's life. The punishment to be inflicted on her was a matter of serious deliberation, as many of the common people were still so unconvinced of her wickedness, that an attempt to break the jail in which she was imprisoned might be feared, and as at that time the transportation system had not been established. It was not, however, unusual to send criminals, by their own consent, to the plantations, and the court gladly acceded to a desire by her relations, that she should be banished to New England.

THE ISLAND OF ISLAY.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe which possesses so great a variety of territory and social condition as our own. Between the plains of Cambridgeshire and the wilds of Sutherland—between the toiling, densely-packed multitudes of Lancashire and the idle, scattered cotters of the Hebrides, how vast a difference! The Land we Live in, as Charles Knight has called it, in a very delightful descriptive book, is a much more interesting study to its own people than is generally supposed; and we somewhat wonder that comparatively so few of our tourists go in search of what is picturesque, romantic, and novel within our own seas. These ideas arise in our mind in perusing a few pages of the new edition of the *Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*,* by the Messrs Anderson of Inverness. In this book we have the benefit of remarkable fulness of knowledge on the part of the authors, and the accuracy of their statements is only rivalled by their judicious brevity. The account of some of the more out-of-the-way parts of the country brings before us not merely physical conditions highly peculiar, but, as it were, a totally peculiar set of historical associations. As an example, take a few swatches of the Island of Islay.

It is about thirty miles long by twenty-four in breadth, composed chiefly of elevated, but not Alpine ground, much of it moorish and bleak, but a great and constantly increasing space cultivated and sheltered. The finest island in the Hebrides, it belonged almost wholly to one proprietor, whose dignity of course was great. Within the last few years, he came to greet the Queen at Inverary, with a gallant following of men clothed in the Highland garb at his own expense. The island is now, however, in the hands of trustees for the benefit of creditors, whose claims amount to upwards of L.700,000. There are lead-mines on the island now unwrought, but from which it is understood silver had

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* Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. Pp. [illegible].

been derived, wherewith some of the family plate of the proprietor was formed. Whisky is distilled to such an amount, as to return L.30,000 per annum of revenue to the government. The Gaelic-speaking people, the fine shooting-grounds, the romantic cliffs and caves, the lonely moors and lochs of this island, altogether give it a degree of romantic interest calculated strongly to attract the regard of the intelligent stranger.

To pursue the narration of Messrs Anderson—'Islay is not a little interesting from the historical associations connected with the remains of antiquity which it presents, in the ruins of its old castles, forts, and chapels. It was a chief place of residence of the celebrated lords, or rather kings, of the Isles, and afterwards of a near and powerful branch of the family of the great Macdonald. The original seat of the Scottish monarchy was Cantyre, and the capital is supposed to have been in the immediate vicinity of the site of Campbelltown. In the ninth century, it was removed to Forteviot, near the east end of Strathearn, in Perthshire. Shortly afterwards, the Western Isles and coasts, which had then become more exposed to the hostile incursions of the Scandinavian Vikingr, were completely reduced under the sway of Harold Harfager, of Denmark. Harold established a viceroy in the Isle of Man. In the beginning of the twelfth century, Somerled, a powerful chieftain of Cantyre, married Effrica, a daughter of Olaus or Olave, the swarthy viceroy or king of Man, a descendant of Harold Harfager, and assumed the independent sovereignty of Cantyre; to which he added, by conquest, Argyle and Lorn, with several islands contiguous thereto and to Cantyre. Somerled was slain in 1164, in an engagement with Malcolm IV. in Renfrewshire. His possessions on the mainland, excepting Cantyre, were bestowed on his younger son Dugal, from whom sprung the Macdougals of Lorn, who are to this day lineally represented by the family of Dunolly; while the islands and Cantyre descended to Reginald, his elder son. For more than three centuries, Somerled's descendants held these possessions, at times as independent princes, and at others as tributaries of Norway, Scotland, and even of England. In the sixteenth century they continued still troublesome, but not so formidable to the royal authority. After the battle of the Largs in 1263, in which Haco of Norway was defeated, the pretensions of that kingdom were resigned to the Scottish monarchs, for payment of a subsidy of 100 merks. Angus Og, fifth in descent from Somerled, entertained Robert Bruce in his flight to Ireland in his castle of Dunaverty, near the Mull of Cantyre, and afterwards at Dunnavinhaig, in Isla, and fought under his banner at Bannockburn. Bruce conferred on the Macdonalds the distinction of holding the post of honour on the right in battle—the withholding of which at Culloden occasioned a degree of disaffection on their part, in that dying struggle of the Stuart dynasty. This Angus's son, John, called by the Dean of the Isles "the good John of Isla," had by Amy, great-granddaughter of Roderick, son of Reginald, king of Man, three sons—John, Ronald, and Godfrey; and by subsequent marriage with Margaret, daughter of Robert Stuart, afterwards Robert II. of Scotland, other three sons—Donald of the Isles, John Mor the Tainnister, and Alexander Carrach. It is subject of dispute whether the first family were lawful issue or illegitimate, or had merely been set aside, for they were not called to the chief succession, as a stipulation of the connection with the royal family, to whom the others were particularly obnoxious; or, as has been conjectured, from the relationship of the parents being thought too much within the forbidden degrees. The power of John seems to have been singularly great. By successive grants of Robert Bruce to his father, and of David II., Baliol, and Robert II., to himself, he appears to have been in possession or superior of almost the whole western coasts and islands. . . . .

'The inordinate power of these island princes was gradually broken down by the Scottish monarchs in the course of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century. On the death of John, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, grandson of Donald, Hugh of Sleat, John's nearest brother and his descendants became rightful representatives of the family, and so continue. Claim to the title of Lord of the Isles was made by Donald, great-grandson of Hugh of Sleat; but James V. refused to restore the title, deeming its suppression advisable for the peace of the country.'

At the close of the sixteenth century, when Bacon was writing his *Essays*, and Shakspeare his *Hamlet*, this remote part of the country was the scene of bloody feuds between semi-barbarous chieftains. A battle, with from one to two thousand men on each side, took place in Islay in 1598. The power of the Islay Macdonalds ultimately passed into the hands of the Campbells, who have since been the ascendant family in these insular regions.

'The remains of the strongholds of the Macdonalds in Islay are the following:—In Loch Finlagan, a lake about three miles in circumference, three miles from Port Askaig, and a mile off the road to Loch-in-Daal, on the right hand, on an islet, are the ruins of their principal castle or palace and chapel; and on an adjoining island the Macdonald council held their meetings. There are traces of a pier, and of the habitations of the guards on the shore. A large stone was, till no very distant period, to be seen, on which Macdonald stood, when crowned, by the Bishop of Argyle, King of the Isles. On an island, in a similar lake, Loch Guirm, to the west of Loch-in-Daal, are the remains of a strong square fort, with round corner towers; and towards the head of Loch-in-Daal, on the same side, are vestiges of another dwelling and pier.

'Where are thy pristine glories, Finlagan?
  The voice of mirth has ceased to ring thy walls,
Where Celtic lords and their fair ladies sang
  Their songs of joy in Great Macdonald's halls.
And where true knights, the flower of chivalry,
  Oft met their chiefs in scenes of revelry—
  All, all are gone, and left thee to repose,
  Since a new race and measures new arose.

'The Macdonalds had a body-guard of 500 men, of whose quarters there are marks still to be seen on the banks of the loch. For their personal services they had lands, the produce of which fed and clothed them. They were formed into two divisions. The first was called Ceatharnaich, and composed of the very tallest and strongest of the islanders. Of these, sixteen, called Buannachan, constantly attended their lord wheresoever he went, even in his rural walks; and one of them, denominated "Gille 'shiabadh dealt," headed the party. This piece of honourable distinction was conferred upon him on account of his feet being of such size and form as, in his progress, to cover the greatest extent of ground, and to shake the dew from the grass preparatory to its being trodden by his master. These Buannachan enjoyed certain privileges, which rendered them particularly obnoxious to their countrymen. The last gang of them was destroyed in the following manner by one Macphail in the Rinns:—Seeing Macdonald and his men coming, he set about splitting the trunk of a tree, in which he had partly succeeded by the time they had reached. He requested the visitors to lend a hand. So, eight on each side, they took hold of the partially severed splits; on doing which, Macphail removed the wedges which had kept open the slit, which now closed on their fingers, holding them hard and fast in the rustic man-trap. Macphail and his three sons equipped themselves from the armour of their captives, compelled them to eat a lusty dinner, and then beheaded them, leaving their master to return in safety. Macphail and his sons took shelter in Ireland. The other division

of these 500 were called Gillean-glasa, and their post was within the outer walls of their fastnesses. These forts were so constructed that the Gillean-glasa might fight in the outer breach, whilst their lords, together with their guests, were enjoying themselves in security within the walls, and especially within the impenetrable fortifications of Finlagan.

'On Freuch Isle, in the Sound, are the ruins of Claig Castle—a square tower, defended by a deep ditch, which at once served as a prison and a protection to the passage. At Laggavoulin Bay, an inlet on the east coast, and on the opposite side to the village, on a large peninsular rock, stands part of the walls of a round substantial stone burgh or tower, protected on the land side by a thick earthen mound. It is called Dun Naomhaig, or Dunnivaig (such is Gaelic orthography.) There are ruins of several houses beyond the mound, separated from the main building by a strong wall. This may have been a Danish structure, subsequently used by the Macdonalds, and it was one of their strongest naval stations. There are remains of several such strongholds in the same quarter. The ruins of one are to be seen on an inland hill, Dun Borreraig, with walls twelve feet thick, and fifty-two feet in diameter inside, and having a stone seat two feet high round the area. As usual, there is a gallery in the midst of the wall. Another had occupied the summit of Dun Aidh, a large, high, and almost inaccessible rock near the Mull. Between Loch Guirm and Saneg, and south of Loch Gruinart, at Dun Bheolain (Vollan), there are a series of rocks, projecting one behind another into the sea, with precipitous seaward fronts, and defended on the land side by cross dikes; and in the neighbourhood numerous small pits in the earth, of a size to admit of a single person seated. These are covered by flat stones, which were concealed by sods.

'There are also several ruins of chapels and places of worship in Islay, as in many other islands. The names of fourteen founded by the Lords of the Isles might be enumerated. Indeed, most of the names, especially of parishes of the west coast, have some old ecclesiastical allusion. In the ancient burying-ground of Kildalton, a few miles south-west of the entrance of the Sound, are two large, but clumsily-sculptured stone-crosses. In this quarter, near the Bay of Knock, distinguished by a high sugar-loaf-shaped hill, are two large upright flagstones, called the two stones of Islay, reputed to mark the burying-place of Yula, a Danish princess, who gives the island its name. In the church-yard of Killarrow, near Bowmore, there was a prostrate column, rudely sculptured; and, among others, two grave-stones, one with the figure of a warrior, habited in a sort of tunic reaching to the knees, and a conical head-dress. His hand holds a sword, and by his side is a dirk. The decoration of the other is a large sword, surrounded by a wreath of leaves; and at one end the figures of three animals. This column has been removed from its resting-place, and set up in the centre of a battery erected near Islay House some years ago. Monumental stones, as well as cairns and barrows, occur elsewhere; and there is said to be a specimen of a circular mound, with successive terraces, resembling the tynewalds, or judgment-seats, of the Isle of Man, and almost unique in the Western Islands. Stone and brass hatchet-shaped weapons or celts, elf-shots or flint arrow-heads, and brass fibulæ, have been frequently dug up.'

THE APPLE OF THE DEAD SEA.

We made a somewhat singular discovery when travelling among the mountains to the east of the Dead Sea, where the ruins of Ammon Jerash and Ajoloun well repay the labour and fatigue encountered in visiting them. It was a [illegible] sultry day. We were scrambling up the [illegible]gh a thick jungle of bushes and low trees, which [illegible]ove the east shore of the Dead Sea, when I saw before me a fine plum-tree, loaded with fresh blooming plums. I cried out to my fellow-traveller: 'Now, then, who will arrive first at the plum-tree?' and as he caught a glimpse of so refreshing an object, we both pressed our horses into a gallop, to see which would get the first plum from the branches. We both arrived at the same moment; and, each snatching at a fine ripe plum, put it at once into our mouths, when, on biting it, instead of the cool, delicious juicy fruit which we expected, our mouths were filled with a dry bitter dust, and we sat under the tree upon our horses, sputtering, and hemming, and doing all we could to be relieved of the nauseous taste of this strange fruit. We then perceived, and to my great delight, that we had discovered the famous apple of the Dead Sea, the existence of which has been doubted and canvassed since the days of Strabo and Pliny, who first described it. Many travellers have given descriptions of other vegetable productions which bear analogy to the one described by Pliny; but, up to this time, no one had met with the thing itself, either upon the spot mentioned by the ancient authors or elsewhere.—*Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

INVOCATION.

CREATOR of the universal heart
In nature's bosom beating!
Life of all forms, which are but as a part
Of Thee, thy life repeating!
Soul of the earth, thy sanctity impart
Where human souls are meeting!

Bright as the first faint beam in mercy shewn
Unto the barren-sighted,
Where, on the yet unbroken darkness thrown,
A sunny ray hath lighted,
The glory of thy presence streameth down
On us, the world-benighted.

To us the shadow of the earth is given,
And ours the lower cloud;
But though along its pathways tempest-driven,
Our hearts shall not be bowed,
While yet our eyes unto the stars of heaven
We lift, and pray aloud!

Not with the prayers of long ago we pray,
With red raised hand beseeching—
Not with the war-voice of our elder clay,
With the mammoth's bones now bleaching—
Not for the mortal victories of a day,
But—for the Spirit's teaching!

Be Words of Light alone our javelins hurled,
While Truth wings every dart:
Oh, welcome, then, the legions of a world!—
But ours no warrior's part;
The ensigns we would bear are passions furled—
Love, and a child's young heart!

O.

ART-EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Let us here mention, that we have found the children of the sovereign of Great Britain at nine in the morning at the Museum of Practical Art; and on another occasion, at the same hour, amidst the Elgin marbles—not the only wise hint to the mothers of England to be found in the highest place. Accustom your children to find beauty in goodness, and goodness in beauty.—*The Builder.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 451. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

WHO SHALL RULE THE WAVES?

A CONTEST of a very remarkable kind is now going on, one which is pregnant with important results in respect to commerce, to naval architecture, to geographical discovery, to colonisation, to the spread of intelligence, to the improvement of industrial art, and to the balance of political power among nations. The nature of this contest cannot be better made intelligible than by giving the words of a challenge recently put forth: 'The American Navigation Company challenge the ship-builders of Great Britain to a ship-race, with cargo on board, from a port in England to a port in China and back. One ship to be entered by each party, and to be named within a week of the start. The ships to be modelled, commanded, and officered entirely by citizens of the United States and Great Britain respectively; to be entitled to rank "A 1" either at the American offices or at Lloyd's. The stakes to be L.10,000, and satisfactorily secured by both parties; to be paid without regard to accidents, or to any exceptions; the whole amount forfeited by either party not appearing. Judges to be mutually chosen. Reasonable time to be given after notice of acceptance, to build the ships, if required, and also for discharging and loading cargo in China. The challenged party may name the size of the ships—not under 800 nor over 1200 American register tons; the weight and measurement which may be carried each way; and the allowance for short weight or oversize.'

There is a boldness, a straightforwardness, an honesty in this challenge, which cannot be mistaken. It is difficult to be interpreted in any other sense than that the challengers *mean* what they say. Brother Jonathan has fairly thrown down the gauntlet to the Britishers, and it behoves the latter to take it up in a becoming spirit. Our ship-builders, especially on the Dee, the Clyde, the Wear, the Mersey, and the Thames, ought to feel that much is now expected from them, for if once the Yankees obtain a reputation—a European reputation it will then be—for outstripping British ships on the broad seas, our ship-owners will assuredly feel the effects in a commercial sense.

This question of the speed of ships is a very curious one. Empirical rules, rather than scientific principles, have hitherto determined the forms which shall be given to ships. Smith adopts a certain form because Brown's ship sailed well, whereas Jones's differently shaped vessel was a bad sailer; although Smith, Brown, and Jones collectively may be little able to shew *why* one of the vessels should sail better than the other.

If opportunity should occur to the reader to visit a large ship-building establishment, such as those on any one of the five rivers named above, he will see something like the following routine of operation going on:—

There is, first, the 'ship's draughtsman,' whose duties are somewhat analogous to those of the architect of a house, or the engineer of a railway, or the scientific cutter at a fashionable tailor's: he has to shape the materials out of which the structure is to be built up, or at least he has to shew others how it is to be done. When the ship-builder has received an order, we will say, to construct a ship, and has ascertained for what route, and for what purpose, and of what size it is to be, he and his ship's draughtsman 'lay their heads together' to devise such an arrangement of timbers as will meet the requirements of the case. Here it is that a *science* of ship-building would be valuable; the practical rules followed are deductions not so much from general principles as from accumulated facts which are waiting to be systematised; and until this process has been carried further, ship-building will be an *art*, but not a *science*. Well, then; the draughtsman, gathering up all the crumbs of knowledge obtainable from various quarters, puts his wisdom upon paper in the form of drawings and diagrams, to represent not only the dimensions of the vessel, but the sizes and shapes of the principal timbers which are to form it, on the scale, perhaps, of a quarter of an inch to a foot. Then this very responsible personage goes to his 'mould-loft,' on the wide-spreading floor of which he chalks such a labyrinth of lines as bewilder one even to look at. These lines represent the actual sizes and shapes of the different parts of the ship, with curvatures and taperings of singularly varied character. One floor of one room thus contains full-sized contours of all the timbers for the ship.

So far, then, the draughtsman. Next, under his supervision, thin planks of deal are cut to the contours of all these chalk-lines; and these thin pieces, called *moulds*, are intended to guide the sawyers in cutting the timbers for the ship. A large East Indiaman requires more than a hundred mould-pieces, chalked and marked in every direction.

Another skilful personage, called the 'converter,' then makes a tour of the timber-yard, and looks about for all the odd, crooked, crabbed trunks of oak and elm which he can find; well knowing that if the natural curvature of a tree accords somewhat with the required curvature of a ship's timber, the timber will be stronger than if cut from a straight trunk. He has the mould-pieces for a guide, and searches until he has ferreted out all the timbers wanted. Then he sets the sawyers to work, who, with the mould-pieces always at hand, shape the large trunks to the required form. And here

it may be noted as a remarkable fact, that although we live in such a steam-engine and machine-working age, very few engines or machines afford aid in sawing ships' timbers. The truth seems to be, that the curvatures are so numerous and varied, that machine-sawing would scarcely be applicable. Yet attempts are from time to time made to construct such machines. Mr Cochran has invented one; and it is said that at the Earl of Rosse's first soirée as president of the Royal Society, a model of this timber-cutting machine was exhibited; that Prince Albert cut a miniature timber with it; and that he thus began an apprenticeship to the national art of ship-building.

Leaving the supposed visitor to a ship-yard to trace the timbers through all their stages of progress, we will proceed with that which is more directly the object of the present paper—namely, the relation of *speed* to *build*. Some sixteen or eighteen years ago, the British Association rightly conceived that its Mechanical Section would be worthily occupied in an inquiry concerning the forms of ships, and the effect of form on the speed and steadiness. The inquiry was intrusted to Mr Scott Russell and Mr (afterwards Sir John) Robison; and admirably has it been carried out. Mr Scott Russell, especially, has sought to establish something like a *science* of form in ship-building—precisely the thing which would supply a proper basis for the artificers.

It is interesting to see how, year after year, this committee of two persons narrated the result of their unbought and unpaid labours to the Association. In 1838 and 1839, they shewed how a solid moving in the water produced a particular kind of wave; how, at a certain velocity, the solid might ride on the *top* of the wave, without sinking into the hollow; how, if the external form of a vessel bore a certain resemblance to a section of this wave, the ship would encounter less resistance in the water than any other form; and thus originated the *wave principle*—so much talked of in connection with ship-building. A ship built on that principle in that year (1839) was believed to be the fastest ship in Britain. In 1840, the committee stated that they had 'consulted the most eminent ship-builders as to the points upon which they most wanted information, and requested them to point out what were the forms of vessel which they would wish to have tried. More than 100 models of vessels of various sizes, from 30 inches to 25 feet in length, were constructed,' and an immense mass of experiments were made on them. In 1841, they described how they had experimented on vessels of every size, from models of 30 inches in length to vessels of 1300 tons. In the next following year, the committee presented a report of no fewer than 20,000 experiments on models and ships, some of which afforded remarkable confirmation of the efficiency of the wave principle in ship-building. Thus the committee went on, year after year, detailing to the Association the results of their experiments, and pointing out how the ship-builders were by degrees giving practical value to these results.

Now, a country in which a scientific society will spend a thousand pounds on such an inquiry, and in which scientific men will give up days and weeks of their time to it without fee or reward, *ought* not to be beaten on the broad seas by any competitor. It affords an instructive confirmation of the results arrived at by the committee, that when some of our swiftest yachts and clippers came to be carefully examined, it was found that the wave principle had been to a great extent adopted in their form, in cases even where the vessels were built before the labours of the committee had commenced. The *art* had in this case preceded the *science*. And let it not be considered that any absurdity is involved here: farmers manured their fields long before chemists were able to explain the real nature of manuring; and so in other arts, ingenious practical men often discover useful processes before the men of science can give the rationale of those processes.

It may be all very well to assert, that 'Britannia rules the waves,' and that 'Britons never will be slaves,' and so forth; only let us prove the assertions to be *true*, or not assert at all. We must appeal to the 'Shipping Intelligence' which comes to hand from every side, and determine, from actual facts, whether any one country really outsails another.

Among the facts which thus present themselves to notice, is one relating to *clippers*. Who first gave the name of clipper to a ship, or what the name means, we do not know; but a clipper is understood to be a vessel so shaped as to sail faster than other vessels of equal tonnage. It is said that these swift sailers originated in the wants of the salmon shippers, and others at our eastern ports. A bulky, slow-moving ship may suffice for the conveyance to London of the minerals and manufactures of Northumberland and Durham; but salmon and other perishable articles become seriously deteriorated by a long voyage; and hence it is profitable in such case to sacrifice bulk to speed. Leith, Dundee, and especially Aberdeen, are distinguished for the speed of their vessels above those of the Tyne and the Wear; and the above facts probably explain the cause of the difference. The Aberdeen clipper is narrow, very keen and penetrating in front, gracefully tapering at the stern, and altogether calculated to 'go ahead' through the water in rapid style. As compared with one of the ordinary old-fashioned English coasting brigs of equal tonnage, an Aberdeen clipper will attain nearly double the speed. One of these fine vessels, the *Chrysolite*, in a recent voyage from China, traversed 320 nautical miles (nearly 370 English statute miles) in twenty-four hours: this was a great performance. But it must not be forgotten, that the United States claim to have attained a high ship-speed before England had thought much on the matter; the Baltimore clippers have long been known on the other side of the Atlantic as dashing, rapid, little vessels, mostly either single or double-masted.

It is to the opening of the China trade the present wonderful rivalry may in great part be attributed. So long as European vessels were cooped up stagnantly in Canton river, and allowed to trade only under circumstances of great restriction and annoyance, little was effected except by the tea-drinking denizens of Great Britain; but when, by the treaty of Nankin in 1842, Sir Henry Pottinger obtained the opening of the four ports of Amoy, Foo-tchow-foo, Ning-po, and Shang-hae, and stipulated that foreign vessels should be allowed to share with those of England the liberty of trading at those ports, there was a great impetus given to ship-builders and ship-owners: those who had goods to sell, thus found a new market for them; and those who could perform the voyage most quickly, would have a quicker return for their capital. This, following at an interval of seven or eight years the changes made in the India trade by the East India Company's charter of 1834, brought the Americans and the French and others into the Indian seas in great numbers. Then came the wonders of 1847, in the discovery of Californian gold; and those of 1851, in the similar discoveries in Australia.

Now, these four dates—1834, 1842, 1847, 1851—may be considered as four starting-points, each marked by a renewed conquest of man over the waves, and a strengthened but not hostile rivalry on the seas between nation and nation. So many inducements are now afforded to merchants to transact their dealings rapidly,

that the ship-builders are beset on all sides with demands for more speed—more speed; and it is significant to observe that, in almost every recent newspaper account of a ship-launch, we are told how many knots an hour she is expected to attain when fitted. Every ship seems to beat every other ship, in the glowing language employed; but after making a little allowance for local vanity, there is a substratum of correctness which shews strongly how we are advancing in rate of speed.

It will really now become useful to collect, and preserve records of speed at sea, in connection with particular ships of particular build, as a guide to future construction. Mr Henry Wise published a volume about 1840, containing an analysis of one hundred voyages, made by ships belonging to the East India Company, extracted from the ships' logs preserved by the Company. It appears that an average gave 112 days as the duration of a voyage from London to Bombay. Now, within the last few months we have seen that the *Chrysolite*, a small clipper, built at Aberdeen for a Liverpool firm, has made the run from England to China in 104 days; and the *Stornoway*, built at the same place for a London firm, has accomplished the distance in 103 days. Let the reader open his map, and compare the relative distances of Bombay and China from England, and he will then see what a wonderful increase of speed is implied in the above numbers. Three American clippers were sighted during the out and home voyages of the two vessels, and, if newspaper reports tell truly, were distanced by them.

We must not expect that the vast and unprecedented emigration to California and Australia now going on, will be designedly and materially connected with high speed, because most of the emigrants go in roomy ships, at fares as low as are attainable; but goods-traffic, and the higher class of passenger-traffic, are every month coming more and more within the domain of high speed. Let us take two instances which 1852 has afforded, one furnished by England, and one by America—one connected with the Australian trade, and one with the Chinese. The Aberdeen clipper-built barque, *Phœnician*, arrived at Plymouth on February 3, having left Sydney on November 12, and performed the voyage in 83 days! Her previous voyages had varied from 88 to 103 days. The other instance is that of the American clipper, *Witch of the Wave*, a fine vessel of 1400 tons burden, which left Canton on 5th January, and arrived in the Downs on 4th April, a period of 90 days. Her greatest speed is said to have been 338 nautical miles—equivalent to about 389 English miles—in 24 hours.

Thus it is, we find, that in one voyage we beat the Americans—in another, they outstrip us; and there seems at present no reason why either country should fail in making still further advances. The Liverpool and New York packet-trade affords another example of the same principle which we have been considering; gradually these truly noble vessels are acquiring an increased rate of speed. Not only does the general desire for high speed impel their owners to this, but there is a more direct incentive in the increased rivalry of steam-vessels. The American 'liners,' as the sailing-packets on this route are usually called, have had in past years an average of about 36 days outward passage, and 24 days homeward; but they are now shooting ahead unmistakably. The *Racer*, built at New York in 1851, and placed upon the Liverpool station, is a magnificent clipper of 1700 tons register; it made its first voyage from New York to Liverpool in 14 days—a quickness not only exceeding that of its predecessors, but leaving nearly all of them many days in arrear. Even this, however, was shortly afterwards excelled; for another new clipper, the *Washington*, accomplished the distance in a little over 13½ days.

The pleasure-vessels which are so numerous in the south of England, belonging to the several yacht-clubs, are sharing in the modern speed-producing improvements observable in other vessels. Every one has heard of the yacht *America*, which arrived at Cowes from the United States in July 1851, and of the challenge which her owners threw out against English yacht-owners. Every one knows that the *America* beat the yachts which were fitted against her. This victory has led to an immense activity on the part of yacht-builders in England; they are studying all the peculiarities in the build and the trim of the yachts belonging to the different ports and different countries; and we are justified by every analogy in expecting, that good results will spring out of wits thus sharpened.

Although we have not deemed it necessary in the present paper to touch on the national struggle between steam-ships, we must not forget that one of the most promising and valuable features in steam navigation arose as an appendage to sailing. The *auxiliary screw* will deserve the blessings of our colonists, for reasons which may be soon told. When it was yet uncertain what result would mark the contest *Screw* v. *Paddle*, it was suggested that the screw-propeller might probably be used as an auxiliary power, for occasional use during calms and contrary winds; the vessel to be a sailing-vessel under ordinary circumstances; but to have a marine engine and a screw for exigencies at times when the ship would be brought to a stand-still or even driven backwards. About seven years ago, an American packet-ship, the *Massachusetts*, a complete sailing-vessel in other respects, was provided with a screw and a steam-engine powerful enough to keep the ship moving when winds and tides were adverse; the screw was capable of being lifted out of the water when not in use. In her first voyage from Liverpool to America, this ship gained from five to thirteen days as compared with five other ships which sailed either on the same or the following day. This experiment was deemed so far successful, that the Admiralty ordered, in 1846, an auxiliary screw to be fitted to the *Amphion* frigate, then building at Woolwich. Another example was the *Sarah Sands*, an iron ship of 1300 tons; she had engines of 180 horse-power, much below that requisite for an ordinary steamer of the same size. She could carry three classes of passengers, coal for the whole voyage, and 900 tons of merchandise. She made four voyages in 1847, two out and two home; and in 1848 she made five: her average time was about nineteen days out, and seventeen days home, and she usually passed about six liners on the voyage.

The speed here mentioned is not quite equal to that of the truly remarkable clippers noticed above, but it far exceeded that of any liner at work in 1848. The example was followed in other vessels; and then men began to cherish the vision of a propeller screwing its way through the broad ocean to our distant colonies. From this humble beginning as an auxiliary, the screw has obtained a place of more and more dignity, until at length we see the mails for the Cape and for Australia intrusted confidently to its safe-keeping.

The icy regions of the north are braved by the auxiliary screw. The little *Isabel*, fitted out almost entirely at the expense of Lady Franklin to aid in the search for her gallant husband, is a brigantine of 180 tons, with an auxiliary screw to ship and unship. The *Intrepid* and the *Pioneer*, the two screw-steamers which form part of Sir Edward Belcher's arctic expedition—lately started from England—are to work with or without their auxiliary appendage as circumstances may determine.

The present article, however, will shew that sailing is not less alive and busy than steaming; and that the yachts and clippers of both nations are probably destined to a continuous series of improvements. When these improvements—whether by aid of scientific societies and laborious experiments, or by the watchful

eye and the shrewd intelligence of ship-builders, or by both combined—have advanced steadily to a point perhaps far beyond that which we have yet attained, then, if at all, may we trouble ourselves about the question—'Who shall rule the waves?'

NUMBER NINETEEN IN OUR STREET.

NUMBER NINETEEN in our street is a gloomy house, with a blistered door and a cavernous step; with a hungry area and a desolate frontage. The windows are like prison-slips, only a trifle darker, and a good deal dirtier; and the kitchen-offices might stand proxies for the Black Hole of Calcutta, barring the company and the warmth. For as to company, black beetles, mice, and red ants, are all that are ever seen of animated nature there, and the thermometer rarely stands above freezing-point. Number Nineteen is a lodging-house, kept by a poor old maid, whose only friend is her cat, and whose only heirs will be the parish. With the outward world, excepting such as slowly filter through the rusty opening of the blistered door, Miss Rebecca Spong has long ceased to have dealings. She hangs a certain piece of cardboard, with 'Lodgings to Let,' printed in school-girl print, unconscious of straight lines, across it; and this act of public notification, coupled with anxious peepings over the blinds of the parlour front, is all the intercourse which she and the world of men hold together. Every now and then, indeed, a mangy cab may be seen driving up to her worn-out step; and dingy individuals of the kind who travel about with small square boxes, covered with marbled paper, and secured with knotted cords of different sizes, may be witnessed taking possession of Nineteen, in a melancholy and mysterious way. But even these visitations, unsatisfactory as most lodging-house keepers would consider them, are few and far between; for somehow the people who come and go never seem to have any friends or relations whereby Miss Spong may improve her 'connection.' You never see the postman stop at that desolate door; you never hear a visitor's knock on that rusty lion's head; no unnecessary traffic of social life ever takes place behind those dusty blinds; it might be the home of a select party of Trappists, or the favourite hiding-place of coiners, for all the sunshine of external humanity that is suffered to enter those interior recesses. If a murder had been committed in every room, from the attics to the cellar, a heavier spell of solitude and desolation could not rest on its floors.

One dreary afternoon in November, a cab stopped at Number Nineteen. It was a railway cab, less worn and ghastly than those vehicles in general, but not bringing much evidence of gaiety or wealth for all that. Its inmates were a widow and a boy of about fifteen; and all the possessions they had with them were contained in one trunk of very moderate dimensions, a cage with a canary bird twittering inside, some pots of flowers, and a little white rabbit, one of the comical 'lop-eared' kind. There was something very touching in these evidences of the fresh country life which they had left for the dull atmosphere and steaming fogs of the metropolis. They told a sad tale of old associations broken, and old loves forsworn; of days of comfort and prosperity exchanged for the dreariness of poverty; and freedom, love, and happiness, all snapped asunder for the leaden chain of suffering to be forged instead. One could not help thinking of all those two hapless people must have gone through before they could have summoned courage to leave their own dear village, where they had lived so many years in that local honourableness of the clergyman's family; throwing themselves out of the society which knew and loved them, that they might enter a harsh world, where they must make their own position, and earn their own living, unaided by sympathy, honour, or affection. They looked as if they themselves thought something of this too, when they took possession of the desolate second floor; and the widow sat down near her son, and taking his hand in hers, gave vent to a flood of tears, which ended by unmanning the boy as well. And then they shut up the window carefully, and nothing more was seen of them that night.

Mrs Lawson, the widow, was a mild, lady-like person, whose face bore the marks of recent affliction, and whose whole appearance and manners were those of a loving, gentle, unenergetic, and helpless woman, whom sorrow could well crush beyond all power of resistance. The boy was a tall, thin youth, with a hectic flush and a hollow cough, eyes bright and restless, and as manifestly nervous as his mother was the reverse in temperament—anxious and restless, and continually taxing his strength beyond its power, making himself seriously ill in his endeavours to save his beloved mother some small trouble. They seemed to be very tenderly attached one to the other, and to supply to each all that was wanting in each: the mother's gentleness soothing down her boy's excitability, and the boy's nervousness rousing the mother to exertion. They were interesting people—so lonely, apparently so unfit to 'rough it' in the world; the mother so gentle in temper, and the son so frail in constitution—two people who ought to have been protected from all ill and all cares, yet who had such a bitter cup to empty, such a harsh fate to fulfil.

They were very poor. The mother used to go out with a small basket on her arm, which could hold but scanty supplies for two full-grown people. Yet this was the only store they had; for no baker, no butcher, no milkman, grocer, or poulterer, ever stopped at the area gate of Miss Rebecca Spong; no purveyor of higher grade than a cat's-meat-man was ever seen to hand provisions into the depths of Number Nineteen's darkness. The old maid herself was poor; and she, too, used to do her marketing on the basket principle; carrying home, generally at night, odd scraps from the open stalls in Tottenham Court-Road, which she had picked up as bargains; and dividing equally between herself and her fagged servant-of-all-work the wretched meal which would not have been too ample for one. She therefore could not help her lodgers, and they all scrambled on over the desolate places of poverty as they best might. In general, tea, sugar, bread, a little rice, a little coffee as a change, a scrap of butter which no cow that ever yielded milk would have acknowledged—these were the usual items of Mrs Lawson's marketing, on which she and her young son were to be nourished. And on such poor fare as this was that pale boy expected to become a hearty man? The mother could not, did not expect it. Else why were the tears in her eyes so often as she returned? and why did she hang over her son, and caress him fondly, as if in deprecation, when she brought him his wretched meal, seeming to lament, to blame herself, too, that she had not been able to provide him anything better? Poor things! poor things!

Mrs Lawson seemed at last to get some employment. She had been seeking for it long—to judge by her frequent absences from home, and the weary look of disappointment she wore when she returned. But at last the opening was found, and she set to work in earnest. She used to go out early in the morning, and not return until late in the evening, and then she looked pale and tired, as one whose energies had been overtasked all the day; but she had found no gold-mine. The scanty meals were even scantier than before, and her shabby mourning was getting shabbier and duller. She was evidently hard-worked for very little pay; and their condition was not improved, only sustained by her exertions. Things seemed to be very bad with them altogether, and with little hope of amendment; for poor Mrs Lawson had been 'brought

up as a lady,' and so was doubly incapable—by education as well as by temperament—of gaining her own living. She was now employed, as daily governess in the family of a city tradesman—people, who though they were kindly-natured enough, had as much as they could do in keeping their own fortunes afloat without giving any substantial aid to others, and who had therefore engaged her at the lowest possible salary, such as was barely sufficient to keep her and her son from absolute want.

The boy had long been very busy. He used to sit by the window all the day, earnestly employed with paper and scissors; and I wondered what fascinating occupation he had found to chain him for so many hours by those chinks and draughts; for he was usually enveloped in shawls, and blankets were hung about his chair, and every tender precaution taken that he should not increase his sickness by exposure even to the ordinary changes in the temperature of a dwelling-room. But now, in spite of his terrible cough, in spite of his hurried breathing, he used to sit for hours on hours by the dusky window, cutting and cutting at that eternal paper, as if his very life depended on his task. But he used to gather up the cuttings carefully, and hide all out of sight before his mother came home—sometimes nearly caught before quite prepared, when he used to shew as much trepidation as if committing a crime.

This went on for some time, and at last he went out. It was fortunately a fine day—a clear, cold, January day; but he had no sooner breathed the brisk frosty air than a terrible fit of coughing seemed to threaten his frail existence. He did not turn back though; and I watched him slowly pass down the street, holding on by the rails, and every now and then stopping to take breath. I saw a policeman speak to him in a grave, compassionating way, as if—seeing that he was so young and feeble, and so much a stranger that he was asking his way to Oxford Street, while going in a totally contrary direction—he was advising him to go home, and to let some one else do his business—his father perhaps; but the boy only smiled, and shook his head in a hopeful way; and so he went from my sight, though not from my thoughts.

This continued daily, sometimes Herbert bringing home a small quantity of money, sometimes only disappointment; and these were terrible trials! At last, the mother was made acquainted with her son's new mode of life, by the treasured 5s. which the poor boy thrust into her hand one evening, with a strange shy pride that brought all the blood into his face, while he kissed her with impetuosity to smother her reproaches. She asked him how he had got so much money—so much! and then he told her how, self-taught, he had learned to cut out figures—dogs and landscapes—in coloured paper, which he had taken to the bazaars and stationers' shops, and there disposed of—for a mere trifle truly. 'For this kind of thing is not fashionable, mother, though I think the Queen likes them,' he said; 'and of course, if not fashionable, I could not get very much for them.' So he contented himself, and consoled her, for the small payment of sixpence or a shilling, which perhaps was all he could earn by three or four days' work.

The mother gently blamed him for his imprudence in exposing himself as he had done to the wet and cold—and, alas! these had told sadly on his weakened frame; but Herbert was so happy to-night, that she could not damp his pleasure, even for maternal love; so she reserved the lecture which *must* be given until to-morrow. And then his out-door expeditions were peremptorily forbidden; and Miss Spong was called up to strengthen the prohibition—which she did effectually by offering, in her little, quick, nervous way, to take Herbert's cuttings to the shops herself, and thus to spare him the necessity of doing so. Poor Mrs Lawson went up to the little woman, and kissed her cheek like a sister, as she spoke; while Miss Spong, so utterly unused as she had been for years to the smallest demonstration of affection, looked at first bewildered and aghast, and finally sank down on the chair in a childish fit of crying. I cannot say how much the sight of that poor little old maid's tears affected me! They seemed to speak of such long years of heart-loneliness—such loving impulses strangled by the chill hand of solitude—such weary familiarity with that deadness of life wherein no sympathy is bestowed, no love awakened—that I felt as one witnessing a dead man recalled to life, after all that made life pleasant had fled. What a sorrowful house that Number Nineteen was! From the desolate servant-of-all-work at her first place from the Foundling, to the half-starved German in the attics, every inmate of the house seemed to have nothing but the bitter bread of affliction to eat—nothing but the salt waters of despair to drink.

And now began another epoch in the Lawson history, which shed a sad but most beautiful light over the fading day of that young life.

A girl of about fourteen—she might have been a year or so younger—was once sent from one of the stationer's shops to conclude some bargain with the sick paper-cutter. I saw her slender figure bound up the desolate steps with the light tread of youth, as if she had been a divine being entering the home of human sorrow. She was one of those saintly children who are sometimes seen blooming like white roses, unstained by time or by contact. Her hair hung down her neck in long, loose curls, among which the sunlight seemed to have fairly lost itself, they were so golden bright; her eyes were large, and of that deep, dark gray which is so much more beautiful, because so much more intellectual, than any other colour eyes can take; her lips were fresh and youthful; and her figure had all that girlish grace of fourteen which combines the unconscious innocence of the child with the exquisite modesty of the maiden. She soon became the daily visitor of the Lawsons—pupil to Herbert.

The paper-cutting was not wholly laid aside though; in the early morning, and in the evening, and often late into the night, the thin, wan fingers were busy about their task; but the middle of the day was snatched like an hour of sleep in the midst of pain—garnered up like a fountain of sweet waters in the wilderness; for then it was that little Jessie came for her Latin lesson, which she used to learn so well, and take such pleasure in, and be doubly diligent about, because poor Herbert Lawson was ill, and vexation would do him harm. Does it seem strange that a stationer's daughter should be so lovely, and should learn Latin? And there those two children used to sit for three dear hours of the day; she, leaning over her book, her sweet young face bent on her task with a look of earnest intellectuality in it, that made her like some sainted maid of olden time; and he watching her every movement, and listening to every syllable, with a rapt interest such as only very early youth can feel. How happy he used to look! How his face would lighten up, as if an angel's wing had swept over it, when the two gentle taps at the door heralded young Jessie! How his boyish reverence, mixed with boyish care, gave his wasted features an expression almost unearthly, as he hung over her so protectingly, so tenderly, so adoringly! It was so different from a man's love! There was something so exquisitely pure and spiritual in it—something so reverential and so chivalrous—it would have been almost a sin to have had that love grow out into a man's strong passion! The flowers she brought him—and seldom did a day pass without a fresh supply of violets, and, when the weather was warmer, of primroses and cowslips, from her gentle hand—all these were cherished more than gold would have been cherished; the books she lent him were never from his side; if she touched one of the paltry ornaments on the chimney-piece, that ornament was

transferred to his own private table; and the chair she used was always kept apart, and sacred to her return.

It was very beautiful to watch all these manifestations: for I did watch them, first from my own window, then in the house, in the midst of the lonely family, comforting when I could not aid, and sharing in the griefs I could not lessen. Under the new influence, the boy gained such loveliness and spiritualism, that his face had an angelic character, which, though it made young Jessie feel a strange kind of loving awe for the sick boy, betokened to me, and to his mother, that his end was not far off.

He was now too weak to sit up, excepting for a small part of the day; and I feared that he would soon become too weak to teach, even in his gentle way, and with such a gentle pupil. But the Latin exercises still held their place; the books lying on the sofa instead of on the table, and Jessie sitting by him on a stool, where he could overlook her as she read: this was all the change; unless, indeed, that Jessie read aloud more than formerly, and not always out of a Latin book. Sometimes it was poetry, and sometimes it was the Bible that she read to him; and then he used to stop her, and pour forth such eloquent, such rapturous remarks on what he heard, that Jessie used to sit and watch him like a young angel holding converse with a spirit. She was beginning to love him very deeply in her innocent, girlish, unconscious way; and I used to see her bounding step grow sad and heavy as, day by day, her brother-like tutor seemed to be sinking from earth so fast.

Thus passed the winter, poor Mrs Lawson toiling painfully at her task, and Herbert falling into death in his; but with such happiness in his heart as made his sufferings divine delights, and his weakness, the holy strength of heaven.

He could do but little at his paper-cutting now, but still he persevered; and his toil was well repaid, too, when he gave his mother the scanty payment which he received at the end of the week, and felt that he had done his best—that he had helped her forward—that he was no longer an idler supported by her sorrow—but that he had braced the burden of labour on to his own shoulders also, weak as they were, and had taken his place, though dying, among the manful workers of the world. Jessie brought a small weekly contribution also, neatly sealed up in fair white paper; and of these crumpled scraps Herbert used to cut angels and cherubs' heads, which he would sit and look at for hours together; and then he would pray as if in a trance—so earnest and heartfelt was it—while tears of love, not grief, would stream down his face, as his lips moved in blessings on that young maiden child.

It came at last. He had fought against it long and bravely; but death is a hard adversary, and cannot be withstood, even by the strongest. It came, stealing over him like an evening cloud over a star—leaving him still beautiful, while blotting out his light—softening and purifying, while slowly obliterating his place. Day by day, his weakness increased; day by day, his pale hands grew paler, and his hollow cheek more wan. But the love in his boy's heart hung about his sick-bed as flowers that have an eternal fragrance from their birth.

Jessie was ever a daily visitor, though no longer now a scholar; and her presence had all the effect of religion on the boy—he was so calm, and still, and holy, while she was there. When she was gone, he was sometimes restless, though never peevish; but he would get nervous, and unable to fix his mind on anything, his sick head turning incessantly to the window, as if vainly watching for a shadowy hope, and his thin fingers plucking ceaselessly at his bed-clothes, in restless, weary, unsoothed sorrow. While she sat by him, her voice sounding like low music in his ears, and her hands wandering about him in a thousand offices of gentle comforting, he was like a child sinking softly to sleep—a soul striving upward to its home, beckoned on by the hands of the holier sister before it.

And thus he died—in the bright spring-time of the year, in the bright spring-time of his life. Love had been the cradle-song of his infancy, love was the requiem of his youth. His was no romantic fable, no heroic epic; adventures, passions, fame, made up none of its incidents; it was simply the history of a boy's manful struggling against fate—of the quiet heroism of endurance, compensated by inward satisfaction, if not by actual happiness.

True, his career was in the low-lying paths of humanity; but it was none the less beautiful and pure, for it is not deeds, it is their spirit, which makes men noble, or leaves them stained. Had Herbert Lawson been a warrior, statesman, hero, philosopher, he would have shewn no other nature than that which gladdened the heart of his widowed mother, and proved a life's instruction to Jessie Hamilton, in his small deeds of love and untaught words of faith in the solitude of that lodging-house. Brave, pure, noble then, his sphere only would have been enlarged, and with his sphere the weight and power of his character; but the spirit would have been the same, and in the dying child it was as beautiful as it would have been in the renowned philosopher.

We have given this simple story—simple in all its bearings—as an instance of how much real heroism is daily enacted, how much true morality daily cherished, under the most unfavourable conditions. A widow and her young son cast on the world without sufficient means of living—a brave boy battling against poverty and sickness combined, and doing his small endeavour with manful constancy—a dying youth, whose whole soul is penetrated with love, as with a divine song: all these are elements of true human interest, and these are circumstances to be found in every street of a crowded city. And to such as these is the divine mission of brotherly charity required; for though poverty may not be relieved by reason of our inability, suffering may always be lightened by our sympathy. It takes but a word of love, a glance of pity, a gentle kiss of affection—it takes but an hour of our day, a prayer at night, and we may walk through the sick world and the sorrowful as angels dropping balm and comfort on the wounded. The cup of such human love as this poured freely out will prove in truth 'twice blessed,' returning back to our own hearts the peace we have shed on others. Alas! alas! how thick the harvest and how few the reapers!

VISIT TO A SPOT CONNECTED WITH THE BIOGRAPHY OF BURNS.

Having occasion to spend a few days of the beautiful July of the present year in the lower part of Nithsdale, I felt tempted to bestow a forenoon upon an effort to discover and examine a particular spot in the district connected with the history of the poet Burns, but respecting which a doubt has till lately existed. The subject was the more excitingly placed before me, by my seeing every morning, from my bedroom windows, the smiling farmstead of Ellisland, which the poet built, and where he spent more than four years of his life. Daily beholding his simple home, and the fields he had tilled, I felt a revived interest in his sad history and everything associated with it.

All the readers of Burns are of course acquainted with his extravagant Bacchanalian lyric, beginning—

> O Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
> And Rab and Allan cam to prie;
> Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
> Ye wadna find in Christendie.

It was well known that the affair described was a real

one—that the Willie who gave the entertainment was Mr William Nicol, a master in the High School of Edinburgh—Rab, the poet himself—and Allan, a certain Mr Masterton, likewise of the Edinburgh High School: three merry-hearted men, of remarkable talents and many other good properties, but who, unfortunately, were all of them too liable to the seductions of the 'barley-bree.' That such was the scene, and such the actors, we had learned from Burns himself, who thus annotated the song in a musical collection: 'This air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.' That is to say, Burns undertook to compose a song descriptive of the merry encounter, while Mr Masterton, who was an amateur musician, should compose an appropriate air. So far there seems to be little obscurity about the matter. The locality pointed out is the well-known spa village of Moffat, situated among the hills of Annandale, about twenty miles from Ellisland. Nicol had had a lodging there, in which to enjoy his few weeks of autumn vacation; Burns and Masterton—the one from Ellisland, the other from Dalswinton—had journeyed thither in company; and there, probably in some small cottage room, had the strength of the peck o' maut been tried. Most likely, as Moffat is so far on the way from Dalswinton to Edinburgh, Mr Masterton would part with his two friends next day, and proceed on his way to the city, while Burns returned to his farm, lone-meditating on the song in which he was to make the frolic immortal.

With so explicit a statement from the poet, we never should have had occasion to feel any doubt about the circumstances referred to in 'Willie brewd a peck o' maut,' had not Dr Currie, the editor of the posthumous collection of Burns's works, inserted therein a note, stating that the merry-meeting 'took place at Laggan, a farm purchased by Mr Nicol in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of Burns.' Currie, proceeding upon the undoubted fact of Nicol having purchased such a farm, seems to have imagined that the meeting was what is called in Scotland a *house-heating*, or entertainment given to celebrate the entering upon a new domestic establishment, Laggan itself being of course the scene. To add to the perplexity thus created, Dr Currie's assumptions were taken up by a subsequent editor, who ought to have known better—the late Allan Cunningham. He gives the whole affair with daring circumstantiality. The song, he says, 'was composed to commemorate the *house-heating*—as entering upon possession of a new house is called in Scotland. William Nicol made the brewst strong and nappy; and Allan Masterton, then on a visit at Dalswinton, crossed the Nith, and, with the poet and his celebrated punch-bowl, reached Laggan "a wee before the sun gaed down." The sun, however, rose on their carousal, if the tradition of the land may be trusted.' Thus, as Laggan is on the right bank of the Nith, while Dalswinton is on the left, we have Masterton crossing the river to join Burns at Ellisland, which is the converse of the procedure necessary on the supposition of Moffat being the locality. A place called Laggan, about two miles from Ellisland, being further assumed as the seat of Nicol, we have the poet marching along to it bearing his punch-bowl as an essential of the frolic!—a particular which this biographer would have probably suppressed, if he had known that the real Laggan of William Nicol is eight or nine miles from Ellisland, in a part of the country naturally so difficult of access, that a visitor might be glad to get there himself without any such nice burden as a punch-bowl to carry.

In a more recent edition of the poet's life and writings—where at length an effort is made to illustrate both, by documentary and other exact evidence*—the affair is set in such a light as to throw a ludicrous commentary on such testimony as the 'tradition of the land.' It appears, from a letter of Burns in which two verses of the song are transcribed, that it was written before 16th October 1789; while it equally appears that Mr Nicol did not purchase Laggan till March 1790: *ergo*, the maut was not brewed at Laggan; Masterton did not cross the Nith; and the punch-bowl is a myth, which most likely originated in editorial fancy.

Laggan is, nevertheless, a remarkable place, for Burns and Nicol must have been there together in some fashion, if not a Bacchanalian one, since it was upon the recommendation of the former that the latter became its proprietor. There are, however, two Laggans—one in Dunscore parish, about two miles from Ellisland; the other in Glencairn parish, a comparatively remote situation; and the latter was the Laggan of Nicol. Mr M——, of A——, who now lives near Ellisland, remembers, while living in his father's house, Laggan of Dunscore—the place erroneously assumed by Cunningham—that Burns and Nicol came there rather late one evening, and induced his father to accompany them to the town of Minniehive, whence he did not return home till next day at three o'clock. Laggan of Glencairn being on the way to Minniehive, and near it, and there being no other imaginable reason for Nicol going to such an out-of-the-way place, it seems a very reasonable supposition, that the pair of friends were on their way to see the property which Nicol thought of purchasing; and that Burns, knowing Mr M—— to be well skilled in land, had thought of asking his advice on its value. The junior Mr M—— adds a reminiscence, too characteristic, we fear, to be much doubted, that Burns and Nicol on that occasion were for a whole week engaged in merry-making.

We had, therefore, a half-melancholy interest in seeing Laggan—a name, we felt, associated with reckless gaieties, but then they were the gaieties of genius, and well had they been moralised in the punishments which they drew down—for, as Currie remarks in 1799, these 'three merry boys' were already all of them under the turf. Our kind host, the successor of Masterton's, took us in his carriage across the Nith, through a scene of natural luxuriance and beauty not to be surpassed, and under a sun of as intense brilliancy as ever shone in these climes. Passing into a high side-valley, we soon left the glowing plains of Nithsdale behind. We passed under the farmstead of Laggan of Dunscore, and thought of Burns and Nicol coming there to seduce the worthy farmer away to partake of their festivities at Minniehive. By and by we came to Dunscore kirk, which Burns used to attend with his family while resident at Ellisland—a gloomy-looking man, the people thought him, all the time that he, with his generous, benevolent nature, was in reality groaning over the stern Calvinistic theology of the preacher. It is a tract of country which has but recently been reclaimed from a marshy and moorish state, and which still shews only partial traces of decoration and high culture. In a gloomy recess among the hills, we caught a glimpse of the situation of the old castle of Lagg, a fortalice surrounded by bogs, the ancient residence of the persecutor Grierson of Lagg, and fit scene to be connected with the history of a man who could coolly stand to see innocent women drowned at a stake in the sea for conscience' sake. The name of the place is pure Norwegian, expressing simply *water*, such being, no doubt, the predominating feature of the scenery in its original state—while Laggan merely gives the article *en* (the) in addition. Soon after passing Dunscore, we entered the valley of the Cairn,

* Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers. 4 vols. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

which, with its chalet-like farmhouses far up the slopes on both sides, reminded us much of Switzerland. Here, a few miles onward, we saw Maxwellton House, surrounded by those slopes so warmly spoken of in Scottish song—

> Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
> Where early fa's the dew;
> Where I and Annie Laurie,
> Made up the promise true, &c.

Of this estate, the Laggan of William Nicol was originally a part, being sold in 1790 by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, a gentleman whom Burns has celebrated in his famous poem of 'The Whistle.' Even in this splendid summer-day, the whole vale has a rude and triste appearance, somewhat at issue with the declaration of the old song just quoted, and not likely, one would have thought, to attract the regard of such men as William Nicol and Robert Burns.

We had inquired, as we came along, as to the place of which we were in quest; and finding nobody with a very clear or ready conception of it or its whereabouts, began to feel as if it were of a half-fabulous character. At length, however, at a place called Crossford, we were told we should have to leave our carriage and the road, and ascend the side of the valley to the northward, where, about a mile and a half onward, we should find a small farm called Laggan Park. This we hoped to find to be the true place. To walk a mile and a half up hill on a roasting July day was not a task to be encountered on light grounds; however, we had resolved to make out our point if possible. Behold a couple of wayfarers, then, pursuing their way along the skirts of turnip-fields, through slight coppices, and along various clayey braes, with this unseen place of Laggan Park still keeping wonderfully ahead, long after it ought to have been reached. We wondered how the Ayrshire bard would have looked carrying a punch-bowl along our present path, after a journey of eight miles similarly loaded; and whether he would have thought any amount of the 'barley bree' during 'the lee-lang night' a fair recompense for his toils. At length, we arrived at the spot, but in a state of deliquescence and exhaustion not to be described. It is a small farm-establishment, nestling in a bosom of the hills, with some shelter and good exposure, making up for elevation of position, so that its few fields of growing grain, of potatoes, and meadow grass, have a tolerably good appearance. Some patches of ancient coppice at the base of the barish hills behind, give it even a smiling aspect. The farmer, seeing us approach, left his people in the field, and came to greet us. We entered a neat clean room, and met a kind reception from 'the Mistress,' who was as trigly dressed as if she had been expecting company. It soon became clear from our conversation with the good couple, that our toils were crowned with success. This really had been Nicol's property; it still belonged to a member of his family. That line of gray heights seen from the door was what Burns alluded to when he facetiously dubbed his friend 'Illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills.' This cottage had been the retreat of the High School master in his hours of rustic vacation. There was a difficulty, which we discussed over a glass of most welcome spirits and water furnished by the farmer: Did this neat room form a part of the dwelling of Nicol? It appeared not. It was a modern addition. The original house, to which it adjoined upon a different level of flooring, was the merest hut, of one room, with a line of box-beds dividing the sitting-place from a small space, which, being rudely causewayed like a cow-house, had probably been employed in keeping animals of some kind. Such was the humble tugurium of Willie Nicol of the 'peck o' maut'—an interesting memorial of the simplicity of country life in Scotland at the close of the eighteenth century.

We did not venture to indulge in any dreamings as to festive meetings between Burns and Nicol in this humble shed; for we felt that here there was no certain ground to go upon. Enough that we could be assured of Burns and Nicol having been together here; two most singular examples of the peasant class of their country, and one of them an unapproached master of his country's lyre, whose strains have floated to the ends of the earth, and promise to last through many ages.

The elements of the place, and the ideas connected with it were, after all, too simple to detain us long. We only waited to snatch a slight pencil sketch of the house and its adjuncts; and then, having taken leave of the farmer and his wife, we retraced our steps to the road. Somewhat unexpectedly, and not at all in keeping with the idea of either Maxwellton braes or Laggan's many hills, we discovered in our walk that the rough terrace-like ground over which we had passed before coming in sight of Nicol's estate, was a *moraine*, or mass of *débris*, produced and left there by a glacier. Its surface, thickly covered with loose blocks of rock different from that of the district, first fixed our attention; then looking into some openings which had been made in the earth for building materials, we readily observed that the internal constitution of the mass was precisely like that of the moraines of the existing glaciers of the Alps, and of the similar masses of drift scattered over Sweden—a confused mixture of angular, slightly-worn blocks of all sizes, bedded in clayey gravel of a brown colour. Such objects are rare in Scotland; but here is undoubtedly one, though we cannot pretend to tell from what quarter it has come. The thing most nearly resembling it in general appearance, which we have ever seen, is an undoubted ancient moraine at a place called Mosshuus, in the Valley of the Laug, in Norway.

One reflection arises at the conclusion of this trivial investigation, and it is this—If so much doubt and obscurity have already settled on circumstances which took place scarcely beyond the recollection of living people, can we wonder at that which invests the events of a more remote epoch? If editors in our enlightened time have contrived so soon to give the history of Burns a mythical character, what safety have we in trusting to such ancient narrations as those of Plutarch or Thucydides? On the other hand, where even such a biography as that of Burns is placed by sound and carefully-examined evidence upon an irrefragable basis, a service is rendered to the public beyond the merits of any immediate question that may be under discussion, in the encouragement which it gives to historical inquirers of all grades, to rest satisfied with nothing on vague assertion, but to sift everything to the bottom.

ONE-SIDEDNESS.

> *Plantagenet.* The truth appears so naked on my side,
> That any purblind eye may find it out.
> *Somerset.* And on my side it is so well apparelled,
> So clear, so shining, and so evident,
> That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
> *First Part of Henry VI.*

HAVING made up our mind upon a question, probably by a delightfully curt process, how pleasant and natural it is to laugh sublimely at all dissentients! Poor creatures, those nonconformists are almost to be pardoned, so much does their impenetrable dulness amuse us! How they *can* have scrambled to a conclusion opposite to ours, is a problem so absurd that it tickles us amazingly.

Yet the formation of opinions is vastly dependent upon circumstances. Whang-shing is born in the Celestial Empire; and the chances are that the fellow will go the length of pinning his faith to Confucius. Yonder squalid urchin, turning out of Saffron Hill or some other sweet-scented purlieus, has been cradled on the ragged lap of professional mendicancy; and there is a strong probability that he will come to a

misunderstanding with the police one of these fine days. The mild-eyed priest who just passed you, was born and educated within the states of the church; and somehow or other he firmly believes in the Romanism you so hotly repudiate. The sallow-faced gentleman crossing the road, and exhibiting so wobegone an aspect, has always had a bad liver; and you will never persuade him to look on the bright side of life. While this bustling, vivacious personage, who approaches us with such a springy step, and rapid merry glance, has never known a day's illness—is indebted to hearsay for his belief in nerves—and is ready to challenge Europe to beat him at a hearty guffaw—*he* is perplexed by the shadow of a long face, marvels with all his might at a heavy eye, and cannot unriddle the philosophy of a bent brow. When shall we learn that the result of looking depends on the state of the eye—that the vision is modified by the position of the seer—that he who stands on one side, sees one side only? Says Wordsworth—

> We safely may affirm that human life
> Is either fair or tempting, a soft scene,
> Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
> Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view,
> *Even as the same is looked at, or approached.*

And the pastor of the *Excursion*, who is the spokesman, illustrates his doctrine by shewing that the church-yard among the mountains, in which he and his companions are standing, if approached from the sullen north, when 'in changeful April, fields are white with new-fallen snow,' and ere the sun has gained his noontide height, will appear an 'unillumined, blank, and dreary plain, with more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom saddening the heart;' whereas, if it be regarded from the quarter whence the lord of light dispenses his beams, '*then* will a vernal prospect greet your eye'—

> All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
> Hopeful and cheerful—vanished is the pall
> That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,
> Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain,
> To some, too lightly minded, might appear
> A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.

The same principle of mental optics is of universal application. We cannot ignore it without fatal results when studying history, science, art, human nature, or any conceivable object of inquiry. Thus, in forming our opinion of the actions of others, there is no more mischievous absurdity, it has been remarked, than to judge them from the outside as they look to us, instead of from the inside as they look to the actors; nothing more irrational than to criticise deeds as though the doers of them had the same hopes, fears, desires, and restraints with ourselves. 'We cannot understand another's character except by abandoning our own identity, and realising to ourselves his frame of mind, his want of knowledge, his hardships, temptations, and discouragements.' If we turn to history, we are reminded of Thomas Moore's lines—

> By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
> We fancy Charles was just, and Strafford mild;
> And Fox himself, with party pencil draws
> Monmouth a hero 'for the good old cause!'
> Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
> As French or English pride the tale repeats.

Thus, too, Macaulay remarks, that for many years every Whig historian was anxious to prove that the old English government was all but republican—every Tory, to prove it all but despotic. 'With such feelings, both parties looked into the chronology of the middle ages. Both readily found what they sought, and obstinately refused to see anything but what they sought.' Accordingly, to see only one-half of the evidence, you would conclude that the Plantagenets were as absolute as the sultans of Turkey; to see only the other half, you would conclude that they had as little real power as the Doges of Venice: and both conclusions would be equally remote from the truth.

Carlyle justly affirms, that if that man is a benefactor to the world who causes two ears of corn to grow where only one grew before, much more is he a benefactor who causes two truths to grow up together in harmony and mutual confirmation, where before only one stood solitary, and, on that side at least, intolerant and hostile. Every genius rides a winged horse; but all are apt to ride too fast. Plotinus, says Emerson, 'believes only in philosophers; Fénélon, in saints; Pindar and Byron, in poets. Read the haughty language in which Plato and the Platonists speak of all men who are not devoted to their own shining abstractions.' If genius is liable to such one-sidedness, the greater the need of educational correctives to common-place minds. Hence the overpursuit of any one subject may be hurtful, unless duly balanced by countervailing forces. As the author of *Friends in Council* says, a human being, like a tree, if it is to attain to perfect symmetry, must have light and air given to it from all quarters. This may be done without making men superficial—without sanctioning the dissipation of mere desultory reading. One or two great branches of science may be systematically prosecuted, and others used in a more supplementary and illustrative form. 'A number of one-sided men,' observes the same writer, 'may make a great nation, though I much incline to doubt that; but such a nation will not contain a number of great men.' With the advance of intelligence, advances a catholicism of literature, of taste, of humanity at large. Uncultured intellect, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' is ill at ease among the riches of variety in literary lore; it is satisfied with the little, because, as Menzel says, it knows not the great; it is content with one-sidedness, because it sees not the other sides. If critical *esprit de corps* has its advantages, it has its penalties also; potent within its self-imposed bounds, it is impotent outside of them. Longfellow reminds his brethren of the lyre, that whatever is best in the great poets of all countries, is not what is national in them, but what is universal: their roots are in their native soil, but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language to all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. 'Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction.'

Monomania is sometimes simply the exaggerated regard to one side of many-sided truth. It is not absolute, but only relative delusion. It is in its degree true; but by affecting to be the whole truth, it becomes untrue. Philosophic reflection shews, that if a man fasten his attention on a single aspect of truth, and apply himself to that alone for a long time, 'the truth becomes distorted, and not itself, but falsehood;' and may be compared to the air, which is our natural element, and the breath of our nostrils; 'but if a stream of the same be directed on the body for a time, it causes cold, fever, and even death.' 'How wearisome,' exclaims Emerson, 'the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or, indeed, any possessed mortal, whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic! It is *incipient insanity*.' The bore of society is constituted by his one-sidedness. His ear is deficient in the sense of harmony, and he deafens and disgusts you by harping on one string. The retired nabob holds you by the button, to hear his wearisome diatribes on Indian economics; the half-pay officer is too fluent on his worn-out recollections of the Peninsular War, and becomes savage if you broach a new theme, or move to adjourn the debate; the university pedant distracts you with his theories on

philology and scansion—with his amended translation of a hexameter in Persius, and his new reading of a line in Theocritus; the bagman is all for 'the shop;' the policeman is redolent of the 'lock-up house' and 'your wertchup;' the tailor is profoundly knowing on the 'sweating system;' the son of Crispin vows and protests there's 'nothing like leather.' All these *minus* signs have a tendency to cancel each other: and thus the equation of life is worked out. Society has been said to have at all times the same want—namely, of one sane man, with adequate powers of expression to hold up each object of monomania in its right relations. 'The ambitious and mercenary bring their last new Mumbo-Jumbo—whether tariff, railway, mesmerism, or California—and by detaching the object from its relations, easily succeed in making it seen in a glare, and a multitude go mad about it; and they are not to be reproved or cured by the opposite multitude, who are kept from this particular insanity by an equal frenzy on another crotchet. But let one man have the comprehensive eye that can replace this isolated prodigy in its right neighbourhood and bearings, and the illusion vanishes—the returning reason of the community thanks the reason of the monitor.' There is perhaps nothing which more urgently calls for such a controlling and overseeing mind, to curb eccentric excesses, and to restore equilibrium of action, than philanthropy itself. In the enthusiasm of its impulses, it thinks it can afford to sneer at political economy, and that it is right to wander at its own sweet will, benevolently defying the remonstrances of all who have a method to propound, a science to explain, a system to uphold. Though the heart be large, yet the mind—as Nathaniel Hawthorne somewhere observes—is often of such moderate dimensions, as to be exclusively filled up with one idea; and thus, when a good man has long devoted himself to a particular kind of beneficence, to one species of reform, he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy that there is no other good to be done on earth but that selfsame good to which he has put his hand, and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions. 'All else is worthless; his scheme must be wrought out by the united strength of the whole world's stock of love, or the world is no longer worthy of a position in the universe. Moreover, powerful truth, being the rich grape-juice expressed from the vineyard of the ages, has an intoxicating quality when imbibed by any but a powerful intellect, and often, as it were, impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups.' Even a saint with one idea may be a plague to his neighbourhood; and, by being canonised, may retard, not further, the progress of his church.

Let us own, however, that one-idea'd people are often amusing as well as mischievous—or rather, when not mischievous. The rapt devotion they pay to their *idola specûs* oscillates between the sublime and the ridiculous. We have all seen such people, and alternately admired and laughed at them. We have all witnessed or read pleasant illustrations of their doings. With one such illustration we conclude this discursive fragment. It is related by the witty author of *A Defence of Ignorance*, who introduces it in the course of an imaginary dialogue on one-sided university training, in which one of the speakers (at dessert) says to his companion: 'If you reach after that pear, without considering what stands against your elbows, you may empty a decanter over me. He who desires thoroughly to know one subject, should be possessed of so much intellectual geography as will enable him to see its true position in the universe of thought.' The allusion to upsetting a decanter reminds the other interlocutor of a story, which he proceeds to tell. A gentleman who carved a goose was inexpert; and thinking [illegible] of the stubborn joints that would not be [illegible], he totally forgot the gravy. Presently, the goose slipped off the dish, and escaped into his neighbour's lap. Now, to have thrown a hot goose on a lady's lap would disconcert most people, but the gentleman in question was *not* disconcerted. Turning round, with a bland smile, he said: 'I'll trouble you for that goose.' Here we have a sublime example of a man with one idea. This gentleman's idea was the goose; and in the absorbing interest attached to his undertaking, that he was to carve the goose, not altogether knowing how, he had shut out extraneous objects. Suddenly the goose was gone, but his eye followed it, his mind was wrapt up in his struggle with it; what did he know of that lady? 'I'll trouble you for that goose,' expressed the perfect abstraction of a mind bent on developing its one idea.

MR KIRBY THE NATURALIST.

The popular fame of Mr Kirby rests upon the *Introduction to Entomology*, a work (partly written by him) full of interesting facts respecting the economy of the insect world. Amongst the scientific, his reputation depends on a variety of elaborate papers which he wrote for learned societies on subjects connected with natural history. For sixty years previous to the conclusion of his long life in 1850, he had devoted the leisure of a parsonage to that delightful study, and being a diligent and accurate observer, and an elegant and entertaining writer, he had attained the highest rank amongst the British naturalists of his day. It appears, from a memoir just published,* that Mr Kirby was born in 1759, and settled in 1782 in the cure of Barham, near Ipswich, where he was ultimately rector, and which he only left for his last long-home sixty-eight years thereafter. In an age of sluggish theology, he was an earnest minister and zealous controversialist, all the time that he was cultivating a taste for natural objects. This is equally unexpected and creditable. And yet it does not appear that his personal conduct was characterised by anything like rigour, for, as an example, we find, from the journal of an entomological excursion in 1797, that it was commenced on a Sunday afternoon, and involved one other Sunday of constant travelling. A reference of the dates to an almanac enables us to establish this fact, so unlike the spirit of a zealous man in our times.

Of the sister sciences of nature, botany first attracted Mr Kirby's regards. 'This he pursued in no hasty or superficial manner, but with the greatest perseverance and research. It was not enough for him to know a plant by sight, and to ascertain its proper name, but he compared the minutest parts of inflorescence and fructification; he sought for the most trifling differences in those nearly allied, and studied with a keen but generous criticism the various theories of writers on the science, from the earliest age to the time of the immortal Linnè. Of every plant he met with, even to the daisy and primrose, the whole physiological structure was thoroughly investigated; he discovered, or rather observed, what it was which enabled some plants to endure great changes of temperature, while others perished—the formation which enabled some to live in water, while others flourished in the most dry and arid sands; he carefully marked the causes which combined to clothe even rocks with verdure, in consequence of the wonderful structure of the plants inhabiting them, enabling them to live as it were by the suction of their numerous mouths, rather than by nourishment transmitted by a root in contact with that which would refuse to yield the ordinary food of plants. And as he thus marked all these peculiar adaptations of plants to

* *Life of the Rev. William Kirby, M.A.* By John Freeman. 8vo, pp. 506. London: Longman & Co. [illegible]

their respective situations, his mind was by a constant train of thought directed from the beauty and wondrous mechanism of the creature, to contemplate the supreme and ineffable glory of the Creator.'

With a mind so predisposed and so fitted for the study of entomology, a casual occurrence of a trivial nature was sufficient to awaken and give it direction. 'Observing accidentally, one morning, a very beautiful golden bug creeping on the sill of my window, I took it up to examine it, and finding that its wings were of a more yellow hue than was common to my observation of these insects before, I was anxious carefully to examine any other of its peculiarities; and finding that it had twenty-two beautiful clear black spots upon its back, my captured animal was imprisoned in a bottle of gin, for the purpose, as I supposed, of killing him. On the following morning, anxious to pursue my observation, I took it again from the gin, and laid it on the window-sill to dry, thinking it dead; but the warmth of the sun very soon revived it: and hence commenced my further pursuit of this branch of natural history.'

A Dr Gwyn of Ipswich was his preceptor in this study. 'Though now in his seventy-fifth year, so much was the good old doctor interested in the pursuit of his friend, that he would frequently walk over to Barham, a distance of five miles, to see what had been the success of recent perambulations. The parsonage-house was then approached by a narrow wicket, with posts higher than the gate, and often, while working in his garden, or sitting in his parlour, Mr Kirby would look up and see, to his great delight, the shovel hat of his facetious friend adorning one post, and the cumbrous wig and appertaining pig-tail ornamenting the other. And soon the kind old man would walk in with his bald head, as he used to say, cool and ready for the investigation. These visits were always hailed with pleasure, the delights of which were still fresh in the memory of Mr Kirby, and would call forth expressions of affectionate gratitude, even when nearly half a century had elapsed, after his friend and Mæcenas, as he loved to call him, had gone to his rest.'

There seems no room to doubt, that his studies tended not merely to the happiness of Mr Kirby's life, but to its duration. It is at the same time abundantly evident, that much hard work was undergone. He carried on a most laborious correspondence with other naturalists, often extending a letter to the dimensions of a pamphlet: this altogether over and above his practical researches and his published writings. He took good-humoured views of most things, and was not easily put out of temper. A slight dash of absence of mind increased that quaintness of character so often found in zealous students. On an entomological excursion with two friends, Mr Marsham and Mr Macleay, it happened on their arriving at an old-fashioned wayside inn, that 'there was only one large room for them, with three beds in it. The arrangement having been made for the night, according to the custom of the time, three nightcaps were laid upon the dressing-table. Mr Kirby retired before his companions, and was soon sound asleep. Perceiving no caps ready for them, his friends inquired for what they considered the due appurtenances of the pillow: they were assured by the hostess that three nightcaps were laid upon the table, but they stoutly averred they had not seen them; the landlady no less stoutly maintaining her side of the question. What actually passed in her own mind did not transpire, but she appealed to the first gentleman as being the only one who could throw light upon the subject; when, lo and behold! as soon as his head appeared, in answer to the hasty summons, the three nightcaps appeared at the same time upon it, one being dragged over the other, much to the amusement not only of those present, but also of those who long after heard the tale.'

Another example of the pleasantries that sometimes enliven the path of the naturalist. It is related by Mr Spence, and refers to the time when that gentleman was engaged with Mr Kirby in preparing the work which has for ever combined their names. 'Mr (now Sir William J.) Hooker was at that time staying at Barham, and being desirous to have pointed out to him, and to gather with his own hands, a rare species of *Marchantia?* from its habitat, first discovered by Mr Kirby, near Nayland, some miles distant, it was agreed we three should walk thither, entomologising by the way, and after dinner proceed to the hedge-bank where it grew. Entering the head inn-yard on foot, with dusty shoes, and without other baggage than our insect-nets in our hands, we met with but a cool reception, which, however, visibly warmed as soon as we had desired to be shewn into the best dining-room, and had ordered a good dinner and wine. We intended to walk back in the evening, but as the bank where the *Marchantia?* grew was a mile or two out of the direct road, and it came on rain, we ordered out a postchaise, merely saying we wanted to drive a short way on a road which Mr Kirby indicated to the postilion.

'When we arrived at the gate of the field where the bank was, the rain had become very heavy; so, calling to the postilion to stop and open the door, we scampered out of the chaise, all laughing, and hastily telling him to wait there, without other explanation we climbed over the gate, and not to be long in the rain, set off running as fast as we could along the field-side of the hedge, to the bank we were looking for. We saw amazement in the face of our postilion at what possible motive could have made three guests of his master clamber pell-mell over a gate into a field that led nowhere, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, and then run away as if pursued; and it was the expression in his countenance which caused our mirth, which was increased to peals of merriment when we saw that, instead of waiting for us at the gate, as we had directed, he mounted his horses with all speed, and pushed on in a gallop along the road on the other side of the hedge, evidently to circumvent our nefarious plan (as he conceived) of bilking his master both of our dinners and the chaise-hire. When the cessation of our uncontrollable mirth had allowed us to gather specimens of our plant, perceiving through the hedge whereabouts we stopped, he also halted to watch our motions, and when he saw us run back, he obeyed our orders to return to the gate—where we got into the chaise, still in a roar of laughter at the whole affair, and at his awkward attempt to explain away his not having waited for us there, as we had directed, and evident high satisfaction at bringing back in triumph to our inn the three cheats whose intended plans he had so cleverly frustrated, as he no doubt told his master; to whom, being too much amused with the adventure, we did not make any explanation, but left it to form one of the traditions of the inn.'

When a man excels in anything, it must always be of some consequence to know what were his habits, and what external means he employed, in connection with his particular gift. Mr Spence says: 'There were two circumstances in Mr Kirby's study of insects, by which I was always forcibly struck on my visits to him at Barham. The first was the little parade of apparatus with which his extensive and valuable acquisitions were made. If going to any distance, he would put into his pocket a forceps-net and small water-net, with which to catch bees, flies, and aquatic insects; but, in general, I do not remember to have seen him use a net of any other description. His numerous captures of rare and new Coleoptera were mostly made by carefully searching for them in their haunts, from which—if trees, shrubs, or long grass, &c.—he would beat them with his walking-stick into a newspaper; and, collected in this way, he would bring home in a few small phials in his waistcoat pockets, and in a

moderate-sized collecting-box, after an afternoon's excursion, a booty often much richer than his companions had secured with their more elaborate apparatus. The second circumstance in Mr Kirby's study of insects,' to which I allude, was the deliberate and careful way in which he investigated the nomenclature of his species. Every author likely to have described them was consulted, their descriptions duly estimated; and it was only after thus coming to the decision that the insect before him had not been previously described, that he placed it in his cabinet under a new name. It was owing to this cautious mode of proceeding—which young entomologists would do well to follow—that he fell into so few errors, and rendered such solid service to the science; and a not less careful consideration was always exercised by him in the forming of new genera, and in his published descriptions of new species, as his admirable papers in the *Linnœan Transactions* amply testify.'

Considering how well Mr Kirby performed his professional duties, how much he did to advance his favourite science, and how greatly he contributed to the happiness of society within the sphere of his personal influence, his may truly be said to have been a *well-spent life*. On this account, Mr Freeman's memoir may be recommended to the notice of many who are not as yet conscious of the charms of entomology.

THE MODERN TARTAR.

The phrase, 'Catching a Tartar,' points to a peculiarity in Tartar-life, which, however correct historically, is not in keeping with the actual current state of the Mongol character. It implies something impetuous, stern, unyielding, relentless, and cruel; whereas the modern life of the children of the desert exhibits much that is simple, confiding, generous, and even chivalric. It is nothing to our discredit that we should have been so long in discovering these features in the great nomadic class of the day, because European barbarians are absolutely prohibited from visiting the desert places which are the scenes of their wanderings; and but for the enterprise of two Roman Catholic missionaries from France, we should probably have remained in ignorance for a much longer period. These gentlemen, however, have thrown a light on this subject, which is too remarkable to be passed over without notice. Messrs Gabet and Huc composed their work in 1846, but it has only recently been published in this country,* and its perusal cannot fail to modify many of our preconceived notions regarding Tartar life.

It will, for example, be admitted that, according to the hitherto popular acceptation of the character, Tartars were not exactly the sort of persons on whom practical jokes might be perpetrated with impunity. Read, however, the following anecdote:—While our two travellers were one day in their tents, two Tartar horsemen dashed up to the entrance, and threw themselves on the ground. 'Men of prayer,' said they with voices full of emotion, 'we come to ask you to draw our horoscope. We have this day had two horses stolen from us. We cannot find the robbers, and we come to you men of learning, to tell us where we shall find our property.'

'Brothers,' answered the missionaries, 'we are not lamas of Buddha, and do not believe in horoscopes. For a man to say that he can discover stolen goods by such means, is falsehood and deception.'

The horsemen entreated, but the priests were inflexible, and the disappointed Tartars mounted their steeds, and galloped off. It so happened that Samdadchiemba, the guide of the missionaries—a Christianised Oriental, but withal a very merry fellow—was present during this interview, but he sat drinking his tea without uttering a word. All on a sudden he knitted his brows, rose, and came to the door. The horsemen were at some distance; but the *dchiahour*, by an exertion of his strong lungs, induced them to turn round in their saddles. He motioned to them, and they, thinking that the horoscope was to be given, galloped once more to the tent. 'My Mongol brothers,' said Samdadchiemba, 'in future be more careful: watch your herds well, and you won't be robbed. Retain these words of mine in your memory: they are worth all the horoscopes in the world.'

Samdad—the reader will perhaps thank us for the abbreviation—gravely returned to the tent; and the Tartars did not dismount and whip him, as two horsemen of any other nation under the sun would have done, but quietly resumed their journey. It appeared that Samdad had once acted as diviner on a similar occasion. The missing valuable was a bull, and the sage having called for eleven stones, counted, arranged and rearranged them with great gravity, and then appeared to meditate. 'If you would find your bull, go seek him in the north,' said the magician; and without querulously inquiring, like Shakspeare's Richard, what Taurus did in that region, the Mongols pursued a northern course, and by mere chance actually discovered the animal. Samdad was entertained for a week, and took his departure laden with butter and tea. He hinted his regret that 'his attachment to Mother Church' prevented him from playing the soothsayer to the two horsemen.

A peculiarity in Tartar manners, regarding stolen horses when abstracted near caravans, is likely to prove of more service than casting horoscopes. Some time after the occurrence mentioned, the missionaries lost a horse and mule. 'We each mounted a camel, and made a circuit in search of the animals. Our search being futile, we resolved to proceed to the Mongol encampment, and inform them that our loss had taken place near their habitation. *By a law among the Tartars*, when animals are lost from a caravan, the persons occupying the nearest encampment are bound either to find them or replace them. . . . . This it is which has contributed to render the Mongols so skilful in tracking. A mere glance at the slight traces left by an animal on the grass, suffices to inform the Mongol pursuer how long it is since it passed, and whether or not it bore a rider; and the track once found, they follow it throughout all its meanderings, however complicated.

'We had no sooner explained our loss to the Mongol chief, than he said to us cheerfully: "Sirs Lamas, do not permit sorrow to invade your hearts. Your animals cannot be lost; in these plains there are neither robbers nor associates of robbers. I will send in quest of your horses. If we do not find them, you may select what others you please in their place from our herd. We would have you leave this place as happy as you came to it."' Eight horses darted off in pursuit; the missionaries were invited to take tea in the interim, and in two hours the strayed cattle were recovered. We should like to know in what other country travellers would be so treated?

Regal personages in these regions observe the characteristic simple manners of the country. Our pilgrims were pursuing their solitary way, when the tramping of many horses and the sound of many voices disturbed the silence of the desert. A large caravan belonging to the queen of Mourguevan overtook them, and a mandarin addressed them.

'Sirs, where is your country?'

'We come from the west.'

'Through what districts have your beneficial shadows passed?'

* Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, during the years 1844-5-6. By M. Huc. Translated by W. Hazlitt. London. (National Illustrated Library.)

'We have come from Tolen Noor.'

'Has peace accompanied your progress?'

'Hitherto we have journeyed in all tranquillity. And you—are you at peace, and what is your country?'

'We are Khalkhas of the kingdom of Mourguevan.'

After some other Oriental queries and answers, her majesty comes up. The cavalcade halted, and the camels formed into a semicircle, the centre being occupied by a close four-wheeled carriage. Two mandarins, 'decorated with the blue button,' opened the door, and handed out the queen, who was attired in a long silk robe.

'Sirs Lamas,' said she, raising her hands, 'is this place auspicious for an encampment?'

'Royal pilgrim of Mourguevan,' said we, 'you may light your fires here in all security. For ourselves, we must proceed on our way, for the sun was already high when we folded our tent.'

The Tartars are divided into two grand classes—lamas and laymen. The former act as priests, lawyers, physicians, painters, decorators, &c., and in fact monopolise every learned and liberal art and profession. Of course, they are held in high repute; and our travellers having, like Joseph Wolff, adopted sacerdotal costume, they were everywhere received with the honours and respect awarded to the indigenous clergy. It will duly appear, from subsequent illustrations, that mere ecclesiasticism did not secure the hospitality and kindness which they experienced at all hands; but even after making allowance for the national devotion to the cloth, the attentions shewed by the Mongols are often marked by a delicate sense of the hospitable. On one occasion, M. Huc and his companions encountered an unusual storm of rain and wind. After travelling several weary miles, Samdad contrived to erect the tent in a place that, for the locality, was tolerable, but no more. 'My spiritual fathers,' observed the guide, 'I told you we should not die to-day of thirst, but I am not at all sure that we don't run some risk of dying of hunger.' In point of fact, there seemed no possibility of making a fire. There was not a tree, not a shrub, not a root to be seen. As to argols, the rain had long since reduced that combustible of the desert to a liquid pulp. The pilgrims were about to partake of the primitive fare of meal steeped in cold water—a cheerless beverage to three men drenched to the skin—when at the critical juncture up came two Tartars.

'Sirs Lamas, this day the heavens have fallen. You doubtless have been unable to make a fire.'

'Alas! how should we make a fire? we have no argols.'

'Men are all brothers, and belong to each other; but laymen should honour and serve the holy ones: therefore it is that we have come to make a fire for you.'

The fire soon blazed and crackled, and a hot repast speedily rejoiced the jaded frames of the two priests and the imp Samdad.

The domiciliary hospitalities of the Tartars are frank and artless, forming a marked contrast to the formal reception of strangers among the Chinese. 'On entering, you give the word of peace, *amor* or *mendon*, to the company generally. You then seat yourself on the right of the head of the family, whom you find squatting on the floor opposite the entrance. Next, everybody takes from a purse, suspended at his girdle, a little snuff-bottle, and mutual pinches accompany such phrases as these: "Is the pasturage with you rich and abundant?" "Are your herds in fine condition?" "Did you travel in peace?" "Does tranquillity prevail?" The mistress then silently holds out her hand to the visitor. He as silently takes from his breast-pocket a small wooden bowl, the indispensable *vade mecum* of all Tartars, and presents it to the hostess, who fills it with tea and milk, and returns it.' In higher families, a table is spread with butter, oatmeal, millet, cheese, all in small boxes of polished wood; and these luxuries are all mixed in the everlasting tea. Amongst the uppermost aristocratic classes, fermented milk is proffered; but Europeans would perhaps regard this liquor as more honoured by being set aside than indulged in.

We now proceed to exhibit some traits of Tartar character, as developed in their intercourse with their Asiatic brethren. As usual, a horseman overtakes or meets the travellers; and after the customary salutations, the missionaries inquired why he and his brethren did not cultivate corn, instead of allowing every field to run to grass.

'We Mongols,' replied this stranger, 'are formed for living in tents, and pasturing cattle. So long as we kept to that in the kingdom of Gechekten, we were rich and happy. Now, ever since the Mongols have set themselves to cultivating the land, and building houses, they have become poor. The *Kitats* (Chinese) have taken possession of the country: flocks, herds, lands, houses—all have passed into their hands. There remain to us only a few prairies, on which still live under their tents such of the Mongols as have not been forced by utter destitution to emigrate to other lands.'

'But if the Chinese are so baneful to you, why did you allow them to penetrate into your country?'

'We took pity on these wicked Kitats, who came to us weeping, to solicit our charity. We allowed them, through pure compassion, to cultivate a few patches of land. The Mongols insensibly followed their example, and abandoned the nomadic life. They drank the wine of the Kitats, and smoked their tobacco on credit; they bought their manufactures on credit, at double the real value. When the day of payment came, there was no money ready, and the Mongols had to yield to the violence of their creditors houses, lands, flocks, everything.'

'But could you not seek justice from the tribunals?'

'Justice from the tribunals! That is out of the question. The Kitats are skilful to talk and to lie. It is impossible for a Mongol to gain a suit against a Kitat. Sirs Lamas, the kingdom of Gechekten is undone!'

After-experience amply corroborated the truth of these statements. 'The commercial intercourse between the Tartars and the Chinese is revoltingly iniquitous on the part of the latter. So soon as the Mongols arrive in a trading town, they are snapped up by some Chinese, who carry them off, as it were, by main force to their houses, give them tea for themselves, and forage for their horses, and cajole them in every conceivable way. The Mongols take all they hear to be perfectly genuine, and congratulate themselves—conscious, as they are, of their inaptitude for business—upon their good-fortune in thus meeting with brothers *Ahaton*, as they say, in whom they can place full confidence, and who will undertake to manage their whole business for them. A good dinner, provided in the back-shop, completes the illusion—and when once the Chinese has established his hold, he employs all the resources of a skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery. He keeps his victim in his house, eating, drinking, and smoking one day after another, until his subordinates have sold all the poor man's cattle, or whatever else he has to sell, and bought for him in return the commodities he requires, at prices double and treble the market value. But so plausible is the Chinese, and so simple is the Tartar, that the latter invariably departs with the most entire confidence in the immense philanthropy of the former, and with a promise to return, when he has other goods to sell, to the establishment where he has been treated so fraternally.'

The missionaries were themselves mistaken for Tartars when they visited the 'Blue Town,' and every kind of imposition was attempted to be prac-

tised on them. The hotel scouts assailed them at their first entry, and almost compelled them, by physical force, to become their guests; shopkeepers cozened on all hands; and even bankers condescended to cheat. Messrs Gabet and Huc wished to exchange silver for Chinese coin current. The Tartars can weigh, but cannot calculate, and accordingly the bank-teller of Blue Town, after gravely consulting his *souan-pan* (exchange-table), announced the value to be about a thousand *sapeks* less than it should have been. The missionaries remonstrated, and a colleague was called in to check the sum, but he, with due gravity, declared that the first was right. A bystander interfered, and declared in favour of the strangers. 'Sirs Lamas,' said the banker, 'your mathematics are better than mine.' 'Oh, not at all,' replied we, with a profound bow; 'your souan-pan is excellent; but who ever heard of a calculator always exempt from error?' These phrases were, it seems, rigorously required under the circumstances by Chinese politeness. Whenever any person in China is compromised by any awkward incident, those present always carefully refrain from any observation which may make him blush, or, as the Chinese call it, take away his face. A further proof of Chinese cupidity was afforded by the admission of a gentleman, whom we may take the liberty of denominating an Oriental bagman. This worthy arrived at an inn after our travellers had secured all the accommodation.

'Peace and happiness unto you, Sirs Lamas; do you need the whole of your room, or can you accommodate me?'

'Why not? We are all brothers, and should serve each other.'

'Words of excellence! You are Tartars, I am Chinese; yet comprehending the claims of hospitality, you act upon the truth that all men are brothers.'

'Whither are you bound? Are you going to buy up salt or catsup for some Chinese company?'

'No; I represent a great commercial house at Peking, and I am collecting some debts from the Tartars. . . . You, like myself, are Tartar-eaters—you eat them by prayers, I by commerce. And why not? The Mongols are poor simpletons, and we may as well get their money as anybody else. . . . Oh, we devour them; we pick them clean! Whatever they see, when they come into our towns, they want; and when we know who they are, and where we can find them, we let them have goods upon credit of course at a considerable advance upon the price, and upon interest at 30 and 40 per cent., which is quite right and necessary. In China, the emperor's laws do not allow this; it is only done with the Tartars. Well, they don't pay the money, and the interest goes on until there is a good sum owing, worth the coming for. When we come for it, we take all the cattle and sheep and horses we can get hold of for the interest, and leave the capital debt and future interest to be paid next time, and so it goes on from one generation to another. Oh, a Tartar debt is a gold-mine!'

The yearly settlement of accounts amongst the Chinese furnishes another curious chapter in their commercial life. Bills are made up to the last few days of the year, 'and every Chinese being at once debtor and creditor, every Chinese is hunting his debtors and hunted by his creditors. He who returns from his neighbour's house, which he has been throwing into utter confusion by his clamorous demands for what the neighbour owes him, finds his own house turned inside out by an uproarious creditor; and so the thing goes round. The whole town is a scene of vociferation, disputation, and fighting. On the last day of the year, disorder attains its height; people rush in all directions with anything they can scratch together to raise money upon at the broker's or pawnbroker's—the shops of which tradesmen are absolutely besieged throughout the day with profferers of clothes, bedding, furniture, cooking utensils, and movables of every description. Those who have already cleared their houses in this way, and yet have not satisfied the demands upon them, post off to their relations and friends, to borrow something or other, which they vow shall be returned immediately, but which immediately takes its way to the *tang-pon* or pawnbroker's. This species of anarchy continues till midnight, then calm resumes its sway. No one, after the twelfth hour has struck, can claim a debt, or even make the slightest allusion to it. You now only hear the words of peace and good-will; everybody fraternises with everybody. Those who were just before on the point of twisting their neighbour's neck, now twine their friendly arms about it.'

Tartar warriors and Tartar robbers are also peculiar of their kind. The warrior presents a curious combination of the national simplicity with the spirit of the ancient Gascon. Two of those military gentlemen gave a singular account of the war with the *Rebels of the South*, as the English are designated. They belonged to the Eight Banners, or army of reserve—and stated, that when at war the grand-master (the emperor of China) first sent the Kitats against the enemy; next the banners of the Solon country are set in motion; and if they fail, then 'we (the Tchakars) take the field, and the mere sound of our march suffices to reduce the rebels to subjection!' In the English war, the first two classes availed not, and then came the turn of the sacred order. 'The Kitats told us everywhere that we were marching upon certain and unavailing death. "What can you do against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish: when you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl the fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs."' The third class was not to be intimidated; the lamas had opened the *Book of Celestial Secrets*, and predicted victory; and on they marched, till met with the intelligence that the rebels, hearing of the approach of this invincible legion, had sued for and obtained peace!

The robbers of this extraordinary territory are also entitled to claim credit for their share of eccentricity. 'They are extremely polite; they do not rudely clap a pistol to your ear, and bawl at you: "Your money or your life!" No; they mildly advance with a courteous salutation: "Venerable elder brother, I am on foot; pray lend me your horse. I've got no money; be good enough to lend me your purse. It's quite cold to-day; oblige me with the loan of your coat." If the venerable elder brother charitably complies, the matter ends with: "Thanks, brother!" but otherwise, the request is forthwith emphasised with the arguments of a cudgel; and if these do not convince, recourse is had to the sabre.'

As a matter of course, Chinese thieves belong in contrast to the species of which the 'Artful Dodger' may be regarded as the type. The *modus operandi* of Eastern appropriators is this: 'Two of them, associated together for the purpose, hawk about various articles of merchandise—boots, skin-coats, bricks of tea, and what not. They offer these for sale to travellers. While one of them engages the attention of the destined victim by displaying his goods and bargaining, the other ferrets about, and pockets whatever he can lay his hands on. These rascals have inconceivable skill in counting your sapeks for you, in such a way as to finger fifty or one hundred of them without your having the slightest notion as to what is going on. One day, two of these little thieves came to offer for our purchase a pair of leathern boots. Excellent boots, said they—boots such as we would not find in any shop in the whole town; boots that would keep out the rain for days; and as to cheapness, perfectly unexampled. If we missed this opportunity, we should never have such another. Only just before, they had

been offered 1200 sapeks for them! As we did not want boots, we replied that we could not have them at any price. Thereupon the acting merchant assumed a lofty tone of generosity. We were foreigners, we should have them for 1000 sapeks, 900, 800, 700. "Well," said we, "we certainly don't want any boots just now; yet doubtless, as you say, these are very cheap, and it will be worth while to buy them as a reserve." The bargain was accordingly concluded; we took our purse and counted out 700 sapeks to the merchant, who counted them over himself, under our very eyes, pronounced the amount correct, and once more laid the coin before us. He then called out to his companion, who was poking about in the court-yard: "Here, I have sold these capital boots for 700 sapeks." "Nonsense," cried the other; "700 sapeks! I won't hear of such a thing!" "Very well," said we; "come, take your boots, and be off with you!" He was off, and so quickly, that we thought it expedient to count our sapeks once more: there were 150 of them gone; and that was not all. While one of these rascals had been pocketing our money under our very nose, the other had bagged two great iron pins that we had driven into the court-yard for the purpose of our camels. Therefore, we took a resolution, better late than never, to admit in future no merchant whatever into our room.'

We cannot sufficiently regret, that two travellers who have furnished us with such interesting accounts of territories comparatively so little unexplored, should, after a brief sojourn, have been compelled to quit the scene of their labours. After eighteen months' travel, Messrs Huc and Gabet arrived at the Thibetian town of Lha-Ssa, where, under the protection of the local authorities, they remained unmolested for several weeks; but their presence excited the jealousy of Ki-Chan, the deputy of the emperor of China, and at his instigation the nomekhan of Lha-Ssa ordered them to quit. They ultimately settled at Macao in 1846, and there compiled the narrative from which we have been quoting.

A DAINTY DISH.

Among the variety of curious insects which are common to tropical climates, the groogroo worms of the West Indies may be considered particularly interesting. From the peculiar manner in which they are produced, and from the circumstance of their constituting a choice article of food for man, they become entitled to some attention.

The groogroo worm—so called because it is found in a species of palm vulgarly called the groogroo—is the larva of a large-sized beetle, the *Prionus*, which is peculiar to the warm latitudes of America. With the exception of a slight similarity about the region of the head, the worm bears no resemblance to the parent beetle. When full-grown, it is about 3½ inches in length, having the body large and turgid, and increasing in circumference from the head towards the opposite extremity. The head is of a corneous, opaque substance. It has neither eyes nor the rudiments of the antennæ which distinguish the beetle tribe. It is, however, provided with the mandibles and other oral apparatus of the mandibulate group of insects, and it is only in this feature that any connection with the beetle can be traced. The trunk is precisely that of a worm; it consists of many closely-knitted segments, which are possessed of an extraordinary contractile power. It bears no mark which would indicate a future metamorphosis into a beetle. There is no sign of a future division into thorax and abdomen. There are no rudiments of wings or feet, as the under surface of the body presents exactly the same appearances as the upper. At the posterior extremity of the worm, however, there is a small horny termination, something like the hinder part of a leech. The organs are exceedingly simple, the digestive being the most developed. Albumen is the substance which composes its body, and its blood is of a greenish tint. With a motion similar to that of the earthworm, it perforates with extraordinary rapidity into the substance of the tree in which it is found.

When the moon is at her full, the gatherer of worms enters a neighbouring wood, and selects a young *palmiste* tree. This is a tree of the palm order, exceedingly stately and graceful, growing sometimes to the extraordinary height of eighty feet. From the roots upwards, it has not a single branch or shrubby excrescence, but grows beautifully smooth and straight, tapering towards the top. At its top, an abundance of the richest and most beautiful leaves spread out in grateful symmetry, and bend down on all sides, forming a figure like an umbrella; while the young leaf, still firm and compact in its foliar envelope, is seen standing erect in the centre of this foliage, like a lightning-conductor.

When a promising palmiste is found, the gatherer makes an incision into it with a cutlass or a hatchet. This incision is generally in the figure of a half-moon, with the base of the semicircle downwards, and the wound increasing in depth in that direction, so as to expose effectually the flesh of the tree. When this is done, the gatherer marks the locality, and leaves the tree, which he does not revisit for a considerable time. When the moon is in her wane, he returns and examines his palmiste. If the young leaf, together with the others, begins to shew a yellow tinge at its extremity, and if, on application of his ear to the trunk, a hollow, rumbling noise is heard within, he concludes that the worms have attacked the vital parts, and the tree is immediately cut down; but if these symptoms are absent, the tree is left standing until they appear. The gatherer, however, must now visit the tree frequently, because the transition of the insects is so rapid, that almost immediately after the appearance of the yellow tinge the whole would disappear. When the tree is felled, a square portion of the bark is cut out longitudinally from the original incision upwards, and its fibrous texture laid open. Myriads of worms are then seen voraciously devouring their way through the substance. In capturing them some degree of dexterity is necessary, both to protect one's self from the mandibles of the insects, which inflict a painful bite, and also to save time, by preventing them from burrowing out of sight. When the worms are taken, they are placed into a close vessel, where they continue to retain their activity and vigour.

The number that can be procured from a single tree, depends altogether upon the season in which it is wounded. If the moon is at her full, they are generally numerous and good—many thousands being found in an ordinary young tree of 25 feet in height. If a few succeed in eluding the gatherer, they do so only to become a prey of as voracious animals, for the wild hogs, or *quencos*, of the forest relish much the soft substance of the palmiste when in a state of decomposition. It never happens, therefore, that much time passes before they discover any palmiste-tree that has been felled; and as soon as night sets in, they flock in numbers to the spot and devour the whole substance. A gathering of worms, therefore, brings a hunt of quencos; and the gatherer, when his first business is over, chooses a convenient tree, where he places himself in ambush. Seated on a cross branch, he awaits the coming of the animals.

It is difficult to form an idea of the peculiar excitement of this midnight sport in the thick woods of a tropical country. The usual stillness of the night, and the solitude of the wilderness—the croaking of the night-birds, the movement of every leaf, animated as it is by the myriads of nocturnal insects that fill

the atmosphere — the brilliant and fleeting fire-flies traversing the gloom—the strange animals wandering in their nightly prowlings—the approach of the grunting hogs, and the incidents of the hunt: all these things, combined with the idea of isolation when a man finds himself alone in the wilds of a scarcely pervious forest, create an inexpressible feeling of mingled fear, pleasure, and anxiety.

Before the worms are cooked, they are, each in its turn, carefully pricked with an orange-thorn, and thrown into a vessel containing a sauce of lime-juice and salt. This is for the purpose of cleansing them from the viscid fluids they may have imbibed from the palmiste. Notwithstanding this discipline, the worms retain their vitality till they are deprived of it by the culinary process. The simpler mode of dressing them is to spit a number together on a piece of stick or a long orange-thorn, and roast them before the fire in their own fat. The general mode, however, is by frying them with or without a sauce, and when dressed in this manner, they form a most savoury dish.

Groogroo worms are considered great delicacies in some parts of the West Indies, chiefly in those whose inhabitants are of French or Spanish origin. The good old planter at his table presents you with a dish of worms, with as much pride as an epicure in England introduces you to cod-sounds, eels, or high venison. Nor does it appear that there is any peculiarity in the taste of those who relish the insects; because it very frequently happens, that the stranger, who manifested on his arrival the greatest disgust at the idea of eating worms, becomes immediately converted into an extravagant lover of them.

It may appear strange, that in the tropics, especially, where nature provides so abundantly for the wants of man, such creatures should be resorted to as articles of consumption; but while we on this side of the Atlantic are shocked at the idea of eating worms, the West Indian consumer in his turn expresses surprise that human beings can use things which resemble snakes so much as eels, and pronounces it to be the height of uncleanness to eat frogs, as some of the continentals do. Indeed, the groogroo worm is by no means more repulsive in appearance than any of the other unprepossessing creatures which are so highly prized. It would be a difficult matter to decide on the merits of the many extraordinary things which the taste of man, in its morbid cravings, has discovered and converted into luxurious use; and the philosopher finds himself at last driven to take shelter from his own unanswerable inquiries behind the concluding power of that most true, but somewhat musty proverb: 'De gustibus non est disputandum.'

GRATITUDE OF THE COUNTRY FOR STEAM COMMUNICATION.

Mr Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, who first experimented in the application of steam to navigation, never received any mark of gratitude from his country; his family, though long in comparatively reduced circumstances, remain to this day equally without requital on that account. Henry Bell, who, taking his ideas from Mr Miller's experimental boat, first set a steam-vessel afloat in this country, spent his latter years in poverty, from which he was rescued only a short time before his death by a small pension from the Clyde Trustees. Mr Thomas Gray, whose Observations on Railways, published about thirty years ago, may be said to have given origin and impulse to our present railway system, by which three hundred millions have been expended, died in poverty, to which he had been reduced by his exertions in the cause; his widow and children are at this day in that state, without any public acknowledgment of his services to the country; and his son has lately applied to nearly every railway company in the kingdom for a situation, but in vain. Beyond a pension of L.50 a year to the widow of Mr James Taylor, who prompted Mr Miller to try his experiments, we are not aware of a single penny having been expended by the country in requiting the services, or compensating the losses, of individuals in respect of steam communications of any kind.

A DREAM OF RESURRECTION.

So heavenly beautiful it lay,
It was less like a human corse
Than that fair shape in which perforce
A dead hope clothes itself alway.

The dream shewed very plain: the bed
Where that known unknown face reposed—
A woman's face with eyelids closed,
A something precious that was dead:

A something, lost on this side life,
By which the mourner came and stood,
And laid down, ne'er to be renewed,
All glittering robes of earthly strife;—

Shred off, like votive locks of hair,
Youth's ornaments of joy and strength,
And cast them in their golden length
The silence of that bier to share.

No tears fell—but a gaze, fixed, long,
That memory might print the face
On the heart's ever-vacant space
With a sun-finger, sharp and strong.

Then kisses, dropping without sound;
And solemn arms wound round the dead;
And lifting from the natural bed
Into the coffin's strange new bound;

Yet still no parting—no belief
In death; no more than we believe
In some dread falsehood that would weave
The world in one black shroud of grief.

And still, unanswered kisses; still,
Warm clingings to the image cold,
With an impossible faith's close fold,
Creative, through its fierce '*I will.*'

Hush, hush! the marble eyelids move;
The kissed lips quiver into breath;
Avaunt, thou ghastly-seeming Death!
Avaunt! We are conquerors—I and Love!

Corse of dead hope, awake, arise!
A living hope, that only slept
Until the tears thus overwept
Had washed the blindness from our eyes.

Come back into the upper day!
Dash off those cerements! Patient shroud,
We'll wrap thee as a garment proud
Round the bright shape we thought was clay.

Clasp, arms! Cling, soul! Eyes, drink anew,
Like pilgrims at a living spring!
Faith, that out-loved this perishing,
May see this resurrection too.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High-Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & CO., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 452. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE BETROTHAL.

FRANCES SEYMOUR had been left an orphan and an heiress very early in life. Her mother had died in giving birth to a second child, which did not survive its parent, so that Frances had neither brother nor sister; and her father, an officer of rank and merit, was killed at Waterloo. When this sad news reached England, the child was spending her vacation with Mrs Wentworth, a sister of Mrs Seymour, and henceforth this lady's house became her home; partly, because there was no other relative to claim her, and partly, because amongst Colonel Seymour's papers, a letter was found, addressed to Mrs Wentworth, requesting that, if he fell in the impending conflict, she would take charge of his daughter. In making this request, it is probable that Colonel Seymour was more influenced by necessity than choice; Mrs Wentworth being a gay woman of the world, who was not likely to bestow much thought or care upon her niece, whom she received under her roof without unwillingness, but without affection. Had Frances been poor, she would have felt her a burden; but as she was rich, there was some éclat and no inconvenience in undertaking the office of her guardian and chaperone—the rather as she had no daughters of her own with whom Frances's beauty or wealth could interfere; for as the young heiress grew into womanhood, the charms of her person were quite remarkable enough to have excited the jealousy of her cousins, if she had had any; or to make her own fortune, if she had not possessed one already. She was, moreover, extremely accomplished, good-tempered, cheerful, and altogether what is called a very nice girl; but of course she had her fault like other people: she was too fond of admiration—a fault that had been very much encouraged at the school where she had been educated; beauty and wealth, especially when combined, being generally extremely popular at such establishments. As long, however, as her admirers were only romantic schoolfellows and calculating school-mistresses, there was not much harm done; but the period now approached in which there would be more scope for the exercise of this passion, and more danger in its indulgence—Frances had reached the age of seventeen, and was about to make her début in the world of fashion—an event to which, certain as she was of making numerous conquests, she looked forward with great delight.

Whilst engaged in preparations for these anticipated triumphs, Mrs Wentworth said to her one day: 'Now that you are coming out, Frances, I think it is my duty to communicate to you a wish of your father's, expressed in the letter that was found after his death. It is a wish regarding your choice of a husband.'

'Dear me, aunt, how very odd!' exclaimed Frances.

'It is rather odd,' returned Mrs Wentworth; 'and, to be candid, I don't think it is very wise; for schemes of this sort seldom or never turn out well.'

'Scheme! What scheme is it?' asked Frances with no little curiosity.

'Why, you must know,' answered her aunt, 'that your father had a very intimate friend, to whom he was as much attached all his life as if he had been his brother.'

'You mean Sir Richard Elliott. I remember seeing him and his son at Otterby, when I was a little girl; and I often heard papa speak of him afterwards.'

'Well, when young Elliott got his commission, your papa, in compliance with Sir Richard's request, used his interest to have him appointed to his own regiment, in order that he might keep him under his eye. By this means, he became intimately acquainted with the young man's character, and, I suppose, as much attached to him as to his father.'

'And the scheme is, that I should marry him, I suppose?'

'Provided you are both so disposed, not otherwise; there is to be no compulsion in the case.'

'It is a scheme that will never be realised,' said Frances, 'for, of all things, I should dislike a marriage that had been planned in that way. The very idea of standing in such an awkward relation to a man would make me hate him.'

'That's why I think all such schemes better let alone,' returned Mrs Wentworth; 'but as your father desires that I will put you in possession of his wishes before you go into the world, I have no choice but to do it.'

'It does not appear, however, that this Mr Elliott is very anxious about the matter, since he has never taken the trouble of coming to see me. Perhaps he does not know of the scheme?'

'O yes, he does; but, in the first place, he is abroad with his regiment; and, in the second, he abstains upon principle from seeking to make your acquaintance. So Sir Richard told me, when I met him last year at Lady Grantley's fête. He said that his son's heart was yet perfectly free, but that he did not think it right to throw himself in your way, or endeavour to engage your affections, till you had had an opportunity of seeing something of the world. The old gentleman had a great desire to see you himself; and he would have called, but he was only passing through London on his way to some German baths, and he was to start the next morning.'

'And what sort of a person is this Mr Elliott?'

'I really don't know, except that his father praised him to the skies. He's Major Elliott now, and must be about eight-and-twenty.'

'And is he the eldest son?'

'He's the eldest son, and will be Sir Henry—I think that's his name—by and by. But he's not rich; quite the contrary, he's very poor for a baronet; and I incline to think that is one of the reasons that influenced your father. Being so fond of the Elliotts, he wished to repair, in some degree, the dilapidation of their fortunes by yours.'

'So that I shall have the agreeable consciousness of being married purely for my money. I am afraid poor dear papa's scheme will fail; and I wish, aunt, you had never told me of it.'

'That was not left to my discretion; if it had been, I should not have told you of it, I assure you.'

'Well, I can only hope that I shall never see Major Elliott; and if he ever proposes to come, aunt, pray do me the favour to assure him, from me, that it will not be of the smallest use.'

'That would be foolish till you've seen him. You may like him.'

'Never; I could not like a man whom I met under such circumstances, if he were an angel.'

Thus, with a heart steeled against Major Elliott and his attractions, whatever they might be, Frances Seymour made her début; and, however brilliant had been her anticipations of success, she had the satisfaction of finding them fully realised. She was the belle of the season—admired, courted, and envied; and by the end of it, she had refused at least half-a-dozen proposals. As she was perfectly independent, she resolved to enjoy a longer lease of her liberty, before she put it in the power of any man to control her inclinations.

Shortly after the termination of the season, some family affairs called Mr and Mrs Wentworth to St Petersburg; and as it was not convenient that Frances should accompany them, they arranged that she should spend the interval in visiting some families of their own connection residing in the country, who promised to take due charge of her.

The first of these, by name Dunbar, were worthy people enough, but, unfortunately for Frances, desperately dull; and the few neighbours they had happened to be as dull as themselves. There were neither balls nor routs to keep up the spirits of the London belle; and a tiresome drive of six or eight miles to an equally tiresome dinner-party, was but a poor substitute for the gaieties which the late season had given her a taste for.

Frances was not without resources. She was a fine musician, and played and sang admirably; but she liked to be told that she did so. At Dunbar House, nobody cared for music, nobody listened to her, and her most *recherchées toilettes* delighted nobody but her maid. She was *aux abois*, as the French say, and had made some progress in the concoction of a scheme to get away, when an improvement took place in her position, from the arrival of young Vincent Dunbar, the only son of the family. He was a lieutenant in a regiment of infantry that had lately returned from the colonies, and had come, as in duty bound, to waste ten days or a fortnight of his three months' leave in the dull home of his ancestors. As he was an extremely handsome, fashionable-looking youth, Frances, when she went down to dinner, felt quite revived by the sight of him. Here was something to dress for, and something to sing to; and although the young lieutenant's conversation was not a whit above the usual standard of his class, it appeared lively and witty when compared with that of his parents. His small colonial experiences were more interesting than Mrs Dunbar's domestic ones; and his account of a tiger hunt more exciting than his father's history of the run he had had after a fox. Frances was an equally welcome resource to him. Here was an opportunity, quite unexpected, of displaying his most fashionable ties and most splendid waistcoats; here was a listener for his best stories, and one who did not repay him in kind, as his father did; and here were a pair of bright eyes, that always looked brighter at his approach; and a pair of pretty lips, that pouted when he talked of going away to fulfil an engagement he had made to meet some friends at Brighton.

As was to be expected, under circumstances so propitious, the young man fell in love—as much in love as he could be with anybody but himself; whilst his parents did not neglect to hint, that he could not do better than prosecute a suit which the young lady's evident partiality justified. Pleased with the prospect of their son's making so good a match, they even ventured one day a dull jest on the subject in the presence of Frances—a jest which, heavy as it was, aroused her to reflection. Flirting with a man, and angling for his admiration, is one thing; loving and marrying him, is another. For the first, Vincent Dunbar answered exceedingly well; but for the second, he was wholly unfit. In spite of her little weaknesses, Frances had too much sense not to see that the young lieutenant was an empty-headed coxcomb, and not at all the man with whom she hoped to spend her years of discretion—when she arrived at them—after an ample enjoyment of the delights that youth, beauty, and wealth are calculated to procure their possessor. Her eyes were opened, in short; and the ordinary effect of this sort of awakening from an unworthy *penchant*—for attachment it could not be called—ensued: the temporary liking changed into aversion, and the attentions that had flattered her before became hateful. In accordance with this new state of her feelings, she resolved to alter her behaviour, in order to dissipate as quickly as possible the erroneous impression of the family; whilst, at the same time, she privately made arrangements for cutting short her visit, and anticipating the period of her removal to the house of Mrs Gaskoin, betwixt whom and the Dunbars the interval of her friends' absence in Russia was to be divided. In spite of her stratagem, however, she did not escape what she apprehended. Vincent's leave had nearly expired too; and when the moment approached that was to separate them, he seized an opportunity of making his proposals.

There is scarcely a woman to be met with in society, who does not know, from experience, what a painful thing it is to crush the hopes of a man who is paying her the high compliment of wishing to place the happiness of his life in her keeping; and when to this source of embarrassment is added the consciousness of having culpably raised expectations that she shrinks from realising, the situation becomes doubly distressing. On the present occasion, agitated, ashamed, and confused, Frances, instead of honestly avowing her fault, which would have been the safest thing to do, had recourse to a subterfuge; she answered, that she had been betrothed by her father to the son of his dearest friend, and that she was not free to form any other engagement. Of course, Vincent pleaded that such a contract could not be binding on her; but as, whilst she declared her determination to adhere to it, she forbore to add, that were she at liberty his position would not be improved, the young man and his family remained under the persuasion, that this premature engagement was the only bar to his happiness; and with this impression, which she allowed him to retain, because it spared him and herself pain, he returned to his regiment, whilst she, as speedily as she could, decamped to her next quarters, armed with a thousand good resolutions never again to bring herself into such an unpleasant dilemma.

Mrs Gaskoin's was a different sort of house to the Dunbars'. It was not gay, for the place was retired, and Mrs Gaskoin being in ill health, they saw little company; but they were young, cheerful, and accomplished people, and in their society Frances soon forgot the vexations she had left behind her. She even ceased to miss the admiration she was accustomed to; what was amiable and good in her character—and there

was much—regained the ascendant; her host and hostess congratulated themselves on having so agreeable an inmate as much as she did herself on the judicious move she had made, till her equanimity was disturbed by learning that Mr Gaskoin was expecting a visitor, and that this visitor was his old friend and brother-officer, Major Elliott, the person of all others, Vincent Dunbar excepted, she had the greatest desire to avoid.

'I cannot express how much I should dislike meeting him,' she said to Mrs Gaskoin, to whom she thought it better to explain how she was situated. 'You must allow me to keep my room whilst he is here.'

'If you are determined not to see him, I think you had better go back to the Dunbars for a little while,' answered the hostess; 'but I really think you should stay, and let things take their course. If your aversion continues, you need not marry him; but my husband tells me he's charming; and in point of character, I know no one whom he estimates so highly.'

But Frances objected, that she should feel so embarrassed and awkward.

'In short, you apprehend that you will appear to a great disadvantage,' said Mrs Gaskoin. 'That is possible, certainly; but as Major Elliott is only coming for a day or two, I think we might obviate that difficulty, by introducing you as my husband's niece, Fanny Gaskoin. What do you say? You can declare yourself whenever you please, or keep the secret till he goes, if you prefer it.'

Frances said she should like it very much; the scheme would afford them a great deal of amusement, and any expedient was preferable to going back to Dunbar House. Neither, as regarded themselves, was it at all difficult of execution, since they always addressed her as Fanny or Frances; the danger was with the servants, who, however cautioned to call the visitor by no other name than Miss Fanny, might inadvertently betray the secret. Still, if they did, a few blushes and a hearty laugh were likely to be the only consequences of the disclosure; so the little plot was duly framed, and successfully executed; Major Elliott not entertaining the most remote suspicion that this beautiful, fascinating Fanny Gaskoin was his own *fiancée*.

Whether they might have fallen in love with each other had they met under more prosaic circumstances, there is no saying. As it was, they did so almost at first sight. It is needless to say, that Major Elliott extended his visit beyond the day or two he had engaged for; and when Mr and Mrs Gaskoin saw how matters were going, they recommended an immediate avowal of the little deception that had been practised, lest some ill-timed visitor should inopportunely let out the secret, which had already been endangered more than once by the forgetfulness of the servants: but Frances wished to prolong their diversion till she should find some happy moment for the *dénouement*; added to which, she had an extreme curiosity to know how Major Elliott intended to release himself from the engagement formed by Colonel Seymour, in which he had tacitly, if not avowedly, acquiesced. It was certainly very flattering that her charms had proved sufficiently powerful to make him forget it; but that he should have yielded to the temptation without the slightest appearance of a struggle, did somewhat surprise her, as indeed, from their knowledge of his character, it did Mr and Mrs Gaskoin. Not that they would have expected him to adhere to the contract, if doing so proved repugnant either to himself or the young lady; but under all the circumstances of the case, they would have thought his conduct less open to exception, if he had deferred entering into any other engagement till he had seen Miss Seymour. It was true, that he had not yet offered his hand to his friend Gaskoin's charming niece; but neither she, nor any one else, entertained a doubt of his intention to do so; and Frances never found herself alone with him, that her heart did not beat high with the expectation of what might be coming.

The progress of love affairs is no measure of time: where the *attrait*, or magnetic rapport (for perhaps magnetism has something to do with the mystery), is very strong, one couple will make as much way in a fortnight as another will do in a year. In the present instance, Major Elliott's proclivity to fall in love with Frances may have been aided by his persuasion that she was the niece of his friend. Be that as it may, on the thirteenth day of his visit, Major Elliott invited his host to join him in a walk, in the course of which he avowed his intention of offering his hand to Miss Gaskoin, provided her family were not likely to make any serious objection to the match. 'My reason for mentioning the subject so early is,' said he, 'that, in the first place, I cannot prolong my visit; I have already broken two engagements, and now, however unwillingly, I must be off: and, in the second place, I felt myself bound to mention the subject to you before speaking to Miss Gaskoin, because you know how I am situated in regard to money-matters; and that I cannot, unfortunately, make such a settlement as may be expected by her friends.'

'I don't think that will be any obstacle to your wishes,' answered Mr Gaskoin, with an arch smile. 'If you can find Fanny in the humour, I'll undertake to answer for all the rest. As for her fortune, she'll have something at all events—but that is a subject, I suppose, you are too much in love to discuss.'

'It is one there is no use in discussing till I am accepted,' returned Major Elliott; 'and I confess that is a point I am too anxious about to think of any other.'

'Prepare yourself,' said Mrs Gaskoin to Frances: 'Major Elliott has declared himself to my husband, and will doubtless take an opportunity of speaking to you in the course of the evening. Of course, now the truth must be disclosed, and I've no doubt it will be a very agreeable surprise to him.'

When the tea-things were removed, and Frances, as usual, was seated at the pianoforte, and Major Elliott, as usual, turning over the leaves of her music-book, she almost lost her breath with agitation when the gentle closing of a door aroused her to the fact, that they were alone. Mr and Mrs Gaskoin had quietly slipped out of the room; and conscious that the critical moment was come, she was making a nervous attempt to follow them, when a hand was laid on hers, and——

But it is quite needless to enter into the particulars: such scenes do not bear relating. Major Elliott said something, and looked a thousand things; Frances blushed and smiled, and then she wept, avowing that her tears were tears of joy; and so engrossed was she with the happiness of the moment, that she had actually forgotten the false colours under which she was appearing, till her lover said: 'I have already, my dear Fanny, spoken on this subject to your uncle.'

'Now, then, for the *dénouement!*' thought Frances; but she had formed a little scheme for bringing this about, which she forthwith proceeded to put in execution.

'But, dear Henry,' she said, as, seated on the sofa hand in hand, they dilated on their present happiness and future plans—'dear Henry, there is one thing that has rather perplexed me, and does perplex me still, a little—do you know, I have been told you were engaged?'

'Indeed! Who told you that?'

'Well, I don't know; but I'm sure I heard it. It was said that you were engaged to Miss Seymour—the Miss Seymour that lives with Mrs Wentworth'——

'Do you know her?' inquired Major Elliott, interrupting her.

'Yes, I do—a little.'

'Only a little?'

'Well, perhaps I may say I know her pretty well. Indeed, to confess the truth, I'm rather intimate with her.'

'That is extremely fortunate,' returned Major Elliott.

'Then you don't deny the engagement?' said Frances.

'Colonel Seymour, who was my father's friend and

mine, very kindly expressed a wish, before he died, that, provided there was no objection on either side, his daughter and I should be married; but you see, my dearest Fanny, as there happens to be an objection on both sides, the scheme, however well meant, is defeated.'

'On both sides!' reiterated Frances with surprise.

'Yes; on both sides,' answered he smiling.

'But how do you know that, when you've never seen Miss Seymour—at least I thought you never had?'

'Neither have I; but I happen to know that she has not the slightest intention of taking me for her husband.'

'Oh,' said Frances, laughing at the recollection of her own violent antipathy to this irresistible man, who, after all, had taken her heart by storm—'I suppose you have somehow heard that she disliked the idea of being trammelled by an engagement to a person she never saw, and whom she had made up her mind she could not love; but remember, Henry, she has never seen you. How do you know that she might not have fallen in love with you at first sight?—as somebody else did,' she added playfully.

'Because, my dear little girl, she happens to be in love already. She did not wait to see me, but wisely gave away her heart when she met a man that pleased her.'

'But you're mistaken,' answered Frances, beginning to feel alarmed; 'you are indeed! I know Frances Seymour has no attachment. I know that till she saw you—I mean that—I am certain she has no attachment, nor ever had any.'

'Perhaps you are not altogether in her confidence.'

'O yes, I am, indeed.'

Major Elliott shook his head, and smiled significantly. 'Rely on it,' he said, 'that what I tell you is the fact; but you have probably not seen Miss Seymour very lately, which would sufficiently account for your ignorance of her secret. I am told that she is extremely handsome and charming, and that she sings divinely.'

Five minutes earlier, Frances would have been delighted with this testimony to her attractions; and would have been ready with a repartee about the loss he would sustain in relinquishing so many perfections for her sake; but now her heart was growing faint with terror, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Thoughts that would fill pages darted through her brain like lightning—dreadful possibilities, that she had never foreseen nor thought of.

Vincent Dunbar's regiment had been in India; she knew it was one of the *seventies*; but she had either never heard the exact number, or she had not sufficiently attended to the subject to know which it was. Major Elliott's regiment had also been in India; and it was the 76th. Suppose it were the same, and that the two officers were acquainted—and suppose they had met since Vincent's departure from Dunbar House! The young man had occasionally spoken to her of his brother-officers; she remembered Poole, and Wainright, and Carter; the name of Elliott he had certainly not mentioned; but it was naturally of his own friends and companions he spoke, not of the field-officers. Then, when she told him that she had been betrothed by her father, she had not said to whom; but might he not, by some unlucky chance, have found that out? And might not an explanation have ensued!

Could Major Elliott have distinctly discovered the expression of her features, he would have seen that it was something more than perplexity that kept her silent; but the light fell obscurely on the seat they occupied, and he suspected nothing but that she was puzzled and surprised.

'I see you are very curious to learn the secret,' he said, 'and if it were my own, you should not pine in ignorance, I assure you; but as it is a young lady's, I am bound to keep it till she chooses to disclose it herself. However, I hope your curiosity will soon be satisfied, for I have ascertained that Mr and Mrs Wentworth are to be in England almost immediately—they have been some time on the continent—and then we shall come to a general understanding. In the meantime, my dearest Fanny'——

But Frances, unable longer to control her agitation, took advantage of a slight noise in the hall, to say that Mr and Mrs Gaskoin were coming; and before he had time to finish his sentence, she started to her feet, and rushed out of the room.

On the other side of the hall was Mrs Gaskoin's boudoir, where she and her husband were sitting over the fire, awaiting the result of the tête-à-tête in the drawing-room.

'Well?' said they, rising as the door opened and a pale face looked in. 'Is it all settled?'

'Ask me nothing now, I beseech you!' said Frances. 'I'm going to my room; tell Major Elliott I am not well; say I'm agitated—anything you like; but remember, he still thinks me Fanny Gaskoin'——

'But, my dear girl, I cannot permit that deception to be carried any further; it has lasted too long already,' said Mr Gaskoin.

'Only to-night!' said Frances.

'It is not fair to Major Elliott,' urged Mrs Gaskoin.

'Only to-night! only to-night!' reiterated Frances. 'There! he's coming; I hear his step in the hall! Let me out this way!' and so saying, she darted out of a door that led to the backstairs, and disappeared.

'She has refused him!' said Mrs Gaskoin. 'I confess I am amazed.'

But Major Elliott met them with a smiling face. 'What has become of Frances?' said he.

'She rushed in to us in a state of violent agitation, and begged we would tell you that she is not well, and is gone to her room. I'm afraid the result of your interview has not been what we expected.'

'On the contrary,' returned Major Elliott, 'you must both congratulate me on my good-fortune.'

'Silly girl!' said Mr Gaskoin, shaking his friend heartily by the hand. 'I see what it is: she is nervous about a little deception we have been practising on you.'

'A deception!'

'Why, you see, my dear fellow, when I told Frances that you were coming here, she objected to meeting you'——

'Indeed! On what account?'

'You have never suspected anything?' said Mr Gaskoin, scarcely repressing his laughter.

'Suspected anything? No.'

'It has never by chance occurred to you that this bewitching niece of mine is'——

'Is what?'

'Your betrothed lady, for example, Frances Seymour?'

Major Elliott's cheeks and lips turned several shades paler; but the candles were not lighted, and his friends did not remark the change.

'Frances Seymour!' he echoed.

'That is the precise state of the case, I assure you;' and then Mr Gaskoin proceeded to explain how the deception came to be practised. 'I gave into it,' he said, 'though I do not like jests of that sort, because I thought, as my wife did, that you were much more likely to take a fancy to each other, if you did not know who she was, than if you met under all the embarrassment of such an awkward relation.'

During this little discourse, Major Elliott had time to recover from the shock; and being a man of resolute calmness and great self-possession—which qualities, by the way, formed a considerable element in his attractions—the remainder of the evening was passed without any circumstance calculated to awaken the suspicions of his host and hostess, further than that a certain gravity of tone and manner, when they spoke of Frances, led them to apprehend that he was not altogether pleased with the jest that had been practised.

'We ought to have told him the moment we saw that he was pleased with her; but, foolish child, she would not let us,' said Mr Gaskoin to his wife.

'She must make her peace with him to-morrow,' returned the lady; but, alas! when they came down to breakfast on the following morning, Major Elliott was gone, having left a few lines to excuse his sudden departure, which, he said, he had only anticipated by a few hours, as, in any case, he must have left them that afternoon.

By the same morning's post there arrived a letter from Vincent Dunbar, addressed to Miss Seymour. Its contents were as follow:—

'MY DEAREST, DEAREST FRANCES—I should have written to you ten days ago to tell you the joyful news—you little guess what—but that I had applied for an extension of leave *on urgent private affairs*, and expected every hour to get it. But they have refused me, be hanged to them! So I write to you, my darling, to tell you that it's all right—I mean between you and me. I'm not a very good hand at an explanation on paper, my education in the art of composition having been somewhat neglected; but you must know that old Elliott, whom your dad wanted you to marry, is our senior major. Well, when I came down here to meet Poole, as I had promised—his governor keeps hounds, you know; a capital pack, too—I was as dull as ditch-water; I was, I assure you; and whenever there was nothing going on, I used to take out the verses you wrote, and the music you copied for me, to look at; and one day, who should come in but Elliott, who was staying with his governor on the West Cliff, where the old gentleman has taken a house. Well, you know, I told you what a madcap fellow Poole is; and what should he do, but tell Elliott that I was going stark mad for a girl that couldn't have me because her dad had engaged her to somebody else; and then he shewed him the music that was lying on the table with your name on it. So you may guess how Elliott stared, and all the questions he asked me about you, and about our acquaintance and our love-making, and all the rest of it. And, of course, I told him the truth, and shewed him the dear lock of hair you gave me; and the little notes you wrote me the week I ran up to London; for Elliott's an honourable fellow, and I knew it was all right. And it *is* all right, my darling; for he says he wouldn't stand in the way of our happiness for the world, or marry a woman whose affections were not all his own. And he'll speak to your aunt for us, and get it all settled as soon as she comes back,' &c. &c.

The paper dropped from poor Frances Seymour's hands. She comprehended enough of Major Elliott's character to see that all was over. But for the unfortunate jest they had practised on him, an explanation would necessarily have ensued the moment he mentioned Vincent's name to her; but that unlucky deception had complicated the mischief beyond repair. It was too late now to tell him that she did not love Vincent; he would only think her false or fickle. A woman who could act as she had done, or as she appeared to have done, was no wife for Henry Elliott.

There is no saying, but it is just possible, that an entire confidence placed in Mr Gaskoin might have led to a happier issue; but her own conviction that her position was irrecoverable, her hopelessness and her pride, closed her lips. Her friends saw that there was something wrong; and when a few lines from Major Elliott announced his immediate departure for Paris, they concluded that some strange mystery had divided the lovers, and clouded the hopeful future that for a short period had promised so brightly.

Vincent Dunbar was not a man to break his heart at the disappointment which, it is needless to say, awaited him. Long years afterwards, when Sir Henry Elliott was not only married, but had daughters coming out in the world, he, one day at a dinner-party, sat next a pale-faced, middle-aged lady, whose still beautiful features, combined with the quiet, almost grave elegance of her toilet, had already attracted his attention in the drawing-room. It was a countenance of perfect serenity; but no observing eye could look at it without feeling that that was a serenity not born of joy, but of sadness—a calm that had succeeded a storm—a peace won by a great battle. Sir Henry felt pleased when he saw that the fortunes of the dinner-table had placed him beside this lady, and they had not been long seated before he took an opportunity of addressing her. Her eyelids fell as she turned to answer him; but there was a sweet, mournful smile on her lip—a smile that awoke strange recollections, and made his heart for a moment stand still. For some minutes he did not speak again, nor she either; when he did, it was to ask her, in a low, gentle voice, to take wine with him. The lady's hand shook visibly as she raised her glass; but, after a short interval, the surprise and the pang passed away, and they conversed calmly on general subjects, like other people in society.

When Sir Henry returned to the drawing-room, the pale-faced lady was gone; and, a few days afterwards, the *Morning Post* announced among its departures that Miss Seymour had left London for the continent.

THE CONTINENTAL 'BRADSHAW' IN 1852.

BRADSHAW'S *Continental Railway Guide*—the square, pale-yellow, compact, brochure which makes its appearance once a month, and which has doubled its thickness in its brief existence of five years—is suggestive of a multitude of thoughts concerning the silent revolution now passing over Europe. Presidents may have *coups d'état*; kings may put down parliaments, and emperors abrogate constitutions; Legitimists may dream of the past, and Communists of the future; but the *railways* are marking out a path for themselves in Europe which will tend to obliterate, or at least to soften, the rugged social barriers which separate nation from nation. This will not be effected all at once, and many enthusiasts are disappointed that the cosmopolitanism advances so slowly; but the result is not the less certain in being slow.

Our facetious contemporary *Punch* once gave a railway map of England, in which the face of the land was covered with intersecting lines at mutual distances of only a mile or two. A railway map of Europe has certainly not yet assumed such a labyrinthine character; still, the lines of civilisation (for so we may well term them) are becoming closer and closer every year. The outposts of Europe, where the Scandinavian, the Sclavonian, the Italian, and the Spaniard respectively rule, are scanty in their exhibition of such lines; but as we gradually approach the scenes of commercial activity, there do railways appear in greater and greater proximity. France strikingly exemplifies its own theory, that 'Paris is France,' by shewing how all its important railways spring from the metropolis in six directions. Belgium exhibits its compact net-work of railways, by which nearly all its principal towns are accommodated. The phlegmatic Dutchman has as yet placed the locomotive only in that portion of Holland which lies between the Rhine and the Zuiderzee. Rhineland, from Bâle to Wiesbaden, is under railway dominion. North Germany, within a circle of which Magdeburg may be taken as a centre, is railed pretty thickly; and Vienna has become a point from which lines of great length start. Exterior to all these are solitary lines, the pioneers of the new order of things, pointing in directions which will one day come within the yellow covers of Bradshaw. There is one line straggling out to Rostock; another to Stettin and Bromberg, on its way to Dantzig; another to Warsaw, on its way to meet the czar at St Petersburg; another to Pesth, whence it will be carried through the scenes

of the late Hungarian war; another to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic; others from Central Germany southward to the Swiss highlands, which bar further progress; and a very modest little group in North Italy.

It is instructive to mark the steps by which these continental railways have been brought into existence. The English practice of undertaking all such great works, is very little understood abroad; there is not capital enough afloat, and the commercial audacity of the people has not yet arrived at such a high-pressure point. Almost the whole of the railways now under notice, have been constructed either by the governments of the respective countries, or by companies which require some sort of government guarantee before they can obtain their capital.

Belgium was the first continental country to follow the railway example of England. Very soon after King Leopold was seated securely on his throne, he initiated measures for the construction of railways in Belgium; and a law was passed in 1834, sanctioning that compact system which, having Mechlin as a centre, branches out in four directions—to Liege, Antwerp, Brussels, and Ostend; and there were also lines sanctioned to the Prussian frontier, and the French frontier—the whole giving a length of about 247 English miles. Three years afterwards, a law was passed for the construction of 94 additional miles of railway—to Courtrai, Tournay, Namur, and other towns. In the western part of Belgium, the engineering difficulties were not of a formidable character; but towards the Prussian frontier, the bridges, cuttings, and embankments are so extensive, as to have rendered the works far more costly than in the average of continental railways. The Belgian Chambers provided the money, or rather authorised the government to borrow it, year after year. The first portion of railway was opened in 1835, and every year from thence till 1843, witnessed the opening of additional portions; until at length, in this last-named year, all the 341 miles mentioned above were opened for traffic. The cost varied from L.6140 per mile (near Courtrai), to L.38,700 per mile (near Liege); the entire cost of the whole, including working-plant, was within L.17,000 per average mile. While these railways were progressing, private companies were formed for the construction of other lines, to the extent of about 200 additional miles, most of which are now open—the Namur and Liege being opened in 1851. These various railways are said to have yielded, on an average, about 3½ per cent. on the outlay.

It was of course impossible for France to see its little neighbour, Belgium, advancing in its railway course, without setting a similar movement on foot; but various circumstances have given a lingering character to French railway enterprise. It was in 1837 that the short railway from Paris through Versailles to St Germain—the first passenger line in France—was opened. In the next following year, two companies, aided by the government in certain ways, undertook the construction of the railways from Paris to Rouen, and from Paris to Orleans. The French government, having a strong taste for centralisation in national matters, formed in 1842 that plan which has since, with some modifications, been carried into execution. The plan consisted in causing the great lines of communication to be surveyed and marked out by government engineers, and then to be ceded to joint-stock companies, to be constructed on certain conditions. There were to be seven such lines radiating from Paris: to the Belgian frontier; to one or more ports on the Channel; to the Atlantic ports; to Bordeaux; to the Spanish frontier; to Marseille; and to Rhenish Prussia. The government has had to concede more favourable conditions to some of these companies than were at first intended, to get the lines constructed at all. The first and second of the above lines of communication are now almost fully opened; the third is finished to Chartres; the fourth, to Nantes and Poitiers; the fifth, to Chateauroux; the sixth, to Chalons, with another portion from Avignon to Marseille; while the seventh, or Paris and Strasbourg Railway, is that of which the final opening has been recently celebrated with so much firing of guns, drinking of healths, blessing of locomotives, and speechifyings of presidents. At the close of 1851, the length of French railway opened was about 1800 miles; while the portion since opened, or now in progress or projected, amounts to about as much more. In the president's speech to the National Assembly in 1851 (of course, *before* the *coup d'état*), it was announced that the length of French railway to be finished and opened in 1851 would be 516 kilomètres (about 320 miles); and in 1852, about 330 kilomètres (205 miles.)

Prussia loves centralisation little less than France in other matters; but in railway enterprise she has allowed mercantile competition to have freer scope. Private companies have constructed nearly all the Prussian railways; but in cases where the traffic appeared likely to be small, the government has rendered aid in one of three or four modes. The government will not permit any parallel or competing lines; and it holds the power of purchasing the railways after a lapse of thirty years, on certain specified terms. On this principle have been constructed the railways which radiate from Berlin in five different directions—towards Hamburg, Hanover, Saxony, Silesia, and the Baltic; together with minor branches springing out of them, and also the railways which accommodate the rich Rhenish provinces belonging to Prussia. The Prussian railways open and at work at the close of 1851 appear to have been about 1800 miles in length.

In the heterogeneous mass of states which constitute Germany, the railways have for the most part been constructed by, and belong to, the respective governments. Such is the case in Baden, Hanover, Brunswick, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and many of the petty states; and such is also the case in the imperial dominions in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and Styria. There may be some among these lines of railway which belong to companies, but, as a general rule, they constitute government property. If we include Prussia and the Austrian dominions in the general name of Germany, we find the railways very unequally distributed. An oblong quadrangular district, measuring about 400 miles from east to west, and 200 from north to south, and lying eastward of the Netherlands, contains a net-work of railways which contrast remarkably with those of east, south, and central Germany; it includes Hamburg, Berlin, Leipsic, Dresden, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Bremen, and a busy knot of other important towns. Although the various German railways twist about in more tortuous forms than those of England—for the engineers have studied economy by going round hills rather than through them—and although they are broken up into many different proprietorships by passing through so many petty states, yet there may be traced certain great lines of communication which run nearly or entirely across the whole of Germany. Starting from Cologne, we find one line running through Elberfeld, Minden, Hanover, Brunswick, Berlin, to Bromberg and Posen; another from Cologne—with a short break not yet completed in Westphalia—to Cassel, Gotha, Weimar, Leipsic, Dresden, Breslau, and Cracow; a third from Hamburg, through Magdeburg, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Presburg, and Pesth, into the heart of Hungary; a fourth from the Baltic at Stettin, through Berlin, Leipsic, Nürnberg, Augsburg, to the vicinity of the Lake of Constance; and a fifth from Warsaw, through Vienna, to the vicinity of the Adriatic. Dr Lardner has estimated, that if we include the Netherlands and the Austrian and Prussian dominions within the German group, the German railways at the

beginning of 1851 were about 5400 miles in length, with 3000 miles more either in progress or decided on—making a total of between 8000 and 9000 miles. Many hundred miles of railway have been opened since the date to which this estimate refers.

Our Bradshaw leaves us little to notice on the continent beyond the groups of railways included under the above four systems. The Dutch have given a curious serpentine line of railway, about 150 miles in length, from Rotterdam through Schiedam, Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, to Arnhem—an economical mode of linking most of the chief towns together. Holstein, the recent field of struggle between the Danes and the Germans, has its humble quota of about 100 miles of railway, from Altona to Glückstadt, Rendsburg, and Kiel, connecting the German Ocean with the Baltic in a very convenient way. Russia has a railway in its Polish dominions from Warsaw to Cracow; a short bit from St Petersburg to Tsarkoé-seélo; portions of the projected great lines from St Petersburg to Moscow and to Warsaw, and a horse railway connecting the Don with the Volga. Italy has a few bits of railway—perhaps quite as much as we could yet expect in so strangely governed a country; one from Venice through Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, to Mantua; another from Treviglio to Milan, Monza, and Como; a Piedmontese line from Genoa to Alessandria and Turin; a Tuscan web which connects Florence, Sienna, Pistoja, Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn, in a roundabout way; and a few miles of Neapolitan railway, to connect Naples with Pompeii, Portici, Castel-a-mare, and Capua. Rome, behindhand in most things, is behindhand in railways. Switzerland has its little railway of twenty-five miles, from Zurich to Baden. Spain has its two small lines, from Madrid to Aranjuez, and from Barcelona to Mataro. Turkey and Greece, in the south-east; Portugal, in the south-west; Sweden and Norway,* in the bleak north, have yet to become members of the great European railway system.

In comparing all these continental railways with those of our own country, we find many instructive differences. In the first place, the engineering, as we lately remarked, is much less daring; there is not so much capital at command, and the engineers, therefore, bend to difficulties instead of cutting through them. Still, there are not wanting engineering works of great magnitude. One such is the great railway bridge over the Vistula, near Bromberg, the first stone of which was laid with much form by the king of Prussia some short time back, and which will form one link in the chain from Berlin to Königsberg. Another is the double railway bridge over the Elbe at Dresden, opened in April 1852, having a railway on its eastern half, and an ordinary roadway on its western. The stupendous Cologne Bridge will be for the future to talk about: at present, not a single railway bridge, we believe, crosses the Rhine; so that Western Europe is, in fact, not yet connected by the iron pathway with Eastern. Among the many thousand miles of continental railway, there must, of course, be numerous constructions of great skill and magnitude; but the ratio is small compared with those of England.

Another feature, is the great prevalence of single lines of rail. In England, there is so much wrangling against single lines, and so great a tendency among directors to think that there *ought* to be traffic enough for more, that double lines prevail almost everywhere. In the German railways, double lines are laid down only in places of great traffic—single lines being the rule, and the others the exception. Where there are only three or four departures per day, which is the case on most German railways, one line, with carefully managed sidings, is amply sufficient. 'Express trains,' and 'first-class trains,' and 'special trains,' and anything' which disturbs the steady jog-trot mode of proceeding, are very little known in Germany; the general speed, including stoppages, is about twenty miles an hour. Although the first-class fares are only a fraction above 1$\frac{1}{3}$d. per mile, and the second-class just over 1d., yet the Germans travel so cheaply, and mix among each other with so little exclusiveness, that it is said only 3$\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole number of passengers travel by first-class, and 74 per cent. by third-class; the ratios in England being 14 and 46 per cent. respectively. One apparent effect of these very low fares is, that although the railways are for the most part cheaply constructed, the net profits are not supposed to exceed 3 per cent. on an average; but if the fares were higher, perhaps the number of passengers would be so reduced as to lessen the net profit.

Whatever else may be the superiority of English railways over those of the continent, assuredly it is not apparent in the *carriages*. The public press has made an onslaught on the English railway carriages for twenty years, but with very little success. Let those whose bones ache with the ill-conditioned wooden seats of our second-class carriages, think wishfully of the cushioned seats, and the easily-opened windows shielded with sun-blinds, and the useful hat-hooks found in many of the French second-class carriages; let those who shiver under English arrangements, think of the hot-water tin cases beneath the feet of the first-class French passengers; and let those who wish to be usefully employed while travelling, think of the little table, and the pen and ink, provided in some of the Prussian carriages. The truth is, we spend money on magnificent stations which ought to be expended on carriages. The cramped-up position of passengers on English railways is much reprobated by foreigners. In America, and in many parts of the continent, it is customary to have carriages long, broad, and high, with an avenue down the middle, and short seats for two persons each on either side of the avenue; every person looks towards the engine, and there is a plentiful supply of window on both sides. In America, these short seats are not only cushioned, but each seat has its two elbows and its cushioned back.

Another English annoyance, is the *ticket-taking*. If all the wrath which is poured out on the heads of the railway directors during this formality could take effect, they would be among the most miserable and unfortunate of mortals. Arrived at Euston Station, we will say, by the last train from the north—some sleepy, some hungry, and all tired—the passengers are anxious to wend their several ways as quickly as possible; instead of this, the train is brought to a stand-still, the man with his bull's-eye lantern pokes his head into one doorway after another, and all are kept waiting until all the tickets are collected. One passenger may have dropped his ticket, and then comes a search among the hat-boxes and carpet-bags beneath the seats; another may have underpaid his fare, or overridden the power of his ticket, and then occurs the fuss of paying up the difference; a third may be sleeping weariedly in the further corner of the carriage, and then comes the process of waking him, followed, perhaps, by a search for the ticket in an incalculable number of pockets. All this is nicely ill-managed! The larger size of many of the continental carriages, and the avenue through the centre, enable the ticket-taker to enter the carriage easily while the train is yet in motion, and to collect the tickets by the time of arrival at the station. On one of the Austrian railways, the carriages have an exterior gangway extending the whole length of the train, by which a guard can obtain easy access to all the passengers; shortly before arriving at a station, he enters the carriages, calls out the name of the station about to be approached, and takes the tickets of those who are to

* A line of about forty-five miles, from Christiania to the end of the Miösen Lake, is surveyed, and in course of preparation.—*Ed.*

alight at that station. There is one oddity about the railway management abroad. In England, a railway smoker commits a high crime and misdemeanour, for which he is frowned at by his neighbours, and threatened by the guard; but on the continent, not only do the passengers smoke abundantly, but we were once rather struck at seeing a ticket-taker enter the carriage with a meerschaum in his mouth; one passenger, whose pipe was out, asked the customary German question: 'Haben sie feuer?' and the official gave him a light accordingly. We believe, however, that there is a wish at head-quarters to keep down this habit of smoking on the continental railways.

There are two sources of embarrassment which the Englishman is spared in his own country, but which press upon him in full force while travelling by rail abroad—namely, the different kinds of distance measurement, and the different kinds of money employed. Accustomed to English charges varying from three farthings to threepence per mile, he is frequently thrown out of his reckoning by the absence of miles abroad. The French kilomètre and the German meile are not English miles; the former equals 1093 yards, and is therefore a troublesome fraction of an English mile; while the German meile is as long as about four and a half English miles.

But this, however, is a minor inconvenience; for our 'Continental Bradshaw' gives most of the measurements in English miles. Not so in respect to the current coinage abroad. Although there was a 'railway congress' held a few years ago, to determine on a plan for facilitating the intercourse between country and country, yet this plan did not go so far as to assimilate the moneys of the different states; the tourist speedily discovers that this is the case, and he becomes perplexed with a multiplicity of cares. So long as he is in France or Belgium, the *franc* (9½d.), with its multiples and submultiples, are easily managed; but when he gets beyond the Rhine, his troubles begin. If in Holland, he has to manage with the *guilder* (1s. 8d.) and its fractional parts in *cents*. If in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, he has to pay by means of the *mark* (14½d.), and certain strange-looking *schillings* or *skillings*, of which sixteen equal one mark. Going south and east into Prussia, he finds the ruling coin to be the *thaler* (3s.), divisible into thirty *groschen*, and each of these into twelve *pfennige*; but if he be hovering in the frontiers of Prussia and Saxony, he will find that the *neu-groschen* of the latter country is worth a little more than the *silber-groschen* of the former, and that there is some difficulty in getting rid of either in the country of the other. Getting further south, to the regions belonging to or adjoining Austria, he will find his thalers and groschen no longer welcome; he has to attend to the *florin* (2s.), and its divisions into sixty *kreutzers*. If he travels north-east, to the few miles of railway yet existing in Poland, he will have to pay in *rubles* (3s. 3d.) and *kopecks*, which rank at 100 to the ruble. On the little Zurich and Baden Railway, the only one yet in Switzerland, our traveller meets again with his old acquaintance the *franc*; but this is worth 14½d., instead of 9½d., and, moreover, it is divided into ten *batzen*, each of which is worth ten *rappen*. If he crosses the Alps to Austrian Italy, he finds that his fare is reckoned in Austrian *lire* (about 8d.) In many cases, the different states take money from *through* passengers in the coin of either country; but the traveller who makes frequent stoppages, soon finds the embarrassment of the different moneys. A railway has lately been completed from Dresden to Prague—the capitals of the two kingdoms of Saxony and Bohemia—along the banks of the Elbe; it is no great distance, and yet the fees north of the frontier are charged in *thalers* and *neu-groschen*, while those south of it are in *florins* and *kreutzers*.

There have been very busy and important railway enterprises agreed upon or discussed within the last year or two, in various parts of the continent, which augur favourably for the future of Europe. We shall shortly pass these in review, to shew what may possibly be the aspect presented by the 'Continental Bradshaw' in 1862.

A SEARCH FOR ROBIN HOOD.

The adventures of an amateur in search of a picture, of a foundling in search of his father, and even of a dog in search of his master, have been severally recorded by skilful pens for the amusement of the public. But, however entertaining or romantic these narratives may be considered, they can hardly surpass in interest the curious history which has just been disclosed of the adventures of an antiquary in search of a ballad-hero. We owe our knowledge of the facts to one of a series of *Critical and Historical Tracts*, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, now in course of publication. Mr Hunter is an assistant-keeper of the public records, and is well known, by his other publications, as one of the most laborious and most judicious elucidators of mysterious passages in our national history. But the evidences of industry, of minute knowledge, and of logical acuteness, contained in his little treatise concerning 'the ballad-hero, Robin Hood,' are really surprising. The story of an obscure outlaw, who chased deer and took purses in a northern forest five hundred years ago, has been investigated with the painstaking sagacity of a Niebuhr; and a strong light has been unexpectedly thrown on the state of public sentiment and manners existing at that period. Mr Hunter, it is proper to say, dwells in his treatise chiefly upon results, and says little, and that very modestly, of the labours by which they were obtained. He even seems to fear that his subject may be considered trivial, and that he may possibly receive 'the censure of being one who busies himself with the mere playthings of antiquity.' Dr Percy, when he compiled his invaluable Reliques, had similar apprehensions, which were then not altogether groundless; but it may reasonably be hoped, that the race of pedants, who wondered how a man of learning could be interested in a bundle of old ballads, is now extinct.

Departing a little from the method and order observed by Mr Hunter in his tract, we will endeavour not only to state in a condensed form the remarkable conclusions at which he has arrived, but also to follow, as accurately as his references will enable us to do so, the ingenious processes of investigation which led to these results. The object of the inquiry was to determine, in the first place, whether such a person as Robin Hood ever existed; and, in the second place, to ascertain who and what he was, and to what extent the ballads of which he was the hero were based upon actual occurrences. What a vast amount of uncertainty there was to clear up, may be inferred from the wide differences of opinion among writers of the highest credit who preceded Mr Hunter in this inquiry. The celebrated historian of the Norman Conquest, M. Thierry, supposes Robin Hood to have been the chief of a small body of Saxons, who, in their forest strongholds, held out for a time against the domination of the Norman conquerors. On this point, as confessedly on others, the French historian seems to have derived his opinions from the suggestive scenes in Scott's splendid romance of *Ivanhoe*. Another writer conjectures, that the outlaws of whom Robin was the leader, may have been some of the adherents of Simon de Montfort, whose partisans were pursued to extremity after the fatal battle of Evesham, in the year 1264. Others, still, have denied altogether the existence, at any period, of such a person as Robin Hood. They make him either a mere hero of romance—the 'creation of some poetical mind;' or else, led by a similarity of names, they discover in him merely one of the embodiments of

popular superstitions—a sylvan sprite, a Robin Goodfellow, or a Hodkin. Only two years ago, a historical writer of no small acumen, Mr Thomas Wright, published his opinion, that Robin Hood, in his original character, was simply 'one amongst the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people.'

But Mr Hunter could not concur in these views, or be satisfied with the mode of reasoning by which they were maintained. In his opinion, Robin Hood was neither a Saxon malcontent nor the hero of a poet's romance; nor yet was he 'a goblin or a myth.' He was, in all probability, exactly such a person as the popular songs described him—an English yeoman, an outlaw living in the woods, and noted for his skill in archery. Previous researches had proved, that many of our old ballads are merely rhyming records of historical events. Mr Hunter had already rescued one ballad-hero, Adam Bell, from the 'danger of being reduced to an abstraction or a myth;' and it now remained for him to undertake the same good office for a more renowned freebooter.

The first thing to be done was, of course, to examine carefully the ballads themselves, and to ascertain the amount and value of the evidence they afforded, as to the epoch and the real story of their hero. It appeared, then, that 'three single ballads are found in manuscript, which cannot be later than the fourteenth century.' There is also a poem of considerable length, entitled *The Lytel Geste of Robyn Hood*, which was printed by Winkyn de Worde, in or about the year 1495. It is 'a kind of life' of the outlaw, and is composed of several ballads, strung together by means of a few intermediate stanzas, which give continuity to the story. The language of these ballads is that of the preceding century—being, in fact, the same as that of the ballads in manuscript. Thus the date of the songs themselves is carried back as far as the fourteenth century. It is, moreover, in the middle of this century that the first allusion to Robin Hood occurs in any work of undoubted authority. In Longland's poem, entitled *The Vision of Pierce Ploughman*, the date of which is between 1355 and 1365, mention is made of 'rymes of Robyn Hood and Randolph Earl of Chester,' the outlaw and the earl being apparently both regarded as historical personages, about whom songs had been written. It may be observed, that if the Robin Hood ballads were much older than this date, it must be considered surprising that no earlier allusion to them should be found, since in the subsequent century they were referred to by many writers.

According to the story contained in the Lytel Geste, Robin Hood was at the head of a band of outlaws, who made their head-quarters in Bernysdale, or Barnesdale —once 'a-woody and famous forest,' on the southern confines of Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, Wakefield, and Pontefract; and who infested the woodlands and the highways from thence as far as Sherwood and Nottingham, near which ancient town some of their boldest exploits were performed. They slew the king's deer, and plundered rich travellers, but spared the humble, relieved the distressed, and were courteous to all who did not offend them.

> Robyn was a proude outlaw
> Whyles he walked on ground;
> So curtyse an outlaw as he was one,
> Was never none yfound.

All the ballads agree in ascribing to the outlaw chief a manly bearing and a generous disposition, such as might be expected to distinguish a respectable yeoman of a class somewhat above the ordinary, whom the fortune of war had driven from his home to a lawless life in the forest. That this was Robin Hood's condition may be inferred from the general language of the ballads; but the important question is, whether any other testimony can be found to confirm this conjecture, and to give us any definite and authentic information about the fact. This is the question which Mr Hunter has undertaken to answer. The clue which first catches his experienced eye, is *the name of an English king*. One of the most remarkable adventures which the ballads record of Robin Hood, is his meeting with the king, who induced him, for a time, to take service in his household. The king, according to this authority, was exasperated with Robin and his men chiefly on account of the destruction which they had made of his deer. Finding that it was impossible to capture the outlaw by force, the king consented to practise a stratagem, suggested by a forester who was well acquainted with the outlaw's habits. He disguised himself as an abbot, and with five knights habited as monks, and a man leading sumpter-horses, rode into the greenwood. A wealthy abbot's baggage, and his ransom, would be just the bait most tempting to Robin and his men. The king, as he had expected, was seized by them, and led away to their lodge in the forest. The outlaws, however, behave courteously as usual; and when the abbot announces that he comes from the king at Nottingham, and brings a letter from his majesty, inviting Robin to come to that town, the latter receives the information joyously, and declares that 'he loves no man in all the world so well as he does his king.' Presently the monarch discovers himself, and the outlaw chief and his men kneel, and profess their loyalty—Robin at the same time asking for mercy for him and his. The king grants it on condition that Robin will leave the greenwood, and will come to court and enter his service. We quote the following after Mr Hunter, merely modernising the orthography:—

> 'Yes, fore God!' then said our king,
> 'Thy petition I grant thee,
> With that thou leave the greenwood,
> And all thy company;
>
> 'And come home, sir, to my court,
> And there dwell with me.'
> 'I make mine avow to God,' said Robin,
> 'And right so shall it be:
>
> 'I will come to your court
> Your service for to see.'

Accordingly, Robin left the greenwood and his company, entered the king's household, went with him to the court at London, and remained in his service for a year and three months. Having by that time become weary of this uncongenial mode of life, he obtained permission from the king to pay a visit to his old residence at Barnesdale. Here he resumes once more his former way of life 'under the greenwood-tree,' and becomes again chief of the outlaws of Barnesdale and Sherwood.

Now if, among the adventures ascribed to Robin by the old ballads, there is one far more improbable than all the rest, and one which an ordinary commentator would set down at once as a pure fiction of the poet, it is certainly that which has just been related. Mr Hunter, however, is not an ordinary commentator. If the story is a strange one, he doubtless reflected, 'truth is stranger than fiction;' and if it is intrinsically and evidently improbable, that is the very reason why a poet would not have invented it. Mr Hunter, therefore, did what no other inquirer had before thought of doing—he examined the historical and documentary evidence which might throw light upon the subject. The ballad, fortunately, gives the name of the king who was concerned in this singular adventure. He is repeatedly spoken of as 'Edward, our comely king'— a phrase, by the way, which clearly implies that the ballad was composed while the monarch was still living. This circumstance is not noticed by Mr Hunter, but it is one of some importance, inasmuch as a poet would hardly have ventured to introduce the name of the reigning monarch into a purely fictitious narrative. But there are three Edwards—the first, second, and third of the name, among whom it is necessary to distinguish

the one to whom the poet referred. Now, according to the ballad, this 'comely king,' before he fell in with Robin, had journeyed through the county of Lancaster:

All the pass of Lancashire,
He went both far and near,
Till he came to Plumpton Park,
He failed [missed] many of his deer.

The question then arises, which of the three Edwards did travel in that county? To this question, Mr Hunter's researches fortunately enable him to return a decisive answer. King Edward I. never was in Lancashire after he became king. King Edward III. was not in Lancashire in the early years of his reign, and probably never at all. But King Edward II. did make a 'progress' in Lancashire, and only one. The time was in the autumn of 1323, the seventeenth year of his reign, and the fortieth of his age. By the dates of the royal writs, and by other documents, Mr Hunter is enabled to trace the king's route and his various removes on this occasion with great minuteness. He follows him, for example, from York to Holderness; thence to Pickering, to Wherlton Castle, to Richmond and Jervaulx Abbey, and to Haywra Park, in the forest of Knaresborough. In this forest is situated Plumpton Park, which is mentioned in the ballad as having been visited by the king, who here became aware of Robin's depredations. King Edward proceeded thence by way of Skipton, and several other towns, to Liverpool, and, continuing his progress, arrived on the 9th of November at Nottingham, where he remained till the 23d of that month; and it was from Nottingham, it will be remembered, that the king set out in disguise to look for Robin Hood.

But if the 'proud outlaw' on this occasion actually took service in the king's household, his name would be likely to appear among those of the royal attendants, if any list of these is preserved. This consideration occurred to Mr Hunter. The result of his search must be told in his own words. 'It will scarcely be believed,' he observes, 'but it is, nevertheless, the plain and simple truth, that in documents preserved in the Exchequer, containing accounts of expenses in the king's household, we find the name of "Robyn Hode," not once, but several times occurring, receiving, with about eight-and-twenty others, the pay of 3d. a day, as one of the "*valets, porteurs de la chambre*" of the king. Whether this was some other person who chanced to bear the same name, or that the ballad-maker has in this related what was mere matter of fact, it will become no one to affirm in a tone of authority. I, for my part, believe it is the same person.' Mr Hunter then quotes the words of the original record, which is in Norman-French. It recites the names of the twenty-four '*portours*'—as the word is here spelled—who received pay from the 24th of March to the 21st of April 1324; and among these are the names of 'Robyn Hod' and 'Simon Hod.' These names do not occur in any previous document. The date of the record, it will be observed, is in the spring of the year following that in which the king made his progress through Lancashire, and stayed for some time at Nottingham on his return southward.

The office of valet, or *porteur de la chambre*, in those days, was probably similar to that of the present groom of the chamber, and if so, was a highly respectable and confidential post. In the ballad, Robin Hood is represented, while at court, as spending his money freely with knights and squires. His profusion, indeed, soon exhausted his purse, which the daily pay of 3d., however munificent it may have been at that period, could not replenish. Robin became, observes Mr Hunter, moody and melancholy:

'Alas!' then said good Robin,
'Alas, and well-a-day!
If I dwell longer with the king,
Sorrow will me slay.'

At last, he petitions the king for permission to pay a visit to his chapel at Barnesdale; declaring, that for seven nights he has not been able to sleep, nor for seven days to eat or drink, so sore is his longing to see Barnesdale again. The king consents, but only for a se'nnight; 'in which,' says Mr Hunter, 'I suspect a corruption, for there was no Great Northern in those days.' Probably the leave of absence was for seven weeks instead of days.

Now, it is remarkable, that in the Exchequer pay-lists, the new porteur's name continues to appear (once under the form of Robert Hood) until the 22d of November 1324. Under this date appears an entry, which Mr Hunter has given in the original Norman-French, but which we prefer to translate: 'Robyn Hod, heretofore one of the porteurs, because he could no longer work, received as a gift, by command, 5s.' After this, we are told, his name does not again appear. The 22d of November 1324, was just a year from the time when the king was at Nottingham, where he arrived on the 9th of November 1323. Robin Hood, if he then took service, would have been in the royal household about a twelvemonth. The ballad, however, makes his service last for a year and three months. The discrepancy is not great; and it may, perhaps, be explained by the circumstance, that when Robin left the court, it was at first merely on leave of absence; and he would, consequently, still regard himself as in the king's service until he had finally determined to renounce it, which would probably not be until at least his term of leave had expired. The remarkable expression in the record, 'because he could no longer work,' seems, as Mr Hunter remarks, to correspond with Robin's declarations in the ballad, that he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; and if he remained longer at court, sorrow would kill him. This apparent coincidence, the author adds, 'may be but imagination; but it looks like a reality.' It must be admitted, that if the Robyn Hod, or Robert Hood, of the Exchequer records be not Robin Hood the outlaw, then all these singular agreements of names, of dates, and of circumstances, will make together a far greater marvel than any that is to be found in the ballad-story itself, which some sceptics would require us to disbelieve.

This, however, is only the commencement of Mr Hunter's researches, which we cannot here follow in the same detail. The ballads relate that Robin Hood, after continuing twenty-two years in the greenwood, died—through some foul play—at the convent of Kirklees, the prioress of which was nearly related to him. On this hint, Mr Hunter seeks to discover, through this relationship, the original social position and family connections of the outlaw. He finds reason for believing, that the prioress of Kirklees at that period was a certain Elizabeth de Staynton, a member of a family of some note, established near Barnesdale. The Stayntons were tenants in chief of both the 'honours' of Tickhill and Pontefract. One of them was prior of Monk Bretton, and two were incumbents of churches in that vicinity. If Robin Hood was nearly related to this family, the connection would raise him somewhat above the rank of an ordinary yeoman; it might, as the author observes, 'give him that kind of generous air in which he is invested, and qualify him for his station among the valets of the crown.'

But if Robin Hood was a person of good condition, his name might perhaps be found in the law-records of the local courts; and, in fact, Mr Hunter has found, in the court-rolls of the manor of Wakefield, the name of 'Robertus Hood,' as that of the defendant in a suit relative to a small piece of land, in the ninth year of Edward II. He again appears in a subsequent year, when he is described as being of Wakefield; and the name of his wife, Matilda, is mentioned. Here is another curious coincidence. Mr Hunter says: 'The

ballad testimony is—not the Lytel Geste, but other ballads of uncertain antiquity—that the outlaw's wife was named Matilda, which name she changed for Marian when she joined him in the greenwood.'

But what cause could have driven a respectable yeoman like Robin Hood, along with so many others, apparently not much below him in rank, to the fastnesses of the forest? It is evident that only a great civil convulsion could have made, in one district, so large a number of outlaws of this peculiar character.* Now, the rising of the discontented barons under the Earl of Lancaster, provoked by the king's favouritism and misgovernment, took place in the early part of the year 1322. By the battle of Boroughbridge, fought on the 16th of March in that year, the insurrection was suppressed. It was punished with great severity. The Earl of Lancaster and many of his adherents were beheaded, and their property was confiscated. Some offenders—probably persons who were not conspicuous in the outbreak—escaped with heavy fines; and among these are mentioned two members of the Staynton family, Robin Hood's supposed connections. We may thence infer the part which he himself probably took in the movement. From his skill with the bow, and from the personal esteem in which he was held, it is likely that he would be a leader of the archers in the rebel force, and would consequently be of importance enough to become specially obnoxious to the king's party. Many others —perhaps the whole company which followed him to the battle—might be in the same plight. If so, it would account not only for their outlawry, but for the goodwill with which they were regarded by the people of their neighbourhood, who were generally favourable to the cause of the Earl of Lancaster, and looked upon him as a martyr. The battle of Boroughbridge, it should be observed, was fought in the year preceding that in which the king made his progress through the north, and rested for a fortnight at Nottingham.

Mr Hunter, in conclusion, sums up the results of his investigation in what he cautiously styles his 'theory' concerning the career of the famous ballad-hero. He considers that Robin Hood was one of the 'contrariantes,' or malcontents, of the reign of King Edward II., and that he was still living in the early years of King Edward III.; but that his birth must 'be carried back into the reign of King Edward I., and fixed in the decennary period, 1285 to 1295; that he was born in a family of some station and respectability, seated at Wakefield or in villages around; that he, like many others, partook of the popular enthusiasm which supported the Earl of Lancaster, the great baron of those parts, who, having attempted in vain various changes in the government, at length broke out into open rebellion, with many persons, great and small, following his standard; that when the earl fell, and there was a dreadful proscription, a few persons who had been in arms not only escaped the hazards of battle, but the arm of the executioner; that he was one of these; and that he protected himself against the authorities of the time, partly by secreting himself in the depths of the woods of Barnesdale or of the forest of Sherwood, and partly by intimidating the public officers by the opinion which was abroad of his unerring bow, and his instant command of assistance from numerous comrades as skilled in archery as himself; that he supported himself by slaying the wild animals which were found in the forests, and by levying a species of blackmail on passengers along the great road which united London with Berwick, occasionally replenishing his coffers by seizing upon treasure as it was being transported on the road; that there was a self-abandonment and a courtesy in the way in which he proceeded, which distinguishes him from the ordinary highwayman; that he laid down the principle, that he would take from none but those who could afford to lose, and that, if he met with poor persons, he would bestow upon them some part of what he had taken from the rich: in short, that in this respect he was the supporter of the rights or supposed reasonable expectations of the middle and lower ranks —a *leveller* of the times; that he continued this course for about twenty months—April 1322 to December 1323—meeting with various adventures, as such a person must needs do, some of which are related in the ballads respecting him; that when, in 1323, the king was intent upon freeing his forests from such marauders, he fell into the king's power; that this was at a time when the bitter feeling with which the king and the Spencers had first pursued those who had shewn themselves such formidable adversaries, had passed away, and a more lenient policy had supervened—the king, possibly for some secret and unknown reason, not only pardoned him all his transgressions, but gave him the place of one of the *valets, porteurs de la chambre*, in the royal household; which appointment he held for about a year, when the love for the unconstrained life he had led and for the charms of the country returned, and he left the court, and betook himself again to the greenwood shade; that he continued this mode of life we know not exactly how long; and that at last he resorted to the prioress of Kirklees, his own relative, for surgical assistance, and in that priory he died and was buried.'

These conclusions must of course be looked upon at present merely as a series of probable suppositions. Mr Hunter does not pretend to have placed them within the domain of authentic history. But it is by no means unlikely, that future researches will produce evidence of the indubitable truth of some of them. To Mr Hunter is due the credit of having first pointed out the direction in which this evidence must be sought, and of having, at the same time, indicated by his example the true value of such researches in the light which they cast on the politics and social life of the period to which they refer.

SNOW-STORM IN THE SAHARA.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MILITARY SURGEON.

When it was determined by the French government in the spring of 1847, to undertake several military expeditions simultaneously into the deserts to the south of Algeria, it was my lot to accompany the column of General Cavaignac, both in a medical and scientific capacity. The western route, being the most difficult and dangerous, was that assigned to him. He was to penetrate the hitherto unexplored regions traversed by the Hamian-garabas—a powerful tribe, who could bring 2000 horsemen into the field, and among whom the various tribes that had at different times sworn allegiance to the French government always found willing allies whenever they chose to break their treaties and throw off the yoke. He was to destroy every village throughout this region that refused submission; and thus it was hoped that the retreats of Abd-el-Kader might be cut off, and that by a speedy termination of the war, the country might become settled, and its commerce be restored.

We were a motley and grotesque-enough-looking caravan; for our six battalions of infantry and four squadrons of cavalry were accompanied by 3000 camels laden with provisions and attended by Arab drivers, besides 500 mules carrying water-barrels, and cacolets —jointed arm-chairs—for the sick. It was not deemed desirable to observe the strictest military regularity in our march; so that French uniforms and Arab burnooses, military chargers, camels of the desert, and pack-saddled mules travelled side by side, pretty much as fancy dictated.

It was nearly three weeks before we reached the enemy's country. We had meanwhile met with the usual adventures incident to these regions. We had set fire to the forests of the Little Atlas Mountains, and been obliged to raise our camp, and fly in terror

from the conflagration. We had crossed the dreary solitudes of Goor and Shott, through which our daily march had been enlivened by songs, or beguiled by listening to the wild legends of our Arab guides; and night after night we had encamped, like the vagabond tribes of Sahara, either round the mouths of wells, or without water in the open plains, each man receiving a scanty supply from the barrels, while the beasts were left to bear their thirst as they could. But now, after passing the basins of the Shott, and gaining the slight elevation beyond, we entered on a tract of desert as yet untrodden by European feet, and met with trials of a nature the least of all expected.

The wide wastes which lay before us appeared uniform and level as far as the eye could reach, but somewhat diversified by verdant patches of halfa (coarse grass of the desert), and by deceitful appearances of sheets of water, produced by the reflection of the light in the undulating vapours rising from the burning sand. In the distance, something like blue waves appeared: it was part of the great Atlas chain; but close at hand, to our right, was a long line of dunes. These eminences, smooth and sterile as marble domes, were apparently as solid too; but we knew that, if the desert wind should blow, they would be shaken into moving clouds of sand, overwhelming all before them.

Our column proceeded in silence. The soft sand yielded no echo to the tread. Every one appeared thoughtful and abstracted. This place has terrors even for the Arabs; they tell a thousand stories of the Pass of Sidi-Mohammed-el-Aoori: it was there, in times remote, that great armies were overpowered and slain by hostile bands, or destroyed by the scarcely less merciless elements; there many travellers have disappeared in the storm, or fallen under the hand of the murderer. It is the 'gate' of the desert; and the tutelar genii have placed the terrific dunes as a hieroglyphic warning to those who rashly approach. They seem to say, 'here begins the empire of Sterility and Death; enter if thou darest!' Doubtless the Arab tales had some influence on our minds, increasing the well-grounded fears inspired by the natural features of these arid wastes. Several of us mentally repeated that melancholy line from Dante—

> Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate;*

and not a few pictured to themselves a body of troops visiting these sands half a century later, and finding the bones of Cavaignac's army scattered here and there over the plains.

Hitherto the atmosphere had always been perfectly clear, but now it was thick and cold, the horizon wearing that gray, heavy aspect which in Europe precedes a fall of snow. No one, however, ventured to pronounce this word; it appeared an occurrence so unlikely in the plain, at such a season and under such a latitude. What, then, was our surprise, on awaking on the morning of the 19th of April, to find the tents covered with a thick sheet of snow, and to see the vast expanse of the desert white to the verge of the horizon, like the frozen steppes of Siberia! The general ordered the camp to be raised immediately, for the bivouac afforded very scanty materials for fire, and he hoped there might be wood in the mountains if he could reach them. The snow continued to fall in large flakes; the troops, anxious and sorrowful, described a thousand circuits and made a thousand useless turnings, for our Arab guides were utterly at fault. During three or four months previous to the expedition, Cavaignac had been selecting and retaining as guides whatever Saharians he could find acquainted with that part of the desert he intended to traverse. The Arabs are gifted with remarkable dexterity in steering without compass, recognising a footstep imperceptible to the common eye, scenting the water at a distance, and finding their way by marks which would escape the most observant European. A Saharian once affirmed to Colonel Daumas: 'I am not considered remarkably sharp-sighted, but I can distinguish a goat from a sheep at the distance of a day's journey; and I know some who smell the smoke of a pipe, or of broiled meat, at thirty miles! We all know each other by the track of our feet in the sand, for no one tribe walks like another, nor does a wife leave the same footprint as an unmarried woman. If a hare has passed, we know by its footprint whether it is male or female, and, in the latter case, whether it is with young. If we see the stone of a date, we know the particular tree that produced it.'

Our conductors, though not pretending to all this sagacity, were nevertheless far in advance of some of us who proudly called ourselves 'old Africans,' and considered ourselves wonderfully expert in tracking the desert paths. But now the landmarks on which they depended had disappeared beneath the snow; and the atmosphere was so surcharged with it, that the mountain summits could no longer be descried. At length the guides abandoned the hopeless effort, and declared that they had entirely lost the way, and knew not in what direction to proceed. At this juncture, Cavaignac, remembering that the mountains had appeared due south on the preceding evening, seized his compass, and boldly ordered the troops in that direction. It was the only hope; but the march became so fatiguing, and the natives gave so little encouragement to the expectation of finding the mountains wooded, that a halt was ordered, and a bivouac on the snowy plain.

Many were the miseries that attended this encampment. The rattling of arms was heard on every side, for the soldiers were shivering to such a degree that they could not hold their guns steadily. What would they not now have given for some of the wood they had so wantonly destroyed in the forests of the Tell! But the bivouac was not even supplied with chiah—one of the commonest plants in Sahara, having a ligneous root, which had hitherto served us for fuel when everything else failed. Nothing was to be found but halfa, green, and steeped in snow; and the most skilful kindlers succeeded only in amusing themselves for a time with poor, little fires, that emitted more smoke than flame. The men, of course, could not make their soup; but the general ordered them rations of biscuit and coffee. For my own part, not being able to make a fire of wet halfa, I was looking disconsolately at a bit of biscuit, and a little morsel of cheese, which was to compose my dinner, when Lieutenant N—— sent word that his fire-makers had been more successful, and that they offered me a corner. In a few minutes, I sat down to two boiled eggs, which appeared delicious. Meanwhile, the night drew on. The soldier's bed out-of-doors is a sheepskin laid on the bare ground, under a tent so small that he cannot stand upright in it. Now, as the earth was very damp, those who did not take the precaution of choosing a little mound, and removing a portion of the wet soil, soon found themselves literally in the mud, and were obliged to get up, and walk about all night.

The snow continued to fall thick and fast, the thermometer marking 7 degrees below the freezing-point during the night. Some days before, it had been 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun; so that we were doomed, as in the Purgatory of Dante—

> A sofferir tormenti caldi e geli;

from which, by the way, Milton has obviously borrowed his idea of infernal torment:

> ——And feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
> Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

* All hope abandon ye that enter here.

At the sound of the morning watch-gun, the camp presented a most distressing spectacle. The Arabs and negroes of the convoy were lying motionless in the open air, rolled in their burnooses. Many of these poor creatures were but lightly clad, and had the lower limbs entirely naked. They were so benumbed and stupified with cold, that they refused to rise and load the camels; they begged to be allowed to lie still and die in peace. The cattle also were in a sad condition, not only from cold, but hunger; for the snow-covered ground afforded them no pasture. As part of the provisions had been damaged, it was now asked in dismay, what would become of the army if the beasts should perish? The recollection of the disaster at Boo-Taleb, where the column of General Levasseur left so many men in the snow, occurred to the stoutest hearts. But even darker shades mingled in the prospects of our troops; for 'General Levasseur,' said they, 'was only thirty miles from a post occupied by French troops, and the neighbouring tribes raised and reanimated those whom they found alive, though benumbed on the plain; but we, in the midst of the desert, far from any human dwelling, what will become of us? Hunger, thirst, and the enemy, will soon finish the remains of our unfortunate army.'

But the officers are on foot, setting the example of vigorous exertion, and striving to comfort and encourage the men; while the calm and quiet prudence of the general inspires every one with confidence in endeavouring to obey his orders, as the only hope of deliverance. We begin our march: the snow is now falling only at intervals; it lies two feet deep in the hollow plains, and above a foot on the level and rising ground.

Some of the men, however, remained as if nailed to the soil—not only their limbs benumbed, but their mental energies so paralysed as to be incapable of acting on the physical; the mind inaccessible to moral incentives, and the body insensible to the influence of outward stimulants. By and by they found energy to beg that they might be hoisted on the arm-chairs; but this was peremptorily refused. Since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and the recent work of Dr Shrimpton on the disaster at Boo-Taleb, every one knows the consequence of indulging this deceitful stupor.

But we found we must do more than talk; so we set the drums and trumpets about the ears of the sleepers, and made their comrades shake them with all their might. It was not till after an hour's march, in which coaxing, scolding, and pushing, stimulants to laughter and provocatives to anger, had been incessantly employed in turn, that the vital powers appeared to be in tolerably full play. There was one man more obstinate than the rest, who, in order to get a place on one of the cacolets, threatened every minute to lie down on the ground. I slid among the ranks, and began telling one of his comrades all the horrible stories I knew of those who, yielding to sleep in the cold, had awaked no more; adding, with affected indifference: 'I am afraid we shall have to leave some of our poor men as a supper for the hyenas to-night. There are two or three of them so benumbed and stupified, that they will perish if they halt for a single instant.' In a few minutes, I learned that the soldier had done begging to be carried; he said his strength was returning.

In the midst of so much human distress, it seems almost like trifling to advert to the poor swallows. On awaking in the morning, I had found two under my bed-cover. They allowed themselves to be taken, and either could not, or would not fly away when I tried to banish them. So I put them in the hood of my cloak, and allowed it to fall down my back, while I raised over my head that of the ample burnoose which I wear in the cold above all my other garments. The swallows travelled thus for several hours, and gradually recovered in their warm nest. When the sun emitted some genial rays, I took them out, and set them free. They fluttered for some time round my horse, uttering a little cry, which I took for an expression of gratitude before taking flight into the mountains.

Other companies of them had taken shelter under the matted hair which hangs from the flanks of the camel; and when the pitiless driver persisted in dislodging them, they departed with a plaintive cry, to seek an asylum with a camel whose driver was more hospitable. A sentinel had found one in his pocket during the night, but it paid dearly for its lodging—he roasted it for his supper! These poor birds had fled from the rigours of a European winter, to find cold as severe in the heart of Africa. Alas! how many of us felt that, like the swallows, we had exiled ourselves to improve our fortunes, and were now in danger of perishing. How gladly would we have resigned all our hopes of glory and advantage for the fireside of the modest paternal dwelling!

But before night we encamped in the shelter of the mountains; the chiah, which grew in abundance around us, enabled us to kindle fires, and a salutary reaction took place in the spirits of the troops. According to a common practice of mine, I invited to supper the man whose life I had saved by frightening him into exertion. After swallowing a glass of warm wine, well sugared, and spiced with tincture of cinnamon, he licked his lips, sucked the edges of his glass, and said: 'Thank ye, doctor; but for you I should have been dead,' with a naïveté which I can never forget, and which even now mingles pleasing associations with the thoughts of those days of suffering.

The next day nearly 200 of the men were affected with partial or total blindness. Some had merely a sensation like fatigue of the visual organs, with heaviness, watering, and inflammation of the conjunctive membrane. But with others the pain was acute, the eye much inflamed, and the cornea covered with minute ulcerations. Those who were more slightly affected, marched like persons enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and trying to see their way out of it; they took a few steps with their eyes shut, then half opened them with evident pain to reconnoitre the ground before them, and quickly closed them again. But many had for the time wholly lost their sight; they stumbled on the tufts of halfa, and rolled on the ground, so that we were obliged to hoist them on the cacolets. The general, in a state of much uneasiness, called a council of such members of the military corps of health as were found in his column. Some were of opinion that this epidemic was occasioned by the sudden cold, others that it was attributable to the smoke of the chiah; but the truth is, that, both before and after this period, we had experienced nearly as great extremes of heat by day and cold by night without any such consequences, and that some, who had not approached the chiah fires were as severely affected as those who had. It was concluded, with every appearance of reason, that the real cause was the dazzling light reflected from the snow during our march on the 20th of April. I recollect one artilleryman, who was conducting his gun, when suddenly, as the sun broke out afresh, he stopped, rubbed his eyes, turned his head in every direction, and exclaimed: 'I cannot see; I am quite blind!' Although we had not expected snow in the plains of Sahara, the general had anticipated the effects of the reflection of light from the sand, and the possibility of small particles of it getting into the eyes; and with this view each man had been provided with a green gauze veil. But the soldier dislikes anything out of his regular routine as much as the most ignorant peasant; so when the order was given that these veils should be worn,* the soldiers

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* *Porter*, to carry, is the word by which the French express to wear a thing, so that the error of Cavaignac's soldiers was somewhat more excusable than it would have been in Englishmen.

wore them to be sure—in their pockets. I insisted that each man should fasten his on his helmet, and this, too, was done; but it was allowed to fly like a streamer behind, instead of being drawn over the eyes. Happily the epidemic was but temporary, and none permanently suffered the loss of sight as the punishment of his folly.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

August 1852.

The great heat, which has been more talked about than anything else, if it does not prove that the meteorologists, who predicted that this summer was to bring a return of the warm cycle, were right in their conclusions, at least coincides with their vaticinations. Not least remarkable was the suddenness with which we plunged into it, as though the cause which had produced a precisely similar effect in the United States a month earlier, had slowly crossed the Atlantic for our benefit.

It follows, when 'everybody' is going out of town, that the number of those who stay behind to talk must be greatly diminished; and to see that the things to be talked about undergo a collapse at this season, it is only necessary to look at the newspapers. A new actor, or an out-door place of amusement, is treated to a whole column of criticism, whereas, at other times, they would be dismissed in a brief paragraph. Penny-a-liners of lively imagination, find their reports less subjected to curtailment. Emigration comes in for a considerable share of notice, and the statements put forth of the numbers who sail weekly for Australia and the 'Diggins,' must be taken as decided evidence of a desire to better their condition on the part of a large section of the population. It is easy to foresee that thousands will be disappointed, if they are not made of that stuff which can brave hardship, and triumph over the wild work of pioneer colonisation. Now and then we see accounts of unsuspecting emigrants having been deluded and robbed by a mock 'company,' whose ships are perhaps in the moon, for they are never seen in terrestrial seas; but with so many facilities as now exist for getting a passage in a straightforward, business-like way, it is not easy to understand how it is that people should persist in giving their money to swindlers. It would appear that to some the *verbum sap.* never suffices. Means are not lacking for putting the unwary on their guard, among which the conferences and group-meetings held by the indefatigable Mrs Chisholm are especially to be commended. At these meetings, those who desire to expatriate themselves are informed of the most economical mode of effecting their purpose, and counselled as to what they should do during the voyage. Whatever be the result to those who go, there are indications that the labour-market is bettered for those who stay; in connection with which a noteworthy fact may be mentioned, which is, that in the southern, western, and midland counties, scarcely an Irish labourer is to be seen; and who is there that does not remember what troops of the ragged peasantry used to come over for haymaking and the harvest?

The lovers of the picturesque, who are apt to become migratory at this period of the year, will be glad to hear of Earl de Grey's announcement to the Society of British Architects, that he has repaired Fountains' Abbey—one of the beautiful ruins for which Yorkshire is famous—without modernising its appearance or altering its character. It is to be hoped that so praiseworthy an attempt to preserve a relic of the olden time from decay will find many imitators. Pilgrims will thank his lordship for many a generation to come. And, to leave the past to the present; metropolitan promenaders are about to have a cause of satisfaction for the embankment of the Thames from Vauxhall Bridge to Chelsea Gardens is at last to be commenced; and London will cease to be the only capital in Europe which cannot obtain a view of its river. If the authorities could be persuaded to extend this beneficial work through the whole length of the city, what popularity would be theirs!

An official notice from the Post-office states, that from the first of the present month London is to be placed on the same footing, with respect to letters, as the rest of the country—that is, they must either be stamped before being posted, or sent unpaid. This is a measure which will materially diminish the labour of keeping accounts at the central office; and the more that labour is saved, the more will there be left to facilitate postal communication. Books and periodicals can now be sent to most of our colonies at the rate of a shilling a pound—a fact which those who have hitherto sent their parcels at any one's trouble and expense but their own, will do well to bear in mind. Ocean Penny Postage is growing into favour, and is talked about in such a way as to shew that the project will not be left to take care of itself.

The French are going to send a new Scientific Exploring Expedition to South America, chiefly for researches in Brazil and Paraguay. Perhaps the veteran Bonpland, who was so long detained by the dictator Francia, may be induced to come home in it, as he has written to express his desire of returning to France. And something has been said at Washington, about sending a couple of frigates to survey the great river Amazon, in which, as the official document states, there is a sufficient depth of water to float a large ship at the foot of the Andes, 1500 miles from the sea. America will surely be well known some day. Meanwhile, we are extending our knowledge of Africa; a map of that country is about to be published, comprising the whole region from the equator to 19 degrees of south latitude. In this the recent discoveries will be laid down, and we shall see Mr Galton's route of 1600 miles from Wallish Bay to Odonga, near a large river named the Nourse, and to the country of the Ovampo, described as an intelligent tribe of natives. We shall find also, that the snow-peaked mountains seen by the German missionaries, and considered to be the source of the White Nile, are not more than about 300 miles distant from the eastern coast; and it is said that no more promising enterprise could be undertaken, than an attempt to ascend and explore them, starting from Mombas. Barth and Overweg were at the eastern end of Lake Tchad when last heard from; and we are told that the slave-traders, finding their occupation decreasing on the western coast, have lately, for the first time, penetrated to the interior, and tempted many of the natives to sell their children for showy European goods. Lieutenant Macleod, of the Royal Navy, proposes to ascend the Niger in a steam-launch, and when up the country, to cross over to, and descend the Gambia, with a view to discover new sources of trade; and Mr Macgregor Laird is still ready to carry a vessel up any river of the western coast to which government may please to send him. Besides the travellers mentioned, there are others pushing their way in different parts of the south; and the French are not idle in the north—they have added to our information concerning Abyssinia, and the countries bordering on the Great Desert. But in addition to African geography, all these explorations have added to our knowledge of African geology. A vast portion of the interior is supposed to have been an inland sea, of which Ngami and other lakes are the remains; fossil bones of most peculiar character have been found, but only of terrestrial and fresh-water animals. A name is already given to a creature of a remote secondary period; Professor Owen, from the examination of a few relics, pronounces it to be a *Dicynodon*. According to Sir R. Murchison, such have been the main features of Africa during countless ages;

'for the old rocks which form her outer fringe, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the dicynodon flourished at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes, rivers, or marshes, extending from Lake Tchad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are, therefore, but the great modern, residual, geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age.'

The publication of special scientific works is going on under the auspices of different European governments. The Batavian Society of Rotterdam have just issued an elaborate illustrated Report on the best method of improving permanently the estuary of Goedereede—a question of considerable moment to the merchants of Rotterdam. The French government have had a new fount of Ethiopic types cast, to enable M. d'Abbadie to prepare a catalogue of African manuscripts. And our Secretary of State for the Home Department has presented various libraries and public institutions with two portly folios, entitled *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ, or the Establishments of Ireland, from the Nineteenth of King Stephen to the Seventh of George IV.*, which we may accept as an addition to the *Memorials of History*, commenced two or three years since. Then, as a private enterprise, we have a scheme for a new edition of Shakspeare, in twenty volumes folio, which is to be completed in six years, with all that can be required in the way of illustration, be it archæological, philological, historical, or exegetical. Mr Halliwell is to be the editor; and it is said that not more than 150 copies will be printed. Another birth for the spirit of the dust that lies in the tomb at Stratford.

Research is as active as ever in France. M. Bernard, who is well known as a physiologist and anatomist, after a careful study of the salivary glands, finds that each of the three, common to nearly all animals, furnishes a different secretion. The saliva from the sublingual gland is viscous and sticky, fit to moisten the surface of substances, but not to penetrate them, giving them a coat which facilitates their being swallowed. That from the parotid gland, on the contrary, is thin and watery, easily penetrates substances taken into the mouth, and thereby favours their assimilation; while the saliva from the submaxillary gland is of a nature between these two. These facts were verified by soaking portions of the membrane in water, as well as by experiments on the living subject; the liquid in which they were soaked presented the same character as that of the secretions.

The varying of the parotid secretion with the nature of the food taken, is considered by M. Bernard to be a proof that this secretion is especially intended to favour mastication. A horse kept on perfectly dry food gives out a far greater quantity than when the food is moistened. Experiments on the dog and rabbit supplied similar results; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the gland will secrete saliva in the course of an hour weighing eight or ten times as much as its own tissue. A striking example this of the rapidity with which saliva can be separated from the blood under certain circumstances, and of the fallacy of founding conclusions on the quantity secreted within the twenty-four hours.

The sublingual gland is inert during mastication, and only begins to act as swallowing commences, when it envelops or lubricates the chewed substance with a fluid that assists its passage to the stomach. The function of the submaxillary has much to do with taste; the fluid which it pours out dilutes and diminishes the pungent flavour of sapid substances, and at the same time weakens the energy of their contact. The three organs are identical in texture, though so different in their secretions; 'each gland,' as M. Bernard says, 'having a special act, its function is exercised under separate and independent influences. Notwithstanding their discharging into and mixing in the mouth, their use remains distinct,' as above stated. To complete this brief summary of an interesting subject, it may be added, that birds and reptiles have but one kind of saliva, answering to the viscous in mammalia.

M. Vogt, in a communication to the Académie, adds to the proofs that what is called the spontaneous generation of certain worms, is due to natural causes. For instance, a worm, which has no reproductive organs, is often found in the body of the stickle-back; this worm, however, is known to breed, but it does so only when the stickle-back happens to be eaten by a bird; the worm is then placed in the proper condition for development, 'for it is then only that its segments become filled with eggs, which, egested by the bird, pass into the bodies of other fishes;' in a way more in accordance with natural operations than spontaneous generation.

Again, of two kinds of worms which infest human beings, the *Bothriocephalus* is found among the Poles, Swiss, and Dutch, while the *Tænia*, or tape-worm, is common among the French and Germans. If, however, the latter reside in Switzerland, they also become infested with the first-named worm, the reason given being, that in Switzerland liquid *excreta* from cesspools are largely used for manuring vegetables, and that, in the eating of these vegetables, the eggs of the worms are taken into the body, and become hatched by means of the intestinal warmth. These investigations, which are to be continued, are important, seeing that they have a bearing on the phenomena of health and disease.

There are some curious facts, too, concerning oysters. M. Dureau de la Malle states, that 100,000,000 of these bivalves are collected annually from a bank off the port of Granville; and that, by a proper course of feeding, white oysters have been converted into a much esteemed green sort, which sell at a high price. And further, a physician at Morlaix has succeeded in crossing a big, tough species with one that is small and delicate, and has obtained 'hybrids of large size and of an excellent quality.'

M. Verdeil informs the Académie, that he has proved the chlorophyll, or resinous green colouring-matter of plants, to be 'a mixture of a perfectly colourless fat, capable of crystallising, and of a colouring principle which presents the greatest analogies with the red colouring principle of the blood, but which has never yet been obtained in a perfectly pure state.' He has isolated a quantity for experiment and examination by a chemical process, and has added another fact to the list of those which shew a relation between animal and vegetable functions. It has been known for some time, that certain functions of the liver are similar to those of certain plants.

M. Marcel de Serres shews, that marine petrifactions are not necessarily of ancient date, for they are formed at the present day in existing seas; that shells are now being petrified in the Mediterranean. All that is required for the result, is the presence of certain calcareous salts in the water; repose even is not essential, for the process goes on below, though the surface may be stormy. These petrifactions are not, as some suppose, to be regarded as fossils, the latter designation belonging only to 'those organic remains which are found in geological deposits.'

Apropos of the burning of the *Amazon*: M. Dujardin relates, that a fire broke out a short time since in a spinning-mill at Douai. It penetrated to the carding-room; destruction seemed inevitable, and the engines were sent for, when it was proposed to fill the blazing room with steam. A steam tube traversed the apartment; it was broken by a stroke with an axe, the steam rushed out, 'and in a few minutes the conflagration was extinguished as if by enchantment.'

Attempts are still being made towards aërial navigation. M. Prosper Meller, of Bordeaux, proposes to

construct an aërial locomotive 200 mètres in length, 62 wide, and 60 high, the form to be cylindrical, with cone-shaped ends, as best adapted for speed. The outer case is to be varnished leather, which is to be filled with gas, and to contain five spherical balloons. A net, which covers the whole, is to support sixteen helices by ropes, eight on each side; and to these two galleries are to be attached, one for the machinery, the other for passengers. The affair looks well on paper; but there is little risk in saying, that the days of flying machines are not yet come, neither is the scheme for aërial railways—a series of cables stretched from one high building to another—to be regarded as any more promising.

THE SHIP'S FIRST VOYAGE.

BY MRS ALARIC WATTS.

That ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
But I pursued her with a lover's look.
WORDSWORTH.

A STRANGER in a foreign land,
Soft music met mine ear—
O Richard, O mon roi, struck up
In flute-notes wild and clear:
And scarce had died that plaintive strain,
When lo! how could it be?
Thy thunder pealed above the tide,
'Britannia rules the sea!'
I knew not whence the magic came,
But sought the distant shore,
And there a stately pageant lay
Unseen, undreamt before:
A gallant vessel newly dressed
With flags and streamers gay,
An untried wanderer on the wing,
To cleave an untried way.

And joy was with the multitude,
And gladness on the earth,
The tongue of every living thing
Rang with a sound of mirth.
All that stern Wisdom could desire,
Or Fancy fair engage—
Danger-defying youth was there,
And calm experienced age.
It seemed as though earth's very best
To that brave barque were given—
Science for nature's mysteries,
And childlike faith for Heaven.

How strangely is sensation formed,
How mingled hope and fear,
Since Mirth herself can oft repel
And Sadness' self endear!
Whence is it that a sigh can soothe,
And sweetest sounds may jar?
Those wingèd words my thoughts had sent
A thousand leagues afar.
I listened to the thrilling strain,
Unbidden tears would start,
The sound fell lightly on the ear,
But heavy on the heart.
The low breath of the summer wind
Seemed but the siren's voice,
In vain I chid my coward fears,
And struggled to rejoice!

Her gallant hearts were numbered,
Her snowy wings were set,
A pilot's hand was on the helm,
[illegible]ce she lingered yet.
The ringing laugh suspended,
The voice of mirth was hushed,
When the twilight's holy anthem
In a burst of music gushed.
Warm hearts of many nations
Were blended in that prayer,
And the incense that went up to heaven,
Was surely welcomed there.
Like rain upon the thirsting earth
Was that sweet chant to me,
Like a cool breeze in a desert—
Like a gale from Araby.
And the mental clouds, late veiling
The charm of sea and shore,
Rolled off like mist before the sun,
And I was sad no more.
Slow sailed the stately vessel,
And slowly died the strain;
But I knew that God was with it,
To guide it o'er the main.

THE HARE AND THE LION: AN INDIAN POLITICAL LIBEL.

Who knows not this story? Nevertheless we publish it; for even as the hare conquered the lion, so does the Bengalee overcome the Englishman:—A hare sat in the jungle with his wife, and he said: 'There is our king, the lion, come into the wood, and he will devour our children.' 'No,' said the little hare, 'for I will go to confront him, and conquer the great lion, the king of the beasts.' Then her husband laughed, and said: 'Intellect is power; we can die but once; let us see what you can do.' Then the little hare, taking her little son in her paws, jumped and jumped till she came to the lion. Then she put down her son before his face, and put her two paws together in all humility, and said: 'Lo! king of kings, I have brought you a nuzzurana; oblige me by eating it. Also, I have some news to give you.' Then the lion looked at the hare's baba, and saw it was soft and juicy, and was pleased in his soul, and laughed, and his laugh was as the roar of the thunder of Indro. Then he asked her news, and the little hare replied: 'You are the sovereign of the forest, but another has come who calls himself king of the beasts, and demands tribute.' Then the roar of the lion shook the forest, and the little hare nearly died with fear as he asked: 'Where is the scoundrel? Can you shew him to me?' Then the little hare leaped along with the lion till she came to an old well. The well was nearly full, but had no wall. And she said: 'Look, he is hiding there in fear.' Then the lion, craning his neck, looked and saw his own shadow, and with a fearful roar, leaped into the well. So the little hare, with a glad heart, took up her son, and went to her husband, and said: 'Lo! intellect is power: I have killed the lion, the king of the beasts.'—*From the Sumochar Durpun, a Bengalee newspaper, of the 2d August* 1851.

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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 453. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852. PRICE 1½*d.*

A POSSIBLE EVENT.

OCCUPIED as most of us are with our respective worldly concerns, and accustomed to see the routine of common events going on smoothly from age to age, we are little apt to reflect on natural events of a tremendous character, which modern science shews might possibly happen, and that on any day of any year. We think of the land as a firm and solid thing—as *terra firma*, in short—not recollecting that geology shews how it may rise or sink, so as to pass into new relations to the enveloping sea; how it may be raised, for instance, to such an extent as to throw every port inland, or so far lowered as to submerge the richest and most populous regions. No doubt, the relations of sea and land have been much as they are during historical time; but it is at the same time past all doubt, that the last great geological event, in respect of most countries known, was a submergence which produced the marine alluvial deposits; and when we find that Scandinavia is slowly but steadily rising in some parts at this moment, and that a thousand miles of the west coast of South America rose four feet in a single night only thirty years ago, we cannot feel quite assured, that the agencies which produced that submergence, and the subsequent re-emergence, are at an end. We likewise forget, in these cool districts of the earth, that we are not quite beyond the hazard of subterranean fire. There are numberless extinct volcanoes in both Britain and France; there are some on the banks of the Rhine; indeed, they are thick-sown everywhere. Now, an extinct volcano is not quite so safe a neighbour as many may suppose. Vesuvius was an extinct volcano from time immemorial till the year 63, when it suddenly broke out again, and soon after destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum; since which time it has never again subsided into entire inactivity. Suppose Arthur's Seat, which is 'within a mile of Edinburgh town,' were to recommence business in like manner, we should like to know at how many years' purchase house property in that beautiful New Town would be selling next day. Yet what is there about an old volcano here more than an old volcano in Italy, to give assurance that its means of annoyance and destruction are absolutely extinguished?

There is, however, in the showings of science, a more serious danger than any of these. Comets were once regarded as most terrific objects, but only in a superstitious way, perplexing nations with fear of change and shaking pestilence from their horrid hair. During an intermediate enlightened time, these notions passed away; and we have even come to think, that such a visitant of our skies may exercise a beneficial influence. We at least recollect when old gentlemen, after dinner, brightened up at the mention of 'claret 1811,' merrily attributing the extraordinary merits of the liquor to the comet of that year. But comets, in the cool eye of modern science, are not without their terrors. Crossing as they often do the paths of the planets in their progress to and from their perihelia, it cannot but be that they should now and then come in contact with one of these spheres. One, called Lexell's, did come athwart the satellites of Jupiter in 1769, and once again in 1779, so as to be deranged in its own course. It made, indeed, no observable change in the movements of the Jovian train, being of too light a consistence for that; but can we doubt, that it might nevertheless seriously affect the condition of their surfaces, and especially any animal life existing thereon? This very comet, on the 28th of June 1770, passed the earth at a distance only six times that of the moon. There is another called Biela's, which revisits the sun every six years, or a little more; and this busy traveller actually crossed our orbit in 1832, only a month before we passed through the same point in space! Another, which made a grand appearance in the western sky in March 1843, would have involved us in its tail, if we had been only a *fortnight* earlier at a particular place! Rather fine shaving that in the celestial economics. Now, if we consider that as many as eight comets have been observed telescopically in a single year (1846), we must see that the chance of a collision of this kind is not quite so small as to be unworthy of regard. If it be true that there are thousands of comets, all of which make periodical visits to the near neighbourhood of the sun, it must be evident that the earth, being itself not far, comparatively speaking, from that luminary, must be rather liable as otherwise to a brush from one of these wanderers; and, indeed, the wonder is, that several thousand years should have passed without, so far as we know, any one such collision having taken place.

Seeing what a highly-organised system is formed by the physical and organic arrangements upon our planet, one is apt to think that the scheme of Providence must have been framed with a provision for the complete exclusion of such accidents. To allow of the sudden undoing of all this fair scene, which it has taken thousands of years to bring out in its full proportions, seems like a wanton destruction of valuable property, and we are not disposed to believe that such a thing could be permitted. But we must at the same time remember, that our sense of what is important and consequential has a regard to the earth alone, which is but a trifling atom in the universe. Who can tell what are the limits which the Master of worlds has set to mundane

calamity? And assuredly, even though a whole solar system were here and there, now and then, to be remodelled in respect of all such arrangements as have been spoken of, it could not be supposed to be a very great event in the progress of the entire scheme, seeing that astronomy has taught us to regard such systems as no more than particles in the dust-cloud or grains of sand on the sea-shore. It must, then, in sober reasoning be admitted, that our mere abhorrence of so much destruction is no guidance to our judgment on this point; and that for anything we can see of the plans of Providence, an entanglement of our globe with a comet may take place any day, with consequences incalculably damaging for the meantime, though not conclusively destructive, and perhaps necessary as a step towards an improved system of things—the bringing in of what Ben Jonson calls 'an age of better metal.'

In the frame of mind which these speculations induce—not very greatly alarmed about such extraordinary contingencies, yet not insensible to the solemnity of the thought of what may come to pass even before our living eyes—it is curious, and not necessarily unpleasant, to consider what might be the actual phenomena attending a cometary collision. We know not what comets are composed of, but are certain that they consist of some palpable matter, however diffused, for they observe the rules of motion in their revolutions round the sun. On the whole, the most plausible supposition as to their composition, is that which regards them as watery vapour or cloud, of great tenuity. How like, for example, to the doings of a cloud, is the splitting into two, which has been occasionally observed in them! Well, if they be clouds, the coming of one into contact with our earth would most likely deposit with us an immense addition to our stock of water. It would be instantaneous, or nearly so. Only think of a sudden fall of water sufficient to raise the ocean a hundred feet, and submerge all parts of the land which were less than that height above the present level of the sea! There would, of course, be a fearful abridgment of our continents; all big islands would be made little; and many littler ones would cease to be. The surviving lands would be so swept by the flood, that scarcely any of the present features would remain unchanged. All animals and movable things would be engulfed. In a few minutes, this brawling, chattering, bustling world would be stilled in universal death. What a settlement of 'questions' there! What a strike of work! What a command of Silence!

A board of bank-directors was hesitating about a bill for L.100, some thinking it rather indifferent paper, others viewing it more favourably; when down comes the cometic flood, and while the manager rings his bell to see what is the matter, it enters by doors and windows, and in an instant closes the whole concern. A criminal court was sitting in expectation of the return of the jury with their verdict. There was one thinking that death may not be far from his door, and a hundred pitying him in the contrast of their own assurance from the imminent foe, when lo! the flood, and judges, jury, criminal, and sympathising audience, are all instantly on a level. A sanitary commission was deliberating on impediments to the bringing in of fresh and the taking away of foul water, and wondering if there ever would be a body of their denomination which could do anything it wished to do for the benefit of a mild, expectant, inactive, suffering public. The comet pours in its fresh water on the instant, and the whole difficulties of the case are at once resolved. A synod had been called to consider some nice point, hardly palpable to common understandings, but which everybody thought a very important point notwithstanding, and three gentlemen speaking at once to contrary purposes were about to be interrupted by a fourth of a different opinion still, when enter comet—a real Moderator—and at one stroke decides what poor mankind had been wrangling about for centuries, and what, to all appearance, but for this 'redding straik,' they would have wrangled about for centuries to come. Lord Augustus Anser had demanded satisfaction of the Honourable Mr Pavo for an injurious remark, and they were proceeding by railway to make a deadly end of it, when, lo! the comet dashes in like an undesired train from a siding, and quashes one of the prettiest quarrels which has happened for a twelvemonth. There was an unpleasant dispute with America about a herring-barrel, and barrels of a different kind were likely to be resorted to to settle it. The Admiralty was all astir as to how many vessels it might be necessary to set afloat for the business. Brother Jonathan was calculating what could be made of the crisis in working out the election of a president. The comet takes upon itself to set the whole naval force of both countries afloat—the 'origo mali' too, and at the same time to countermand the presidential election. So that matter passes. Another president was on the point of electing himself emperor—a loving pair was about to be wed—the Court of Chancery was just commencing a career of reform—a new author was starting into fame with the most brilliant novel of the season—when the comet thwarts every hope. Lloyd's had never calculated on such an accident. On 'Change, if there had been time for a moment's remark, it would have been regarded as a most unheard-of thing. The life-assurance companies, having in their tables made no allowance for such a contingency, would have been ruined by so many policies 'emerging' (oh, word of mockery!) at once, had it not been that there were no survivors to claim the various amounts. Debts, bonds, contracts, obligations of all kinds, in like manner were absolved by the comet, and Creation itself left to open a new score in, it is to be hoped, a less blotted book.

Considered as a reform, our possible event must be viewed with great interest. The patriot's heart is broken, in the ordinary current of things, by the passive resistance he meets with from the great, inert mass of prejudice and contrary interest. His large generous views are thwarted by thousands of accidents which there was no foreseeing when he put the affair down on paper. Tories hate and scandalise him; despots put him in prison; he only can bequeath his scheme to be wrought out by the happy man of a happier age. Here, however, comes me in a besom which sweeps all the old peccant institutions away at one whisk. Church and state are severed, and for ever. The Holy Alliance against the liberties of mankind is broken up—the pomp and corruption of courts is annihilated—bribery and bigotry are no more. What a clean sweep!—how hopeless reaction! Surely the most extravagant views of the Destructives must be gratified and contented at last.

If the event shall ever happen, it cannot be doubted that the present Mankind will leave many interesting memorials of themselves and their progress for the examination of a new race, should such ever arise. When the geologist of the after-world begins his work—who can tell how many hundreds of thousands of years hence?—he will find, over all our stratification and palæontology, a DRIFT containing the remains of the ancient human species—here a *tibia* of a stockbroker, there the skull of a poet—here a lady's dressing-case in a fossilised state, there a gentleman's box of cigars: besides all these odds and ends, there will doubtless be ruins of temples, fortresses, ships, gin-palaces, and other pertinents of an active, passionate humanity, the purposes of which will form most curious matter of speculation for the more angelic species then at last come upon the earth. Nothing in writing or print will have survived to convey an idea of the state of our knowledge, or of the attainments of our great writers; but it is possible

that a few inscriptions may be disinterred, and that through these some glimpses may be obtained of our history, though of a most detached and confused nature. Probably, the most puzzling thing of all will be our warlike implements and munitions; for to one who never thought of harming his neighbour, how incomprehensible must be any tool designed expressly for that purpose! If the intent of these articles be penetrated, they will doubtless be ranged in museums as curious monuments of passions long extinct, just as we see the instruments of torture used by the Inquisition and other ancient judicatories hung up in antiquarian collections of our own day.

Well, well, my dear brethren—you have read thus far without, I hope, being too much distressed by the idea of the physical contingencies to which it is shewn we iable. Probably you have, each of you, too many ...ers of sore concern pressing closely upon you, to ...ch incommoded by possibilities of so infinitesimal a character. It cannot, nevertheless, be amiss, that you ...uld know these amongst other things that may any day leap from the laps of the Parcæ, were it only to ...and your souls a little with things superior to the ...and commonplaces of life. It is, after all, a great ...ing to be a part of so great a system as that revealed ... in the external frame of things, and to feel in ...s mighty hand our destiny lies. Even in the ... of what is here styled a Possible Event, there is ...dear—both as to the event itself, and the Power ...hose permission it will, if at all, take place, ...ur filial relations to that Power, which never ... without hope - which, to a high and purified ...must be felt as more than reconciling.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR.

... ...ve been reading with profound interest the life ...tters of one of the great men of Germany, Bar...d Niebuhr, published very recently in an English ...* The original work we have not seen, but we ...rstand it is about one-third larger than the ...nt selection, made in a great measure under the ...ices of the Chevalier Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr, and his immediate successor in the Prussian embassy to Rome. The interest of the book is, ...ed, principally derived from the private letters of N...buhr, the greater part of which were addressed to ... ...rly friend, Mme Hensler, whose younger sister was his first wife, and her niece his second. Most unfortunately, the valuable series of his letters to his father was destroyed by fire a short time before his own death; but the account given of him by Mme Hensler is quite sufficient to connect all that remains; and from this, and one or two other sources open to us, we shall try to fill up our present narrative.

Niebuhr is one of those men whose advent forms an era in the history of human knowledge. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was the first to infuse even into Roman story that element of doubt which has changed the whole fabric of historical science. If Niebuhr was a mere sceptic, he would be only the humble follower of Bayle, Lesurgues de Pouilly, and other writers of the last century; but his merit lies in reconstruction—in the jealous care with which he distinguishes between the true monuments of history and the mass of traditional rubbish in which they lay entombed. In his Roman history, however, although by that alone he is known in England, we find only a portion of the intellectual man: he was learned in the learning of all times, modern as well as ancient; and yet he was so completely immersed, not merely as an observer, but as a participator, in the business of the world and the great events of his own time, that even literature seems to have been little more than a study indulged in during the pauses of active life. The history of a mind so vast is by no means, we are aware, adapted for pages like ours; and yet it seems important—indeed indispensable—that in a popular journal, flowing on with the spirit of the age, we should trace some authentic records of the character and career of the man.

Carsten Niebuhr, the father of the historian, had not the advantages of early education. He was no more than a free peasant, living on the marsh-farm in Friesland, which had been possessed by several generations of his ancestors; but at the age of two-and-twenty he put himself under mathematical tutorship at Hamburg, and then studied at Gottingen. He was invited to join a mission which the Danish government determined to send into Arabia; and the proposal, at first scarcely made in earnest to the half-educated young farmer, was accepted by him with eagerness. By a singular fatality, he was the only one of the travellers sent out on this expedition who returned; he was absent more than six years, during four of which he was alone, all his companions being dead. He had added largely to what was previously known of Egypt; had made scientific observations of great value in the deserts of Arabia, and undergone prodigious hardships; but the most remarkable thing was, that his eagerness to fulfil in some measure the purposes of the expedition, made the whole journey a work of preparation and study, as well as of actual exploration. In 1773, being then just forty years of age, he married the orphan daughter of Dr Blumenberg, a Thuringian physician, and lived at Copenhagen, with the rank of captain of engineers, till the year 1778. He then removed to Meldorf, a town in the province of Ditmarsch, Holstein, where he settled for life as collector of the revenues of the district.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born in Copenhagen on the 27th of August 1776; but with the little old town of Meldorf—once the capital of an ancient commonwealth—his earliest associations were connected. A kind of rude equality still reigned in the manners of the rustic population, which was not likely to be disturbed by the influx of the world into a bleak and gloomy district remote from the great roads. Here young Niebuhr grew up a studious and solitary boy; instructed by his father in French, the rudiments of Latin, and above all, in geography and history, which the old traveller taught him to illustrate by maps and plans, and by digging regular fortifications in the garden. The sheriff of Meldorf, and editor of the *Deutsches Museum*, a man of both fancy and learning, assisted in this early education; and the boy—who had never been a child—employed himself, even at seven years of age, in writing down the instructions he received. In future years, he regretted his having thus 'lost the life of a child.' 'I found matter for my childish fancy only in books, engravings, or conversation. I drew into its sphere all I read, and I read without reason and without aim; but the real world was closed to me, and I could not conceive or imagine anything which had not been first conceived or imagined by another.'

From this *second-hand world* he removed at the age of thirteen, when he was sent to the school at Meldorf, where the principal, Dr Jäger, gave him as much attention as he could spare for a pupil, who, though much the youngest, was the most advanced in the class. Afterwards, finding it was impossible to do for him what this strange child required, Dr Jäger advised his removal, and gave him a private lesson of an hour every day instead. This was continued, with only a few months' interruption and unsuccessful trial of a

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* By the Chevalier Bunsen and Professors Brandis and Loebell. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall. 1852.

school at Hamburg, till Barthold was eighteen, when he was sent to the university of Kiel.

His interest in politics dated from a very early period. At the age of eleven, he studied the newspapers, English ones especially, which he read with ease; and his knowledge of geography enabled him to follow all the details of a campaign with vivid interest.

His going to the university was an important incident in his life. His particular vocation, indeed, seems to have been clear enough from even an earlier period; for though he was a learned linguist, history especially, and philology, were the pursuits to which his heart was given. The letters he wrote from Kiel to his parents are amiable, full of affectionate outpourings about the new men and women to whom he was introduced, about his studies, and about his theories. He profits by the kindness of the physician, Dr Hensler, whose house and friendly advice were always accessible; but he declines evening-parties; and contemplates the mountain of knowledge, up whose steep sides he has yet to climb, with profound awe and some anxiety. 'My head swims when I survey what I have yet to learn—philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history. Then, too, I must perfect myself in history, German, and French; study Roman law, and the political constitutions of Europe, as far as I can, &c.; and all this must be done within five years at most. . . . . I *must* know all these things; but how I shall learn them, Heaven knows! That I shall require them as a learned man, or in any position I may occupy, I am fully convinced.'

In Dr Hensler's house he saw frequently Mme Hensler, the widow of the doctor's son. She was six years older than Niebuhr; but to him, unused to female society, and admitted at once into domestic familiarity with a sensible and engaging woman, this disparity was nothing—perhaps, indeed, it added to the charm. From other sources, we learn that he at first became attached to Mme Hensler herself; but being discouraged as a lover, allowed her to introduce him to her younger sister, Amelia Behrens, a beautiful and intellectual woman; and although the attachment he then formed was not sudden or violent, it became very profound. After his engagement with this lady in 1797, and before his marriage, he visited England; and in Scotland—chiefly in Edinburgh—he spent nearly a year. The account given in his letters of his sojourn in our capital, would interest and amuse many of its present inhabitants. The Edinburgh of 1797 was more different perhaps from its present self in outward things, than in mental characteristics. His remarks on the want of a more open manifestation of feeling and affection among his friends there are striking. 'It is quite a national trait,' he says, 'not to dwell on what concerns us personally, upon what fills our heart; and it is as unnatural to them to hear me speak of the topics upon which I am feeling strongly, as it would be to do the same themselves. . . . . I am far from attributing it to coldness in these good people. It is altogether national, and it is the same with every one I have known here, whatever their rank, calling, learning, or sex. It has quite surprised me, for example, that if you meet a person in whose family some one has been ill, he will hardly allude to it, beyond a short answer to your inquiries, or speak of it with any feeling. In this way, it must be allowed, people may easily be independent of each other. I believe firmly that the Scots love their children—that Playfair is a good father; and yet the former only speak of them because they have them with them in the evenings, and the boys make their presence known: the latter behaves exactly as if his boy were not in the room. So far from inviting me to speak of my relations, so far from Mr Scott making any inquiries as to my father's position—though he is, nevertheless, as much attached to him as possible—they have met every attempt on my part to talk to them on these subjects with a silence which admits of no other explanation, than that it is not in good taste to say much about these things. They have never once asked after my mother and sister.' We have copied the above, because there is no trace in any part of Niebuhr's writings, former or latter, of narrow national judgments; and he repeatedly bears testimony to the fatherly kindness with which he was welcomed, especially in the two houses mentioned in the above extract. It is simply the sense of a difference, and a difference we should be inclined to regret as well as he, between the German and the English or Scotch habit. We shall never forget the earnest, *pained* manner in which a young German in England once said, when adverting to the case of some very irreproachable English youths, who yet were never heard to express a feeling, scarcely to utter a kind thing: 'Your young countrymen seem to me positively *ashamed* of being good.'

The diligence of Niebuhr, though often impeded by illness, was immense. Languages, philosophy, history, natural science, all took their turn. His number of languages was not short of twenty at this time, and in some he was profoundly versed—in most, very respectably. But the most remarkable thing through life was his memory, and its wonderful combination of retentiveness and readiness. This, rather than the imaginative power, it was that made his descriptions so graphic. Seeing and retaining everything, he painted as if all history was before him. When he spoke of a striking event, the coast, the mountain-line, or the plain, all the accompaniments rose up and were grouped before him. You felt carried away with him, as if he had lived there, and was taking you up by the way.

His return to Denmark took place late in 1799. A double appointment awaited him at Copenhagen—two government offices, neither bringing in a large salary, but sufficient to allow of his marrying; and accordingly Amelia Behrens became his wife in May 1800. The five following years found him engaged in the civil service at Copenhagen—sometimes in very onerous and uncongenial duties, sometimes in a position of peril, for the bombardment of the city under Nelson took place in 1801, and he keenly entered into every political incident. During this period of five years, his official service was more than once changed, but it seems always to have been connected with finance. He still found time for study, straining every power of his mind, he says, at one time in investigating Roman history, sure 'that the representations of all the moderns, without exception, are but mistaken, imperfect glimpses of the truth.' This Copenhagen life allowed him time but for one visit to his parents; and a disappointment which annoyed him considerably, in what, he thought, a just expectation of preferment, disposed him, in 1806, to accept an offer from the Prussian government of a post at Berlin not unlike that he had occupied in Copenhagen, but promising many advantages in society and literary opportunities.

Never was there a more disastrous commencement of a new career. The Niebuhrs reached Berlin in October 5, 1806, and on the 14th came the dreadful battles of Jena and Auerstadt, while Napoleon, with his conquering army, marched rapidly upon the city, and seven of the Prussian ministers gave in their allegiance to the French without even the ceremony of communicating with their king. The new bank-director shared in the general misfortune, and was forced to fly, with the court and ministry, first to Danzig, then to Konigsberg, afterwards to Memel and Riga. A fearful time it was; yet still Niebuhr could write soothingly to his parents: 'You must not be uneasy: I can earn a living either as a scholar or a merchant; and if I do not succeed in one country, I shall in another.' To Mme Hensler also he wrote cheerfully, but under caution, for all letters were

unsafe. In the meantime, the indefatigable student took the opportunity of learning Russian and Sclavonic.

It is difficult to follow out his course distinctly during the next three and a half trying years. He was always employed in the finance department, and for some little time was a privy-councillor; but he differed widely in his views from some of those with whom he worked. His letters shew the most conscientious desire to put aside every thought of personal ease, and to avert from the poor people around, if possible, some part of the calamity which hostile armies and bad government entailed on them; and it is delightful to observe his perfect honesty and plainness of speech as a statesman—his high ideas of truthfulness in all things. Yet they were mournful years; and his health at last thoroughly failing, he sent in his resignation to the king of Prussia, and solicited the office of historiographer, vacant by the death of Müller. This was granted; and in 1810, he and his wife once more found a settled home at Berlin.

And now came the happiest time of his life; though the great delicacy of his wife's health was an obstacle to the feeling of security, and though still the menaces of Napoleon sounded fearfully loud, if not close at hand. The breathing-time, however, was delightful. The university of Berlin was now just opened, and thither came intelligent professors, men of renown in art and science, in knowledge and wisdom. As historiographer to the king, Niebuhr's part was to lecture on history; and now, for the first time, the treasures he had long been amassing came into direct use as the means, through his management, of instructing other minds. He had never before delivered public lectures, and his advantages in manner were not great; but the success of his first essays on the history of Rome proves how solid and real must have been the information he had to bestow. He was attended not merely by the young men, but by members of the academy, by professors, by military and public men of all grades. It is no wonder that he succeeded thus: he was half a Roman by nature and feeling.

So passed the happy years of his professorship. But again the noise of war was heard, and he and all his coadjutors had to take up arms, and fight the battle of Prussia against the great tyrant of Europe. Most touching anecdotes are told of the bravery and fine behaviour of the native troops. Perhaps no war was ever more nobly sustained, and with such anxious avoidance of cruelty. What a moment it was to Prussia when the news of Bonaparte's abdication reached the country! when there might be some hope of reaping the harvests they had sown, and rebuilding their ruined villages! But the Niebuhrs were never again to know the calm and happy days they had enjoyed. Mme Niebuhr, who had long been declining, was grievously changed for the worse by the anxieties of the war. On the 2d of May 1815, her husband received at Berlin news of his father's death; and on the 21st of June, his beloved Amelia followed. The good Mme Hensler, who had taken alarm, was near to soothe her last hours, and to comfort the husband. Niebuhr had never spoken to his wife of her approaching end: though longing to know her parting wishes, he dared not break the physician's orders against excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was nothing he could do for her sake—no pleasure he could give her. She replied, with a look of unutterable love: 'You shall finish your history, whether I live or die!'

They had no family—he was therefore left alone. At first, nature gave way, and it seemed as if he had imbibed his wife's disease—pulmonary consumption—and that he regarded the legacy as a blessing; but his higher nature triumphed. He promised Mme Hensler to live, and try to accomplish his Amelia's wishes, and she, by her kindly influence, won him to something more. She saw that to him a lonely life was nearly impossible, and she had another partner in store for him—Gretchen Hensler, a niece of her late husband. Again he took her counsel; and again, which is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair, it proved that she had judged as well for both parties as possible. There was no concealment in the matter; the new Mme Niebuhr perfectly understood his character and his sorrow—understood that she could not be to him what Amelia had been; but she married him in faith and hope, and the life she brought him was peaceful and ultimately happy.

Then another change had to be made. He could no longer bear Berlin. Every one saw that a different position was desirable, and what better than a residence in that country which his literary labours had seemed to mark out as his own? The king of Prussia wanted an ambassador at Rome, to negotiate with the pope certain matters touching the interests of his Catholic subjects, and Niebuhr's appointment was the most natural one possible.

His first impressions of Rome were not favourable, and his first letter was even querulous; but soon his clear single mind grew strong again; and the spirit of his correspondence during the whole seven years of his Roman residence is delightful. Children brought out the fatherly part of his character; his wife was ever his loving and devoted companion; some powerful and interesting minds sought his companionship; and a taste for art was improved by intercourse with the rising young artists who were then at Rome—Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow; but, above all, the education of Marcus, his eldest child and only boy, who can wonder if he became more and more of a Roman, and if he closed the seventh year of his residence mournfully when preparing for his return to Germany?

His mission had been a difficult one—not that the papal court was unfriendly, but the home instructions were not always clear and consistent. An earnest Protestant himself, he was yet profoundly alive to the duties of rulers towards all their subjects, of all religious beliefs, and wished in every negotiation to make sure of a large measure of real freedom.

When at length the concordatives were agreed to, he was anxious for a recall, on account, chiefly, of the delicate state of Mme Niebuhr's health; but for this he had some little time to wait. It is interesting to see the manner in which he was affected by the passing events of this time.

'Idle talk,' says M. Bunsen, 'on matters of lofty import, and a dwelling with pleasure upon trifling topics, were equally abhorrent to him. I shall never forget how Niebuhr spoke at a princely table in Rome, during the bloody scenes in Greece, of Suli and the Suliots, and the future of the Christian Hellenes, in much the same terms as he has spoken to posterity in a passage of his Roman history, which breathes a noble indignation, and a sense that the brand of infamy still cleaves to us. The prince, a high-minded, amiable, and intelligent man, listened, as did his guests, with attention and sympathy; a serious mood seemed to come over the whole party; a pause occurred. One of the guests, a diplomatist, of Mephistophelian aspect and species, took advantage of it to turn the conversation. One of the eternally repeated trifles of the day—a so-called piece of news that must be repeated to the prince—was skilfully used as a stepping-stone; and in ten minutes, the whole table was alive with a dispute between the spokesman and another person who had contradicted him on a most important point—what "aurora" signified in the slang of the Roman coffee-houses, whether a mixture of chocolate with coffee or not. Niebuhr was silent. At last, with quiet earnest-

ness and dignified mien, he spoke these words: "What heavy chastisements must be still in store for us, when, in such times, and, with such events still occurring around us, we can be entertained with such miserable trifles!" All were mute, and Niebuhr also. A long pause ensued; and the mysteries of the Caffé Nuovo were not mentioned again that day.'

The life which Niebuhr led after returning to Germany, was not remarkable as to incident, but it abounded in useful and noble pursuit. He still shunned Berlin; and, on the whole, the university of Bonn appeared to him as the best and most suitable residence for the family, now consisting of five children. He did not take any actual professorship, but he lectured and he wrote. Here he became the centre of a circle of the highest minds of Germany. All prized him; all, young and old, felt the benefit of his presence, his labours, and example. He regularly worked at the history of Rome; but he cultivated his garden, taught and played with his children, and built himself a house. The time was not all passed at Bonn; in 1829, the family visited Holstein and Mme Hensler. A twelve years' absence had produced many alterations, but the love of country and early home was wrought into Niebuhr's heart, and he enjoyed this renewal of youth. A sad calamity, however, awaited him at Bonn. On the night of February the 6th 1830, the new house he had built with such pleasure and care, was burnt completely down. Very little could be saved—excepting, indeed, that the books, being the first object to which his neighbours were attracted when the family were rescued, were for the most part preserved, and also the manuscript of the second volume of his Roman history. The whole correspondence with his father, and many other letters and papers, were destroyed.

This event, though a great shock, he bore with much calmness, and set himself to restore what was lost. Foreign politics did not lose their interest; on the contrary, the French Revolution of 1830 excited all his ardour. At first, he was alarmed, anticipating fresh horrors; but the welcome he gave to Louis-Philippe was most enthusiastic. Dr Arnold describes him as being made quite happy by this turn of the page of present life, and deeply indignant with the Bourbon ministers. His ardour in this cause was indeed the immediate occasion of his fatal illness; for while the French trials were pending, he would go every evening, through severe cold, in the depth of winter, to the news-rooms, and by this exposure caught the inflammatory cold of which he died. On the evening of Christmas-day 1830, this formidable attack began; and on the 1st of January 1831, the excellent man breathed his last, fully conscious of his impending fate, and not less so of that of his beloved partner, who had nursed him during the first two days, but was afterwards too ill to leave her bed. When her husband was informed of this, he turned his face to the wall, and was heard to murmur: 'Hapless house! to lose father and mother at once!' Then, 'Pray to God, children; He alone can help us'—and his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort in prayer. Poor Mme Niebuhr survived him but nine days. She had her children with her, and tried to give them counsel; but the shock had been too great for her broken health; she rests in the same grave with him, not far from the glorious river. The king of Prussia erected a monument to his honour.

Niebuhr was only a few months more than fifty-four. Mrs Austin, who saw him in 1828, says: 'His person was diminutive, almost to meanness, but his presence very imposing. His head and eye were grand, austere, and commanding. He had all the authority of intelligence, and looked and spoke like one not used to contradiction. He lived a life of study and domestic seclusion, but he conversed freely and unreservedly.' His habits, we are told by another writer, were temperate and regular. 'He entered with earnest sympathy into all the little interests and conventional jokes of his family and friends; and he writes with quite as much eagerness about Marcus's learning great E, or Cornelia's flowered frock for her birthday, as about consuls or cabinets.' Niebuhr himself says: 'I shall teach little Amelia to write myself, for her mother has no time for it; and the poor little thing might be jealous of Marcus, if one of us did not teach her.' His consideration for his dependents may be illustrated by this remark: 'I wish I had taken the governess's room when we got into the house first; but, anti-revolutionist as I am, I am too much of a democrat to turn her out now in right of superior rank.'

Of his character, some faint idea may be formed from our sketch and extracts; but of the beauty of his thoughts, his soundness, sagacity, the perfect simplicity of his whole style of character, a large acquaintance with his free outpourings to his friends can alone give an adequate notion. We regard them as among the very best private letters we know—of their kind, we mean—for they are not witty, not playful. The reader will not find lightness and grace, but strength and manliness, and, in a remarkable degree, affectionateness. They are the charming utterances of a clear and honest mind, and have made us thankful for the privilege of knowing the inner life of one whose outward works have long had our admiration.

THE TATTLETON ELECTION.

There never was a contested election in the borough of Great Tattleton that I remember but one, and it took place on what was termed the last appeal to the country in the matter of the Reform Bill. Staid and substantial fathers of families doubtless recollect the strife of parties and opinions which filled those times, and in which themselves took part, with all the bootless haste and fervour of twenty; feeling especially indignant that they were not yet householders, as their incorruptible votes might save the nation. England has floated safely through many a conflict of the old and new since then, and more of the kind are coming; but no event in our national history ever appeared to the denizens of Tattleton of half such magnitude as that contested election. Tattleton was an ancient and respectable borough. It has a railway station now, but looks much as it did at the time of my story—a small, old-fashioned country town, situated among corn and orchard lands in one of the cider-making counties, with a newspaper, a sheriff's court, and sundry quiet shops and alehouses. There is an old church there, with high Gothic windows full of painted glass, quaint carving, strange tombs, and a suit of knightly armour hanging between two tattered banners, which the sexton says were carried some time in the wars. Tradition says also, that there is a fine old painting in fresco, whitewashed over from the Reformation, but of that I know nothing. The town had other antiquities. Its stocks were a marvel of age and efficiency. A ducking-stool for scolds yet remained in the court-house, beside the beam with which they weighed witches against the Bible; but the oldest thing in Great Tattleton was its charter: a native antiquary demonstrated, that it had been signed by King John the day after Runnymede; and among other superannuated privileges, it conferred on the free burghers the right of trade and toll, ward and gibbet, besides that of electing their own mayor and one loyal commoner, to serve in the king's parliament.

We all believed that Palladium of Tattleton to be kept somewhere in the church, and generations had returned their representatives according to its provisions. But the bounds of the borough were so devious, and the free burghers so thinly scattered among us, that all elections within the memory of man had been quietly managed by the mayor, the town-clerk, and the sheriff. Moreover, an old gateway and two crazy posts had something to do in the business by right of ancient custom. In short, Tattleton was what the advocates of the whole Bill were apt to term a close and sometimes a rotten borough. Its representation had become hereditary—some said, since the Long Parliament—in the Stopford family, who owned at least half the soil, and were supposed to be as old as its charter. One of their ancestors had built the church, another wore the armour and captured the banners that hung in it. The family pew and vault were there; and they had been squires and justices of peace from father to son, dispensing hospitality, work, and law, at their seat of Fern Hall—a great old manor-house, standing deep in a thickly-wooded dell not half a mile from Tattleton. So far as I could learn, the Stopfords had given no ornaments to state or church, but theirs was pre-eminently a safe house. Its martlets were generally fortunate in their connections; and its chiefs had supported the character of moderate reformers, each in his generation. At home, they were lenient magistrates and prudent landlords, never overtaxing their tenantry, and rarely enforcing the game-laws. None of them ever took a first step; but all improvements in the neighbourhood, if once commenced, were certain of their countenance; and in parliament they always voted for any measure of reform which it was evident the people would want no longer.

It was, therefore, in accordance with family principles and practice, that the then reigning squire and M.P., Levison Stopford, Esquire, should take his seat on the ministerial benches, and vote in and out of parliament for the Bill with which all England rang. Levison Stopford did not make brilliant speeches, but he had a fair share of prominence in county business, was a middling landlord, a respectable head of a family, connected by marriage with a Whig peer, the father of a promising son, and, as the newspapers said, four lovely daughters. All these recommendations to public favour could not secure him against division in his native borough. There were Conservatives among us, who clung to the time-honoured institutions of Tattleton, and could not consent to see their ancient privileges, charter, old posts, and all, submerged in those of two adjoining boroughs—Little Tattleton, whose constituency consisted of the beadle, and Lumberdale, to which the earl always nominated his second son; for people already understood, that on the passing of the Bill these three should become one, at least in elections.

Sir Jonas Underwood, of Little Tattleton Park, did not like that prospect—he had been regularly returned by the loyal and independent beadle ever since his majority, a period of some forty years—neither did the Earl of Lumberdale, as the present state of things made his second son's canvass by no means difficult. Both the earl and the baronet possessed some property, and more influence, in our borough, by help of which they warned the loyal Conservatives that their country was in danger, and exhorted Great Tattleton to rush to the rescue. The mayor said, that though he respected birth and breeding, yet, if a country gentleman like Mr Stopford would so far disgrace his family as to vote for a measure which must break down the British constitution, and utterly ruin England in less than twenty years, he, for his own part, felt called upon to oppose him. The town-clerk always said as the mayor did; all the Tories in Tattleton took them for examples, by degrees a party was formed against Stopford on what had hitherto been his own ground; and long before the dissolution, it was known that they intended, as the phrase is, 'to start' Sommerset Cloudesly, Esquire, as an opposing candidate in the Conservative interest.

Sommerset Cloudesly occupied a large but neat brick house on the verge of our town's liberties, with a meadow-like lawn in front, and acres of orchard in the rear. His father had been a small farmer, who bettered his fortune by all manner of money-making speculations—the last of which, a cider-manufactory, and a mill, together with a house he had built, the orchard he had planted, and a handsome strip of landed property, descending to his only son, made him the second man in Tattleton. Sommerset had been what is called carefully educated: ten years of his life had been spent in the house of a clergyman, who received select boarders as part of his own family; five more at a college in Oxford under the direction of a staid tutor; and the residue in a series of fidgets through the house and land left him by his father; for at the time of our story, the worthy cider-maker had long gone to his account.

Sommerset was a tall, thin, genteel-looking man, in his thirtieth year. Motherless, sisterless, and wifeless—strange to say, under such circumstances, he was restless too. It was not a weight of crime that pressed upon his conscience. Cloudesly's life had been as harmless as those of his own apple-trees. It was not inordinate ambition that disturbed his days, for though, like most of us, Sommerset would have rather preferred being a great man, could greatness be easily come at, he lost no labour in its pursuit. Neither was it love that besieged his peace; for, except Miss Lily Prior, old Tom the brewer's daughter, who sat in the same pew at church, Sommerset had never been known to look on one of womankind with attention. Perhaps the carefulness of his education might have done it. Life could not be entirely folded up like a napkin, and put into its proper drawer; and everything annoyed Sommerset Cloudesly. The coming off of his waistcoat button was the destruction of Messina.* The world was going to ruin if his horse lost a shoe. Like the idle family in the Eastern tale, he could draw a disturbance from the future also, and many a heart-quake had he regarding what might happen. His Oxford tutor had made him a strong Tory; old Cloudesly had averred, that was the only politics for a gentleman; and though Sommerset believed in all the alarms of his time, his faith being particularly strong for terrors, he had always supposed himself to be somebody. Sir Jonas and the Earl of Lumberdale assured him he was the hope of Tattleton; and, in an evil hour, he consented, in electioneering phrase, to contest the borough.

With his relations, who regarded Sommerset as their top branch, the step was in high favour; and all his friends came out strong in approbation, excepting old Tom Prior. He had been the consulting friend and boon-companion of old Cloudesly *forty* years before, when the one began to brew beer and the other to make cider. Tom's brewery had not paid him so well as old Cloudesly's apples. He had been the first to establish a business of the kind in Tattleton. There were three there at the time of the election; but the townspeople still knew him familiarly as *the* brewer, though he had long become a sleeping partner, having saved enough for himself and his old wife to live on in a cottage covered with grape vines, at the end of a long green lane in which the main street of Tattleton dwindled away. There was, besides, a thousand pounds for Lily, the heiress-apparent, moreover, of his interest in the brewery. Tom said 'he had no notion of politics, being entirely given to beer; and who was right about that there Bill he couldn't say, but he never knowed an honest man as made money by a contested election.' Old Mrs Prior always echoed what her husband said, besides knitting

a perpetual stocking that was her only occupation; but Tom and his wife were old people now, and in small intimacy with the college-bred young Cloudesly, though they sat in the same church-pew, and some thought their daughter Lily was also a friend to our proposed member. Lily was as pretty a girl as could be found in all Tattleton, which, together with her prospects, rather insured admirers; but Lily took no trouble with any of them, and it was believed that the old folks rather wished she should not be in a hurry.

That was no wonder; for, in this fidgety world, Lily Prior was a treasure. Nothing ever disturbed her. Her hair might go out of curl, or her friends out of humour; her bonnet might take unbecoming fits, as I am told bonnets sometimes do, but her equanimity remained unruffled, and her days were spent in knitting beside her mother in the little oak parlour, taking quiet walks, and hoeing peacefully in her own flower-garden. Spiteful people said, that Lily was beginning to look old-maidish, but I never saw it in her calm face. It was also said—what didn't they say in Great Tattleton?—that her muslin dress and crimped collar were more carefully arranged when Sommerset Cloudesly might be expected to walk that way; but Lily's strongest demonstration was 'Dear me!' and that she said on hearing of his intended contest. A perilous contest it seemed for Sommerset Cloudesly. Stopford was by far the richer and more influential man; the interest of his party, his aristocratic connections, and his individual pride, all determined him to keep his ground; and the generally prudent man had been heard to declare, that he would spend to the last sixpence of his property, rather than see himself unseated by an upstart simpleton.

Sommerset and his friends had, of course, the accredited weapons of their party wherewith to attack the adversary, and Stopford was called everything, from Radical up to Atheist. Thus the battle began, and fiercely was it fought; but election details are interesting only to the parties engaged: suffice it to say, that all the usual means for obtaining the independent suffrage of freeborn Englishmen were put in requisition. Voters suddenly emerged from corners wherein no freeholds had been previously dreamed of; others were unaccountably absent on the polling-days; the ale-houses abounded in trade, and the town in all disorderliness. There was everlasting controversy over claims of residence and ownership, with numerous appeals to our famous charter; and prosecutions for assault and battery occupied our town lawyers the whole succeeding year.

What spites and quarrels are still flourishing among my old neighbours which owe their origin to that election! How many long friendships it split up, and how much family peace it disturbed, I cannot precisely state; but the like did happen. Neither is it within my memory's scope to enlarge on the Countess-Dowager of Lumberdale and her seven charming daughters, in elegant morning-dresses, appearing at the poll, where they shook hands with everybody, and shewed a singular acquaintance with family history; nor to relate how Lord Littlemore, Stopford's brother-in-law, and the proudest peer in England, made calls on small shop-keepers and farmers, perhaps to shew what rank could do on important occasions. No manœuvre was left untried by the rival factions, nor any cause of dispute omitted, and the strife increased in bitterness every day. Readers, can any of you explain why people so generally run into the way of whatever they most fear? I never could; but the case is common, and Sommerset Cloudesly was a striking instance. What waves of worry passed over him! and what heaps of annoyance were piled on his spirit during that county election!—a rather [illegible] business in those unreformed days. His [illegible] killed with cabbage-stocks on the hustings; his days were devastated by groans; and his soul harrowed by hisses. Nevertheless, both his friends and enemies were amazed to see how well Cloudesly acquitted himself; his speeches, when they could be heard, were models of neat eloquence; and his colours—pea-green and white—were sported with genteel triumph. By and by, however, it became evident to his most sanguine supporter that Sommerset had no chance; Sir Jonas and Lord Lumberdale themselves advised him to give up the contest; but the man had been persuaded that the safety of Great Tattleton, if not that of the British nation, depended on him, and a persuasion once in Sommerset's head was not easily got out. He believed on, in spite of them and fortune. I never found out precisely what the business cost him; nobody dared inquire, and he burned all the accounts; but at length the last day's poll was taken, and amid cheers, yells, and a newly-begun row, Levison Stopford, Esq., was declared duly elected.

Men cannot have Waterloos of their own every day. No wonder, then, that the honourable member's glory was too great for his prudence: scarcely had the poll closed, when it became generally known in front of the Stopford Arms, that there were two barrels of strong beer, which his liberality had devoted to the populace. On the publication of this intelligence, the ancient ceremony of chairing went on with more than usual vigour. It was a quiet autumn evening, but there was no peace for Tattleton. The shops and houses of Stopford's friends were lighting up in every quarter for a grand illumination, while the opposition and the stingy were closing as quickly as possible. Half the rabble of the county were gathered in the streets; all our own respectability occupied doors and windows; and forth from the town-hall, in a substantial arm-chair, decorated with bunches of ribbons, blue and red—the Stopford colours—borne in high triumph by his most zealous and noisy adherents, came the newly-chosen senator (a rather stout gentleman, and father of a hopeful family), scattering coppers and silver with no sparing hand, from a large canvas bag, among the crowd, who roared and scrambled in all the might of beer. Old politicians said it was a great victory for Whig principles, and many a joke was cracked at the unsuccessful candidate's expense. Some believed he had retired behind bolt and bar; others that he was defying fortune at a late dinner. If the latter statement were true, Sommerset's company must have been small. The Earl and Sir Jonas had long since washed their hands of him, as incorrigibly obstinate. The more influential of his supporters kept out of sight, being rather ashamed of the losing side; and, I grieve to say, the barrels had utterly shaken the faith of many a voteless adherent, the freeholders of our streets and lanes, who now shouted Stopford instead of Cloudesly for ever. Some there were, nevertheless, with souls above barrels—men who had votes, and men who had none—and they collected their forces at the foot of the main street, as vantage-ground from which to groan at the above-mentioned procession, and inform Mr Stopford of their intentions to unseat him for bribery and corruption.

Great Tattleton was not a fighting place—a serious riot had never occurred within the memory of its 'oldest inhabitant;' yet on that evening quiet people began to feel uneasy; and my particular friend, Miss Croply, had selected it as a fitting occasion for her tea-party. Miss Croply was a maiden lady of some fifty years, and great note among us. She drew dividends at the bank; kept her own establishment, consisting of a maid and a boy; and gave select parties. Moreover, Miss Croply was a Tory after her own fashion. She said there was nothing she hated but Radicals and reformers, for all they wanted was to bring down the respectable people, and maybe break the banks. On these principles, she had been in great fervour for Sommerset Cloudesly; and by way of testifying that his defeat had not broken her spirit, Miss Croply assembled

the Priors, myself, and two or three other favoured friends, to tea and crumpets prepared by her own fair hands. These requisites were on the table, and the party assembled in the little drawing-room, all but Lily, whom her mother had left to manage some domestic matter (the old lady was particular at times); but at its conclusion, Lily was to come through the lane, over the fields, and up Miss Croply's garden, to avoid the crowd, and shew the beautiful new bonnet she had received that morning as a present from her aunt. We all knew Lily to be exact; but the hour had come, and not the woman.

'Don't draw that curtain, if you please, Mr Prior; I would not gratify the low creatures by looking out!' said Miss Croply, as shouts louder than ordinary rose from the street, and old Tom stepped to the window. The noise came nearer. It sounded like, 'Miss Prior for ever!' We rushed in a body to the windows. Miss Croply herself drew the curtain. There was a woman borne in a garden-chair, dangerously high, by the most zealous of the Cloudeslyites, while the rest followed in applauding procession, augmented every moment, and Tom's hands went together like the 'crack of doom' as he exclaimed: 'By jingo, it's my own daughter!'

Lily it was, in her pretty green gown, white shawl, and gay new bonnet—it was trimmed with pale-green and white: as for her face, it expressed nothing but 'Dear me!' I never saw such philosophy. Out rushed Tom, so did all the men of us, and followed the crowd up the street, and down the lane to the front of Cloudesly's house, where we arrived just in time to see the gallant Sommerset hand Lily from her chair with the air of a man about to kneel. Poor Cloudesly! he was both weak and strong, but a good fellow at heart.

'She wore my colours, and suffered for my sake,' was all he said, as with Lily on his arm he marched back with us to Miss Croply's drawing-room, followed by the crowd, shouting: 'Prior and Cloudesly for ever!'

'Lily, dear, what's the meaning of this?' said old Mrs Prior.

'I thought I would take a look,' said Lily calmly; 'and they all got about me, saying I had on Mr Cloudesly's colours, and'——

'So you did wear his colours,' cried Miss Croply; 'and I'm proud of you for keeping up your principles! Mrs Prior, I always knew there was something great in that girl!'

'It's just the bonnet my aunt sent me,' said Lily; 'and I didn't mean'——

'Never mind what you meant,' cried Miss Croply, in whose mind policy as well as romance might have been at work at that moment: 'we don't want no excuses.'

In short, Lily was made a heroine that evening. Her father and mother thought themselves called upon to rebuke, but it was done rather in the encouraging style, especially when Mr Cloudesly gave the company to understand that henceforth he was to be considered Lily's humble servant. Isn't that the proper phrase, readers? And Miss Prior, who had not her composure to regain, coloured slightly, and finished the matter by saying: 'Dear me!'

I have heard from herself, that she had put on her aunt's bonnet, and come quietly through the lane, when it struck her that she would like to see what was going on, as Miss Croply would allow no looking out at the low creatures; so nearer and nearer to the street did Lily wend, till a boy—are not boys at the bottom of all mischief?—raised the shout that she was wearing Mr Cloudesly's colours; the phalanx then surrounded her, and improvised the triumph which we witnessed. The *Tattleton Chronicle* was remarkably full upon it. I think, till this day, Lily is regarded as a devoted heroine by all the Tories of Tattleton, for there are Tories there still. But we had a splendid wedding at our church, under Mr Stopford's very nose, before he went to parliament. I can vouch for old Tom and Miss Croply leading off a country-dance the same evening in Prior Cottage; but it is two-and-twenty years ago. There is a tombstone over the old man and his wife. Miss Croply has left her bank deposit to three nieces. Sommerset Cloudesly grew less fidgety long ago, and some people say less genteel, but he brews the best beer, and makes the best cider now in the county. There are ten children in the brick-house, but Mrs Cloudesly looks as composed as ever; and when her husband reads to her at work on the winter nights, as he dutifully does, in the newspapers, she sometimes remarks, at the close of long parliamentary debates, to which Sommerset was always partial: 'What trouble those people have in that House of Commons, my love! Wasn't it really good for you that you lost the Tattleton election?'

SAILORS' HOMES.

Our readers may probably have from time to time read allusions to 'Sailors' Homes,' without precisely understanding the nature of these institutions. They are based on the fact that sailors, as a class, are little better than children when ashore, and require to be providently cared for, to save them from imposition and misery. The seaman when afloat is so thoroughly accustomed to obey orders, and to be directed and instructed in everything, that he never thinks for himself, and never acquires the least forethought or capability of guiding himself in any position apart from the active duties of his profession; consequently, from time out of mind, he has been especially doomed to be victimised on the land. No sooner has he been paid off after a voyage, than he is—at least at all the great ports—beset with 'crimps,' 'runners,' and other land-sharks, who entice him to low public-houses and lodging-houses, where he is plundered with such extraordinary dispatch, that he frequently loses the results of many months of toil in a few days, or even a few hours.

Of all men, seamen have pre-eminently a claim on public sympathy and protection; no class needs the latter more, and, strange to say, no class has, until a comparatively recent period, received it less. In the words of Thomas Clarkson: 'The grievances of mercantile seamen are a national and crying evil;' and when we reflect on their importance, both as regards commerce and war, it will be acknowledged that it is a national duty to do all that is possible to protect them while ashore, and to ameliorate and improve their lot in every practical way. But this, like many other national duties, has been left to the voluntary exertions of a few practical philanthropists. In the words of Mr Sheriff Alison (now Sir A. Alison), when addressing a meeting at Glasgow, with the view of founding a 'Home' there: 'The seamen are placed in very peculiar circumstances—their virtues are exhibited at sea, and their vices are exhibited on shore. The community is benefited by the former, and they, the sailors, are the victims of the latter. It is therefore more incumbent on those who are enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour, to prevent their falling into those vices to which unhappily so many of them are addicted. As had been so well stated, they could do nothing to improve the character of the seaman without at the same time benefiting all classes of the community.'

There is weighty truth in the last sentence. Undoubtedly, any and all improvements, whether of the physical or moral condition of one class of the community, reacts on all. But especially in the case of seamen, the result would be beneficial to the nation in an incalculable degree. Raise the moral character of the sailor, by inducing in him reformed and provident habits, and he will soon feel that he has a stake in the prosperity and security of his country; and he

will indeed repay all that has been done for him by his steady industry in peace, and by his gallantry in war; for we think it is a great error to suppose, as some do, that a mere reckless outcast will fight more bravely than a man who feels that he is a responsible and respected citizen of a great nation, with his own proportionate interests involved in the results of the conflict.

It is to protect the seaman from extortion and temptation while ashore, and to elevate him in the social scale, that the excellent institutions called Sailors' Homes have been projected. Their object is to insure a respectable and truly comfortable 'home' to seamen, at an exceedingly moderate rate of payment; together with other advantages to be hereafter alluded to. An able pamphlet on the subject, by Mr Montague Gore, has recently been published, and we are indebted to him for the statistical information we are about to lay before the reader.

It appears that Captain Elliott, R. N., was the first who conceived the idea of founding Sailors' Homes. This was in 1828. In 1833, one was established at Charleston, in South Carolina; but the first in England was under the auspices of Mr Green, the great ship-builder and ship-owner of Blackwall, near London, and he originally designed it only for his own numerous seamen, although by a recent regulation others are admitted. Captain Hall, R. N., deserves worthy mention as one of the first promoters of Sailors' Homes, and he has for years indefatigably devoted himself to their formation. He recently visited the chief ports in the kingdom, to observe personally the condition of seamen ashore, and to advocate the establishment of Homes.

'The first public Sailors' Home was that of Wells Street, London. It was opened in May 1835; and Mr Gore informs us, that from that time up to December 31, 1851, no less than '54,026 seamen were received into the institution, of which number 15,055 were old or returned boarders. Last year the inmates amounted to 4633, and L.25,160 passed through the secretary's hand of money left in his charge, L.2500 of which was deposited in the savings-bank. The building in Wells Street is capable of holding 320 men, each of whom has a separate berth. The terms of admission are 14s. per week for full-grown men; 12s. per week for lads; and 10s. 6d. per week for apprentices. For this sum they are entitled to lodging [washing also], and four excellent meals daily; the dietary is admirable. . . . The terms and regulations of Mr Green's establishment are nearly the same as those in Wells Street. It is capable of holding 200 men; and here, too, are to be found equally gratifying proofs of provident habits, instances having occurred of men having as much as L.100 in the Poplar Bank.'

Good libraries are provided at these Sailors' Homes, and the morning-prayers of the Church of England are duly read; but the attendance of the inmates is perfectly voluntary, and no distinction of religious creed bars their admission. This is as it should be, and we have heard the Wells Street Home spoken of in terms of praise and gratitude by seamen who have been boarders there. Seamen of the best character thankfully flock to the Homes, and, consequently, captains prefer to ship their crews from them. Mr Gore says, that in one year 112 ships were manned from the Home in Wells Street.

The Portsmouth Home was opened in April 1851, and has been greatly supported and enlarged by the munificent contributions of the sovereign and some of the nobility. It receives British sailors at 13s. per week for men, and 10s. for boys and apprentices. Concerning it, Sir Edward Parry, governor of Haslar Naval Hospital, says: 'The practice formerly prevalent with the crimps, and other sharks, of besetting the gates of the Hospital, to waylay and beguile the invalids on their discharge, is now almost at an end. This is, I believe, principally to be attributed to our Portsmouth Sailors' Home, from which establishment a boat is generally sent every discharge-day, to give the invalids the opportunity of going there without difficulty—the regulations of the Home being posted up in various parts of the hospital. I am sure it is a comfort and a blessing to all who go there.'

A Home was opened in Dublin in July 1848; and at Bristol, Plymouth, Cork, Dundee, &c., Homes are in course of formation. A magnificent Sailors' Home has long been in course of establishment at Liverpool; but it is not yet opened, although nearly finished. Influential meetings have also been held at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Greenock, &c., to establish Homes at these several ports. No one can conceive how absolutely necessary such institutions are but those who, like ourselves, have seen the way in which seamen are robbed and led astray ashore. Mr Gore gives the public a little insight into the case. 'I visited,' says he, 'a short time ago, some of the houses at Wapping and its neighbourhood, into which the sailors are decoyed. These houses are kept by crimps, who waylay the unsuspecting sailors; they are by them conducted to these places, where they find music and dancing going forward; they are induced to take up their abode there, and are often plundered of every farthing they possess. In some houses, I saw several foreigners; and in the days when burking was common, many of these unfortunates were made away with. In Bristol, when a ship arrives, the sailors are surrounded by a set of miscreants, who are called "runners," and are taken by them to houses of the lowest description. . . . . Instances innumerable might be stated of the horrible state of the dens to which seamen are obliged to resort for want of more respectable residences; robberies are of frequent occurrence; and in one, I fear not a solitary case, murder was committed.'

Our object in giving these extracts is, to shew the vital necessity for the formation of Homes at all our leading ports. At Liverpool, for instance, the crimps are so active and speculative in driving their abominable traffic, that no sooner do they hear of a man-of-war being paid off at Portsmouth, or any other naval port, than they send their agents to entice the sailors down to Liverpool. Let us quote one solitary example of the way in which Poor Jack is plundered. 'When Her Majesty's ship *Raleigh* was paid off at Portsmouth, many of the men were so plundered, that they were obliged to apply to the magistrates for redress. It appears from the notes of the evidence taken before them, that seven of these men were charged L.102 for three days' entertainment at a low public-house, one item being L.6, 2s. for two hours' ride in an omnibus; and a messmate, who came to breakfast with them, was compelled to pay 17s. 4d. for two eggs, some salt beef, and a cup of coffee. It is gratifying to state, at the same time, that nineteen men of this ship were received into the Sailors' Home, Wells Street, London, taking with them L.222, besides their remittance-bills.'

We will make one more extract from Mr Gore's interesting brochure: 'Every seaport has a direct interest in the improvement of the character of the seamen who frequent it, and whose example must exercise considerable influence on the rest of the community. To the ship-owners, as well as to their men, the Homes cannot fail of proving in the highest degree advantageous. Their ships are now often manned by men upon whom, when at foreign ports, little or no dependence can be placed. They care little about the ship in which they sail; they are heedless as to what port they shall return; but the establishment of Homes will induce those who have experienced their advantages, to be desirous of returning to them. It will render the seamen better men and better citizens, and it will cause them to continue with their masters.' We cordially endorse these opinions.

One great obstacle to the speedy formation of Sailors' Homes, seems to be the outlay necessary in the shape of buildings, &c. On this point we offer, with deference, a suggestion of our own. It is, that hulls of large old ships be bought and fitted up as *floating-homes*. Such establishments would accommodate a large number of seamen in a very comfortable manner, and could be kept up at an exceedingly moderate annual outlay for repairs. Surely the proprietors of the docks in our large ports could, and would afford a convenient mooring-place at a merely nominal rent.

In conclusion, we may mention, that an establishment of a kindred nature to Sailors' Homes is the 'Asylum for Distressed Seamen' in London. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and receives destitute seamen of all nations. It lodges 100 inmates, and provides them with two good meals daily. It were to be wished that similar asylums were established at every port in the empire.

The philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, shortly before his death, proposed that all public-houses for seamen's lodgings should be licensed under strict special regulations. This, we think, would be a step in the right direction; but there is nothing like a regular Sailors' Home. Nevertheless, even in the large ports, licensed lodging-houses would be exceedingly useful as auxiliaries to the Homes.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

STORY OF ELIZA.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is the title of an American work, respecting which it is alleged that fifty thousand copies, weighing fifty-five tons, were disposed of in the short period of eight weeks. So high a degree of popularity could not rest on an insufficient foundation.* The book is a species of novel or story, designed to portray in vivid colours negro-life in the slave states of America; and such is the graphic and truth-like way in which the authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe, has strung the whole together, that the production has not only enlisted the sympathy of the Abolitionists, but roused something like a sense of shame in the holders of slaves—hitherto impervious to all remonstrance on the subject. A cheap London reprint of this somewhat interesting book enables us to give a slight sketch of its character.

Uncle Tom is a middle-aged negro slave, on the farm of a Mr Shelby, in Kentucky; he has learned to read, is pious and exemplary, and his hut is resorted to for edification by old and young in the neighbourhood. Tom is married, has several children, and is highly trustworthy. Between his family and that of his owner there is an agreeable intercourse, and to all appearance he is likely to live and die on the estate; but his master falls into pecuniary difficulties; becomes indebted to a wretch, Haley, a dealer in slaves from the south; and he is obliged to part with so much live property to wipe out his obligations. It is arranged that Tom must go, and along with him a young female slave, Eliza, almost white, who is married, and has hitherto acted as lady's-maid to Mrs Shelby. Eliza's pretty boy, Harry, makes up the lot. The first point of interest in the narrative turns on Eliza and her child; and we cannot do better than allow the authoress to enter on the history of this unfortunate female slave and her husband. It is said to be drawn from the life.

'Eliza had been brought up by her mistress from girlhood as a petted and indulged favourite. The traveller in the south must often have remarked that peculiar air of refinement, that softness of voice and manner, which seems in many cases to be a particular gift to the quadroon and mulatto women. These natural graces in the quadroon are often united with beauty of the most dazzling kind, and in almost every case with a personal appearance prepossessing and agreeable. Eliza, such as we have described her, is not a fancy sketch, but taken from remembrance, as we saw her years ago in Kentucky. Safe under the protecting care of her mistress, Eliza had reached maturity without those temptations which make beauty so fatal an inheritance to a slave. She had been married to a bright and talented young mulatto man, who was a slave on a neighbouring estate, and bore the name of George Harris.

'This young man had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory, where his adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had invented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which, considering the education and circumstances of the inventor, displayed quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin. He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners, and was a general favourite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all these superior qualifications were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded, tyrannical master. This same gentleman, having heard of the fame of George's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chattel had been about. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who congratulated him on possessing so valuable a slave. He was waited upon over the factory, shewn the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon put a stop to it. He'd take him back, and put him to hoeing and digging, and "see if he'd step about so smart." Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were astounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

"But, Mr Harris," remonstrated the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is? Isn't the man *mine*?"

"We would be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But, sir, he seems peculiarly adapted to this business."

"Daresay he may be; never was much adapted to anything that I set him about, I'll be bound."

"But only think of his inventing this machine," interposed one of the workmen, rather unluckily.

"O yes!—a machine for saving work, is it? He'd invent that, I'll be bound; let a nigger alone for that any time. They are all labour-saving machines themselves, every one of 'em. No, he shall tramp!"

'George had stood like one transfixed at hearing his doom thus suddenly pronounced by a power that he knew was irresistible. He folded his arms, tightly pressed in his lips, but a whole volcano of bitter feelings burned in his bosom, and sent streams of fire through his veins. He breathed short, and his large dark eyes flashed like live coals; and he might have broken out into some dangerous ebullition, had not the kindly manufacturer touched him on the arm, and said, in a low tone: "Give way, George: go with him for the present. We'll try to help you yet."

'The tyrant observed the whisper, and conjectured its import, though he could not hear what was said;

* We understand that Mrs H. B. Stowe has received from her publishers the sum of *ten thousand three hundred dollars*, as her copyright premium on three months' sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—*Boston newspaper.*

and he inwardly strengthened himself in his determination to keep the power he possessed over his victim. George was taken home, and put to the meanest drudgery of the farm. He had been able to repress every disrespectful word; but the flashing eye, the gloomy and troubled brow, were part of a natural language that could not be repressed—indubitable signs, which shewed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

'It was during the happy period of his employment in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. During that period—being much trusted and favoured by his employer—he had free liberty to come and go at discretion. The marriage was highly approved of by Mrs Shelby, who, with a little womanly complacency in match-making, felt pleased to unite her handsome favourite with one of her own class, who seemed in every way suited to her; and so they were married in her mistress's great parlour, and her mistress herself adorned the bride's beautiful hair with orange-blossoms, and threw over it the bridal veil, which certainly could scarce have rested on a fairer head; and there was no lack of white gloves, and cake and wine—of admiring guests to praise the bride's beauty, and her mistress's indulgence and liberality. For a year or two, Eliza saw her husband frequently, and there was nothing to interrupt their happiness, except the loss of two infant children, to whom she was passionately attached, and whom she mourned with a grief so intense as to call for gentle remonstrance from her mistress, who sought, with maternal anxiety, to direct her naturally passionate feelings within the bounds of reason and religion.

'After the birth of little Harry, however, she had gradually become tranquillised and settled; and every bleeding tie and throbbing nerve, once more entwined with that little life, seemed to become sound and healthful; and Eliza was a happy woman up to the time that her husband was rudely torn from his kind employer, and brought under the iron sway of his legal owner.

'The manufacturer, true to his word, visited Mr Harris a week or two after George had been taken away, when, as he hoped, the heat of the occasion had passed away, and tried every possible inducement to lead him to restore him to his former employment.

"You needn't trouble yourself to talk any longer," said he doggedly; "I know my own business, sir."

"I did not presume to interfere with it, sir. I only thought that you might think it for your interest to let your man to us on the terms proposed."

"Oh, I understand the matter well enough. I saw your winking and whispering the day I took him out of the factory; but you don't come it over me that way. It's a free country, sir; the man's *mine*, and I do what I please with him—that's it."

'And so fell George's last hope: nothing before him but a life of toil and drudgery, rendered more bitter by every little smarting vexation and indignity which tyrannical ingenuity could devise.' One day George visited his wife in a distracted state of feeling. '"I have been careful, and I have been patient," said he; "but it's growing worse and worse: flesh and blood can't bear it any longer. Every chance he can get to insult and torment me, he takes. I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have some time to read and learn out of work-hours; but the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on. He says that though I don't say anything, he sees I've got the devil in me, and he means to bring it out; and one of these days it will come out in a way that he wont like, or I'm mistaken."

"O dear! what shall we do?" said Eliza mournfully.

"It was only yesterday," said George, "as I was busy loading stones into a cart, that young Mas'r Tom stood there, slashing his whip so near the horse, that the creature was frightened. I asked him to stop, as pleasant as I could: he just kept right on. I begged him again, and then he turned on me, and began striking me. I held his hand, and then he screamed, and kicked, and ran to his father, and told him that I was fighting him. He came in a rage, and said he'd teach me who was my master; and he tied me to a tree, and cut switches for young master, and told him that he might whip me till he was tired; and he did do it. If I don't make him remember it some time!" And the brow of the young man grew dark, and his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master—that's what I want to know?" he said.

"Well," said Eliza mournfully, "I always thought that I must obey my master and mistress, or I couldn't be a Christian."

"There is some sense in it, in your case: they have brought you up like a child—fed you, clothed you, indulged you, and taught you, so that you have a good education—that is some reason why they should claim you. But I have been kicked, and cuffed, and sworn at, and at the best only let alone; and what do I owe? I've paid for all my keeping a hundred times over. I *won't* bear it—no, I *won't!*" he said, clenching his hand with a fierce frown.

'Eliza trembled, and was silent. She had never seen her husband in this mood before, and her gentle system of ethics seemed to bend like a reed in the surges of such passions.'

The end of this is, that George absconds, and is followed by his wife and child, for she had overheard the bargain as to her transfer, and was resolved to gain her liberty or die in the attempt. She leaves the house stealthily at night, with her boy in her arms, hurries over fields, through swamps and forests, and actually arrives at the Ohio without hinderance. 'Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side. It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore. Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.' While resting here, Haley, her infuriated pursuer, who had tracked her, arrived at the ferry, guided, not very willingly, by two slaves, Sam and Andy. Eliza caught a glimpse of the trader, and, frantic with terror, rushed forth. 'A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side-door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

'The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy, she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man.

'Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr Symmes, you've got a little boy."

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it."

'When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you: they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

'The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighbourly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' critter a-strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks neither."

'So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianised manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

'Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe," said Haley. "How like a wild-cat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope mas'r'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, noway!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader with a growl. "I'll make ye laugh t'other side yer mouths!" and he began laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

'Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good-evening, mas'r," said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much 'spect missis be anxious. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and he started off, followed by Andy, at full speed, their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.'

Having gone this length, we may as well conclude the episode of Eliza. It may be generally known, that runaway slaves are in many instances favoured by the kindly aid of a denomination unwearied in well-doing—the Society of Friends. By a family belonging to this respectable body, Eliza, her child, and husband, were succoured and forwarded, under various disguises, to the northern frontier of the States, on their way to Canada. For the final crisis, on the shore of Lake Erie, Eliza was dressed in male attire, and seemed a handsome young man. Harry figured as a little girl.

'Mrs Smyth, a respectable woman from the settlement of Canada, whither they were fleeing, being fortunately about crossing the lake to return thither, had consented to appear as the aunt of little Harry; and in order to attach him to her, he had been allowed to remain the last two days under her sole charge; and an extra amount of petting, joined to an indefinite amount of seed-cakes and candy, had cemented a very close attachment on the part of the young gentleman.

'The hack drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they appeared, walked up the plank into the boat, Eliza gallantly giving her arm to Mrs Smyth, and George attending to their baggage.

'George was standing at the captain's office, settling for his party, when he overheard two men talking by his side.

"I've watched every one that came on board," said one, "and I know they're not on this boat."

'The voice was that of the clerk of the boat. The speaker whom he addressed was Marks, a friend of Haley, who had come on to Sandusky, seeking whom he might devour.

"You would scarcely know the woman from a white one," said Marks. "The man is a very light mulatto. He has a brand in one of his hands."

'The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little; but he turned coolly around, fixed an unconcerned glance on the face of the speaker, and walked leisurely toward another part of the boat, where Eliza stood waiting for him.

'Mrs Smyth, with little Harry, sought the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, where the dark beauty of the supposed little girl drew many flattering comments from the passengers.

'George had the satisfaction, as the bell rang out its farewell peal, to see Marks walk down the plank to the shore; and drew a long sigh of relief when the boat had put a returnless distance between them.

'It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced rippling and sparkling in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

'Oh what an untold world there is in one human heart! Who thought, as George walked calmly up and down the deck of the steamer, with his shy companion at his side, of all that was burning in his bosom? The mighty good that seemed approaching seemed too good, too fair, even to be a reality; and he felt a jealous dread every moment of the day that something would rise to snatch it from him.

'But the boat swept on—hours fleeted, and, at last, clear and full rose the blessed English shore—shores charmed by a mighty spell—with one touch to dissolve every incantation of slavery, no matter in what language pronounced, or by what national power confirmed.

'George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang—the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The

company were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down, and lifted up their hearts to God!

'"Twas something like the burst from death to life;
From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven;
From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven;
Where all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And mortal puts on immortality,
When Mercy's hand hath turned the golden key,
And Mercy's voice hath said: "Rejoice, thy soul is free."

'The party were soon guided by Mrs Smyth to the hospitable abode of a good missionary, whom Christian charity has placed here as a shepherd to the outcast and wandering, who are constantly finding an asylum on this shore.

'Who can speak the blessedness of that first day of freedom? Is not the *sense* of liberty a higher and finer one than any of the five? To move, speak, and breathe, go out and come in unwatched and free from danger! Who can speak the blessings of that rest which comes down on the free man's pillow, under laws which insure to him the rights that God has given to man? How fair and precious to that mother was that sleeping child's face, endeared by the memory of a thousand dangers! How impossible was it to sleep in the exuberant possession of such blessedness! And yet these two had not one acre of ground, not a roof that they could call their own; they had spent their all, to the last dollar. They had nothing more than the birds of the air, or the flowers of the field; yet they could not sleep for joy. "O ye who take freedom from man, with what words shall ye answer it to God?"'

With this episode, we close for the present, and will go into the history of Uncle Tom in a subsequent paper.

FORTUNES OF A LITERARY GOLD-SEEKER.

The same passion for gold-seeking, which in our day has developed itself in a new form, raged in Europe from the depth of the middle ages till the eighteenth century was far advanced. By the arrival of the latter period, however, a good deal of discredit had been thrown upon the business; awkward revelations had been made; well-authenticated facts had been turned outside in; and, in fine, the world's dread laugh helped not a little to put down the conviction of ages. That conviction did not relate to the existence of natural hoards of the precious metal. Such idle dreams were left to the fanciful and superstitious, whose stores were usually situated in the bosom of mountains, and guarded by gnomes and demons. The others were more rational and practical: they sought to obtain their end by means of legitimate science, based upon virtue and religious faith. This basis is the only thing that since then has been unanimously abandoned; for philosophers are still by no means agreed as to the impossibility of making gold.

Only a few of the gold-seekers of the present day are literary men, for the pickaxe does not very naturally replace the pen; but at the time we speak of, almost the whole tribe were authors. Borel, in 1654, makes the list amount to 4000; but this is an exaggeration; many of his names being imaginary, and some cut into several pieces. We have before us, however, a catalogue by a less zealous compiler, brought between eighty and ninety years further down, containing about 2500 treatises by about 900 authors—a number which we consider not the least remarkable of the facts connected with the hermetic science. All these works, with the exception of a small number, are in Latin; and [illegible] of them are the production of a certain Bernard Trevisanus, to give him his learned name, although he was born at Padua in 1406. We do not, however, particularise this author on account of the value of his books, for we are thankful to say we have never seen his *Secret Work of Chemistry*, or his *Philosophers' Egg*, or, in fact, a single line he has written;* but we look upon him in his personal character as the very ideal of a gold-seeker; and we are on that account anxious to rescue his name from the obscurity in which it rests.

Bernard's attachment for his life-long profession was spontaneous, perhaps instinctive. He had no need to apply himself to make the precious metals, for he was born with a piece of one of them in his mouth—the piece which is technically called a silver spoon. He had the rank of count; and his father, a doctor of medicine, leaving him a sufficient fortune, he had nothing to do but to enjoy the world in any way he thought fit. We shall see how he managed. When only fourteen years of age, he fell in with one of the works of the Arabian physician Rhasis, and this led him, after four years' labour, to the fountain-head of the occult philosophy, Geber. The latter, next to Hermes himself, is the acknowledged chief of the science, and Trevisan found himself in good hands; although he wished he had made his acquaintance earlier, as he had already spent to no purpose about 800 crowns. The reader must not suppose that the wealth of adepts vanished in the common operations of chemistry; for in point of fact, the material consumed was the material sought for—gold. Some, indeed, supposed that by subliming or purifying the imperfect metals to a high enough degree, they might convert them into the perfect one; but in general it was acknowledged that there was no way of making gold but by means of gold itself. The philosopher's stone, as it was called, was a powder containing the pure essence of gold, and how to obtain this was the question.

Trevisan was not without friends and advisers in the great search. Philosophers gathered about him like bees; and by their assistance, together with the formulæ in the works of Geber, he had soon spent 2000 crowns more. But he was not discouraged. He applied to the treatises of Archelaus, Rufreissa, and Sacrobosco; associated a monk with him in his experiments; and in the course of three years had rectified spirits of wine more than thirty times, till it reached a point at which no glass was strong enough to hold it. That was very well; but it cost more than 300 crowns, and he was no nearer his object than before.

He now began to dissolve, congeal, and sublime common salt, sal-ammonia, the alums, and copperas; and in distillation, circulation, and sublimation, he spent twelve busy years, at a cost of about 6000 crowns. Trevisan almost lost faith in human science, and set himself earnestly to pray for illumination. In this he was assisted by a magistrate of his own country; but while invoking divine aid, they were all the while working away with marine salt. This substance they continued to rectify for eight months without finding any change in its nature. It will be seen, that the object of all these experiments was to find a solvent powerful enough to separate the essence of gold from its material, the spirit from the body; but it now struck him like a flash of lightning, that aqua fortis must be the thing; and throwing himself upon this substance in its state of greatest intensity, he tried it first upon silver, then upon common mercury—but all in vain.

However, our Bernard was still in the flower of his age—he was only forty-six: nothing for a philosopher. He began to travel, with the view of collecting wisdom

* The French author of the catalogue we allude to (1742), while declaring that it is good for people to know what the books are, counsels them to read very little of them, and to do nothing at all that they recommend.

in his way; and at length fell in with Maître Geoffrey Leuvrier, a Cistercian monk, a man after his own heart. These congenial companions set to work at first upon hens' eggs, calcining even the shells; till at the end of eight laborious years, devoted to these and other substances, they had acquired the skill of at least preparing in an artistic manner the furnaces used in their operations. After this, he attached himself to another theological friend, who was prothonotary of Berghes, in Flanders; and with him he worked during fourteen months in distilling copperas with vinegar. But the result of the experiments was nothing better than a quartan-ague.

When Bernard began to get better, the interesting intelligence came to his ears, that Maître Henry, confessor of the Emperor Ferdinand III., possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone. Our adept, therefore, set out at once for Germany, and by means of the good offices of friends, and the liberal expenditure of money, obtained an introduction to the fortunate man. With him he set to work with a good heart; but after rectifying and dissolving till they were tired, he found that he had only succeeded in melting away 300 crowns more of his wealth. The thing grew serious. He was now fifty-eight. He could afford to dally no longer: it was necessary to find the secret of the hermetic science at once, or give up the search. Trevisan pondered over his critical position for two entire months; but at the end of that time a ray of hope flashed across the gloom of his meditations. The nature of the hope we do not know; we can only tell what was the course of action on which it determined him. He arose suddenly from his depression, and, girding up his loins, began to travel. He went first to Rome; then to Spain; then to Turkey; then to Greece. He passed into Egypt; then into Barbary; then visited Rhodes, and then traversed a portion of Palestine and Persia. He then returned to France, by way of Messina, and visited England, Scotland, and finally Germany. Wherever he went, it was the same thing. The phantom he followed fled as he pursued; and alike in the heart of London, and in the deserts of the Holy Land, he saw appearing, and then vanishing, in the distance—

The unreached paradise of his despair.

That the secret existed, there could be no doubt; for it was a part of Trevisan's creed that it was born before the Flood; that it was revealed to the Israelites in their passage through the Desert; and that it had thus been handed down through the various generations of men. In his own travels, there was no want of true philosophers here, there, and everywhere. But they were alone; they kept their science to themselves; and they fixed upon the inquirer a stony gaze, which petrified his heart. Pretenders, on the contrary, were as open as day—there was no end to their civilities: but their favours were expensive; they cost altogether, including his travelling expenses, about 13,000 crowns; and he was at length obliged to sell an estate which had produced him the agreeable little revenue of 8000 German florins.

Bernard was now sixty-two years of age, within a year of his grand climacteric. He had succeeded in divesting himself by degrees of all his property, with the exception of what afforded him a very bare subsistence; and his relatives, incensed at a conduct which their ignorance of science prevented them from appreciating, had turned their backs upon him. Poor, friendless, and alone, he had hatched his *Philosophers' Egg* to some purpose; and now what was he to do? He must, in the first place, find some cheap retirement, where he could at least live; and accordingly he set out for a place he had visited in his travels—the island of Rhodes. Why he should have chosen the island of Rhodes more than any other island, or an island more than any part of the mainland, it would be difficult to tell. But Bernard speedily saw that he had been conducted thither by the hand of destiny; for in his solitary wanderings he encountered a monk whom he at once recognised as a kindred spirit. It would be too long to tell how they fell into talk about the Companions of Cadmus, the Doves of Diana, the Dragon, the Serpent, and the Nymphs; of the Male, the Female, and the Hermaphrodite; of the Hermetic Sulphur which exists in gold, and of the means of coagulating with this sulphur the sacred Mercury. Suffice it to say, that their conversation excited in them an intense desire to experiment, and an absolute conviction that the collision of two such intellects would strike out the sublime spark of truth. But how to manage? Gold could not be made without the aid of gold; and they had not a piece between them. But here the lucky stars of our philosopher interposed. Bernard fell in with a merchant to whom his family was known, and his adventures unknown; and the good man had the kindness to lend him 8000 florins. This was a trifling debt to incur at a time when he stood on the very brink of the Secret; and the two friends set to work with a will. They occupied themselves for three years in dissolving gold and silver; and then discovered that their fund was exhausted, and that nothing remained to them of all their labours but the embers of the fire.

Trevisan applied to philosophy for consolation: he set himself to read attentively Arnold of Villenova. This 'great theologian, skilful physician, and learned alchemist,' as we are assured by Andreas, a celebrated lawyer of his day, was in the habit of making gold at pleasure; but not satisfied with this triumph, he would needs interfere in the concerns of religion, and more especially scandalised the whole orthodox world by affirming, 'that the works of charity and medicine are more agreeable to God than the services of the altar.' He was likewise the master in the sublime science of the famous Raymond Lully, who, as is well known to English history (although the fact is omitted by the historians), converted in one operation 50,000 lbs. weight of mercury, lead, and tin, into pure gold, which was coined into rose nobles. Raymond, like his master, was a great theologian, and the grand aspiration of his life, to which he finally fell a martyr, was the conversion of the infidels. In reading him, also—for Bernard was led naturally from one to the other—he was greatly struck with that blending of religion with science which is observable in almost all the Hermetic books, where the practical part of Christianity, the love of God and man, is inculcated as the fundamental maxim. On this he pondered for eight years, by which time he had attained the ripe age of seventy-three, and then at length the mind of the adept opened to the Secret he had been so long and so blindly pursuing.

His Search was successful. He was now able to separate the pure spirit from the material gold that had all his life been harmonising and fusing, and while reading the books of the alchemists, to collect their truths, and pass over their errors as dross. It was two years before he had fairly accustomed his mind to this view of the subject; but his life was prolonged for five years more, during which time, notwithstanding his poverty and solitude, he probably enjoyed the only real happiness he had ever known. He reached the age of eighty-four, and, in the year 1490, gave up his last breath with a smile. If a bystander had inquired at the moment he was passing away, what it was which gave this illumination to his countenance, and this tranquillity to his heart, he would doubtless have answered, *the philosopher's stone.*

After his death, he obtained the reputation he had missed when living. His works were widely circulated, and some of them printed so late as 1672. They were reckoned an important help to the student of hermetic science; and the name of the luckless Bernard Trevisan was always included in the list of great adepts.

LACON'S BOAT-LOWERING APPARATUS.

The want of a ready means of lowering boats from vessels in distressed circumstances, has been exemplified with the most tragical results in such cases as those of the *Orion*, *Birkenhead*, and *Amazon*. Mr W. S. Lacon, late of the H.E.I.C.'s service, has invented a plan for making them quickly available, which seems likely to be successful. It was tried on the 5th August by the Regatta Committee at Folkestone, with the approval of a great number of persons professionally qualified to pronounce on the subject. The wind was blowing strongly from the south-west, with a heavy surge running. This proved fortunate, for the better testing of the efficacy of the system. In the first trial, a boat was lowered from the steamer by one man, with several persons on board, and alighted on the water, abaft of the larboard paddle-box, with the utmost safety and apparent comfort, the tackle being released momentarily by the weight of the boat's descent, the vessel at the time steaming at the rate of 12½ knots per hour. It was afterwards hoisted up again by two men. At the second trial, the boat was lowered and cleared from the ship by one man, with Mr Lacon and three men on board, the vessel at the time maintaining full speed. The same experiments were performed several times during the day, in a similarly successful manner. The apparatus employed by Mr Lacon is very compact and simple, being fixed under the deck-seats, so as to be not in the least incommodious. In treating of this patent invention, the *Liverpool Mercury* says, Mr Lacon has succeeded in 'solving a problem which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of scientific and practical men, and attaining the "*desideratum* of lowering boats evenly, and of rapidly disengaging the tackles," by a self-acting contrivance. Mr Lacon takes as his principle the well-known axiom in mechanics, that what is gained in power is lost in time; and although he approves of the method at present in use, as being the best for hoisting up boats: he (seeing that the hoisting need never be a hurried operation) substitutes two single ropes or chains, which, being secured to two broad slings passing round the body of the boat, are then brought inboard on davits, and carried to two concave barrels connected together by means of a shaft. The ends of the ropes or chains are secured to the barrels in such a manner that they will support any amount of weight until such time as the boat has reached the water, when they will disconnect and fall away from their attachment by their own weight, by which means he prevents the possibility of a ship, in its onward progress through a rough sea, dragging forward a lowered boat sideways, and capsizing or swamping it. By means, then, of a friction-strap and pulley round the shaft, one man is enabled to regulate the descent of the boat, which will go down by its own weight; and by means of the parallel action of the two barrels, he lowers both ends uniformly, and insures the boat falling in a proper position on the water.'

IGNORANCE THE GREAT CAUSE OF POVERTY.

There are, in every fully-peopled country, large numbers of persons whose lives are passed in hardship and misery, and whose greatest exertions can do no more for them than procure the barest means of subsistence. These are greatly to be pitied, and it should be the study of the government, and of all who possess the means, to remove, as far as possible, the causes of their misfortune. It cannot, however, be said that any competition, save only that which they themselves naturally and necessarily exhibit among their class, for obtaining the inadequate amount of employment for which they are fitted, is chargeable with the hardships they endure. It is a melancholy truth, as concerns the individuals, that we cannot extend to them any indirect relief without tending to increase the evil by raising an addition to their number. How, then, is their condition to be mended? The only way, it appears to me, is to fit them for entering into competition with others above them in the social scale by means of instruction, which shall enable them to give a greater value to the services which they render, and thus entitle them to command a greater value of services in return. We need entertain no fear lest, by this letting in competition upon the class above them, we shall lower these latter in the scale of society. So long as the capital in the country shall continue to increase in a greater proportion than its population, there must always be found additional employment and better remuneration for those whose labour is capable of adding to the national wealth. It may with more truth be stated, that the consequence to the community of the existence of any large number of destitute persons, is to keep down the general rate of wages, positively, through the absorption of capital required for their relief, and, negatively, through the absence of those additions to capital which the surplus services of instructed artisans always occasion.—*G. R. Porter's Lecture at Wandsworth, entitled 'Services for Services.' London: Clowes.* 1851.

A WEE BIT NAME.

SHEPHERD *loquitur*.—An' a wee bit name—canna it carry a weight o' love?—*Noctes Ambrosianæ*, No. lxxii.

A WEE bit name! O wae's the heart
  When nought but *that* is left,
But doubly dear it comes to be
  When time a' else hath reft,
An' youth, an' hope, an' innocence,
  An' happiness, an' hame,
Are a' concentred in a word,
  That word—a wee bit name.

Back through the weary waste o' years
  My memory is borne,
An' gurglin' streams, an' thickets green,
  An' fields o' yellow corn;
An' lanely glens, an' sunny hills
  Upon my spirit gleam,
The phantoms o' the past before
  That spell—a wee bit name.

O vision sweet! a fair, fair face,
  A young, but thochtfu' brow,
Twa gentle een o' azure sheen,
  Are beamin' on me noo.
Be still, my beatin' heart—be still;
  It's but an idle dream:
She heeds na though wi' tremblin' joy
  I breathe a wee bit name.

A wee bit name! O lives there ane
  That never, never felt
Its pathos an' its wizard power
  To saften and to melt?
No—callous though the bosom be
  Wi' years o' sin an' shame,
'Twill melt like snaw in summer's sun
  Before some wee bit name.

A wee bit name! the rod whose touch
  Bids hidden waters start,
The torch that lichts the pile upon
  The altar o' the heart,
An' kindles what wad else decay,
  Into a holy flame:
A sacred influence may lie
  Within a wee bit name!

C.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 454. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

MONETARY SENSATIONS.

THE poorest and most unlucky dog in the world either has or had some small portion of money. No matter how small, how hardly, or how precariously earned, he has seen, from time to time, a glimpse of the colour of his own cash, and rejoiced accordingly as that colour was brown, white, or yellow. It follows, therefore, that even the poorest and most unlucky dog in the world has experienced monetary sensations. It may appear paradoxical, but it is no less true, that it is the very rich, born to riches, the heirs to great properties, or no end of consolidated stock, who have never enjoyed or feared the sensation to which we allude. To them, money is a thing of course; it pours in upon them with the regularity of the succeeding seasons. Rent-day comes of itself, and there is the money; dividend-day is as sure as Christmas, and there lie the receipts. These are the people who know nothing of the commodity with which they are so well endowed, or, at most, their knowledge is but skin-deep. They take and spend, just as they sit or walk. Both seem natural processes; they have performed them since they were born. Their money is a bit of themselves—an extra and uncommonly convenient limb with which they are endowed. It is only when some sudden catastrophe bursts upon and cuts off the supplies, that this class of ladies and gentlemen experience, like the shock of a thousand freezing shower-baths, their first 'monetary sensation.'

But the men and women who work either with head or hands—who fight their way—who plan to gain and plan to spend, so that the latter shall counterbalance the former—who lie sleepless in their beds, intent on how to make both ends meet—who are lucky and unlucky—who travel the ups and the downs of life, here grasping fortunes, there turning out the linings of penniless pockets: these are the people whose whole lives are one long succession of monetary sensations. Among them mainly is cultivated the art of looking at two sides of a shilling. They know how to value half-crowns and sovereigns in calling up the long arrear of hard-worked hours, which are, as it were, the small-change of quarters' salaries and weeks' wages. How many strokes of the steady-going pen are encircled in those bright yellow disks—how many thumps of the ponderous hammer has it taken to produce this handful of silver. Or on a larger scale—as the successful speculator sweeps to himself the mass of notes and bills, all as good as gold, for which he has set every penny of his worldly means upon the stake, and feels with a thrill which makes him clutch the precious paper, that had things not turned out as, thank Heaven! they have, that then, and then!—— He has had a tolerably vigorous monetary sensation.

But the whole of the money-getting classes, and, to some extent, the classes who merely spend what others got and gave them, can look very well back upon a series of monetary sensations which have marked epochs in their lives. Our remembrances of that kind are, of course, most deeply engraved, and most clearly recollected, in the cases in which we are working for ourselves, and have ourselves achieved steps and triumphed over difficulties in life—each step and triumph marked by a lengthening of the purse. But there are early monetary impressions common to almost all the juvenile world, rich and poor—to the children of the duke or of the mechanic, to the boy who has obtained the price of a pony or a watch, and the boy who has been made a present of what will buy him a twopenny story-book, or a twopenny bun. Boys and girls commonly have poses—to adopt a phrase not known south of the Tweed, where it must be explained, that to have a pose, is to possess a little private and secret, or quasi-secret, hoard of treasure. This pose frequently imparts the first monetary sensation. It instils the first distinct idea of the value of money; it gives the first notion of the accumulation of precious things; and the little proprietor or proprietrix comes to rattle the box with the narrow slit as a sort of sly enjoyment. To break into a pose would be quite profane and irreverent. Pose-boxes do not open, and so far read a philosophic lesson to the proprietors. Always save, always add, always hold as a sort of sacred deposit, the mysteriously precious pose-boxes. Occasionally, again, a child gets a present of a sovereign, or an old-fashioned guinea, which it would be dreadful sacrilege to change. Every one will remember how Sophy and Livy Primrose 'never went without money themselves, as my wife always let them have a guinea each to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it.' There are hundreds of thousands of Sophies and Livies possessed of the same sacred store, or having given it to their parents 'to keep,' over whose minds the remembrance of the secret hoard every now and then sends flashing across the mind of the child a sense of importance, or richness, or a general self-complacency which varies with the individuality. Boys and girls in the next stages of their growth care little and think little about money, except as a means of obtaining some trifling passing indulgence. The childish reverence for the pose has passed. The unopenable box has been long since opened, and the unchangeable guinea long since changed. We allude here, of course, to the children of the well-to-do. With the children of the poor,

the case is different. They never lose the faculty of monetary sensation. Money is too valuable to them, because as soon as the mere childish period is past, and sometimes before it, money to the young poor is always translatable into good food and new clothes. There is nothing more sadly frequent in the squalid lanes and alleys of London, than to see a little creature, boy or girl, toddle with a chance-penny, not into the toy-shop or the sweet-shop, but into the cook-shop, and there spend the treasure in food, taking care, with melancholy precocity, to have the full weight, and only a due proportion of gristle or fat. Further on in life, when a poor boy earns a chance-sixpence or a shilling, there is so much added to the store laying up for the new jacket, the new cap, or the new boots; or, not unfrequently, there is so much gained for the family exigencies of Saturday night. Here there are monetary sensations in abundance. The life of such people is full of them. The annuitant or the proprietor who listlessly, and without one additional throb of his pulse, drops hundreds into his purse, has not the ghost of an idea of the thrill of pleasure—invoking, perhaps, a score of delightful associations—with which the boy who holds his horse receives the sixpence, which is tossed him as the capitalist in his normal condition rides coolly and unmovedly away. To experience monetary sensations, you must earn the money first, and have a score of urgent purposes disputing for its application.

But perhaps one of the most vivid monetary sensations which a man experiences, is when he is paid the first instalment of the price of his labours. In an instant, he seems to rise and take a footing in the world. He has struck the first blow in his Battle of Life, and prostrated his antagonist, for whom, however, as soon as he has taken him captive, he conceives a particular affection. The glow of assured independence is a proud and manly feeling. The money is not *given*. That is the overmastering sensation. It is fairly earned. The recipient swells with honest pride as he thinks he is now a man working his way, and strides off a couple of inches higher than he came. This elevation of sentiment of course gradually dies away. The monetary sensation of the first-earned payment is not supported, but it is not forgotten, and insensibly, perhaps, to the recipient, it has at once heightened and deepened the moral qualities and tendencies of his spiritual being. From time to time, as remuneration ascends, a shade, as it were, of the first impression is recalled, particularly when the recipient perceives that at last—that great change in a young man's life—his 'settlement' may be accomplished. Here is another sensational era in his monetary experiences—the realisation of the grand fact that the struggle, always promising, is at length successful, and that he is now enlisted in the regular army of society. The elder Stephenson, when an occasional wage of a shilling per day was raised to a permanent two, flung up his hat, and exclaimed: 'Thank God! I'm a made man for life!' Here was a fine monetary sensation.

But there are also monetary sensations of quite a different species from those to which we have alluded. The sun shines on both sides of the hedge, and blank and dreary, if not dismaying and crushing, is the first trial of monetary difficulty. People, long struggling, get blunted to the *res angusta*, precisely as people fast prospering do to the steady tide of wealth. The man who leaps heart-struck from his seat, as for the first time he contemplates a quarter's rent due and unprovided for, or the foolish fellow who groans in spirit over a protested bill returned upon the hand which he 'set' to it, merely for the convenience of acquaintance, and who has never thought of stamped paper since—such are two of the negative monetary associations which checker life; of course, their number is legion. The man who found his fairy gold transmuted into oak leaves, experienced a decided monetary sensation; but not more so than fell to the lot of many a speculator who had bought to his last available penny in the Mississippi or the South-sea Bubbles; or, to come to more recent days, in the stock of fly-away English projected railways. To the mass of monetary sensations of the kind, we fear, must be added at the present day those produced by betting-offices. In these swindling dens, it is by no means uncommon to see children, whose heads hardly come above the counter, staking their shillings; even servant-maids haunt the 'office;' working-men abound, and clerks and shop-boys are great customers. Among these people, there ought to be a good crop of monetary sensations. In success, the little man-boy sees a grand vision of cheap cigars, and copper and paste jewellery; for the urchin early initiated in practical London-life, thinks of such things, and worse, when the country lad of the same age would dream of nothing beyond kites, fishing-tackle, or perhaps a gun. Molly, the housemaid, has her prospects of unbounded 'loves of dresses' and 'ducks of bonnets;' and the clerk and the shopman very possibly count upon their racing gains as the fruitful origin of 'sprees' and 'larks' innumerable. On the other hand, how has the money staked been acquired? The pawnbroker's shop and the till will very frequently figure in the answer. Pilfered half-crowns, or perhaps sovereigns, kept back from collected accounts; or, in domestic service, pledged spoons and forks, are frequently at the bottom of the betting transactions of these 'noble sportsmen.' Then comes the period of anticipation, and hope and fear. Bright visions of luck, on one hand; a black and down-sloping avenue, stopping at the jail door, on the other. Luck—and the stolen property can be replaced, with a handsome profit; the reverse—and the police-office, the magistrate, and the sessions, float before the tortured imagination of the 'sportsman.' Here, then, are some of the saddest, and—whether the result in any case be winning or losing—the most wearing and degrading of monetary sensations.

We turn, however, to a concluding and a more cheering experience connected with money, and which may be regarded as a sequel to the sensation of the first earnings. We allude to the first interest, to the receipt of the first sum which properly belongs to the recipient, and yet for which he has not immediately and directly toiled. Here another great step has been achieved. To earn money, was the first triumph; to make money earn money, is the second. There is something more significantly pleasing in the sensation with which the young up-struggler of the world receives his first instalment of interest, and yet remembers that all his original investment is still entire, than in all the lazy satisfaction with which a great stockholder—born perhaps to stockholding—gathers in his mighty dividends. For the first time, the former begins to feel a taste, just a taste, of the sweets of property, of the fruits of realisation, and of the double profits which labour, judiciously managed, will at length bestow. It is getting money for which he has worked and yet not worked, it is picking up the returning bread thrown upon the waters; and it is the first experienced sensation of a stable and assured position, of standing upon one's own feet, independent more or less absolutely of the caprices of fortune and the liking of employers. The first received amount of interest, however small

it may be, assuredly calls up one of the not easily-forgotten eras of a man's life. There is nothing selfish or miserly in the fact. On the contrary, it is founded upon pure and natural feelings and impulses. The most generous man in the world likes to prosper, and the first received sum which his own money has bred, is a palpable proof that he is prospering. From his childish pose, he can recall the mental results attendant upon each step of his worldly career, and look back with interest and curiosity over what, in the course of his life, may have been his 'Monetary Sensations.'

THE POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT.

A country town is not a very hopeful arena for the exercise of the portrait-painter's art. Supposing an artist to acquire a local celebrity in such a region, he may paint the faces of one generation, and then, haply finding a casual job once a year or so, may sit down and count the hours till another generation rises up and supplies him with a second run of work. In a measure, the portrait-painter must be a rolling-stone, or he will gather no moss. So thought Mr Conrad Merlus, as he packed up his property, and prepared to take himself off from the town of C——, in Wiltshire, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where the sun might be disposed to shine upon portrait-painting, and where he might manage to make hay the while. Conrad was a native of C——. In that congenial spot he had first pursued the study of his art, cheered by the praises of the good folks around him, and supported by their demands upon his talents. While, in a certain fashion, he had kept the spirit of art alive in the place, the spirit of art, in return, had kept him alive. But now all the work was done for a long time to come; every family had its great portraits, and would want him no more yet awhile; and Conrad saw, that if he could not turn his hand to something else, and in place of pencils and brushes, work with last, spade, needle, or quill, make shoes, coats, till the ground, or cast up accounts, he should shortly be hardly put to it to keep himself going. He had made and saved a pretty tolerable little purse during his short season of patronage, and determined to turn that to account in seeking, in other places, a continuation of commissions. His father and mother were both dead, and, so far as he knew, he had no near relative alive. Therefore, there were no ties, save those of association, to bind him to his native place—'No ties,' sighed Conrad, 'no ties at all.'

It was Monday evening, and the next day, Tuesday, was to behold his departure. His rent was paid, his traps were all packed up in readiness, and he had nothing to think about, saving whither he should proceed. He walked out, for the last time, into the little garden behind the modest house in which he had dwelt, pensive and somewhat *triste;* for one cannot, without sorrowful emotions of some sort, leave, perhaps for ever, a spot in which the stream of life has flowed peacefully and pleasantly for many years, and where many little enjoyments, successes, and triumphs have been experienced. Even a Crusoe cannot depart from his desolate island without a pang, although he goes, after years of miserable solitude, to rejoin the human family. It was the month of August, and the glory of the summer was becoming mellowed and softened. The nights were gradually growing longer and the days shorter, the reapers were in the harvest-fields, the woods and groves were beginning to shew the autumn tint, the sun sank behind the hills earlier and earlier day by day, and the broad harvest-moon reigned throughout the sweet and fragrant nights. Conrad felt the influence of the season, and though he had for some time contemplated his departure from his home with all the cheerfulness which the spirit of adventure imparts to young men, he now, as the time arrived, felt inclined to weep over the separation. He was indulging in reveries of a mournful complexion, when he observed his landlady leave the house, and, entering the garden, bustle towards him in a great hurry. Assured by the manner of the worthy old lady that he was wanted, and urgently, by some one or other, he rose from the rustic seat on which he had been sitting, and went to meet her. A gentleman had called to see him; in a phaeton, and was waiting in the parlour in a state of impatience and excitement which Mrs Farrell had never seen the like of. Wondering who the visitor could be, Conrad hastened into the parlour. He found there an elderly individual of gentlemanly appearance, who was walking to and fro restlessly, and whose countenance and demeanour bore affecting evidences of agitation and sorrow. He approached Conrad quickly.

'You are a portrait-painter, Mr Merlus?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The only one, I believe, in this neighbourhood?'

'Yes.'

'I am anxious,' continued the gentleman, speaking in a low tone, and with a tremulous earnestness that rendered his speech peculiarly emphatic—'I am anxious to have painted the portrait of one who is—who was—very dear to me, immediately—*immediately*, for a few hours may make such a performance impossible. May I beg that you will submit to some sacrifice of convenience—that you will be good enough to set aside your arrangements for a day or two to execute this work? Do so, and you shall find that you have lost nothing.'

'Without entertaining any consideration of that sort, sir,' answered Conrad, deeply touched by the manner of his visitor, which betokened recent and heavy affliction, 'my best abilities, such as they are, are immediately at your service.'

'Many thanks,' answered the gentleman, pressing his hand warmly. 'Had you declined, I know not what I should have done; for there is no other of the profession in this neighbourhood, and there is no time to seek further. Come; for Heaven's sake, let us hasten!'

Conrad immediately gave the necessary intimation to his landlady; his easel, pallet, and painting-box were quickly placed in the phaeton; the gentleman and himself took their places inside; and the coachman drove off at as great a pace as a pair of good horses could command.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, after a silent and rapid ride of some ten miles, the phaeton stopped before the gates of a park-like demesne. The coachman shouted; when a lad, who appeared to have been waiting near the spot, ran and opened the gates, and they resumed their way through a beautiful drive—the carefully-kept sward, the venerable trees, and the light and elegant ha-has on either side, testifying that they were within the boundaries of an estate of some pretensions. Half a mile brought them to the portal of a sombre and venerable mansion, which rose up darkly and majestically in front of an extensive plantation of forest-like appearance. Facing it was a large, level lawn, having in the centre the pedestal and sun-dial so frequently found in such situations.

A footman in livery came forth, and taking Conrad's easel and apparatus, carried them into the house. The

young artist, who had always lived and moved among humble people, was surprised and abashed to find himself suddenly brought into contact with wealth and its accompaniments, and began to fear that more might be expected of him than he would be able to accomplish. The occasion must be urgent indeed, thought he nervously, which should induce wealthy people to have recourse to him—a poor, self-taught, obscure artist—merely because he happened to be the nearest at hand. However, to draw back was impossible; and, although grief is always repellent, there was still an amount of kindness and consideration in the demeanour of his new employer that reassured him. Besides, he knew that, let his painting be as crude and amateur-like as any one might please to consider it, he had still the undoubted talent of being able to catch a likeness—indeed, his ability to do this had never once failed him. This reflection gave him some consolation, and he resolved to undertake courageously whatever was required of him, and do his best.

When they had entered the house, the door was softly closed, and the gentleman, whose name we may here mention was Harrenburn, conducted Conrad across the hall, and up stairs to an apartment on the second storey, having a southern aspect. The proportions of the house were noble. The wide entrance-hall was boldly tesselated with white and black marble; the staircase was large enough for a procession of giants; the broad oaken stairs were partly covered with thick, rich carpet; fine pictures, in handsome frames, decorated the walls; and whenever they happened in their ascent to pass an opened door, Conrad could see that the room within was superbly furnished. To the poor painter, these evidences of opulence and taste seemed to have something of the fabulous about them. The house was good enough for a monarch; and to find a private gentleman of neither rank nor title living in such splendour, was what he should never have expected. Mr Harrenburn placed his finger on his lips, as he opened the door of the chamber already indicated; Conrad followed him in with stealthy steps and suppressed breath. The room was closely curtained, and a couple of night-lights shed their feeble and uncertain rays upon the objects within it. The height of the apartment, and the absorbing complexion of the dark oaken wainscot, here and there concealed by falls of tapestry, served to render such an illumination extremely inefficient. But Conrad knew that this must be the chamber of death, even before he was able to distinguish that an apparently light and youthful figure lay stretched upon the bed—still, motionless, impassive, as death alone can be. Two women, dressed in dark habiliments—lately nurses of the sick, now watchers over the dead—rose from their seats, and retired silently to a distant corner of the room as Mr Harrenburn and Conrad entered. Where does the poor heart suffer as it does in the chamber of the dead, where lies, as in this instance, the corpse of a beloved daughter? A hundred objects, little thought of heretofore, present themselves, and by association with the lost one, assume a power over the survivor. The casual objects of everyday life rise up and seize a place in the fancy and memory, and become invested with deep, passionate interest, as relics of the departed. There is the dress which lately so well became her; there the little shoes in which she stepped so lightly and gracefully; there the book which she was reading only yesterday, the satin ribbon still between the pages at which she had arrived when she laid it down for ever; there the cup from which she drank but a few hours back; there the toilet, with all its little knick-knacks, and the glass which so often mirrored her sw[illegible]

[illegible] Conrad instinctively interpreted the glances [illegible] Mr Harrenburn directed at the objects around [illegible]. The bereaved father standing motionless, regarded one thing and then another with a sort of absent attention, which, under other circumstances, would have appeared like imbecility or loss of self-command, but now was full of a deeply-touching significance, which roused the sympathies of the young painter more powerfully than the finest eloquence could have done. He seemed at first to shun the bed, as if the object lying there were too powerful a source of grief to bear—seemed to be anxious to discover in some minor souvenirs of sorrow, a preparatory step, which should enable him to approach with seemly and rational composure the mute wreck of his beloved child—the cast-shell of the spirit which had been the pride and joy, the hope and comfort of his life. But presently, he succeeded in mastering this sensibility, and approaching the bed, motioned Conrad to follow him. He gently drew aside the curtain which had concealed the face of the figure that was lying there. Conrad started. Could that be death? That hair, so freshly black and glossy; those slightly-parted lips, on which the light of fancy still seemed to play; the teeth within, so white and healthy-looking; the small, well-shapen hand and arm, so listlessly laid along the pillow: could these be ready for the grave? It seemed so much like sleep, and so little like death, that Conrad, who had never looked upon the dead before, was amazed. When he saw the eyes, however, visible betwixt the partly-opened lids, his scepticism vanished. The cold, glazed, fixed unmeaningness of them chilled and frightened him—they did really speak of the tomb.

'My daughter,' said Mr Harrenburn, to whose tone the effort of self-command now communicated a grave and cold severity. 'She died at four this afternoon, after a very short illness—only in her twentieth year. I wish to have her represented exactly as she lies now. From the window there, in the daytime, a strong light is thrown upon this spot; so that I do not think it will be needful to make any new disposition either of the bed or its poor burden. Your easel and other matters shall be brought here during the night. I will rouse you at five in the morning, and you will then, if you please, use your utmost expedition.'

Conrad promised to do all he could to accomplish the desire of the afflicted parent, and after the latter had approached the bed, leaned over it, and kissed the cold lips of his child, they left the room to the dead and its silent watchers.

After a solemn and memorable evening, Conrad was shewn to his bedroom, and there dreamed through the livelong night—now, that he was riding at frightful speed through woods and wilds with Mr Harrenburn, hurrying with breathless haste to avert some catastrophe that was about to happen somewhere to some one; now, that he was intently painting a picture of the corpse of a beautiful young lady—terribly oppressed by nervousness, and a fretful sense of incapacity most injurious to the success of his labours—when suddenly, O horror! he beheld the body move, then rise, in a frightful and unnatural manner, stark upright, and with opened lips, but rigidly-clenched teeth, utter shriek upon shriek as it waved its white arms, and tore its streaming hair; then, that his landlady, Mrs Farrell, came up to him, as he crouched weeping and trembling by, and bade him be comforted, for that they who were accustomed to watch by the dead often beheld such scenes; then that Mr Harrenburn suddenly entered the room, and sternly reproached him for not proceeding with his work, when, on looking towards the bed, they perceived that the corpse was gone, and was nowhere to be seen, upon which Mr Harrenburn, with a wild cry, laid hands upon him, as if to slay him on the spot.

'You do not sleep well.' A hand was gently laid upon his shoulder; a kind voice sounded in his ear: he opened his eyes; Mr Harrenburn was standing at his bedside. 'You have not slept well, I regret to find.

I have knocked at your door several times, but, receiving no reply, ventured to enter. I have relieved you from an unpleasant dream, I think.'

Conrad, somewhat embarrassed by the combined influence of the nightmare, and being awakened suddenly by a stranger in a strange place, informed his host that he always dreamed unpleasantly when he slept too long, and was sorry that he had given so much trouble.

'It is some minutes past five o'clock,' said Mr Harrenburn. 'Tea and coffee will be waiting for you by the time you are dressed: doubtless, breakfast will restore you, and put you in order for your work; for really you have been dreaming in a manner which appeared very painful, whatever the experience might have been.'

Conrad rose, dressed, breakfasted, and did undoubtedly feel much more comfortable and lighthearted than during the night. He was shortly conducted to the chamber in which he had received so many powerful impressions on the preceding evening, and forthwith commenced the task he had engaged to perform. Conrad was by no means a young man of a romantic or sentimental turn, but it is not to be wondered at, that his present occupation should produce a deep effect upon his mind. The form and features he was now endeavouring to portray were certainly the most beautiful he had as yet exercised his art upon—indeed, without exception, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. The melancholy spectacle of youth cut off in the first glow of life's brightest season, and when surrounded by everything that wealth and education can contribute towards rendering existence brilliant and delightful, can never fail to excite deep and solemn emotion. As the artist laboured to give a faithful representation of the sweetly serene face, the raven hair, the marble forehead, the delicately arched brow, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, and thought how well such noble beauty seemed to suit one who was fit to die—a pure, spotless, bright being—he had more than once to pause in his work while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Few experiences chasten the heart so powerfully as the sight of the early dead; those who live among us a short while, happy and good, loving and beloved, and then are suddenly taken away, ere the rough journey of life is well begun, leaving us to travel on through the perilous and difficult world by ourselves; no more sweet words for us, no more songs, no more companionship, no more loving counsel and assistance—nothing now, save the remembrance of beauty and purity departed. How potent is that remembrance against the assaults of evil thoughts! How impressive the thought of virtue in the shroud!

With one or two necessary intervals, Conrad worked throughout the day, and until the declining light warned him to desist. The next morning he resumed his pallet, and in about four or five hours brought his task to a conclusion, taking, in addition to the painting he was commissioned to make, a small crayon sketch for himself. It was his wish to preserve some memento of what he regarded as the most remarkable of his experiences, and likewise to possess a 'counterfeit presentment' of a face the beauty of which he had never seen equalled. Mr Harrenburn expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which Conrad had acquitted himself—he only saw the painting, of course—and taking him into his study, bade him persevere in his art, and paid him fifty guineas; a sum which almost bereft the young man of his senses. It seemed so vast, and came so unexpectedly, after all his misgivings, especially in the presence of one who, to judge from the taste he had exhibited in his collection, must be no ordinary connoisseur.

It is difficult to describe the remarkable influence which this adventure exercised upon the young artist. His susceptible mind received an impression from this single association with a scene of death on the one hand, and an appreciating patron on the other, which affected the whole of his future life. He returned to C——, bade adieu to his landlady and friends, and, placing himself and his luggage upon the London coach, proceeded to the metropolis. Here, after looking about him for some time, and taking pains to study the various masters in his art, he made a respectful application to one who stood among the highest in repute, and whose works had pleased his own taste and fancy better than any he had seen. After much earnest pleading, and offering very nearly all the little wealth he possessed, he was accepted as a pupil, to receive a course of ten lessons. With great assiduity he followed the instructions of the master, and learned the mysteries of colouring, and a great number of artistic niceties, all tending to advance him towards perfection of execution. He was really possessed of natural talents of a high order, and in the development of these he now evinced great acuteness, as well as industry. His master, an artist who had made a reputation years before, and who had won high patronage, and earned for himself a large fortune, thus being beyond the reach of any feelings of professional jealousy, was much delighted with Conrad's progress, was proud to have discovered and taught an artist of really superior talent; and generously returning to him the money he had lately received with so much mistrust and even nausea—for a raw pupil is the horror of *cognoscenti*—he forthwith established him as his protégé. Thanks to his introduction, Conrad shortly received a commission of importance, and had the honour of painting the portrait of one of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy. He exerted all his powers in the work, and was rewarded with success; the portrait caused some sensation, and was regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Thus auspiciously wooed, Fortune opened her arms, and gave him a place among her own favoured children. The first success was succeeded by others, commission followed commission; and, to be brief, after four years of incessant engagements and unwearied industry, he found himself owner of a high reputation and a moderate independence.

During all this time, and throughout the dazzling progress of his fortunes, the crayon sketch of poor Miss Harrenburn was preserved and prized, and carried wherever he went with never-failing care and solicitude. Sanctified by indelible associations, it was to him a sacred amulet—a charm against evil thoughts, a stimulant to virtue and purity—this picture of the young lady lying dead, gone gently to the last account in the midst of her beauty and untainted goodness. Its influence made him a pure-minded, humble, kind, and charitable man. Living quietly and frugally, he constantly devoted a large proportion of his extensive earnings to the relief of the miseries of the unfortunate; and such traits did not pass without due recognition: few who knew him spoke of his great talents without bearing testimony to the beauty of his moral character.

But everything may be carried to excess; even the best feelings may be cherished to an inordinate degree. Many of the noblest characters the world has produced have overreached their intentions, and sunk into fanaticism. Conrad, in the fourth year of his success, was fast merging from a purist into an ascetic; he began to weary of the world, and to desire to live apart from it, employing his life, and the fortune he had already accumulated, solely in works of charity and beneficence. While in this state of mind, he determined to proceed on a continental tour. After spending some time in France, where many an Hôtel Dieu was benefited by his bounty, he travelled into Switzerland. At Chamouni, he made a stay of some days, residing in the cottage of an herbalist named Wegner, in preference to using the hotels so well known to tourists.

One evening, he had walked some distance along the road towards Mont Blanc, and, in a tranquil and contemplative mood, had paused to watch the various effects of sunset. He leaned against a tree by the roadside, at the corner of a path which led from the highway to a private residence. Again it was August, exactly four years since he had quitted C——, exactly four years since the most singular event of his life had occurred. He took from his breast the little crayon sketch, carefully preserved in a black morocco-case, and, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, gave way to a reverie in which the past blended with the future—his thoughts roaming from the heavenly beauty of the death-bed scene to the austere sanctity of St Bernard or La Trappe. Strange fancies for one who had barely completed his twenty-seventh year, and who was in the heyday of fame and fortune! Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Conrad hastily closed the morocco-case, replaced it in his breast, and was preparing to continue his walk, when an elegant female figure abruptly emerged from the bypath; and the features, turned fully towards him,—O Heavens!—who could mistake? The very same he had painted!—the same which had dwelt in his heart for years! The shock was too tremendous: without a sigh or exclamation, Conrad fell senseless to the ground.

When he revived, he found himself lying upon a sofa in a well-furnished chamber, with the well-remembered form and features of Mr Harrenburn bending over him. It seemed as if the whole course of the last four years had been a long dream—that Mr Harrenburn, in fact, was rousing him to perform the task for which he had sought him out at C——. For awhile Conrad was dreadfully bewildered.

'I can readily comprehend this alarm and amazement,' said his host, holding Conrad's hand, and shaking it as if it were that of an old friend, newly and unexpectedly met. 'But be comforted; you have not seen a spirit, but a living being, who, after undergoing a terrible and perilous crisis four years ago, awoke from her death-sleep to heal her father's breaking heart, and has since been his pride and joy as of yore—her health completely restored, and her heart and mind as light and bright as ever.'

'Indeed!—indeed!' gasped Conrad.

'Yes,' continued Mr Harrenburn, whose countenance, Conrad observed, wore an appearance very different from that which affliction had imparted to it four years previously. 'The form on the bed which your pencil imitated so well, remained so completely unchanged, that my heart began to tremble with a new agony. I summoned an eminent physician the very day on which you completed the sad portrait, and, detailing the particulars of her case, besought him to study it, hoping—I hardly dared to confess what. God bless him! he did study the case: he warned me to delay interment; and, three days after, my daughter opened her eyes and spoke. She had been entranced, catalepsed, no more—though, had it not been for this stubborn unbelief of a father's heart, she had been entombed! But it harrows me to think of this! Are you better now, and quite reassured as to the object of your alarm? I have watched your career with strong interest since that time, my young friend, and let me congratulate you on your success—a success which has by no means surprised me, although I never beheld more than *one* of your performances.'

Mr Harrenburn had passed the summer, with his daughter, at Chamouni, in a small but convenient and beautifully situated château. He intended to return to England in a few weeks, and invited Conrad to spend the interim with him—an invitation which the latter accepted with much internal agitation. For three weeks he lived in the same house, walked in the same paths, with the youthful saint of his reveries—heard her voice, marked her thoughts, observed her conduct, and found with rapture that his ideal was living indeed.

After a sequence, which the reader may easily picture to himself, Conrad Merlus and Julia Harrenburn were married. Among the prized relics at Harrenburn House, in Wiltshire, where he and his wife are living, are the 'posthumous' portrait and the crayon sketch; and these, I suppose, will be preserved as heirlooms in the family archives.

SAMPLES OF UNCLE SAM'S 'CUTENESS.

In some respects, Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan are 'familiar as household words' on the lips of John Bull; but it may be safely affirmed, notwithstanding, that the English know less of the Americans than the Americans know of the English. We are in the way of meeting with our transatlantic cousins very frequently, and never without having our present affirmation abundantly confirmed. This mingled ignorance and indifference on the part of Englishmen to what is going on in Yankeedom, besides being discreditable, will soon be injurious, as any one may satisfy himself by a perusal of a couple of pleasant volumes from the pen of Captain Mackinnon,* who travelled through the States lately, with his eyes open, not to their faults only, as might have been expected in an officer of Her Majesty's navy, but to their virtues, attainments, and enterprises. He has been out spying the land, and brings back a report which, though not new to those in the habit of reading American newspapers, and talking with American visitors, will be both new and interesting—we should hope stimulative—to the majority of our countrymen. We shall fulfil a duty, and confer benefit as well as pleasure, by picking out of the captain's log-book some of the choicest samples of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness, which will serve to shew, at the same time, the progress and prospects of that great commonwealth.

Captain Mackinnon believes the mind of the Americans to be the keenest and most adaptable in the world. They acquire information of any kind so rapidly, and have such ready dexterity in mechanical employments, that the very slightest efforts put them on a par with Europeans of far greater experience. After describing New York—which we shall return to, if we have space—the author gives the results of a visit to the dockyards at Brooklyn, Boston, and other places. Brooklyn 'contains perhaps the finest dry-dock in the world.' Here he saw all the latest English improvements improved! He was informed, on unquestionable authority, that no new instrument of war is elaborated in England, without being immediately known to the authorities in the United States; and that the commission of naval officers, now sitting at Washington to re-organise the navy ordnance and gunnery exercise, are assisted materially by the experience of men educated in Her Majesty's ship *Excellent*.

The first object of interest in approaching the Fulton Ferry was a large ship, which was loading with wheat for Europe. To accelerate the introduction of the cargo, a grain-elevator was employed. This novel machine pumped the grain from barges or canal-boats, on one side, in a continuous stream into the ship's hold, at the rate of 2000 bushels per hour. It was not only passed into the vessel at this prodigious rate, but likewise accurately measured in the operation. American naval officers have taken a hint from this ingenious labour-saving contrivance, and successfully adapted it to the purpose of supplying powder with great speed and regularity to the batteries of large ships.

What are those huge castles rushing madly across the East River? Let us cross in the *[illegible]* from

* *Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches, Afloat and Ashore.* By Captain Mackinnon, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn & Co. 1852.

Fulton Ferry, and survey the freight. There are fourteen carriages; and the passengers are countless—at least 600. Onward she darts at headlong speed, until, apparently in perilous proximity to her wharf, a frightful collision appears inevitable. The impatient Yankees press—each to be the first to jump ashore. The loud 'twang' of a bell is suddenly heard; the powerful engine is quickly reversed, and the way of the vessel is so instantaneously stopped, that the dense mass of passengers insensibly leans forward from the sudden check. These boats cost about L.6000. In economy, beauty, commodiousness, and speed, they form a striking contrast to the steam-ferry from Portsmouth to Gosport, which cost, it is said, L.20,000. The author strongly advises persons in Europe, who have any intention of projecting steam-ferries, to take a leaf out of the Yankee book. As an example: If the Portsmouth Ferry had been conducted on the same principles as the Fulton Ferry, a very large profit would have ensued, instead of the concern being overwhelmed in debt.

Here is another sample of Yankee *go-aheadism*. A launch! We are in Webb's shipbuilding-yard. Look around. Five huge vessels are on the stocks: three are to be launched at highwater. The first is a liner of 1708 tons, built for running, and, with a fair wind, it will outsail any man-of-war afloat. The second is a steamer of 2500 tons. The third is a gigantic yacht of 1500 tons, nearly as sharp as any yacht in England. Five thousand seven hundred and eight tons were launched from one builder, and within thirty minutes!

The clipper-ships, although certainly the finest class of vessels afloat, are very uneasy in a sea. Mr Steers, the builder of the far-famed yacht *America*, is very sanguine that he will produce a faster vessel than has yet ploughed the seas, and Captain Mackinnon is inclined to believe that he will. His new clipper-vessels will be as easy in motion as superior in sailing. The great merit of Mr Steers, as the builder of the *America*, is in his having invented a perfectly original model, as new in America as in Europe. He informed our author that the idea, so successfully carried out in the *America's* model, struck him when a boy of eight years old. He was looking on at the moulding of a vessel by his father (an Englishman), when suddenly it occurred to him that a great improvement might be made in the construction; and the *modus operandi* speedily took possession of his mind. Mr Steers thinks that a shallow vessel, with a sliding keel, can be built to outsail any vessel even on his improved model. This is likely to be tested next summer in England, as a sloop, the *Silvia*, built by Steers on this construction, is preparing to try her speed at Cowes next season. The author carefully noted this craft when on the stocks alongside the *America*,* and he believes, 'that no vessel in England has the ghost of a chance against her.'

The English ship-builders have a great deal to learn from Brother Jonathan, not only in the fashion of build, but likewise in the 'fitting and rigging.' An American London liner is sailed with half the number of men required by an English ship of the same size, and yet the work is got through as well and as expeditiously. The various mechanical contrivances to save labour might be beneficially copied by English ships.

A merchant-vessel, on the clipper principle, can be turned out by a Baltimore builder for from L.10 to L.12 a ton, complete in all her fittings. This is much cheaper than in England, which appears unaccountable, considering the rate of wages; but so much more work is done by the workmen for their wages, that labour is as cheap, if not cheaper, there than here. 'Cotton-duck sails are almost exclusively used by American vessels under 800 tons, which for such vessels, as well as for yachts, is much better and cheaper than canvas. Another circumstance which struck the author at Baltimore—and which is equally striking to hear of to those who are accustomed to the sight of the Thames barges ascending and descending the river, in all their ugliness and filth, with the flow and ebb of each tide—was, that the vessels intended for the lowest and most degrading offices, such as carrying manure, oysters, and wood, were of 'elegant and symmetrical proportions!'

The most potent proofs of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness are to be found in the patent office at Washington. Inventions pour in in such abundance, that already the space allotted to them is so completely crammed, as to preclude the possibility of any close investigation. The dockyard at Washington furnished matter for fresh reflection; the iron for cables, furnished by contract, being so superior to the old, that the testing-links were all broken on the first trial, the model-anchors being 'an immense improvement,' &c.

'And to whom do you suppose we are indebted for all these improvements, and many more too tedious to mention?' asked the officer. 'Why, to an English dockyard-master from Devonport.'

So much for their progress on the eastern coast: now let us turn westward, ascending the Hudson by one of the river-steamers. Without doubt, these steam-vessels are the swiftest and best arranged known; but the speed and size are improving so rapidly, that what is correct now, may be far behind the mark a year hence. The *Isaac Newton* is at present the largest. The saloon, which is gorgeously decorated, is 100 yards long. In this vast, vaulted apartment, the huge mirrors, elegant carving, and profuse gilding, absolutely dazzle the eye. On first entering one of these magnificent floating saloons, it is difficult for the imagination to realise its position. All comparison is at once defied, as there is nothing like it afloat in the world.

The extent of the lake-trade is prodigious. Its aggregate value for 1850, imports and exports, amounts to 186,484,905 dollars, which is more by 40,000,000 dollars than the whole foreign export-trade of the country! The aggregate tonnage employed on the lakes is equal to 203,041 tons, of which 167,137 tons are American, and 35,904 British. The passenger-trade is not included in the preceding sum; it is valued at 1,000,000 dollars. 'The mind is lost in astonishment at so prodigious a commerce. It is not ten years since the first steamer ran round the chain of lakes. Population, and its commercial concomitants, are increasing so rapidly, that before twenty years, the lake-trade alone will be of greater extent and importance than the whole trade of any other nation on the globe!' The number of emigrants from Europe and the eastern states annually passing through Buffalo for the Far West is now one million, and likely, by and by, to increase to two millions! Cities are consequently rising up with extraordinary rapidity. The population of Detroit, for example, has increased, during the last ten years, from 11,000 to 26,000—an advance which is mainly owing to the facilities afforded by the Michigan Central Railway, for concentrating on their passage the westward-bound emigrants. An absurd spirit of speculation has likewise contributed to the increase. A building and farming mania, similar to the railway mania in England six years ago, has seized the people. The only salvation for the speculators is the continued increase of vast swarms of emigrants from Europe. Chicago is another example of rapid increase—namely, from 3000 in 1840, to above 20,000 in 1850; a growth which it mainly owes to its advantageous site at the head of the navigation of the chain of lakes. Milwaukie is also a wonderful instance of progress. In 1836, there was not a single house on the spot; in 1840, there was a village with 1700 inhabitants; in 1850,

* The *America* lost her laurels at Cowes a few weeks ago.

there was a city of 20,000! Twenty years ago, the land on which it stands was not worth more than the government price, which is about 5s. 5d. per acre: at present, the lots are valued, in good locations, at L.40 a foot frontage. The result is speculation; with sudden fortunes on the one hand, and sudden ruin on the other. Emigrants, as well as citizens themselves, have to 'move on' further west; and hence they are covering Wisconsin, Minesota, and other territories. Nothing can now arrest the flowing tide till it dash against the Rocky Mountains, and meet the counter-tide setting in from the coast of the Pacific.

The district around Lake Winnebago seems, according to our author's account, to be a tempting spot for emigrants; and as there cannot be the least suspicion of his having an interest in trumpeting it up, it may be as well that the reader should know where 'Paradise Restored' is to be found. Lake Winnebago is not one of those huge inland oceans, with winds and waves, storms and shipwrecks upon it, but a quiet, snug sheet of water like Loch Lomond, which it resembles in size, and, if we may judge from a paper-description, in appearance. 'It is about thirty miles long, and ten to twelve broad. A high ridge of limestone bounds it on the east, sloping gradually down to the edge of the water. Numerous natural clearings or prairies relieve the sameness of the luxuriant forests. On the western side, the land invades the lake in long, low capes and peninsulas. The fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, the gorgeous colours of the prairie flowers, and the artist-like arrangements of the "oak openings," and wild meadows, are delights never to be forgotten. The most elaborate and cultivated scenery in Europe falls into insignificance in comparison. I was struck with astonishment that such "a garden of Eden" should be so little known, even in the eastern states—that such extraordinary advantages should be neglected. After a careful examination of many places in the western portion of the United States, I advisedly assert, that Lake Winnebago District is the most desirable and the finest in the world for emigrants.'

His reasons for this opinion are briefly, that it has communication with the Atlantic on each border of the state—by the Mississippi on the west, and Lake Michigan on the east; that the soil is very fertile, and the climate remarkably healthy, being more equable than the same latitude on sea-board, and quite free from fever or ague. With great glee, the captain details a sporting excursion in this romantic district, in the course of which he fell in with an old acquaintance in the shape of an under-keeper from one of the Scottish moors. He had emigrated two years, and become a 'laird.' His remarks displayed great 'cuteness, and as it was on Uncle Sam's soil, it must be placed to Uncle Sam's credit. Their conversation was so amusing as well as instructive, that we quote it.

'"Ah, sir," said the Scotchman, "if the quality in England only knew there was a place like this, do you think they would go and pay such extravagant rents for the mere shooting in Scotland? No, sir, not they. My old master paid five hundred pounds a year for his moor adjacent to Loch Ness."

"And pray what did he get for it?"

"Why, not half such sport as he can get here," replied he.

"Truly," I rejoined; "but remember the distance, and expense of coming here."

"As for the distance, you can, at present, be here from London in fourteen days. In two years, the rail will be finished to Fond-du-Lac, and you will be enabled to get here in eleven days. The expense, as I will prove, will not only be far less, but it may be turned into a positive gain."

'I pricked up my ears at this assertion, and requested my old acquaintance, the ex-keeper, to proceed.

"Well, sir, look'ee here:" suppose a party of five gentlemen subscribe five hundred pounds apiece, that will be two thousand five hundred pounds. With one thousand five hundred pounds, they can purchase a quantity of land, and build an excellent house, stable, and offices on Doty Island, in a position which, in ten years' time, will increase greatly in value as an eligible site for building allotments. The very fact of such an establishment by wealthy English gentlemen will cause the land to rise in value enormously; and I will warrant that in five years it will be worth ten times the present cost. From their location on Doty Island, they would have the finest fresh-water fishing in the world. They would have thirty miles lake-shore for deer-shooting; and dense woods, forty miles back to Lake Michigan, where bears, and catamounts, and other wild animals are plentiful. Abundance of wild fowl, quail, and wood-cocks would be found everywhere."

"Stop," exclaimed I, interrupting him; "what are we to do about the main point—the grouse-shooting? Besides, remember there is another thousand pounds to account for."

"Don't interrupt, please sir; I am coming to that. I know several districts of country in this neighbourhood with natural boundaries, such as creeks, rivers, thick belts of trees, &c. These districts vary from five thousand to twenty thousand acres, and are so fertile that Europeans cannot even imagine such richness. Five hundred pounds you could lend to the farmers at twelve per cent. per annum. Many of them pay from two to eight per cent. *per month.* [illegible] would thus, by accommodating the farmers, ha[illegible] best stocked preserves, and the most frien[illegible] piers of the soil that can be found. [illegible]ing five hundred pounds you might kee[illegible]e your lands, or invest at twelve per cent. [illegible]her half. If thus invested, you would get twelve per cent. on one thousand pounds, nearly equal to five per cent. upon the whole sum laid out, and the land increasing in value in a prodigious ratio."

"Wonderful!" thought I, with enthusiasm. "I will pop you in print, my lad."'

We 'pop him in print' with similar good-will. His scheme would be an admirable one, save and except that there is an ocean to cross before reaching Doty Island. We commend it to the New Yorkers and gentlemen of the eastern states, who wish to have a hunting-field such as the old monarchs of Europe would have envied. The scheme, notwithstanding, does credit to the ingenuity of its propounder, who thereby proves himself the right sort of man for the country he has chosen to call his own.

Another conversation which our author relates, affords an unequivocal sample of real aboriginal 'cuteness. Captain Mackinnon impresses us, as he did the Americans, as a frank, hearty fellow, who can make himself at home at once, anywhere, and with any one. During his short sporting excursion, he seems to have picked acquaintance with nearly all the happy inhabitants of that western Eden with which he had become so enraptured. Strolling along one day, he met with a tall, gaunt Yankee, who knew him, and invited him into his log-cabin for a social glass and a 'crack' after it. This semi-savage-looking fellow had been a soldier, and delighted, like his guest, in the title of captain. He had been fighting in Mexico and California with the 'Injuns.' As he of Doty Island had a proposal [illegible]ake to British sportsmen, so Captain Ezekiah Co[illegible]rum had 'a proposal to make to the British government.' He had heard of our Cape and Caffre war, and wondering how and why we did not make a shorter work of that awkward business, he sent to England for a British infantry musket, which he produced. 'Well, captin, did ever you see such a clumsy varment in all your born days? Now, captin, look out of the doorway: do you see that *blazed* stump? It is seven feet high, and broader than any man. It's exactly one hundred

and fifty yards from my door. I have fired that clumsy varment at the stump till my head ached and my shoulder was quite sore, and have hardly hit it once. Now, then, captin, look 'ee here (taking up his seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and letting fly one barrel after the other): I guess you will find seven bullets in the *blazed* stump. I will, however, stick seven playing cards on the stump, in different places, and, if you choose, hit them all.' After sundry but unaccepted offers to his English brother-militant for a trial of mutual destructiveness, he made his offer to the British government through its representative, but which that loyal subject, in a fit of mortification, declined to convey, on the ground that if he 'made the finest offer in the world to the British government, they would only sneer' at him. However (to give, as before, the substance of what is here detailed with amusing effect), the offer of Captain Brum was to enlist 5000 Yankee marksmen, each armed with a seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and kill 'all the Injuns' at the Cape in six months for the sum of 5,000,000 dollars! 'We should be ekal,' quoth he, 'to thirty thousand troops with such tarnal, stiff, clumsy consarns as them reg'lation muskets is. We should do it slick, right away.' This may seem only a piece of fun, but such it does not appear to the author, who turns from fun to facts and figures, and calculates what would be the result of an encounter between English and American men-of-war, if the latter had ten men in each top handling Captain Brum's weapon with Captain Brum's skill; and the result he comes to is, that they could, in one minute and a half, dispose of 210 men on the opposite deck. *This would amount to the destruction of the whole crew stationed on the upper deck!* The undoubted *possibility* of such a summary mode of annihilating an enemy, must soon change the system of warfare, and at least demands grave consideration. We make no comment upon this, as we should be inclined to do were we not announcing the forebodings of a naval officer, who must be supposed to see cause of apprehension before he would venture to express it.

Turning now to a more civil aspect of affairs than the picture of thirty death-dealing demons in the tops of a Yankee frigate, let us see how they manage their aggressions upon the untamed field and forest. During his various ramblings, our traveller's free-and-easy manner gained him the confidence of several able and energetic men—an advantage which enabled him to peep behind the scenes in many of the western movements. The following incident, which came under his own knowledge, comes within the design of this article, which is to illustrate the go-aheadism of our transatlantic cousins, and how they find the ways and means where other men fail.

Near Green Bay (in the aforesaid Garden of Eden), a small village suddenly peers out from the woods. The site was chosen by one of those extraordinary men (educated pioneers), who had silently selected a position, and established himself as proprietor before any one was acquainted with his object. Once fixed, the working pioneers, well aware of the sagacity and ability of their forerunner, begin to drop in likewise. In a few months, a town is laid out, and a population makes its appearance. A plank-road is necessary, a charter is obtained, and a meeting summoned of all interested in the said road. About a hundred persons attend; the charter is read; and before it can become a valid instrument, 500 shares must be subscribed for, and one dollar each paid up. The whole capital required is L.10,000—a sum which, probably, could not be mustered in cash within a hundred miles. One citizen believes he can get the 500 dollars from a relative in the Gennessee Valley. Who, then, is to take stock, and supply the sinews of war? There is not ten dollars (cash) in the township. Up starts another, who has credit with a provision-merchant down east, and offers to supply the workmen with pork, molasses, tea, and sugar, out of his friend's store; making a speech at the same time. Others similarly pledged their credit for shoes, soap, clothing, &c. The bulk of the meeting, consisting of hard-working 'bonnet-lairds,' undertake to go to work immediately; taking for part-payment the necessaries of life, and receiving road-stock for the balance. Without a cent of capital, they began a work which would eventually cost 50,000 dollars, in full confidence that something would turn up to procure the wherewithal. The beauty of the matter is, that the project succeeded. The road has not only quadrupled the value of property all around, but it bids fair to pay a dividend in five years of 50 per cent. If a steam-boat is wanted, it is acquired in the same way. Large vessels have been completely built and equipped, without the owners possessing one farthing, and they have not only paid for themselves, but have made handsome fortunes for the lucky and enterprising projectors. Speculation of this kind, which would be justly deemed dishonourable in a settled country, is apt to be less rigidly considered in the pioneers of a new world. What country can attempt to cope with such energy and enterprise as this? It is frequently a subject of remark, that men born in England, and educated in the States, are among the foremost in these enterprising projects.

There are many other facts in these interesting volumes which we should like to call attention to; but the reader who has accompanied us through this sketch cannot do better than read the volumes themselves—only remembering, that the enthusiasm of his guide might have been considerably moderated had he been an emigrant instead of a gentleman traveller.

MRS GRIMSHAWE'S TREATISE ON HOLDFASTS.

I am ready to maintain, against all assailants of the position, that the person who can feel so deep an interest in any of the works of God as to find, in the investigation of them, employment for time which might otherwise hang a little heavily on hand, and occupation of an innocent and even of a useful nature for an active mind, has a decided advantage over one who has no such resource. And I further maintain, that there is not one single object in created nature, from the drop of ditch-water which occupies the attention of Herr von Creep-crawl, up to the 'serried host' of angels and archangels who inhabit the realms of light, which does not present matter worthy of the study and attention of an inquiring and intelligent mind. Having delivered this defiance, I shall now ask my readers to take another walk round my garden, and examine the climbers which cover my walls, and listen to my Treatise on Holdfasts, as I call those appendages of plants which assist them in climbing.*

The very first specimen to which we come, is one of that very pretty tribe the *Clematideæ*, the *Clematis montana*, which is closely covering a wall of ten feet high, and at least twenty in width, thence throwing out its branches, extending itself over the adjacent wall of the house, and occasionally sending a stray shoot or two to adorn my neighbour's garden. Now, how do those slight, long stems, which stretch, some of them twenty or thirty feet from the parent stalk, support and arrange themselves so as to preserve a neat and ornamental appearance without my having had the least trouble in training them? If you gather one of those loose branches, you will see that it has no tendril of any kind, or other apparent means of support; but this, like all others of the clematideæ or clematis tribe, possesses a power of twisting the leaf-stalk round a wire, [illegible]

* See 'Mrs Grimshawe's Garden,' No. [illegible]

or anything else that comes in its way, so as to tie the plant to the support with as firm a knot as could be made with a piece of string; and after thus encircling the wire, it returns the leaf to its former position, with the upper side outwards, exactly as it was before. Some of the clematis tribe make this fulcrum from one part of the leaf-stalk, and some from another. In that which we are examining, it is formed from the lowest part next the main stalk of the plant. In the wild clematis (*C. vitalba*)—that kind which runs so freely over hedges and thickets in the southern counties, adorning the country in winter with snowy tufts of feathers, formed by its seed-vessels—a part of the stalk between two pair of the leaflets forms this twist; whilst in the sweet-scented garden-clematis, other parts of the stem give the support: but it is always by means of some portion or other of this member, that plants of this tribe are sustained in their rapid and extensive climbing. It is curious to observe what instinctive aptitude to curve towards suitable objects, and towards them only, is exhibited in the holdfasts of climbing-plants. They never bend towards a wall, board, or other flat substance, when there is nothing to lay hold of; but the moment they touch a suitable object, they instantly fix on it, forming closely compacted rings, which can be untwisted only when young. As the plant rises from one height to another, the little green shoots above send out fresh leaves, each having the same prehensile properties, which they keep in reserve till called on to apply them to their proper use; whilst at the same time, the lower rings are becoming indurated, so that, as the plant grows longer and heavier, its supports become stronger and harder. There are other plants besides the clematideæ which thus support themselves, of which the *Maurandya Barclayana* and the *Canariensis* are examples; and the manner in which these accommodate themselves to the exact form of the object on which they seize, is very remarkable. If the support is round, the ring is also round; but if they fix on a square lath, or other angular thing, the stem forms to it, so that when the prop is removed, the ring retains the exact form of that prop, every angle being as sharp and true, as if it were moulded in wax.

Now, the next plant which greets us is the ivy (*Hedera helix*), and this differs wholly in its means of support from almost any other creeper; yet there is none that takes firmer hold, or maintains more strongly its position, than this beautiful creeper, whose ceaseless verdure well deserves the name of ivy—a word derived from the Celtic, and signifying *green*. It is supported by means of a whitish fringe of fibres, that are thrust out from one side of every part of the stem which comes in contact with any wall or other supporting object to which it can cling. Should a foreign substance, such as a leaf, intervene between it and that object, the fibres lengthen until they extend beyond the impediment; and then they fix on the desired object, and cease to grow.

These fibres, however, are not true roots—a branch with only such roots, would not grow if planted in the earth—they are mere holdfasts, and the plant does not receive any portion of its nourishment through them. The upper part of the plant, where it has mounted above the wall and become arborescent, is wholly devoid of such fibres, which never appear but when they have some object to fix upon.

And now, let us look at that which is the very pride of my garden, and which well deserves the name bestowed on it by a poetic-minded friend—'the patrician flower:' I mean the beautiful *Cobea scandens;* and here we are introduced to quite a different class of holdfasts from either of those which we have examined. The blossom of the cobea is formed of a curious and elegantly-formed calyx of five angles, exquisitely veined, and of a tender green—itself a flower, or, at least, when divested of its one bell-shaped petal, *looking* like one. From this calyx slowly unfolds a noble bell, at first of a soft, creamy green; but the second day of its existence it becomes tinged and veined with a delicate plum colour, which on the third day is its prevailing hue. The blossom is then in its full perfection; the vigorous green filaments supporting the anthers curve outwards; the long anthers, in the same manner as those of the white lily, open lengthways, and disclose rich masses of yellow pollen; whilst the single pistil stands gracefully between its five supporters, crowned with a globular purple style. On the last day or two of its existence, the bell is of a full, deep puce colour, and then drops, leaving the calyx bare, from which in due time is developed a handsome fruit, something like that of the passion-flower. The flower-stalk is from four to six inches long, and stands finely out from the wall, many blossoms being exhibited at the same time in different stages of development.

But now of the holdfast, which is our special subject. And this needs to be of a strong kind, for the branches of this plant have been known, in an English conservatory, to run to the length of 200 feet in one summer; and no doubt, in its native Mexico, where it has nothing to impede its growth, its shoots run even more freely. Behold, then, at distances of from three to four inches, all up the main stem; and also, on every shoot and branch which that stem throws out, grows a leaf, composed of three pair of leaflets, beautifully veined, and tinted with reddish purple, from between the last pair of which springs a tendril of extreme elegance. Indeed, noble as is this plant in every part, I think this tendril is the crowning grace of the whole: it is exceedingly slender, throwing off side-branches which, again, repeatedly fork off at acute angles in pairs, and each extremity of each branch is furnished with a minute and delicate hook, so small as to be scarcely perceptible, but so strong and sharp-pointed as to lay hold of every object in its way—which hold it retains, when once well fixed, in spite of wind or weather. If this tendril remains long unattached, it becomes elongated to ten or twelve inches, or even more; and certainly a more elegant object than it presents when in this state can scarcely be seen, nor one which forms a more graceful ornament to a vase of flowers, if introduced as it grows, depending from one of the vigorous young purple shoots, itself shining with a sort of metallic lustre, and richly coloured with green and purple. But it is only on the loose young shoots that it assumes this very graceful appearance. If it is sufficiently near to a wall, or other support, instead of thus hanging pendent, its main stalk nearest the leaf contracts into a spiral form, thus shortening the tendril, and giving it greater power than so frail and slight a thing could otherwise possess; and the elasticity produced by the convolutions enables the branch slightly to yield to the influence of the wind, which makes it less likely to be torn down. Each extremity, as I have said, is armed with a hook, which hook, as soon as it touches, lays firm hold on the wall; and these tendrils occurring close together, and a large proportion of them fixing on some object, a wonderfully strong support is afforded to the plant. This plant is called by some people, 'the violet-bearing ivy,' although no leaf or blossom can be less like the ivy or the violet than that of the cobea.

And now, let us pass onwards. There is another tendriled plant, the passion-vine; and this has a cirrus or tendril quite of a different kind from that we have just examined. It is simple and unbranched, springing from the axil of the leaf, straight when young, but speedily becoming spiral, and forming a very close twist round whatever object it seizes. It is spiral to within an inch, or less, of its base, and encircles its support with six or seven circlets like a

corkscrew, thus clasping it with great firmness. This has no hook or other appendage which would enable it to fix on a wall or other flat substance; and therefore, unless there are wires, or some other extraneous supports near, it must be nailed until it reaches a certain height, when its own stalks supply the requisite props on which the tendrils may lay hold. The grape and many other vines are furnished with tendrils, which spring from the root of the leaf-stalk; that of the grape-vine is slightly branched, but not furnished with any hook. One of its tendrils usually grows close to the stem of the fruit, and thus sustains the heavy bunch of grapes which must otherwise, when it increases to a weight of many pounds, either break from its stem, or else pull down the branch on which it grows.

And now we approach the beautiful *Ipomœa*, or major convolvulus, which affords us a specimen of quite a different mode of progression from that displayed in any creeper we have as yet looked at, for it has neither tendril nor fibrous roots. 'Oh, that *must* be a mistake!' says some fine lady. 'My last Berlin pattern was of convolvuli, and that lovely group of flowers I copied had several blossoms in it, and I am sure there were *plenty* of tendrils in both.' No doubt, fair lady; but convolvuli in Berlin patterns, and those which are wrought in 'nature's looms,' differ wonderfully. In the former, not only the climbing convolvulus, but the common blue one (*C. minor*), is richly furnished with tendrils, whilst those of Dame Nature display no such appendage. Now, take a real flower of this tribe—the common bind-weed from the hedge will do as well as any other—and you will see that the means provided for it to run up any stick or stem it may meet, is a peculiar property it has, of twining its *stem* round and round that of any other plant near it; and so strong is this necessity to assume a spiral coil, or rather to twist and unite itself with some other stem, that you may often see two, three, or four sister-stalks of the same plant inwreathed into one stout cable, which union, though it does not enable the feeble stems to ascend, yet seems to increase their strength. But supply the young shoot with a stick or wire, or even a bit of twine, and see how rapidly it will then climb, and clasp, and throw out longer and stronger shoots, and overspread your wall with its large bell-shaped flowers, so brilliant with every tint of white, lilac, pink, and rose colour, and so exquisitely delicate in their texture, expanding at earliest dawn, and closing, never to reopen, when the fervid rays of the noonday sun fall on them! But I must not attempt to depict every variety of holdfast, or every provision for climbing with which it has pleased God to invest and beautify the different kinds of creeping-plants: it would detain us far too long; yet Mrs Grimshawe owes it to herself, to justify her devotion to the holdfast of the Virginian creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*), and that must be described.

Every one knows this plant, for although a native of North America, it is now one of the commonest coverings of our walls, as well as one of the prettiest we see. Its beautiful cut leaves are divided into five lobes, which, when first developed, are of a bright light-green, while the whole of the young stem and shoot is red; these take, by degrees, a deeper hue of green, and early in the autumn assume a brilliant scarlet tint, at which time they are very lovely. The means by which this plant takes so firm a hold of whatever supports it, is highly curious. From the stem of the tree is sent out on one side a leaf, and exactly opposite to it a shining, thread-like tendril, tinged with red, from one to one and a half inches long, dividing into five branches, and each terminating in a little hook. When one of these little hooks touches a wall, or comes in contact with anything it is able to cling to, it begins to thicken, expands into a granulated mass of a bright-red hue, loses the form of a hook and assumes that of a club, from the edges of which club a thin membrane extends, and attaches itself firmly to the wall after the manner of a sucker. If all five of the extremities happen to touch, they all go through the same process; and when all are spread out on the wall, each with its extension complete, the tendril looks much like the foot of a bird; but none of the hooks change in this way, unless they are so situated as to be able to fix on the wall. One of these strong holdfasts occurs at about every two inches on every stem and branch; and as a very large proportion of them get hold of some substance or other, the vine becomes more strongly fixed in its place than those which have been nailed or otherwise artificially fastened; and if the wall on which it climbs is at all rough, it must be very boisterous weather, indeed that can dislodge its pretty covering. If by any means a branch is forced away from the wall, you will generally find either that it has brought away a portion of the stucco with it, or else that the stems of the tendril have broken, and left the sucker-like extremities still adhering. The appearance of one of these tendrils when young is beautiful; and if you place it under a microscope while it is assuming its knobby form, you will admire its exquisite texture and colouring. This, like the ivy, when it rises above the wall, becomes arborescent, and ceases to throw out tendrils.

There are many other provisions for aiding plants in climbing. Some ascend simply by means of the friction which the hairy or gummy cuticle of their stems affords—that sort of Galium commonly called 'cleavers' or 'cliver,' and the wild madder (*Rubia peregrina*), are instances of this; then there are others which send out simple tendrils from the point of each leaf. There is also a plant called the 'heartseed' or 'balloon vine,' from its inflated membraneous capsule, in which the tendrils grow from the flower-stalks; and another, one of the custard-apple tribe (*Annona hexapetala*), of which Smith tells us—'the flower-stalk of this tree forms a hook, and grasps the neighbouring branch, serving to suspend the fruit, which is very heavy, resembling a bunch of grapes.' The pea and vetch tribe, the pompion and cucumber, and various other plants, afford instances of provisions of these and similar kinds. But as I hope I may have succeeded in leading some of my readers to see what abundant subjects of interest may be found in the contemplation of even the appendages of plants, I shall now take my leave, only strongly advising all who wish to find a country life profitable and agreeable, to endeavour to supply themselves with some simple natural pursuit, such as gardening or botany, either of which may lead to investigations that will well repay their trouble, even should they refer to nothing more than the structure of the leaves or tendrils of the trees and shrubs which grow around their dwelling.

A DAY'S PLEASURING IN INDIA.

PARELL* was full of guests; and in order to afford them a greater diversity of amusement than the daily routine of a monotonous Eastern life affords, our excellent host resolved on a day's excursion to the island of Salsette, accepting an invitation to rest for an hour on his return at the house of a wealthy Parsee, whose liberality and zeal for the interests of the Company had won him the favour of the merchant princes' representative. In order to be ready for our departure at daybreak, we were called at three o'clock. In this country, such an hour sounds uncomfortable; we are all inclined to sympathise with the writer of the old Scotch ballad, and declare—

> 'Up in the morning's no for me,
> Up in the morning early;'

but in India, it is a luxurious theft from sleep; and

* Residence of the governor of the Bombay presidency.

even now the remembrance of my starlit bath of that Indian morning comes pleasantly across my mind. The bath was literally taken by starlight; for the tumbler of oil, with its floating wick—which is the ordinary lamp of the country—was hardly seen in its far-off corner, when I unclosed the jalousies, and admitted the solemn, silvery planet-light. The window above the bath opened into the garden; and it is scarcely possible to conceive greater physical enjoyment than reclining in the warm element, listening to the soft sounds proceeding from without—the castanet music of the singing-tree, the rustling of the fan-palm, the trickling of the fountain: even the distant cry of the retiring jackal was pleasant; whilst above the giant palms, I could see the dark violet of the sky, on which the

——'Ship of Heaven
Came sailing from Eternity,'

and from whence Canopus threw its laughing lustre full on the water in which I was immersed, and kept me for a time motionless, lest I should break or mar its beautiful reflection. But every enjoyment has its dark shadow: as life has its 'insect cares,' so Eastern night has its mosquitoes; and a sore contest one has with them on issuing from the bath at such an hour. How they flit about, imps of evil as they are, and sound their horn of defiance in our ear!—a very marvellous sound to proceed from such tiny creatures, and, to persons of irritable nerves, worse even than their sting, or at least an additional horror. They proved strong incentives to a hasty toilette; and the whole gipsying-party was speedily assembled in the hall, where coffee and biscuits were handed round. Then followed a pleasant drive through the fresh morning air; and it was not without regret that we exchanged the open carriages for the close imprisonment of the palanquins, in which shortly after we threaded the mazes of the jungle. It was still early morning when we reached the cave in which we purposed remaining during the heat of the day. Outside, a tent had been pitched for the servants; within, a splendid breakfast was spread for ourselves—tables, chairs, food, and cooks having preceded the party thither. Books and prints were also provided, to beguile the tedium of our inevitable seclusion, and pleasant companionship promised a still greater resource against *ennui*.

The caves of Salsette have been already so often described—once by the pen of Heber—that I shall not attempt a repetition, but content myself with informing my readers, that we occupied the large one, dedicated to the ancient worship of the Buddhists; a gloomy temple, but cool, and possessing a certain interest from having been the scene of superstitious horrors round which hang the mystery of an almost unknown past.

After dinner, we prepared to mount the hill, and explore the smaller cells in which the hermits of Buddhism had formerly dwelt. The ascent, though very steep, was not difficult, and, once gained, afforded a glorious view of the island and the distant sea. The caves, with their singular stone-carvings and reliefs, were also very interesting, and must have been pleasant abodes for the worthy men who there had aimed at a pleasanter saintship than that attained by the tortures to which the followers of Brahma, and of his legion of subordinate deities, often subject themselves. We amused ourselves for some time examining these cells, and not till the sun was sinking behind the taller trees of the jungle below, did we think of returning. Our descent, however, was to be effected by another and far more difficult pathway than that by which we had mounted the hill—steps or niches irregularly cut in the mountain's side, offering the only means of reaching the cave below. My head turns at the very recollection! The chief of the hamals had followed us; I looked at his naked feet, that with such a charming certainty grasped the rock, and resolved on making him my *cavalier servente*, backing my gracious intimation to that effect with the promise of a rupee for guerdon, at which he appeared more pleased than at the honour of the selection; and thus grasping the arm of my black knight, I began the terrible task before me, having purposely lingered out of sight till the rest of the party were at the bottom.

But, alas! a very kind, very good-natured, very stout gentleman in tight boots—I had not observed how *very* tight they were!—perceived my incongruous escort, and hastened back to take his place. In vain I represented my partiality for my companion of shoeless feet and steady eye; he was as incredulous as Desdemona's father was of her love for the Moor. In vain I deprecated 'giving him so much trouble;' his politeness was resolute; and I was compelled to accept the assistance of his hand, and with a beating heart to make the first step. Alas! in this instance it was not only *le premier pas qui coute;* the fourth and fifth were worse; at the sixth my courage failed me utterly, and I felt an insane desire to throw myself over the precipice, and thus terminate the horror of fear and giddiness that distracted me. I begged my companion to let me go, but he good-naturedly suggested that I might as well try to live a little longer, and therefore advised me to shut my eyes, and let him lift my feet from step to step. I was obliged to comply, and thus, to the great amusement of the party beneath, we made our tedious way down the hillside. If any of my readers have ever felt the kind of panic I have tried to describe, they will understand and sympathise with me on the occasion. The precipice below was really very alarming, and there was nothing on the bare side of the mountain that could soothe the imagination with the hope of something to clutch at. Still, I felt more ridiculous than I had ever thought I could be, when, on reaching the foot, I received the bantering congratulations of the others; and my assistant, with a bow, assured me 'that we had effected our descent with the agility and grace of two antelopes!'

We returned to the principal cave to have coffee, and then, re-entering our palanquins, were soon again in the depth of the jungle. I was tired—one soon wearies in that climate; the light was dim and solemn; and the chant of the bearers, by its monotony, helped to lull me into a sound slumber, for which the palanquin is always an agreeable cradle; and thus, in deep sleep, I was borne onwards, till the halt, to which my bearers at last came, roused me; and with a very dim recollection of where I was, I started and awoke. For a single instant, I thought myself still dreaming, however, for an unexpected and surprising vision was before me.

The palanquin had stopped in a large garden, or rather grove, which was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps; even the lofty cocoa-nut trees were not without a crown of rainbow tinted light. As I was assisted in my exit from the palanquin, two young Parsee boys, in flowing white robes, girt with a scarlet shawl round the waist, advanced and presented me, the one with a large bouquet of roses, tied, after their usual fashion, round a slender stick, and dripping with rose-water; the other, with a thin long chip of sandal-wood, having at the end a small piece of white cotton, steeped in delicious attar of roses. After receiving their gifts, I was conducted by them to the house, where the owner, a Parsee merchant, met and welcomed me with the ordinary salutation, pressing his hand to his head and heart, and then offering it to me. My palanquin had arrived last, and I found all the rest of the party seated round a table covered with a splendid repast—a regular hot supper, intermingled with fruit and flowers in profusion. The chief ornament of the table was a handsome silver vase, presented to our host by the East India Company, of which he appeared very proud, lifting it from the table,

to shew the inscription on it to each of the party individually. At the end of the banquet, the quiet attendants moved round with a very elegant silver flagon of rose-water, the neck of which was very long, and as thin as the tube of a china pipe; from it they poured a few drops on the head of each of the guests. The sensation produced by this sudden trickling of cold rose-water is very pleasant, though a little startling to strangers. We had so recently had refreshment, that we were not inclined to do justice to the hospitality proffered, and the supper was scarcely tasted; but on rising to go, our host explained to the 'Governor Sahib,' 'that the feast was his: it had been prepared for him; he had looked on it! it was his!' These polite assertions were a little mystifying, till one of the staff-officers, well versed in the manners of the natives, explained that the governor was expected to carry off what remained of the entertainment. It was really difficult to help laughing at the whimsical notion of carrying away the roast turkeys, kid, fruit, &c., which was before us; but all was actually the perquisite of the train of attendant servants, and I suppose they took possession of it. The gifts offered to the governor when travelling are also theirs, when not too valuable; that is to say, when they only consist—as they generally do in mere villages—of fruit, eggs, nuts, and sweetmeats. If the present be, as it occasionally is, a camel, with its head painted green or red, it is usual to accept it, re-paint it blue or yellow, and make a return present of it, to the original donor, who, of course, feigns to be totally unacquainted with the animal thus 'translated.' Gifts made to the governor become the property of the East India Company, as no servant of the Company is permitted to receive a private present; and it would be the height of discourtesy to refuse the wonted and time-honoured 'offering' made on the occasion of a visit to the Burra Sahib.

After many courteous salaams and farewells on the part of our host, we resumed our journey, gratified at this glimpse of the interior of a native home. The Parsees are generally rich, and their houses or *bungalows* are large and handsome. Their adoration of light tends greatly to the embellishment of their dwellings, as to every upper panel of the wainscoting they attach a branch for wax-candles, which are lighted every night, and give to the building the appearance of being illuminated. These 'children of the light' are a fine race, very handsome and intelligent. The upper servants at Parell were all Parsees; one, named Argiesia was an especial favourite with us all, having always a shrewd and amusing answer for every question put to him. We remember on the occasion of a total eclipse of the sun, which took place during our stay in Bombay, asking him why the people of the village near the house made such a noise with their tom-toms. His reply was:

'Because ignorant people, Ma'am Sahib, think great serpent is swallowing the sun, and they try to frighten him away with big noise.'

'And what do you think the shadow is, Argiesia?' we asked. He looked grave for a minute—one never sees an Oriental look puzzled!—and then answered:

'Sun angry men are so wicked. In anger, him hide his face.' This ready-witted and poetical Ghebir met his death, not long after, in one of his own sacred elements, being drowned in the Mahr River, 'where ford there is none.' He once expressed great surprise to me that a nation possessing Regent Street—a description of which he had received from his father—'should come to live in India.'

It was night when we reached Parell after our day's pleasuring; and we all agreed that the climate of India, during the winter months, is of all others the best adapted for picnics, which are so often marred in England by ill-timed showers or gloom; and yet, certain memories came back half reproachfully as we spoke, painting to our mental vision the pretty lanes and fresh green dells and dingles of England, the soft cool breeze, the varied and flitting shadows, the open-air enjoyment of many a past summer-day, when in our own merry island we

> 'Went a gipsying a long time ago,'

and we gave an involuntary sigh for the country of our birth.

THE LONDON PRISONS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In the year 1728, an opinion was entertained that much cruelty and rapacity were exercised by the keepers of the great prisons in London. It was known that they had almost unlimited power in their hands, that they were not subject to regular inspection, and that it was scarcely possible to bring them to justice for their treatment of those committed to their charge. It was argued, that it is impossible to depend upon the lenity of men who have such powers over their fellow-creatures, and that these officers must be supposed more than human if they did not occasionally abuse their authority. Of their having actually done so, many rumours had from time to time reached parliament. But in making out a case for inquiry, its strongest supporters had but a very slight forecast of the horrors it was to divulge. It may here be remarked, that before the proper arrangements for official responsibility and regular systematic management in such matters as prison discipline or the custody of the insane were devised, our free parliament did incalculable service by its inquiries and exposures. In that august assembly, every tale of formidable injustice or oppression was sure to receive a ready auditory; and its power was so transcendent, that every door flew open at its command, and no influence could protect the wrong-doer from its sweeping vengeance. With such a body in existence, even the worst governments which Britain has known could not keep up those mysterious agents of tyranny, secret state-prisons, which continue to be the curse of every despotic country. Yet it will be seen, that for want of some more immediate and direct responsibility, the abuses in the prisons even of this country had risen to a very dreadful height.

The member who headed the inquiry was Colonel Oglethorpe. He was a man of literary talent—a dashing and intrepid soldier, but still more renowned for his wide and active benevolence. It is to him that Pope alludes in the lines:

> One driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Shall fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole.

A committee obtained by his influence, did not conduct its inquiry in easy state in St Stephen's, but appalled the guilty parties by immediately repairing to the prisons, and diving to the furthest recesses of their dungeons. In the Marshalsea, it found that even those who paid excessive fees for their lodgings, were laid in lairs above each other on boards set on tressels, where they were packed so close together, that many were believed to have died from mere deficiency of air. There was no doubt that many others, debtors, had come to a miserable end by starvation. Some were found in the last stage of attenuation. Those who could not provide for themselves, had nothing to feed on but a scanty charity-allowance from the benevolence of individuals, which, when distributed among the whole, furnished each with sometimes only a few peas in the day; and at intervals of several days, an ounce and a half of meat. 'When the miserable wretch,' say the committee in their report, 'hath worn out the charity of his friends, and consumed the money which he hath raised upon his clothes and bedding, and

hath ate his last allowance of provisions, he usually in a few days grows weak for want of food, with the symptoms of a hectic fever; and when he is no longer able to stand, if he can raise 3d. a day to pay the fee of the common nurse of the prison, he obtains the liberty of being carried into the sick-ward, and lingers on for about a month or two, by the assistance of the above-mentioned prison portion of provision, and then dies.' The committee made more lifelike this horrible description of the state of the prison by describing the results of their efforts to relieve the sufferers. They said: 'On the giving food to these poor wretches—though it was done with the utmost caution, they being only allowed the smallest quantities, and that of liquid nourishment—one died; the vessels of his stomach were so disordered and contracted for want of use, that they were totally incapable of performing their office, and the unhappy creature perished about the time of digestion.' These prisoners were debtors, not criminals. We make our extracts from the reports, just after having heard in a scientific society an examination of the dietary of a large district of prisons. The difficulty appeared to be, to find the medium that would preserve health without making the criminal's living in some measure luxurious; and it appeared that, by almost every dietary in actual use in the district, the prisoners fattened; in fact, they profited so much in constitution by sobriety, good air, and regular food, however simple, that it was found a difficult matter to give them what might be considered a bare sufficiency, without raising their physical condition, and sending them out of prison with improved constitutions. So different is imprisonment for crime in the present age, from imprisonment for debt a hundred and twenty years ago.

The condition of many of the prisoners for debt in England, though few knew the actual extent of its horrors, was well known to be wretched, and several humane persons had made charitable bequests for their support. Colonel Oglethorpe's Committee made inquiry as to the employment of these charities, and disclosed incidents of singular villainy. It appeared, for instance, that in the Marshalsea there were several charities; and that the prisoners might be sure of benefiting by them, it was arranged that they should elect six constables, and that these constables should choose a steward, who was to receive and disburse the charities. Like a corporation, the steward had a seal which he appended to the receipts for the money received for the charities. The officers of the prison had carried on a systematic perversion of these charities, either through connivance of the steward elected by the constables, or by imposing on him. In the year 1722, however, it happened that a man named Matthew Pugh, an active, clever exponent of abuses, was chosen steward. He discovered several charities, the knowledge of which had been entirely suppressed, the proceeds being drawn by the officers of the prison. He found, that to facilitate their fraud, they had got a counterpart of the common seal, with which they certified the receipts. Pugh got a new seal made; and to prevent a new system of fraud being carried out, he got a safety-chest fixed to the prison wall, with six locks, requiring for opening it six separate keys, which were put into the hands of the six constables. The committee, in describing how audaciously these precautions were defeated, shew distinctly how slight were the checks on the conduct of prison-officers in the reign of George II. They say: 'But this public and just manner of receiving and disbursing the charities was disliked by the keeper and his servants; and they complained to the judge of the Palace Court, and gave information that the said Pugh was a very turbulent fellow, and procured a rule by which it was ordered, that Matthew Pugh should no longer be permitted to have access to the said prison or court; and the prisoners are allowed to choose another steward; and accordingly, John Grace, then clerk to the keeper, was chosen steward by those in the keeper's interest; but the constables, in behalf of the prisoners, refused to deliver up the keys of the chest, where their seal was, insisting that all receipts should be sealed as usual in a public manner, that they might know what money was received; and thereupon the said chest was broke down, and carried away by the said William Acton (the keeper) and John Grace.'—*Parliamentary History*, viii. 736. Hence the deaths from starvation reported by Colonel Oglethorpe's Committee.

The reports of the committee were varied by statements of atrocious cruelties committed on the prisoners, by their committal, whenever the prison-officers thought fit, to damp and loathsome dungeons full of filth, by heavy irons being forced on them, and even by the application of the thumbkins, and other such tortures as were applied in the previous century to the Covenanters. Thus, after narrating an attempt made to escape, and the severities used on those who had participated in it, the committee say: 'One of them was seen to go in (to the keeper's lodge) perfectly well, and when he came out again, he was in the greatest disorder; his thumbs were much swollen, and very sore; and he declared that the occasion of his being in that condition was, that the keeper, in order to extort from him a confession of the names of those who had assisted him and others in their attempt to escape, had screwed certain instruments of iron upon his thumbs, so close, that they had forced the blood out of them with exquisite pain. After this, he was carried into the strong room, where, besides the other irons which he had on, they fixed on his neck and hands an iron instrument called a collar, like a pair of tongs; and he being a large lusty man, when they screwed the said instrument close, his eyes were ready to start out of his head, the blood gushed out of his ears and nose, he foamed at the mouth, and he made several motions to speak, but could not: after these tortures, he was confined in the strong room for many days with a heavy pair of irons called sheers on his legs.'

It is not to be denied that some of the charges made by the committee were not ultimately confirmed. It is natural for humane men, becoming for the first time acquainted with extensive cruelties, to tinge their narrative with the indignation they feel, and thus give it a prejudiced and exaggerated tone. Even committees of the House of Commons are not entirely exempt from such failings. But for our purpose, which is that of noticing the progress of civilisation and humanity in the period that has elapsed since the inquiry, it is sufficient to know, that there must have been an extensive foundation in facts for the horrors detailed by the committee. If it could not be distinctly proved that an individual officer had murdered any prisoner by the use of a particular torture, yet the instruments of torture described in the above extract were in the prisons—they were seen and handled by the committee, who were not to suppose that they were kept for no use. They state, that it had become the practice for the keepers 'unlawfully to assume to themselves a pretended authority as magistrates, and not only to judge and decree punishments arbitrarily, but also to execute the same unmercifully.'

In the exercise of this authority, the keepers seem to have imitated the cruelties of the classical tyrant Mezentius, commemorated by Virgil as chaining the living to the dead, for the committee say: 'The various tortures and cruelties before mentioned not contenting these wicked keepers in their said pretended magistracy over the prisoners, they found a way of making within the prison a confinement more dreadful than the strong room itself, by coupling the living with the dead; and have made a practice of locking up debtors who displeased them in the

yard with human carcasses. One particular instance of this sort of inhumanity, was of a person whom the keepers confined in that part of the lower yard which was then separated from the rest, whilst two dead bodies had lain there four days; yet was he kept there with them six days longer; in which time the vermin devoured the flesh from the faces, ate the eyes out of the heads of the carcasses, which were bloated, putrid, and turned green during the poor debtor's dismal confinement with them.'

Some of the accounts given by the committee are as grotesque, without being so horrible. A certain Captain John M'Phaedris had been a person of considerable fortune, and, like many of his contemporaries, had been a victim to the South-sea speculation, which appears to have made all the debtors' prisons more than usually full between the years 1720 and 1725. He refused to pay the exorbitant fees demanded by the keeper for accommodation, and maintained that they were illegal. To silence so troublesome a person, he was turned, unsheltered, into the yard, where he had to remain exposed to the weather day and night. 'He sat quietly,' said the committee, 'under his wrongs, and, getting some poor materials, built a little hut to protect himself as well as he could from the injuries of the weather.' The keeper, seeing this ingenious abode, exclaimed with an oath that the fellow made himself easy, and ordered the hut to be pulled down. 'The poor prisoner,' we are told, 'being in an ill state of health, and the night rainy, was put to great distress.'

In another instance, a prisoner had been committed to a cell so damp, as the witnesses described it, that they could sweep the water from the wall like dew from the grass. A feather-bed happened by some odd accident to be in the place, and the prisoner tore it up, and, for warmth, buried himself in the contents. Being covered with cutaneous sores, the feathers stuck to him, as if he had been subject to the operation of tarring and feathering. One Sunday, the door of the cell being left open, he rushed out, and entered the prison chapel during divine service—a horribly ludicrous figure. The committee, on the conclusion of the incident, say, 'he was immediately seized and carried back into the sad dungeon; where, through the cold, and the restraint, and for want of food, he lost his senses, languished, and perished.'

Such were the features of the system of mistreatment pursued in the London prisons, thirty years after the general liberties of the subject had been secured by the Revolution. We may in a subsequent paper advert to some of the particular cases which came under the attention of courts of justice.

LIFE-ASSURANCE OFFICES OF RECENT DATE.

THE remarkable prosperity of life-assurance business in these realms—where alone it is a flourishing business—has naturally had the effect of causing 'offices' to multiply very fast. In the last eight years, 241 were projected, being at the rate of one for every twelve days nearly. Two or three bustling persons thereby obtain situations; there is a show of business for a time; but such concerns are often exceedingly weak, and the interests of the public are much imperiled by them. In consequence of an order of parliament, returns of the accounts of a large proportion of the recent offices have been made and published; so that the public may now form some opinion of the stability of these institutions. The general fact resulting is, that the greater number appear to have been started with small means, and are not now in hopeful circumstances. The business they have obtained is generally small in proportion to the expenses incurred; so that many of them are much behind the point at which they started.

Mr Robert Christie, of Edinburgh, has done the public the good service of publishing a small pamphlet in which the leading features of the accounts are presented in an intelligible form.* Here it appears that a life-assurance company will launch into business with an imposing name, a flourishing prospectus, and—L.3000! After three years, it will have received L.4000 of premiums. In that time, L.1300 will have been spent in salaries, L.600 in establishing agencies, L.700 in rent; in all, in expenses of management, upwards of L.5000, leaving little more than half the premium receipts to stand against the obligations towards the assured. There is one which has been in business upwards of four years, and which only possesses L.2869 of funds, out of which to pay policies represented by L.3094 of premiums, L.2279 of moneys received for investment, and L.1895 of deposits on shares. Another, which makes no small bustle in the world, received in two years and a half L.13,219 of premiums, spent in the same time L.6993, whereof L.1213 was for advertising, and L.539 for directors and auditors, and at the end of the period possessed, to make good its obligations, only L.7045, nearly one-half of which was composed of the original guarantee fund.

It is very likely that few or none of these establishments were commenced with a fraudulent design; but they were not required by the public, and their expenses have eaten them up. By most, if not all of them, loss and disappointment will be incurred. It is therefore highly desirable that the public should be warned against new offices generally. While there are so many old ones of perfectly established character both in England and Scotland—and we have some pride in remarking, that there is not one dangerous office known to us in the latter country—it is quite unnecessary to resort to any other.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS IN THE '93.

A public library had been established by subscription among the citizens of Dumfries in September 1792, and Burns, ever eager about books, had been from the first one of its supporters. Before it was a week old, he had presented to it a copy of his poems. He does not seem to have been a regularly admitted member till 5th March 1793, when 'the committee, by a great majority, resolved to offer to Mr Robert Burns a share in the library, free of any admission-money [10s. 6d.] and the quarterly contributions [2s. 6d.] to this date, out of respect and esteem for his abilities as a literary man; and they directed the secretary to make this known to Mr Burns as soon as possible, that the application which they understood he was about to make in the ordinary way might be anticipated.' This is a pleasing testimony to Burns as a poet, but still more so to Burns as a citizen and member of society. His name appears in September as a member of committee—an honour assigned by vote of the members.

On the 30th of this month, the liberal poet bestowed four books upon the library—namely, *Humphry Clinker*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Knox's History of the Reformation*, and *Delolme on the British Constitution*. The present intelligent librarian, Mr M'Robert, reports, respecting the last-mentioned work, a curious anecdote, which he learned directly from the late Provost Thomson of Dumfries. Early in the morning after Delolme had been presented, Burns came to Mr Thomson's bedside before he was up, anxiously desiring to see the volume, as he feared he had written something upon it 'which might bring him into trouble.' On the volume being shewn to him, he looked at the inscription which he had written upon it the previous night, and, having procured some paste, he pasted over it the fly-leaf in such a way as completely to conceal it.

The gentleman who has been good enough to communicate these particulars, adds: 'I have seen the volume, which is the edition of 1790, neatly bound, with a [illegible]

* *Letter to the Right Hon. Joseph W. Henley, M.P., [illegible] of the Board of Trade, regarding Life-Assurance [illegible].* By Robert Christie, Esq. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

of the author at the beginning. Some stains of ink shine through the paper, indicating that there is something written on the back of the engraving; but the fly-leaf being pasted down upon it, there is nothing legible. On holding the leaf up to the light, however, I distinctly read, in the undoubted manuscript of the poet, the following words:—

"Mr Burns presents this book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty—until they find a better. R. B."

'The words, "until they find a better," are evidently those which the poet feared "might bring him into trouble." Probably, if the inscription had not been written on the back of the engraving, he might have removed it altogether: at all events, his anxiety to conceal it shews what trivial circumstances were in those days sufficient to constitute a political offence.' Ay, and to think of this happening in the same month with the writing of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!*

Fully to appreciate the feelings of alarm under which Burns acted on this occasion, it must be kept in view that the trial of Mr Thomas Muir for sedition had taken place on the 30th of August, when, in the evidence against him, appeared that of his servant, Ann Fisher, to the effect that he had purchased and distributed certain copies of Paine's *Rights of Man*. The stress laid upon that testimony by the crown-counsel had excited much remark. It might well appear to a government officer like Burns, that his own conduct at such a crisis ought to be in the highest degree circumspect. We do not know exactly the time when the incident which we are about to relate took place, but it appears likely to have been nearly that of Muir's trial. Our poet one day called upon his quondam neighbour, George Haugh, the blacksmith, and, handing him a copy of Paine's *Common Sense* and *Rights of Man*, desired him to keep these books for him, as, if they were found in his own house, he should be a ruined man. Haugh readily accepted the trust, and the books remained in possession of his family down to a recent period.—*Chambers's Life and Works of Burns, Vol. IV., just published.*

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT IN WOOL-GROWING.

The following is worthy of notice, as exemplifying what may be done, by judicious attention, to improve an important national staple:—

'In a lecture recently delivered by Mr Owen at the Society of Arts, the learned professor detailed the particulars of a highly interesting experiment, which resulted in the establishment of one of the very few instances in which the origination of a distinct variety of a domestic quadruped could be satisfactorily traced, with all the circumstances attending its development well authenticated. We must premise it by stating, that amongst the series of wools shewn in the French department of the Great Exhibition, were specimens characterised by the jury as a wool of singular and peculiar properties; the hair, glossy and silky, similar to mohair, retaining at the same time certain properties of the merino breed. This wool was exhibited by J. L. Graux, of the farm of Mauchamp, Commune de Juvincourt, and the produce of a peculiar variety of the merino breed of sheep, and it thus arose. In the year 1828, one of the ewes of the flock of merinos in the farm of Mauchamp, produced a male lamb, which, as it grew up, became remarkable for the long, smooth, straight, and silky character of the fibre of the wool, and for the shortness of its horns. It was of small size, and presented certain defects in its conformation which have disappeared in its descendants. In 1829, M. Graux employed this ram with a view to obtain other rams, having the same quality of wool. The produce of 1830 only included one ram and one ewe, having the silky quality of the wool; that of 1831 produced four rams and one ewe with the fleece of that quality. In 1833, the rams, with the silky variety of wool, were sufficiently numerous to serve the whole flock. In each subsequent year the lambs have been of two kinds—one preserving the character of the ancient races with the curled elastic wool, only a [illegible] and [illegible] than in the ordinary merinos; [illegible] resembling the rams of the new breed, some of which retained the large head, long neck, narrow chest, and long flanks of the abnormal progenitor, whilst others combined the ordinary and better-formed body with the fine silky wool. M. Graux, profiting by the partial resumption of the normal type of the merino in some of the descendants of the malformed original variety, at length succeeded, by a judicious system of crossing and inter-breeding, in obtaining a flock combining the long silky fleece with a smaller head, shorter neck, broader flanks, and more capacious chest. Of this breed the flocks have become sufficiently numerous to enable the proprietor to sell examples for exportation. The crossing of the Beauchamp variety with the ordinary merino has also produced a valuable quality of wool, known in France as the "Mauchamp Merino." The fine silky wool of the pure Mauchamp breed is remarkable for its qualities, as combining wool, owing to the strength as well as the length and fineness of the fibre. It is found of great value by the manufacturers of Cashmere shawls, being second only to the true Cashmere fleece in the fine flexible delicacy of the fabric, and of particular utility when combined with the Cashmere wool in imparting to the manufacture qualities of strength and consistence, in which the pure Cashmere is deficient. Although the quantity of the wool yielded by the Mauchamp variety is less than in the ordinary merinos, the higher price which it obtains in the French market—25 per cent. above the best merino wools—and the present value of the breed, have fully compensated M. Graux for the pains and care manifested by him in the establishment of the variety, and a council medal was awarded to him.'

We find the above abstract in the *Critic* (London Literary Journal); and our chief object in making the quotation, is to bring the subject under the notice of wool-growers in the home country, as well as in Australia. What, it may be asked, could not be done by every store-farmer following the example of M. Graux?

A DIRGE OF LOVE.

BY W. E. L.

Yes! she is dead: the splendour of her eyes
Sleeps 'neath the lids for ever; on my sight
Never again shall flash their high delight,
Tender and rich with love's sweet ecstasies.

Never again, deep down from vulgar ken,
Shall the pure gushing of her soul rejoice,
And we stand silent, as to hear the voice
Of waters falling to a soundless glen.

And scarce again from other lips shall come
Such beauteous truths, such fresh imaginings,
As, like the warm south-wind, upon their wings
Bear off our fancy to their own bright home.

Yet am I calm: though hard it be to smooth
Waters upshaken from the deepest deep;
Though it be hard to watch, yet never weep,
The darkening cynosure of passionate youth;

Yet am I calm. The heart I had to bring
Was marred with imperfection and decay,
Now the free spirit, riven from the clay,
Drinks at the fountain whence all love must spring.

O passed from earthly to celestial love!
O reft from me and from my clinging grasp,
And circled straightway by the close, warm clasp
Of seraph bosoms in the land above!

I will not weep thee more. But if I long
Too sorrowfully for thy presence here,
Not vainly on thy turf shall fall the tear,
But thy dead name shall blossom into song.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 455. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

A GLANCE AT CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

WHEN lately making a pretty extensive continental excursion, we were in no small degree gratified with the progress made in the construction and operation of railways. These railways, from all that could be seen, were doing much to improve the countries traversed, and extend a knowledge of English comforts; for it must always be borne in mind that the railway system, with its locomotives, carriages, waiting-rooms, commodious and cheap transit, and other matters, is essentially English. Hence, wherever one sees a railway in full operation, he may be said to see a bit of England. And is not this something to be proud of? The railway being your true civiliser, England may be said to have sent out a missionary of improvement, whom nothing can withstand. The continent, with all its stupid despotisms, must improve, and become enlightened in spite of itself.

The newspapers lately described the opening of the line of railway from Paris to Strasbourg. Those who know what travelling in France was a few years ago, cannot wonder that Louis Napoleon should have made this the occasion of a popular demonstration. The opening of this line of railway is an important European event; certainly it is a great thing for both France and Germany. English travellers may also think much of it. A tourist can now journey from London to Paris—Paris to the upper part of the Rhine at Strasbourg, going through a most interesting country by the way—then go down the Rhine to Cologne by steamer; next, on by railway to Ostend; cross by steamer to Dover; and, finally, reach London—thus doing in a few days, and all by force of steam, what a short time ago must have been done imperfectly, and with great toil and expense. Still more to ease the journey, a branch railway from the Strasbourg line is about being opened from near Metz, by Saarbrück, to Manheim; by which means the Rhine will be reached by a shorter cut, and be considerably more accessible. In a month or two, it will be possible to travel from Paris to Frankfort in twenty-five hours. All that is wanted to complete the Strasbourg line, is to strike off a branch from Metz to Luxembourg and Treves; for by reaching this last-mentioned city—a curious, ancient place, which we had the pleasure of visiting—the traveller is on the Moselle at the spot where it becomes navigable, and he descends with ease by steamer to Coblenz. And so the Rhine would be reached from Paris at three important points.

Paris, as a centre, is pushing out other lines, with intermediate branches. Marseille, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and Lille, are the outposts of this series of radiation. The latest move is a line from Caen to Cherbourg; it will start from the Paris and Rouen Railway at Rosny, 40 miles from Paris, and proceed through Caen to the great naval station at Cherbourg—a distance of 191 miles from Rosny. By the time the great lines in France are finished—probably 3500 miles in the whole—it is expected that the total expenditure will amount, in round numbers, to a hundred millions sterling.

It is gratifying to know, that the small German powers which border on France have been most active in providing themselves with railways; not only for their own accommodation, but to join the lines of other countries; so as to make great trunk-thoroughfares through their dominions. There seems to be a cordiality in making these junctions, for general accommodation, that cannot but deserve praise. The truth, however, is, that all these petty states are glad to get hold of means for bringing travellers—that is, money-spenders—to their cities and watering-places, and for developing their long-hidden resources. For example, in the district lying between Saarbrück and Manheim, there exist vast beds of coal, and powerful brine-springs; but hitherto, in consequence of being out of the way of traffic, and there being only wretched cars drawn by cows, as the means of locomotion, this great mineral wealth has been locked up, and next thing to useless. What an outlet will the Strasbourg and Manheim Railway furnish! Paris may be as well and as cheaply supplied with coal as London.

Belgium—a kind of little England—has for a number of years been well provided with railways; and you may go by locomotion towards its frontiers in all directions, except one—namely, that of Holland. This odd exception, of course, arose from the ill-will that has subsisted for a number of years between the Belgians and Dutch; the latter being not at all pleased with the violent disjunction of the Netherlands. However, that coolness is now passing off. The two neighbours begin to find that ill-nature does not pay, and, like sensible people, are negotiating for a physical union by rail, seeing that a political one is out of the question. In short, a railway is proposed to be laid down in an easterly direction from the Antwerp branch, towards the border of Holland; and by means of steam-boat ferries across the Maas and other mouths of the Rhine, the junction will be effected with the Rotterdam and Amsterdam series of railways. The north of Holland is yet a stranger to railways, nor are the towns of such importance as to lead us to expect any great doings there. But the north German region—from the frontiers of Holland to those of Russia and Poland, a distance of something

like 1000 miles—is rapidly filling up the chasms in its railway net-work. Emden and Osnaburg and Gottingen in the west, Danzig and Königsberg and Memel in the east, are yet unprovided; but almost all the other towns of any note in Prussia and North Germany are now linked together, and most or all of the above six will be so in a few years.

The Scandinavian countries are more interesting in respect to our present subject, on account of *their* railway enterprises being wholly written in the future tense. Denmark has so little continuous land, Sweden has so many lakes, and Norway so many mountains, that, irrespective of other circumstances, railways have not yet reached those countries. They are about to do so, however. Hitherto, Denmark has received almost the whole of its foreign commodities *viâ* the two Hanse towns—Hamburg and Bremen; and has exported its cattle and transmitted its mails by the same routes. The Schleswig-Holstein war has strengthened a wish long felt in Denmark to shake off this dependence; but good railways and good steam-ship ports will be necessary for this purpose. When, in April 1851, a steamer crossed rapidly from Lowestoft to Hjerting, and brought back a cargo of cattle, the Danes felt suddenly independent of the Hamburghers; but the route from Hjerting to Copenhagen is so bad and tiresome, that much must yet be done before a commercial transit can really be established. There was at that time only an open basket-wagon on the route; there has since been established a diligence; but a railway will be the only effective means of transit. Here we must correct a mistake in the last paper: Denmark is not quite without railway accommodation; there is about 15 miles of railway from Copenhagen to Roeskilde, and this is to be continued across the island of Zealand to Korsör. The Lowestoft project has led to important plans; for a railway has been marked out from Hamburg, through the entire length of Holstein and Schleswig to the north of Jütland, where five hours' steaming will give access to the Swedish coast; while an east and west line from Hjerting to Copenhagen, with two breaks at the Little Belt and the Great Belt, are also planned. If Denmark can by degrees raise the requisite capital, both of these trunk-lines will probably be constructed.

Norway has just commenced its railway enterprises. It seems strange to find the familiar names of Stephenson and Bidder, Peto and Brassey, connected with first-stone layings, and health-drinkings, &c., in remote Norway; but this is one among many proofs of the ubiquity of English capital and enterprise. The government of Norway has conceded the line to an English company, by whom it will be finished in 1854. The railway will be 50 miles in length; it will extend from Christiania to Lake Miösen, and will connect the capital with an extensive chain of internal navigation. The whole risk seems to have been undertaken by the English company; but the benefits will be mutual for both companies—direct steam-communication from Christiania to some English port being one feature in the comprehensive scheme.

In Russia, the enterprises are so autocratic, and ordinary joint-stock operations are so rare, that our Stock Exchange people know very little about them. The great lines of railway in Russia, either being constructed or definitely planned, are from Warsaw to Cracow (about 170 miles); Warsaw to St Petersburg (680 miles); Moscow to St Petersburg (400 miles); from a point on the Volga to another point on the Don (105 miles); and from Kief to Odessa, in Southern Russia. The great tie which will bind Russia to the rest of Europe, will be the Warsaw and St Petersburg Railway—a vast work, which nothing but imperial means will accomplish. Whether all these lines will be opened by 1862, it is impossible to predict: Russia has to feel its way towards civilisation. During the progress of the Moscow and St Petersburg Railway, a curious enterprise was determined on. According to the *New York Tribune*, Major Whistler, who had the charge of the construction of the railway, proposed to the emperor that the rolling-stock should be made in Russia, instead of imported. Messrs Harrison, Winans, and Eastwick, engineers of the United States, accepted a contract to effect this. They were to have the use of some machine-works at Alexandroffsky; the labour of 500 serfs belonging to those works at low wages; and the privilege of importing coal, iron, steel, and other necessary articles, duty free. In this way a large supply of locomotives and carriages was manufactured, to the satisfaction of the emperor, and the profit of the contractors. The managers and foremen were all English or American; but the workmen and labourers, from 2000 to 3000 in number, were nearly all serfs, who *bought their time* from their masters for an agreed period, being induced by the wages offered for their services: they were found to be excellent imitative workmen, perfectly docile and obedient.

Our attention now turns south-westward: we cross Poland and Germany, and come to the Alps. To traverse this mountain barrier will be among the great works of the future, so far as the iron pathway is concerned. In the early part of 1851, the Administration of Public Works in Switzerland drew up a sketch of a complete system of railways for that country. The system includes a line to connect Bâle with the Rhenish railways; another to traverse the Valley of the Aar, so as to connect Lakes Zurich, Constance, and Geneva; a junction of this last-named line with Lucerne, in order to connect it with the Pass of St Gothard; a line from Lake Constance to the Grisons; a branch connecting Berne with the Aar-Valley line; and some small isolated lines in the principal trading valleys. The whole net-work of these railways is about 570 English miles; and the cost estimated at about L.4,000,000 sterling. It scarcely needs remark, that in such a peculiar country as Switzerland, many years must elapse before even an approach to such a railway net-work can be made.

To drive a railway across the Alps themselves will probably be first effected by the Austrians. The railway through the Austrian dominions to the Adriatic at Trieste, although nearly complete, is cut in two by a formidable elevation at the point where the line crosses the eastern spur of the great Alpine system. At present, travellers have to post the distance of seventy miles from Laybach to Trieste, until the engineers have surmounted the barrier which lies in their way. The trial of locomotives at Sömmering, noticed in the newspapers a few months ago, related to the necessity of having powerful engines to carry the trains up the inclines of this line. Further west, the Alpine projects are hidden in the future. The Bavarian Railway, at present ending at Munich, is intended to be carried southward, traversing the Tyrol, through the Brenner Pass, to Innsprück and Bautzen, following the ordinary route to Trieste, and finally uniting at Verona with the Italian railways. This has not yet been commenced. Westward, again, there is the Würtemberg Railway, which ends at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance. It is proposed to continue this line from the southern shore of the lake, across the Alps by the Pass of the Splügen, and so join the Italian railways at Como. This, too, is *in nubibus*; the German States and Piedmont are favourable to it; but the engineering difficulties and the expense will be enormous. Other Piedmontese projects have been talked about, for crossing the Alps at different points, and some one among them will probably be realised in the course of years. Meanwhile, Piedmont has a heavy task on hand in constructing the railway from Genoa to Turin, which is being superintended by Mr Stephenson; the Apennines are being crossed by a

succession of tunnels, embankments, and viaducts, as stupendous as anything yet executed in Europe.

In Central Italy, a railway convention has been signed, which, if carried out, would be important for that country. It was agreed to in 1851 by the Papal, Austrian, Tuscan, Parmese, and Modenese governments. The object is to construct a net-work of railways, each state executing and paying for its own. Austria is to do the work as far as Piacenza and Mantua; Tuscany is to finish its lines from Pistoja to Florence and Lucca; the Papal government is to connect Bologna with both the former; and the small states are to carry out their respective portions. The great difficulty will be, to cut through the Apennines, which at present sever Tuscany from the other states; but a greater still will be the moral one, arising from the disordered state of Italy. Rome has conceded to an Anglo-French company the construction of a railway from the capital to Ancona; but that, like all other commercial enterprises in the Papal dominions, is lagging sadly.

Crossing the Pyrenees to view the works in the Peninsula, which *Bradshaw* may possibly have to register in 1862, we find that, amid the financial difficulties of Spain, three lines of railway have been marked out—from Madrid to Irun; from Aranjuez to Almansa; and from Alar to Santander. The first would be a great line to the vicinity of the French frontier, to cost 600 millions of reals; the second would be part of an intended route from Aranjuez, near Madrid, to the Mediterranean; the length to Almansa, involving an outlay of 220 millions. The third line, from Santander to Alar del Rey, on the Biscayan sea-board of Spain, is intended to facilitate approach from the interior to the rising port of Santander; the outlay is put down at 120 millions. It is difficult to translate these high-sounding sums into English equivalents, for there are three kinds of reals in Spain, varying from 2½d. to 5¼d. English; but taking even the lowest equivalent, the sum-total amounts to a capital which Spain will have some difficulty in raising. The Santander line, however, has attracted English capital and engineering towards it; the first sod was turned by the king-consort in May 1852, and the works are now in progress. There is also an important line from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier near Badajoz, marked out on paper; but the fruition of this as well as other schemes will mainly depend on the readiness with which English capital can be obtained. Unfortunately, 'Spanish bonds' are not in the best favour in England.

Portugal is a *terra incognita* to railways. It is on the extremest verge of Europe towards the Atlantic; and European civilisation finds entrance there with remarkable slowness. In 1845, the government tried to invite offers from capitalists to construct railways; in 1849, the invitations were renewed; but the moneyed men were coy, and would not be wooed. In 1851, the government appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. The commission consisted of five persons; and their Report, dated October 20, 1851, contains a large mass of valuable information. It appeared in an English translation in some of the London journals towards the close of the year. The commissioners take for granted that Spain will construct railways from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier at Badajoz on the one side, and to the French frontier, near Bayonne, on the other; and they then inquire how best to reach Badajoz from Lisbon. Three routes present themselves—one to Santarem, and across the Tagus to Badajoz; another to Santarem and Coimbra, and so on into Spain by way of Almeida; and a third to Oporto, and thence by Bragança into Spain. The first of these, being more directly in the route to Madrid, is preferred by the commissioners, who estimate the outlay at a million and a quarter sterling. They discuss the terms on which capitalists might possibly be induced to come to their aid; and they indulge in a hope that, ten years hence, Lisbon may be united to Central Europe by a railway, of which 260 kilomètres will cross Portugal to Badajoz, 370 from Badajoz to Madrid, and about 400 from Madrid to the French frontier, where the Paris and Bayonne Railway will continue the route. (Five kilomètres are equal to rather more than three English miles.) The Continental *Bradshaw* will, we apprehend, have to wait long before these peninsular trunk-lines find a place in its pages.

Leaving altogether the countries of Europe, and crossing the Mediterranean, we find that even Africa is becoming a member of the great railway system. After a world of trouble, financial and diplomatic, the present ruler of Egypt has succeeded in giving reality to a scheme for a railway from Alexandria to the Nile. A glance at a map of Egypt will shew us that a canal extends from Alexandria to the Nile, to escape the sanded-up mouths of that famous river. It is mainly to expedite the overland route, so far as concerns the transit along this canal, that the railway now in process of construction has been planned; anything beyond this, it will be for future ages to develop. The subject of the Isthmus of Suez and its transit has been frequently treated in this *Journal*, and we will therefore say nothing more here, than that our friend *Bradshaw* will, in all probability, have something to tell us concerning the land of Egypt before any long time has elapsed.

Asia will have a spider-line of railway by and by, when the slow-coach proceedings of the East India Company have given something like form to the Bombay and Bengal projects; but at present the progress is miserably slow; and *Bradshaw* need not lay aside a page for the rich Orient for many years to come.

There are a few general considerations respecting the present aspect of the railway system, interesting not only in themselves, but as giving a foretaste of what is to come. In the autumn of last year, a careful statistician calculated that the railways of Europe and America, as then in operation, extended in the aggregate to 25,350 miles, the total cost of which was four hundred and fifty millions of pounds. Of this, the United Kingdom had 7000 miles, costing L.250,000,000. According to the view here given, the 7000 miles of our own railways have been constructed at an expense prodigiously greater than the remaining 18,350 miles in other parts of the world. It needs no figures to prove that this is the fact. Many of the continental and American railways are single lines, and so far they have been got up at a comparatively small cost. But the substantial difference of expense lies in our plan of leaving railway undertakings to private parties—rival speculators and jobbers, whose aim has too frequently been plunder. And how enormous has been that plunder let enriched engineers and lawyers—let impoverished victims—declare. Shame on the British legislature, to have tolerated and legalised the railway villainies of the last ten years; in comparison with which the enforcements of continental despotisms are angelic innocence!

Besides being got up in a simple and satisfactory manner, under government decrees and state responsibility, the continental railways are evidently more under control than those of the United Kingdom. The speed of trains is regulated to a moderate and safe degree; on all hands there seems to be a superior class of officials in charge; and as the lines have been made at a small cost, the fares paid by travellers are for the most part very much lower than in this country. Government interference abroad is, therefore, not altogether a wrong. Annoying as it may sometimes be, and bad as it avowedly is in principle, there is in it the spirit of protection against private oppression. And perhaps the English may by and by discover that jobbing-companies, with stupendous capital and a monopoly of conveyance, are capable of doing as tyrannical things as any continental autocrat!

If a section of the English public stands disgraced in the eyes of Europe by its vicious speculation—properly speaking, gambling—in railway finance, our country is in some degree redeemed from obloquy by the grandeur of a social melioration which jobbing has not been able to obstruct. The wide spread of railways over the continent, we have said, is working a perceptible change in almost all those arrangements which bear on the daily comforts of life. No engine of a merely physical kind has ever wrought so powerfully to secure lasting international peace as the steam-engine. The locomotive is every hour breaking down barriers of separation between races of men. And as wars in future could be conducted only by cutting short the journeys by railway, arresting trains, and ruining great commercial undertakings, we may expect that nations will pause before rushing into them. Already, the French railways, which push across the frontier into the German countries, are visibly relaxing the custom-house and passport systems. Stopping a whole train at an imaginary boundary to examine fifteen hundred passports, is beyond even the French capacity for official minutiæ. A hurried glance, or no glance at all—a sham inspection at the best—is all that the gentlemen with moustaches and cocked-hats can manage. The very attempt to look at bushels of passports is becoming an absurdity. And what has to be done in the twinkling of an eye, will, we have no doubt, soon not be done at all. Thanks to railways for this vast privilege of free locomotion!

A NEW PRINCIPLE IN NATURE.

It is pretty well known that researches by Matteucci, Du Bois-Reymond, and others, have made us acquainted with the influence of electricity and galvanism on the muscular system of animals, and that important physiological effects have been attributed to this influence, more than perhaps we are warranted in assuming in the present state of our knowledge. That an influence is exerted in some way, is clear from the difference in our feelings in dry and wet weather: it has been supposed, however, that the effects on the nervous system are not produced by an accumulation of positive or of negative electricity, but by the combination of the two producing dynamic electricity. While these points are undergoing discussion, we have an opportunity of bringing before our readers the results of investigations bearing on the general question.

Most persons are aware of the fact, that a peculiar taste follows the application of two different metals to the tongue in a popular galvanic experiment. This taste is caused by the azotic acid formed from the oxygen and azote of the atmosphere. An electric discharge, too, is accompanied by a smell, which smell is due to the presence of what is called ozone; and not long ago M. Schoenbein, of Basel, the inventor of gun-cotton, discovered ozone as a principle in the oxygen of the atmosphere; and it is considered to be the *active* principle of that universal constituent. Later researches have brought out a striking analogy between the properties of ozone and chlorine, and have led to conclusions as to the dangerous effect which the former may produce, in certain cases, on the organs of respiration. Some idea of its energy may be formed from the fact, that mice perish speedily in air which contains one six-thousandth of ozone. It is always present in the atmosphere in a greater or lesser degree, in direct relation with the amount of atmospheric electricity, and appears to obey the same laws in its variations, finding its maximum in winter and its minimum in summer.

Ozone, in scientific language, is described as 'a compound of oxygen analogous to the peroxide of hydrogen, or, that it is oxygen in an allotropic state—that is, with the capability of immediate and ready action impressed upon it.' Besides being produced by electrical discharges in the atmosphere, it can be obtained artificially by the passing of what is called the electrical brush into the air from a moist wooden point, or by electrolyzed water or phosphorus. The process, when the latter substance is employed, is to put a small piece, clean scraped, about half an inch long, into a large bottle which contains just so much of water as to half cover the phosphorus, and then closing the mouth slightly, to guard against combustion, to leave it standing for a time in a temperature of about 60 degrees. Ozone soon begins to be formed, as shewn by the rising of a light column of smoke from the phosphorus, which, at the same time, becomes luminous. In five or six hours, the quantity will be abundant, when the bottle is to be emptied of its contents, washed out, and closed for use and experiment.

Whichever way the ozone be produced, it is always identical in its properties; and these are described as numerous and remarkable. Its odour is peculiar, resembling that of chlorine, and, when diluted, cannot be distinguished from what is called the electric smell. When largely diffused in atmospheric air, it causes unpleasant sensations, makes respiration difficult, and, by acting powerfully on the mucous membranes, produces catarrhal effects; and as such air will kill small animals, it shews that pure ozone must be highly injurious to the animal economy. It is insoluble in water, is powerfully electromotive, and is most strikingly energetic in numerous chemical agencies, its action on nearly all metallic bodies being to carry them at once to the state of peroxide, or to their highest point of oxidation; it changes sulphurets into sulphates, instantaneously destroys several gaseous compounds, and bleaches indigo, thus shewing its analogy with chlorine.

In proceeding to the account of his experiments, M. Schoenbein shews, that gases can be produced by chemical means, which exercise an oxidizing influence of a powerful nature, especially in their physiological effects, even when diffused through the atmosphere in very minute quantities: also, that owing to the immense number of organic beings on the earth, their daily death and decomposition, an enormous amount of gases is produced similar to those which can be obtained by artificial means; and besides these, a quantity of gaseous or volatile products, 'whose chemical nature,' as the author observes, 'is as yet unknown, but of which we can easily admit that some, at least, diffused through the air, even in very small quantities, and breathed with it, exert a most deplorable action on the animal organism. Hence it follows, that the decomposition of organic matters ought to be considered as one of the principal causes of the corruption of the air by miasmatic substances. Now, a continuous cause, and acting on so vast a scale, would necessarily diffuse through the atmosphere a considerable mass of miasmatic gases, and accumulate them till at length it would be completely poisoned, and rendered incapable of supporting animal life, if nature had not found the means of destroying these noxious matters in proportion as they are produced.'

The question then arises: What are the means

employed for this object? M. Schoenbein believes that he has found it in the action of ozone, which is continually formed by the electricity of the atmosphere, and is known to be a most powerful agent of oxidation, causing serious modifications of organic bodies, and, consequently, of their physiological action. 'To assure myself,' he pursues, 'that ozone destroys the miasma arising from the decomposition of animal matters, I introduced into a balloon containing about 130 pints of air, a piece of flesh weighing four ounces, taken from a human corpse, and in a very advanced state of putrefaction. I withdrew it after a minute; the air in the balloon had acquired a strong and very repulsive odour, shewing that it was charged with an appreciable quantity—at least for the smell—of miasm caused by the putrefaction.

'To produce ozone, I introduced into the infected balloon a stick of phosphorus an inch long, with water sufficient to half cover it. At the same time, for the sake of comparison, I placed a similar quantity of phosphorus and water in another balloon full of pure atmospheric air. After some minutes, the reaction of ozone in the latter was most evidently manifested, while no trace of it was yet apparent in the former, which still gave off an odour of putrefaction. This, however, disappeared completely at the end of ten or twelve minutes, and immediately the reaction of the ozone was detected.'

The conclusion drawn from this experiment is, that the ozone destroyed the miasm by oxidation, and could only make its presence evident after the complete destruction of the noxious volatile substances. This effect is more strikingly shewn by another experiment.

A balloon of similar capacity to the one above mentioned was charged as strongly as possible with ozone, and afterwards washed with water. The same piece of flesh was suspended within it; and the opening being carefully closed, it was left inside for nine hours before the air of the balloon presented the least odour of putrefaction. The air was tested every thirty minutes by an ozonometer, and the proportion of ozone found to be gradually diminishing; but as long as the paper of the instrument exhibited the slightest trace of blue, there was no smell, which only came on as the last signs of ozone disappeared. Thus, all the miasm given off by the piece of flesh during nine hours was completely neutralised by the ozone with which the balloon had been impregnated, so small in quantity as to be but the 6000th part of a gramme. One balloon filled with ozonified air, would suffice to disinfect 540 balloons filled with miasmatic air. 'These considerations,' says M. Schoenbein, 'shew us how little the miasma of the air are to be appreciated by weight, even when they exist therein in a quantity very sensible to the smell, and how small is the proportion of ozone necessary to destroy the miasm produced by the putrefaction of organic substances, and diffused through the atmosphere.'

The presence of ozone in any vessel or in the atmosphere, may be detected by a test-paper which has been moistened with a solution composed of 1 part of pure iodide of potassium, 10 parts of starch, and 100 parts of water, boiled together for a few moments. Paper so prepared turns immediately blue when exposed to the action of ozone, the tint being lighter or darker according to the quantity. Schoenbein's ozonometer consists of 750 slips of dry bibulous paper prepared in the manner described; and with a scale of tints and instructions, sufficient to make observations on the ozone of the atmosphere twice a day for a year. After exposure to the ozone, they require to be moistened to bring out the colour.

M. Schoenbein continues: 'We must admit that the electric discharges which take place incessantly in different parts of the atmosphere, and causing therein a formation of ozone, purify the air by this means of organic, or, more generally, oxidizable miasma; and that they have thus the important office of maintaining it in a state of purity suitable to animal life. By means of atmospheric electricity, and, indirectly, nature thus attains on a great scale the object that we sometimes seek to accomplish in a limited space by fumigations with chlorine.

'Here, as in many other cases, we see nature effecting two different objects at one stroke. For if the oxidizable miasma are destroyed by atmospheric ozone, they, in turn, cause the latter to disappear, and we have seen that it is itself a miasm. This is doubtless the reason why ozone does not accumulate in the atmosphere in greater proportion than the oxidizable miasma, notwithstanding the constant formation of one and the other.

'In all times, the idea has been held, that storms purify the air, and I do not think that this opinion is ill-founded. We know, in fact, that storms give rise to a more abundant production of ozone. It is possible, and even probable, that sometimes, in particular localities, there may not be a just relation between the ozone and the oxidizable miasma in the air, and that the latter cannot be completely destroyed. Hence, in accordance with the chemical nature and physiological influence of these miasma, they would exert a marked action on the animal economy, and cause diseases among the greater number of those who breathe the infected air. But numerous experiments prove that, as a rule, the air contains free ozone, though in very variable proportions; from which we may conclude that no oxidizable miasm—sulphuretted hydrogen, for example—can exist in such an atmosphere, any more than it could exist in air containing but a trace of chlorine.

'I do not know if it be true, as has been advanced by Mr Hunt and other persons, that ozone is deficient in the atmospheric air when some wide-spread malady, such as cholera, is raging. In any case, it would be easy, by means of the prepared paper, to determine the truth or fallacy of this opinion.

'There is one fact which should particularly engage the attention of physicians and physiologists, which is, that, of all seasons, the winter is distinguished by the greatest proportion of ozone; whence it follows, that during that season the air contains least of oxidizable miasma. We can say, therefore, with respect to this class of miasma, that the air is purer in winter than in summer.

'All my observations agree in shewing, that the proportion of ozone in the air increases with the height; if this fact be general, as I am disposed to believe, we must consider the upper regions of the atmosphere as purer, with regard to oxidizable miasma, than the lower.

'The appearance of certain maladies—intermittent fever, for example—appears to be connected with certain seasons and particular geographical conditions. It would be worth while to ascertain, by ozonometric observations, whether these physiological phenomena have any relation whatever with the proportion of ozone contained in the air in which they occur.

'Considering the obscurity which prevails as to the cause of the greater part of diseases, and the great probability that many among them owe their origin to the presence of chemical agents dispersed in the atmosphere, it becomes the duty of medical men and physiologists, who interest themselves in the progress of their science, to seize earnestly all the means by which they may hope to arrive at more exact notions upon the relations which exist between abnormal physiological phenomena and external circumstances.'

Such is a summary of M. Schoenbein's views as communicated to the Medical Society of Basel; and we the more readily accord them the publicity of our columns, as, apart from the intrinsic value of the subject,

it is one which has for some time excited the interest of scientific inquirers in this country. During the late visitation of cholera, reports were frequently spread that the atmosphere was deficient in ozone.

ENGLISH SISTERS OF CHARITY.

How much real good could yet be done in this old, full, struggling world of ours, where so many among us have need of help, if each in his or her small circle could manage just not to leave undone some of the things that should be done. Little more is wanting to effect this than the will, or perhaps the mere suggestion. A high influence may at a time confer a considerable benefit; but very humble means, systematically exerted, even during a comparatively short season, will certainly relieve a load of misery.

In a small village towards the west of England, there dwelt, some years ago, two maiden gentlewomen, sisters, the daughters of the deceased rector of the parish. Their father had early in life entered upon his duties in this retired locality, contentedly abiding there where fate had placed him, each passing year increasing his interest in the charge which engrossed all his energies. His moderate stipend, assisted by a small private fortune, sufficed for his quiet tastes, and for the few charities required by his flock; it also enabled him to rear a large family respectably, and to start them creditably on their working way.

There was no railway near this village—even the Queen's highway was at some distance. Fields, meadows, a shady lane, a brook, and the Welsh mountains for a background, formed the picture of beauty that attracted the stranger. There was hardly what could be called a street. The cottages were clustered upon the side of the wooded bank above the stream, shrouded in gardens of apple-trees; but there was space near the foot of the hill for a green of rather handsome size, with a plane-tree in the middle of it, and a few small shops along one side. Opposite the shops was the inn, the doctor's house, the market-house, and a public reading-room; and a bylane led from the green up towards the church—an old, low-walled, steep-roofed building, with a square, dumpy tower, in which hung a peal of bells, and where was placed a large, round, clumsy window. A clump of hardwood trees enclosed the upper end of the church-yard, and extended to the back of the rector's garden, quite concealing his many-gabled dwelling. In a still, summer evening, the brook could be heard from the parlour windows of the rectory, dancing merrily along to its own music; and at those less pleasant seasons when the foliage was scanty, it could be seen here and there between the boles of the trees, sparkling in the sunshine as it rippled on, while glimpses of the rich plain beyond added to the harmony of the prospect.

The society of the village and its immediate neighbourhood was of a humble kind—neither the rich nor the great were members of it; yet there were wisdom, and prudence, and talent, and good faith to be found in this little community, where all inclined to live as brethren, kindly together. It was not a bad school this for the young to grow up in. The rector's family had here been trained; and when they grew to rise beyond it, and then passed out upon the wider world, those of them that were again heard of in their birthplace, did no discredit to its name: and all passed out, all but two—our two sisters. It is said adversity must at some time reach us all: it had been late in visiting them, for they had passed a happy youth in that quiet parsonage. At last, sorrow came, and they were left alone, the two extremes of the chain which had bound the little household together—all the intermediate links had broken; and when, upon their father's death, they had to quit their long-loved home, they found themselves verging upon old age, in circumstances that natures less strictly disciplined would have felt to have been at the least dreary. The younger sister was slightly deformed, and very delicate; the elder, though still an active woman, was quite beyond the middle of life; the income of the two, just L.30—no great elements these of either usefulness or happiness. Let us see, then, what was made of them. Some relations pressed the sisters to share their distant home, but they would not leave the village. They felt as if their work lay there. The friends they knew best were all around them; the occupations they had been used to still remained to them; the memory of all they had loved there clung to them, in the old haunts so doubly dear to the bereaved who bear affliction patiently. So they moved only to a cottage a little higher up the hill, yet within view of the church, and of the dear old house, with its garden, sheltering wood, and pleasant rivulet; and there they lived in comfort, with enough to use and much to spare, their cruse never failing them when wanted. It was a real cottage, which a labourer had left: there was no ornament about it till they added some. Rude and unfashioned did this low-thatched cabin pass to them; it was their own hands, with very little help from their light purse, which made of a mere hovel the prettiest of rural dwellings—her own hands, indeed; for Sister Anne alone was the working-bee. Sister Catherine helped by hints and smiles, and by her nimble needle; but for out-of-doors labour she had not strength. Sister Anne nailed up the trellised porch, over which gay creepers were in time to grow. Sister Anne laid out the beds of flowers, protected by a low paling from the sheep which pastured on the downs. She planned the tidy bit of garden on one side, and the little yard behind, where pig and poultry throve; but Sister Catherine watched the bee-hives near the hawthorn hedge, and plied her busy fingers by the hour to decorate the inside of their pretty cottage. They almost acted man and wife in the division of their employments, and with the best effect.

It would have astonished any one unaccustomed to the few wants of simple tastes, and to the many small gains from various trifling produce which careful industry alone can accumulate, to see the plenty consequent on skill, order, and neatness. The happiness was a joy apart, only to be felt by the sort of poetic mind of the truly benevolent, for it depended not on luxury, or even comfort, or any purely selfish feeling. It sprang from warm hearts directed by clear heads, invigorated by religious feelings, and nourished by country tastes, softened and elevated by the trials of life, till devotion to their kind became the one intention of their being; for it is as Sisters of Charity we introduce our heroines to our readers, one of a wide class in our reformed church, who, unshackled by vows, under no bondage of conventual forms, with small means, and by their own exertions and self-sacrifices, do more good in their generation than can be easily reckoned—treading in the footsteps of their Master, bearing healing as they move. Every frugal meal was shared with some one less favoured. No fragments were too small for use in Sister Anne's most skilful cookery; not a crumb, nor a dreg, nor a drop was wasted. Many a cup of comfort fed the sick or the weary, made from what, in richer households, unthrifty servants would have thrown away. There were always roots to spare from the small garden, herbs for medicines, eggs for sale, salves, and lotions, and conserves of fruit or honey. All the poor infants in the parish were neatly clothed in baby-linen made out of old garments. There were always bundles of patches to give away, so useful to poor mothers; strips of rag for hurts; old flannel, and often new; a little collection of rubbish now and then for the bagman, though very rarely, the breakage being small where there were so few hands used, and they so careful.

They gave their time, too; for they were the nurses

of all the sick, the comforters of all the sorrowful, the advisers of all in difficulty—without parade. They were applied to as of course—it seemed natural. And they were sociable: they had their little tea-parties with their acquaintance; they made their little presents at Christmas-time; they sweetened life throughout their limited sphere; and all so quietly, that no one guessed the amount of their influence till it ceased. They preached 'the word' practically, producing all the charity it taught, inculcating the 'peace on earth, good-will towards men' which disposes even rude natures to the gentler feelings, and soothes the chafed murmurer by the tender influence of that love which is so kind. They were unwearied in their walk of mercy, though they met with disappointment even among the simple natures reared in this secluded spot. They bore it meekly; and when cross or trial came to those around, then could our good sisters carry comfort to afflicted friends, never pleading quite in vain for the exercise of that patience which lightens suffering. They were as mothers to the young, as daughters to the old, of all degree; for they did not ostentatiously devote themselves to the poor and ignorant alone—the so-called poor: the poor in spirit, of whatever rank, were as much their care as were the poor in purse; their charge was all who needed help—a help they gave simply, lovingly, not as meddlers, but as sisters bound to a larger family by the breaking of the ties which had united them to their own peculiar household.

There was no scenic effect visible along the humble walk of their pure benevolence, no harsh outlines to mark the course they went, or shew them to the world as devoted to particular excellence all throughout a lifetime of painful mortifications. Very noiseless was their quiet way. In a spirit of thankfulness they accepted their lot, turning its very bitterness into joy, by gratefully receiving the many pleasures still vouchsafed them; for it is a happy world, in spite of all its trials, to those who look aright for happiness. Our sisters found it and bestowed it. How many blessed their name! How many have had reason to love the memory of these two unobtrusive women, who, without name, or station, or show, or peculiarity, or distinction of any kind, were the types of a class the circle of which even this humble memorial, by its truth and suggestiveness, may aid in extending—of the true, simple, earnest, brave, holy Sisters of Charity of our country!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

I AM not sure about bribery and corruption. It may be a bad thing, but many seem to think otherwise. Much may be said on both sides of the question. Oh! don't tell me of a worm selling his birthright for a mess of pottage: I never read of such worms in Buffon, or even in Pliny. But if they do exist in the human form, the baseness consists in the sale, not in the *quid pro quo*. A mess of pottage in itself is a very good thing—I should say, a very respectable thing; and no exchange can take away from it that character. Still, if what we give for it is an heirloom, coming from our ancestors and belonging to our posterity, the transaction is shabby, and not only shabby, but dishonest. If that is proved, I don't defend the worm. Trample on him by all means—jump on him. But beware of insulting the mess of pottage, which is as respectable as when newly out of the pot. Fancy the sale to have been effected by means of some other equivalent: and that, by the way, is just what puzzles me. There are numerous other equivalents, not a whit more respectable in themselves—many far less so—which not only escape all objurgation, but serve to lift the identical transaction out of the category of basenesses. This confuses a brain like mine, even to the length of doubting whether there is any harm in the thing at all. Let us turn the question over patiently. I confess I am slow; but 'slow and sure,' you know.

Bribery and corruption is a universal element in civilised society; but let us talk in the meantime of political bribery and corruption. It is the theory of the law—if the law really has a theory—that in the matter of a parliamentary canvass, every man, as a celebrated Irish minister expressed it, should stand upon his own bottom. By this poetical figure, Lord Londonderry meant that the man should depend upon himself, upon his own merits and character, without having recourse to any extrinsic means of working upon the judgment of others. It is likewise the theory of the law, that a man who *suffers* his judgment to be indirectly biassed is as bad as the other—and worse: that he is, in fact, a Worm, unfit to possess his birthright, of which he should be forthwith deprived. Well, this being premised: here is the Honourable Tom Snuffleton, who wants to represent our borough, but having neither merit nor character of any convertible kind, offers money and gin instead. The substitute is accepted; and Honourable Tom, slapping his waistcoat several times, congratulates the free and independent electors on having that day set a glorious example to the world, by thus exercising their birthright and upholding their palladium; and the affair is finished amid cheers and hiccups.

When I say, however, that the substitute is accepted, I do not mean that it is accepted by, or can be offered to the whole constituency. That would be a libel. There are many of the electors who have a soul above sovereigns, and who, if they could accomplish it, would never drink anything less than claret. These persons are ambitious of being noticed by the family of Honourable Tom. They are not hungry, but they take delight in a dinner in that quarter. They also feel intensely gratified by having their wives and daughters bowed to from the family carriage. A thousand considerations like these blind them to the absence of merit and character on the part of the candidate, and lay them open to that extrinsic influence which, according to the meaning of the law, is bribery and corruption. As for the man who takes his bribe, for the sake of convenience, in the direct, portable, and exchangeable form of a sovereign, he lays it out in any pleasure or distinction he, on his part, has a fancy for. If he is a dissolute person, he spends it in the public-house; if he is a proper-behaved husband, he gives his wife a new gown; if he is a respectable, serious individual, he devotes it to the conversion of the Wid-a-wak tribe in Central Africa, and gloats upon the name of John Higgins in the subscription-list. In whichever way, however, he may seek to gratify himself, he is neither better nor worse, so far as I can see, than the voter of more elegant aspirations: they have both been bribed; they are both corrupt; they have both sold their birthright.

This is a homely way of viewing the question, but it suffices. If we inquire into the motives of a hundred electors, we shall not find ten of them free from some alloy of self-interest, direct or indirect. In cases where the candidates are all equally good, equally bad, or equally indifferent, there may be no practical harm in this; but it is not a political but a moral question that is before us. The question is as to the *bribe*. If we are to be excused because of the nature of the solatium we accept, then should a thief successfully plead that it was not money he stole, but a masterpiece of Raphael. What I doubt is, whether they who have not been solely influenced by patriotic motives, have any right to cast stones at the free and independent elector who has sold his vote for a sovereign.

If the common saying be true, that 'every man has his price,' then are we all open to bribery and corruption; and the only difficulty lies in ascertaining the weak side of our nature. The distinction in this case is not between vice and virtue, but between the various

positions in which we are placed. Money will do with some men; others, who would be shocked at the idea of taking money, will accept of something it has bought; others, again, who would spurn at both these, will have no objection to a snug little place for themselves or their dependents. The English, as a practical, straightforward people, take money—five to ten pounds being considered a fair thing for a vote, and no shame about it. The Scotch, as more calculating, like a *situation;* anything to put sons into, will do—a cadetship in India, a tide-waitership, a place in the Post-office, or a commission in the army. From a small Scotch country town, which we have in our eye, as many as fourteen lads in one year received appointments in the Excise; everybody knew what for: an election was in expectation. No money, however, being passed from hand to hand, the fathers of these said lads would look with horror on such cases of bribery as have given renown and infamy to Sudbury and St Alban's.

All men think all men *sinners* but themselves.

Happy this consciousness of innocence! How fortunate that we should be such a virtuous and discreet people! And thus does one's very notions of what is right become a marketable article. Where neither money nor place is wanted, a gracious look and an invitation to dinner may have quite a telling effect. In fact, the more refined men have become, through the action of circumstances, such as education and position, the more abstracted and attenuated is the equivalent they demand for their virtue; till we reach the highest grade of all, whose noble natures, as they are called, can be seduced only by affection and gratitude. Now observe: in all these cases the *thing* is the same, whether it be crime we have been tempted to commit, or mere illegality; the only distinction lies in the value of the *quid pro quo.* But is there a distinction even in that? I doubt the fact. I don't say there is none, but I doubt it. Value is entirely arbitrary. One man, at the lower end of the scale, sins for the sake of a pound; and another, at the higher end, does the same thing for the sake of a kindness. The two men place the same value on their several equivalents, and each finds his own irresistible. Are they not both equally guilty?

That a refined man is better than a coarse one, I admit. He is pleasanter, and not only so, but safer. We know his virtue to be secure from a thousand temptations before which meaner natures fall; and to a large extent, therefore, we feel him to be worthy of our trust. He will not betray us for a pound, or a dinner, or a place, or a coaxing word, or a condescending bow; but we must not go too far with him for all that. He has his price as surely as the meanest of his fellows; and let him only come in the way of a temptation he values as highly as the other values his miserable pound, and down he goes! Refined natures, therefore, are only comparatively trustworthy; and, however estimable or admirable they may be under other circumstances, when they do fail they are as guilty as the rest. It is a bad thing altogether, bribery and corruption is; and I don't object to your putting it down when it takes that material form of money you can so readily get hold of. But what I hate is the cant that is canted about it by those who have not even the virtue to take their equivalent on the sly. For it is a remarkable thing, that when this does not come in a material shape, such as you can count or handle, it is looked upon by the bribee as no bribe at all! Nay, in some cases he will glory in his crime, as if it were a virtue; and in all cases he will turn round upon his fellow-criminal—him of the vulgar sort—call him a worm, and throw that mess of pottage at him! This refined evil-doer may be as energetic as he pleases in his actions, but it would be well if he were a little more quiet in his words. If he looks within, he will find that the distinction on which he prides himself is wholly superficial; and that such language is very unbecoming the lips of one who might more truly, as well as more politely, say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.

The main cause of such anomalies I take to be, that there is among us a general want of earnestness. We do not believe in ourselves, or our duties, or our destinies. Our life has no theory, and we care only for outward forms and symbols. Our taste is shocked by the grossness of vice, but we have no quarrel with the thing itself; and if the people around us will only preserve a polished, or at least inoffensive exterior, that is all we demand. Why should we look below the surface in their case, when we do no such thing in our own? We feel amiable, genteel, and refined; we detest the appearance of low impropriety, and would take a good deal of trouble to put it down; we look very kindly on the world in general, if the low people who are in it would only become as decorous as ourselves. In the old republics, the case was different. There men had a theory, even if a bad one, and they stuck to it through good report and through bad report. The theory was the spirit of the community, and its members sacrificed to it their whole individuality. No wonder that such little political unities held together as if their component parts had been welded, and that they continued to do so till they came into collision, and, from their hardness and toughness, rubbed one another out.

Put down bribery and corruption: that is fair. And more especially put down open, shameless, and brutal bribery and corruption, for its very coarseness is, in itself, an additional crime. But no reform is efficacious that does not come from within; and when refined men wage war against vulgar vices, let them look sharply to their own. I do not say, that by taking thought they will be able to do entirely away with the seductive influence of a bow, or a dinner, or a kind action; and that, in spite of these, they will do their duty with the stern resolve of an ancient Spartan. But they will be less likely to yield to temptation, and the price of their virtue will at least mount higher and higher, which is as much as we can expect of human nature. The grand benefit, however, they will derive from the inquisition, is the lesson of tolerance it will teach. They will refrain, for shame's sake, from casting stones and calling names. They will see that the only part of the offence *they* can notice is vulgarity and ignorance, and they will quietly try to refine the one and enlighten the other.

THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, LIVERPOOL.

In a cross street named Colquitt Street, near a fashionable promenade of Liverpool, will be found the rich, valuable, and interesting museum which we are about briefly to describe. It is the property of Mr Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., a townsman of Liverpool, esteemed as much for his private worth as for his refined classical taste. This gentleman has been long known as a collector; and by the purchase of an entire gallery of antiquities, formed by one who travelled long in Egypt and Nubia, and visited the remains of ancient Carthage, he became possessed of a museum so extensive that his private residence could not contain them, and so rare, that the public desired to know more about them. With the view, therefore, of keeping them together, and gratifying the many who longed to acquaint themselves with these interesting relics of an interesting race, this house in Colquitt Street has been appropriated. For the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the exhibition, and enabling the proprietor to add to its contents, a very trifling charge is made for admission, and a book is kept for the autographs of the visitors.

The first room entered displays a large collection of

Egyptian *stelæ* and other monuments, while the outer cases and sarcophagi of several mummies are placed in another apartment. The word *stela* means merely a memorial pillar or tombstone; and in this room the reflective mind will find much food for meditation. We have here the first elements of all religion brought visibly before us in the carvings—the recognition of a deity, and the belief in immortality. More than one of these stelæ has upon it the royal cartouch; one of them has no fewer than four of these elliptical rings with inscriptions, and two more from which the hieroglyphics have been erased. This tells a tale, for in the age commemorated, it was a mark of disgrace to have the name obliterated. Another stela contains the jackal, or genius of the departed, with propitiatory offerings from his friends. The curious will learn with interest, that another of these monuments dates back to the time of Joseph. It has twice engraved upon it the name Osortosen—perhaps the Pharaoh 'who gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potiphorah, priest of On,' and raised the obelisk at Heliopolis, towns thought to be the same. Near to this is another stela of great beauty, engraved in low relief and cavo-relievo, coloured. It belongs to Manetho's sixth dynasty, and is consequently very ancient. One still more so is in the same collection: it is of the fourth dynasty of that historian—consequently, of the time when the Pyramids were built. It is beautifully executed in intaglio and relievo, with the surface polished. These stelæ, of which the collection is very rich, are composed of various rocks—such as granite, syenite, limestone, the travertino of the Italians, and sandstone.

While the tombs of Egypt have furnished these monuments, Karnac is represented by a portion of its great obelisk, and Rome has supplied a cinerary urn with cremated bones, several sepulchral tablets, and an altar.

In another room on the same floor, we find an extensive collection of pottery from the tombs of ancient Etruria, and other parts of Italy; Roman pottery found in Britain; Samian ware, and articles of that kind, from Pompeii, Carthage, and South America. The central case is overflowing with riches, containing as it does nearly six hundred Etruscan vases in terra cotta. It is a subject of doubt among the learned, whether these painted vessels, so called, are not in reality Grecian. Bossi, in his great work on Italy, claims the first manufacture for the Tuscans; but there is a strong argument in favour of their Grecian origin in the negative evidence obtained from Roman Italy, where they are not found, and the positive evidence from the Grecian subjects depicted on the pottery; besides which, the tombs of the Greek islands of the Archipelago contain them. Their not being met with in the Asiatic colonies of the Greeks may go merely to shew, that although the objects might be Grecian, the trade was Etruscan. It is well known, too, that at Athens the art of making pottery had arrived at great perfection. That the Tuscans used these as funereal vessels at a remote period, is fully established; but the custom of depositing them in sepulchres is not supposed to have originated with that people, but to have been brought by colonists from Greece Proper.

In this apartment, there are sepulchral lamps in the same material as the Etruscan vases, and idols not a few. Besides these, there are numerous Roman fibulæ (a sort of brooch) and bracelets, found at Treves, and others dug up in England. There are likewise many Roman antiquities, which have been recently met with at Hoy Lake, near Liverpool. But we must not attempt to enter into details; let us mount to the floor above, and notice the contents of the apartments there.

The first room on the second storey is the Mummy Room; and there rest, side by side, royal personages and humble individuals, male and female, who, about four thousand years ago, breathed the air of Egypt. Except by their cerements, and the inscriptions on the cases, who could tell which had been the greater?

The plan adopted for the display of these human mummies—for the Museum contains the preserved remains of the ibis and hawk, the cat, and even the dog, a rare subject for the embalmer, besides the bodies of other inferior animals—is to remove the outer case and covering, then to place the inner case upon the floor; above it, resting on supports, the body; and above that again, the lid, enclosing all within plates of glass, so that the spectator may go round the mummy, examining it in all directions, and likewise the case, within and without, on which the hieroglyphics are inscribed. Before we describe the mummies so laid out, let us explain briefly the process of embalming. Herodotus is a great authority on this matter, and we cannot do better than follow him.

In the first place, the embalmer was a medical practitioner, and legally pursued his craft. The deceased was taken to his room, and there the process of preservation was conducted; not, however, till the agreement had been made between the relatives and the embalmer as to the style and cost; for there were three methods of embalming, suitable to different ranks. This having been determined, the operator began, the relatives having previously retired. In the most expensive kind of embalming, the brain was extracted without disfiguring the head, and the intestines were removed by an incision in the side: these were separated and preserved. The body was now filled with spices—myrrh cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted; and the opening was firmly closed. It was now covered with natron for seventy days; and at the expiration of that time, it was washed and swathed in linen cloth, dipped in gums and resinous substances, when it was delivered to the relatives, and by them placed in the mummy case and sarcophagus. It was finally placed perpendicularly in the apartment set apart for the dead; so that the Egyptian could view his ancestors as figured on their coffins; and with the thought that not only were their portraits there, but their bodies also—for the Egyptian was a firm believer in immortality, and piously preserved the body in a fitter state, as he thought, for reunion with the soul, than if allowed to perish by decay.

According to the second mode of embalming, no incisions were made upon the body, but absorbing injections were employed. The natron was used as before; and after the customary days were passed, the injected fluid was withdrawn, and with it came the entrails. The body was now enfolded in the cloth, and returned to the friends. This process cost twenty minæ, the other was a talent. In the third style, that adopted by the poor, the natron application was almost the only one used; the body lay for seventy days in this alkaline solution, and was then accounted fit for preservation. Sometimes the body, enveloped in the cloth, was covered with bitumen.

The most interesting mummy in this collection is that of a royal personage, Amenophis I., the most ancient of the Pharaohs whose name has yet been found. The case is richly decorated, and the name appears in three different places—that in the interior being in very large characters, in a royal cartouch. The spectator seems to hang over this mummy as if spell-bound. Can this in reality be one of the Pharaohs? Such is the question; and the inscription, thrice repeated—'Amenophis I.'—is the answer! This monarch reigned in Egypt about half a century after the exodus of the Israelites, and 3400 years ago, according to the chronology of Dr Hales; but others give a remoter period—even in the days of Joseph.

Another mummy has the face covered with gold, and the body is inscribed with the gods of the Amenti, on

those regions over which they were the genii. Thus *Amset*, with a human head, presided over the stomach and large intestines, and was the judge of Hades; *Hape*, with the head of a baboon, presided over the small intestines; *Soumautf*, the third genius, with a jackal's head, was placed over the region of the thorax, presiding over the heart and lungs; and the last, *Kebhsnauf*, with the head of a hawk, presided over the gall-bladder and liver. Besides these, there are other mummies exhibiting the style of swathing peculiarly Egyptian, in contradistinction to the Græco-Egyptian, which differs from the former in having the limbs separately bandaged, instead of being placed together and enveloped in one form. There are also fragments of the human body mummied, one of which contains between the arm and shoulder a papyrus-roll. And while we are now among the mummies, we must not forget the vases called canopuses, in which the entrails and other internal organs were deposited; each bearing upon it the emblem of the genius presiding over the separately embalmed viscera. On each of these canopuses, four of which compose a set, an inscription may be seen. Thus: *Amset*—'I am thy son, a god, loving thee; I have come to be beside thee, causing to germinate thy head, to fabricate thee with the words of Phtah, like the brilliancy of the sun for ever.' *Hape*—'I have come to manifest myself beside thee, to raise thy head and arms, to reduce thy enemies, to give thee all germination for ever.' *Soumautf*—'I am thy son, a god, loving thee; I have come to support my father.' *Kebhsnauf*—'I have come to be beside thee, to subdue thy form, to submit thy limbs for thee, to lead thy heart to thee, to give it to thee in the tribunal of thy race, to germinate thy house with all the other living.'

In this apartment there are many statues, some in wood, some in stone. In one of wood there is a recess behind intended for a papyrus manuscript. There are also specimens of Egyptian Mosaic pavement, and a monumental tablet, interesting from its having a Greek inscription, while its style and figure are Egyptian—proving the continuance of the ancient manner down to the Ptolemaic dynasty.

The adjoining room contains infinitely more than we can enumerate, and, like the others, many articles not Egyptian, yet deeply interesting in themselves. The centre cases will demand our first attention; and here we have idolets and amulets innumerable; coins of the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, and others; and jewellery of all descriptions, from the golden diadem and the royal signet down to the pottery rings and glass beads worn by the poor. As might be expected in an Egyptian collection, the *scarabæus*, or sacred beetle, frequently meets the eye. Here are scarabæi in gold, cornelion, chalcedony, heliotrope, torquoise, lapis-lazuli, porphyry, terra cotta, and other materials; many of them having royal names and inscriptions engraved.

Two objects claim our first attention, on account not only of their value, but their associations. They are placed together in a glass-case, marked No. 3. One of them is perhaps the most ancient ring in existence, and is a magnificent signet of pure solid gold. It bears in a cartouch the royal name of Amenophis I., and has an inscription on either side. The signet is hung upon a swivel, and has hieroglyphics on what may be called the reverse. It is a large, heavy ring, weighing 1 ounce, 6 pennyweights, 12 grains, was worn on the thumb, and taken from the mummy at Memphis. It was purchased by Mr Sams at the sale of Mr Salt's collection in the year 1835, for upwards of L.50, and is highly prized by the present proprietor. Some doubt still rests upon Egyptian chronology. By certain antiquaries, this ring is supposed to have been worn by the Pharaoh who ruled over the land while Joseph was prime-minister; but others, as has been mentioned, place the reign of Amenophis I. after the departure of the Israelites.

The other is a diadem of pure gold, about seven inches in diameter, taken from the head of a mummy. In the centre, a pyramid rises with a double cartouch on one side and a single one on the other. Towards this twelve scarabæi are approaching, six on either side, emblematic of the increase and decrease of the days in the twelve months; and between these is a procession of boats, in which are deities and figures. In the inner side of this diadem the signs of the zodiac are represented.

In close proximity to these remarkable objects is another of no less interest—namely, a pair of earrings of gold, weighing each *half a shekel*—'And it came to pass, as the camels had done drinking, that the man took *a golden earring of half a shekel weight*, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold; and said, Whose daughter art thou?' Such was the present to Rebekah; and here, before us, are ornaments similar probably in shape (zone-like), and exactly similar in weight!

Among the jewellery in this collection we find several valuable necklaces in gold, coral, and precious stones. Besides the Egyptian, there are some of Etruscan origin, taken from the tombs of this ancient people. We cannot leave this subject without noticing the beauty and perfection of the filigree-work, executed about 2400 years ago, and equal to modern workmanship. Some exquisite specimens from Pompeii are preserved here.

Turning now to the walls of this apartment, we find glass-cases filled with vases in terra cotta and eastern alabaster. On some of these are royal names, gilt and coloured; that of Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid, occurs on one. Another of these vessels, or the neck part of one, is covered with cement, and sealed with three cartouches, besides having four others painted on it. This, it is thought, may have contained the precious Theban wine, sealed with the royal signet. There are many other things taken from the tombs which our space forbids us to dwell upon; such as idols and figures, papyri and phylacteries, paint-pots and colours, workman's tools, stone and wooden pillows or head-rests, and sandals; a patera with pomegranates, another with barley, the seven-eared wheat of Scripture, bread and grapes, besides other fruits and dainties which were supplied to the dead when deposited in the Theban tombs. On a tablet here we find the name of that Amenophis or Phamenoph, who is celebrated as the Memnon of the Greeks. We also find bricks as made by the Israelites, and stamped probably in accordance with the regulations of the revenue department of old Egypt. There are preserved in this and the adjoining apartments some beautiful ancient manuscripts, and an exceedingly valuable collection of books on antiquities, to which the visitor has access.

We now ascend to the upper rooms, where in one is a collection of armour, and in the other, the 'Majolica' Room, specimens of pottery, as revived in Europe in the fifteenth century by Luca Della Rubbia, who was born in 1388. He discovered the art of glazing earthenware. In the former of these rooms, all sorts of weapons and defensive apparatus are met with—modern, mediæval, and antique; some are highly finished, others very rude. In the Majolica Room, there is much matter for study, and those will fail to appreciate the value of the collection who have not learned something of the history of the ware. Here is exhibited a Madonna and Child, of about the year 1420, by Rubbia himself. It was given to Mr Mayer by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, when the medal of Roscoe was struck and presented. There are five plates, made after the patterns of the Moors, about the middle of that century, at Pessaro, near the Po; and four with portraits, marked 'Majolica Amatorii.' We find several other specimens, shewing the most curious anachronisms

and blunders in design. The 'Temptation,' for example, is represented as a plate, with the drawing of a town and a Dutch church. 'Jacob's Dream,' 'Joseph and his Brethren,' 'Alexander and Darius,' 'Actæon and Diana,' and such scenes, seem to have been favourites. The specimens of 'Mezza Majolica,' with raised centres, scroll-work borders, and embossed figures, are very curious. There are two dishes, each eighteen inches in diameter, of Raffaelle ware, on one of which is 'Christ healing the Sick,' and on the other, 'Christ driving out the Money-changers.' Another, of Calabrian ware, is very curious: it is of brown clay, glazed, with four handles, and inside are the figures of two priests officiating at an altar; behind, are female figures overlooking, but concealed by latticed-work. There is one object here of local interest, and with it we bring this description to a close. It is an earthenware map of Crosby, to the north of Liverpool, made in 1716, at pottery works in Shaws-brow.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

STORY OF UNCLE TOM.

A FORMER paper on Mrs Stowe's remarkable book, presented a little episode, the heroine of which was Eliza, a female slave on the estate of a Mr Shelby in Kentucky. We now turn to the story of Tom himself, whose transfers from hand to hand afford the authoress an opportunity of describing the private life and feelings of slave-owners, and the unwholesome and dangerous condition of society in the south.

Tom, we have hinted, was jet black in colour, trustworthy and valued by his master, who was compelled by necessity to part with him to Haley, a slave-trader. The separation of this honest fellow from his wife Chloe, and his children, was a sad affair; but as Tom was of a hopeful temperament, and under strong religious impressions, he did not repine at the fate he was about to encounter, dreaded as that usually is by persons in his situation. 'In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south, it must be remembered that all the instinctive affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. They are not naturally daring and enterprising, but home-loving and affectionate. Add to this all the terrors with which ignorance invests the unknown, and add to this, again, that selling to the south is set before the negro from childhood as the last severity of punishment. The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind, is the threat of being sent down river.

'A missionary among the fugitives in Canada told us, that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south—a doom which was hanging either over themselves or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid, and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of recapture.'

After a simple repast in his rude cabin, Tom prepared to start. Chloe shut and corded his trunk, and getting up, looked gruffly on the trader who was robbing her of her husband; her tears seemingly turned to sparks of fire. Tom rose up meekly to follow his new master, and raised the box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms, to go with him as far as the wagon, and the children, crying, trailed on behind. 'A crowd of all the old and young hands in the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head-servant and a Christian teacher, by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women. Haley whipped up the horse, and with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away. Mr Shelby at this time was not at home. He had sold Tom under the spur of a driving necessity, to get out of the power of a man he dreaded; and his first feeling, after the consummation of the bargain, had been that of relief. But his wife's expostulations awoke his half-slumbering regrets; and Tom's disinterestedness increased the unpleasantness of his feelings. It was in vain that he said to himself, that he had a *right* to do it, that everybody did it, and that some did it without even the excuse of necessity; he could not satisfy his own feelings; and that he might not witness the unpleasant scenes of the consummation, he had gone on a short business tour up the country, hoping that all would be over before he returned.'

Haley, with his property, reaches the Mississippi; and on that magnificent river, a steam-boat, piled high with bales of cotton from many a plantation, receives the party. 'Partly from confidence inspired by Mr Shelby's representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley. At first, he had watched him narrowly through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night unfettered; but the uncomplaining patience and apparent contentment of Tom's manner, led him gradually to discontinue these restraints; and for some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honour, being permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat. Ever quiet and obliging, and more than ready to lend a hand in every emergency which occurred among the workmen below, he had won the good opinion of all the hands, and spent many hours in helping them with as hearty a good-will as ever he worked on a Kentucky farm. When there seemed to be nothing for him to do, he would climb to a nook among the cotton-bales of the upper deck, and busy himself in studying over his Bible—and it is there we see him now. For a hundred or more miles above New Orleans, the river is higher than the surrounding country, and rolls its tremendous volume between massive levees twenty feet in height. The traveller from the deck of the steamer, as from some floating castle-top, overlooks the whole country for miles and miles around. Tom, therefore, had spread out full before him, in plantation after plantation, a map of the life to which he was approaching. He saw the distant slaves at their toil; he saw afar their villages of huts gleaming out in long rows on many a plantation, distant from the stately mansions and pleasure-grounds of the master; and as the moving picture passed on, his poor foolish heart would be turning backward to the Kentucky farm, with its old shadowy beeches, to the master's house, with its wide, cool halls, and near by the little cabin, overgrown with the multiflora and bignonia. There he seemed to see familiar faces of comrades who had grown up with him from infancy: he saw his busy wife, bustling in her preparations for his evening meals; he heard the merry laugh of his boys at their play, and the chirrup of the baby at his knee, and then, with a start, all faded; and he saw again the cane-brakes and cypresses of gliding plantations, and heard again the creaking and groaning of the machinery, all telling him too plainly that all that phase of life had gone by for ever.'

An unlooked-for incident raises up a friend. 'Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge. Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl, for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no

more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze; nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten. Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline.'

This angelic little creature was attracted by Tom's appearance; and speaking kindly to him, expressed a hope of serving him, by inducing her papa to become his purchaser. Tom had just thanked the little lady for her intentions, when the boat stopped at a landing-place. At its moving on again, Eva, who leaned imprudently on the railings, fell overboard. Tom was fortunately standing under her as she fell. 'He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more, and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin, where, as is usual in cases of the kind, there ensued a very well-meaning and kind-hearted strife among the female occupants generally as to who should do the most things to make a disturbance, and to hinder her recovery in every way possible.'

Next day, as the vessel approached New Orleans, Tom sat on the lower deck, with his arms folded, anxiously from time to time turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat. 'There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton, while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva's father. There was the same noble cast of head, the same large blue eyes, the same golden-brown hair; yet the expression was wholly different. In the large, clear blue eyes, though in form and colour exactly similar, there was wanting that misty, dreamy depth of expression; all was clear, bold, and bright, but with a light wholly of this world: the beautifully cut mouth had a proud and somewhat sarcastic expression, while an air of free-and-easy superiority sat not ungracefully in every turn and movement of his fine form. He was listening with a good-humoured, negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley, who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

"All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black morocco, complete!" he said, when Haley had finished. "Well, now, my good fellow, what's the damage, as they say in Kentucky; in short, what's to be paid out for this business? How much are you going to cheat me, now? Out with it!"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I should say thirteen hundred dollars for that ar fellow, I shouldn't but just save myself—I shouldn't, now, raily."

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."'

Tom was purchased, and paid for. 'Come, Eva,' said St Clare, as he stepped across the boat to his newly-acquired property. '"Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master." Tom looked up. It was not in nature to look into that gay, young, handsome face without a feeling of pleasure; and Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily: "God bless you, mas'r!"

"Well, I hope he will. What's your name? Tom? Quite as likely to do it for your asking as mine, from all accounts. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've been allays used to horses," said Tom.

"Well, I think I shall put you in coachy, on condition that you won't be drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, Tom."

'Tom looked surprised, and rather hurt, and said: "I never drink, mas'r."

"I've heard that story before, Tom; but then we'll see. It will be a special accommodation to all concerned if you don't. Never mind, my boy," he added good-humouredly, seeing Tom still looked grave; "I don't doubt you mean to do well."

"I sartin do, mas'r," said Tom.

"And you shall have good times," said Eva. "Papa is very good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them."

"Papa is much obliged to you for his recommendation," said St Clare laughing, as he turned on his heel and walked away.'

Augustine St Clare was a wealthy citizen of New Orleans, and possessed a domestic establishment of great extent and elegance, with a body of servants in the condition of slaves, to whom he was an indulgent master. The description of this splendid mansion, with its lounging and wasteful attendants, its indolent, pretty, and capricious lady-mistress, and the account of Ophelia, a shrewd New-England cousin, who managed the household affairs, must be considered the best, or at least the most amusing portion of the work. The authoress also dwells with fondness on the character of the gentle Eva, a child of uncommon talents, but so delicate in health, so ethereal, that while still on earth, she seems already an angel of paradise leading and beckoning to Heaven. Eva was kind to everybody—kind even to Topsy, a negro girl whom St Clare had one day bought out of mere charity, on seeing her cruelly lashed by her former master and mistress. Topsy is a fine picture of a brutalised young negro, who never speaks the truth even by chance, and steals because she cannot help it. Every one gives up Topsy as utterly irreclaimable—all except the gentle Eva. Caught in a fresh act of theft, Topsy is led away by Eva. 'There was a little glass-room at the corner of the veranda, which St Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St Clare; "I mean to see." And advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side-faces towards them, Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Donno nothing 'bout love. I loves candy and sich, —that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or"——

"No, none on 'm—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might"——

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

'Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd's soon have a toad touch her. There can't

nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"O Topsy, poor child, *I* love you," said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin white hand on Topsy's shoulder—"I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

'The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul. She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy; *you* can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about."

"O dear Miss Eva!—dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try—I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."'

By such persuasions, Eva had the happiness to see the beginning of improvement in Topsy, who finally assumed an entirely new character, and attained a respectable position in society.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly. Uncle Tom was much in her room. 'The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake, and the child felt freshest in the morning, he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favourite old hymns. The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment shewed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.' At length, the moment of departure of this highly-prized being arrives.' 'It is midnight—strange, mystic hour, when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!' St Clare was called, and was up in her room in an instant. 'What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

'On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

'They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud.' Tom arrived with the doctor. The house was aroused—'lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St Clare heard and said nothing; he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear: "Eva, darling!"

'The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment, they dropped again; and as St Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face: she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

'The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted; the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St Clare gently. She did not hear.

"O Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

'A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly: "O love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!'

Previous to the death of the dear Eva, she had induced her father to promise to emancipate Tom, and he was taking steps to give this faithful servant his liberty, when a terrible catastrophe occurred. St Clare was suddenly killed in attempting to appease a quarrel in one of the coffee-rooms of New Orleans. His family were plunged into grief and consternation; and by his trustees the whole of the servants in the establishment, Uncle Tom included, were brought to sale in the open market.

'Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the marble pavé. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St Clare servants, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces.

'Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him for one whom he would wish to call master; and, if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting out of two hundred men one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realise, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men, great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, common-place men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St Clare.

'A little before the sale commenced, a short, br[illegible] muscular man, in a checked shirt, considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were

immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve to shew his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to shew his paces.' Almost immediately, Tom was ordered to mount the block. 'Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "*dollars*," as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over.—He had a master!

'He was pushed from the block; the short, bullet-headed man, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice: "Stand there, *you!*"'

By his new and rude master, Tom was forthwith marched off; put on board a vessel for a distant cotton-plantation on Red River; stripped of his decent apparel by his savage owner, and dressed in the meanest habiliments. The treatment of the poor negro was now most revolting. He was wrought hard under a burning sun; half-starved; scourged; loaded with the grossest abuse. All this ends in a rapid decline of health; and his story terminates with an account of his death, his last moments being dignified by a strong sentiment of piety, and of forgiveness towards his inhuman taskmaster.

We have now presented a sufficiently ample abstract of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a work which will undoubtedly be perused at length by all who feel deeply on the subject of negro slavery. Of the authoress, Mrs H. B. Stowe, it may be said, that her chief merit consists in close observation of character, with a forcible and truth-like power of delineation. In plot, supposing her to aim at such a thing, she decidedly fails, and the winding-up of her *dramatis personæ* is hurried and imperfect. Notwithstanding these defects, however, she has succeeded in rivetting universal attention, while her aims are in the highest degree praiseworthy.

HANDEL IN DUBLIN.

If biographers will occasionally make assertions at random, and pass lightly over important events, because their records are not at hand, while they give ample development to others, just because the materials for doing so are more abundant, it is well that there is to be found here and there an industrious *littérateur*, who will leave no leaf unturned, and no corner unexplored, if he suspects that any error has been committed, or any passage of interest slighted, in the memoirs of a favourite author.

Mr Mainwaring, the earliest biographer of Handel, and, on his authority, a host of subsequent writers, took upon them to assert, without any apparent foundation, that the oratorio of the *Messiah* was performed in London in the year 1741, previously to Handel's visit to Ireland; but that it met with a cold reception, and this was one cause of his leaving England. 'Dr Burney, when composing his *History of Music*, examined all the London newspapers where public amusements were advertised during 1741 and for several previous years, but found no mention whatever of this oratorio. He remembered, too, being a school-boy at Chester when Handel spent a week there, waiting for fair winds to carry him across the Channel, and taking advantage of the delay "to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland." An amateur band was mustered for him, and the manuscript choruses thus verified were those of the *Messiah*. In the absence, therefore, of stronger evidence to the contrary, Dr Burney believed that Dublin had the honour of its first performance. An Irish barrister has now proved this, we think, beyond dispute.* His evidence has been drawn from the newspaper tomes of 1741, preserved in the public libraries of Dublin, confirmed by the records of the cathedrals and some of the charitable institutions, and yet more emphatically from some original letters of this date. He has thus succeeded in doing 'justice to Ireland,' by securing for it, in all time to come, the distinguished place which it is entitled to occupy in the history of this great man. Perhaps we should rather say, he has done justice to England, by clearing it of the imputation of having 'coldly received' a musical production to which immortal fame has since been decreed. While the musical world will thank our author for several new facts particularly interesting to them, the main attraction for general readers will probably be found in the glimpses which this volume affords of a *beau monde* which has passed away.

In 1720, a royal academy for the promotion of Italian operas was founded in London by some of the nobility and gentry under royal auspices. Handel, Bononcini, and Areosti, were engaged as a triumvirate of composers; and to Handel was committed the charge of engaging the singers. But the rivalry between him and Bononcini rose to strife; the aristocratic patrons took nearly equal sides; and a furious controversy on their respective merits was carried on for years. Hence the epigram of Dean Swift—

> Some say that Signor Bononcini,
> Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
> Others aver that to him Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold the candle.
> Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

When the withdrawal of both his rivals left Handel in sole possession of the field, he quarrelled with some of his principal performers, and thereupon ensued new scenes of discord. Ladies of the highest rank entered with enthusiasm into the strife; and while some flourished their fans aloft on the side of Faustina, whom Handel had introduced in order to supersede Cuzzoni, another party, headed by the Countess of Pembroke, espoused the cause of the depressed songstress, and made her take an oath on the Holy Gospels, that she would never submit to accept a lower salary than her rival. The humorous poets of the day took up the theme. Pope introduced it into his *Dunciad*, and Arbuthnot published two witty brochures, entitled *Harmony in an Uproar*, and *The Devil to Pay at St James's*. The result of these and other contests, in which Handel gradually lost ground, was the establishment of a rival Opera at Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was patronised by the Prince of Wales and most of the nobles; and not even the presence of the king and queen, who continued the steady friends of Handel, could attract for him an audience at the Haymarket. It became quite fashionable to decry his compositions as beneath the notice of musical connoisseurs. Politics, it is said, came to mingle in the controversy; and those who held by the king's Opera were as certainly Tories, as those who went to the nobility's were Whigs. Of course all this was very foolish, and very wrong; yet in our days of stately conventionality, when perfect impassibility is deemed the highest style of breeding, there is something refreshing in reading of such animated scenes in high life. The crowning act of hostility to Handel, was when the Earl of Middlesex himself assumed the profession of manager of Italian operas, and engaged the king's theatre, with a new composer, and a new company.

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* *An Account of the Visit of Handel to Dublin.* By Horatio Townsend, Esq. London: Orr & Co.

Handel had, for some time, been meditating a withdrawal from the Opera, in order to devote himself exclusively to the composition of sacred music, of which he had already produced several fine specimens. He was wont to say, that this was an occupation 'better suited to the circumstances of a man advancing in years, than that of adapting music to such vain and trivial words as the musical drama generally consists of.' The truth was, he had discovered his forte. But the tide of fashionable feeling ran so strongly against him, that even the performance of the oratorios of *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt* scarcely paid expenses. Unwilling to submit his forthcoming *Messiah* also to the caprices of fashion, and the malignity of party, he wisely embraced an opportunity which was opened to him of bringing out this great work in Dublin, under singularly favourable auspices, and crossed the Channel in November 1741.

Those who are acquainted with the Irish metropolis—not merely with the handsome streets and squares eastward, which are now the abodes of gentility, but with the dirty thoroughfares about the cathedrals—have observed the large houses which some of them contain, now let in single rooms to a wretched population, and need scarcely be told that they were once the abodes of wealth and luxury. Fishamble Street, in this quarter of the town, is one of the oldest streets in Dublin. 'Under the eastern gable of the ancient cathedral of Christ's Church, separated and hidden from it by a row of houses, it winds its crooked course down the hill from Castle Street to the Liffey, as forlorn and neglected as other old streets in its vicinity. A number of trunkmakers' shops give it an aspect somewhat peculiar; miserable alleys open from it on the right and left; a barber's pole or two overhang the footway; and huxters' shops are frequent, with their wonted array of articles more useful than ornamental. One would never guess, looking at this old street, that it was once the festive resort of the wealthy and refined. It needs an effort of imagination to conceive of it as having witnessed the gay throng of fashion and aristocracy; the vice-regal *cortège;* ladies, in hoops and feathers; and "white-gloved beaux," in bag, and sword, and chapeau; with scores of liveried footmen and pages; and the press of coaches, and chariots, and sedan-chairs. Yet such was the scene often presented here in the eighteenth century.' For see, in an oblique angle of the street, and somewhat retired from the other houses, is a mean, neglected old building, with a wooden porch, still known by name as the Fishamble Street Theatre. This is the remaining part of what was originally 'the great music-hall,' built by a charitable musical society, 'finished in the most elegant manner, under the direction of Captain Castell,' and opened to the public on the 2d October 1741. It was within these walls that the notes of the *Messiah* first sounded in the ears of an enraptured audience, and here that its author entered on a new career of fame.

To prepare for the reception of this, his master-work, Handel first gave a series of musical entertainments, consisting of some of his earlier oratorios, and other kindred compositions. They commanded a most distinguished auditory, including the Lord-Lieutenant and his family, and were crowned with success in a pecuniary point of view, answering, and indeed exceeding, the composer's highest expectations. In a letter written at this time to Mr C. Jennens, who had selected the words of the *Messiah*, and composed those of a cantata which had been much admired, he describes, in glowing colours, his happy position, and informs him that he had set the *Messiah* to music before he left England—thus inferentially affording additional evidence that it had not been performed there. Moreover, the advertisements call it Handel's *new* oratorio, and boast that it was composed expressly for the charitable purpose to which the proceeds of its first performance were consecrated. This is confirmed by reference to the minutes of one at least of these institutions, in which it appears that Handel was in correspondence with them before he had completed his composition.

The people of Dublin are passionately fond of music, and charitable musical societies form a peculiar and interesting feature of its society during the last century. These were academies or clubs, each of which was attached in the way of patronage to some particular charity, to which its revenues were consecrated. Whitelaw, in his *History of Dublin* (1758), mentions a very aristocratic musical academy, which held its meetings in the Fishamble Street Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Mornington—the Duke of Wellington's father. His lordship was himself the leader of the band; among the violoncellos were Lord Bellamont, Sir John Dillon, and Dean Burke; among the flutes, Lord Lucan; at the harpsichord, Lady Freke; and so on. Their meetings, we are told, were private, except once a year, when they performed in public for a charitable purpose, and admitted all who chose to buy tickets. It does not appear, however, that this academy was identical with the association that built the hall, and whose concerts seem to have been much more frequent, as well as its benevolent designs more extensive. It was called, *par éminence*, The Charitable Musical Society; the others having distinctive designations besides. The objects of its benevolence were the prisoners of the Marshalseas, who were in circumstances similar to those which, many years afterwards, elicited the benevolent labours of John Howard: confined often for trifling debts, pining in hopeless misery, and without food, save that received from the casual hand of charity. This society made a daily distribution of bread among some of these, while others were released through their humane exertions. On the 17th of March 1741, they report, that 'the Committee of the Charitable Musical Society appointed for this year to visit the Marshalseas in this city, and release the prisoners confined therein for debt, have already released 188 miserable persons of both sexes. They offered a reasonable composition to the creditors, and many of the creditors being in circumstances almost equally miserable with their debtors, due regard was paid by the committee to this circumstance.' Their funds must have improved considerably after the erection of their Music Hall, which seems to have been the largest room of the kind in Dublin, and in frequent requisition for public concerts, balls, and other reunions where it was desirable to assemble a numerous company, or employ a large orchestra. The hire of the hall on such occasions would form a handsome addition to the proceeds of their own concerts.

It was to these funds that the proceeds of the first performance of the *Messiah* were devoted, in connection with those of Mercer's Hospital, an old and still eminent school of surgery—and the Royal Infirmary, which still exists in Jervis Street as a place for the immediate reception of persons meeting with sudden accidents. The performance was duly advertised in *Faulkner's Journal*, with the additional announcement, that 'many ladies and gentlemen who are well-wishers to this noble and grand charity, for which this oratorio was composed, request it as a favour that the ladies who honour this performance with their presence would be pleased to come without hoops, as it will greatly increase the charity by making room for more company.' In another advertisement it is added, that 'the gentlemen are desired to come without their swords.'

On the ensuing Saturday, the following account was given of this memorable festival: 'On Tuesday last (April 13, 1742), Mr Handel's sacred grand oratorio, the *Messiah*, was performed in the New Musick Hall in Fishamble Street; the best judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of musick. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the

admiring, crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestick, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear. It is but just to Mr Handel, that the world should know he generously gave the money arising from this grand performance to be equally shared by the Society for Relieving Prisoners, the Charitable Infirmary, and Mercer's Hospital, for which they will ever gratefully remember his name; and that the gentlemen of the two choirs, Mr Dubourg, Mrs Avolio, and Mrs Cibber, who all performed their parts to admiration, acted also on the same disinterested principle, satisfied with the deserved applause of the publick, and the conscious pleasure of promoting such useful and extensive charity. There were above 700 people in the room, and the sum collected for that noble and pious charity amounted to about L.400, out of which L.127 goes to each of the three great and pious charities.'

Handel remained five months longer in the Irish metropolis, during which period it is recorded that 'he diverted the thoughts of the people from every other pursuit.' On his return to London in August 1742, he was warmly received by his former friends; his enemies, too, were greatly conciliated. His having relinquished all concern with operatic affairs, and opened for himself a new and undisputed sphere, removed the old grounds of hostility; while the enthusiastic reception which he had met in Dublin, had served as an effectual reproach to those whose malignity had forced him to seek for justice there. Notwithstanding some difficulties at the outset of his new career at home, he lived to realise an income of above L.2000 a year, and never found it necessary or convenient to revisit Ireland; but the custom of performing his oratorios and cantatas for the benefit of medical charities was maintained for many years; and it is believed that the works of no other composer have so largely contributed to the relief of human suffering.

ROYAL GARDENING.

Gardening has frequently been one of the most exhilarating recreations of royalty. When Lysander, the Lacedemonian general, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers exhaling odours universally throughout the delightful scene. 'Everything charms and transports me in this place,' said Lysander to Cyrus; 'but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement which [illegible]not sufficiently admire.' Cyrus replied: 'It was I that drew the plan, and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands.' 'What!' exclaimed Lysander with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot—'is it possible, that with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?' 'Does that surprise you?' said Cyrus. 'I assure you, that when my health permits, I never sit down to table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure.' Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said: 'You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue.'

UNDER THE PALMS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Under the palm-trees on India's shore
Ne'er shall I wander at morning or eve;
Hearts there have withered, but still in the core
Of mine springs the memory of feelings that give
Green thoughts in sunshine and bright hopes in gloom;
Friendship, which love's loud emotions becalms:
Oh, happy was I, in those bowers of perfume,
Under the palms!

Go forth, little children; the wood's insect-hum
Invites ye; expand there, like buds in the sun;
Leave schools and their studies for days that *will* come,
And let thy first lessons from nature be won!
Teachings hath nature most sage and most sweet—
The music that swells in the tree-linnet's psalms;
So taught, my young heart learned to prize that retreat
Under the palms!

The odour of jasmines afloat on the breeze,
That woke in the dawning the birds on each bough;
The frolicsome squirrels, that scampered at ease
'Mid lithe leaves and soft moss that smiled down below:
Heaps piled up of mangoes, all fragrant and rich;
Guavas pink-cored, such a wealth of sweet alms
Presented by bright maids, whose sweet songs bewitch
Under the palms!

Pale, yellow bananas, with satiny pulp
That tastes like some dainty of sugar and cream;
Blithe-kernelled pomegranates, just gathered to help
A feast fit to serve in the bowers of a dream!
Milk, foaming and snowy; rice, swelling and sweet;
Iced sherbet that cools, and spiced ginger that warms:
Oh, simple our banquet in that dear retreat
Under the palms!

A tinkling of lutes and a toning of voices—
Of young maiden voices just fresh from the bath;
A sprinkling of rosewater cool, that rejoices
The scented grass screening our bower from the path;
Trim baskets of melons, new gathered, beside
Fair bunches of blossoms that heal all sick qualms;
And books, when to reading our fancies subside,
Under the palms!

Or silence at eve when the sun hath gone down,
Or the sound of *one* cithern makes melody near;
While a beautiful boy, that hath ne'er known a frown,
Softly murmurs a tale of the East in the ear;
Of peris, that cluster round flower-stalks like fruit—
Of genii, that breathe amid blossoms and balms—
Of gazelle-eyed houris, that play on sweet lutes
Under the palms!

Of roses, that nightly unfold their flower-leaves
To welcome the lays of the loved nightingale—
Of spirits, that home in an Eden of Eves
Where the sun never scorches, the strength never fails!
So singing, so playing, Sleep steals on us all,
Enclasping us gently within her soft arms!—
Let me dream that the moonbeams still over me fall
Under the palms!

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 456. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

MRS CHISHOLM.

THIS lady will be ranked with the memorable persons of the age; her enthusiastic and ceaseless endeavours to do good, the discretion and intelligence with which she pursues her aims, and her remarkable self-sacrifices in the cause of humanity, placing her in the category of the Mrs Frys and other heroic Englishwomen. The history of Mrs Chisholm's labours up to the present time is worthy of being fully told.

Caroline Jones, as this lady was originally called, is the daughter of William Jones, a respectable yeoman of Northamptonshire; and when about twenty years of age, she was married to Captain A. Chisholm of the Madras army. Two years after this event, she removed with her husband to India, where she entered upon those movements of a public nature that have so eminently distinguished her. Shocked with the depravities to which the children of soldiers are exposed in the barrack-rooms, she rested not till she had established a School of Industry for girls, which became eminently successful, and, under an extended form, has continued to be of great social importance to Madras. The pupils were taught to sew, cook, and otherwise manage household affairs; and we are told, that on finishing their education, they were eagerly sought for as servants, or wives, by non-commissioned officers. In this career of usefulness, Mrs Chisholm employed herself until 1838, when, for the benefit of her husband's health, and that of her infant family, she left India for Australia, the climate of which seemed likely to prove beneficial. At the end of the year, she arrived in Sydney, where, besides attending to family matters, there was plenty of scope for philanthropic exertion. Drawing our information from a small work purporting to present a memoir of Mrs Chisholm,* it appears that 'the first objects that came under her notice, and were benefited by her benevolence, were a party of Highland emigrants, who had been sent to the shores of a country where the language spoken was to them strange and unknown, and without a friend to assist or guide them in that path of honourable labour which they desired. As a temporary means of relief, Mrs Chisholm lent them money to purchase tools and wheelbarrows, whereby they might cut and sell firewood to the inhabitants. The success of this experiment was gratifying both to the bestower and receiver; in the one it revived drooping hopes, the other it incited to larger enterprises of humanity.'

In 1840, Captain Chisholm returned to his duties in India, leaving his wife and family to remain some time longer in Sydney; and from this period may be dated her extraordinary efforts for meliorating the condition of poor female emigrants. What fell under her notice in connection with these luckless individuals was truly appalling. Huddled into a barrack on arrival; no trouble taken to put girls in the way of earning an honest livelihood; moral pollution all around; the government authorities and everybody else too busy to mind whether emigration was rightly or wrongly conducted—there was evidently much to be done. In January 1841, Mrs Chisholm wrote to Lady Gipps, the wife of the governor, on the subject; tried to interest others; and although with some doubts as to the result, all expressed themselves interested. Much jealousy and prejudice, however, required to be overcome. Bigotry was even brought into play. There might be some deep sectarian scheme in the pretended efforts to serve these young and unprotected females. We need hardly speak in the language of detestation of this species of obstructiveness, which prevents hundreds of valuable schemes of social melioration from being entered into. Fortunately, Mrs Chisholm treated with scorn or indifference the various means adopted to retard her benevolent operations. She persevered until she had organised the Female Emigrants' Home. She says: 'I appealed to the public for support: after a time, this appeal was liberally met. There were neither sufficient arrangements made for removing emigrants into the interior, nor for protecting females on their arrival. A few only were properly protected, while hundreds were wandering about Sydney without friends or protection—great numbers of these young creatures were thrown out of employment by new arrivals. I received into the Home several, who, I found, had slept out many nights in the government domain, seeking the sheltered recesses of the rocks rather than encounter the dangers of the streets. It was estimated that there were 600 females, at the time I commenced, unprovided for in Sydney. I made an offer to the government of gratuitously devoting my time to the superintendence of a Home of Protection for them in the town, and also to exert myself to procure situations for them in the country.'

While making arrangements for conducting the establishment for female emigrants, Mrs Chisholm acquired a consciousness that male emigrants of a humble class likewise required some degree of attention. Great numbers, for want of proper information, did not know what to do with themselves on arrival. 'At the time labourers were required in the interior, there were numbers idle in Sydney, supported at the expense of the government. Things wore a serious aspect; mischief-making parties, for some paltry gain, fed the spirit

* Memoirs of Mrs Caroline Chisholm. London: Webb, Millington, & Co. 1852.

of discontent. The Irish lay in the streets, looking vacantly, and basking in the sun. Apart from them, Englishmen, sullen in feature, sat on gates and palings, letting their legs swing in the air. Another group was composed of Scotchmen, their hands thrust into their empty pockets, suspiciously glancing at everything and everybody from beneath their bushy eyebrows. Mrs Chisholm ventured to produce a change; she provided for the leaders first, shewed how she desired to be the friend of the industrious man, and went with numbers in search of employment, far into the country. She undertook journeys of 300 miles into the interior with families; and the further she went, the more satisfactory was the settlement of the parties accompanying this brave lady. "When the public had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system," writes Mrs Chisholm, "they came forward, and enabled me to go on. The government contributed, in various ways, to the amount of about L.150. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorised me to draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require; but the people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns, the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself without charge: my personal expenses, during my seven years' service, amounted to only L.1, 18s. 6d. As numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for the conveyance by the steamers, the parties would never reach the stations, I met the difficulty by advancing the fare, confiding in the good feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost L.16 by casualties. At times, I have paid as much as L.40 for steamers, and, from first to last, in following out my system, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. The largest number that ever left Sydney under my charge, at one time, was 147; but from accessions on the road, they increased considerably. The longest journey of this kind occupied five weeks, three weeks of which were passed on the road."'

One cannot but admire the enthusiasm with which all this was gone through. The whole thing was a labour of love, and carried through, as will be observed, not without vast personal toil, and some degree of pecuniary outlay. Mrs Chisholm says she lost only L.16; but how few people in her rank, and with as comparatively moderate means, would give L.16 to promote any benevolent project whatsoever! The bulk of mankind content themselves with contributing criticism. They applaud or censure according as the thing looks in the eye of the world: when money is spoken of, they keep discreetly aloof.

In her enterprise to put female emigrants on the road to fortune, Mrs Chisholm met with some curious cases of presumption. Many applications were made by young women who professed to be governesses, but were utterly incompetent for the situation. Among others came one who offered herself as a nursery governess, who, on inquiry, could neither read nor write nor spell correctly. Another wished for the situation of housekeeper, and with her the following dialogue took place:—'"Can you wash your own clothes?" "Never did such a thing in my life." "Can you make a dress?" "No." "Cook?" "No." "What *can* you do?" "Why, ma'am, I could look after the servants; I could direct them: I should make an excellent housekeeper." "You are certain?" "Yes, or I would not say so." "Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beefsteak-pie of the size of that dish, and a rice-pudding of the same size?" "O no, ma'am—that's not what I meant: *I'd see that the servants did it!*" "But there might be great waste, and you not know it; besides, all, or nearly all, the servants sent to this colony require teaching."

'Nothing,' observes Mrs Chisholm, 'but my faith in Providence, that there must be a place fitting for every body in society, enabled me to bear such inflictions: this faith made me labour in seeking some suitable employment for each, and had I not possessed it, but turned them out, their fate would have been inevitable and horrible.'

The business of attending to the 'Home,' and finding places for everybody, was not without some pleasant excitement. Mrs Chisholm was sometimes asked to find wives as well as servants; and as a specimen of applications on this delicate head, she gives the following amusing epistle, which is printed as she received it:—

'"Reverend Madam—I heard you are the best to send to for a servant, and I heard our police magistrate say, it was best to leave all to you; and so I'll just do the same, as his honour says it's the best. I had a wife once, and so she was too good for me by the far, and it was God's will, ma'am; but I has a child, ma'am, that I wouldn't see a straw touch for the world; the boy's only four yeare old: and I has a snug fifty-acre farm and a town 'lotment, and I has no debts in the world, and one teem and four bullocks; and I'se ten head oh cattle, and a share on eight hundred sheep, so I as a rite to a desent servant, that can wash and cook and make the place decant; and I don't mind what religion she bey, if she is sober and good, only I'se a Protestant myself; and the boy I have, I promised the mother on her death-bed should be a Catholic, and I won't, anyhow, have any interference in this here matter. That I do like in writing nothing else, I wouldn't, mam, on any account in the world, be bound to marry; but I don't wish it altogether to be left out. I'll ge her fourteen wages, and if she don't like me, and I don't like her, I'll pay her back to Sydney. I want nothing in the world but what is honest, so make the agrement as you like, and I'll bide by it. I sends you all the papers, and you'l now I'm a man wot's to be trusted. I sends you five pounds; she may get wages first, for I know some of the gals, and the best on um, to, are not heavy we boxes; and supposing anything should happen, I would not like it to be said she come here in rags. I wants, also, a man and his wife; he must be willing to learn to plough, if he don't now how, and do a good fair day's work at anything; his wife must be a milker, and ha dustrious woman; I'll give them as much as they can eat and drink of tea and milk, and, whatever wages you set my name down for, I'll be bound to pay it. With all the honer in the world, I'se bound to remain your servant till death." There was something, remarks Mrs Chisholm, in the character of this honest bushman, during his colonial residence, to admire; he had gained his freedom, sent home money to his parents, and, during a long and tedious illness of twenty months, had attended his sick wife with patient care. Who would not get up an hour earlier to serve such a man?—I did, for I knew that early in the morning is the *best* time to choose a wife. I went first into the governess-room—all asleep; I unlocked the Home-door—some dressed, others half-dressed, some too very cross: I have often remarked, that early in the day is the best time to judge of a woman's temper; but I wish this to be kept a secret. I remained half an hour in the Home; I then went through the tents, could not suit myself, and returned. At the Home-door, I found a girl at the wash-tub; she was at work with spirit; she was rather good-looking, very neat and tidy. I went into my office, and ascertained that, on board ship, her character was good. I desired the matron never to lose sight of her conduct, and report the same to me. Days after day passed, and I was at last fully determined to place

her within reach of my applicant in the bush—that is, in a respectable family in his near neighbourhood; but I was able to arrange better, for I found that, amongst the families wanting situations, there was one related to her. I immediately engaged them as the bushman's servants; they were a respectable couple; the man a very prudent person. I told them to take the girl with them, and get her service near them, and on no account to allow her to live with a bachelor. I gave the girl three letters to respectable ladies, and she was engaged by one the fourth day after her arrival at ——. About a fortnight after, the bushman wrote to thank me for sending him the married couple; and concluded by saying: "With regard to that *other* matter, upon my word you have suited me exactly; and as soon as our month is up, we is to be married." I received, says Mrs Chisholm, forty-one applications of this kind; but the above is the only girl I ever sent into the country with a *direct* matrimonial intention.'

That 'Providence has a place for everybody' is an axiom that cannot be too strongly insisted on. The difficulty, however, is to know where that place is. It will help considerably to relieve us of trouble on this score, if we bear in mind that we are not limited in our choice of country. If every place is filled in this old and settled territory, by all means go away to new regions which lie invitingly open for trial. In short, go to America, or go to Australia, and in either of these find your proper place. There can be no doubt of your discovering it, provided you but look for it. Great in this faith has Caroline Chisholm laboured. First, she helped women into situations in Australia; then she similarly helped men; next, she fell on the expedient of bringing wives and families to join husbands who longed for their society; and lastly, she organised plans for sending out young women to the colony, with a view to balance the inequality of the sexes. To execute her designs in a proper manner, she required to know the real wants and condition of settlers; and, will it be credited, that she set out on long and painful journeys in a covered spring-van, and did not desist till she had gathered six hundred biographies!

In 1845, Mrs Chisholm was joined by her husband from India, and she prepared to return to England. Five years of earnest and successful endeavour had wonderfully altered the general opinion respecting her operations. There was no longer any fault-finding. Jealousies had been overcome. It was now the fashion to speak well of plans that were once viewed with apathy or suspicion. 'In February 1846, a public meeting was held at Sydney, for the purpose of taking into consideration the presenting to Mrs Chisholm, then on the eve of her departure for England, a testimonial of the estimation in which her labours on behalf of the emigrant population were viewed by the colonists. Some idea may be formed of the respect felt for the admirable lady, and acknowledgment of her public services, when eight members of the Legislative Council, the mayor of Sydney, the high-sheriff, thirteen magistrates, and many leading merchants, formed themselves into a committee to carry the wishes of the meeting into effect. The amount of each subscription was limited.' In a short time 150 guineas were raised, and presented with a laudatory address. 'Mrs Chisholm accepted the testimonial, in order to expend it in further promoting emigration, in restoring wives to husbands, and children to parents. In the course of her answer, she said: "It is my intention, if supported by your co-operation, to attempt more than I have hitherto performed." She left Australia in 1846, bearing with her the warm prayers of the working colonists, whose confidence and gratitude, both bond and free, she had thoroughly secured, charged with the self-imposed mission of representing in England the claims of those powerless classes who have neither honour nor pensions to bestow on their advocates.'

Since 1846, Mrs Chisholm has resided near London, and devoted herself to the promotion of her last great scheme. This is to send emigrants to Australia, in what are called Family Groups, under the auspices of the Family Colonisation Loan Society. The main features of the plan are these: suitable and well-recommended persons are enrolled as members on paying a small fee; and they are sent out on paying two-thirds of the passage-money—the remaining third being paid as a loan by the society, which loan is to be repaid from wages received in the colony. No security is required for the loan. The society reckon on the integrity and gratitude of the emigrants, and on the principle of associating parties into groups, the members of which exercise a mutual supervision. A group consists of twelve adults. Friendless young women are introduced to and grouped with families. These introductions usually take place at Mrs Chisholm's residence once every week, when the groups are addressed in a friendly manner, and furnished with hints for their government on board ship.

Another important feature in these operations, is to help poor emigrants to remit small sums to friends at home, the difficulty of making such remittances having formerly been very considerable. To organise a proper system of remitting, Captain Chisholm has returned to Australia, and, according to an account given by Mrs Chisholm in a letter to the *Times*, it appears that the system is realising all reasonable expectation. We copy the substance of this letter as a fitting conclusion to our sketch.

'This is the first organised attempt of enabling the English emigrants in Australia to imitate the generous devotion of the Irish settled in the United States. While contemplating with admiration the laborious devotion proved by the remittance of millions sterling from the American Irish to remove their relations from a land of low wages and famine, I have always had a firm belief that the English emigrants in Australia only required the opportunity to imitate the noble example, and the "remittance-roll" is evidence of the correctness of my opinion.

'Until very recently, there have been no channels through which the Australian settler could safely and cheaply remit small sums to England.

'When I was resident in Sydney, many emigrants were anxious to send small sums to their friends "at home," and came to me with money for that purpose; but I found that the banks charged as much for L.15 as for L.50, and that they altogether declined to take the trouble of remitting small amounts. On making a representation of this fact to his excellency Sir George Gipps, he communicated with the banks through the Colonial Secretary, and they consented to receive small remittances from labouring people, if I personally accompanied the depositor; but, with my other engagements, it was impossible for me to spare many hours in the week to introducing shepherds and stockmen, with their L.5 or L.10, to the cashiers of the banks. Many a man, within my knowledge, has gone away on finding that he could not remit his intended present to his relations, and spent the amount in a drunken "spree." I therefore determined, that on my return to England, I would endeavour to organise some plan which should render labourers remitting their little tributes of affection to their friends nearly as easy as posting a letter.

'As soon as the Family Colonisation Society was organised, Messrs Coutts & Co. consented to appoint agents, and receive the remittances due to the society. But in order to teach and encourage the labouring colonists to take advantage of the power of remitting to England, my husband saw that it was necessary that some one devoted to the work should proceed to the colonies. The society was not rich enough to pay an agent, or even to pay the expenses of an agent who would work without salary; therefore we determined

to divide our income, and separate. My husband proceeded to the colony, to collect and remit the loans of the society's emigrants, and the savings of those emigrants who wished to be joined by parents, wives, children, brothers, sisters, or other relations. I remained here to assist such relations to emigrate in an economical, safe, and decent manner, as well as to carry on the correspondence needful for discovering the relatives of long-separated emigrants—often a difficult task. We determined to work thus until the labourers' remittances should swell to such an amount as would render it worth the attention of bankers as a matter of business, if the society were not inclined to continue the trouble and responsibility.

'I am happy to say, my faith in the generous and honest disposition of British emigrants, English, Scotch, and Irish, has not been shaken, and that I may look forward with confidence to a very early date when the remittance connection of the Australian emigrants will be eagerly competed for by the most respectable firms.

'My husband writes me, that the people are filled with joy at finding that they can safely send their earnings, and secure the passage of their friends. In seven weeks he received L.3000 in gold-dust or cash, and confidently expects to remit L.15,000 within twelve months, and could collect double that sum if he were able to visit the diggings. These remittances are not only from the emigrants sent out by the society, but from various persons of the humbler class who desire to be joined by their relations, and wish them to come out under my ship arrangements.

'It is my intention to return to Australia in the early part of next year, and there endeavour to still further promote the reunion of families. I have addressed this letter to your widely-spread and influential columns, in order to call the attention of the commercial world to the profits which may be obtained by ministering to a demand which is arising among a humble class—in order to call the attention of statesmen and philanthropists to a new element of peace, order, and civilisation, more powerful than soldiers—to a golden chain of domestic feeling, which is bridging the seas between England and Australia. Many parents, wives, children, and brothers and sisters, have received remittances for passages.'

More need hardly be said. As is generally known, ships are sailing almost weekly with emigrants of the class for whom Mrs Chisholm has so warmly interested herself; and we are glad to know from good authority, that already large sums of the lent money have been repaid, proving that the trust put in the honesty of the emigrants has not been misplaced. A great scheme, auxiliary to ordinary emigration, is therefore at work, and its usefulness is acknowledged, not only by the press and the public at large, but by parties ordinarily less alive to projects of social melioration—ministers of the crown. Every one may well concur in paying honour to Caroline Chisholm!

A GHOST OF A HEAD.

PETER LEROUX was a poor ploughman in the environs of Beaugency. After passing the day in leading across the fields the three horses which were generally yoked to his plough, he returned to the farm in the evening, supped, without many words, with his fellow-labourers, lighted his lantern, and then retired to bed in a species of shed communicating with the stables. His dreams were simple, and little coloured with the tints of imagination; his horses were for the most part their principal subject. On one occasion, he started from his slumbers in the midst of his fancied efforts to lift up the obstinate mare, which had taken it into her head to be weak in the legs; another time, the 'old gray' had entangled his hoof in the cords of the team. One night, he dreamed that he had just put an entirely new thong to his old whip, but that, notwithstanding, it obstinately refused to crack. This remarkable vision impressed him so deeply, that, on awaking, he seized the whip, which he was accustomed to place every night by his side; and in order thoroughly to assure himself that he was not stricken powerless, and deprived of the most gratifying prerogative of the ploughman, he took to smacking it violently in the dead of the night. At this noise, all the stable was in commotion; the horses, alarmed, neighed, and ran one against the other, almost breaking their cords; but, with some soothing words, Peter Leroux managed to appease all this tumult, and silence was immediately restored. This was one of those extraordinary events of his life which he never failed to relate every time that a cup of wine had made him eloquent, and he found a companion in the mood to listen to him.

About the same period, dreams of quite a different kind occupied the mind of a certain M. Desalleux, deputy of the public prosecutor in the criminal court of Orleans. Having made a promising *début* in that office only a few months previously, there was no longer any position in the magistracy which he believed too high for his future attainment; and the post of keeper of the seals was one of the most frequent visions of his slumbers. But it was particularly in the intoxicating triumphs of oratory that his thoughts would revel in sleep, when the whole day had been given to the study of some case in which he was to plead. The glory of the Aguesseaux, and the other celebrated names of the great days of parliamentary eloquence, scarcely sufficed for his impatient ambition; it was in the most distant periods of the past—the times of the marvellous eloquence of Demosthenes—that he delighted to contemplate the likeness of his own ideal future. The attainment of power by eloquence; such was the idea, the text, so to speak, of his whole life—the one object for which he renounced all the ordinary hopes and pleasures of youth.

One day, these two natures—that of Peter Leroux, lifted scarcely one degree above the range of the brute, and that of M. Desalleux, abstract and rectified to the highest pitch of intellectuality—found themselves face to face. A little contest was going on between them. M. Desalleux, sitting in his official place, demanded, upon evidence somewhat insufficient, the head of Peter Leroux, accused of murder; and Peter Leroux defended his head against the eloquence of M. Desalleux.

Notwithstanding the remarkable disproportion of power which Providence had placed in this duel, the accused, for lack of conclusive proofs, would in all probability have escaped from the hands of the executioner; but from that very scantiness in the evidence arose an extraordinary opportunity for eloquence, which could not fail to be singularly useful to the ambitious hopes of M. Desalleux. In justice to himself, he could not neglect to take advantage of it.

In the next place, an unlucky circumstance presented itself for poor Peter Leroux. Some days before the commencement of the trial, and in the presence of several ladies, who promised themselves the pleasure of being there to enjoy the spectacle, the young deputy had let fall an expression of his firm confidence in obtaining from the jury a verdict of condemnation. Every one will understand the painful position in which he would be placed if his prosecution failed, and Peter Leroux came back with his head upon his shoulders, to testify to the weakness of M. Desalleux's eloquence. Let us not be too severe upon the deputy of the public prosecutor: if he was not absolutely convinced, it was his duty to appear so, and only the more meritorious to utter such eloquent denunciations as for a century past had not been heard at the bar of the criminal court of

Orleans. Oh, if you had been there to see how they were moved, those poor gentlemen of the jury!—moved almost to tears, when, in a fine and most sonorous peroration, he set before them the fearful picture of society shaken to its foundations—the whole community about to enter upon dissolution, immediately upon the acquittal of Peter Leroux! If you had only heard the courteous eulogiums exchanged on both sides, when the advocate of the accused, commencing his address, declared that he could not go further without rendering homage to the brilliant powers of oratory displayed by the deputy public prosecutor! If you had only heard the president of the court, making the same felicitations the text of his exordium, so well, that nothing would have persuaded you that it was not an academical fête, and that they were not simply awarding a prize for eloquence, instead of a sentence of death to a fellow-creature. You would have seen, in the midst of a crowd of 'elegantly-attired members of the fair sex,' as the newspapers of the province said, the sister of M. Desalleux, receiving the compliments of all the ladies around her; while, at a little distance, the old father was weeping with joy at the sight of the noble son and incomparable orator whom he had given to the world.

Six weeks after this scene of family happiness, Peter Leroux, accompanied by the executioner, mounted the condemned cart, which waited for him at the door of the jail of Orleans. They proceeded together to the Place du Martroie, which is the spot where executions take place. Here they found a scaffold erected, and a considerable concourse of persons expecting them. Peter Leroux, with the slow and heavy ascent of a sack of flour going up by means of a pulley to the top of a warehouse, mounts the steps of the scaffold. As he reached the platform, a ray of sunlight, playing upon the brilliant and polished steel of the instrument of justice, dazzled his eyes, and he seemed about to stumble; but the executioner, with the courteous attention of a host who knows how to do the honours of his house, sustained him by the arm, and placed him upon the plank of the guillotine. There Peter Leroux found the clerk of the court, who had come for the purpose of reading formally the order for execution; the gendarmes, who were charged to see that the public peace was kept during the business about to be transacted; and the assistants of the executioner, who, notwithstanding the ill name which has been given to them, pointed out to him, with a complaisance full of delicate consideration, the precise position in which to place himself under the axe. One minute after, Peter Leroux's head was divorced from his body, which operation was accomplished with such dexterity, that many of those present at the spectacle asked of their neighbours if it was already finished; and were told that it was; upon which they remarked, that it was the last time they would put themselves so much out of the way for so little.

Three months had passed since the head and body of Peter Leroux had been cast into a corner of the cemetery, and, in all probability, the grave no longer concealed aught but his bones, when a new session of assizes was opened, and M. Desalleux had again to support a capital indictment.

The day previous, he quitted at an early hour a ball to which he had been invited with all his family, at a château in the environs, and returned alone to the city, in order to prepare his case for the morrow.

The night was dark; a warm wind from the south whistled drearily, while the buzz of the gay scene that he had left seemed to linger in his ears. A feeling of melancholy stole over him. The memory of many people whom he had known, and who were dead, returned to his mind; and, scarcely knowing why, he began to think of Peter Leroux.

Nevertheless, as he drew near the city, and the first lights of the suburbs began to appear, all his sombre ideas vanished, and as soon as he found himself again at his desk, surrounded by his books and papers, he thought no longer of anything but his oration, which he had determined should be even yet more brilliant than any that had preceded it.

His system of indictment was already nearly settled. It is singular, by the way, that French legal expression, a 'system of indictment'—that is to say, an absolute manner of grouping an *ensemble* of facts and proofs, in virtue of which the prosecutor appropriates to himself the head of a man—as one would say, 'a system of philosophy'—that is, an *ensemble* of reasonings and sophisms, by the aid of which we establish some harmless truth, theory, or fancy. His system of indictment was nearly completed, when the deposition of a witness which he had not examined, suddenly presented itself, with such an aspect as threatened to overturn all the edifice of his logic. He hesitated for some moments; but, as we have already seen, M. Desalleux, in his functions of deputy-prosecutor, consulted his vanity at least as often as his conscience. Invoking all his powers of logic and skill for turning words to his purpose, struggling muscle to muscle with the unlucky testimony, he did not despair of finally enlisting it in the number of his best arguments, as containing the most conclusive evidence against the prisoner; but, unfortunately, the trouble was considerable, and the night was already far advanced.

The clock had just struck three, and the lamp upon his table, burning with a crust upon the wick, gave only a feeble light in the chamber. Having trimmed it, and feeling somewhat excited with his labours, he rose and walked to and fro, then returned and sat in his chair, from which, leaning back in an easy attitude, and suspending his reflections for awhile, he contemplated the stars which were shining through a window opposite. Suddenly lowering his gaze, he encountered what seemed to him two eyes staring in at him through the window-panes. Imagining that the reflection of the lamp, doubled by some flaw in the glass, had deceived him, he changed his place; but the vision only appeared more distinct. As he was not wanting in courage, he took a walking-stick, the only weapon within reach, and opened the window, to see who was the intruder who came thus to observe him at such an hour. The chamber which he occupied was high; above and below, the wall of his house was perfectly perpendicular, and afforded no means by which any one could climb or descend. In the narrow space between himself and the balcony, the smallest object could not have escaped him; but he saw nothing. He thought again that he must have been the dupe of one of those hallucinations that sometimes visit men in the night; and, with a smile, he applied himself again to his labours. But he had not written twenty lines, when he felt, before looking up, that there was something moving in a corner of the chamber. This began to alarm him, for it was not natural that the senses, one after the other, should conspire to deceive him. Raising his eyes, and shading them with his hand from the glare of the lamp beside him, he observed a dusky object advancing towards him with short hops like those of a raven. As the apparition approached him, its aspect became more terrifying; for it took the unmistakable form of a human head separated from the trunk and dripping with blood; and when at length, with a spring, it bounded upon the table, and rolled about over the papers scattered on his desk, M. Desalleux recognised the features of Peter Leroux, who no doubt had come to remind him that a good conscience is of greater value than eloquence. Overcome by a sensation of terror, M. Desalleux fainted. That morning, at day-break, he was found stretched out insensible on the floor near a little pool of blood, which was also found in spots upon his desk, and on the leaves of his pleadings. It

was supposed, and he took care never to contradict it, that he had been seized with a hemorrhage. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was not in a state to speak at the trial, and that all his oratorical preparations were thrown away.

Many days passed before the recollection of that terrible night faded from the memory of the deputy-prosecutor—many days before he could bear to be alone or in the dark without terror. After some months, however, the head of Peter Leroux not having repeated its visit, the pride of intellect began again to counterbalance the testimony of the senses, and again he asked himself, if he had not been duped by them. In order more surely to weaken their authority, which all his reasonings had not been able entirely to overcome, he called to his aid the opinion of his physician, communicating to him in confidence the story of his adventure. The doctor, who, by dint of long examining the human brain, without discovering the slightest trace of anything resembling a soul, had come to a learned conviction of materialism, did not fail to laugh heartily on listening to the recital of the nocturnal vision. This was perhaps the best manner of treating his patient; for by having the appearance of holding his fancy in derision, he forced, as it were, his self-esteem to take a part in the cure. Moreover, as may be imagined, he did not hesitate to explain to his patient, that his hallucination proceeded from an over-tension of the cerebral fibre, followed by congestion and evacuation of blood, which had been the causes of his seeing precisely what he had not seen. Powerfully reassured by this consultation, and as no accident happened to contradict its correctness, M. Desalleux by degrees regained his serenity of mind, and gradually returned to his former habits—modifying them simply insomuch that he laboured with an application somewhat less severe, and indulged, at the doctor's suggestion, in some of those amusements of life which he had hitherto totally neglected.

M. Desalleux thought of a wife, and no man was more in a position than he to secure a good match; for, without speaking of personal advantages, the fame of his oratorical successes, and perhaps, more still, the little anxiety which he displayed for any other kind of success, had rendered him the object of more than one lady's ambition. But there was in the bent of his life something too positive for him to consent that even the love of a woman should find a place there unconditionally. Among the hearts which seemed ready to bestow themselves upon him, he calculated which was the particular one whose good-will was best supported by money, useful relations, and other social advantages. The first part of his romance being thus settled, he saw without regret that the bride who would bring him all these, was a young girl, witty, and of elegant exterior; whereupon he set about falling in love with her with all the passion of which he was capable, and with the approbation of her family, until at length a marriage was determined upon.

Orleans had not, for a long time, seen a prettier bride than that of M. Desalleux; nor a family more happy than that of M. Desalleux; nor a wedding-ball so joyous and brilliant as that of M. Desalleux. That night he thought no more of his ambition; he lived only in the present. According to French custom, the guests remained until a late hour. Imprisoned in a corner of the saloon by a barrister, who had taken that opportune moment to recommend a case to him, the bridegroom looked, from time to time, at the time-piece, which pointed to a quarter to two. He had also remarked, that twice within a short time the mother of the bride had approached her, and whispered in her ear, and that the latter had replied with an air of confusion. Suddenly, at the conclusion of a contra-dance, he perceived, by a certain whispering that ran through the assembly, that something important was going on. Casting his eyes, while the barrister continued to talk to him, upon the seats which his wife and her ladies of honour had occupied during the whole evening, he perceived that they were empty; whereupon the grave deputy-prosecutor cutting short, as most men would have done under the circumstances, the argument of the barrister, advanced by a clever series of manœuvres towards the door of the apartment; and at the moment when some domestics entered bearing refreshments, glided out, in the fond and mistaken belief that no one had remarked him.

At the door of the nuptial chamber he met his mother-in-law, who was retiring with the various dignitaries, whose presence had been considered necessary, as well as some matrons who had joined the *cortège*. Pressing his hand, and with a faltering voice, the mother whispered to him a few words, and it was understood that she spoke of her daughter. M. Desalleux, smiling, replied with some affectionate phrases. Most assuredly in that moment he was not thinking of poor Peter Leroux.

At the moment of closing the door of the chamber, the bride was already abed. He remarked, what appeared to him strange, that the curtains of her bed were drawn. The room was quite silent.

The stillness, and the strange fact of the close-drawn curtains embarrassed him. His heart beat violently. He looked around, and remarked her dress and all her wedding-ornaments lying around him, with a graceful air of negligence, in various parts of the room. With a faltering voice he called upon his bride by name. Having no reply, he returned, perhaps to gain time, towards the door, assured himself that it was well fastened, then approaching the bed, he opened the curtains gently.

By the flickering light of the lamp suspended from the ceiling, a singular vision presented itself to his eyes. Near his *fiancée*, who was fast asleep, the head of a man with black hair was lying on the white pillow. Was he again the victim of an error of the senses, or had some usurper dared to occupy his place? At all events, his substitute took little notice of him; for, as well as his wife, he was sound asleep, with his face turned towards the bottom of the alcove. In the moment when M. Desalleux leaned over the bed, to examine the features of this singular intruder, a long sigh, like that of a man awaking from slumber, broke the silence of the chamber; and at the same time the head of the stranger turning towards him, he recognised the face of Peter Leroux staring at him, with that very look of stupified astonishment with which for two hours the unlucky ploughman had listened to his brilliant discourse in the criminal court of Orleans.

Perhaps, on any other occasion, the deputy-prosecutor, on finding himself a second time visited by this horrible vision, would have suspected that he had been guilty of some wicked action, for which he was doomed to this persecution: his conscience, if he had taken the trouble to cross-examine it, would have very soon told him what was his crime, in which case, being a good Catholic, he would perhaps have gone out and locked the door of the haunted room until morning, when he would have immediately ordered a mass for the repose of the soul of Peter Leroux; by means of this, and of some contributions to the fund for poor prisoners of justice, he might, perhaps, have regained his tranquillity of mind, and escaped for ever from the annoyance to which he had been subjected. At such a time, however, he felt more irritation than remorse; and he accordingly endeavoured to seize the intruder by the hair, and drag him from his resting-place. At the first movement that he made, however, the head, understanding his intentions, began to grind its teeth, and as he stretched out his hand, the bridegroom felt himself severely bitten. The pain of his wound increased his rage. He looked around for some weapon, went

to the fireplace and seized a bar of steel which served to support the fire-irons, then returned, and striking several times upon the bed with all his force, endeavoured to destroy his hideous visitor. But the head, ducking and bobbing like the white gentleman with black spots, whom Punch has never been able to touch, dexterously slipped aside at every blow, which descended harmlessly upon the bed-clothes. For several minutes the furious bridegroom continued to waste his strength in this manner, when, springing with an extraordinary bound, the head passed over the shoulder of its adversary, and disappeared behind him before he could observe by what way it had escaped.

After a careful search, and considerable raking in corners with the bar of steel, finding himself at length master of the field of battle, the deputy-prosecutor returned to the bed. The bride was still miraculously asleep; and, to his horror, he perceived, on lifting the coverlet, that she was lying in a pool of blood, left no doubt by the bleeding head. Misfortunes never come alone: while seeking for a cloth about the chamber, he struck the lamp with his forehead, and extinguished it.

Meanwhile the night was advancing; already the window of the chamber began to glimmer with the coming day. Furious with the obstacles which heaven and earth seemed to set in his way, the deputy-prosecutor determined to solve the mystery. Approaching the bed again, he called upon his bride by the tenderest names, and endeavoured to awake her, yet she continued to sleep. Taking her in his arms, he embraced her passionately; but she slept on, and appeared insensible to all his caresses. What could this mean? Was it the feint of a bashful girl, or was he himself dreaming? It was growing lighter; and in the hope of dispelling the odious enchantments with which he was surrounded, M. Desalleux went to the window, and drew aside the blinds and curtains to let in the new day. Then the unhappy lawyer perceived for the first time why the blood refused to be dried up. Blinded by his anger in his combat with the head of Peter Leroux, and while he had supposed himself to be chastising his disturber, he had, in fact, been striking the head of his unfortunate bride. The blows had been dealt so quickly and with such violence, that she had died without a sigh, or, perhaps, without her assailant's hearing one, in the fury of the struggle.

We leave to psychologists to explain this phenomenon; but on seeing that he had killed his bride, he was seized with a violent fit of laughter, which attracted the attention of his mother-in-law, who knocked gently at the door, and desired to know the cause of the disturbance. On hearing the voice of the mother of his wife, his terrible gaiety increased. Running to open the door, he seized her by the arm, and drawing her to the side of the bed, pulled back the curtains, and revealed to her the terrible spectacle; after which his laughter grew still more furious, until at length he sank exhausted on the floor.

Alarmed at the shrieks of the mother, all the inmates of the house became witnesses of the scene, the report of which spread rapidly through the city. The same morning, upon a warrant from the procureur-general, M. Desalleux was conducted to the criminal prison of Orleans; and it has since been remarked, as a singular coincidence, that his cell was the same that had been occupied by Peter Leroux up to the day of his execution.

The end of the deputy-prosecuter, however, was a little less tragic. Declared by the unanimous testimony of the physicians to be insane, the man who had dreamed of moving the world with his eloquence, was conducted to the hospital for lunatics, and for more than six months kept chained in a dark cell, as in the good old times. At the end of this time, however, as he appeared to be no longer dangerous, his chains were removed, and he was subjected to milder treatment.

As soon as he recovered his liberty, a strange delusion took possession of him, which did not leave him until he died. He fancied himself a tight-rope dancer, and from morning to night danced with the gestures and movements of a man who holds a balancing-rod, and walks upon a cord.

If any one visiting the city of Orleans would take the trouble to inquire of M. Troisétoiles, landlord of the Hôtel Aux Clés de la Ville, in the Place du Marché, he would obtain a confirmation of the truth of this history, together with many other facts and circumstances, collateral and ramificatory, concerning the bride and bridegroom, their relations and friends, which we have not thought necessary to state. With regard, however, to the tragic event which we have last described, M. Troisétoiles will simply relate what is known to the world on the subject—namely, that the deputy-prosecutor, being injured in mind by overstudy and application to business, knocked out his wife's brains on her wedding-night. We, however, although we decline to mention our sources of information, have been enabled to give the private and secret history of the tragedy, for the truth of which we are equally able to vouch.

A bookseller in Orleans, sometime afterwards, conceived the idea of collecting and publishing a volume of the speeches which he had pronounced during his short but brilliant oratorical career. Three editions were exhausted successively, and not long since a fourth was announced.

DIAMOND-CUTTING.

The Koh-i-noor, the great diamond that, thanks to the still greater Exhibition, so many have seen, and so many more have heard of, is now in the hands of skilful diamond-cutters, that, unlike the sable beauties of Abyssinia, its charms may be augmented by a judicious reduction in magnitude and gravity. Cut at first with the view of preserving intact as much of the stone as possible, it never possessed the sparkling lustre derived from the scientific disposition of the several sides and angles, technically termed facets, of a well-polished diamond. It is now intended to be fashioned into a brilliant; that is, to have the form of two flattened pyramids joined at the base, the upper pyramid much flatter than the lower one. In England, the art of diamond-cutting has ceased to exist, but in Holland it still maintains its ancient pre eminence; and from thence the cutters of the Koh-i-noor have been brought to perform an operation, which, taking into consideration the size of the stone, had never previously been accomplished in this country.

It is not known, with any degree of certainty, whether the ancient inhabitants of the East had any knowledge of the art of diamond-cutting; but it is at the same time very clear, that the nations of the West knew nothing of it till a very late period. Even to the latter part of the fifteenth century, the diamond was appreciated principally for its supposed talismanic properties and its hardness; and as that hardness prevented its hidden beauties from being brought to light by cutting and polishing, it was regarded more as a rare cabalistic curiosity than a precious ornament. Some diamonds, however, whose natural form and polish were more favourable to the development of their clouded brilliancy, foretold the splendour they would display were it possible to cut and polish them as other gems. Numerous attempts were made to attain this desired end, but all in vain, until, about 1460, Louis de Berghen, a young jeweller of Bruges, succeeded in cutting the first diamond.

The invention of the art of diamond-cutting has, like many others, whether mythically or not, been mixed up with a love-story. Berghen, it is said, was a poor working-jeweller, who had the audacity to fall in

love with his wealthy master's daughter. The young lady was favourable to his suit; but on proposing to her father, the old man reproached him for poverty, and sneeringly said, in allusion to the supposed utter impossibility of the feat: 'When you can cut a diamond, you may marry my daughter, but not before.' These discouraging words induced a train of reflection in the mind of the young man. He considered how other hard substances were cut; iron, he mentally cogitated, is cut by steel. 'What is steel,' he exclaimed, a light breaking upon him, 'but iron?—the diamond, then, may be cut by a diamond.' Laying out all his available means in the purchase of two small diamonds, he contrived, by cementing them to two pieces of wood, to rub them against each other till they were reduced to dust. With this dust, and a machine which he invented, he cut two facets on another diamond, which he triumphantly exhibited to the old jeweller. But a diamond had never previously been cut: men, wise in their generation, had said that a diamond never could be cut; and consequently, according to the general mode of treating inventors in those days, a charge of sorcery was brought against the first diamond-cutter. Berghen, thrown into prison, had abundant leisure for deliberation. Two courses were open to him: one was to keep his secret, and be burned as a sorcerer; the other, to clear himself of that charge by shewing how he cut the diamond by natural means, and thus lose the exclusive benefit of his invention, to which he considered he was so justly entitled. He adopted neither. Fortunately, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, the ruler of Flanders, came to hold his court in the city of Bruges, and was soon informed of the diabolical art of the young jeweller. Charles was passionately fond of jewels, and possessed a very large diamond. Like the Spaniard, who, if the miracle were performed, did not care if Mohammed himself did it, the Bold duke sent for Berghen, and commanded him to cut and polish the large diamond, as he best could, either by aid of the Prince of Darkness, or his own unassisted efforts. In due time the work was completed; and Charles was so delighted with the brilliant beauty of the previously dull stone, that he remunerated the young jeweller with three thousand ducats. We need not inform the reader how Berghen soon married his lady-love; but we may state that, retaining the secret of diamond-cutting in his own family, he and his descendants acquired immense wealth. After the death of his patron Charles, he removed to Paris, where, for two centuries afterwards, the Berquins, as the name was Gallicised, were the most famous jewellers of their time.

The after-history of that large diamond, the first ever cut in Europe at least, is perhaps worthy of narration. Charles constantly carried it with him on his own person, till at last a soldier found it beside the duke's dead body, on the fatal battle-field of Nancy. Unconscious of its value, the finder sold it for a crown to a priest; the priest, equally ignorant, sold it for three ducats to a pedler; the pedler sold it for a large sum to the Duke of Florence. From that prince it passed into the hands of Antonio king of Portugal, who, when a refugee in France, sold it for 70,000 francs to Nicholas de Harlay, Lord of Sancy; thus it has since been known, in the history of precious stones, as the Sancy Diamond. Sancy was a faithful adherent to Henry IV. of France, and, during the civil war, was sent by that monarch to solicit the assistance of the Swiss. Finding that nothing could be done without money, he sent a trusty servant to Paris for the diamond, enjoining him never to part with it in life to any one but himself. The servant arrived in Paris, and received the diamond, but never returned to his master. After waiting a considerable time, Sancy, feeling confident that the man had been robbed and murdered by one of the many hordes of robbers that then infested France, set out to endeavour to gain some traces of him. After many adventures, he discovered that a person answering the description of the servant had been found, robbed and murdered, in the Forest of Dole, and had been buried by the peasantry. Sancy immediately had the body disinterred, and found the diamond—the faithful fellow having, in obedience to his master's injunction, swallowed it. Sancy pawned the diamond with the Jews of Metz, and with the money raised troops for the service of his royal master. 'Put not your faith in princes,' is an adage as sound as it is ancient. Henry, seated on the throne that Sancy's exertions saved, took occasion of a petty court intrigue to ruin and disgrace his too faithful partisan. The pledged diamond never was redeemed; it remained in the hands of the Israelite money-lenders, till Louis XIV. purchased it for 600,000 francs. It then became one of the crown-jewels of France; but its vicissitudes were not over. In 1791, when the National Assembly appointed a commission of jewellers to examine the crown-jewels, the Sancy Diamond was valued at 1,000,000 livres. At the restoration of Louis XVIII., it was nowhere to be found, and nothing positive has been heard of it since. But as so well-known and large a diamond could not readily be secretly disposed of without attracting attention in some quarter, it is shrewdly suspected that a jewel sold in 1830, by the Prince of Peace, for 500,000 francs, to one of the wealthiest of the Russian nobility, was the missing Sancy Diamond.

The operation of diamond-cutting is exceedingly simple, and is without doubt performed by the cutters of the Koh-i-noor at the present time in almost precisely the same manner as invented by Berghen. The stone is held in the proper position by being embedded, all but the salient angle to be cut or polished, in a solder of tin and lead. It is then applied to a rapidly-revolving horizontal iron wheel, constantly supplied with diamond-dust, and moistened with olive-oil. The anxious care and caution required in this operation render it a very tedious one: the cutting of the Koh-i-noor will last many months, and be attended with an immense expense. A still more tedious operation, however, is sometimes performed by diamond-cutters, when it is found necessary to cut a stone into two parts; it is termed sawing, and is thus managed:—The stone to be sawn is scratched across in the desired direction by a very keen splinter of diamond, technically termed a *sharp*. An exceedingly fine iron wire, with a small portion of sweet-oil and diamond-dust, is then laid upon this guiding scratch; and the workman draws the wire backwards and forwards, as we may see blocks of stone sawn on a larger scale in the yard of the statuary. Still greater care and attention are required in this operation than in diamond-cutting: seven months have been occupied in sawing a good-sized stone. Sometimes the diamond is cut by two being cemented each upon a separate handle, and rubbed together over a box, which catches the precious dust as it falls; but the stones thus cut are disfigured by scratches, and must subsequently be polished upon the wheel.

For many years India supplied the rest of the world with diamonds; and it was long supposed that they were not to be found in any other part of the globe. The Portuguese settlers in Brazil, seeking for gold, found a number of small stones resembling pebbles, which, from their singularity, they kept as curiosities, using them as counters at their card-tables. An officer, who had been removed from the Portuguese settlements in India to serve in Brazil, suspected that these stones were diamonds, and sent a few to Portugal. The jewellers of Lisbon, having never seen a diamond in its unpolished state, laughed at the idea of such rude pebbles being of any value, and so the inquiry was for some time dropped. But the Dutch consul at Lisbon

managed to procure one of the stones, and sent it to Holland, then almost the only country in Europe where diamond-cutting was pursued as a regular business. The stone, in due time, was returned to the consul in the form of a sparkling brilliant; and the Brazilian diamond-trade immediately commenced. The European dealers in diamonds, and many retired officers of the English and Dutch East India Companies, who, as was customary then, had, on their return to Europe, invested a large part of their wealth in those precious stones, fearing that a great reduction in price would follow, were alarmed when the Brazilian diamonds first came into the market. These interested parties published pamphlets, warning the public against purchasing the so-called Brazilian diamonds, stating that no diamonds were found in the Brazils, but that the inferior class of stones was purchased in India, sent to Brazil, and from thence imported as Brazilian diamonds. In consequence of these false statements being repeated by persons of rank and station, a strong prejudice existed against the Brazilian diamond, although it is now well known to be equal in every respect to its Indian brother. The Dutch, who then farmed the Brazilian diamond-mines from the crown of Portugal, met this trick of trade by another. They dug their diamonds in Brazil, brought them to Holland, and cut them, then sent them to India, from whence they returned to Europe as true Oriental jewels. We may add, that the anticipations of the dealers were not verified in defiance of the great influx from Brazil, and, later still, the discovery of the diamond in the Ural Mountains: the price of that stone is at present as high as ever it was.

ASCENT TO THE BRÊCHE-DE-ROLAND.

I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration when I say, that the ascent to the Brêche-de-Roland is to the Pyrenean range what the passage of the Col de Géant is to the Alps. They are both tough undertakings, requiring sound legs and lungs, with a happy and powerful combination of patience, fortitude, and energy.

The difficulty of ascending to the Brêche-de-Roland does not consist so much in its height—though this is 9537 feet—as in the nature of the ground to be surmounted; and after I had accomplished the feat, I no longer wondered that several persons had given in, and retraced their steps without attaining the Brêche. Before detailing my ascent to this wonderful place, it may be proper to state what it is like. On the flanks of the formidable and gigantic Mont Perdu rises Mont Marboré, from the summit of which stretches to the west a wall of rock from 400 to 600 feet high, in most places absolutely vertical. This huge natural wall forms the crest of the Pyrenees, and divides France from Spain at this part of the chain. In the middle of the natural barrier is a gap, which, when viewed from the French valley of the Gave de Gavernie, appears like a notch made in a jaw by the loss of a single tooth, but which is in reality a magnificent and colossal portal, 134 feet wide and 330 feet high.

Of course, legendary lore is not at fault to account in its own poetical manner for this natural phenomenon. According to that oracle, the Brêche owes its origin to Roland, the brave Paladin, who, mounted on his war-horse, in his hot pursuit of the Moors, clove with one blow of his trusty sword Durandal a passage through this mighty wall; and it must be admitted that the sides of the gap are so smooth, that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that they were fashioned in some such artistical manner. Independently of the Brêche itself, which alone is highly deserving of a visit, the surrounding scenery is of the most imposing and magnificent character, and the whole, therefore, most justly ranks as one of the chief lions of the Pyrenees.

The most usual, and by far the most advantageous starting-place, is the village of Gavarnie, near the Cirque of that name. In my ignorance, however, of the toilsome nature of the excursion, I started from Luz, eighteen miles from Gavarnie, where I was sojourning. Reader, were you ever at Luz? Sweet Luz! with its babbling crystal brook, in which tribes of pigs undergo sanitary ablutions; and its inn, famous for good cookery and active fleas. If you have been there, you will not have forgotten Madame Cazean—a model of a hostess. To her I made my wishes known respecting the ascent to the Brêche, and begged that she would find me a guide.

In Switzerland, at such a place as Luz, surrounded by numerous excursion points of great interest, guides would be abundant; here, however, there are only a few, and these are obliged to pursue the callings of agriculture and hunting to eke out a subsistence. So, when I demanded a guide, Madame Cazean said she would send to the fields for Jaques St Laur, who was the best guide to the Brêche. And indeed if strength of limb and a huge sinewy frame were the chief qualifications for the affair, Jaques, I apprehend, would have stood unrivalled, for I never saw a more sturdy or Titanic mountaineer.

The arrangements were soon made. We were to start at four o'clock in the morning—not a moment later: true to his promise, my burly guide appeared before the hotel door at that hour with two ponies, and in a few minutes we were *en route*. The morning broke gloriously. Peak by peak, the snow-crested first, and successively those beneath, became tinted by the rising sun, while the valleys gave evidence of approaching day by casting off their misty mantles. It makes the old young again, and the young to feel the blood dance yet more briskly through their veins, to breathe such air as wraps the Pyrenees in its balmy folds. The beauties of the valley, or rather gorge, begin at once. Woods, alternating with precipitous rocks, mountain peaks of great altitude and most picturesque forms, tower aloft; while below, the eye rests upon the *gave*, now deliciously green and peaceful, and now worming its way with agonised fury through the gorge. Many cascades of rare beauty streamed down from the summit of the precipices, and we were continually crossing high and narrow bridges suspended over deep gulfs. The box luxuriates in this defile, springing in tree-like proportions from every ledge.

Before reaching Gèdres, which is about half-way to Gavarnie, a fine, though tantalising view of the Brêche is obtained. I gazed at the object of my expedition with anxious eyes, wondering how I was to get to its cloud land amidst the eternal snow-crowned Tours de Marboré; and I longed for the wings of one of the many eagles which sailed majestically overhead, to transport myself thither at once.

At Gèdres the view of the Marboré is lost; but there is an almost overabundance of grand scenery in the mountains that tower to the right and left, and the gorges are filled with foaming cascades and flowers of wondrous beauty. Close to the cascades—so close, that they seem on the point of being swept away—are mills, not much larger than goodly-sized boxes, one above the other, like rows of black beads strung upon the white torrent. These mills are primitive in their construction, closely resembling the old hand-mill; but they grind the corn, and what more could the best mill in Europe do?

Beyond Gèdres, a singularly grand and savage scene presents itself, called the Peyrada or Chaos. It is an *éboulement*, or slip of masses of gneiss which have fallen from great heights; and the ruins are so extensive,

that it seems as if an entire mountain had been shivered to fragments. The path winds in zig-zags through a labyrinth of blocks, among which horse and rider appear like pigmies. The mountains increase in majesty as Gavarnie is approached—the Vignemale with its glaciers to the west; and the Pimène to the east, ranging among the highest. Gavarnie is a poor village, boasting one inn, in humble keeping with the place; poor, however, as it was, I was glad to draw bridle before the door, for we had ridden fast and furious, as my blood-stained spurs evidenced. I was about to dismount and recruit myself with a flask of the best wine, when Jaques peremptorily forbade such a proceeding. There was no time to be lost; a stirrup-cup and on. He, however, dismounted, and went into the house for ice-staffs and *crampons*, which were kept at the inn. Provided with these, and partially refreshed by a glass of very good wine, we hastened on our way. The morning continued most favourable; not a cloud obscured the outline of the mountains, and the snow-crested Marboré towered aloft, strongly pencilled against the deep-blue sky. Wonderful animals are the Pyrenean ponies. Small in stature, and with diminutive limbs, on they go, over ways rough enough to puzzle a goat, rarely pausing to pick their steps, and as rarely stumbling. The path, about half-way between Gavarnie and the Cirque, is carried over the torrent by two terribly narrow planks, without any manner of railing. Over this frail bridge, not three feet wide, my guide, much to my astonishment, rode his pony; and as my *monture* evinced no asinine disinclination to follow, but, on the contrary, evidently regarded the proceeding as nothing extraordinary, I slackened my bridle, pressed my knees a little closer to the saddle, and committed myself to my fate. The torrent rushed at a fearfully giddy rate some twenty feet beneath, and the roar of waters was terrific; but my steed was proof against these things, which would have tried the nerves of a pedestrian tourist, and passed steadily over the narrow causeway as unswervingly as if it had been the broadest highway in France. This was the last feat of our horses; for, after a brisk canter, we dismounted in the arena of the Cirque, and turned the animals to graze, a girl who had accompanied us from Gavarnie engaging to look after them. We had ridden eighteen miles, and I doubt whether the distance was ever accomplished in less time.

To render the first impression of the Cirque or *oule* more impressive, a small projecting wall of rock marks the entry to the gigantic amphitheatre. This passed, the end of the world seems gained: a vast semicircle of rocks rises precipitously to the height of between 1000 and 2000 feet. These gigantic walls are divided into three or four steps or ledges, on each of which rests a glacier, from which stream cascades. That to the left is 1266 feet high, and bears the reputation of being the highest waterfall in Europe. The summit of this wondrous amphitheatre is crowned by everlasting ice and snow, resting on the crests of the Cylindre, so called from its shape, and 10,500 feet high. The base of this fine mountain is embedded in a huge glacier, which gives birth to the high fall. Fit companion to the Cylindre rises the Tours de Marboré, forming a part of Mont Perdu. Not a scrap of vegetation breaks the ruggedness of the vast semicircle of rocks. The floor of the Cirque is an irregular heap of rocks, with the exception of a large heap of snow at the base of the precipices, under which the waters of the cascades run, like the torrents beneath the Swiss glaciers.

It was impossible to take in this sublime spectacle at once, so overpowering were its features; and as we gazed tremblingly at the huge Cirque, I felt as if on the eve of being crushed by its impending walls.

Within a few yards of the most western cascade, the ascent to the Brèche is made. Without a guide, however, the precise spot would be exceedingly difficult to find; and from its forbidding nature, few would be bold enough to make the essay. It is literally a rock-ladder, and is the only locality in the wide sweep of the Cirque affording the means of ascent. The rugged strata, which are here vertical, serve as steps in which one can insert the toes and fingers; but as the guide-book truly says: 'It is as abrupt as the ascent of a ladder, and wide spaces of smooth rock often intervene without any notch or projection offering a foothold. To those who cannot look down a sheer precipice many hundred feet deep without a tendency to giddiness, there is danger in this escalade, as well as in passing over some smooth projecting shoulders of rocks.' The climb is, in truth, most arduous—'bien pénible,' as my guide said. My *chaussure* was sadly against me—thin-soled boots, which doubled under me. Let no one undertake this ascent without being strongly shod.

As we ascended, new wonders were revealed—more precipices, cascades, and glaciers: it was literally alps on alps. The top of the great waterfall was still far above us; and it gave me a very good idea of its altitude, when, after more than an hour's ascent, I found that we were still beneath the level of the glacier from whence it is supplied. About two hours were occupied in ascending the first series of precipices, above which patches of snow are met with. Our course now lay through a kind of vertical gully nearly filled with snow. Up this we scrambled, taking advantage of the hardness of the snow to make it our path. Above us rose tremendous precipices, terminating in jagged peaks, on which my guide with his practised eye discerned a herd of izzards. I saw them remarkably well through my telescope, balanced, like aërial creatures, on the giddy heights, one amongst them evidently acting as sentinel. It was beautiful to witness their wild attitudes, ready, at a moment's warning from their watchful leader, to bound from crag to crag, or descend the awful precipices, where man's foot has never been.

My guide, whose heart was evidently more in the hunting than in his present business, became half wild with excitement at the sight of these izzards. It was the largest herd he had seen that year, and, with many a *sacré*, he bemoaned his fate that he should be without his rifle; though I endeavoured to convince him that there was nothing to regret, as he could not at the same time hunt izzards and conduct me to the Brèche.

We now fairly lost sight of the Cirque, and were in the midst of snow and glaciers which covered a steep, inclined about forty-five degrees. The surmounting of this slope was a most fatiguing affair for me, as the snow was very slippery, and it happened that I retrograded nearly as often as I advanced. This part of the ascent occupied about an hour. My guide now turned to the left, for the purpose of crossing a glacier, the inclination of which is so great that it is the next thing to impossible to ascend it. The passage over this glacier, beyond which lies the Brèche, is by far the most dangerous part of the undertaking. At the place where we encountered it, its breadth may be about four hundred yards; but throughout, its inclination is such that the slightest false step would prove fatal, for beneath are precipices of fearful depth. Here crampons are used. I was fairly exhausted when I came to the edge of this glacier, and despite the protestations of my guide, who declared that there was no time to lose, I threw myself on the snow, and would, had I been left alone, have been asleep in a few moments.

It is customary for the few tourists who visit the Brèche to take two guides, for the purpose of crossing this glacier in safety; and I had cause to regret my ignorance of the practice, for although I trod most cautiously in the notches cut by my guide, yet my limbs were so weak, that when about half-way

across, I stumbled, and for a moment gave myself up for lost. Happily, my guide was sufficiently near to grasp my extended arms, and shouting: 'Prenez garde! prenez garde! Courage! courage!' he sustained me until I recovered my balance. Then it was that I became fully aware of the mistake I had committed in making this excursion without previous training, and I admonished Jaques in future, to give those who desired to scale the Brêche fair warning of the dangers and difficulties attendant upon the undertaking.

My escape was not rendered the less interesting by a story which my guide related to me of an unfortunate traveller, who when his crampon, by some accident, caught his trousers, lost his balance, and there being no friendly hand to arrest him, in an instant sped down the sloping ice with the speed of an avalanche, and was almost instantaneously lost for ever.

It was here that Mr Paris, who was rash enough to attempt ascending to the Brêche without a guide, was obliged to give up the task. 'The sight of this glacier,' he observes, 'was too appalling. I could not summon sufficient resolution to attempt the passage, which was in distance about a quarter of a mile, and wisely, I think, abandoned it. To understand all its terrors, the place must be seen. Once slip, and you are gone for ever, past all human aid: the death is too frightful for contemplation.'

Bracing my shattered nerves for the occasion, I resumed my labour, taking care, however, to hold my guide's hand; and thus moving slowly and cautiously, I had at length the inexpressible satisfaction of achieving the formidable passage of this terrible glacier. The rest of the journey was comparatively easy, though the elevation—above 9000 feet—and the steepness were trying enough. But all sense of fatigue forsook me when the huge portal—the tiny notch as seen from Gèdres—yawned in all its stern magnificence before me. It was a fit reward for all my toil, and I felt that I would have willingly endured even greater sufferings to make acquaintance with such a scene as now met my astonished gaze.

Eager to achieve the crowning feat of my undertaking, I hastened onwards; and with beating heart I soon stood within the jaws of the mighty portal, through which swept the howling wind. A step more, and I was in Spain. Glaciers slope away on each side of the wall; but all along the front of the Brêche, on the French side, the glacier is scooped out into a deep fosse or cavity, by the action of the sun's rays pouring from the south through the opening. A wild world of mountains appeared to the south, those in the foreground covered with snow, and the more distant looming hazily over the plains of Saragossa. And this was Spain!—wondrous land, defying description, and in memory resembling, not realities, but fragments of tremendous dreams. Towards France, the scene is softer. Mountains there are, sky-piled, but there are forests too, the home of wolves

> Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
> Burning for blood; bony, and gaunt, and grim;

and vales of emerald, and silver streams, and gleaming lakes. But how hope to convey anything like a faithful impression of the panorama seen from the Brêche-de-Roland! I will not attempt it, preferring rather to advise the reader, should he not be stricken in years, to see it himself.

My guide produced the contents of his wallet, which, thanks to Madame Cazean's provident forethought, were good and abundant; and having placed the wine-flasks in the ice—there was enough at hand to ice the great Heidelberg tun—I sat down on the ridge of the Brêche, one leg in Spain, the other in France, and my body in amiable neutrality. Oh, the delight of that repast! there never was so tender a fowl, never wine so good! While thus engaged in refreshing exhausted nature, I even forgot that the terrible glacier had to be recrossed, and the steep snow-slopes to be descended.

The day continued faithful to its early morning promise. A bright sun—unfelt, however, at this great elevation—poured down a flood of light on the far-stretching glaciers and snow-fields, on which we discerned izzards, which seemed, when in motion, like points moving in space. These, and a few eagles, were the only living things that met our eye. Fain would I have spent hours here, but my guide was very properly obdurate; and having done great justice to our meal, we prepared to descend. Before leaving the Brêche, where we remained for about an hour and a half, he conducted me to a small cave on the Spanish side between the Brêche and the glacier, where smugglers pass the night, waiting for the early morning hours to descend into France. Desperate work! and desperate must be the men engaged in it. Being considerably recruited in strength, I found the passage of the glacier much less arduous than it was in ascending; and having passed it in safety, we flew down the snow inclines with delightful rapidity, in five minutes clearing ground which cost us an hour to surmount. We reached Gavarnie at seven o'clock, and pausing for half an hour, rode on to Luz, where we arrived as the night closed.

OUR WILD-FRUITS.

Why is it that the wild *flowers* of England have attracted so much attention of late years, whilst the wild *fruits* have been passed over in silence, and allowed to bud and bloom, to ripen their fruit, and to perish, inglorious and unnoticed? It would be difficult to give a reply to this question; I will therefore not attempt it, but rather invite you, my friends, to assist me in removing this reproach from the wild-fruits of our land, and give me a little of your attention whilst we inquire what these are, and where they grow, and examine a little into their structure and uses, as well as into their classification. In doing so, I think we shall find that, though England does not indigenously afford so many or such rich fruits as those which are the products of some other lands, yet that she possesses several kinds which, even in their uncultivated state, are edible, and pleasant to the taste, and some of which form the stocks on which, by budding or grafting, many of the most valuable productions of our gardens and orchards are established. I think that many will be surprised to find, that the list I shall give them of fruits indigenous in England is so long and so respectable. The plum, the cherry, the apple and pear tribes—the raspberry, with its allies—the gooseberry, and currant, red and black—the service-tree, with its pleasant subacid fruit, and the abounding whortleberry and cranberry tribes, which cover immense tracts of our hills with their myrtle-like foliage and pretty heath-like bloom, and produce such harvests of useful fruit freely to whoever will take the trouble of gathering it—are surely treasures not to be despised!

It is true that in the present day, when the constantly increasing importation both of fruit and fruit-trees, together with the wonderful horticultural improvements which are daily taking place, have brought richer and better kinds of fruit more or less within the reach even of our poorest cottagers—when every little valley among the hills is enriched with its beautiful orchards, and every farmhouse and cottage may boast its luscious plum or cherry trees, and its row of bright fruited raspberry or strawberry plants—when all thrifty housewives may, at small expense, have their little store of pleasant jams and jellies made from fruits which used to be beyond the reach of even our island kings, and the 'sedulous bees' located on every homestead present us with their amber

sweets—we can perhaps scarcely appreciate the real importance which must have attached to these now comparatively worthless fruits at a time when the land on which our most populous cities stand was covered by woods and brakes, nay, in many places by thick, tangled forests, or wild and deep morasses. But, even now, these fruits are treasures to the cotter and the child, as we shall see in the course of our discussion; and even to persons of more luxurious habits, several of those that I have named are of value and importance. Let us first look at those which rank under the natural order *Rosaceæ*, under which head we shall find the greatest number of our English fruit-bearing plants. We will give a little botanical sketch of the general characteristics of this order, as elucidatory of what we may hereafter have to say before we proceed to the details of any of its members. The chief of these characteristics are, that in the order *Rosaceæ* the calyx is in most cases formed of five lobes, *with the petals and stamens rising from it*, the latter being generally numerous; the ovaries are several, or solitary, each of one cell, including, in most cases, one ovule or incipient seed—in some cases many—the style being lateral or terminal. Most flowers thus formed produce edible and harmless fruits. Loudon says: 'The ligneous species, which constitute this order, include the finest flowering shrub in the world—the rose—and trees which produce the most useful and agreeable fruit of temperate climates—namely, the apple, pear, plum, cherry, apricot, peach, and nectarine;' and he might have included the medlar and service trees. Now, this vast order is subdivided into several sub-orders on sections, under the first of which are classed all whose fruit is a drupe, of which the plum and cherry are examples. We will then take them first into our consideration, and begin by giving an account of what is the structure of a drupe.

That part of the carpel called the ovary, which encloses the seed, thickens, and changes into a fleshy substance, which, as the fruit matures, softens, and becomes a juicy, and often delicious pulp; this is the part which we eat in the plum, cherry, apricot, peach, and all which we call stone-fruits. The lining of the ovary at the same time extends, and hardens into the stony case which encloses the kernel, which kernel is the young seed enlarged and perfected. All fruits of this formation are called drupes, as those of the apple and pear form are called pomes, and those of the bramble, and some other tribes, berries. Our woods supply us with two sorts of plum, both edible—the sloe, or blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*), and the wild bullace (*P. institia*.) Every one knows the sloe, at least every one who has spent any part of his youth amidst woodland scenes; but as there are some who, having been 'all their life in populous cities pent,' know but little of country delights, for their benefit we will describe the growth and appearance of our plants, as well as their qualities, obvious or hidden. The sloe is more frequently seen as a spiny shrub than as a tree; but when the suckers are removed, and the strength of the plant is all allowed to go into one stem, it forms a highly characteristic small tree. In hedges, it seldom exceeds twenty feet in height, but in woods and parks, it often attains to thirty. The wood is hard, and takes a fine polish, but is apt to crack, and is therefore seldom used, except for the handles of tools, and other such purposes. It throws up very long upright shoots, which make excellent walking-sticks; indeed, more are made from this tree throughout Europe than from any other. The dry branches are valuable in forming hedges, and protection for young trees, as well as for other agricultural purposes. The bark is black, whence its name of blackthorn; the blossoms appear before the leaves, and beautify our hedges with their delicate whiteness during the cold month of March, when few other shrubs send forth their blossoms; and this season is therefore called by country-people 'blackthorn winter.' The leaves form a better substitute for tea than any other European plant; and they have been, and are abundantly used in the adulteration of that commodity. The fruit is a plum about the size of a small filbert, of a dark purple hue, coated with a most exquisite blue bloom. The flesh is of a sharp, bitter acid, yet not unpleasant even when raw; when fully ripe, it makes a tolerable preserve, or pudding, and the juice, when well fermented, makes a wine not unlike new port. The sloe, as well as the cherry, and all other plants of its tribe, contains in it a portion of prussic acid; but the quantity is so minute, that there can be no injury derived from the use of either the leaves or fruit of most species. The common laurel (*Cerasus laurocerasus*) contains it in greater quantity than any other kind, but even of this the berries may be eaten with impunity, and are freely used by gipsies, who both eat them raw and make them into puddings.

The other plum of our wilds is the bullace (*P. institia*), the fruit of which differs from that of the sloe in being larger and less bitter. It is sometimes black, but oftener yellowish and waxy, beautifully tinted with red, and makes better pies and puddings than the sloe, for which purposes it is often sold in the markets. In Provence, where, as in other parts of France, this plum abounds, it is called 'Prune sibanelle,' because, from its sourness, it is impossible to whistle after eating it! The entire plant is used for much the same purposes as the sloe. Old Gerard says, that its leaves are 'good against the swelling of the uvula, the throat, gums, and kernels under the ears, throat, and jaws.' How far modern physicians might agree in this is doubtful; possibly they might class the prescription, as he does some of those of his predecessors, under the head of 'old wives' fables.' Both the plum and cherry send out from their bark a sort of gum, which exudes freely, particularly in old and diseased trees. It was formerly supposed to be sovereign against some diseases. The number of varieties which have been grafted on these wild stocks is very great. So long ago as 1597, Gerard recounts: 'I have threescore sorts in my garden (at Holborn), all strange and rare: there be in other places many more common, and yet yeerely commeth to our hands others not knowne before.' The bark of both kinds of wild plum was formerly much used in medicine, and considered equal to the Peruvian bark in cases of intermittent fever. But we must not forget, in recounting the *uses* of these and other fruits, to take into our consideration the important additions that their free growth affords to the sources of enjoyment and amusement of our youthful population in country districts. 'Snagging' (for sloes are called *snags* in some counties), nutting, blackberry picking, cherry hunting—all in their turn form attractions to the boys and girls in our villages; and many a merry party sallies forth into the woods on a half or whole holiday, with satchel, bag, and basket, to enjoy the fresh air and bright sunshine, and to leap, and jump, and rejoice in all the wild vagaries of youth among the fresh uplands and hills, scrambling over all obstruction—the elder climbing the old trees, and rifling them of their spoil—the younger and less adventurous hooking down the branches, and claiming the right of all they can collect 'by hook or by crook.' But wo to the poor mothers who have to mend the garments in which the onslaught has been made!—wo to the little boy or girl whose mother has not the good sense to discern, in her child's rosy cheeks and bright eyes, a compensation for the rags in the frock or trousers, which is sure to be the consequence of a day spent in harrying the shrubs and briers! But many centuries must our youth have thus 'imbibed both sweet and smart' from yielding to these woodland attractions.

May not we fancy whole herds of our little British or Anglo-Saxon ancestors rushing forth into the almost inaccessible woods which in those days clothed our island, their long sunny hair hanging to the waist—for 'no man was allowed to cut his hair until he had slaine an enemy of his country in the field, or at least taken his armes from him'—clothed in linen, their fair skins disfigured by the blue woad with which they were accustomed to paint themselves, and armed with cross-bows, all as merry, as idle, and as reckless as the children of the present century? We may fancy these little Leowulphs and Siegfrieds, with their admiring little Edgithas and Ediths looking on, whilst they climbed the tall trees with the agility of wild-cats and squirrels, most proud when they could attain the richest and ripest fruit, and but spurred on to greater enthusiasm by the knowledge that wolves and bears were by no means rare visitors in those pristine forests. Or we may picture to ourselves their parents and elders, after a long summer-day spent in hunting the wild-boar, the bear, or the more timid deer, rejoicing to slake their thirst, and refresh themselves with the cool and pleasant, though somewhat crude fruit, of the plum and bullace trees; and in doing so, we may perhaps come nearer to having some just idea of their real worth, and be led to see how graciously God adapts his gifts to the wants and circumstances of his creatures.

The cherry is the next wild fruit which claims our attention, and of this we find two varieties. The first, the gean-tree (*Cerasus sylvestris*), called by the peasants in Suffolk and Cheshire, 'Merry-tree,' from the French word *merisier*, is found in most parts of England in woods and coppices. This fruit is also called in some countries coroon, from *corone*, a crow. Its flowers are in nearly sessile umbels of the purest white; its leaves broadly lance-shaped and downy beneath, pointed and serrated, with two unequal glands at the base. The fruit is a drupe, globose, fleshy, and devoid of bloom. Several varieties occur in this species, differing chiefly in the colour of the fruit, which is, however, usually black. The wood is firm, strong, and heavy. Evelyn includes it in his list of forest-trees, and describes it as rising to a height of eighty feet, and producing valuable timber: he says, 'if sown in proper soil, they will thrive into stately trees, beautified with blossoms of surpassing whiteness, greatly relieving the sedulous bees and attracting birds.' The wood is useful for many purposes, and polishes well. Though the cherry is now classed among the fruits native to this isle, authors inform us that it was introduced by the Romans. Evelyn says: 'It was 680 years after the foundation of Rome ere Italy had tasted a cherry of their own, which being then brought thither out of Pontus, did, after 120 years, travel *ad ultimos Britannos*.' Its name is derived from Kerasoon, the city whence it was first brought into Europe by Lucullus; and so valuable did he consider the acquisition, that he gave it a most conspicuous place among the royal treasures which he brought home from the sacking of the capital of Armenia. The fruit of the gean-tree is rather harsh till fully ripe, and then becomes somewhat vapid and watery, yet it is very grateful to the palate after a day's rambling in the woods; and, moreover, this wild stock is the source whence we have, by culture, obtained the rich varieties which now grace our gardens. The cherry is a very prolific tree. We have heard of one, the fruit of which sold for L.5 per annum for seven successive years; but it requires care in pruning, as it produces its fruit generally at the points of the branches, which should therefore never be shortened. Phillips says: 'Cherries bear the knife worse than any other sort of fruit-trees, and we would therefore impress on the pruner, that though the fruit was won by the sword, it may be lost by the knife!' The other species of cherry is the bird-cherry (*Cerasus padus*), a pretty little smooth-branched tree, with doubly-serrate, acute leaves, and beautiful white blossoms, which grow in long-shaped racemes, hanging in pendulous clusters, and forming an elegant ornament to the hedges and woods in May. It grows chiefly in Scotland and the north of England, where the peasants call the fruit, which is small, black, and harsh, 'hag-berries.' This fruit can scarcely be called edible, but it gives an agreeable flavour to brandy; and in Sweden and other northern countries is sometimes added to home-made wines. There is, or was, a feast celebrated in Hamburg, called the Feast of Cherries, in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a triumph obtained in the following manner:—'In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children in the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as suppliants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young suppliants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying "Victory!"'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

September 1852.

Progress, in one or other of the many forms in which it has of late presented itself, is now the prime subject of talk; and if the progress be real, it would not be easy to find a more satisfactory cause of conversation. Go-ahead people take much interest in the ocean steam-boat question; and now that the Collins line of steamers is supported by a grant from the United States government, double the amount of that paid to the British line, it is said that we are to be irrecoverably beaten in the passage of the 'ferry,' as Jonathan calls it, between Liverpool and New York. Fast sailing is no doubt an essential desideratum in these days—but what a price to pay for it! A quarter of a million on one side the Atlantic, and half a million on the other: as though there were not enterprise enough in either land to undertake the work—and do it well too—without a subsidy. One result may be safely predicated—that the winner will be the first to give in; and the timid may comfort themselves with the assurance, that neither national prosperity nor 'decadence' depends on the issue. A line to run from Liverpool to Portland, in the state of Maine, is in contemplation; and the Cunard Company are building four screw-steamers—the *Andes*, *Alps*, *Jura*, and *Etna*—which are to carry the mails to Chagres, as well as New York.

The first steam-collier has come into the Thames, having run the distance from Newcastle in forty-eight hours. Forty hours, we are told, will suffice in future, when the stiffness of the new machinery shall have worked off. She consumed eight tons of coal on the voyage, and brought 600 tons as cargo, the whole of which was discharged in the day, and the vessel went back for a further supply. Apart from the facilities for loading and unloading, the certainty with which these steamers will make the passage, will benefit the citizens of London, by saving them from the rise in price which inevitably follows the fall of the thermometer in December.

But with all this, our already crowded river is becoming overcrowded, to remedy which a promising project is afoot for a new dock at Plaistow Marshes, a few miles below London Bridge, where a fleet or two of the ever-multiplying ships may find accommodation. The extent is to be ninety acres, with a mile of wharfage,

and nearly 200,000 feet of fireproof warehouse-room. How far this will meet the want, may be inferred from the fact, that the tonnage of the port of London has increased from 990,110 tons in 1828, to 2,170,322 tons in 1852. And if an experience of three years may be relied on, the increase is to be progressive; for of new British-built ships in 1849, the amount was 121,266 tons; in 1850, 137,530 tons; in 1851, 152,563 tons. Such an augmentation shews, that we have nothing to fear from repeal of the Navigation Laws; and the fruits of unrestriction are shewn in the increased size of ships, in their improved external form, and interior accommodation. It may be mentioned here, that the Lords of the Admiralty have ordered that all ships' log-books sent to their department shall be true and faithful copies, with a track-chart of the winds experienced on the outward and homeward voyage, in addition to the usual information. Steam-vessels are to keep a record of the quantity of coal on board at noon each day—of the time it is estimated to last—and of the number of miles steamed in the previous twenty-four hours.

Railways, too, exhibit signs of progress. The gross proceeds of the traffic for the first seven months of 1851 amounted to L.8,254,303, while for the same portion of the present year the sum is L.8,504,002; a result the more striking when it is remembered that last year we had the Exhibition. The new lines opened in 1851 comprised not more than 269 miles—the smallest amount in any year since 1848—so that, at the end of December, we had 6890 miles of railway actually opened, and 5101 miles authorised and still to be made. It is clear that the greater portion of the latter will never be attempted, seeing that people have really found out that railways are not exempt from the operation of the great natural laws of supply and demand. Some of the facts of last year's traffic are astounding: the total number of passengers conveyed was 85,391,095—twelve millions more than in the preceding year; and the aggregate returns amounted to L.14,997,459. What a difference when compared with the sum paid for travel and transport twenty years ago! In the United States, the number of miles of railway actually open is 13,200, which, by the end of 1855, it is expected will be increased to 18,000 or 20,000. There are 27,000 miles of electric telegraphs, but in this estimate the five or six lines between any two places are all counted. On one of the lines from New York to Washington, 253,857 messages were sent in the year ending last July, the toll for which amounted to 103,232 dollars—over L.20,000.

Notwithstanding all this material development, in some respects there is no advance—except it be of fares, which on some lines running out of London have been increased in accordance with 'arrangements' between companies who seem desirous of substituting wholesale monopoly for wholesome competition. Murmurs on every side already attest the effects of such a change of system, and it is to be hoped that imperative means will be found of insuring more attention than at pres[illegible] the comfort and safety of passengers. No one out of the position of a director or shareholder can see any good reason why English railway carriages should be less comfortably fitted up than those of the continent. How is it that second-class carriages are to be seen abroad with stuffed seats and padded backs, and never in England? It cannot be that we do not pay enough for the accommodation. We pay too much—a fact worth remembering with railway amalgamation looming in the future; an event which must not take place without the public coming in demonstrably as third party.

The British Association have met, and gone through their usual r[illegible] of business, with what results—beyond the reports in the public prints—will be best shewn [illegible] movement of science for the next few months. It is always something that knowledge is increased; but whether the accumulating of fact on fact, to the neglect of generalising those facts, be the true means thereunto, remains to be proved. Science has been soaring in search of facts; for the committee appointed to manage the Kew Observatory, thinking that the phenomena of meteorology would answer further questioning, have sent up a balloon, with instruments and observers, to make a series of observations. The temperature was read off from highly sensitive thermometers at each minute during the ascent, so as to ascertain the difference of the heat of successive strata of the atmosphere, and the rate of variation. In the first flight, the party reached the height of 19,500 feet, and came to a temperature of 7 degrees, or 25 degrees below the freezing-point, which, considering the state of the temperature at the surface, was an unexpected result—in fact, an abnormal one; and not dissimilar to that which so much astonished our neighbours across the Channel when Barral and Bixio went up. But if it be abnormal, as is said, it is remarkable that precisely the same temperature was met with at about the same height on the second ascent. Another object was, to bring down specimens of air from different altitudes, for analysis; to try the effect of the actinometer at great elevations; and to note the hygrometric condition. There are to be four ascents, so as, if possible, to obtain something like satisfactory data by repetition; and in due time, detailed reports of the whole of the observations will be made public.

As ozone is at present attracting attention, it might have been worth while to ascertain the proportion of this constituent in the higher regions of the atmosphere. According to Messrs Frémy and Becquerel, the term ozone ought to be abandoned; for, after a series of careful experiments, they have come to the conclusion, 'that there is no real transformation of matter in the production of ozone, but that it is nothing more than 'electrified oxygen,' or oxygen in a particular state of chemical affinity. Further research will perhaps shew us whether they or Schoenbein are in the right. At all events, the inquiry is interesting, particularly at this time, when cholera—to which ozone is antagonistic—is said to be again about to pay us a visit; and seeing that the doctrine of non-contagion, put forth so authoritatively by our General Board of Health, is disputed; and that a certain morbific influence can be conveyed and imparted, is shewn by abundant evidence to be alike probable and possible. What took place lately in Poland is cited as a case in point. Excavations were being made at Lask, near Kalisch, which laid open the cemetery where the bodies of those who died of cholera in 1832 had been buried. All who were engaged in the work died, and the disease spread fatally throughout the neighbourhood. What an important question here remains to be settled! and how is it to be settled while people are unclean and towns undrained?

Astronomers have given good proof of activity during the present year, by the discovery of four new planets and one new comet—two of them by Mr Hind, who has now the merit of having discovered half a dozen of these minor members of our planetary system. Fifty years ago, such an achievement would have made an exalted reputation; but in these days of keen enterprise in science, as well as in commerce, we do not [illegible] finding such little worlds as those in question. If nothing short of the marvellous is to satisfy us, who shall say that even this will not present itself to the far-piercing ken of the new monster telescope—refracting, not reflecting—established on Wandsworth Common, at the cost of an amateur astronomer, for the promotion of the celestial science? Lord Rosse has now a competitor; and with a tube of eighty feet in length, and the power of looking direct at the distant object, may we not hope to [illegible] of great

discoveries by means of the new instrument? Photographers will be able to obtain what has long been a desideratum—a large image of the moon; and the sun will doubtless have to reveal a few more secrets concerning his physical constitution, to say nothing of the remote and mysterious nebulæ. Apropos of the sun, Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, has been questioning the great luminary with philosophical apparatus, to ascertain whether any difference could be detected in the heat from different parts of its surface, and the proportion lost in its passage through the atmosphere. He finds that the equatorial region is the hottest; and that, as on our earth, the temperature diminishes towards the poles: it is in the central region that spots most frequently appear. The result of the investigations is that, after allowing for absorption, the heat which comes to the earth corresponds in amount to that inferred from photometric experiments, whereby the experiments made at Paris and at Rome confirm each other.

Now that Mr Fox Talbot has so praiseworthily given up his patent right to Talbotypes, except in the matter of portraits, the art of photography will find itself stimulated to yet further developments; and with free practice, many new applications of it will be discovered. Magic-lantern slides, for instance, obtained from the negative image, are already lowered in price, while their style and finish are singularly beautiful. The architect of the bridge now being built over the Neva, at St Petersburg, is turning it to account in a very practical manner. Being an Englishman, he has had to endure much jealousy and misrepresentation, and attempts have been made to prejudice the authorities against him. To counteract these designs, he takes every week photographs of the work, which distinctly shew its progress, and these he sends to the emperor, who looks at them in a stereoscope of the largest size, and can thus satisfy himself of the actual condition of the bridge by means which malice or envy would not easily falsify. If the photograph shews finished arches, of what use will it be to deny their existence? People out of Russia may perhaps find it worth while to try the same experiment; and before long, a new order of 'detectives' on elevated stations, will be taking photographs of all that passes in the streets, and pickpockets *in delicto* will find their offence and their likeness imprinted by one and the same process. With such a means of detection, and all the police stations connected by telegraphic wires, what are the thieves to do?

Manchester shews itself earnest in the cause of education, by having established a Free Library of 16,000 volumes for reference, and 5000 for lending, and paid for it by voluntary subscription—L.800 of which was contributed by 20,000 of the working-classes. To their honour be it recorded! But the inhabitants have done yet more; they have made over the library to the town-council, that it may become one of their public institutions, and have agreed to pay a half-penny rate to provide the necessary funds for its perpetual maintenance. May they have their reward!

Considering that educational reform or renovation may erelong be looked for at Oxford, in accordance with the recommendations of the University Commission, it behoves other parts of the kingdom to be fully awake to the importance of the subject. 'There is a spreading conviction, that man was made for a higher purpose than to be a beast of burden, or a creature of sense;' and it will not do to stifle this conviction. Comprehensive endeavours must be made to educate and enlighten; to touch the heart as well as to train the intellect. And it must not be forgotten, that education involves very much besides mere book-learning—the mechanical duties, namely, of everyday life. Something of the latter is to be tried in the City Hospice and Soup-kitchen just opened near the foot of Holborn Hill. Though fitted up in an old house, it is a training institute of a new kind, where individuals of both sexes will acquire useful knowledge in a practical way, best explained by a passage from the report of the opening: 'In one portion of the educational department is an ironing-table, provided with the necessary utensils, for the purpose of instructing the women and girls in that necessary portion of domestic science, from the finest description of work down to the very coarsest. Adjoining this is a table laid out *en famille;* this also being considered, and justly so, no unimportant branch of knowledge. In another portion is a table prepared for a large party: every variety of glass likely to be required being properly placed, and every napkin being differently folded, so as to enable the ambitious neophyte to suit the taste of all mistresses. Beyond this is a small closet, with a window resembling those of an ordinary-sized house; and this the men and women are both taught to clean, while the closet itself serves as a cover for the simple operation of polishing boots and shoes. To this succeeds a table, upon which are placed the utensils for cleaning plate, and on another table the instruments for cleaning lamps.' Such an establishment ought to prosper; and perhaps this one will, if the giving away of soup for nothing, which is another part of its functions, does not kill it. There seems something incongruous in encouraging industry and self-reliance with one hand, and helplessness with the other.

On the whole, it must be admitted that we are making progress, and those who think so, may very properly talk about it. Among a large number, the Crystal Palace becomes daily a greater subject of importance. Soon the last portions of the famous structure will be removed from Hyde Park, to rise in renewed beauty on the hill-slope at Sydenham; where the restored edifice is to become a permanent object of interest, far transcending all previous achievements in the way of exhibitions.

Of foreign matters which have attracted attention, there is the remarkable fall of *grain*, not rain, in Belgium, a few weeks since, of a kind altogether unknown in that country. Some of it has been sown, with a view to judge of it by the plant; meanwhile, the learned are speculating as to its origin. The Dutch, pursuing their steady course of reclamation, have just added some hundreds of acres to their territory on the borders of the Scheldt; and it is said that the grand enterprise of draining the Haarlemmer-Meer is at last completed, there being nothing now left but a small running stream across the lowest part of the basin. The quantity pumped away in the last eight months of 1851, averaged a little over three inches per month, a small amount, apparently; but when it is known, that lowering the lake one inch only took away four million tons of water, we may form a fair idea of the importance of the work, and of the quantity lifted in the eight months. The depth at the beginning of this year was three feet eight inches, and this is now discharged. To have carried such a work to a successful issue, may be ranked among the greatest of engineering triumphs.

To turn to another part of the world: there is something interesting from the Sandwich Islands. The king wishes to assimilate his government to that of England, to guard against the casualty of a *coup d'état*, and a small military force has been organised for defence. The Report of the Minister of the Interior states, that 130 persons had taken the oath of allegiance within the year, of whom 66 were citizens of the United States; 31 British; 15 Chinese; and 18 of other countries. The foreign letters received and sent numbered 24,787—more than half to the United States; besides which 31,050 domestic letters were transmitted among the group of islands. There are 535 free-schools, of which 431 are Protestant, with 12,976 scholars, and 104 Roman Catholic, with 2056 scholars. There were

1171 marriages; and the population returns shew that the number of natives is still slowly on the decrease, the births among them having been 2424, while the deaths were 5792.

ADVENTURES OF A YORKSHIRE GROOM.

Letters from Parma, of the 9th instant, announce that the resolution has been taken at Vienna to deprive the Duke of Parma of the administration of his states, and to put in a regency, of which Ward is to be the head. The elevation of Ward affords not only a singular instance of the mutability of human affairs, but of the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race, when transplanted to foreign countries, to emerge to eminence, and surpass others by the homely but rare qualities of common-sense and unfaltering energy. Ward was a Yorkshire groom. The Duke of Lucca, when on a visit to this country, perceiving the lad's merit, took him into his service, and promoted him, through the several degrees of command in his stable, to be head-groom of the ducal stud. Upon Ward's arrival in Italy with his master, it was soon found that the intelligence which he displayed in the management of the stables was applicable to a variety of other departments. In fact, the duke had such a high opinion of Ward's wisdom, that he very rarely omitted to consult him upon any question that he was perplexed to decide. As Louis XII. used to answer those who applied to him on any business, by referring them to the Cardinal d'Amboise, with the words: 'Ask George,' so Charles of Lucca cut short all applications with 'Go to Ward.' He now became the factotum of the prince, won, in the disturbances which preceded the revolutionary year of 1848, a diplomatic dignity, and was despatched to Florence upon a confidential mission of the highest importance. He was deputed to deliver to the Grand Duke the act of abdication of the Duke of Lucca. Soon after, in 1849, when the Duke of Lucca resigned his other states to his son, Ward became the head counsellor of this prince. Ward was on one occasion despatched to Vienna in a diplomatic capacity. Schwarzenberg was astonished at his capacity; in fact, the *ci-devant* Yorkshire stable-boy was the only one of the diplomatic body that could make head against the impetuous counsels, or rather dictates, of Schwarzenberg; and this was found highly useful by other members of the diplomatic body. An English gentleman, supping one night at the Russian ambassador's, complimented him upon his excellent ham. 'There's a member of our diplomatic corps here,' replied Meyendorff, 'who supplies us all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native.' Ward visited England. The broad dialect and homely phrase betraying his origin through the profusion of orders of all countries sparkling on his breast, he rarely ventured to appear at evening *soirées*. Lord Palmerston declared he was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with. Ward, through all his vicissitudes, has preserved an honest pride in his native country. He does not conceal his humble origin. The portraits of his parents, in their home-spun clothes, appear in his splendid saloon of the prime-minister of Parma.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

DURATION OF PLANTS.

The several kinds of plants vary exceedingly in their degrees of longevity, some being annual, perfecting their growth within a year, ripening their seeds and perishing; others are perennial, and continue to grow and flourish for years and centuries. Warm and cold climates have much influence on the duration of plants, and, in some few instances, plants that are annual in cold climates become perennial when transplanted into warm regions, and the contrary when transplanted from warm to cold ones. There are some kinds of trees that are very short-lived, as the peach and the plum; others reach a great age, as the pear and the apple. Some kinds of forest-trees are remarkable for their duration, and specimens are in existence [illegible] coeval with the date of the present order of things on our globe. The oak, chestnut, and pine of our forests, reach the age of from 300 to 500 years. The cypress or white cedar of our swamps has furnished individuals 800 or 900 years old. Trees are now living in England and Constantinople more than 1000 years old, of the yew, plane, and cypress varieties; and Addison found trees of the boabab growing near the Senegal, in Africa, which, reckoning from the ascertained age of others of the same species, must have been nearly 4000 years of age. It may be remarked, that plants of the same variety attain about the same age in all climates where they are produced.—*American Courier.*

THE RETURN TO LEZAYRE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Lezayre is the name of a beautiful district in the Isle of Man.

I CAME to the place where my childhood had dwelt,
To the hearth where in early devotion I knelt—
The fern and the bramble grew wild in the hall,
And the long grass of summer waved green on the wall:
The roof-tree was fallen, the household had fled,
The garden was ruined, the roses were dead,
The wild bird flew scared from her desolate stone,
And I breathed in the home of my boyhood—alone.

That moment is past, but it left on my heart
A remembrance of sadness which will not depart:
I have wandered afar since that sorrowful day,
I have wept with the mournful, and laughed with the gay;
I have lived with the stranger, and drank of the rills
Which go warbling their music on loftier hills;
But I never forgot, in rejoicing or care,
That mouldering hearth, and those hills of Lezayre.

Yet droop not, my spirit! nor hopelessly mourn
Over ills which the best and the wisest have borne:
Though the greetings of love, and the voices of mirth,
May for ever be hushed in the homesteads of earth;
Though the dreams and the dwellings of childhood decay,
And the friends whom we cherish go hasting away,
No young hopes are scattered, no heart-strings are riven,
No partings are known in the households of Heaven.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 457. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852. Price 1½d.

ROBINSON-CRUSOEISM OF COMMON LIFE.

It is wonderfully exciting to read the adventures of a shipwrecked mariner; to find him cast away on a desert island, destitute of everything that before seemed necessary to his very existence; to see him settling himself down in a strange and untried form of life, substituting one thing for another, doing altogether without some other thing, turning constantly from expedient to expedient, bending to his will the circumstances that seemed his fate, and at length naturalising himself to the place, and living bravely on, truly and literally the Monarch of all he surveys. The avidity with which we drink in such details, seems to depend upon some principle in our nature; for a feeling of the same kind is excited by all other narrations of vicissitude. The picture of calamity would be merely tiresome, were it not for the rebound we expect: we want to see what the unfortunate whose story we follow will *do;* by what steps he will try to reascend, or by what expedients he will make for himself a new world in the depths to which he has fallen. This principle is known to the skilful novelist, and he is the most successful who knows it best. It is to the complete gratification afforded to the mystical sympathy referred to—the sympathy, not with calamity, but with struggle—that Robinson Crusoe owes its distinction as the most universally popular of all works of fiction; for although the facts of the narrative had probably never any actual existence, they are so rendered as to be instinctively received as the component parts of a thing eternally true in nature.

But in actual life the Robinson Crusoes are few, and the shipwrecked mariners many. The mass of castaways, when they find themselves separated from their kind, their comforts, their necessaries, yield, after a few feeble efforts, or without effort at all, to what is called their fate, and die of cold, or hunger, or despair. These multitudes we take no note of. They pass away from the earth like shadows; or, if our eye follows them for a moment till the view is lost in the crowding incidents of life, we look upon them as the victims of unavoidable and irresistible circumstances, and so turn calmly away. But it would be well to examine this notion; to contrast the victims with the vanquishers; to inquire whether the train of circumstances really differed in their several cases; and so to ascertain the share individual character may have had in the result. Let us, by all means, continue to pity the victims, whether we find their bones bleaching in the desert, or stirred on the shore by the tide; but it may be suspected that we ought to pity them less for the hardness of their fate than for the weakness which could not withstand it. A French writer has finely said, that history is the struggle of the human race with destiny. Even so, we think, is the history of individuals.

Look abroad into ordinary life, and examine the condition of its castaways. One finds himself alone in the crowd of mankind, with wind and tide against him, surrounded by influences like evil spirits, the earth dry and famished under his foot, and the heavens black with thunder above his head. He has no experience, little physical strength, only ordinary talent; but he has nerve and will: he can plod when necessary; he can stoop or climb as the time demands; he can cut a new path when he loses the old one; and so, step by step, he goes on—this gallant Crusoe—till he has conquered circumstances and reached a secure shelter. Another man: but here we must speak of crowds and classes, for imbecility affects whole regions of society at once. A certain branch of industry, we shall say—agriculture, handloom weaving, anything—is struck with decay, and its followers thrown out of employment. What course do the unfortunates take? They sit down and curse their day; they appeal to the sympathies of their more successful brethren; they lean idly wherever they can find support; and failing this, they starve in a body, or drift into the workhouses. In such circumstances, men seldom think even of the obvious expedient of changing their locality, far less of changing their employment. They are rooted to the soil like a plant; when the work they have been accustomed to is no longer wanted, they cross their hands; and so they remain, and wither, and despair, and die. Thus when the kelp business was at an end, the Scotch Highlanders sat down in their helpless hunger, till they were swept as with a besom out of the land they cumbered. Yet what Mechi has done for his Tiptree bog on a large scale, with expensive machinery, and hired labour, might have been done by each of them on a small scale, without expense, and with his own labour. A wholesome living might be wrested by determined men from the wildest nook in Scotland, and the sea alone would support a large population. What the people did, however, was merely to pick up such shell-fish as the waves chanced to throw at their feet, and hold out their lean hands for national charity.

As we ascend in society, a similar spectacle presents itself. All trades and professions, without exception, are crowded with once well-doing individuals, who now serve only to cumber the ground, and obstruct the progress of others. Whatever be his reverses, a man seems to think it necessary to abide by his employment and his station, even if he starves in the one, and excites pity or ridicule in the other. He will not see

that he has suffered shipwreck; that he has been thrown into entirely new circumstances; that he must disengage himself from old habits and prejudices, and construct anew his scheme of life. He is one of a tribe, and must stand or fall by his profession and his order. He has lost all perception of his own individuality, and is afraid to take a single step that is not prescribed by custom and example. But, independently of the Robinson Crusoes of the class, many such slaves of conventionalism achieve their freedom while intending only to better their condition. They emigrate to a new country, and find themselves actually in a desert island—an oasis in the wilderness—where it is necessary to work at whatever employment offers the means of subsistence—to resort to all sorts of shifts and expedients, and to submit cheerfully to the deprivation of things they had in former times reckoned necessaries of life. The change is found to be conducive to vigour both of mind and body. The indolent become active, the delicate, strong. Neither the physical nor moral constitution is easily injured, except by the influences of artificial life. A man who dares not sit by an open window for fear of the draught of air, if thrown upon a rock in the sea—exposed for days and nights to all the winds that blow, wet, cold, and starving—sustains no injury. Persons in this situation, or similar ones, have remarked over and over again with astonishment, that they were never in better health in their lives!

The beneficial effect of emigration on the character and habits of the lazzaroni of Ireland, is sufficient to indicate the cause of many of the great evils of social life at home. People will not recognise the fact, that they are castaways of fortune, and require to scramble as well as they can for a subsistence. They like to read of the struggles of the Robinson Crusoes, but never think of imitating them. They have not imagination enough to see the analogy between such positions and their own; and it is not till they actually find themselves in some far-away desert, that the slumbering energies of their character are awakened. Then they have nothing to lean upon but their industry—nothing to look to but their ingenuity. Expedients must take the place of habits; necessity must be their law instead of prescription; the chains of conventionality—as strong among the lowest as among the highest—drop from their limbs, and the man rises up from the ruins of the slave and beggar. This consummation, however, is not the invariable result. Even emigration only increases, although to a large extent, the number of Crusoes; and there is still a portion of the people who drift to and fro as helplessly as sea-weed. But at home, the *bulk* of the people are in this condition; they have no capacity for expedients, which are the stepping-stones of progress. A resolute tradesman, when one thing fails, tries another; when one process is found tedious or expensive, he has recourse to another; and in the same way the whole of society is on the move onward and upward. But the movers are not the mass; they are the stirring spirits of the time, at whose ceaseless work the multitude gaze unreflectingly, grumbling when their own occupation grows scanty, and looking for relief, not to themselves, but to their neighbours, their superiors, their rulers.

Some time ago, a correspondent of ours, struck apparently with the true cause of the evil—the tyranny of conventional feeling—deprecated the emigration of those classes supposed to be the most slavishly subjected to it, without having previously made a trial of their energies. He proposed that every 'genteel' family, before setting their lives and fortune upon the cast, should establish themselves for a time in some solitary district of their own country, remote from the comforts and conveniences of life, and try whether their industry and ingenuity were of an available kind. He seemed to be of opinion that in most cases the experiment would fail, and that thus many an unfortunate expedition into the wildernesses beyond seas would be prevented. We are of the same opinion, only we do not think either the experiment fair or the result desirable. The very atmosphere of our country is pervaded by a conventionalism which, as is proved by what passes every day before our eyes, cannot be counteracted by mere external circumstances. The family in question would feel themselves to be only amateur Crusoes; they would be haunted by the idea, that they were surrounded, at a distance of only a day or two's travel, by the 'genteel' society of which they had formed a part; and, above all, they would have the consciousness perpetually before them, of being able to withdraw from the adventure as soon as they lost heart. This last consideration of itself would be fatal. Nothing rouses energy and strengthens determination so effectually as the knowledge that we are irretrievably committed: the climber of some desperate but possible steep is never safe till the rope is cut beneath him; the crosser of a difficult ford is never sure of completing the feat till he has

> Stept in so far that, should he wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

The family, therefore, might fail in their experiment, and yet be fully adequate to the struggles of actual emigration.

The humanitarians of the day, though full of a fine Crusoe spirit themselves, seem not to recognise its necessity as a general principle. They draw a distinction that has no existence in nature between the classes they design to benefit and themselves, legislating for their protegés in the fashion of a permanent providence. They know that a very large part of the population must labour with their hands for hire—that this is an indispensable condition of all civilised society. They know likewise that the labour-market is necessarily full of vicissitude, that work of particular kinds is constantly shifting its place, now from one street to another, now from one town to another, now from one province to another. It would seem, therefore, to be their cue, to fit the labourer for the changes that are liable to beset the way of life he has chosen, or into which he has been thrown; to imbue him with the noble Crusoe spirit of adventure and expedient; and to leave his hands free to embrace his fortune wherever it may offer. But no such thing. Their grand effort at present appears to be, to chain him to the spot on which he happens to stand, by making him the possessor of some small house, or some small plot of ground. If the labour-market were permanent in its demand, exactly proportioned to the existing numbers, and yet elastic enough to meet the movement of population, this would be an excellent plan; but as it is, it may be doubted whether there is not in a system which restricts the locomotion of the workman, the germ of a great evil, both to the class to which he belongs and to the cause of general progress. It seems to us that this plan, which is now making such rapid strides over the

whole kingdom, is in antagonism with the other great influences that are occupied in developing the character of the age. While railway transit and steam navigation are labouring to break the chains that bound the workman to the locality in which he grew, the various land-investment societies are doing everything in their power to rivet them anew. But this hint must be understood as applied to the system in its general, not special application. There can be no doubt of its admirable effect in multitudes of individual cases: what we disapprove of, is the manner in which it addresses itself to the working-class as a body.

That no external circumstances at home, however terrible or desperate, can struggle successfully, except in a small minority of cases, with the spirit of conventionalism and the inert force of habit, is proved by what is passing around us in society. But it may at least be hoped, that reason is able to exercise a power which appears not to reside in the mechanical pressure of events. The misfortune is, that the calamities of life do not find our minds in a state of preparation to meet them. We have formed no *à priori* theory. We are able to sink, and to suffer—some of us bravely; we are able, when necessary, to 'die like the wolf in silence;' but of manly struggle we are incapable. Now, we have a plan of our own to propose, in which, we think, resides the grand arcanum of social regeneration. Have you guessed it, intelligent reader? It is simply this: *read Robinson Crusoe*. But not as formerly. Do not regard it as a romance. Look upon it as a mirror of human life, in which the fortunes of men—in which your own possible fortunes are figured with photographic truth; and learn from it how to meet, how to resist, how to subdue them. Forget not, when overtaken by heavy misfortunes, that you have suffered shipwreck; and do not fancy, that your desert island is a land flowing with milk and honey. Look at things as they are. Listen to the wind as it moans along the water, and to the sea as it breaks on that dread lee-shore. Remember that your safety depends upon your own courage, your own energy, your own ingenuity. Do not dream that you hear amid the din the voices of friends and comrades, for that is proved by everyday experience to be a delusion: and, above all things, if you be of the station in which conventionalism is strongest, do not fancy that the eyes of genteel people are staring at you through the gloom!

AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Brave old Denmark was sincerely neutral during the great French Revolution; but England, by a very questionable act, seized two Danish frigates—under search-warrants—and towed them to British ports. This arbitrary insult appears to have induced both Denmark and Sweden to join the 'Northern Armed Neutrality,' which they did in the middle of December 1800. Upon this, England embargoed all Danish and Swedish ships in our ports, and seized all, or nearly all, their colonies. Shortly afterwards, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker (commander-in-chief of the fleet), Admiral Lord Nelson, and Admiral Graves, sailed for the Baltic with some forty-seven ships of war. They passed without opposition through the Sound, and the Swedish fleet of seven ships of the line and three frigates, could not, or did not, leave Carlscrona; as to the Russian fleet, it was frozen up; besides which, the demise of the Emperor Paul caused a vacillation in the councils of Russia. The result was, that little Denmark was left unaided to bear the brunt of mighty England's vengeance.

Upon the crown-prince of Denmark—afterwards Frederick VI., one of the best sovereigns that ever swayed a northern sceptre—devolved the management of the nation's affairs; for he had been regent since 1784, in consequence of the mental derangement of Christian VII. The crown-prince was a brave and energetic man, and he made every possible preparation to defend Copenhagen—himself assuming the very responsible post of commander-in-chief. The land defences consisted of the Citadellet Frederikshavn, the Crown Batteries, and if they were as formidable in 1801 as they were when we saw them in 1850, they indeed possessed tremendous powers of destruction—also batteries on the shore of the island of Amak—Amager, as the English call it—which is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow arm of the sea called Kallebostrand. The Danish fleet was moored in the inner harbour, which is a very strong position, as the entrance is defended by booms, and batteries are along its east or seaward side.

On April 1, 1801, the English fleet loomed ominously in the horizon, and it became evident that a fearful combat was close at hand. The crown-prince issued his last orders to Admiral Fisher, the gallant commander of the Danish fleet, and to the officers in command of the several batteries. A terrible day and night was that for the Danes! They knew that with the morrow's sun, many of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, *must* fall; and in case victory should declare on the side of the assailant, they knew not what horrors of war might befall their city. Yet the Danes—as brave and noble a people as any upon earth—yielded not to despair. They bitterly felt the cruel nature of their position, and with characteristic fortitude and unflinching resolution, prepared to meet it. They might be conquered, and their capital given to the flames—they knew that; but undauntedly did they rely on their native bravery, and the justice of their cause; for they believed they were engaged in a struggle of right against might.

At the hour of seven o'clock on this momentous evening of the 1st of April, a 'mess' of sailors on board a Danish ship of the line, the outermost of all in the harbour, had just received, in common with their shipmates, an extra allowance of *brændeviin*—white corn-brandy, somewhat like whisky. They were filled with feelings of high professional pride and confidence, and eagerly pledged one another, with patriotic resolves, to conquer or die in the morrow's conflict. Some tossed off their allowance with national toasts. One man among them held his *brændeviin* untasted until all the others had swallowed theirs. This man was a sailor who had volunteered to serve in the man-o'-war only the previous day. He was a native of Copenhagen, and hitherto had spent his life in the merchant service; but he had offered himself patriotically on this great emergency to fight in his country's cause. There was nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance: he was a sun-burnt, hardy-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, and slight rather than muscular in appearance. Like many of his countrymen, his hair was very light flaxen, and his eyes bright blue. His name was Anton Lundt.

'Come, messmate,' said one of the sailors, 'what is *your* toast?'

Anton Lundt started a little, his lip quivered, and his eyes grew lustrous with hidden emotion. Holding his glass on high, he exclaimed with fervour: 'For Pigen og vort Land—for Rosine og gamle Danmark!' (For the girls and our country—for Rose and

old Denmark!) and drained his *brændeviin* to the last drop.

'Ah!' exclaimed his messmates, 'your sweetheart and your country--no toast can be better than that! Hurrah for Rosine and old Denmark!' Anton Lundt dashed the cuff of his sleeve over his eyes, and turned aside with a glowing heart, and a prayer on his lips.

On the eventful morning of the 2d April—

> ——To battle fierce came forth
> All the might of Denmark's crown,
> And her arms along the deep proudly shone.
> By each gun a lighted brand,
> In a bold determined hand,
> And the prince of all the land
> Led them on.

Nelson was the chief in command of the English ships engaged on this eventful day, for Sir Hyde Parker could not possibly come up with his portion of the fleet, as wind and tide were both dead against him. Of Nelson, then, and his ships, it is that Campbell sings:

> It was ten of April morn by the chime;
> As they drifted on their path,
> There was silence deep as death,
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time.

And well might the boldest hold his breath! It was no ordinary foe that British valour had to contend with, but one of the bravest and most skilful both by sea and land in the whole world. At length the dread signal flew 'along the lofty British line,' and each gun—

> From its adamantine lips,
> Spread a death-shade round the ships,
> Like the hurricane eclipse
> Of the sun.

The appalling roar of a thousand cannon answered on the part of the Danes, and soon the very wind of heaven was stilled by the thundering reverberations of the artillery. We leave the historian to describe minutely the progress of the fight, and turn to the ship of Anton Lundt.

We have already said that this ship was the outermost in the inner harbour, and as the combat deepened, she was exposed to the heavy broadsides of two English seventy-fours. She was moored stem and stern, but her stern moorings were shot away, and she consequently drifted in such a position, that both the English ships poured in an awful fire that raked her fore and aft. In a few minutes, her bowsprit was cut to shivers; her foremast was splintered and tottering; her main-yard broken up; her mizen-mast entirely carried away, and drifting under her counter; her bows riddled with shot; and her upper decks strewn with dead and dying. Only about half a dozen of her guns could be brought to bear, and although the crew made every possible attempt to manœuvre the ship, so as to recover her original position, they entirely failed in doing so; and it was obvious that the unfortunate vessel would soon be a mere floating shambles, if not altogether shattered to pieces, and sent to the bottom.

If a boat could have been sent ashore with a hawser, the ship would speedily have hauled, so as to avoid being raked, and also her own broadside would have been available; but it would have been hopeless to send off a boat, as every yard of intervening water was ploughed up with round and grape shot, and a boat would have been specially aimed at, and sunk before she had gone a couple of lengths. Moreover, every boat in the ship had been staved or knocked to atoms already.

In this horrible crisis, Anton Lundt, who was stationed on the quarter-deck, stepped up to the captain, stripped to the waist, all begrimed with powder, and sprinkled with the blood of his messmates, and said: 'I will leap overboard with a line, and swim ashore to that battery, and then you can bend a hawser to the line; and when we have hauled and secured it ashore, you will heave upon it, and get the ship back to her moorings!' The captain gazed a moment at the intrepid mariner who made such a chivalrous proposal, and then, without a word of reply, sadly shook his head, and significantly pointed to the water, which was all alive with hissing balls.

'I know it, captain,' rejoined the undaunted volunteer; 'but there is a God above all!' Without further parley, Anton seized a coil of small white line, and with the dexterity of a seaman, knotted the end over his neck and beneath one arm, bringing the bight over his shoulder for convenience in swimming. He then slipped off his trousers—the only garment he had on—and took a few loose coils in his hand, his messmates undertaking to attend to the running out of the bight after him. All was the work of a minute; and without pause, he plunged head-foremost into the sea from the taffrail, shouting, as he clave the air: 'For Rosine og gamle Danmark—hurrah!'

He rose some dozen yards or more from the ship's stern, having dived straight for his bourne, which was not more than eighty yards distant at the most. The general surface of the harbour would have been perfectly calm, had it not been for the continuous swells created by the oscillations of the Danish ships, as they rocked to and fro under their heavy broadsides. Just as Anton Lundt emerged, a twenty-four pounder struck the water within a few yards of his back, but ricochetted exactly over his head, merely stunning him for a moment with the spray. He swam straight as an arrow, with the long and powerful strokes of a first-rate swimmer; and occasionally, when the grape and musket shots whistled thick as hailstones around him, he dexterously dived. Thus swimming and diving alternately, he very quickly sped two-thirds of the perilous distance, amid the cheers of his countrymen. At length, however, the nearest English ship observed him, and probably guessed his object; for the marines on her poop fired a close volley at him, and a scream of rage and despair from his messmates arose, when they beheld him wildly throw up his left arm in unmistakable agony, and flounder in what appeared his death-flurry. Then his body rose perpendicularly, till his shoulders were a foot or more clear above the water, and he slowly fell backward, with his head pointing to the Danish battery. Contrary to expectation, he did not sink, however, but floated at full length, with nothing but a portion of his face visible. After a pause, he was observed to be propelling himself with his feet—swimming on his back, in fact—and his messmates on board the ship, and his countrymen at the battery, now cheered louder than ever. Two minutes of breathless suspense followed, and then a dozen hands were stretched forth, and he was lifted up the stony slope that led to the level of the battery. A moment he turned round, and faced towards his ship—his right arm hanging helplessly down by his side, shattered above the elbow by a ball, and his naked body streaming with blood from several wounds—then he waved his left arm in the air, and feebly hurrahing, fell senseless in the arms of the soldiers. By the order of one of their officers, he was immediately conveyed out of further danger. Meanwhile, had victory to the Danish arms depended on poor Anton Lundt's single heroic effort, Denmark would assuredly have triumphed, for his scheme succeeded perfectly. A hawser had been attached to the end of the line aboard the ship, the soldiers promptly hauled it ashore and secured it, and then the man-o'-war was easily hauled out of her critical position.

Let us now briefly glance at the progress of the main battle. It commenced exactly at five minutes

after ten A.M., and in about an hour it was general on both sides. The Danes fought—as they ever have fought, and ever will fight—like worthy descendants of their Scandinavian forefathers, and for awhile the result seemed doubtful. As already mentioned, Sir Hyde Parker could not get to Nelson's aid; and it is related that this excellent man—who was as generous-minded as brave—endured dreadful anxiety on account of Nelson and Graves. In another half hour he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make a signal for the recall of the two subordinate admirals, remarking to his own captain, that if Nelson, whose extraordinary character he well understood, really felt himself in a position to continue the battle with a prospect of ultimate victory, he would heroically disobey the signal.

The signal of recall was accordingly hoisted, just at the time when the fire of the Danes had reached its acme, and it was yet a matter of considerable uncertainty to which side victory would incline. Nelson was swiftly pacing his quarter-deck, moving the stump of his lost arm up and down with excitement, and the balls of the foe whizzed thickly around him, stretching many a brave fellow lifeless at his feet. The splinters flew from the main-mast, which a ball perforated; and then it was that Nelson is said to have smilingly observed: 'Warm work! this day may be the last to any of us at a moment! But, mark you—*I would not be elsewhere for thousands!*'

The lieutenant whose duty it was to attend to the signals, now informed him that No. 39—'Leave off action!'—was hoisted on board the commander-in-chief. Nelson heard this unmoved, and made no reply. A second time the signal-lieutenant reported it to him, and asked if he should answer it in turn. 'No!' was the stern reply; 'but acknowledge it.' He then asked if his own signal for 'close action' was duly flying, and being affirmatively responded to, said: 'Mind you keep it so!' Let us quote the characteristic scene that immediately ensued:—

'"Do you know," said he to Mr Ferguson, "what is shewn on board the commander-in-chief! No. 39!" Mr Ferguson asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging his shoulders, he repeated the words, "Leave off action? Now, —— me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to his own captain, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes!" and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed: "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed: "—— the signal! keep mine flying for closer battle! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!"'

The action continued with increased vigour, for Admiral Graves, probably taking his cue from Nelson, also disobeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal. At one P.M., the fire of the Danes grew weaker, and by degrees it slackened, so that at thirty minutes past two P.M., it had ceased altogether in many parts of their shore defences, and most of their ships struck to the English, although the Crown Batteries, and a few men-o'-war ahead of Nelson's position, still fought with desperation, and fired on the English boats sent off to secure the prizes. Some of the surrendered ships were, in fact, placed between two fires—that of friends and foes, and the unfortunate crews suffered proportionately. Nelson was both angry and grieved at [illegible] immediately went into the stern-gallery, and addressed a world-renowned note to the crown-prince, couched in these words:—

'Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English.'

He sealed this in an unusually formal manner, saying, that 'it was no time to appear hurried.' Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger carried this letter ashore,* with a flag of truce, and delivered it to the crown-prince, at the Sally Port. The latter sent to know the precise meaning of Nelson, and he replied thus:—'Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off the prizes as he shall think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy union between his own most gracious sovereign and his majesty the king of Denmark.'

The immediate result was a total cessation of hostilities, and a most complete victory to the English. When the contest was over, the wounded were gradually collected and removed to the hospitals and private houses of the city—to the latter when their personal friends claimed them. Many of the Danish soldiers and sailors engaged were natives of Copenhagen, or had relatives and dear friends therein, and the scenes that ensued during the afternoon, evening, and night, were heart-rending in the extreme. Parents, wives, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, franticly ran from place to place, alike hoping and dreading to learn certain tidings of the fate of those so dear to them. All Copenhagen was a city of wo and wailing. Everybody had sustained a loss. Mothers and fathers wept for their brave sons killed, wounded, or prisoners; sisters for their brothers; girls for their lovers; the patriot for his poor conquered country and his slaughtered countrymen. Tremendous, in our estimation, was the moral responsibility of the English ministry for 'letting slip the dogs of war' for a slight cause—nay, strictly speaking, for no valid cause whatever. Our firm conviction is, that had England left Denmark to her own honourable instincts, the latter nation would never have given real occasion for an appeal to arms. Even yet more cruel and criminal was the bombardment of the city of Copenhagen itself, only six years subsequently to Nelson's *raid*—for it was nothing better. But they managed matters fifty years ago in a different manner from what the enlightened spirit of the age would now tolerate. No British ministry of the present day would dare or wish to act as did the ruling sachems in the early part of this century.

Anton Lundt—as true a hero as Nelson himself, although incomparably a humbler one—was, as already related, conveyed to the rear of the battery, and his wounds were attended to as well as circumstances would admit. Later in the evening, his father, an old invalid man-o'-war's-man, found him, and had him removed to his own humble home. The poor fellow had never recovered consciousness, and for many long hours he lay moaning, and occasionally struggling convulsively, under his natal roof, and in the same little room where he was born. His aged parents and a few friends wept around him; but there was one other watcher by his side, whose grief, although silent, surpassed theirs. It was his betrothed *Pige*, or sweetheart, Rosine Bœrentzen—she whose image had excited his heroism, she whose name was coupled with Denmark as his battle-cry. She shed not a tear—her anguish was too deep for that—but sat by his lowly pallet,

* One of the grand basso-relievos recently placed on the base of Nelson's Monument, in Trafalgar Square, London, represents Nelson in the act of delivering the letter to the young captain who acted as his aid-de-camp on the occasion. The subjects of the three other relievos are *St Vincent*, *The Nile*, and *Trafalgar*.

supporting his head on her bosom, and wiping away the light foam from his bubbling lips. Ever and anon the dying sailor—for, alas! dying he was—would utter sea-phrases, or affecting words of friendship or of love, yet not even the voice of Rosine, continually murmuring in his ear, could recall him to sensibility.

The midnight hour approached: a medical man had just been in, and departed with the brief but decided assurance that the patient could not possibly survive many minutes. A worthy clergyman was kneeling with the family around the couch, praying to God to receive the parting spirit. In the midst of their supplications, the countenance of Anton Lundt was illumined with a gleam of unearthly triumph, and springing half-upright, he tossed his left arm aloft, and in soul-thrilling tones pealed forth his battle-cry of 'Rosine og gamle Danmark—hurrah!' He then instantly fell back a corpse on the bosom of his betrothed.

In the suburb of Oesterbrö, at Copenhagen, is a naval cemetery, and it generally attracts the eye of the stranger, as it most forcibly did our own, by a number of rough, picturesque fragments of unhewn granite, strewn over the mortal remains of the brave men who fell fighting for old Denmark against Nelson. The simple words, '*Anton Lundt, död 2 April 1801*,' may be seen on one of them.

Rosine Bœrentzen never smiled again. On the first anniversary of the battle, she returned home from the cemetery, where she had been to place a wreath of *immortelles* on the grave of her betrothed, after the fashion of her country, and ere morning dawned, her soul had fled to rejoin her hero in heaven. Peace to the souls of the brave, and of all who loved and were loved of the brave who fell at the Battle of the Baltic!

WHY DOES THE CLOCK KEEP TIME?

A PENDULOUS body vibrates when it is suspended so that the centre of its mass is not placed directly under the point of suspension, because then the alternating influences of weight and velocity are constantly impressing it with motion. Weight carries it down as far as it can go towards the earth's attraction; acquired velocity then carries it onwards; but as the onward movement is constrained to be upward against the direction of the earth's attraction, that force antagonises, and at last arrests it, for velocity flags when it has to drag its load up-hill, and soon gives over the effort. The body swings down-hill with increasing rapidity, because weight and velocity are then both driving it; it swings up-hill with diminishing rapidity, because then weight is pulling it back in opposition to the force of velocity. Weight pulls first this way, then that way; velocity carries first this way, then that way: but the two powers do not act evenly and steadily together; they now combine with, and now oppose each other; now increase their influence together, and now augment and diminish it inversely and alternately; and so the suspended body is tossed backwards and forwards between them, and made to perform its endless dance.

It is related of Galileo, that he once stood watching a swinging lamp, hung from the roof of the cathedral at Pisa, until he convinced himself that it performed its vibratory movement in the same time, whether the vibration was one of wide or of narrow span. This traditionary tale is most probably correct in its main features, for the Newtons and Galileos of all ages do perceive great truths in occurrences that are as commonplace as the fall of an apple, or the disturbance of a hanging lamp. Trifles are full of meaning to them, because their minds are already prepared to arrive at certain conclusions by means of antecedent reflections. Simple and familiar incidents, thus accidentally associated with the history of grand discoveries, are the channels through which the accumulating waters at length descend, rather than the rills which feed the swelling of their floods. The orchard at Woolsthorpe, and the cathedral at Pisa, were outlets of this kind, through which the pent-up tide of gathering knowledge burst. If they had never offered themselves, the laws of universal gravitation and isochronous vibration would still have reached the world.

If the reader will hang up two equal weights upon nearly the same point of suspension, and by means of two strings of exactly the same length, he will have an apparatus at his command that will enable him to see, under even more favourable conditions, what Galileo saw in the cathedral at Pisa. Upon drawing one of them aside one foot from the position of rest, and the other one yard, and then starting them off both together to vibrate backwards and forwards, he will observe, that although the second has a journey of two yards to accomplish, while the first has but a journey of two feet, the two will, nevertheless, come to the end at precisely the same instant. As the weights swing from side to side in successive oscillations, they will always present themselves together at the point which is the middle of their respective arcs. This is what is called isochronous vibration—the passing through unequal arcs in equal periods of time.

At the first glance, this seems a very singular result. The careless observer naturally expects that a weight hung upon a string ought to take longer to move through a long arc than through a short one, if impelled by the same force; but the subject appears in a different light upon more mature reflection, for it is then seen, that the weight which performs the longer journey starts down the steeper declivity, and therefore acquires a greater velocity. A ball does not run down a steep hill and a more gently inclined one at the same pace; neither, therefore, will the suspended weight move down the steeper curve, and the less raised one, at equal rates. The weight which moves the fastest, of necessity gets through more space in a given period than its more leisurely companion does. The equality of the periods in which two weights vibrate, is perfect so long as both the unequal arcs of motion are short ones, when compared with the length of the suspending strings; but even when one of the arcs is five times longer than the other, ten thousand vibrations will be completed before one weight is an entire stride in advance of the other; and even this small amount of difference is destroyed when the arc in which the weights swing is a little flattened from the circular curve.

But there is yet another surprise to be encountered. Hang a weight of a pound upon one of the strings, and a weight of two pounds upon the other, and set them vibrating in arcs of unequal length as before, and still their motions will be found to be isochronous. Unequal weights, as well as equal ones, when hung on equal strings, will swing through arcs of unequal length in equal periods of time. This seeming inconsistency also admits of a satisfactory explanation. It has been stated, that the motion of swinging bodies is caused by the earth's attraction. But what are the facts that are more particularly implied in this statement? What discoveries does the philosophic inquirer make when he looks more narrowly into it? For the sake of familiar

illustration, let it be imagined that a man stands at the top of the Monument of London, with two leaden bullets in his hand, each weighing an ounce, and that he drops these together. They go to the earth, because the earth's mass draws them thither; and since the two bodies exactly resemble each other, and start at the same instant upon their descent, they must of course both strike the pavement beneath simultaneously. There can be no reason why one should get down before the other, for the same influence causes the fall of each. The entire mass of the huge earth attracts each bullet alike, and the bullets, therefore, yield like obedience to the influence, and fall together to the ground.

But now, suppose that the two bullets were to be all at once fused into one, and that this combined mass were then dropped from the top of the Monument as a single bullet, would there then be any reason why the two ounces of lead should make a more rapid descent than they would have made while in separate halves? Clearly not. There is but the same earth to attract, and the same number of particles to be drawn in each case, and therefore the same result must ensue. Each particle still renders its own individual obedience, and makes its own independent fall, although joined cohesively to its neighbours. It is the mass of the attracting body, and not the mass of the attracted body, that determines the velocity with which the latter moves. The greater mass of an attracted body expends its superior power, not in increasing its own rate of motion, but in pulling more energetically against the attracting mass. Every particle of matter when at rest resists any attempt to impress it with motion. The amount of this resistance is called its inertia. When many particles are united together into one body, they not only, therefore, take to that body many points upon which the earth's attraction can tell, but they also carry to it a like quantity of resistance or inertia, which must be overcome before any given extent of motion can be produced. If the earth's force be but just able to make particle 1 of any body go through 200 inches in a second, it will also be but just able to make particles 2, 3, and 4 do the same; consequently, whether those particles be separate or combined together, their rate of travelling will be the same. Hence all bodies descend to the earth with exactly the same velocities, however different their natures may be in the matter of weight, always provided there be no retarding influence to act unequally upon their different bulks and surfaces. It is well known that even a guinea and feather will fall together when the atmospheric resistance is removed from their path.

The reader will now, of course, see that what is true of the motion of free bodies, must also be true of the motion of suspended ones, since the same terrestrial attraction causes both. There is no reason why the two-pound weight in the experiment should vibrate quicker than the one-pound weight, just as there is no reason why a two-ounce bullet should fall quicker than a one-ounce bullet. Here, also, there are only the same number of terrestrial particles to act upon each separate particle of the two unequal weights. Hence it is that the vibrations of unequal weights are isochronous when hung on strings of equal lengths.

Thus far our dealings have been with what has seemed to be a very single-purposed and determined agent. We have hung a weight upon a piece of string and set it swinging, and have then seen it persisting in making the same number of beats in the same period of time, whether we have given it a long journey or a short one to perform; and also whether we have added to or taken from its mass. But now we enter upon altogether new relations with our little neophyte, and find that we have reached the limits of its patience.

Take three pieces of string of unequal lengths—one being one foot long; the second, four feet; and the third, nine feet. Hang them up by one extremity, and attach to each of the other ends a weight. Then start the three weights all off together vibrating, and observe what happens. The several bodies do not now all vibrate in the same times as in the previous experiments. By making the lengths of the strings unequal, we have introduced elements of discord into the company. The weight on the shortest string makes three journeys, and the weight on the next longest string makes two journeys, while the other is loitering through one.

This discrepancy, again, is only what the behaviour of the vibrating masses in the previous experiments should have taught the observer to anticipate. Each of the weights in this new arrangement of the strings, has to swing in the portion of a circle, which, if completed, would have a different dimension from the circles in which the other weights swing. The one on the shortest string swings in the segment of a circle that would be two feet across; the one on the longest string swings in the segment of a circle that would be eighteen feet across. Now, if these two weights be made to vibrate in arcs that shall measure exactly the twelfth part of the entire circumference of their respective circles, then one will go backwards and forwards in a curved line only half a foot long, while the other will move in a line four feet and a half long.

But both these weights, the one going upon the short journey, and the other upon the long, will start down exactly the same inclination or declivity. The reader will see that this must be the case if he will draw two circles on paper round a common centre, the one at the distance of one inch, and the other at the distance of nine inches. Having done this, let him cut a notch out of the paper, extending through both the circles to the centre, and including a twelfth part, or thirty degrees, of each between its converging sides. He will then observe, that the two arcs cut out by the notch are everywhere concentric with each other; therefore, their beginnings and endings are concentric or inclined in exactly the same degree to a perpendicular crossing their centres. These concentric beginnings and endings represent correctly the concentric directions in which the swinging weights commence their downward movements.

Now, since it has been shown that bodies begin to run down equal descents with equal velocities, it follows that the weight on the short string and that on the long string must commence to move down the concentric curves of their respective arcs at an equal rate. But it has been also shewn that the one of these weights has a nine times longer journey to perform than the other; it is clear, therefore, that both cannot accomplish their respective distances in the same time. The weight on the shortest string in reality makes three vibrations, and the weight on the string that is next to this in length makes two vibrations, while the weight on the longest string is occupied about one; and the differences would be as 9, 4, and 1, instead of as 3, 2, 1, but that the weights moving in the longer arcs benefit most from acceleration of velocity. Although all the vibrating bodies begin to move at equal rates, they pass the central positions directly beneath their points of suspension at unequal ones. Those that have been the longest in getting down to these positions, have of necessity increased their paces the most while upon their route.

Suspended weights, then, only vibrate in equal times when hung upon equal strings; but they continue to make vibrations in equal times notwithstanding the diminution of the arcs in which they swing. This was the fact that caught the attention of Galileo; he observed that the vibrations of the lamp slowly died away as the effect of the disturbing force was destroyed bit by bit, but that, nevertheless, the last faint vibration that caught his eye, took the same

apparent time for its performance as the fullest and longest one in the series.

The instrument that has been designated by the learned name of pendulum, is simply a weight of this description placed on the end of a metallic or wooden rod, and hung up in such a way that free sideways motion is permitted. This freedom of motion is generally attained by fixing the top of the rod to a piece of thin, highly elastic steel. A pendulum fitted up after this fashion, will continue in motion, if once started, for many hours. It only stops at last, because the air opposes a slight resistance to its passage, and because the suspending spring is imperfectly elastic. The effects of these two causes combined arrest the vibration at last, but not until they have long accumulated. The weight does not stand still at once, but its arc of vibration grows imperceptibly less and less, until at last there comes a time when the eye cannot tell whether the body is still moving or in absolute repose.

Now, suppose that a careful and patient observer, aware of the exact length of the suspending-rod of a vibrating pendulum, were to set himself down to count how many beats it would make in a given period, he would thenceforward be able to assign a fixed value to each beat, and would consequently have acquired an invariable standard whereby he might estimate short intervals. If he found that his instrument had made exactly 86,400 beats at the end of a mean solar day, and knew that the length of its rod was a trifle more than 39 inches, he would be aware that each beat of such a pendulum might always be taken as the measure of a second. The length of the rod of a pendulum which beats exact seconds in London is 39.13 inches.

But there are few persons who would be willing to go through the tedious operation of counting 86,400 successive vibrations. The invention of a mechanical contrivance that was able to break the monotony of such a task, would be hailed by any one who had to perform it as an invaluable boon. Even a piece of brass with sixty notches upon it, which he might slip through his fingers while noting the swinging body, would enable him to keep his reckoning by sixties instead of units, and so far would afford him considerable relief. But if the notched brass could be turned into a ring, and the pendulum be made to count the notches off for itself, round and round again continuously, registering each revolution as it was completed for future reference, the observer would attain the same result without expending any personal trouble about it. It is this magical conversion of brass and iron into almost intelligent counters of the pendulum's vibrations, that the clock-maker effects by his beautiful mechanism.

In the pendulum clock, the top of the swinging-rod is connected with a curved piece of steel, which dips its teeth-like ends on either hand into notches deeply cut in the edges of a brass wheel. The notched wheel is connected with a train of wheel-work kept moving by the descent of a heavy weight; but it can only move onwards in its revolution under the influence of the weight, as the two ends of the piece of steel are alternately lifted out of the notches by the swaying of the pendulum. The other wheels and pinions of the movement are so arranged that they indicate the number of turns the wheel at the top of the pendulum completes, by means of hands traversing round a dial-plate inscribed with figures and dots.

It is found convenient in practice to make the direct descent of a weight the moving power of the wheel-work, instead of the swinging of the pendulum, for the simple reason, that the excess of its power beyond what is required to overcome the friction of the wheel-work, is then employed in giving a slight push to the pendulum; this push just neutralises the retarding effects before named as inseparable from the presence of air and imperfect means of suspension. The train of wheel-work in a clock, therefore, serves two purposes—it records the number of beats which the pendulum makes, and it keeps that body moving when once started. As far as the activity of the pendulum is concerned, the wheel-work is a recording power, and a preserving power, but not an originating power. If there were no air, and no friction in the apparatus of suspension, the pendulum would continue to go as well without the wheel-work as with it. With the wheel-work it beats as permanently and steadily upon material supports and plunged in a dense atmosphere, as it would if it were hung upon nothing, and were swinging in nothing; and also performs its backward and forward business in solitude and darkness, to the same practical purpose that it would if the eyes of watchful and observant guardians were turned incessantly towards it.

Galileo published his discovery of the isochronous property of the pendulum in 1639. Richard Harris of London took the hint, and connected the pendulum with clock-work movement in 1641. Huyghens subsequently improved the connection, and succeeded in constructing very trustworthy time-keepers, certainly before 1658.

But notwithstanding all that the knowledge and skill of Huyghens could do, his most perfect instruments were still at the mercy of atmospheric changes. It has been said, that the time of a pendulum's vibration depends upon the length of its suspending-rod. This length is measured, not down to the bottom of the weight, but to the centre of its mass. For the weight itself is necessarily a body of considerable dimensions, and in this body some particles must be nearer to, and others further from the point of suspension. Those which are nearest will, of course, in accordance with the principles already explained, have a tendency to make their vibrations in shorter periods; and those which are furthest, in longer periods. But all these particles are bound together firmly by the power of cohesion, and must move connectedly. They, therefore, come to an agreement to move at a mean rate—that is, between the two extremes. The top particles hurry on the middle ones; the bottom particles retard them in a like degree. Consequently, the whole of the weight moves as if its entire mass were concentered in the position of those middle particles; and the exact place of this central position in relation to the point of suspension, becomes the important condition which determines the time in which the instrument swings.

In pendulums of ordinary construction, this relation is by no means an unvarying one—changes of temperature alter the bulk of all kinds of bodies. A metal rod runs up and down under increase and diminution of heat, as certainly as the thread of mercury in the tube of the thermometer does. A hot day, therefore, lengthens the metallic suspending-rod of a pendulum, and carries the centre of its weight to a greater distance from the point of suspension. By this means, the period of each vibration is of necessity lengthened. An increase of temperature to the extent of ten of Fahrenheit's degrees, will make a second's pendulum with a brass rod lose five vibrations in a day. All substances do not, however, suffer the same amount of expansion under like increments of heat. If the rod of the pendulum be made of varnished or black-leaded wood, an addition of ten degrees of heat will not cause it to lose more than one vibration in a day. But even this small irregularity is too vast for the purposes of precise science, and accordingly ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost to find some means of removing the source of inaccuracy, to invent some plan whereby the pendulum may be made sensitive enough to discover and correct its own varying dimensions as different temperatures are brought to bear upon its material.

The first successful attempt to accomplish this useful purpose was made by George Graham in 1715. He replaced the solid weight at the bottom of the rod by a

glass jar containing mercury. The rod he formed of steel of the usual length; and because mercury expands five times more than steel, he fixed the height of the column of mercury in the jar at only 6½ inches. In this arrangement he found that additional heat carried up the mercury in the jar, as much as it carried down the jar by the elongation of the rod. Consequently, the motion of the one perfectly compensated the motion of the other, and the effective centre of the weight always remained at the same precise distance from the top of the rod. By the application of this compensating pendulum, clocks are now constructed that do not vary to the extent of a tenth of a second in a day.

Soon after the invention of Graham's mercurial pendulum, John Harrison—the same clever mechanician who received L.20,000 from government for making a chronometer that went to Jamaica in one year and returned in another with an accumulated error of only 1 minute and 54 seconds—hit upon another means of gaining the same end. He brought a steel rod down from the point of suspension, turned it up into a copper rod of less length; and from the top of this hung the weight. He fixed the lengths of the steel and copper rods, which expand unequally, in such a way that the steel carried the copper down exactly as much as the copper carried the weight up; and thus the centre of the weight was still kept at the same distance from the real point of suspension. Harrison's pendulum is generally seen in somewhat the form of a gridiron, because many parallel bars of copper and steel are used in its construction, for the sake of rendering it firm and unyielding in all its parts.

MAGIC IN INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT in India tells us that a military friend of his, on returning to England, and finding all astir there about mesmerism, writes to him that he had often had much cause to regret that, during his long residence of more than twenty-eight years in India, he was ignorant of the very name or existence of mesmerism; as he could recall to mind many instances of what he then deemed to be native superstitions, on which he now looked very differently, believing them to be the direct effects of mesmeric influence. These instances are daily and hourly exhibited in Indian dwellings, though either passing without notice, or ascribed to other causes. Children in India, especially European children, seldom go to sleep without being subjected to some such influence, either by the ayahs or the attendant bearers; and our military friend says, that he has himself repeatedly, in a few seconds, been the means of tranquillising a fractious, teething child, and throwing it into a profound sleep by the mere exercise of the will, quite ignorant that he was thus using, though in one of its simplest forms, a power at which he laughed heartily when displayed around him in some of its more hidden ramifications. We give the following in his own words:—

I shall now relate a circumstance, proving that the natives of India apply mesmeric power to the removal of diseases with the utmost success. I had in my establishment at Lucknow a *chuprassie*,* who was a martyr to the most deplorable chronic rheumatism. His hands, wrists, knees, and all his joints, were so greatly enlarged, and in a state so painful, that his duties had gradually become merely nominal. One day, he hobbled up, and begged my permission to remain at home for a few days, for the purpose of being cured of his agonising disease. I said: 'Certainly; get cured of your complaint, and let me see you when you return.' In a very few days, perhaps in four or five, to my great astonishment he returned, smiling and joyous, with his limbs as pliant and supple as my own.

'What!' said I, 'are you come back already?'

'Yes, sir, by your favour, I am perfectly cured.'

'What! entirely cured?'

'Yes, sir; perfectly cured.'

'Well, then, tell me what medicine you took.'

'I took no medicine; I called in two women, *zadoo walees* (dealers in magic) from the bazaar, and gave them four pice apiece (about twopence each), and they cured me.'

'But how—what did they do?'

'They put me on a *charpaee* (a low bed), and one sat at each side of me, and both passed their hands over my body so (describing long mesmeric passes), and thus they set me to sleep, and I slept soundly: when I awoke, I was free from rheumatism, and am now perfectly well.'

The master made no investigation of the matter; the man was laughed at, and told to return to his duties, which he continued thenceforth to perform with all his former zeal. Now, this was not regarded by the patient or the other servants as a strange thing, for they took it quite as a matter of course; and there is indeed no reason to doubt, that the natives of India frequently have recourse to *jhar phoonk*, or mesmerism, for the cure of rheumatism; but many interesting things are carefully concealed from the English, because we invariably ridicule or sneer at native customs—a mode of treatment peculiarly distasteful to the inhabitants of the East.

But though willing to make use of these mysterious powers in their beneficent and curative forms, there exist all over Hindostan abundant proofs of the dread of 'zadoo,' or witchcraft, among all classes, Moslems as well as Hindoos, when it appears to threaten them with evil. If a cultivator has transplanted his tobacco or other valuable plant, he collects old cracked earthen cooking-pots, and places a spot of limestone whiting on the well-blackened bottom of each. They are then fixed on stakes driven into the ground, so that the white spots may be seen by all passers-by. This ingenious process is meant to neutralise the influence of the 'evil eye' of the envious. The talismans worn by the natives, said to be always the same, consist of an oblong cylinder, with a couple of rings for a string to pass through to fasten them, and would appear to have been originally impregnated with the electric fluid. Children are invariably provided with such amulets to avert the 'evil eye;' and should any one praise their beauty, the parent spits on the ground, and declares them to be perfect frights.

The inhabitants of the mountainous regions east of Bengal—the Bhooteas, and others—accuse all those of Bengal of being great sorcerers; and when seized with fever in the low malarious tracts, which they must pass through on descending from the mountains and entering that province, for the purpose of bathing in the holy Ganges, or visiting one of the numerous shrines in the plains, the disease is invariably imputed to the incantations of the Bengalees.

> Nor tree, nor plant
> Grows here, but what is fed with magic juice,
> All full of human souls.

Our military friend gives two other instances in which, the effects produced were really and truly mesmeric, though of course ascribed to magic. He vouches for the facts, but leaves every one to form his own opinion:—

The wife of one of my grooms, a robust woman, and the mother of a large family, all living within my grounds, was bitten by a poisonous serpent, most probably a cobra, or coluber maja, and quickly felt the deadly effects of its venom. When the woman's powers were rapidly sinking, the servants came to my wife, to

* Running-footmen, who attend the carriage or palanquin, go messages, carry books or letters, or any light thing they can take in their hands.

request that the civil surgeon of the station might be called in to save her life. He immediately attended, and exerted his utmost skill, but in vain. In the usual time, the woman appeared to be lifeless, and he therefore left her, acknowledging that he could not be of any further service. On his reaching my bungalow, some of my servants stated, that in the neighbourhood a fakir, or wandering mendicant, resided, who could charm away the bites of snakes; and begged, if the doctor had no objection, that they might be permitted to send for him. He answered: 'Yes, of course: if the poor people would feel any consolation by his coming, they could bring him; but the woman is dead.'

After a considerable lapse of time, the magician arrived, and began his magical incantations. I was not present at the scene, but it occurred in my park, within a couple of hundred yards of my bungalow; and I am quite confident that any attempt to use medicines would have been quite useless, as the woman's powers were utterly exhausted, though her body was still warm. The fakir sat down at her side, and began to wave his arm over her body, at the same time muttering a charm; and he continued this process until she awoke from her insensibility, which was within a quarter of an hour.

The last instance we shall give occurred at Bombay. The writer says: On visiting Bombay in 1822, I was greatly diverted by a circumstance told to me by an old friend in the artillery there. He stated that he had had a *kulashee*, or tent-pitcher, in his service for many years; that he was a most faithful and active man; but that he had all of a sudden, and without any visible cause, become very greatly emaciated, feeble, and ghastly. His master had sent him to the hospital, to have the benefit of the skill of the regimental surgeon; but after the lapse of some time, he was sent back, with the intimation that the surgeon could not discover any specific disease, and that he, therefore, could make nothing of his case. On bringing back this information, my friend began to cross-question his servant, who would not at first acknowledge the cause of his disease; but at last, after much persuasion, he candidly avowed to his master, in confidence, that he was labouring under the effect of witchcraft. 'And do you know,' said my friend, 'that the fellow actually believed it himself!' And we both laughed most heartily. His master continued his examination, until the kulashee confessed that a certain Brahmin, officiating at a large tank close to the fortress of Bombay, had threatened him with his revenge, and was now actually eating up his liver, by which process he would shortly be destroyed. 'I will tell you what I did: I no sooner got the Brahmin's name, than I ordered my buggy, and quickly drove down to the tank. On reaching it, I inquired for the magician; and on his arrival, I leaped down, seized him by the arm, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life, now and then roaring out: "I'll teach you to bewitch my kulashee, you villain!" "How dare you injure my servant, you rascal?" and so forth. In a very few minutes, the liver-eating Brahmin declared that he would instantly release the kulashee from the spell; that, on reaching home, I would find him recovered; and ultimately he was perfectly released. And, believe me,' said my friend laughing, 'that the fellow mended from that hour, and is now a capital servant.'

In a series of interesting papers in the *Dublin University Magazine*, called 'Waren, or the Divine Afflatus of the Hindoos,' the writer gives a lengthened description of that strange possession (which he calls *daimoniac*, preferring that word to *demoniac*—the latter being exclusively evil or devilish, while the former implies a superhuman power for good as well as evil), with all its varied manifestations. This faith, if it may be so called, prevails over the whole of Western India, its greatest stronghold being the province of Concan, not far from Bombay. There are three kinds of waren: the hereditary or family waren; the transmitted or tribe waren; and that which is summoned by a variety of spells and incantations, called the village waren; the last being, of course, the most widely spread, as almost every village has a temple dedicated to Devee, the frightful goddess who presides over and is consulted on every calamity, giving her responses in the person of some waren selected for the purpose. In the hereditary and tribe waren, the visitation continues at intervals through life in the person once influenced, and it is always regarded as a proof of divine favour, being seldom exercised but for beneficent purposes. Its approach is made known by sundry sudden changes and tremblings, *and always* by a nodding of the head. After heavings, pantings, gurglings, and moanings, composure returns, and the possessed begins his utterances, and always in the name of some divinity or other waren, speaking of himself as a distinct person, by the name of *Majhen Jhad, my tree*, whom he reproves, admonishes, and advises, in such terms as '*My tree* has broken such a vow'—'If *my tree* acts thus,' &c. This phrase has been variously explained, as the spirit of the root-man or family ancestor, speaking of his descendant waren as *my tree*, or as a simple allusion to his motionless condition.

The hereditary waren is the oracle of the household, as the village waren is of the entire neighbourhood, often usurping the functions of judge and jury, causing sometimes the innocent to suffer for the guilty, but also, by his prophecies, being the means of recovering stolen property. There are many other kinds of waren: a cholera waren, a sanitary waren, a necromantic waren; and so forth. The last named not only discovers the state of affairs of those who die suddenly, or disappear mysteriously, but pretends to raise the dead; and a story is recorded of an impudent impostor, taking advantage of the belief of the people in the identity of the persons thus raised, and personating so well a prince slain in battle some years before, that not only did his brother swear to his identity, but the widow actually threw off her weeds, and went to live with him!

When calamity or pestilence visits a place, the village oracle is consulted as to the cause of the anger of the goddess Devee, and the responses are given forth by her inspired waren, amidst a cloud of incense, strongly reminding us of the oracle of Delphi. When the sins have been pointed out which have caused the particular scourge, some sacrifice is prescribed, chiefly that of goats and cocks; sometimes the inspired waren desires a certain number of goats to be let loose, and driven beyond the boundary, and that he, the incarnation of the evil, will go with them. Of course, the scourge diminishes from that day. Several who have witnessed this practice in India, have been struck with the remarkable analogy it bears to the scape-goat of the Mosaic dispensation, sent into the wilderness burdened with the sins of the congregation.

The word waren signifies a dual possession—the one beneficent, and the other malignant. One curious instance is given of a man speaking *in* the person of Devee, and *of* himself as a third person, saying to a Brahmin: 'You are going to the Concan: take *this fellow* with you. *He* was happy and pure, performing *my* worship, &c.' Under the influence of waren, mild persons have become so infuriated as to die under the visitation; and it is related that, during a procession in honour of the flagellating waren, the infection spread, the waren was propagated through the whole multitude, who became so excited by the beating of drums, tom-toms, horns, great brazen trumpets, and other instruments, that, with dishevelled hair, and backs streaming with blood from their own flagellations, they danced forward with a measured convulsive motion,

bellowing out and shaking their heads; and so terrific was the excitement, that a Portuguese servant who was passing began making the same frantic gestures, and could only be recovered after repeated cuts with the horsewhip—the Hindoos, meanwhile, exulting that their goddess had entered into a Christian! That such powers are made a matter of merchandise follows of course; and, like the woman who brought her master much gain by soothsaying, so there are persons who make a trade of going about with some waren, who is consulted on secret affairs, who foretells the future, and whose utterances are sold for money. Extraordinary instances are also recounted of warens of the necromantic class, especially when they have worldly goods, becoming the dupes of those who foil them with their own weapons, that they may be the more readily despoiled. In the Mahratta country, except in the large towns, there are no physicians; and when simple remedies fail, they say: 'Send for the god,' or magician, just as in the case of our correspondent; and besides the sacrifice of goats and cocks, there is, under the name of religious fasts, a much more telling and significant prescription in the way of regimen.

It were impossible, in a space like ours, to give even an outline of the different species of waren and their strange practices, part of which would seem to be akin to what we call mesmerism and clairvoyance, with the addition of spells and sacrifices. We might write volumes, and search every volume that has been written on the subject, and we could expiscate nothing else than that from the beginning of the world, and we may say in every country in the world, there has been, under different names and forms, a very general belief in some supernatural power walking abroad on the earth, by which, when presuming on its possession, one man may rule over another to his own hurt or benefit, as the case may be. We have as little sympathy with those who pretend to account for everything, and would solve all mysteries by natural causes, as with those who yield implicit belief, and run after every new thing. If such powers are illusive—in their operations they are certainly not always so—and the illusion be mental; if faith be all that is needed, that strong faith which, if able on the one hand to remove mountains, on the other, causes scales to grow on the eyes of the mind, so that a man loses his identity, and is blindly led about by the will of another; or if the result of bodily disease, hysteria, or some other derangement of the nervous system, there still remains enough of mystery to awaken the solemn inquiry of the physician, the psychologist, the Christian, of every thinking man. Contradictions will meet him at every turn. He will find all theories more than usually fallacious. He will see a strictly matter-of-fact person, in seeming health, and of strong mind, so easily acted on as in a few seconds to present the appearance of a doting idiot; and a highly imaginative person, or one driven about by every wind of doctrine, who cannot be touched. He will see the healthy taken, and the sickly left. If, then, it be disease, and whether mental or bodily, such disease and its causes must be latent indeed; and we confess we look for no 'coming man' who is to solve the mystery.

That this power, which we call mesmerism, was also known to the priests of ancient Egypt, is supposed to be proved by carvings on the temples of priests making the passes with their hands, opposite other figures, to produce the sleep; a circumstance which has been recounted as proving a connection between the ancient religion in Egypt, and some unknown faith formerly prevalent in India, at the time the temples of Elephanta, Kennery, and others were built. We greatly admire the philanthropic Major Ludlow, who devoted his energies to the abolishing of the suttee; but whose labours met with very partial success, until, by searching their own Shasters, he discovered that there was a time at which the rite did not exist. A greater than he, however, must arise before the other still more ancient and wide-spread faith can either be explained or abolished.

WHERE DOES LONDON END?

It is not only a well-understood fact, that the Great Metropolis is a sore puzzle to strangers, but even the dwellers therein are wont to give up, in despair, any attempt to define or limit it. What *is* London? There are two causes, or rather two sets of causes, which throw great doubt on the proper answer to this question. The one is the varying acreage or area comprised under this name, and the other is the natural increase of population over every part of the area. Let us shortly glance at both these groups of disturbing causes.

The original London was the nucleus of that which now constitutes the *City* of London. The London of the Britons before the Romans landed, is supposed to have been little other than 'a collection of huts set down on a dry spot in the midst of the marshes;' a forest nearly bounded this spot, at no great distance from the Thames; and a lake or fen existed, *outside* London, at or near the site now occupied by Finsbury Square. The area of London, at this early period, is supposed to have been bounded by—to use their modern designation—Tower Hill on the east, Dowgate Hill on the west, Lombard and Fenchurch Streets on the north, and of course the river on the south—a limited area, certainly, not much exceeding half a mile in length by a quarter in breadth. There are indications that brooks bounded this area on the north and west, and a marsh on the east; but there is no reason to believe that the city had walls. The terrible devastation in the time of Boadicea must have nearly destroyed London, destined to be replaced by one of Roman construction.

The Roman London was evidently of larger size. The ancient city-wall is known to have been of Roman substructure, although surmounted by work of later date. It had many turrets or towers, and seven double-gates, supposed to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Tower Postern-gate; and the streets now named from those gates will serve to mark out the included area. Roman London may be said to lie about sixteen feet below *our* London, over all this area; about two feet being the *débris* of the Roman buildings, and the rest being subsequent accumulations of rubbish, at the rate, say, of a foot in a century. In the later Saxon and Norman times, the western portion of the wall was extended so as to include a somewhat larger area, the utmost limit of London within the walls' being 370 acres.

But London refused to stay within its walls; it walked forth into the country; and even so far back as 1662, London, beyond these limits, was four times as large as that 'within the walls.' Of this exterior portion, 230 acres constituted the 'city without the walls,' subjected to civic jurisdiction by successive grants; it formed a belt nearly around the portion 'within' the walls. These 600 acres, less than a square mile, have ever since constituted the 'city of London,' divided into two portions—'without' and 'within' the walls. There are ninety-eight parishes in the inner portion, and eleven in the outer; but the London which lay beyond the corporate rule had no social or political bounds placed to its extension. There were the ancient city of Westminster and the village of Charing, on the west; and London marched along the Strand to meet them: there were Kensington and Bayswater in the remoter west, and Piccadilly and Oxford Street became links to join them to London; there were Kilburn and Hampstead and Highgate, Newington and Hornsey and Hackney, on the north; and London has travelled along half-a-dozen great roads northward to fraternise with them. So, likewise,

on the east; and so, likewise, crossing the river to the south, do we find this same process to have been active: villages and hamlets have become absorbed into London, by London going to meet them.

If we now ask, Where does London end? it will be found that this ramification perplexes the subject greatly. Who shall say that such or such a hamlet is *not* in London? Who is to draw the line, and where? It was said ten years ago, that the metropolis is a *hundred and forty times* as large as the *city* of London 'within the walls;' but even this is vague, unless we know where the limit is placed. One mode of grouping, adopted before the appointment of the Registrar-General of births, &c., depended on the 'London bills of mortality,' or the record of deaths preserved by the parish-clerks. London, in this sense, included the city within the walls, the city without the walls, Westminster, and about forty out-parishes. Southwark was not included in these bills originally, but became a component part afterwards. The Registrar-General, under the improved modern system, gives an immense range to London; it includes the City, Westminster, Southwark, all the out-parishes of the former system, and the villages or hamlets of Bow, Bromley, Brompton, Camberwell, Chelsea, Deptford, Fulham, Greenwich, Hammersmith, Hatcham, Kensington, Brompton, Marylebone, Paddington, Pancras, Highgate, Stoke-Newington, and Woolwich. It is true, he calls all this the 'metropolis;' but the metropolis is in common parlance identical with 'London.'

The population returns are not even a correct test in this matter, for they include different districts at different times. In 1821, of the eighteen villages or hamlets named above, only five were included in the 'metropolis;' and in 1831, there were two additional. The metropolitan population in 1841, in comparison with that of 1831, differs by no less than 200,000 on this mere question of nomenclature alone, independent of real increase on other grounds. The poor-law grouping differs again from that of the Registrar-General; the metropolis, or the 'London division,' does not include so many of the marginal parishes as the Registrar's system. Again, the Post-office arrangement is independent of all the others; for it is based upon taking St Paul's as a centre, and drawing circles around this at a definite number of miles' radius; and the metropolis is thus made expansible on geometrical principles. Then the parliamentary limit is *sui generis*; for the metropolis here comprises the City of London, the city of Westminster, the borough of Southwark, and the five modern boroughs of Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Greenwich, and Lambeth—a very capricious limit, truly; for while it includes the far east at Woolwich, it excludes Pimlico, Brompton, and a vast adjoining area. Lastly, to give one more mesh to this net, we find the police metropolis to be the most grasping of all: by the original act of 1829, the metropolis is made to fill a circle twenty-four miles in diameter, having Charing Cross in its centre; while in 1840, this circle was coolly stretched to a diameter of thirty miles.

When a reader, therefore, is told of the vast increase of population in London, let him sober down his astonishment until he knows which (among half-a-dozen different Londons) is the one alluded to. As 'our own country' may be taken to mean England only, or England and Wales, or Great Britain, or the United Kingdom, or the British Empire, in five different degrees of largeness, so may 'our metropolis' have at least as many significations. Tables of metropolitan population have been issued in the following form:—1750, 676,250; 1801, 900,000; 1811, 1,050,000; 1821, 1,274,800; 1831, 1,471,941; 1841, 1,873,676; 1851, about 2,250,000. But this table is subject to the correction above hinted at. Nearly a century ago, Maitland said: 'This ancient city has engulfed one city, one borough, and forty-three villages.' A formidable addition has since been made to this 'engulfed' family. So enigmatical is this metropolis of ours, that it would be equally true to state that 'London is rapidly increasing in population,' and that 'London is slowly decreasing in population.' The metropolis, as a whole, yearly increases its numbers; but the *City*, the original London, is less populous now than a century ago, on account of the streets having been widened, and many small dwelling-houses removed, to make way for large commercial establishments, the managers and clerks of which almost all sleep out of London.

If we glance over a map of London, or, still better, take a resolute series of omnibus-rides or foot-rambles, we shall find ourselves as little able as before to settle the question, 'Where does London end?' That huge mass of small streets and poor houses, comprising the borough of the Tower Hamlets, allows us no rest till we get three miles eastward of St Paul's. Beyond this point, there are a few patches of Bow Common yet left; but Poplar and Blackwall, Bromley and Bow, tell us to go yet further eastward to the river Lea; and even West Ham and Stratford, though on the Essex side of the Lea, seem to claim a metropolitan position. Again, passing over Victoria Park—that pleasant oasis in a desert of houses—and bending round towards the north, we may ask where are the fields; and may wait until 'echo answers, Where.' Hackney and Homerton, Clapton and Dalston, Shacklewell and Newington, not only have the houses ranged themselves closely along the main roads to these villages, but have filled up nearly all the vacant ground between those roads. Is Tottenham to be included in our London; and if not, why not? And at Highgate and Hampstead, as the rows of houses have ascended these hills, and climbed over the hills, why stop there? why not send London still further out of town? Look at the new town springing up around the Camden Station; at the Portland Town westward of Regent's Park; at the Westbourne Town far beyond the Paddington terminus; at the new town west of Kensington; at the vast mass of buildings between Kensington and the Thames—all these are the mere filling up of the districts which had before been marked out by the great roads; and the great roads themselves are carrying out their rows of houses still further into what we may, in courtesy, designate 'the fields.'

So it is on the south side of the river. Of the 13,000 vehicles which cross London Bridge in twelve hours on an average summer day, an immense number is employed in conveying 'City men' to and from their homes on the south of the Thames. Walworth, Camberwell, Kennington, and Brixton were once on the border region between town and country; nay, the city really *did* reach the country there; but now, all these belong to London. A bit of green at Kennington is, by good-luck, to be kept green as a people's park; but nearly all else has become brick and mortar; the City man has to go further to get a pleasant house and a good garden, and *we* have to go further to ascertain—where does London end?

Among many curious proofs of the wide grasp of the all-absorbing metropolis, we may adduce the horror of the Pentonvillians at the proposed new cattle-market. How many years ago is it since Copenhagen Fields were almost beyond the regions of civilisation, known only as a prairie lying between London and the Copenhagen Tea-gardens? Let any one, whose knowledge of the district goes back fifteen or twenty years, answer this question. But now, Copenhagen House itself is brought within the limits of London, by rows of goodly houses belting it in on the north; and the gentilities of the new town are shocked at the threatened advent of bullocks and sheep.

If we look into the stupendous *London Directory*, it

does not remove our troubles; it gives us the names of nearly 7000 streets, places, roads, squares, circuses, crescents, quadrants, rows, hills, lanes, yards, buildings, courts, alleys, gardens, greens, mews, terraces, and walks, but it does not tell us how far the suburbs are included, nor what are the principles which determine the inclusion or exclusion.

In short, we began by asking a question, and must end by leaving it unanswered. Although tolerably familiar with London, we cannot tell—'Where does London end?'

EDUCATED SKILL.

It is well known, that in the manufacture or preparation of most articles in the arts, the main cost lies in the judicious application of skilled labour. The value of the raw material is usually of comparative small amount. A pound's worth of iron makes six hundred pounds' worth of penknives; and cotton, which in the state of gingham may be bought at 3d. per yard, is sold for the same weight as gold in threads for Brussels lace.

It is therefore obvious, that the great advantage of cheap raw material is in the rude stages of manufactures, or when our skill in production is not inferior to that possessed by our neighbours. In a manufacture in which the cost of the finished article is several hundred times the price of the materials used to make it, it is skill, and not the original cost of the material, that determines successful competition.

We find that all European nations except England, have accepted this fact as a principle of state, and have founded schools and colleges to train their industrial population in the knowledge of art and science, which are the only true foundations of practical skill in an advanced stage of civilisation. In fact, we in this country have for some years seen this truth, so far as art is involved, and have established Schools of Design; but we have forgotten that art in industry is chiefly used to adorn the productions of science, and have neglected the latter. What circumstances have happened in the last few years in the history of the world, that compel an allusion to this neglect in a speech from the throne?

The marking features of our age are the great economy of time, and the practical abbreviation of space. Coal and iron are now transported by other means than by slow-going trains or coast-hugging luggers. Iron horses, which feed on coal and drink only water, go screaming over the country at a gigantic pace, dragging with them the whole produce of coal-mines and ironworks. Marine monsters, related to these, plough the ocean, and scatter our natural riches over the world, receiving in exchange the produce of other climes. The earth is bound round by chains, which render geographical distribution arbitrary distinctions, and enable thought to be reciprocated without being arrested by distance in space. Blind must be the nation that does not see in all this an alteration of conditions, which introduce new elements into the competition of industry. The changes may be summed up in the remark, that as improved locomotion distributes raw material to all lands at a very slightly increased cost for the transit, manufacturing competition among nations is resolved into a race for intellectual pre-eminence.

This truth is less likely to be speedily acknowledged by us, because if our native science languishes, we have yet capital to import it; and we do not see that this is only accelerating our overthrow. But the relative influence of abundance in raw material, and the application of science to its development, may be seen by an illustration from a barbarous country, in which the former is plentiful, and the latter is beginning to shine on it by means of an enlightened prince.

Siam, as our readers know, is an important kingdom situated between the Burman Empire on the one hand, and Cochin-China on the other. It abounds in natural resources, but exports only sugar, spices, drugs, and lead, and these only in comparatively small quantity; yet it has gold enough to make pavements for the sacred white elephants, and to throw down into the unfathomed abyss in the Cavern of the Sun. Of antimony, there are stores sufficient to render lustrous the eyes of the black-teethed beauties of Siam; while silver, iron, copper, lead, and fuel, are known to abound in these favoured regions. Yet with all these local advantages, it is nearly certain that we could, in spite of the distance, successfully compete with the productions of copper and iron in their own markets, because we have applied science to their extraction and preparation.

Siam, like nations nearer home, is very proud of its own industry, and of its position among the states of the earth; and it may well be, seeing that its king is hereditary lord of the stars, and gives them permission to move in their orbits. The presumptive heir to the stars thought one day he would like to know what Europeans believed of his celestial powers, so he studied mathematics and astronomy from English books, afterwards extending his knowledge to navigation, to the natural sciences, and to English literature. Prince Chow Faa, who has, since April 1851, succeeded his sensual and ignorant brother, under the new appellation of King Somdet Phra Chom Klow, found his knowledge of science thus acquired a prodigious power in the improvement of his future terrestrial kingdom, although his celestial possessions vanished at the same time. Like Prince Henry of Portugal, the Siamese prince believed that the only princely talent worth cultivating, was 'the talent to do good;' and under his mental vigour, this distant kingdom began to develop in a wonderful manner. Like Peter the Great, he founded dockyards, and built ships of war equal to first-class English vessels, navigating them, not by eyes painted in front, as of old, but by chronometers and Greenwich tables. He introduced European discipline into the army, and taught it how to use artillery. He obtained miners of talent to examine into his mines, and the mode of working in them; but in his reforms he awakened the jealousy of the king and of the priesthood, and for the last few years has been obliged to conceal his talents and good designs under the yellow garb of a priest, which he threw off in the April of last year, a few days previous to the opening of our Great Exhibition.

In this case of a semi-barbarous nation, we see clearly that knowledge is power, and more surely is it so with regard to competing civilised nations. We, too, have a prince highly educated in science and in art, who is endeavouring to impress upon his nation the benefits of science. At the same time that the Siamese prince threw off the yellow robe of superstition and ignorance, the prince of this country invited all nations to throw off their robes of prejudice and vanity, and, in his own words, to commence at 'this new starting-point, from which all nations will be able to direct their future exertions.' It was a capital idea to make each nation the judge of its own position, by shewing to what point other states had attained. Our thinking men—our Brewsters, Herschels, Babbages, and a host of others—have declared that our deficiencies arise from neglecting science in its application to industry; and the general feeling of the public has ratified this judgment by their consent. In another article, we will allude to the means of accomplishing this want; but in the meanwhile may conclude by drawing attention to a couple of sentences uttered on a late occasion by Prince Albert:—'Man's reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and by making these laws his standard of action, to

conquer nature to his use—himself a divine instrument. Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge; art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance with them.'

ENGLAND'S FIRST COLONY.

Where did England plant her first colony? 'Why, in North America, to be sure,' says a transatlantic cousin: 'on those shores to which our fathers resorted during the seventeenth century, for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and where they laid the foundation of those States whose wealth and power are now the wonder of the world.' Stay, Cousin Jonathan, not so fast. 'We reckon' that England made an experiment in colonisation some 250 years earlier than that, and one no less demonstrative of the enterprise and hardihood of our ancestors. There was a spot nearer home, the stronghold of a nest of pirates, who were to England such an annoyance as the corsairs of Algiers proved in later times to Southern Europe; and our monarch, provoked by their numerous and daring outrages, and carrying with him the enthusiastic concurrence of his people, resolved to dispossess them. Crossing the water in person, with 738 vessels of war, and a numerous army, he invested the place both by sea and land; and finding that it could not be taken by storm, he sat patiently down for nearly eleven months outside the walls, till the inhabitants were starved into a surrender. But every reader of history is familiar with the siege of Calais, so gallantly prosecuted by the English under Edward III., so gallantly endured by the French under Sir John de Vienne.

As soon as the keys were surrendered, the town was cleared not only of the soldiery, but of all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, the king's determination being to repeople it entirely with English. 'Thus all manner of people,' says a historian of 1688, 'were turned out of the town, except one priest, and two other ancient men, who understood the customs, laws, and ordinances of the place, and how to point out and assign the lands that lay about, as well as the several inheritances, as they had been divided before. And when all things were duly prepared for the king's reception, he mounted his war-horse, and rode into Calais with a triumphant clamour of trumpets, clarions, and tabours;' the drum now sounding for the first time on French ground. The great lords, who, with their feudal retinues, had assisted in the siege, were rewarded with gifts of 'many fair houses' and lands, that through their tenantry and retainers they might assist in defending the new colony. Abundant encouragement was also given for the emigration of the stout men of Kent, and the substantial citizens of London, with their families. The streets and principal buildings received English names, and the borough was organised in unison with English feeling, being governed by a mayor and corporation. Thus commenced in August 1347 England's first colony, which in due time was represented in the home parliament by two members of the House of Commons.

The English Pale, as this settlement was called, had a seaboard extending about eight leagues, while it stretched some three leagues into the interior. Within this space, a considerable population was located, not only much more numerous than in the present day, but including a much greater number of trades-people dealing in articles of luxury, as we infer from some records of Henry VIII.'s expenditure, which include, for instance, dealings with five different jewellers. There is still existing at Calais a curious chart, dated 1460, containing a minute specification of the roads, farm-steads, mills, quarries, and bulwarks, as they then existed. Here are 'English Street,' 'Knight Street,' 'Evelyne's Waye,' 'Ye waye from Marck to St Peter's,' and 'Ye new main Bank.' Many of the larger country dwellings, which are rudely depicted, appear more like rustic fortalices than farmhouses of our day. Numerous towers, marked as 'bulwarks,' seem to have commanded the boundary and other more exposed parts of the Pale. The only road across the 'marishes' on the south and south-west was commanded by Fort Niculay—then called Newlandbridge—a place of great importance, originally built in an extensive morass, and furnished with sluice-gates to the sea, which enabled its holders to flood the surrounding country at will. Not only the fortifications then existing, but those which succeeded them in later times, are now in ruin; but the curious traveller finds remains enough to repay a stroll among the grass-covered bastions.

In the town, we find Castle Street, Duke Street, Hill Street, Shoe Lane, and Love Lane—names which smack unmistakably of the island home of John Gibbons, Hugh Giles, Richard Gilbert, and other colonial householders, whose names appear on a still existing rent-roll.

Though the English monarch was instigated to the capture and colonisation of Calais mainly with a view to dislodge the pirates, who issued from its fastnesses and harassed our navigation, yet he very soon learned to appreciate the possession of such a frontier port and fortress as a depôt for purposes of aggression, as well as a means of maritime protection. Moreover, it was afterwards perceived, that immense gain would accrue to the Exchequer from the maintenance of this station as a port of *entrée* into the Netherlands for English manufactures; and though at a day when knight-errantry was infinitely more in vogue than commercial enterprise, these interests were carefully studied, so that the conquest of a small piratical town was turned to vastly better account than had been anticipated.

The preservation of a settlement so important, and yet surrounded by an inveterately hostile people, demanded no ordinary vigilance. The keeping of it was accordingly always committed to one of the most trusty of the English barons, with the title of lord-deputy, and the command of a sufficient garrison; while no expense was spared on the works necessary for its maintenance. There were stringent laws for the daily opening and closing of the gates, which were superintended by a knight or master-porter, and a gentleman-porter, with a staff of subordinates. The lord-deputy himself received the keys every evening, and delivered them in the morning to the knight-porter, with orders as to the number of gates to be opened for the day. This was done as soon as the first watch-bell had tolled three times, and the guard turned out. During the time of dinner, which was an hour before noon, the gates were invariably closed, and the keys again delivered to the lord-deputy, by whom they were 'hidden in a safe place, known only to himself.' When the meal was ended, and business resumed, they were reopened with the same ceremony as in the morning; and at four o'clock P.M., they were shut for the night. Except by special order of the deputy, none but the Lanthorn Gate was opened during the herring season. There were strict regulations also with regard to strangers lodging in the town; the keepers of hostelries and lodging-houses being sworn

to make a daily report of the number and quality of their guests. The French, by the way, have deemed it proper to maintain this custom of the place, despite the lapse of four centuries since its peculiar position rendered such espionage a necessary precaution.

During the 200 years that we boasted the possession of Calais, it was often the scene of courtly festivities on a magnificent scale—oftener, perhaps, than any other spot under English dominion, except the metropolis. We need scarcely remind the reader of the marriage of Richard II. with the youthful Isabella of Valois in the church of St Nicholas, a fête which cost the English monarch 300,000 marks; nor the rendezvous of Henry VIII. and Francis I., called the Field of the Cloth of Gold from the sumptuousness of the royal pavilions, and other accessories, the preparation of which employed above 2000 English artificers. We have before us a collection of annals,* recently published, chiefly from rare and ancient documents, and affording such details of the 'fashionable arrivals' here as give us a high idea of what this our first colony was capable of doing in its palmy days.

There landed, for instance, on the 8th of May 1500, Henry VII., accompanied by his queen, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Surrey and Essex, with several other noblemen. Closely following, came the Earl of Suffolk, with an immense retinue of esquires, gentlemen, and yeomen; the Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Ormond, with seven other noblemen and gentlemen of rank; and in the following month, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Devonshire, Sir John Wyngfielde, and their retinues, to assist at a magnificent banquet given by Henry to the Archduke Philip of Burgundy. Nothing, as our annalist observes, but numbers, real names, and dates, can effectually enable the reader to form a notion of the state, 350 years ago, of this at present trist and unimportant frontier town. And even with these authentic data before us, it appears surprising how such a host of nobility, with their numerous retainers, should have been adequately lodged within the walls of Calais, on viewing the existing proportions of the town. The banquet was given at St Peter's, just without the walls—for it seems not to have been the mode to invite continental guests to 'walk inside'—the fine old parish church being partitioned off into various apartments for the guests, and richly hung with arras and cloth of gold.

'Our Lady's Chapel was set apart for the archduke's chamber, the walls being hung with arras representing the story of Ahasuerus and Esther, and the floor laid with carpets strewed with roses, lavender, and other sweet herbs. Another compartment of the church was hung with tapestry, representing the siege of Troy; the walls of the choir being covered with blue cloth, emblazoned with *fleurs-de-luce*. The vestry was hung with "red sarsenet, most richly beseen;" whilst the belfry was ordained for the offices of the pantry, confectionary, and cellar. There "lacked neither venison, cream, spice-cakes, strawberries, or wafers," as the chronicler expresses it; an English fat ox of which "poudered and lesed;" an immense number of aged kids and venison-pastics were consumed, besides of one plenty of divers sorts of wine, and two hogs- from which hippocrass." Seven horse-loads of cherries have im[illegible]en, besides "pypyns, grengenges, and other in the a[illegible]." The plenty was such, that the guests and [illegible]ainers could not consume all the viands the could b[illegible], wherefore the king ordered a second feast for the bla[illegible]sauts, on the one following.'

With[illegible] of the largest of the apartments formed in the c[illegible]ch of St Pierre, was appropriated as the guest-le[illegible]nber, in which Philip dined with Henry and his queen, the party eating off 'gold and silver vessels of goodly fashion,' and pledging each other in 'cuppes and flagons of golde, garnyshed with perculles, rosys, and white hearts, in gemmes.' After dinner, the archduke 'daunced with the English ladyes,' then took leave of the king and queen, and rode the same evening to Gravelines.

Among the august personages who sojourned at Calais in days of yore, none excelled the gorgeous priest, Cardinal Wolsey, in the display of pomp, or in the number and quality of his retinue. On the 11th July 1527, his landing *en route* to Boulogne was attended by the Earl of Derby, the Bishops of London and Dublin; the Lords Monteagle and Harrowdew, with a staff of knights, secretaries, physicians, gentlemen-ushers, officers of the household, gentlemen of the chapel, and other retainers; the legate's train of attendants alone requiring 900 horses. But at the same time came the pope's nuncios, the French king's ambassadors, and the captain of Boulogne, 'with a goodlie companie,' to welcome him. On the occasion of a previous visit, he brought over 12 chaplains, 50 gentlemen, 238 servants, and 150 horses.

The Harleian and Cottonian Manuscripts are rich in interesting details of another fashionable arrival at Calais—that of Anne of Cleves, on her way to England to be united in marriage to Henry VIII. Her train was composed of 263 persons, including the Earls of Oversteyn and Roussenbergh, with their 'gentlemen, ladies, pages, officers, and servants.' The Lord High Admiral of England came over expressly to take command of the vessel destined to convey the bride across the Channel. Accompanied by the lord-deputy of Calais, and a numerous retinue, he went forth to meet the *fiancée* on her way from Gravelines. His dress, and that of his attendants, is recorded for our gratification:—'For he was apparelled in a coat of purple velvet, cut in cloth of gold, and tied with aigulets and trefoils of gold to the number of four hundred. Baldriewise, he wore a chain of strange fashion, to which was suspended a whistle of gold, set with precious stones of great value. The admiral's train consisted of thirty gentlemen of the king's household, apparelled with massive chains. Besides these, he had a great number of gentlemen of his own suite, in blue velvet and crimson satin, as well as the mariners of his ship, in satin of Bruges (blue), both coats and slops of the same colour—his yeomen being clad in blue damask.' A foul wind detained the lady here for fifteen days, 'during which time, in order to afford her recreation, jousts and banquets were got up by the authorities.' The simplicity with which our gracious Queen travels from the Isle of Wight to Aberdeenshire, or takes a trip across the Channel to see her uncle Leopold, makes us almost forget that such gorgeous state attended every step of royalty in the olden time. Glance we now a moment at the commercial aspect of Calais during the English occupancy.

The Staple-Hall or Wool Staple (now called the Cour de Guise) built by letters-patent from Richard II., dated 1389, was a singular combination of palace and market, exchequer and cloth-hall; the seat alike of royalty and trade; for here our English monarchs often lodged, and within these precincts our ancestors established their seat of custom, beneath the royal eye and roof-tree. Hither were not only the 'merchauntes and occupiers of all manner of wares and merchandizes' in England, but the 'merchauntes straungers' of the Low Countries invited by proclamation to resort and repair, from time to time, there to 'buy and sell, change and rechange, with perfect and equal freedom and immunity;' provided always the traffic or 'feates of merchandizes' were effected according to tariff; 'our dread and sovereigne lord the king mynding the wealth, increase, and enriching of his realm of England, and of this his town of Calais.' In the court of this our

* *Annals and Legends of Calais*. By Robert B. Calton. London: R. Smith, 1852.

Calaisian Guildhall, the iron-clad man-at-arms, the gaily-decked esquire, or captain of the guard, used to mingle with the staid wool-staplers, clothiers, cutlers, or weavers, just arrived from our primitive manufacturing districts, laden with bales and hardwares for bartering with their colonial and Flemish customers; whilst the nobles, princes, and at times even the king of England, sat at the upper casements, countenancing if not enjoying the bustle of the mart. Immense fortunes were realised by the merchants of the Staple; they were often in a position to aid the exchequer of the mother-country; and one of them named Fermour was, from some patriotic act in money-matters, raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Pomfret. We are told that a great revenue was derived to the crown from the customs' duty here levied on wool; that which passed into the Netherlands alone amounting to 50,000 crowns per annum—an enormous sum in those days. Modern Vandalism has done for this building what time had failed to effect; and now there is little remains of it to gratify the antiquary, save its metamorphosed contour and a fine old gateway.

That a handful of troops and emigrant residents should have enjoyed for above two centuries the unmolested occupation of a sea-port town, and an extensive adjacent district, in one of the most powerful and warlike kingdoms of Europe, is a singular episode in the history of the two nations. At length, after an almost fabulous retention of the place, the very facility of tenure having led to heedlessness and neglect of proper precaution, the day of reprisal came. In 1558, the Duke of Guise, being put in command of a powerful army, effected its recapture without any signal display of valour on the one hand, or heroism on the other. On its surrender, the lord-deputy, with 50 of his officers, were detained as prisoners of war; the residue of the inhabitants had to turn out, as the French had done before, and were compelled to retire either to England or Flanders. All the property of every description was placed at the disposal of the conqueror, in honour of whom our famous Wool Staple was thenceforth called the Cour de Guise. The booty in gold, silver, and valuable merchandise was enormous, and even the common soldiers, we are told, made fortunes by their share of it. So perished England's first colony!

A FLOATING CITY.

The city of Bang-kok, the capital of Siam, consists of a long, double, and, in some parts, treble row of neatly and tastefully painted wooden cabins, floating on thick bamboo rafts, and linked to each other, in parcels of six or seven houses, by chains; which chains were fastened to large poles driven into the bed of the river. The whole city rose at once like a magic picture to our admiring gaze. . . . If the air of the 'Fleet Street' of Siam does not agree with Mrs Yowchowfow and her children, or they wish to obtain a more aristocratic footing by being domiciled higher up and nearer to the king's palace, all they have to do, is to wait till the tide serves, and, loosing from their moorings, float gently up towards the spot they wish to occupy. Bang-kok, the modern capital of Siam, and the seat of the Siamese government, was computed, at the period of my residence there, to consist of 70,000 floating houses or shops, and each shop, taking one with another, to contain five individuals, including men, women, and children; making the population amount to 350,000 souls, of which number 70,000 are Chinese, 20,000 Burmese, 20,000 Arabs and Indians; the remainder, or about 240,000, being Siamese. This was the best census we could take, and I believe it to be nearly accurate. The situation is exceedingly picturesque. I was told that, when the Siamese relinquished the ancient capital of Yuthia, and first established the throne at Bang-kok, the houses were built upon the banks of the river itself; but the frequent recurrence of the cholera induced one of the kings to insist upon the inhabitants living upon the water, on the supposition that their dwellings would be more cleanly, and, consequently, the inmates less subjected to the baneful effects of that scourge of the East.—*Neale's Residence in Siam.*

THE TWO PRAYERS.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

I.

It was the hour for evening prayer—there came a goodly throng
Within that dim cathedral church to join the vesper song;
And *she* was there amid the crowd, and on the altar stair,
As if she were alone she knelt in the depth of her despair.

She did not heed the many eyes upon her beauty turned;
One vision still oppressed her soul, *one* grief within her burned.
The tones of holy minstrelsy, the solemn anthem strain,
They were like voices in a dream—as meaningless and vain.

Strange tumult reigned within her soul—there came a gush of tears,
Deep, wild, as if it bore along the passion-flood of years;
And 'Mary! Mary!' was her prayer, and 'Mary!' still she prays,
'O give me back the love of old—the light of other days!'

A deeper gloom o'erspread the aisles—the altar-lamp grew dim,
And fainter still the echoes came from the dying vesper hymn;
She listened for an answering voice—but no response was given:
The marble steps were cold as death, and silence was in heaven.

II.

Within that dim cathedral church once more she stood alone,
When from her cheek, and brow, and eye, youth's loveliness had flown;
She wandered down the gloomy aisles—no worshippers were there;
And on the altar steps she knelt in the depth of her despair.

The sunset's parting gleam came down to kiss the pictured pane;
Upon the marble stone it flung full many a crimson stain.
There was a hush within the air—no holy chant arose
To fill the aisles with joy, and break the spirit-like repose.

A broken reed, she lowly bent—life's passion dream was o'er,
And there were tears—repentant tears—not like to those of yore;
And murmurs of a nobler faith fixed on the sacred shrine,
'O human love so false, so vain! O love that is divine!'

Fair shone the symbol of the cross—the altar-lamp [illegible] bright;
There came a gleam like trembling stars athwart the spirit's night;
She listened for an answering voice—the peace of God was given:
The marble steps were cold as death, but gladness was in heaven!

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 458. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852. Price 1½d.

A SWIM EXTRAORDINARY.

I have been all my life a sort of amphibious animal, having, like many an old Roman, learned to swim long before I had learned to read. The bounding backs of the billows were my only rocking-horse when I was a child, and dearly I loved to ride them when a fresh breeze was blowing. I rarely tired in the water, where I often amused myself for hours together. I grew up with such a liking for the exercise, that I have never been able to forego the opportunity for a swim when it offered; and a daily bath has been for a long course of years as necessary to me as my daily food. The exercise of swimming has been through life my chief pleasure and my only medicine—a never-failing restorative from weakness and weariness, and, what may appear strange to some readers, from the effects of irritation, anxiety, and mortification as well.

This accomplishment, however, once led me into a strange adventure. I was engaged in a rather extensive commercial tour through the central kingdoms of Europe. I had crossed the Hungarian frontier about the middle of the day, after being much annoyed and chafed by a multiplicity of delays and extortions; and at length, hot and wearied, arrived at B—— late in the evening. As soon as I caught sight of the Danube in the distance, I resolved that the first thing I would do after getting housed and refreshed by a few hours' sleep, should be to enjoy the luxury of a leisurely swim in that noble river. With this view, passing through the town, I put up at a small but decent *gasthof* which stood upon a patch of rising ground close upon the margin of the stream; and having first seen to the comfort of my horse, which was well-nigh knocked up with the day's journey, and next attended to my own, I retired to rest at an early hour, without descending to the common room and joining in the beery orgies of the evening. I rose next morning, as was my custom, a full half hour before the sun; and finding no one stirring in the house, proceeded to the stables, the back of which overlooked the water. Here I found a middle-aged tatterdemalion, whose flesh and costume were all of one colour, and that the precise hue of the dungheap from which he had just arisen, and from which one might have imagined him to have been engendered. He was in the act of cleaning out the stable, as well as the task could be accomplished, with his bare feet and a shovel, the blade of which was not much bigger than his hand. With some trouble, and with the aid of a small coin, I contrived to make him understand my purpose; and he led me up stairs to a loft, in which I might undress and deposit my clothes, and pointed to a rude flight of wooden steps, leading from the window to the water's edge, and from which I might plunge in from any height I chose.

In a few minutes, I had left my clothes upon a truss of odorous clover, and plunging in head-foremost from the top of the ladder, I rose to the surface at a few yards' distance from the bank, and struck out vigorously to enjoy my swim. The sensation was deliciously cool and pleasant. Keeping my eyes fixed upon the opposite shore, I made towards it, feeling all the while as light as a cork and as strong as a colt. How long I revelled in the first exquisite sense of enjoyment I have not, nor had I then, any very distinct idea. Turning, however, upon my back, just to vary my position, my head, of course, faced the shore I had left, from which, to my great surprise, the good town I had left had vanished entirely, and I became aware that the rapid current of the river, upon which, in my eagerness for a bath, I had not bestowed a single thought, had already carried me some mile or two in its progress towards the Black Sea. Not being victualled for so long a voyage, I began to look around me, and to curse the headlong haste which had brought me into such a dilemma. I found that I was as nearly as possible in the centre of the stream, and immediately put all my vigour in requisition to regain the shore I had left. This, to my no small dismay, I soon discovered was not to be accomplished, the current setting strong towards the opposite side. I made an experiment of my strength by means of a small chip of wood which floated by: I could judge what prospect I had of regaining the northern bank of the river by the distance at which I could leave the chip behind me, while swimming in a contrary direction; but it was of no use: in a quarter of an hour's hard struggling I had not gained twenty yards, while I had floated more than a mile further down the stream. Nothing remained for it but to make for the shore, towards which I was drifting at anyrate, and that must be done as fast as possible; for being now really alarmed, I felt, or fancied that I felt my strength deserting me. Under this impression, I struck out more furiously, and thus fatigued myself the more; and it was with no small difficulty I at last reached the opposite bank, up which I climbed, with sensations almost as forlorn and hopeless as those of the shipwrecked mariner whom the tempest casts ashore.

In fact, I would have given a round sum for the rags of the shipwrecked mariner to cover me. Here I was in the condition of a primeval savage, on a desert spot, without a dwelling in sight, and prevented, by the want of clothing, from seeking out the habitations of men. I ran to the highest ground in the neighbourhood, and that was close to the water's edge, and looked around me in every direction. On

the shore which I had left, I could see what appeared the dim outline of buildings at a great distance; but on the side of the river on which I was standing, nothing but a vast tract of low land was visible, which, from its swampy condition, it was plain was overflowed by the river in times of flood. I hallooed for some minutes with all the strength of my lungs; but the only response was the rising of a few moorfowl from the marsh, which wheeled cackling above my head, as though wondering what my business might be, and then settled down again in the reedy pool from whence they had arisen at my cry. I sat down upon a stone, and feeling that I was fast going into a state of distraction, tried to collect my faculties, and to consider what was best to be done, or, indeed, if anything could be done. With the sense of my desperate condition came also a horrible sense of the ludicrous. What would my principals in London think of their continental agent shivering, without a rag on, upon the desolate banks of the Danube? Here was I, a man well known upon 'Change, with four thousand pounds in the three-and-a-half per cents, the idea of which had been a comfort to me for many a long year, ready to forfeit the whole sum in exchange for the raggedest pair of pantaloons that ever dangled from a scarecrow, and ready, too, to go down upon my bare knees to any ministering angel of an old Jew who would propose the bargain. I grinned a despairing laugh at the thought of such an absurd compact, and then groaned aloud as the conviction overcame me, that in my present circumstances it would be a prudent one.

Relapsing into grim and savage silence, I glared gloomily at a sharp jagged stone which lay at my feet, and at length, taking it in my hand, walked mechanically into a stagnant pool, where a group of willow sprigs were growing on a few old stumps barely emerging from the water. I contrived to sever a dozen or two of the twigs by hacking at them with the flint—and, carrying them to dry ground, was soon busy in rehearsing over again the toilet of Adam in Paradise. Tying their ends together, I crossed a couple of them over my shoulders in the manner of a shooting-belt, and from these I managed to suspend a kind of frock of green leaves, which effectually transformed my appearance from that of the rude savage of the wild to the civilised Jack-in-the-Green of May-day in London. I may declare without reserve, that I never felt more proud or pleased with any exploit of my whole life than I now did at the completion of my toilet. My spirits, which had before been villainously depressed, rose all at once, and I no longer despaired of restoration to society. I walked majestically up and down, keeping a careful look-out both upon the water and the land. A boat passed at the distance of half a mile from the shore, but I tried in vain to attract the notice of the crew. My voice could not be heard so far, and if by accident they saw me, they must have mistaken me for a bush. I now turned my back to the river in disgust, and commenced a severe and careful scrutiny upon the land-side, to see if I could possibly in any direction make out any signs of life. Five or six hours must have elapsed since the moment when I plunged headlong from the ladder; the sun was now nearly at his meridian; the blue mist which had covered everything, and veiled the distance from my view in the morning when I emerged from the water and crawled up the muddy bank, had now entirely rolled away, and the vast level tract of marsh-land was open to my inspection to a distance at least of some five or six English miles, at the extremity of which it was bounded by a rising ground sparsely wooded. I imagined that I could distinguish the mud-walls of a row of small cottages, partly concealed by a group of trees, though I was by no means sure that it was not a bank of earth or the face of a rock. I looked anxiously round for other indications of life; and after a close and protracted scrutiny, had the satisfaction of distinctly perceiving a thin column of white smoke winding up the dark background of the distant hill. I resolved now, in case no means of escape should turn up on the river, to attempt the passage of the marsh in another hour at latest—though, from former experience, I well knew the difficulty of the attempt, and the little probability there was that a perfect stranger would succeed in getting across. I saw, too, that if I would make the attempt at all, I must not defer it much longer, since to be overtaken by darkness in the midst of the bog would be certain destruction.

I passed another half-hour in surveying the river, in which, about four miles below the point on which I stood, I now for the first time discovered several small islands, overgrown with reeds or underwood; but they manifested no signs of any human inhabitants, so far as I could distinguish, and I adhered to my resolution of crossing the marsh. Delaying no longer, I descended from my post of observation, intending to travel in a straight line to the point where I could still see the smoke ascending. I had not, however, proceeded 100 yards, before I found that my idea of journeying in a straight line was utterly impracticable. I could walk over the firm soil, and I could swim the pools; but through the deep masses of soft bog I could neither walk nor swim; and after a narrow escape from smothering in one of them, I came to a stand-still. I found, too, that now I was down in the swamp, I could not see the distant hill which was the object of my journey, though it was plain, that from any part of the marsh I might see the little mound on the river's brink which I had just left. I returned to the mound, and, by the aid of a number of loose stones which were lying about, contrived to erect a couple of small fagots of willow-branches, at a distance of about ten feet from each other, to serve as direction-posts, arranging them so that while I could see but one of them, I might know that I was in the right track. Thus I was left at liberty to take a sinuous course in search of firm ground, as, by making an observation by my telegraph, I could at any time regain the right path.

It is my decided opinion, that had I been left alone, and suffered to continue my journey, I should have accomplished the undertaking, arduous as it was. I had already walked and waded, and swum and staggered, and floundered along for more than a mile, when I suddenly caught sight of a ragged, bare-headed figure about half a mile in advance of me, who was stooping over a stagnant pool, and groping in the water for something, perhaps leeches, of which he was in search. Without reflecting for a moment what might be the effect of my sudden apparition upon the mind of an ignorant boor alone in such a solitude, and too much overjoyed to think of anything but the overwhelming delight of securing a 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' I

hastened towards him with all the speed of which I was capable—now clearing a route among reeds and rushes, and now sinking up to my neck in a pool. In less than half an hour, I had arrived, panting for breath, to within a few yards of the pond over the margin of which he was still bending, with his eyes fixed in the water. Pausing for one moment to recover my wind, I raised myself to my full height, and hailed him at the top of my voice with a 'Hola! Mein Herr,' which, like an electric shock, brought him to his feet in an instant. I saw in a moment that I had committed a fatal blunder. The poor wretch stood aghast, horrified beyond the power of description; his white hair stood on end; his bloodshot eyes were bursting from their sockets; his mouth yawned like a cavern, and emitted a faint, gurgling sound, and every limb shook with the agony of fear. I saw that it was necessary to reassure him; and seeing no other way of approaching him than by swimming the pond, I entered the water, and, staff in hand, made towards him. Before I had lessened the distance between us one-half, he had so far recovered himself as to be able to give utterance to one wild yell of terror, and to take madly to his heels. When I had swum the pool, and ascended to the spot which he had left, I saw him running at the top of his speed, and following a winding route, with which he was evidently familiar, as he avoided the water and the bogs, and kept on firm ground. I made an attempt to come up with him; but in my haste trod upon a piece of loose shale, which, sliding beneath me, threw me upon the ground, and badly wounded my right foot, so that for the moment I could proceed no further.

As I sat upon the ground, endeavouring to stanch the fast-flowing blood from my instep by winding round it some long flags from the marsh, I watched the poor fellow till he was no longer in sight, and marked that he never relaxed his pace till he disappeared under the cluster of trees above which I had first noticed the white smoke ascending. To cross the marsh without a guide, was now out of the question; and choosing a dry and mossy spot, I lay down and rested till the afternoon was far advanced, having made up my mind, if no succour came from the hamlet, which I now felt assured was not far from the edge of the marsh, that I would return to the river before it was dark, and make a last and vigorous attempt to swim to the group of islands which I had observed in the distance, in one or other of which I might hope to find human inhabitants. I kept my telegraph in sight, and, the sun being now low in the horizon, was thinking of retracing my steps towards it, when, in the act of rising to do so, I saw a party of men, of whom I distinctly counted fourteen, threading their well-known way through the marsh, and rapidly advancing towards the spot where I lay. They had already measured half the distance, and I might have seen them long before had I happened to look in that direction. I now congratulated myself that my troubles were over, and was pondering how I could best shew my gratitude to my deliverers, when the doubt was suggested to my mind whether they would prove deliverers or not. I kept my eye steadfastly fixed upon their movements, and, as they drew nearer, beheld with dismay that they were all armed, two of them, who led the van, with old muskets, and the rest with staves, scythes, and bludgeons. It was plain that the old fool I had frightened away had described me to his countrymen as some savage monster, and this valiant band had come out against me, to hunt me to the death. I resolved at once to be sure of their object before they came to a disagreeable proximity; and with this view, started suddenly to my feet, and shouted as loud as I could.

My fears were but too well founded. At the first sound of my voice, the leaders recoiled a few steps upon the main body, who stood still for a few minutes, apparently in consultation, the result of which was, that the firearms changed owners, and two bold fellows stepped to the front, and, levelling their pieces, kept my naked body covered with their muzzles, and only refrained from pulling triggers until they should have arrived within killing distance. It was plain I had no time to lose if I would once more try the river, the only chance now remaining to me. I turned and hobbled away as fast as my wounded limb would let me, plunged into the nearest pool, sprawled through the next bog, crashed through the rushes, hopped along the dry ground upon one foot, and scrambled helter-skelter towards the river, expecting every moment to hear the report of the firearms, and to feel a handful of slugs in my body. Never shall I forget the horrors of that chase. I distanced my pursuers, however, and arrived at the margin of the stream without having once presented a fair target to their aim. I did not pause long upon the brink of the flood. They were now yelling like blood-hounds, and their cries rung in my ears as I gained the very spot where I had landed in the morning, and where I again took to the water like a hunted deer, or rather like a hunted duck, for I dived under, with as gentle a splash as possible, and keeping beneath the surface as long as I could hold breath, rose at length a good fifty yards from the shore, and full two hundred yards lower down.

I had no great cause for congratulation at my escape. The sun was setting, night coming on, and here was I in the middle of the broad stream of the Danube, sweeping on at the rate of five or six miles an hour, with no other prospect in view than that of becoming food for fishes in a very few hours at furthest, unless I could succeed in making one of the islands I had seen in the morning. It was a strange thing that I felt no fatigue, even after swimming an hour. I had passed several small islands, but the rapid stream which they breasted broke away so furiously from their sides, that I had not strength to get near them. In their wake, I could see that the water was calm and tranquil enough, but that tranquil water I could not reach. By and by, as the darkness fell, I passed several islands much larger, and was about attempting to land upon one, when I caught sight of a glimmering light at a distance in the centre of the stream. I directed my course towards this in preference; and I perceived as I approached that it proceeded from a raft, moored off one of the islands, upon which the crew were probably cooking their evening meal. I knew that if I approached this raft in front, I should inevitably be sucked under, and never see the light again; at the same time, if I gave it too wide a berth, I should as surely be carried past it, in which case I felt pretty certain that my last chance would be gone. I made a desperate effort at the very nick of time, and happily succeeded in laying hold of a rope, which was hanging in the water, by means of which I was swung round to the stern of the raft, upon which, in a small timber-hut, I could see the crew discussing their supper.

Now that the struggle was over, and my safety secure, all my courage and strength too vanished at once: I felt as weak as a child, and as pusillanimous as a woman, and the hot tears ran down my cheeks like rain. It was as much as I could do to hail the men, who sat laughing and chatting over their porridge not three yards from me, as I clutched the rope with the energy of a drowning man. They started up at the sound of my cry, and in an instant lifted me on board. They were Germans, fortunately; and I gave them to understand in a few words, that I had been bathing, and having been carried away by the stream, had narrowly escaped drowning. I was in no humour to put them in possession of my whole miserable adventure, which it is more than probable they would not have credited if I had. Having rubbed myself dry, one of them lent me a blouse, and offered me food, which, plain as it was, I

was but too glad to accept; but before I had eaten a mouthful, an old man made his appearance, bearing slippers, cloak, and cap, and invited me to follow him to his house upon the island, where I might pass the night, and cross over to the mainland in the morning. I followed him across a plank, and beneath the shadow of some willow-trees, to his humble dwelling. He told me that he and his family were the sole inhabitants of the island, and that he united the three professions of fisherman, innkeeper, and rope-maker, and thus managed to make a livelihood. His guests were almost exclusively the navigators on the river, who frequently moored for the night off his island, and partook of such entertainment as he could supply. He sent his fish to market when he caught more than he could consume, and he and his children made ropes and cordage, for which also he had a ready sale on the river. Pending this communication, he prepared me a substantial supper, to which I did ample justice, and then shewed me, at my request, to a small, neat chamber, where I sought and found the repose I so much needed.

I sank into a profound slumber, heavy and dreamless, within a minute after I lay down—the result, no doubt, of the utter exhaustion of every faculty, both of body and mind. Possessing a vigorous constitution, and a perfectly healthy frame, I escaped the reaction of nervous excitement, which most persons in similar circumstances would have undergone, and which in many would have terminated in fever and delirium, and perhaps death. But I did not escape altogether. After I had lain in total forgetfulness for some hours, my imagination woke up and plagued me with dreams of indescribable terror and alarm. I was swimming for whole days and nights together in a shoreless sea, tossed by storms, and swarming with monsters, one or other of which was continually seizing me by the foot, and dragging me down; while over my head foul birds of prey, each and all with the terrified face of the poor wretch whom I had frightened in the marsh, and clutching firearms in their semi-human claws, were firing at my head, and swooping to devour me. To avoid their beaks, I dived madly into the depths below, where I had to do battle in the dark with the grim and shapeless monsters of the deep. Then, bursting with the retention of my breath, I rose again to the surface, and enjoyed a moment's pause, until the screaming harpies again gathered around me, and, convulsed with fear, I dived again as the vivid flash from their firearms dazzled my eyes. While performing one of these violent feats, occasioned by a flash which appeared to blaze over the whole sky, I woke suddenly. My landlord, the old fisherman, was standing by my bedside; he had drawn aside the curtains of my bed, and let the sunshine in upon my face, the hot gleam of which was doubtless the blazing flash of my dream. I laughed aloud when I found myself snug in bed, and proceeded to dress in the old man's best holiday suit, which he placed at my service. My wounded foot had well-nigh healed in the night, and I could walk comfortably. During breakfast, I gave the old man and his daughter the real history of my case, to their unspeakable astonishment, and consulted them as to my future operations. The fisherman volunteered to land me at a small village a few miles below, from whence he would proceed with me to K——, where, upon representing my case to the magistrates, I should be furnished with the means of getting back to B——, and recovering my property.

This, in fact, was the only thing I could do. I engaged the fisherman to accompany me through the whole route; and as he had naturally no desire to lose sight of me, he made no objection. I had slept thirteen hours, and it was ten o'clock in the day, when the old man and I, and his two lads, embarked in the boat for the nearest village. We arrived there before noon, and he hired a conveyance in which we both proceeded to the place he had mentioned, a distance of some twenty miles, which we reached about three in the afternoon. But my companion had no more of either money or credit, and I was compelled to apply to the chief magistrate of the town, whom, by good-fortune, we found at his private residence. He proved a good-natured but rather fussy old gentleman; and when he had heard my story, which he interrupted with a thousand demonstrations of horror, alarm, and sympathy, insisted upon my sharing the hospitality of his house for the night, assuring me that it would be impossible to proceed that day. I gave a reluctant consent, upon his promising that he would put me in a condition to start at an early hour in the morning. Hereupon, consigning my companion to the charge of a servant, he ushered me into a saloon adjoining his study, and introduced me to his family, consisting of two grown-up sons, three daughters, and their mother, to whom I had to tell my luckless adventures over again. That, however, was not the worst of it. As the hour of dinner drew near, the house began to fill with visitors: it was plain that my arrival, and the circumstances connected with it, had been regularly advertised through the town, and all the world was flocking to see the new 'lion' which the river had turned up. And certainly a lion I was, as the play-bills have it, 'for that night only.' I had to tell my story ten times over, and to submit to questionings and cross-questionings without number. All this, perhaps, was but natural enough, considering the circumstances; but it occasioned me no small annoyance; and feigning excessive fatigue, for which I had but too good excuse, I retired early to rest, leaving the assembled guests to pump the old fisherman, which they did to their hearts' content, and to talk over my adventures at leisure.

A servant awoke me before dawn. A carriage and post-horses stood at the door, and after I had made a hearty breakfast, my worthy host put into my hand a letter of introduction to his brother magistrate at B——. I bade him farewell with many sincere and hearty thanks, entered the carriage with my companion, and drove off. The distance we had to go may have been about fifty English miles; but the roads were in such wretched condition, and the cattle, which we changed seven times, of such an abominable breed, that night had fallen upon the town of B—— before we entered it. I drove at once to the little *gasthof*, where, three days before, at the same hour, I had put up upon my arrival. The landlord bustled out to receive me as the carriage stopped at the door; but though I identified him immediately, he shewed not the slightest symptom of recognising me. I told the driver to wait, and beckoning the old fisherman to follow, demanded to be shewn into a private room, and to be favoured with the landlord's company. He obeyed with the utmost alacrity, and taking a lamp from the hand of an attendant, led the way to a small room on the first floor.

'Well, Herr Bernstein,' I said, 'are you not glad to see me back again?'

'Most happy to see you, gracious sir,' said he; 'but have not the honour to recollect your gracious person.'

'Indeed! An Englishman, on a black horse, put up here, three days ago at this hour—surely you recollect that?'

'Ah, too well I recollect that. Poor English gentleman—a countryman of yours, perhaps a friend—ah! dear God! drowned—unhappy man—carried away by the river in the morning before any of us were up.' Here he wrung his hands in evident sorrow: 'Ah, that stupid Brute! why did he let the gentleman bathe in the Danube?'

'Stop!' said I; 'let me put an end to your regret—*I am that Englishman!*'

'You—you!' cried he, as he staggered back into a seat. 'But it cannot be—it is impossible. I do not recollect you: you are deceiving me! Sir, it is a cruel jest.'

'It is no jest,' said I; 'Heaven be praised. Where is Grute, as you call him? He will tell you whether it is a jest.'

Grute was the filthy stableman; and the landlord, half-dreaming, ran off to fetch him—a most unfortunate circumstance, as it put the rogue upon his guard, and prepared him for the part which it was necessary for his safety that he should play. The landlord returned in two minutes, dragging Grute in with him. I saw by the sudden pallor of the fellow's countenance, and the quivering of his lip, that he recognised me on the instant; but he looked doggedly around him, without manifesting any surprise; and when his master pointed me out as the Englishman supposed to have been drowned, the fellow laughed brutally, and said the attempt wouldn't do, as I was too tall by half a head. I perceived the truth at once. He had made free with the contents of my pockets, in which I had left a few gold pieces, and for his character's sake he could not afford to admit my identity. The landlord plainly mistrusted my tale, now that he had heard the evidence of the stableman, and began to assume a very different tone, and to talk cavalierly of a reference to a magistrate. This reminded me of the letter in my pocket, and I insisted that he should immediately accompany me to the house of the chief-magistrate, who should judge between us. He shewed himself provokingly willing to comply with my demand, and, following me down stairs, entered the carriage. As we drove along, I inquired as to the fate of my valise, my clothes, and my horse; which latter, especially, I described in a way that appeared to stagger him. They were all, he said, in the magistrate's custody, and I should hear more of them, and doubtless recover them, if they *were* mine, when my claim was decided on. We found the important functionary at supper. I requested a private interview, which was granted, when I presented the letter of my host at K——, and waited to see the effect of its perusal. I had to wait a long while, for my hospitable friend had indulged in a long-winded account of the whole adventure, which it took a good half-hour to get through. The effect of the narrative was, however, all that I could have desired: the worthy magistrate asked me a few questions, as he was pleased to observe, for form's sake, relative to the contents of the valise, which he had himself inspected, and I replied satisfactorily. He shook me heartily by the hand, congratulated me on my miraculous and providential escape, not forgetting my marvellous prowess as a swimmer; and, calling in the landlord of the inn and the old fisherman, wrote out in their presence an order for the restoration of my property, and a warrant for the apprehension of Grute, who, it appeared, had helped himself to all my loose cash, with the exception of a single dollar.

There was racing and chasing after Grute during the whole night, but he had had the wit to take himself out of the way. My valise had luckily not been tampered with; the contents were all as I left them; and I had the happiness of rewarding the honest fisherman for the pains he had taken in my behalf, and the confidence he had reposed in me. My poor horse had not been treated so well. In accordance with some old statute, of which I know nothing, he had been claimed by the commandant of a small military force stationed in the place, and had been compelled to commence a course of training, under a heavy dragoon, for the military service. As he had received but one or two lessons, which consisted almost exclusively of an unlimited allowance of whip, he had not profited much by instruction. In fact, he had lost his temper without gaining anything in discipline, and I was eventually obliged to part with him, from the impossibility of bearing with his strange antics. He had cost me fifty guineas in London, and I sold him for fewer thalers to a German dealer, who, no doubt, speedily found him a berth in some barrack, where he completed his education for the army. Altogether, my extraordinary swim, taking expenses out of pocket and loss of time into account, cost me something over a hundred guineas, and all I got in exchange for them, was the reputation of a Munchausen whenever I dared to open my mouth on the subject, and a perennial liability to nightmare, with the repetition and aggravation of all the worst horrors of that miserable day.*

WOOL FROM PINE-TREES.

INTERESTING accounts have recently appeared in foreign journals of a novel branch of industry carried on in Silesia, combining so much of ingenuity and utility, as to render a summary of the information very acceptable to those who are seeking for new sources of employment or of profit. It appears that in the neighbourhood of Breslau, on a domain known as Humboldt Mead, there are two establishments alike remarkable: one is a factory for converting the leaves or spines of the pine-tree into a sort of cotton or wool: in the other, the water which has served in the manufacture of this vegetable wool, is made use of as salutary baths for invalids. They were both erected under the direction of Herr von Pannewitz, one of the chief forest-inspectors, and the inventor of a chemical process, by means of which a fine filamentous substance can be obtained from the long and slender leaves of the pine. This substance has been called *Holz wolle*, wood-wool, from a similarity in its quality to that of ordinary wool; it may be curled, felted, or spun in the same way.

The *Pinus sylvestris*, or Scotch fir, from which this new product is derived, has been long esteemed in Germany for its many valuable qualities; and instead of being left to its natural growth, is cultivated in plantations of forest-like extent. In this way, many parts of a vast, dreary, sandy surface are turned to good account, for the tree grows rapidly on a light soil, imparting to it solidity and consistency, and affords shelter to the oak, which, under such favourable circumstances, acquires such vigour of development as to outgrow its protector. About the fortieth year of its growth, the pine yields considerable quantities of resin; and the value of the wood for building purposes, and for constructions immersed in water, are well known. Mr Pannewitz has, however, added another to its list of useful applications; and if the leaves can be employed as described, the *Pinus sylvestris* may become an object of culture in countries where it is now neglected.

The acicular leaves of firs, pines, and coniferæ in general, are composed of a bundle, or fasciculus, as a botanist would say, of extremely fine and tenacious fibres, which are surrounded and held together by thin pellicles of a resinous substance. If this substance be dissolved by a process of coction, and the employment of certain chemical reagents, the fibres can then be easily separated, washed, and cleansed from all foreign matter. According to the mode of treatment, the woolly substance is fine or coarse, and is employed as wadding in the one case, and in the other as stuffing for mattresses. Such, in a few words, is an explanation

* Lest our readers should suppose this curious narrative to be merely an invention of some desperate romancer, it may be proper to state, that the facts are literally true. The hero of the adventure, when a young man, about the close of the last century, was driven abroad by political persecution, and not only realised a fortune, but acquired most of the continental languages. On returning to England, where he became acquainted with our contributor, he devoted himself for the rest of his life to acts of private beneficence, keeping up at the same time a correspondence in Latin with the learned men of other countries.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

of Mr Pannewitz's discovery. He has preferred the *Pinus sylvestris* to other species because of the greater length of its spines; but there is reason to believe, that it is not the only kind which may be worked with advantage.

There is said to be no danger in stripping the trees, even while young, as they only need the whorl of spines to be left at the extremity of each branch, in order to continue their growth; all the other leaves may be removed without damage. The gathering should take place while they are in their green state, for at no other time can the woolly substance be extracted. This operation, which takes place but once in two years, affords employment and pretty good wages to a number of poor people, some of whom will collect two hundred pounds in a day. The yield from a branch of the thickness of the finger is estimated at one pound, and a beginner will strip thirty such branches in a day. In the case of felled trees, the work proceeds with great rapidity.

The first use made of the filamentous matter, was to substitute it for the wadding used in quilted counterpanes. In 1812, five hundred counterpanes so prepared were purchased for the use of the hospital at Vienna; and, after an experience of several years, the purchase has been renewed. It was remarked, among other things, that the influence of the *wood-wool* prevented parasitic insects from lodging in the beds, and the aromatic odour arising from it had been found as beneficial as it was agreeable. Shortly afterwards, the Penitentiary at Vienna was provided with the same kind of quilts; and they have since been adopted—as well as mattresses filled with the same wool—in the Hospital de la Charité at Berlin, and in the Maternity Hospital and barracks at Breslau. A trial of five years in these different establishments has proved, that the wood-wool can be very suitably employed for counterpanes, and for stuffed or quilted articles of furniture, and that it is very durable.

It was found that, at the end of the five years, a wood-wool mattress had cost less than one made of straw, as the latter requires an addition of two pounds of new straw every year. In comparison with horsehair, it is three times cheaper; it is safe from the attack of moth, and in a finished sofa no upholsterer would be able to distinguish between wood-wool and hair-stuffing.

It has been further ascertained that this wool can be spun and woven. The finest gives a thread similar to that of hemp, and quite as strong. When spun, woven, and combed, a cloth is produced which has been used for carpets, horse-cloths, &c.; while, mixed with a canvas warp, it will serve for quilts, instead of being employed in the form of wadding.

In the preparation of this wool, an etherised oil is formed, of an agreeable odour, and green in colour, but which an exposure to the light changes to a yellowish-orange tint, and which resumes its original colour on the light being again excluded. Under the rectifying process, it becomes colourless as water, and is found to differ from the essence of turpentine extracted from the stem of the same tree. Its employment has proved most salutary in gouty and rheumatic affections, and when applied to wounds as a balsam; as also in certain cases of worm disease and cutaneous tumours. In the rectified state, it has been successfully used in the preparation of lacs for the best kinds of varnish; in lamps it burns as well as olive-oil; and it dissolves caoutchouc completely and speedily. Already the perfumers of Paris make large use of this pine-oil.

With respect to the baths: it having been discovered that a beneficial result attended the external application of the liquor left after the coction of the leaves, a bath[illegible]establishment was added to the factory. This liq[illegible] a greenish-brown tint; and, according to the [illegible] is either gelatinous and balsamic, or acid; formic acid having been produced in the latter case. When an increase in the efficacy of the baths is desired, a quantity of extract obtained by the distillation of the etherised oil above mentioned, which also contains formic acid, is poured into the liquor. Besides which, the liquid itself is thickened by concentration, and sent out in sealed jars to those who wish to have baths at home, thus constituting a profitable article of trade.

We understand that these baths have been in operation for nine years, with a continual increase of reputation and number of visitors. That the facts are not exaggerated, would appear from medals having been awarded to M. Weiss, the proprietor and manager, by societies in Berlin and Altenburg, for the extraordinary results produced. As likely to lead to a new development of industry, the processes are especially worthy of attention.

The catalogue of utilities is, however, not yet exhausted; there is one more with which we bring our notice to a close. After the washing of the fibre, a great quantity of refuse membraneous substance is obtained by filtration. This being moulded into the form of bricks, and dried, becomes excellent fuel, and gives off so much gas from the resin which it contains, that it may be used for lighting as well as heating. The making of a thousand hundredweights of the wool leaves a mass of fuel equal in value to sixty cubic yards of pine-wood.

CHAMBERS'S LIFE AND WORKS OF BURNS.*

Beheld in his life-time as a singular example of the genius rising from the humbler shades of life, Burns is now ranked as a classic among the poets of his country. The interest originally felt in his personal character and unhappy fate, has been deepened as the high absolute rank of the poet became appreciated. These changes might be said to call for a more searching inquiry into his life than was at first deemed necessary; and the task was undertaken by one, of whom we may at least be permitted to say, that he possessed the requisite zeal and love of the subject. For obvious reasons, we are not to be expected to say more, in commendation or discommendation, of the work now under our attention; but we may be allowed to advert to its peculiar plan, and some of the new details which it brings before the world.

The leading feature of the work is the assumption on which it proceeds—that the writings of Burns are in a great measure expressive of his personal feelings, and descriptive of the scenery and circumstances of his own existence, and therefore ought to be involved in his biography. Each poem, song, and letter, known as his, has therefore been assigned its chronological place in his memoirs, thus at once lending its own biographical light to the general narrative, and deriving thence some illustration in return. The consequence is, that, with the help of much fresh biographical matter drawn from authentic sources, the life of the bard, as he loved to call himself, is now given comparatively in detail. We can trace him from day to day, and see the ups and downs of his prospects and his feelings, his strangely mingled scenes of happiness and misery. We obtain a much closer and more distinct view of his domestic existence than we ever had before. The real extent of his aberrations, such as they were, is more exactly ascertained. Some unexpected particulars emerge; as, for instance, that,

* *Life and Works of Burns*. Edited by Robert Chambers. 4 vols. Edinburgh: 1852.

notwithstanding his poverty, he occasionally accommodated his friends with money and credit, and almost to the last was able to be their host as well as their guest. But perhaps the most important result is what we learn of the wonderful versatility of Burns's feelings and emotions. He is found writing a pensive, semi-religious letter one day, and the next indulging in some outburst of extravagant merriment. One day, he indulges in a strain of melancholy recollection regarding a deceased mistress, commemorating her in an elegy which hardly any one has ever since been able to read without tears; and within four-and-twenty hours, he is again strumming on the comic lyre. A deep mortification falls upon him in the shape of a censure from the Board of Excise, a pain in which we are peculiarly disposed to sympathise; but let us not be too eager to suppose that Burns was permanently affected by any such mark of moral bondage. A week or two after, he is found keeping a couple of friends in drink and merriment at his table for a whole night. It is eminently the *poet* that is thus brought before us —a being of keen sensibility, but whose gusts of feeling are as quick in passing as they are violent while they last.

Beyond these few sentences, limited to a description of the structure of this work, we can only propose to give one or two extracts.

Burns, it clearly appears, while degraded by the humble office assigned to him, did his best, by performing its duties well, to elevate it. He acted humanely towards poor people, but was the conscientious servant of the government in protecting the revenue in essential matters. The editor has been fortunate enough to discover some documents which set his character as a man of affairs in a favourable light.

'The first is a petition of T. J., farmer at Mirecleugh, addressed to the justices of peace for Dumfriesshire, reclaiming against a fine of L.5 which Collector Mitchell had imposed on him for "making fifty-four bushels of malt, without entry, notice, or licence." J. stated that he had been in the habit of making malt for forty years without making entry of his kiln or pond, which he deemed unnecessary, because the malting was always effected at one operation, and not till notice had been given to the proper officer. With respect to "notice" on this occasion—having inquired of Mr Burns which was the best way of sending it to him, he had been informed that a letter might be sent to "John Kelloch's," in Thornhill, whence it might be forwarded by post. He had brought Mrs Kelloch to swear that such a letter had been sent to her by J.'s son for Mr Burns, but had been mislaid. He offered to swear that he had sent the notice to Thornhill in good time, and had had no intention to defraud the revenue. With respect to "licence," J. averred that he had only been prevented from renewing it as usual this year because Mr Mitchell, on his applying for it, had put him off to another time, on the score of being too busy at the time to grant it to him.

'In respect of J.'s petition, the justices, Mr Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and Captain Riddel, ordered the collector to stop proceedings until they should have had an opportunity of inquiring into the truth of what it set forth. Then came Burns's "Answers to the Petition of T. J.:—

"1. Whether the petitioner has been in use formerly to malt all his grain at one operation, is foreign to the purpose: this last season he certainly malted his crop at four or five operations; but be that as it may, Mr J. ought to have known that by express act of parliament no malt, however small the quantity, can be legally manufactured until previous entry be made in writing of all the ponds, barns, floors, &c., so as to be used before the grain can be put to steep. In the Excise entry-books for the division there is not a syllable of T. J.'s name for a number of years bygone.

"2. True it is that Mr Burns, on his first ride, in answer to Mr J.'s question anent the conveying of the notices, among other ways pointed out the sending it by post as the most eligible method, but at the same time added this express clause, and to which Mr Burns is willing to make faith: 'At the same time, remember, Mr J., that the notice is at your risk until it reach me.' Further, when Mr Burns came to the petitioner's kiln, there was a servant belonging to Mr J. ploughing at a very considerable distance from the kiln, who left his plough and three horses without a driver, and came into the kiln, which Mr B. thought was rather a suspicious circumstance, as there was nothing extraordinary in an Excise-officer going into a legal malt-floor so as to [induce a man to] leave three horses yoked to a plough in the distant middle of a moor. This servant, on being repeatedly questioned by Mr Burns, could not tell when the malt was put to steep, when it was taken out, &c.—in short, was determined to be entirely ignorant of the affair. By and by, Mr J.'s son came in, and on being questioned as to the steeping, taking out of the grain, &c., Mr J., junior, referred me to this said servant, this ploughman, who, he said, must remember it best, as having been the principal actor in the business. The lad *then*, having gotten his cue, circumstantially recollected all about it.

"All this time, though I was telling the son and servant the nature of the premunire they had incurred, though they pleaded for mercy keenly, the affair of the notice having been sent never once occurred to them, not even the son, who is said to have been the bearer. This was a stroke reserved for, and worthy of the gentleman himself. As to Mrs Kelloch's oath, it proves nothing. She did indeed depone to a line being left for me at her house, which said line miscarried. It was a sealed letter; she could not tell whether it was a malt-notice or not; she could not even condescend on the month, nor so much as the season of the year. The truth is, T. J. and his family being Seceders, and consequently coming every Sunday to Thornhill Meeting-house, they were a good conveyance for the several maltsters and traders in their neighbourhood to transmit to post their notices, permits, &c.

"But why all this tergiversation? It was put to the petitioner in open court, after a full investigation of the cause: 'Was he willing to swear that he meant no fraud in the matter?' And the justices told him that if he swore he would be assoilzied [absolved], otherwise he should be fined; still the petitioner, after ten minutes' consideration, found his conscience unequal to the task, and declined the oath.

"Now, indeed, he says he is willing to swear: he has been exercising his conscience in private, and will perhaps stretch a point. But the fact to which he is to swear was equally and in all parts known to him on that day when he refused to swear as to-day: nothing can give him further light as to the intention of his

mind, respecting his meaning or not meaning a fraud in the affair. *No time can cast further light on the present resolves of the mind; but time will reconcile, and has reconciled many a man to that iniquity which he at first abhorred."'*

No one can fail to see, even in this piece of business, something of the extraordinary mental energy of Burns.

The daily life of Burns, in his latter years at Dumfries, is described in the following terms:—'He has daily duties in stamping leather, gauging malt-vats, noting the manufacture of candles, and granting licences for the transport of spirits. These duties he performs with fidelity to the king and not too much rigour to the subject. As he goes about them in the forenoon, in his respectable suit of dark clothes, and with his little boy Robert perhaps holding by his hand and conversing with him on his school-exercises, he is beheld by the general public with respect, as a person in some authority, the head of a family, and also as a man of literary note; and people are heard addressing him deferentially as *Mr* Burns—a form of his name which is still prevalent in Dumfries. At a leisure hour before dinner, he will call at some house where there is a piano—such as Mr Newall, the writer's—and there have some young miss to touch over for him one or two of his favourite Scotch airs, such as, the *Sutor's Daughter*, in order that he may accommodate to it some stanzas that have been humming through his brain for the last few days. For another half hour, he will be seen standing at the head of some cross street with two or three young fellows, bankers' clerks, or "writer-chiels" commencing business, whom he is regaling with sallies of his bright but not always innocent wit—indulging them, indeed, in a strain of conversation so different from what had passed in the respectable elderly writer's mansion, that, though he were not the same man, it could not have been more different. Later in the day, he takes a solitary walk along the Dock Green by the river side, or to Lincluden, and composes the most part of a new song; or he spends a couple of hours at his folding-down desk, between the fire and window in his parlour, transcribing in his bold round hand the remarks which occur to him on Mr Thomson's last letter, together with some of his own recently composed songs. As a possible variation upon this routine, he has been seen passing along the old bridge of Devorgilla Balliol, about three o'clock, with his sword-cane in his hand, and his black beard unusually well shaven, being on his way to dine with John Syme at Ryedale, where young Mr Oswald of Auchincruive is to be of the party—or maybe in the opposite direction, to partake of the luxuries of John Bushby, at Tinwald Downs. But we presume a day when no such attraction invades. The evening is passing quietly at home, and pleasant-natured Jean has made herself neat, and come in at six o'clock to give him his tea—a meal he always takes. At this period, however, there is something remarkably exciting in the proceedings of the French army under Pichegru; or Fox, Adam, or Sheridan, is expected to make an onslaught upon the ministry in the House of Commons. The post comes into Dumfries at eight o'clock at night. There is always a group of gentlemen on the street, eager to hear the news. Burns saunters out to the High Street, and waits amongst the rest. The intelligence of the evening is very interesting. The Convention has decreed the annexation of the Netherlands—or the new treason-bill has passed the House of Lords, with only the feeble protest of Bedford, Derby, and Lauderdale. These things merit some discussion. The trades-lads go off to strong ale in the closes; the gentlemen slide in little groups into the King's Arms Hotel or the George. As for Burns, he will just have a single glass and a half-hour's chat beside John Hyslop's fire, and then go quietly home. So he is quickly absorbed in the little narrow close where that vintner maintains his state. There, however, one or two friends have already established themselves, all with precisely the same virtuous intent. They heartily greet the bard. Meg or John bustles about to give him his accustomed place, which no one ever disputes. And, somehow, the debate on the news of the evening leads on to other chat of an interesting kind. Then Burns becomes brilliant, and his friends give him the applause of their laughter. One jug succeeds another—mirth abounds—and it is not till Mrs Hyslop has declared that they are going beyond all bounds, and she positively will not give them another drop of hot water, that our bard at length bethinks him of returning home, where Bonnie Jean has been lost in peaceful slumber for three hours, after vainly wondering "what can be keeping Robert out so late the nicht." Burns gets to bed a little excited and worn out, but not in a state to provoke much remark from his amiable partner, in whom nothing can abate the veneration with which she has all along regarded him. And though he beds at a latish hour, most likely he is up next morning between seven and eight, to hear little Robert his day's lesson in *Cæsar*, or, if the season invites, to take a half-hour's stroll before breakfast along the favourite Dock Green.'

Whenever a female of any rank secured the goodwill of Burns, he was sure to compliment her in verse, and it was always by putting her into the light of an adored mistress. In his latter days, when declining in health, an amiable young girl, sister of one of his brother officers, obtained his friendly regard by endeavouring to lighten the labours of housekeeping to his wife, then also in a delicate state. The lady, who still lives, 'relates that, one morning she had a call from the poet, when he offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, to gratify her in her wish to the best of his ability. She placed herself at the pianoforte, and played over several times the air of an old song beginning with the words—

> The robin cam to the wren's nest,
> And keekit in, and keekit in:
> O weel's me on your auld pow!
> Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
> Ye'se ne'er get leave to lie without,
> And I within, and I within,
> As lang's I hae an auld clout,
> To row ye in, to row ye in.

'As soon as his ear got accustomed to the melody, Burns sat down, and in a very few minutes he produced the beautiful song:

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

> Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
> On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
> My plaidie to the angry airt,
> I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
> Or did misfortune's bitter storms
> Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
> Thy bield should be my bosom,
> To share it a', to share it a'.
>
> Or were I in the wildest waste,
> Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
> The desert were a paradise,
> If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
> Or were I monarch o' the globe,
> Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
> The brightest jewel in my crown
> Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

'The anecdote is a trivial one in itself; but we feel that the circumstances—the deadly illness of the poet, the beneficent worth of Miss Lewars, and the reasons

for his grateful desire of obliging her—give it a value. It is curious, and something more, to connect it with the subsequent musical fate of the song, for many years after, when Burns had become a star in memory's galaxy, and Jessy Lewars was spending her quiet years of widowhood over her book or her knitting in a little parlour in Maxwelltown, the verses attracted the regard of Felix Mendelssohn, who seems to have divined the peculiar feeling beyond all common love which Burns breathed through them. By that admirable artist, so like our great bard in a too early death, they were married to an air of exquisite pathos, "such as the meeting soul may pierce." Burns, Jessy Lewars, Felix Mendelssohn—genius, goodness, and tragic melancholy, all combined in one solemn and profoundly affecting association!'

In numberless instances, the hitherto loosely stated facts of Burns's life are corrected in the present work, partly through the accuracy of a strictly historical arrangement, and partly by direct reference to written documents. On account of the value of dates in placing the facts and compositions in that order which gives so much illustration to the character of the poet, the editor has taken what might appear in other circumstances a pedantic degree of pains on that score. Of this we have an example in regard to the chronology of Burns's attachment to Highland Mary. To fix that affair as occurring in the summer of 1786—an episode in the connection of the poet with the young woman who ultimately became his wife—it is necessary to establish the death of Mary as occurring about the 20th of October that year. This is done partly by reference to a register of burial sites in a church-yard, and partly by a chain of curious evidence respecting the day which Burns celebrated three years after as the anniversary of the event. He composed on that day his beautiful address *To Mary in Heaven*, beginning—

> Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn, &c.

Mrs Burns had a recollection of the day, which, she said, was in September, at the end of harvest, and which, she added, he spent in his usual duties, though labouring under a cold. As the twilight deepened, he grew sad about something, and wandered out into the barn-yard, to which she followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. She finally found him there stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, which shone like another moon. He was engaged at that moment in apostrophising the soul of Mary. Out of this anecdote, the editor of the present work contrives to obtain evidence as to the true date in the following manner:—

'In the first place, the harvest was late that year. We find in the Scottish newspapers of the time, that, in the middle of October, a great deal of grain was still out green in the favoured district around Falkirk; while a letter from Sanquhar (Burns's neighbourhood), dated the 21st, states that "while much was cut, *very little was yet got in*, owing to the bad weather." It appears that harvest was commenced by the 8th of September in some districts, but was interrupted by rains, and was not concluded till near the end of the ensuing month. Consequently, the incident *might* take place in the latter part of October, and *still be connected with harvest operations*. The second portion of our evidence on the subject is from one of the exact sciences, and appears to us at once to settle the time of the day—the month—and almost the day of the month.

'It fully appears that the planet Venus is the one referred to by the poet, for the description applies only to it. Now Venus was in conjunction with the sun, May 30, 1789, and after that became visible as the *evening-star* towards the end of the summer, reaching its greatest brilliancy in winter. It is therefore certain that the star which "loves to greet the early morn" did not at this time "usher in the day," and consequently, so far as the time of day alluded to in the poem is concerned, a poetical liberty was taken with truth. On the 21st of September the sun set at six o'clock, and Venus forty-four minutes thereafter. The planet was consequently not to be seen at that time except faintly in the twilight. But on the 21st of October the sun set in the latitude of Ellisland at 4^h 53^m, and Venus 1^h 3^m afterwards. Consequently, Venus would then have begun to assume a brilliant appearance during a short interval after sunset. On that day the moon was four days old, and within eight diameters of Venus. The planet would then of course be beginning to be dimmed by the moonlight, and this effect would go on increasing till the moon had passed the full—that is, early in November. If, then, we are to set aside the possibility of a later month than October, and keeping in view the all but certainty that Mary was not buried till some time after the 12th of that month, it seems reasonable to conclude, that the barn-yard musings of Burns took place between five and six o'clock of the evening of some day about the 19th or 20th of October, and consequently a very short time after the merry-meeting for the Whistle-contest at Friars' Carse.

'That a month later than October could have been the date of the incident will, I presume, scarcely be argued for. The moon was at the full on Tuesday the 2d of November, and it could not be till after that day that the first hour of the night would be "starry," with Venus in full blaze. By that time, as far as we can gather from the chronicles of the time, the harvest was past. Besides, Mrs Burns might easily mistake September for October, but scarcely for November, a month of such different associations. On this point the temperature of the time might throw some light, if we could be sure of the exact meaning to be attached to the phrase—"the frost had set in." It chances that the temperature of October that year was unusually high, the average at eight o'clock in the evening in Edinburgh being 45½ Fahrenheit. The *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 30th October speaks of apple-trees and bean-stalks renewing their blossoms in consequence of the extraordinary mildness. On the 19th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening, the thermometer indicated in Edinburgh 51; on the 20th, at the same hour, 59; on the 21st, 51 again. The only approach to frost was on the 30th and 31st, when, at eight in the evening, the thermometer was respectively at 33° and 37°. After this, it rose to a more temperate point. Hence it becomes evident that *literal frost* did not then exist at any such period of the day. Probably Mrs Burns merely thought the evening was beginning to be comparatively chilly. If we can admit of this construction being put upon her words, I would be disposed to pitch upon the *warmest evening* of the little period within which we are confined—for unless the poet had been in a peculiarly excited state, so as to be insensible to external circumstances, which is obviously a different thing from being in a merely pensive state, we must suppose him as not likely to lie down in the open air after sunset, except under favour of some uncommon amount of "ethereal mildness." Seeing, on the other hand, how positively inviting to such a procedure would be a temperature of 59°, I leave the subject with scarcely a doubt that the composition of *To Mary in Heaven* took place on Tuesday the 20th of October, and that this was consequently the date of the death of the heroine.'

This, no doubt, seems a great muster of evidence about so small a matter; but to judge of the rationality of its being entered upon, the reader must keep in mind the relation of the incident to others. If it only proved that the comic drinking-song *The Whistle*, and *To Mary in Heaven*, were written within three days of each other, it might be not altogether labour lost, for it would

establish an exceedingly curious literary anecdote. But the bearing it has on the whole affair of Highland Mary—one of the most deeply interesting passages of Burns's life—is such as, in our opinion, to make every other justification superfluous.

VISIT TO THE COPPER-WORKS OF SWANSEA.

Our first glimpse of the copper-works was obtained in the 'gloaming' of a lovely night in August last year, as we rattled over the Landore viaduct of the South Wales Railway. On each side of us, we could behold, given out by the chimneys, innumerable flashes of lurid flame, which rose like meteors into the atmosphere, and scattered around a brilliant light, that was seen in the distance to blend with the waters of Swansea Bay. The scene was very beautiful, and singularly picturesque: we could have wished our enjoyment of it prolonged; but soon the shrill whistle, the escape-valve, and the lamps of the station, admonished us that our journey had come to an end.

Our principal object in visiting Swansea, was to obtain some information concerning the important business of copper-smelting, for which this port has now become so celebrated. Few of our readers, who have not enjoyed our opportunities of seeing them, can form any accurate conception of the vast extent and great economical value and importance of the Swansea copper-works. Indeed, the copper trade is far from being popularly known; and the reason is obvious. Iron, which is very widely distributed in the British islands, is invariably smelted wherever it occurs. Copper, on the contrary, is only mined in one or two localities; and it is never manufactured on the spot. This process is performed almost exclusively at Swansea; and hence the copper trade of the country is confined to a few individual houses, and these are in a locality alike remote and unfrequented by the everyday tourist.

At the period when the first copper-work was established on the banks of the Tawy, about a century ago, Swansea was comparatively an insignificant village. It is therefore to this branch of industry the town and port are chiefly indebted for their remarkable rise and progress. The population in 1801 was only about 6000; while in 1851, if we include the copper-smelting district, it had already reached the number of 40,000. The original cause of Swansea being selected as the great seat of the copper trade, we may very briefly explain. It was early discovered that, from the non-existence of coal in the mining districts of Cornwall and Devonshire, copper, although raised in vast abundance, could not be profitably smelted there. In fact, it was not until a considerable time after copper-mining was properly pursued in Cornwall, that the minerals could be turned to a profitable account. It became apparent at length, however, both from the large quantity of coal necessary for the reduction of copper-ores, and the great expense of the transport, that instead of carrying coal to Cornwall to smelt the ores—the greater quantity to the less—an opposite course must be pursued, and the ores carried to the coal districts, and there smelted.

Now South Wales, poor in copper, is exceedingly rich in coal. Vast beds of the finest bituminous and anthracite coal exist in rich profusion in its inexhaustible coal-fields. From its geographical position and excellent harbour, Swansea was at once selected as the best port on the Welsh coast in which to establish the copper-works; and accordingly, the Swansea valley was soon planted with chimneys, furnaces, roasters, refiners, and, in short, all the necessary and costly enginery which belongs to the vast and intricate processes of smelting copper. With such propriety has the selection of a locality been made, that [illegible] now, out of the twenty copper-smelting [illegible] which the country can boast, seventeen are situated on the navigable rivers of Swansea and its neighbourhood.

But this was not the only advantage the Cornish miners derived from this judicious step. The ships employed to transport the ore to South Wales came back laden with coal to feed their enormous engines; and thus a system of traffic, mutually advantageous, was originated, and has continued to exist without interruption down to the present time, and will continue to exist so long as copper is mined in Cornwall and smelted at Swansea.*

Within the last twenty years, the importation of foreign ores has become a remarkable feature in the trade and commerce of this place. Not only is Swansea the seat of the copper trade of this country, but it may with equal propriety be styled the copper mart of the world. Large and valuable cargoes of ore are continually arriving at the Swansea Docks from every country in the world where copper-mining is pursued. In 1814, there were only four vessels which traded with foreign ports; in 1849, this number had increased to 771; the greater proportion of them being directly engaged in the copper trade.

The Cornish ores are sold, as we have seen, in the locality in which they are produced; but all these foreign ores, from whatever quarter they may come, are disposed of to the smelters in Swansea by public ticketing. This ticketing is a curious and characteristic feature of the trade. The cargoes are usually consigned to a particular class of brokers, indigenous to Swansea, and known as 'copper-ore agents.' The ore is by them deposited in large yards, where it is crushed to a certain fineness, for the purpose of obtaining a proper admixture of the 'heap.' Notice is then given to the different smelting-houses, who procure samples of the lot, and assay it. Meetings are held once a fortnight at the Mackworth Arms Hotel; and on these days the agents for the ore and those for the smelter take their seats around a table. A chairman is appointed, who announces the different lots for sale. Having previously made up their minds what to offer—for there is nothing like a saleroom competition—the smelters hand up a folded slip to the chairman, who announces the highest offer and the purchaser's name. With such expedition does this proceed, that different cargoes of copper-ore, to the value perhaps of L.50,000, will often be quietly disposed of in a single hour!

It is very remarkable how closely each offer approximates to the intrinsic value of the ore. A lot of Chili or Australian ore, containing a large quantity of metal, may bring L.50 per ton, while at the same time a poor ore may be sold for a tenth part of the money. But however variable the offers may be in this respect, they never vary much in regard to a single lot. Out of the return of the twenty assayers of the different smelters, probably not a half per cent. of difference will be found in their estimates of the produce. The smelters having thus become possessed of the ore, it is transferred to their own yards, sometimes by means of lighters on the river, but more frequently by the canal which communicates with Swansea and the smelting-works.

Leaving the town, and pursuing our way northwards for two miles towards Neath, we reach the copper-works. The scene is widely different in open day from that which was presented at night. There is no beauty now, and little of the picturesque. The first impression, indeed, the mind is apt to receive, is that of a sense of painful weariness. Hundreds of chimneys—we speak literally—are vomiting forth that white, peculiar-looking, and unmistakable vapour called copper-smoke. Enormous masses of that ugly, black, silicious refuse, known in the smelting vocabulary as 'slag,' is piled above and around in such quantity as to change even the physical appearance of the country.

* See for some interesting information on the system of Cornish Mining, an article in No. 42 of the present series.

But this is not all. The noxious gases—which we see and feel around us—evolved in the reduction of copper, have not played so long on the surrounding atmosphere without doing their work. Everywhere within their influence, the perennial vegetation is meagre and stinted. The hills, particularly to the south-east of the copper-works, are barren in the extreme. Not one spark of green, not one solitary lichen, can withstand the ravages of the poison. Time was, we were told by an old inhabitant, when these hills produced the earliest and finest corn in the principality; but now they only resemble enormous piles of sandy gravel, unbroken but by the rugged angles on the face of the rock. In the year 1822, the inhabitants of Swansea took legal steps to abate the nuisance. A reward of L.1000 was likewise offered for the discovery of a successful means of neutralising the effect of the vapour. The Messrs Vivian of the Hafod Works spent the princely sum of L.14,000 in experiments, some of which were partially successful, and are still adopted; but after all, it must be confessed that the fumes of sulphurous acid, and of numerous other acids alike poisonous in their character, still taint the atmosphere of the Swansea valley, and still leave the indelible traces of their blasting properties.

The Hafod Works are the largest in South Wales. Situated on the north side of the river, they cover a superficial extent of about twenty acres. The number of furnaces, chimneys, and other brick erections contained in the works, was far beyond our computation; and we can speak feelingly of the devious ways and labyrinth of bypaths with which they are intersected, since, on more than one occasion, we became bewildered in their mazes.

Here was a group of workmen, half-naked, pouring out of a furnace the liquid copper at a white heat; there was another group with a red-hot copper-plate of colossal weight and dimensions, which they crushed like cheese between the huge rollers of the copper-mill: on one hand, there was an old furnace, that had done good duty in times past, in the process of being dismantled; on the other, was one about being rebuilt; and again there was still another, that had, from long service, become so impregnated with copper, that it was actually being built over by a larger one, to be melted in its turn!

We shall avail ourselves of the valuable services of Mr Morgan, the manager for Messrs Vivian, in our walks round the works, although it is not our intention to give a technical description of copper-smelting.* Such a course would be alike uninteresting to the reader and unsatisfactory to ourselves. A consecutive description, however brief, of what we saw, would, in like manner, carry us far beyond our limits; and we therefore purposely confine ourselves to whatever is popularly interesting and instructive in the process.

First in order, then, we proceed to the ore-yard, which presents a very motley appearance. Under its capacious roof there were tons upon tons of every variety of ore—native and foreign, blue and red, green and yellow, and all intermediate colours—indiscriminately piled around. There was the beautiful green malachite from Australia, the gray sulphuret from Algiers, the phosphate from Chili, and the hydrous-carbonate from Spain. There was the glistening yellow sulphuret from Cuba, the silicate from Brazil, the bright-blue carbonate from the sunny regions of the south, and the dark-brown oxide from the colder regions of the north. There was regulus from New Zealand, and the good old pyrites from the Cornish mines; some compounds with arsenic, antimony, and numerous other substances; and last, though in one sense not least, there was a solitary specimen of ore from Ireland.

These ores were all in the form of a coarse powder. The regulus we have mentioned is simply the sulphuret deprived, by a preliminary operation, of its extraneous earthy matters; and this is frequently effected in the localities where it is produced, such as New Zealand and Chili, the expense of transport from these places being very considerable.

'And what is this?' we inquired, looking at a black earthy substance the workmen at that moment were discharging from a vessel.

'Ah!' said our friend, 'that is a commodity which, I suspect, you know something about. It is a waste product from certain foundries and chemical works—from Scotland in this case—and it contains a small per cent. of copper. We don't care much about it; we seldom have it; but it is sold at the ticketings regularly. For want of a better name, we term it *slag;* but it is not slag, properly so called, which you see all around you. A better denomination is that employed in designating it in the Journal—namely, *rubbish.*'*

'You make no kind of distinction in the ore-yard,' we continued. 'Is that unnecessary?'

'Well, practically it is. As these heaps lie, you can perceive that a vertical slice from top to bottom will give us a tolerably even admixture of the different ores. This is always desirable to a certain extent, since the ores being of different constitution, the one materially assists in the reduction of the other. Thus an ore containing a large proportion of fluor-spar may with great advantage be employed to flux another containing felspar or quartz, which substances are almost infusible alone. Indeed, the judicious admixture of ores constitutes the most important vocation of the smelter; and it is to this that the copper-houses of Swansea are indebted for one of their advantages over the proprietors of mines, who, possessing only one kind of ore—rich, probably, but intractable—can never bring it into the state of a metal with any satisfactory profit.'

'What is the value of these ores?'

'That varies much. This gray sulphuret contains about 70 per cent. of copper, and is worth L.35 per ton. This yellow sulphuret, from being mixed with a large quantity of iron and silicious earth, contains only about 12 or 11 per cent. Some malachites contain so much as 50 per cent., and others less pure, 30 to 40 per cent. of copper. But the greater mass of the ores we melt have a far less produce than this. That Cornish ore you see there, for example, contains only 4½ per cent. of metal. The average produce, however, of all the British and foreign ores smelted at Swansea may be given at about 12 per cent. Previous to the great increase of foreign importation, it was much lower.'

We now come to the process of smelting. The theory of reducing metallic ores, of whatever constitution, is to bring them to the state of oxides; and then, by the addition of charcoal, and with the aid of heat, to expel the oxygen in the form of carbonic acid; after which the pure metal is left. In practice, the reduction of copper-ores is slightly different. Here the object is to separate, first, the earthy matters and extraneous metals, by forming them into oxides by calcination: these are subsequently obtained as waste products in the form of slag; while the copper is left in combination with sulphur, which is then dispelled at one operation. According to Mr Vivian, copper undergoes eight, and sometimes nine, distinct operations in its progress from the ore to the ingot; and these consist of alternate calcinations and fusions, extending over a period of from

* On this point, we refer all who are desirous of pursuing the subject, to a valuable memoir in the *Annals of Philosophy*, by John Henry Vivian, Esq., F.R.S., the proprietor of the Hafod Works. This paper, we may add, is the standard authority on the subject; and is, with some modification, copied by Drs Ure and Lardner, and by most popular works upon metallurgy.

* The production of this curious substance is explained in an article on the 'Value of Rubbish,' No. 385.

100 to 120 hours. As, however, some of these are simple repetitions, we may, for convenience' sake, illustrate the process under its three most important steps.

1. *Calcination of the Ore.*—Having arranged a proper mixture of ores in the yard, it is weighed out in boxes to the calcining-men. This is drawn up an inclined plane over the tops of the furnaces, and from thence emptied through hoppers, 3½ to 4½ tons at a time, into the large calcining furnace. Here it is roasted for a period ranging from twelve to twenty-four hours, after which it is drawn into the ash-pit, where it remains to cool. In this state, the ore is a black, amorphous substance, and is termed *calcined ore.* The object of this process is to oxidise the extraneous metals, and also to reduce the quantity of sulphur, by driving it off in the form of vapour. It is, therefore, in this and the analogous processes of roasting, that the sulphurous and arsenous vapours are so profusely given off.

We stood upon one occasion beside a furnace, when the charge was in the act of being withdrawn; but we took especial care never to do the like again. The sensation resembled what one might expect to feel on holding a lighted lucifer-match under each nostril. It is surprising how the workmen stand it. For the greater part of their lives, these poor Welshmen exist habitually in an atmosphere so charged with the above-mentioned abominable gases, that it is difficult to understand from whence their lungs receive the necessary supply of pure oxygen.* Sulphurous acid, we may add, is the predominant smell in a copper-work; but arsenic acid, hydrofluoric acid, and even arseniuretted hydrogen, are not at all unfrequent.

2. *Melting the Calcined Ore.*—This is a totally different operation from the last: in place of roasting, it is one of fusion. The calcined ore is put into the furnace much in the same manner as before; a quantity of the slag from a subsequent process is added to assist in the fusion, and the heat is increased till the whole mass becomes liquid. The object is to separate the earthy matter, which, from being specifically lighter, rises to the surface of the liquid mass in the form of slag, and is drawn off. After two or three charges, the furnace becomes quite filled, and an aperture is then opened in it, through which the red-hot liquid flows into an adjoining pit filled with water. It is by this means granulated, and is now termed 'coarse metal,' or 'regulus;' and is, in fact, an admixture of the sulphurets of iron and copper, containing about 30 per cent. of the latter.

But it is to the earthy impurities here given off that we especially wish to direct attention. This slag, as it is termed, when drawn from the furnace, is run into oblong sand-moulds, from which, when cold, it is taken outside to the 'slag-bank,' as it is called—'slag-mountain,' we prefer saying; and an ugly mountain it is!—where it is broken into small pieces, examined to see whether it still contains metal, and if not, is left to accumulate. It consists essentially of silicon, oxygen, iron; or, to speak more correctly, it is a silicate of the protoxide of iron. It is, in fact, a true *igneous rock.* Portions of quartz and silica still remaining unfused, are often contained in the masses, which give to them, when broken, a true porphyritic appearance, while, from the great preponderance of the protoxide of iron, it is invariably black.

So hard, solid, and indurated do these slags, in process of time, become, that a very tall chimney, the most conspicuous object in the works, is built on the top of a slag-bank. And this beautiful commodity is not without its use in the arts. Part of it is occasionally cast into iron moulds, shaped like old Gothic arches, only uglier; and the casts are applied in great quantity as coping-stones to the walls and fences in the regions of the copper-works. Although not a very tasteful, it is yet a very useful, and, at the same time, a very characteristic application. We may add here, that the aggregate produce of the substance of the different Swansea works may be estimated at about 260,000 tons a year. Our readers may judge for themselves of the ultimate change this is calculated to bring about in the Carboniferous System, and of the learned controversies that are likely to arise among future geologists with respect to the character and constitution of these carefully disintegrated rocks!

To return to the smelting process. The last product—the regulus—is again calcined, with the view of bringing the iron to the state of an oxide. It is again melted, slagged, and run into pigs. In this last operation, the whole iron is driven out in the slag, and the remainder—'white metal,' as it is called—is almost a pure sulphuret of copper. The sulphur, having all along preserved its combination with the copper—a fine illustration of the theory of chemical attraction—must now at length be expelled. This is effected by the last process of roasting. When in a state of fusion in the furnace, the charge is exposed to a stream of air, in which case a double action ensues. Part of the oxygen enters into combination with the sulphur, producing sulphurous acid, which is expelled in the form of vapour, and part of it combines with the copper remaining in the furnace; this is again run out into the form of pigs, and in this state it is termed 'blistered copper.' To produce the finer kind of copper, another process has yet to be gone through; but for ordinary *tough copper*, it is at once transferred to what we may describe as the last stage, and that is—

3. *Refining.*—We quote Mr Vivian:—'The pigs from the roasters are filled into the furnace through a large door in the side: the heat is at first moderate, so as to complete the roasting or oxidising process; after the charge is run down, and there is a good heat on the furnace, the front door is taken down, and the slags skimmed off. An assay is then taken out by the refiner with a small ladle, and broken in the vice; and from the general appearance of the metal in and out of the furnace, the state of the fire, &c., he judges whether the toughening process may be proceeded with, and can form some opinion as to the quantity of *poles* and charcoal that will be required to render it malleable, or, as it is termed, to bring it to the *proper pitch.* The copper in this state is what is termed *dry:* it is brittle, of a deep-red colour, inclining to purple, an open grain, and crystalline structure. In the process of toughening, the surface of the metal in the furnace is first well covered with charcoal; a pole, commonly of birch, is then held into the liquid metal, which causes considerable ebullition, owing to the evolution of gaseous matter; and this operation of *poling* is continued, until, from the assays which the refiner from time to time takes, he perceives that the grain, which gradually becomes finer, is perfectly closed.' After some further manipulation of a similar kind, the refiner is at length satisfied of its malleability, and that the copper is now in its *proper place*, as he terms it. It is then poured out by means of iron ladles, coated with clay, into ingots or moulds of the different sizes required by the manufacturer.

'This process of refining or toughening copper, is a delicate operation, requiring great care and attention on the part of the refiner to keep the metal in the malleable state.' It is also, beyond comparison, the most beautiful sight in the copper-works. At one particular stage of the process, we saw the mass of molten copper in the furnace—some five or six tons—assume the most beautiful and resplendent appearance it was possible to imagine. It was like a sea of 'burnished gold;' and, indeed, were it not

* Notwithstanding this, we were assured by a gentleman connected with the copper-works, that there is no specific disease arising from copper-smelting, as in the case of lead. Asthma, rheumatism, and colds are the prevailing affections among the men; and even these are in a great measure due to their own carelessness.

for the intense heat, the red-hot ladles of the workmen, and other little circumstances of the kind, the stranger would have some difficulty in believing that he did not look upon a beautifully polished mirror.

We have now come to the end of the smelting process; and have left ourselves no room to describe the transformation into sheets, bars, bolts, and boiler-plates which the metal undergoes in the next department of the works. These, however, are a better understood series of operations, consisting, as they do, of the usual and ordinary processes of rolling the hot metal between powerful iron rollers. Nor have we space to allude even to the vastly numerous and varied applications of the metal; although we may take the opportunity of briefly adverting to the recently discovered process of smelting copper by electricity, and of inquiring into the probability of its ever becoming an economical application.

It will be seen, in the first place, that the present mode of smelting copper, though simple in theory, appears in practice extremely complex. For this reason, within the last twenty-five years, there have, we believe, been as many patents taken out to simplify and hasten the operation. Without exception, these have been proved to be altogether inapplicable. Let us see how this is explained.

Out of these numerous improvements, we select two that appear peculiarly attractive. The first is the method of precipitating the copper, in our second process, from the fused silicates containing it, by the action of the electric current—the negative pole of the battery terminating in an iron plate, which replaces the copper in the liquid mass. The second method is an improvement on this. From some experiments made at the School of Mines in Paris, it was shewn that metallic iron alone, without the aid of the battery, was capable of precipitating copper from the silicates in a state of fusion, just as it does in saline solutions at ordinary temperatures. But in applying this last method to practice—for the electricity was obviously rendered unnecessary by the discovery—it was found that the expenditure of iron was so great, that it could not be profitably applied except as a means of assisting the reduction.

'Still,' said Mr Morgan, when commenting on these methods, 'this, in point of fact, is precisely what we do. We add, as you have seen, a great proportion of slag to the melting of the calcined ore, which consists chiefly of the oxide of iron; while at the same time we derive the additional advantage of employing an excellent flux—an advantage which metallic iron does not possess. But, irrespective of these considerations, the plain fact of the matter is, that *it will not pay* to smelt copper expeditiously. We don't wish to do so. It is quite a matter of choice with us those continued operations; and their great advantage lies in this, that we are enabled to extract every particle of copper from the ore. By any of these other methods—very philosophical they are, I admit—we could not accomplish this. The slags would all contain more or less metal; and when I inform you, that we can afford to remelt those slags if they contain only a half per cent. of copper, you will perhaps understand our reasons for still adhering to our venerable system.'

Thus we discovered that the smelting of copper by electricity, and of reducing it with metallic iron, would not pay.

Our statistics are short, but they are heavy: about 300,000 tons of copper-ore are annually smelted at Swansea; 28,000 tons of copper are annually produced; and 600,000 tons of coal are annually burned. The value of the ore is about L.2,000,000; of the copper, L.2,600,000; of the coal, we have no correct means of ascertaining. Of the population of Swansea, about one-fourth are dependent on the smelting-works; and of these, about 3500 are directly engaged in the business. The probable amount of wages paid by the smelters is about L.135,000; and the current expenditure of the copper-works in the aggregate exceeds L.500,000 a year.

The last thing we did was to visit the Hafod Schools. These excellent schools—one for boys, one for girls, and one for infants—were erected about six years ago, and are still maintained at the expense of the Messrs Vivian. At the time of our visit, there were 600 of the rising population of the place doing their utmost to unlearn the Welsh idiom, and to acquire the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety. We regret that we cannot dwell on this the most gratifying circumstance of our visit. Messrs Vivian & Sons are unquestionably great copper-smelters, but, in our humble opinion, the greatest action they ever did, and what must ever commend them to all good minds, was the establishment of these schools.

To us it was a change, a relief inexpressibly delightful, to emerge from the Stygian regions of the copper-works, where for the last five or six days we had wandered like an 'unshriven spirit,' and to find ourselves in contemplation of the happy faces of the scholars, and to hear the hopeful, encouraging tones of their intelligent teachers. The popular song of *Children go, to and fro*, was being sung in the infant school at the moment we took our leave, and we shall never forget the impression. It struck upon our senses, to use an appropriate metaphor, like the crystal stream of the desert—like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

There are few of our countrymen who have travelled in France but must frequently have heard proverbial allusion made to a certain monarch of Yvetot; and still fewer must be those who, having the slightest knowledge of French literature, are unacquainted with Béranger's happy lyric—

> There reigned a monarch in Yvetot
> But little known in story,
> Who, stranger all to grief and wo,
> Slept soundly without glory;
> His night-cap tied by Jenny's care
> (The only crown this king would wear),
> He'd snooze!
> Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
> The merry monarch of Yvetot.
>
> His jolly court he held each day,
> 'Neath humble roof of rushes green;
> And on a donkey riding gay,
> Through all his kingdom might be seen:
> A happy soul, and thinking well,
> His only guard was—sooth to tell—
> His dog!
> Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
> The merry monarch of Yvetot.
>
> No harsh exacting lord was he,
> To grasp more than his folks could give;
> But, mild howe'er a king may be,
> His majesty, you know, must live;
> And no man e'er a bumper filled,
> Until the jovial prince had swilled
> His share!
> Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
> The merry monarch of Yvetot.
>
> He ne'er sought to enlarge his states,
> But was a neighbour just and kind;
> A pattern to all potentates,
> Would they his bright example mind.

The only tears he e'er caused fall,
Fell when he died—which you'll not call
His fault.
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

It is well known that Béranger's song, from which we have extracted the preceding four verses, as translated by Anderson, was a friendly, though rather satirical remonstrance with Napoleon—of course we mean *the* Napoleon—touching his ambitious and bellicose policy. But it is not so well known, that there really was a kingdom of Yvetot, and that its several dynasties reigned peacefully for upwards of eleven centuries. Anderson, in a note to the song, says: 'Yvetot, a district in the north of France, possesses a monarch of its own, a sort of burlesque personage, whose royal charger is a donkey; his guard, a dog; his crown, a night-cap; and his revenue, a gratuitous draught of *wine* at the *ale* houses of his liege subjects!' Young, another translator of Béranger, not any better informed, tells us that 'the Lords of Yvetot claimed and exercised, in the olden time, some such fantastical privileges as are here alluded to.'

The translators have some excuse for their ignorance regarding the king of Yvetot; for few Frenchmen of the present day, with the exception of antiquaries, consider him to have been anything else than a popular myth. Be it our task, then, to jot down some authentic notices of that ancient, and now extinct monarchy.

Yvetot, a town and commune of ancient Normandy (Pays de Caux), in the department of Seine-Inférieure, now traversed by the railway leading from Havre de Grâce to Rouen, was, in the sixth century, the seigniory of one Vauthier, chamberlain to Clotaire I., the royal son of Clovis and Clotilda. Nothing whatever is known of the earlier part of Vauthier's history, more than that he held the fief of Yvetot from Clotaire by the feudal tenure of military service. An able and trustworthy statesman in the council-chamber, a valiant and skilful commander in the battle-field, the chamberlain lived on terms of the most intimate familiarity with his king, who ever lent a ready ear to his sage suggestions. This high honour, however, being not at all agreeable to the other followers of the court, they entered into a conspiracy to ruin the favourite chamberlain. Taking advantage of his absence, they perfidiously vilified him to the king. The chroniclers do not state what were the exact charges brought against him, but they must have been weighty and artfully insinuated, for the rude and truculent Clotaire swore that he would, with his own hand, slay the Sieur of Yvetot, when and wherever he should chance to meet with him. The reader must not be surprised at such a vow: in those days, sovereigns frequently indulged in a plurality of offices, and could upon occasion perform the duty of the executioner as well as that of the judge. Vauthier happened to have a friend at court, who sent him timely warning of this state of affairs; and not thinking it by any means prudent to expose himself to the lethal fury of a king who had unscrupulously killed his own nephews, he left the country, and joined the army of the north, then fighting against the Thuringian pagans, the enemies of Clotaire and his religion, such as it was.

After ten years of arduous service and heroic exploits, Vauthier, crowned with glory, and hoping that time had mollified the malignant feelings of the king, turned his face once more towards his native country. But at that period bad passions were not so easily effaced; besides, the accusers of Vauthier were now doubly interested in keeping him at a distance. The Lord of Yvetot, hearing how matters stood, to make sure of a favourable reception, proceeded, in the first instance, to Rome, where he made a friend of Pope Agapet, who sent him with letters to Clotaire, in the capacity of an envoy. Under the shield of so sacred a function, Vauthier had no hesitation in repairing to Soissons, and presenting himself before the king; yet, to be still more secure, he chose for that occasion the solemnities of Good Friday—the anniversary of the great day of Christian mercy. Clotaire was at the high altar of the cathedral, celebrating the holiest rites of the church before a crucifix veiled in mourning, when Vauthier made his presence known. Throwing himself on his knees in humble supplication, he presented the letters of the sovereign pontiff, and implored pardon, if he had been guilty, by the merits of Him who, on the same day, had so freely shed his blood for the salvation of all mankind. The ferocious and implacable king recognised the suppliant, and, without regard to the sanctity of either the place or the day, drew his sword, and, with one blow, struck the unfortunate chamberlain dead on the stone pavement, at the very steps of the altar.

Violent passions have, generally speaking, rapid revulsions. Scarcely was Vauthier's body cold, when the king repented his hasty deed. The clergy read to him the letters from Pope Agapet, which attested the innocence of his former favourite; and they represented to him, that he had committed the grossest description of sacrilege, the sin from which the sovereign pontiff alone could absolve. In a short time the barbarous Clotaire passed from a state of rabid fury to one of the most abject despair, so that he required little persuasion from the clergy ere he sent a messenger to Rome, bearing rich presents, to beg for absolution from the pope. The messenger arrived at Rome just as Agapet was at the point of death; yet the business being urgent, and the presents valuable, he was ushered into the sick-chamber of the dying head of the Christian church. Supported by attendants, the pope proceeded to pronounce, in a feeble voice, the penitential discipline of Clotaire. He said that the king could not expect pardon unless he gave the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of the murdered man: but here a fit of coughing attacked and carried off his holiness, so that whatever penance he intended to inflict was never known. Clotaire, however, determined to expiate his crime, long pondered upon the meaning of the pope's dying words, and at last concluded that, as there was nothing higher than a king, the words 'highest satisfaction' meant that he should raise the heir of Vauthier to the royal dignity. Accordingly, he by charter erected the seigniory of Yvetot into a kingdom—an act in perfect consonance with the ancient French feudal law, which enfranchised the family of the vassal from all homage and duty, if his lord laid violent hands upon him.

From that time until the latter part of the eighteenth century, the descendants of Vauthier reigned as independent sovereigns of their little kingdom of Yvetot, owing neither tribute, service, nor allegiance to any other power. Consequently, until the great Revolution, which, like the bursting of a pent-up deluge, changed the features of the whole country, the inhabitants of Yvetot paid no taxes to the government of France.

Historians and jurisconsults have written many grave and learned dissertations on the curious position of this little kingdom shut up in a greater one; and, though they differ in some trifling respects, they all coincide in concluding, that the king of Yvetot, being independent of any other potentate, was never obliged to engage in quarrels which did not concern him, and accordingly lived in peace with his neighbours, whom he never pretended to frighten. Moreover, in spite of courtiers and counsellors, statecraft and politics were unknown in Yvetot; thus the king remained neuter during the various wars that raged around him, though he could bring an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops into the field. The seriousness of these disquisitions has been occasionally enlivened by a spice of pleasantry. We are told how the king of Yvetot kept his own seals, and was his own minister of finance;

that his court consisted of a bishop, a dean, and four canons, not one of whom ranked higher in the church than a parish curé; four notaries, dignified by the title of judges, representing the states of the kingdom, formed the senate, and composed his majesty's privy-council; four of the best-looking of the tenants' daughters were ladies of the bed-chamber and maids of honour to the queen; four stalwart body-guards attended on all occasions of ceremony—at other times, they worked as agricultural labourers on the royal farm; a footman performed the duty of chamberlain, and, when necessary, that of herald; a groom was master of the horse; a gardener superintended the woods and forests. This, however, is only a traditionary account of the court of Yvetot; and, lest the reader should think it all a joke, we shall specify some of the documentary evidence still extant respecting that little kingdom.

A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, executed in the year 1392, mentions the king of Yvetot; and various letters-patent, granted by monarchs of France in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the title. In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Normandy was under English rule, one John Holland, an Englishman, claimed, in the name of his master Henry VI., certain taxes and feudal duties from the kingdom of Yvetot. Strange to say, in those semi-barbarous days, the case was tried in a court of law, and the issue given against Holland, the court fully recognising the Lord of Yvetot as an independent king. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the queen of Yvetot, is still in existence. In one of the many episodes of the wars of the League, it happened that Henry IV., compelled to retreat, found himself in Yvetot, and determined not to recede further, he cheered his troops by jocularly saying: 'If we lose France, we must take possession of this fair kingdom of Yvetot.' At the coronation of his second wife, Mary de Medici, the same monarch rebuked the grand chamberlain for not assigning to Martin du Belley, then king of Yvetot, a position suitable to his regal dignity. The Belley dynasty reigned in Yvetot for 332 years. The last king of that petty kingdom was D'Albon St Marcel, who, when at the court of Louis XVI., modestly assumed no higher rank than that of a prince. The Revolution, as we have already intimated, swept away the ancient crown, and the King of Yvetot is now nothing more than the title of a song, with its burden—

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

RELATIONSHIPS.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

The relationship of a master and servant—or, to use the modern phrase, employer and employed—is properly constituted by the agreement of one individual to perform certain duties to another; that is, instead of being guided solely by his own will, to submit himself to perform in certain matters the will of another.

The extent of duty which is embraced in the contract may vary very much. It may be only for the performance of one single act, or it may be for almost the whole range of daily avocations and duties. There is often a vagueness about the limit of duties, and we often find the master inclined to exact more than the servant is inclined to give. There are very good reasons why masters should not consider themselves as having a right to a full command and power over their servants in all things; nay, that in things not within the contract, they should be inclined to admit a certain equality in the two parties. Masters are too apt to regard themselves as the lords of their servants in all respects and at all times. They exercise an authority and assume a superiority in matters beyond the contract.

On their side, servants often grudgingly perform the duties they have undertaken. These two causes of discontent produce the worst results.

The practical remedy seems to be, that masters ought more generally to recognise and act on the principle, that the lordship they bargain for is not of the whole man, but only in certain respects and duties; and that it is only as regards those duties they can expect their servant to surrender his will to the guidance of his master's: while it should be equally impressed on the servant, that in those respects in which he has agreed to submit to and execute the will of his master, that submission and surrender of his will should be absolute, and without the least reserve or limitation. Perfect obedience is a beautiful fulfilment of duty, and defensible on the grounds of common-sense; for as no one can serve two masters—that is, in the performance of any particular duty—so no man can both obey his own inclination and submit himself to his master's will in the performance of the same act.

On moral grounds, it is improper that any one should attempt to execute in all things the will of any earthly master; for there is a power, and, in most cases, several powers, superior to both master and servant, to whom both owe duties; and therefore the servant cannot legally, nor without failure in his higher duties, enter into any contract which may hinder the performance of those duties. In matters of the law, it is held that such a contract is not binding; and thus, in the case of a moral law being contravened by a contract, a door of escape is open to those who have entered into such contract, it being in opposition to the will of a higher authority.

When a servant, therefore, is in duty bound to execute the will of his master, his obedience should be perfect. All hesitation or murmuring is a violation of his contract—a breaking of his promise and agreement.

But the master and servant should equally learn, that in other respects, and at other times, the parties are not necessarily in the state of superior and inferior; but, unless from some other cause, are to be regarded as on a footing of equality; and this is the true interpretation of the doctrine of fraternity and equality, which has, from not being properly understood, played such wild work among some neighbouring nations. In this sense, however, it is safe and useful.

Not only, however, may the individuals who sometimes and in some respects are master and servant, be at other times and in other respects regarded as on a level, but they may with propriety, and often do, change places. The servant becomes of right the master. For if he should employ that master as his physician or lawyer, no matter what may be considered the respective ranks of the parties, the physician or lawyer must, to perform his duty, become the servant, and submit his will in the business he is employed in to that of his employer.

This way of regarding servitude is not a degrading one, but the reverse. Nothing is so pleasant to a reasonable and truly noble mind as to pay obedience to those to whom it is due; and if the adaptability of the same individual to be both master and servant was more practically carried out, our civilisation would work more smoothly, and we should probably approach more to that desirable state in which no one would have a stigma attached to him from his birth or occupation, but only from the manner in which he performed his duty.

It would help considerably towards a proper understanding of the relationship between employers and employed, if the employed would, for their own sake, maintain that degree of self-respect which would induce others to respect them. On this point we would speak kindly, yet frankly, and cannot do better than quote a passage from a small treatise on Political Economy, just published.* 'The true relationship between

* *Political Economy*; Chambers's Educational Course.

employers and employed is that subsisting between a purchaser and a seller. The employer buys; the employed sells; and the thing sold is labour. Attaining a clear conviction on this point, the connection between the two parties is that of mutual independence. Thrown much together, however, a spirit of courtesy and good-fellowship ought to temper the intercourse, and it will be the better for all parties if this spirit prevails. In some situations, however, there is shewn a disposition on the part of workmen to ask favours of employers—as, for example, seeking to absent themselves on holidays without a corresponding reduction in the amount of wages. This seems to be as wrong as it would be for the employer to ask his workmen to labour certain days for nothing. The rights and obligations are distinctly mutual. One has no right to encroach on the other; and, indeed, there can be no encroachment, no favour asked, on either side, without a certain loss of independence. This feeling of independence should be carefully cultivated and preserved, along with those habits of courtesy which soften the general intercourse of society.'

We are happy to add, that, to all appearance, a great advance in all these respects has been made within these few years—disagreements respecting wages and other circumstances between employers and employed, being conducted and finally adjusted in a spirit very different from what used to be manifested a quarter of a century ago.

THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes; but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and convey it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less then ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity; and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair; but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. . . . . I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low.—*Sutherland's Journal.*

AN AUSTRALIAN MISS.

The precocity of the Australian youth, to be properly understood and believed, can only be fully appreciated by being an eye-witness to some of these very extraordinary young creatures. I have seen a girl of ten years of age possess all the manner of an old lady of sixty: she would flirt with three men at a time, and have a ready answer for them when teasing her; would move like an accomplished actress, manipulate gracefully, play whist, chess, and other games, and talk about getting married. This child, for such I must call her, was a greater mental giant than O'Brien, with his moving mountain of flesh, and far more entertaining than twenty Tom Thumbs.—*Shaw's Tramp to the Diggings.*

THE DAY OF REST.

REST, rest! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to tell
The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so well;
Rest, rest! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air,
Whose whispered voice of peace repeats that rest is everywhere.

O weary heart! O heart of wo! raise up thy toil-worn brow;
The fields, the trees, the very breeze—they all are resting now:
The air is still, there is no sound, save that unceasing hum,
That insect song of summer-time that from the woods doth come.

And even that seems fainter now, like voices far away,
As though they only sang of rest, and laboured not to-day;
The hum of bees seems softer, too, from out the clear blue heaven,
As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for rest was given.

The spacious tracts of meadow-land, of bean-fields, and of wheat,
And all the glebe, are undisturbed by sound of Labour's feet;
The cotter in his Sunday garb, with peace within his breast,
Roams idly by the garden-side, and feels himself at rest.

The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the bird, and roving bee,
Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melody;
Yon little church, too, tells of rest, to all the summer air,
For the bell long since has ceased to peal that called to praise and prayer.

But while I stand 'mid these tall elms, a sound comes creeping near,
That falls like music heard in dreams upon my charmèd ear;
Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sacred sound doth steal
From where the old church aisles repeat the organ's solemn peal.

Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to me—
How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bended knee!
How many a weary heart it cheers, how many an aching breast:
Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of Rest!

PICTOR.

TORQUAY.

'THE BIRKBECK MAGAZINE.'

Some numbers have been sent to us of a cheap London periodical with this title. Its peculiarity is, that the promoters and contributors are young men, members of the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, who intend throwing open their columns to unknown writers connected in a similar way with the other Mutual Improvement Societies. A considerable circulation might be secured by this plan; and perhaps such a work may be as well calculated to elevate the aspirations, and excite wholesome emulation, as the productions of more practised pens.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 459. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852. Price 1½d.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

We all know that there are certain conventional laws, by which our social doings and seemings are regulated; but what is the power which compels the observance of these laws? There is no company police to keep people moving on, no fines or other penalties; nobody but the very outrageous need fear being turned out of the room; we have every one of us strong inclinations and strong will: then, how comes it that we get on so smoothly? Why are there no outbreaks of individual character? How is it that we seem dovetailed into each other, as if we formed a homogeneous mass? What is the influence which keeps up the weak and keeps down the strong, and spreads itself like oil upon the boiling sea of human passion? We have a notion of our own, that all this is the work of an individual of the female sex; and, indeed, even the most unconscious and unreflecting would appear to assign to that individual her true position and authority, in naming her the Woman of the World.

Society could never exist in a state of civilisation without the woman of the world. The man of the world has his own department, his own *métier;* but She it is who keeps up the general equilibrium. She is a calm, quiet, lady-like person, not obtrusive, and not easily put out of the way. You do not know by external observation that she is in the room; you feel it instinctively. The atmosphere she brings with her is peculiar, you cannot tell how. It is neither warm nor chill, neither moist nor dry; but it is repressive. You do not move in it with natural freedom, although you feel nothing that could be called *gêne.* Her manner is generally sweet, sometimes even caressing, and you feel flattered and elevated as you meet her approving eye. But you cannot get into it. There is a glassy surface, beautiful but hard, of which you can make nothing, and presently you feel a kind of strangeness come over you, as if you were not looking into the eye of a creature of your own kind. What you miss is sympathy.

It is to her want of sympathy the woman of the world owes her position. The same deficiency is indispensable in the other individuals—such as a great monarch, or a great general—who rule the fate of mankind; but with this difference, that in them it is partial and limited, and in her universal. In them, it bears relation to their trade or mission; in her, it is a peculiarity of her general nature. She is accused of inhumanity; of sporting with the feelings of those about her, and rending, when they interfere with her plans, the strings of the heart as ruthlessly as if they were fiddlestrings. But all that is nonsense. She does not, it is true, ignore the existence of strings and feelings; on the contrary, they are in her eyes a great fact, without which she could do nothing. But her theory is, that they are merely a superficial net-work surrounding the character, the growth of education and other circumstances, and that they may be twisted, broken, and fastened anew at pleasure by skilful fingers. No, she is not inhumane. She works for others' good and her own greatness. Sighs and tears may be the result of her operations; but so are they of the operations of the beneficent surgeon. She dislikes giving pain, and comforts and sustains the patient to the best of her power; but at the most, she knows sighs are but wind, and tears but water, and so she does her duty.

Although without sympathy, the woman of the world has great sensitiveness. She sits in the room like a spider, with her web fitting as closely to the whole area as the carpet; and she feels the slightest touch upon the slightest filament. So do the company: not understandingly like her, but instinctively and unconsciously, like a fly who only knows that somehow or other he is not at freedom. The thing that holds him is as soft and glossy and thin and small as silk; but even while dallying with its smoothness and pleasantness, a misty, indefinite sensation of impending danger creeps over him. Be quiet, little fly! Gently—gently: slip away if you can—but no defiance, no tugging, no floundering, or you are lost!

A mythic story is told of the woman of the world: how in early life she was crossed in love; how she lost faith in feelings that seemed to exist exceptionally only in her own solitary bosom; and how a certain glassy hardness gathered upon her heart, as she sat waiting and waiting for a response to the inner voices she had suffered to burst forth—

> The long-lost ventures of the heart,
> That send no answers back again!

But this is a fable. The woman of the world was never young—not while playing with her doll. She grew just as you see her, and will suffer no change till the dissolution of the elements of her body. Love-passages she has indeed had like other women; but the love was all on one side, and that side not hers. It is curious to observe the passion thus lavished in vain. It reminds one of the German story of the Cave of Mirrors, where a fairy damsel, with beckoning hand and beseeching eyes, was reflected from a thousand angles. The pursuing lover, endeavouring to clasp his mistress, flung himself from one illusory image to another, finding only the sharp, polished, glittering glass in his embrace, till faint, breathless, and bleeding, he sank upon the ground.

The woman of the world, though a dangerous mistress, is an agreeable friend. She is partial to the everyday married lady, when presentable in point of dress and manners, and overwhelms her with little condescending kindnesses and caresses. This good lady, on her part, thinks her patroness a remarkably clever woman; not that she understands her, or knows exactly what she is about; but somehow or other she is *sure* she is prodigiously clever. As for the everyday young lady, who has a genius for reverence, she reveres her; and these two, with their male congeners, are the dress-figures the woman of the world places about her rooms like ivory pieces on a chess-board.

This admirable lady is sometimes a mother, and she is devotedly fond of her children, in their future. She may be seen gazing in their faces by the hour; but the picture that is before her mind's eye is the fulfilment of their present promise. An ordinary woman would dawdle away her time in admiring their soft eyes, and curly hair, and full warm cheeks; but the woman of the world sees the bud grown into the expanded flower, and the small cradle is metamorphosed into the boudoir by the magic of her maternal love. And verily, she has her reward: for death sometimes comes, to wither the bud, and disperse the dream in empty air. On such an occasion, her grief, as we may readily suppose, is neither deep nor lasting, for its object is twined round her imagination, not her heart. She regrets her wasted hopes and fruitless speculations; but the baby having never been present in its own entity, is now as that which has never been. The unthinking call her an unnatural mother, for they make no distinction. They do not know that death is with her a perfectly arranged funeral, a marble tablet, a darkened room, an attitude of wo, a perfumed handkerchief. They do not consider that when she lies down to rest, her eyes, in consequence of over-mental exertion, are too heavy with sleep to have room for tears. They do not reflect that in the morning she breaks into a new consciousness of reality from the clinging dreams of her maternal ambition, and not from the small visionary arms, the fragrant kiss, the angel whisper of her lost babe. They do not feel that in opening upon the light, her eyes part with the fading gleam of gems and satin, and kneeling coronets, and red right hands extending wedding-rings, and not with a winged and baby form, soaring into the light by which it is gradually absorbed, while distant hymns melt and die upon her ear.

The woman of the world is sometimes prosperous in her reign over society, and sometimes otherwise. Even she submits, although usually with sweetness and dignity, to the caprices of fortune. Occasionally, the threads of her management break in such a way, that, with all her dexterity, she is unable to reunite them: occasionally, the strings and feelings are too strong to rend; and occasionally, in rending, the whole system falls to pieces. Her daughter elopes, her son marries the governess, her husband loses his seat in parliament; but there are other daughters to marry, other sons to direct, other honours to win; and so this excellent woman runs her busy and meritorious career. But years come on at last, although she lingers as long as she can in middle life; and, with her usual graceful dignity, she settles down into the reward the world bestows on its veterans, an old age of cards.

Even now, she sometimes turns round her head to look at the things and persons around her, and to exult in the reputation she has earned, and the passive influence her name still exercises over society; but, as a rule, the kings and queens and knaves take the place of human beings with this woman of genius; the deepest arcana of her art are brought into play for the odd trick, and her pride and ambition are abundantly gratified by the circumvention of a half-crown.

The woman of the world at length dies: and what then? Why, then, nothing—nothing but a funeral, a tablet, dust, and oblivion. This is reasonable, for, great as she was, she had to do only with the external forms of life. Her existence was only a material game, and her men and women were only court and common cards; diamonds and hearts were alike to her, their value depending on what was trumps. She saw keenly and far, but not deeper than the superficial net-work of the heart, not higher than the ceiling of the drawing-room. Her enjoyments, therefore, were limited in their range; her nature, though perfect in its kind, was small and narrow; and her occupation, though so interesting to those concerned, was in itself mean and frivolous. This is always her misfortune, the misfortune of this envied woman. She lives in a material world, blind and deaf to the influences that thrill the bosoms of others. No noble thought ever fires her soul, no generous sympathy ever melts her heart. Her share of that current of human nature which has welled forth from its fountain in the earthly paradise is dammed up, and cut off from the general stream that overflows the world. None of those minute and invisible ducts connects it with the common waters which make one feel instinctively, lovingly, yearningly, that he is not alone upon the earth, but a member of the great human family. And so, having played her part, she dies, this woman of the world, leaving no sign to tell that an immortal spirit has passed: nothing above the ground but a tablet, and below, only a handful of rotting bones and crumbling dust.

MARIE DE LA TOUR.

The basement front of No. 12 Rue St Antoine, a narrow street in Rouen, leading from the Place de la Pucelle, was opened by Madame de la Tour, in the millinery business, in 1817, and tastefully arranged, so far as scant materials permitted the exercise of decorative genius. She was the widow of a once flourishing *courtier maritime* (ship-broker), who, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations, had recently died in insolvent circumstances. At about the same time, Clément Derville, her late husband's confidential clerk, a steady, persevering, clever person, took possession of the deceased ship-broker's business premises on the quay, the precious savings of fifteen years of industrious frugality enabling him to install himself in the vacant commercial niche before the considerable connection attached to the well-known establishment was broken up and distributed amongst rival *courtiers*. Such vicissitudes, frequent in all trading communities, excite but a passing interest; and after the customary commonplaces commiserative of the fallen fortunes of the still youthful widow, and gratulatory good-wishes for the prosperity of the *ci-devant* clerk, the matter gradually faded from the minds of the sympathisers, save when the rapidly rising fortunes of Derville, in contrast with the daily lowlier ones of Madame de la Tour, suggested some tritely sentimental reflection upon the precariousness and instability of all mundane things. For a time, it was surmised by some of the fair widow's friends, if not by herself, that the considerable services Derville had rendered her were prompted by a warmer feeling than the ostensible one of respect for the relict of his old and liberal employer; and there is no doubt that the gentle, graceful manners, the mild, starlit face of Madame de la Tour, had made a deep impression upon Derville, although the hope or expectation founded thereon vanished with the passing time. Close, money-loving, business-absorbed as he might be, Clément Derville was a man of vehement impulse and extreme susceptibility of female charm—weaknesses over which he had again and again resolved to maintain vigilant control, as else fatal obstacles to his hopes of realising a large competence, if not a handsome

fortune. He succeeded in doing so; and as year after year glided away, leaving him richer and richer, Madame de la Tour poorer and poorer, as well as less and less personally attractive, he grew to marvel that the bent form, the clouded eyes, the sorrow-sharpened features of the woman he occasionally met hastening along the streets, could be those by which he had been once so powerfully agitated and impressed.

He did not, however, form any new attachment; was still a bachelor at forty-five; and had for some years almost lost sight of, and forgotten, Madame de la Tour, when a communication from Jeanne Favart, an old servant who had lived with the De la Tours in the days of their prosperity, vividly recalled old and fading memories. She announced that Madame de la Tour had been for many weeks confined to her bed by illness, and was, moreover, in great pecuniary distress.

'*Diantre!*' exclaimed Derville, a quicker and stronger pulse than usual tinging his sallow cheek as he spoke. 'That is a pity. Who, then, has been minding the business for her?'

'Her daughter Marie, a gentle, pious child, who seldom goes out except to church, and,' added Jeanne, with a keen look in her master's countenance, 'the very image of the Madame de la Tour we knew some twenty years ago.'

'Ha!' M. Derville was evidently disturbed, but not so much so as to forget to ask with some asperity if 'dinner was not ready?'

'In five minutes,' said Jeanne, but still holding the half-opened door in her hand. 'They are very, very badly off, monsieur, those unfortunate De la Tours,' she persisted. 'A *huissier* this morning seized their furniture and trade-stock for rent, and if the sum is not made up by sunset, they will be utterly ruined.'

M. Clément Derville took several hasty turns about the room, and the audible play of his fingers amongst the Napoleons in his pockets inspired Jeanne with a hope that he was about to draw forth a sufficient number for the relief of the cruel necessities of her former mistress. She was mistaken. Perhaps the touch of his beloved gold stilled for a time the agitation that had momentarily stirred his heart.

'It is a pity,' he murmured; and then briskly drawing out his watch, added sharply: 'But pray let us have dinner. Do you know that it is full seven minutes past the time that it should be served?'

Jeanne disappeared, and M. Derville was very soon seated at table. But although the sad tidings he had just heard had not been able to effectually loosen his purse-strings, they had at least power utterly to destroy his appetite, albeit the *poulet* was done to a turn. Jeanne made no remark on this, as she removed the almost untasted meal, nor on the quite as unusual fact that the wine *carafe* was already half emptied, and her master himself restless, dreamy, and preoccupied. Concluding, however, from these symptoms, that a fierce struggle between generosity and avarice was going on in M. Derville's breast, she quietly determined on bringing an auxiliary to the aid of generosity, that would, her woman's instinct taught her, at once decide the conflict.

No doubt the prosperous ship-broker *was* unusually agitated. The old woman's news had touched a chord which, though dulled and slackened by the heat and dust of seventeen years of busy, anxious life, still vibrated strongly, and awakened memories that had long slept in the chambers of his brain, especially one pale Madonna face, with its soft, tear-trembling eyes that—— '*Ciel!*' he suddenly exclaimed, as the door opened and gave to view the very form his fancy had conjured up: '*Ciel!* can it be—— Pshaw!' he added, as he fell back into the chair from which he had leaped up, 'you must suppose me crazed, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am quite certain.'

It was indeed Marie de la Tour whom Jeanne Favart had, with much difficulty, persuaded to make a personal appeal to M. Derville. She was a good deal agitated, and gladly accepted that gentleman's gestured invitation to be seated, and take a glass of wine. Her errand was briefly, yet touchingly told, but not apparently listened to by Derville, so abstracted and intense was the burning gaze with which he regarded the confused and blushing petitioner. Jeanne, however, knew whom he recognised in those flushed and interesting features, and had no doubt of the successful result of the application.

M. Clement Derville *had* heard and comprehended what was said, for he broke an embarrassing silence of some duration by saying, in a pleased and respectful tone: 'Twelve Napoleons, you say, mademoiselle. It is nothing: here are twenty. No thanks, I beg of you. I hope to have an opportunity of rendering you—of rendering Madame de la Tour, I mean, some real and lasting service.'

Poor Marie was profoundly affected by this generosity, and the charming blushfulness, the sweet-toned trembling words that expressed her modest gratitude, were, it should seem, strangely interpreted by the excited ship-broker. The interview was not prolonged, and Marie de la Tour hastened with joy-lightened steps to her home.

Four days afterwards, M. Derville called at the Rue St Antoine, only to hear that Madame de la Tour had died a few hours previously. He seemed much shocked; and after a confused offer of further pecuniary assistance, respectfully declined by the weeping daughter, took a hurried leave.

There is no question that, from the moment of his first interview with her, M. Derville had conceived an ardent passion for Mademoiselle de la Tour—so ardent and bewildering as not only to blind him to the great disparity of age between himself and her—which he might have thought the much greater disparity of fortune in his favour would balance and reconcile—but to the very important fact, that Hector Bertrand, a young *menuisier* (carpenter), who had recently commenced business on his own account, and whom he so frequently met at the charming *modiste's* shop, was her accepted, affianced lover. An *éclaircissement*, accompanied by mortifying circumstances, was not, however, long delayed.

It occurred one fine evening in July. M. Derville, in passing through the *marché aux fleurs*, had selected a brilliant bouquet for presentation to Mademoiselle de la Tour; and never to him had she appeared more attractive, more fascinating, than when accepting, with hesitating, blushing reluctance, the proffered flowers. She stepped with them into the little sitting-room behind the shop; M. Derville followed; and the last remnant of discretion and common-sense that had hitherto restrained him giving way at once, he burst out with a vehement declaration of the passion which was, he said, consuming him, accompanied, of course, by the offer of his hand and fortune in marriage. Marie de la Tour's first impulse was to laugh in the face of a man who, old enough to be her father, addressed her in such terms; but one glance at the pale face and burning eyes of the speaker, convinced her that levity would be ill-timed—possibly dangerous. Even the few civil and serious words of discouragement and refusal with which she replied to his ardent protestations, were oil cast upon flame. He threw himself at the young girl's feet, and clasped her knees in passionate entreaty, at the very moment that Hector Bertrand, with one De Beaune, entered the room. Marie de la Tour's exclamation of alarm, and effort to disengage her dress from Derville's grasp, in order to interpose between him and the new-comers, were simultaneous with several heavy blows from Bertrand's cane across the shoulders of the kneeling man, who instantly leaped to his feet, and sprang upon his assailant with the yell and spring of a

madman. Fortunately for Bertrand, who was no match in personal strength for the man he had assaulted, his friend De Beaune promptly took part in the encounter; and after a desperate scuffle, during which Mademoiselle de la Tour's remonstrances and entreaties were unheard or disregarded, M. Derville was thrust with inexcusable violence into the street.

According to Jeanne Favart, her master reached home with his face all bloody and discoloured, his clothes nearly torn from his back, and in a state of frenzied excitement. He rushed past her up stairs, shut himself into his bedroom, and there remained unseen by any one for several days, partially opening the door only to receive food and other necessaries from her hands. When he did at last leave his room, the impassive calmness of manner habitual to him was quite restored, and he wrote a note in answer to one that had been sent by Mademoiselle de la Tour, expressive of her extreme regret for what had occurred, and enclosing a very respectful apology from Hector Bertrand. M. Derville said, that he was grateful for her sympathy and kind wishes; and as to M. Bertrand, he frankly accepted his excuses, and should think no more of the matter.

This mask of philosophic indifference or resignation was not so carefully worn but that it slipped occasionally aside, and revealed glimpses of the volcanic passion that raged beneath. Jeanne was not for a moment deceived; and Marie de la Tour, the first time she again saw him, perceived with woman's intuitive quickness through all his assumed frigidity of speech and demeanour, that his sentiments towards her, so far from being subdued by the mortifying repulse they had met with, were more vehemently passionate than ever! He was a man, she felt, to be feared and shunned; and very earnestly did she warn Bertrand to avoid meeting, or, at all events, all possible chance of collision with his exasperated, and, she was sure, merciless and vindictive rival.

Bertrand said he would do so; and kept his promise as long as there was no temptation to break it. About six weeks after his encounter with M. Derville, he obtained a considerable contract for the carpentry work of a large house belonging to a M. Mangier—a fantastic, Gothic-looking place, as persons acquainted with Rouen will remember, next door but one to Blaise's banking-house. Bertrand had but little capital, and he was terribly puzzled for means to purchase the requisite materials, of which the principal item was Baltic timber. He essayed his credit with a person of the name of Dufour, on the quay, and was refused. Two hours afterwards, he again sought the merchant, for the purpose of proposing his friend De Beaune as security. Dufour and Derville were talking together in front of the office; and when they separated on Bertrand's approach, the young man fancied that Derville saluted him with unusual friendliness. De Beaune's security was declined by the cautious trader; and as Bertrand was leaving, Dufour said, half-jestingly no doubt: 'Why don't you apply to your friend Derville? He has timber on commission that will suit you, I know; and he seemed very friendly just now.' Bertrand made no reply, and walked off, thinking probably that he might as well ask the statue of the 'Pucelle' for assistance as M. Derville. He was, naturally enough, exceedingly put out, and vexed; and unhappily betook himself to a neighbouring tavern for 'spirituous' solacement—a very rare thing, let me add, for him to do. He remained there till about eight o'clock, and by that time was in such a state of confused elation from the unusual potations he had imbibed, that Dufour's suggestion assumed a sort of drunken likelihood; and he resolved on applying—there could not, he thought, be any wonderful harm, if no good, in that—to the ship-broker. M. Derville was not at home, and the office was closed; but Jeanne Favart, understanding Bertrand to say that he had important business to transact with her master—she supposed by appointment—shewed him into M. Derville's private business-rooms, and left him there. Bertrand seated himself, fell asleep after awhile, woke up about ten o'clock considerably sobered, and quite alive to the absurd impropriety of the application he had tipsily determined on, and was about to leave the place, when M. Derville arrived. The ship-broker's surprise and anger at finding Hector Bertrand in his house were extreme, and his only reply to the intruder's stammering explanation, was a contemptuous order to leave the place immediately. Bertrand slunk away sheepishly enough; and slowly as he sauntered along, had nearly reached home, when M. Derville overtook him.

'One word, Monsieur Bertrand,' said Derville. 'This way, if you please.'

Bertrand, greatly surprised, followed the ship-broker to a lane close by—a dark, solitary locality, which suggested an unpleasant misgiving, very pleasantly relieved by Derville's first words.

'Monsieur Bertrand,' he said, 'I was hasty and ill-tempered just now; but I am not a man to cherish malice, and for the sake of—of Marie—of Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am disposed to assist you, although I should not, as you will easily understand, like to have any public or known dealings with you. Seven or eight hundred francs, I understood you to say, the timber you required would amount to?'

'Certainly not more than that, monsieur,' Bertrand contrived to answer, taken away as his breath nearly was by astonishment.

'Here, then, is a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs.'

'Monsieur! — monsieur!' gasped the astounded recipient.

'You will repay me,' continued Derville, 'when your contract is completed; and you will please to bear strictly in mind, that the condition of any future favour of a like kind is, that you keep this one scrupulously secret.' He then hurried off, leaving Bertrand in a state of utter amazement. This feeling, however, slowly subsided, especially after assuring himself, by the aid of his chamber-lamp, that the note was a genuine one, and not, as he had half feared, a valueless deception. 'This Monsieur Derville,' drowsily murmured Bertrand as he ensconced himself in the bed-clothes, 'is a *bon enfant*, after all—a generous, magnanimous prince, if ever there was one. But then, to be sure, he wishes to do Marie a service by secretly assisting her *futur* on in life. *Sapristie!* It is quite simple, after all, this generosity; for undoubtedly Marie is the most charming—charm—cha'——

Hector Bertrand went to Dufour's timber-yard at about noon the next day, selected what he required, and pompously tendered the thousand-franc note in payment. 'Whe-e-e-e-w!' whistled Dufour, 'the deuce!' at the same time looking with keen scrutiny in his customer's face.

'I received it from Monsieur Mangier in advance,' said Hector in hasty reply to that look, blurting out in some degree inadvertently the assertion which he had been thinking would be the most feasible solution of his sudden riches, since he had been so peremptorily forbidden to mention M. Derville's name.

'It is very generous of Monsieur Mangier,' said Dufour; 'and he is not famous for that virtue either. But let us go to Blaise's bank: I have not sufficient change in the house, and I daresay we shall get silver for it there.'

As often happens in France, a daughter of the banker was the cashier of the establishment; and it was with an accent of womanly commiseration that she said, after minutely examining the note: 'From whom, Monsieur Bertrand, did you obtain possession of this note?'

Bertrand hesitated. A vague feeling of alarm was beating at his heart, and he confusedly bethought him, that it might be better not to repeat the falsehood he had told M. Dufour. Before, however, he could decide what to say, Dufour answered for him: 'He *says* from Monsieur Mangier, just by.'

'Strange!' said Mademoiselle Blaise. 'A clerk of Monsieur Derville's has been taken into custody this very morning on suspicion of having stolen this very note.'

Poor Bertrand! He felt as if seized with vertigo; and a stunned, chaotic sense of mortal peril shot through his brain, as Marie's solemn warning with respect to Derville rose up like a spectre before him.

'I have heard of that circumstance,' said Dufour. And then, as Bertrand did not, or could not speak, he added: 'You had better, perhaps, mademoiselle, send for Monsieur Derville.'

This proposition elicited a wild, desperate cry from the bewildered young man, who rushed distractedly out of the banking-house, and hastened with frantic speed towards the Rue St Antoine—for the moment unpursued.

Half an hour afterwards, Dufour and a bank-clerk arrived at Mademoiselle de la Tour's. They found Bertrand and Marie together, and both in a state of high nervous excitement. 'Monsieur Derville,' said the clerk, 'is now at the bank; and Monsieur Blaise requests your presence there, so that whatever misapprehension exists may be cleared up without the intervention of the agents of the public force.'

'And pray, monsieur,' said Marie, in a much firmer tone than, from her pale aspect, one would have expected, 'what does Monsieur Derville himself say of this strange affair?'

'That the note in question, mademoiselle, must have been stolen from his desk last evening. He was absent from home from half-past seven till ten, and unfortunately left the key in the lock.'

'I was sure he would say so,' gasped Bertrand. 'He is a demon, and I am lost.'

A bright, almost disdainful expression shone in Marie's fine eyes. 'Go with these gentlemen, Hector,' she said; 'I will follow almost immediately; and remember'—— What else she said was delivered in a quick, low whisper; and the only words she permitted to be heard were: 'Pas un mot, si tu m'aime' (Not a word, if thou lovest me).

Bertrand found Messieurs Derville, Blaise, and Mangier in a private room; and he remarked, with a nervous shudder, that two gendarmes were stationed in the passage. Derville, though very pale, sustained Bertrand's glance of rage and astonishment without flinching. It was plain that he had steeled himself to carry through the diabolical device his revenge had planned, and the fluttering hope with which Marie had inspired Bertrand died within him. Derville repeated slowly and firmly what the clerk had previously stated; adding, that no one save Bertrand, Jeanne Favart, and the clerk whom he first suspected, had been in the room after he left it. The note now produced was the one that had been stolen, and was safe in his desk at half-past seven the previous evening. M. Mangier said: 'The assertion of Bertrand, that I advanced him this note, or any other, is entirely false.'

'What have you to say in reply to these grave suspicions?' said M. Blaise. 'Your father was an honest man; and you, I hear, have hitherto borne an irreproachable character,' he added, on finding that the accused did not speak. 'Explain to us, then, how you came into possession of this note; if you do not, and satisfactorily—though, after what we have heard, that seems scarcely possible—we have no alternative but to give you into custody.'

'I have nothing to say at present—nothing,' muttered Bertrand, whose impatient furtive looks were every instant turned towards the door.

'Nothing to say!' exclaimed the banker; 'why, this is a tacit admission of guilt. We had better call in the gendarmes at once.'

'I think,' said Dufour, 'the young man's refusal to speak is owing to the entreaties of Mademoiselle de la Tour, whom we overheard implore him, for her sake, or as he loved her, not to say a word.'

'What do you say?' exclaimed Derville, with quick interrogation, 'for the sake of Mademoiselle de la Tour! Bah! you could not have heard aright.'

'Pardon, monsieur,' said the clerk who had accompanied Dufour: 'I also distinctly heard her so express herself - but here is the lady herself.'

The entrance of Marie, accompanied by Jeanne Favart, greatly surprised and startled M. Derville; he glanced sharply in her face, but unable to encounter the indignant expression he met there, quickly averted his look, whilst a hot flush glowed perceptibly out of his pale features. At her request, seconded by M. Blaise, Derville repeated his previous story; but his voice had lost its firmness, his manner its cold impassibility.

'I wish Monsieur Derville would look me in the face,' said Marie, when Derville had ceased speaking. 'I am here as a suppliant to him for mercy.'

'A suppliant for mercy!' murmured Derville, partially confronting her.

'Yes; if only for the sake of the orphan daughter of the Monsieur de la Tour who first helped you on in life, and for whom you not long since professed regard.'

Derville seemed to recover his firmness at these words: 'No,' he said; 'not even for your sake, Marie, will I consent to the escape of such a daring criminal from justice.'

'If that be your final resolve, monsieur,' continued Marie, with kindling, impressive earnestness, 'it becomes necessary that, at whatever sacrifice, the true criminal—whom assuredly Hector Bertrand is not—should be denounced.'

Various exclamations of surprise and interest greeted these words, and the agitation of Derville was again plainly visible.

'You have been surprised, messieurs,' she went on, 'at Hector's refusal to afford any explanation as to how he became possessed of the purloined note. You will presently comprehend the generous motive of that silence. Monsieur Derville has said, that he left the note safe in his desk at half-past seven last evening. Hector, it is recognised, did not enter the house till nearly an hour afterwards; and now, Jeanne Favart will inform you *who* it was that called on her in the interim, and remained in the room where the desk was placed for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and part of that time alone.'

As the young girl spoke, Derville's dilated gaze rested with fascinated intensity upon her excited countenance, and he hardly seemed to breathe.

'It was you, mademoiselle,' said Jeanne, 'who called on me, and remained as you describe.'

A fierce exclamation partially escaped Derville, forcibly suppressed as Marie resumed: 'Yes; and now, messieurs, hear me solemnly declare, that as truly as the note was stolen, *I*, not Hector, was the thief.'

''Tis false!' shrieked Derville, surprised out of all self-possession; 'a lie! It was not then the note was taken; not till—not till'——

'Not till when, Monsieur Derville?' said the excited girl, stepping close to the shrinking, guilty man, and still holding him with her flashing, triumphant eyes, as she placed her hand upon his shoulder; 'not till when was the note taken from the desk, monsieur?'

He did not, could not reply, and presently sank, utterly subdued, nerveless, panic-stricken, into a chair, with his white face buried in his hands.

'This is indeed a painful affair,' said M. Blaise, after an expectant silence of some minutes. 'If it be as this

young person appeared to admit; and almost equally so, Monsieur Derville, if, as I more than suspect, the conclusion indicated by the expression that has escaped you should be the true one.'

The banker's voice appeared to break the spell that enchained the faculties of Derville. He rose up, encountered the stern looks of the men by one as fierce as theirs, and said hoarsely: 'I withdraw the accusation! The young woman's story is a fabrication. I —I lent, gave the fellow the note myself.'

A storm of execration—'*Coquin! voleur! scélérat!*' burst forth at this confession, received by Derville with a defiant scowl, as he stalked out of the apartment.

I do not know that any law-proceedings were afterwards taken against him for defamation of character. Hector kept the note, as indeed he had a good right to do, and Monsieur and Madame Bertrand are still prosperous and respected inhabitants of Rouen, from which city Derville disappeared very soon after the incidents just related.

CHEAP MINOR RAILWAYS.

'On the day that our preamble was proved, we had all a famous dinner at three guineas a head—never saw such a splendid set-out in my life! each of us had a printed bill-of fare laid beside his plate; and I brought it home as quite a curiosity in the way of eating!' Such was the account lately given us by a railway projector of that memorable year of frenzy, 1845. A party of committee-men, agents, engineers, and solicitors, had, in their exuberance of cash, dined at a cost of some sixty guineas—a trifle added to the general bill of charges, and of course not worth thinking of by the shareholders.

These days of dining at three guineas a head for the good of railway undertakings are pretty well gone; and agents and counsel may well sigh over the recollection of doings probably never to return.

'The truth is, we were all mad in those times,' added the individual who owned so candidly to the three-guinea dinner. And this is the only feasible way of accounting for the wild speculations of seven years ago. There was a universal craze. All hastened to be rich on the convenient principle of overreaching their neighbours. There was robbery throughout. Engineers, landholders, law-agents, and jobbers, pocketed their respective booties, and it is needless to say who were left to suffer.

Looking at the catastrophe, the subject of railway mismanagement is somewhat too serious for a joke, and we have only drawn attention for an instant to the errors of the past in order to draw a warning for the future. It must ever be lamented that the introduction of so stupendous and useful a thing as locomotion by rail, should have become the occasion of such widespread cupidity and folly; for scarcely ever had science offered a more gracious boon to mankind. It is charitable to think that the foundation of the great error that was committed, lay in a miscalculation as to the relation between expenditure and returns. We can suppose that there was a certain faith in the potency of money. To spend so much, was to bring back so much; and it became an agreeable delusion, that the more was spent, the greater was to be the revenue. Unfortunately, it does not seem to have occurred to any one of the parties concerned, that all depends on how money is spent. There are tradesmen, we imagine, who know to their cost, that it is quite within the bounds of possibility to have the whole of their profits swept away by rent and taxes. Curious, that this plain and unpleasant and very possible result did not dawn on the minds of the great railway interests. And yet, how grave and calculating the mighty dons of the new system of locomotion—men who passed themselves off as up to anything! Wonderfully acute secretaries; highly-polished chairmen; directors disdainful of ordinary ways of transacting business. A mystery made of the most common-place affairs! We may be thankful that the world has, at last seen through these pretenders to superhuman sagacity. With but remarkably few exceptions, the great railway men of the time have committed the grossest blunders; and the stupidest blunder of all, has been the confounding of proper and improper expenditure; just as if a shopkeeper were to fall into the unhappy error of imagining that his returns were to be in the ratio, not of the business he was to do, but of his private and unauthorised expenses.

The instructive fact gathered from railway experience is, that there is an expenditure which *pays*, and an expenditure that is totally wasteful. Directors have made the discovery, that costly litigation, costly and fine stations, fine porticos and pillars, fine bridges, and finery in various other things, contribute really nothing to returns, but, on the contrary, hang a dead weight on the concern. No doubt, fine architecture is a good and proper thing in itself; but a railway company is not instituted for the purpose of embellishing towns with classic buildings. Its function is to carry people from one place to another on reasonable terms, with a due regard to the welfare of those who undertake the transaction. How carriages may be run well and cheaply, yet profitably, is the sole question for determination; and everything else is either subordinate or positively useless. A suitable degree of knowledge on these points would, we think, tend materially to restore confidence in railway property. Could there be anything more cheering than the well-ascertained fact, that *no railway has ever failed for want of traffic?* In every instance, the traffic would have yielded an ample remuneration to the shareholders, had there been no extravagant expenditure. Had the outlays been confined to paying for the land required, the making of the line, the laying down of rails, the buying locomotives and carriages, and working the same, all would have gone on splendidly; and eight, ten, twenty, and even a higher per cent., would in many instances have been realised. At the present moment, the lines that are paying best are not those on which there is the greatest amount of traffic, but those on which there was the most prudent expenditure. In order to judge whether any proposed railway will *pay*, it is only necessary to inquire at what cost per mile, all expenses included, it is to be produced. If the charge be anything under L.5000 per mile, there is a certainty of its doing well, even if the line be carried through a poorly-populated district; and up to L.20,000 per mile is allowable in great trunk-thoroughfares; but when the outlay reaches L.50,000 or L.100,000 per mile, as it has done in some instances, scarcely any amount of traffic will be remunerative. In a variety of cases, the expenditure per mile has been so enormous, that remunerative traffic becomes a physical impossibility. In plain terms, if the whole of these lines, from end to end, were covered with loaded carriages from morning to night, and night to morning, without intermission of a single moment, they would still be carried on at a loss! Gold may be bought too dearly, and so may railways.

As there seems to be an appearance of a revival in railway undertakings, it will be of the greatest importance to keep these principles in view; and we are glad to observe that, taking lessons from the past, the promoters of railway schemes are confining their attention mainly to plans of a simple and economical class. Hitherto, railways have, for the most part, been adapted to leading thoroughfares, by which certain districts have been overcrowded with lines, leaving others destitute. Branch single lines of rail appear, therefore, to be particularly desirable for these forgotten localities. These branch-lines may prove exceedingly serviceable, not only as regards the ordinary demands of trade and

agriculture, but those of social convenience. Among the prominent needs of our time, is ready access for the toiling multitudes to places rendered interesting by physical beauty and romantic association—fit objects for holiday excursions. The *excursion train*, suddenly discharging its hundreds of strangers at some antique town or castle, or in the neighbourhood of some lovely natural scenery, is one of the wonders of the day—and one, we think, of truly good omen, considering the importance that seems to be connected with the innocent amusements of the people. We rejoice in every movement which tends to increase the number of places to which these holiday-parties may resort, as we thoroughly believe, that the more of them we have, our people will be the more virtuous, refined, and happy.

We lately had much pleasure in examining and learning some particulars of a short branch-railway which has added the ancient university city of St Andrews, with its many curious objects, to the number of those places which may become the termini of excursion trains. We find from Lord Jeffrey's Life, that in this town, fifty years ago, only one newspaper was received; a number (if it can be called a number) which we are assured, on the best authority, is now increased to *fifteen hundred per week!* Parallel with this fact, is that of its having, ten years ago, a single coach *per diem* to Edinburgh, carrying six or seven persons, while now it has three trains each day, transporting their scores, not merely to the capital, but to Perth and Dundee besides. Conceiving that there is a value in such circumstances on account of the light which they throw on the progress of the country, we shall enter into a few particulars.

The St Andrews Railway is a branch of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, and extends somewhat less than five miles. Formed with a single line only, over ground presenting scarcely any engineering difficulties, and with favour rather than opposition from the proprietors of the land, it has cost only L.25,000, or about L.5000 per mile. The main line agrees to work it, and before receiving payment, to allow the shareholders 4½ per cent. for their money; all further profits to be divided between the two companies, after paying working expenses. It was opened on the 1st July last, and hitherto the appearances of success have been most remarkable. On an assumption that the traffic inwards was equal to that outwards, the receipts for passengers during each of the first six weeks averaged L.52, 14s. This was exclusive of excursion trains, of which one carried 500 persons, another between 500 and 600, a third 1500; and so on. It was also exclusive of goods and mineral traffic, which are expected to give at least L.1000 per annum. The result is, that this railway appears likely to draw not much under L.4000 a year—a sum sufficient, after expenses are paid, to yield what would at almost any time be a high rate of percentage to the shareholders, while, in the present state of the money-market, it will be an unusually ample remuneration.

We have instanced this economically-constructed line, because we have seen it in operation, and can place reliance on the facts connected with its financial affairs. Other lines, however, more or less advanced, seem to have prospects equally hopeful. A similar branch is about to be made from the same main line to the town of Leven. One is projected to branch from the Eskbank station of the North British line to Peebles—a pretty town on the Tweed, which, up till the present time, has been secluded from general intercourse, and will now, for the first time, have its beautiful environs laid open to public observation. The entire cost of this line, rather more than 18 miles in length, is to be only L.70,000, or about L.3600 per mile. Another branch from the same line is projected to go to Lauder. One, of the same cheap class, is to connect Aberdeen with Banchory on the Dee. Another will be constructed between Blairgowrie and a point on the Scottish Midland. For such adventures, St Andrews is a model.*

The time is probably not far distant when single branch-lines will radiate over the country, developing local resources, as well as uniting the whole people in friendly and profitable intercourse. To be done rightly, however, rational foresight and the plain principles of commerce must inspire the projectors. It will be necessary to avoid all parliamentary contests; to do nothing without a general movement of the district in favour of the line, so that no parties may be sacrificed for the benefit of others; to hold rigorously to an economical principle of construction; to launch out into no extravagant plans in connection with the main object contemplated. These being attended to, we can imagine that, in a few years hence, there will be a set of modest little railways which will be the envy of all the great lines, simply because they enjoy the distinction denied to their grander brethren, of *paying*, and which will not only serve important purposes in the industrial economy of the country, but vastly promote the moral wellbeing of the community, in furnishing a means of harmless amusement to those classes whose lot it is to spend most of their days in confinement and toil.

THE HUMOUR OF SOUTHEY.

SOME of the critics of 'Robert the Rhymer, who lived at the lakes,' seem to be of opinion, that his 'humour' is to be classed with such nonentities as the philosopher's stone, pigeon's milk, and other apocryphal myths and unknown quantities. In analysing the character of his intellect, they would assign to the 'humorous' attribute some such place as Van Troil did to the snaky tribe in his work on Iceland, wherein the title of chapter xv. runs thus: 'Concerning Snakes in Iceland;' and the chapter itself thus: 'There are no snakes in Iceland.' Accordingly, were they to have the composition of this article, they would abbreviate it to the one terse sentence: 'Robert Southey had no humour.' Now, we have no inclination to claim for the Keswick bard any prodigious or pre-eminent powers of fun, or to give him place beside the rollicking jesters and genial merry-makers, whose humour gives English literature a distinctive character among the nations. But that he is so void of the comic faculty as certain potent authorities allege, we persistently doubt. Mr Macaulay affirms that Southey may be always read with pleasure, except when he tries to be droll; that a more insufferable jester never existed; and that, often as he attempts to be humorous, he in no single occasion has succeeded further than to be quaintly and flippantly dull. Another reviewer warned the author of the *Doctor*, that there is no greater mistake than that which a grave person falls into, when he fancies himself humorous; adding, as a consolatory corollary to this proposition, that unquestionably the doctor himself was in this predicament. But Southey was not so rigorously grave a person as his graver writings might seem to imply. 'I am quite as noisy as ever I was,' he writes to an old Oxford chum, when in sober manhood. 'Oh, dear Lightfoot, what a blessing it is to have a boy's heart! it is as great a blessing in carrying one through this world, as to have a child's spirit will in fitting us for the next.' On account of this boyish-heartedness, he is compared by Justice Talfourd to Charles Lamb himself: 'In a certain primness of style, bounding in the rich humour which overflowed it, they were nearly akin; both alike

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* Since the materials of this brief paper were obtained, another short line has been opened, extending between Elgin and Lossiemouth. It is said to have also enjoyed in its first few weeks an amount of traffic far beyond the calculations of the shareholders.

reverenced childhood, and both had preserved its best attributes unspotted from the world.' In the fifty-fifth year of his age, he characterised himself as a man

> ——by nature merry,
> Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical, very;
> Who has gone through the world, not unmindful of pelf,
> Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself,
> Along bypaths, and in pleasant ways,
> Caring as little for censure as praise;
> Having some friends, whom he loves dearly,
> And no lack of foes, whom he laughs at sincerely;
> And never for great, nor for little things,
> Has he fretted his guts * to fiddle-strings.
> He might have made them by such folly
> Most musical, most melancholy.

No one can dip into the *Doctor* without being convinced of this buoyancy of spirit, quickness of fancy, and blitheness of heart. It even vents its exuberance in bubbles of levity and elaborate trifling, so that all but the *very* light-hearted are fain to say: Something too much of this. Compared with our standard humorists —the peerage, or Upper House, who sit sublimely aloft, like 'Jove in his chair, of the sky my lord mayor'— Southey may be but a dull commoner, one of the third or fourth estate. But for all that, he has a comfortable fund of the *vis comica*, upon which he rubs along pleasantly enough, hospitably entertaining not a few congenial spirits who can put up with him as they find him, relish his simple and often racy fare, and enjoy a decent quantum of jokes of his own growing, without pining after the brilliant banquets of comedy spread by opulent barons of the realm.

To support this apology for the worthy doctor by plenary proof, would involve a larger expenditure of space and letter-press than befits the economy of a discreet hebdomadal journal. We can but allude, and hint, and suggest, and illustrate our position in an 'off-at-a-tangent' sort of way. Look, for instance, at his ingenious quaintness in the matter of *onomatology*. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor; Big for a lean or little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abdominous in the van; Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels barely elevate him to the height of five; Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxy complexion; Younghusband for an old bachelor; Merryweather for any one in November or February, a black spring, a cold summer, or a wet autumn; Goodenough for a person no better than he should be; Toogood for *any* human creature; and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured. Amusing, too, are the doctor's reasons for using the customary *alias* of female Christian names—never calling any woman Mary, for example, though *Mare*, being the sea, was, he said, too emblematic of the sex; but using a synonyme of better omen, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft. 'If he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst mood, he *mollified* her. Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue. Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls nor Idols. Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued; and Winifred Winny, because they were to be won.' Or refer to that pleasant bit of erudite trifling upon the habits of rats, beginning with the remark, that wheresoever Man goes Rat follows or accompanies him, town or country being equally agreeable to him; entering upon your house as a tenant-at-will—his own, not yours—working out for himself a covered-way in your walls, ascending by it from one storey to another, and leaving you the larger apartments, while he takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an *entresol* for himself. 'There he has his parties, and his revels, and his gallopades—merry ones they are—when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of Rat-land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbours, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney-piece or under your hearthstone, retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odour of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing, that the spot so appropriated will thenceforth be used as a common cemetery or a family-vault.' In the same vein, homage is paid to Rat's imitation of human enterprise: shewing how, when the adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some foreign port, Rat goes with it; how, when Great Britain plants a colony at the antipodes, Rat takes the opportunity of colonising also; how, when ships are sent out on a voyage of discovery, Rat embarks as a volunteer; doubling the stormy Cape with Diaz, arriving at Malabar with Gama, discovering the New World with Columbus, and taking possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigating the globe with Magellan, and Drake, and Cook.

Few that have once read will forget the Doctor's philological contributions towards an amended system of English orthography. Assuming the propriety of discarding all reference to the etymology of words, when engaged in spelling them, and desirous, as a philological reformer, to establish a truly British language, he proposes introducing a distinction of genders, in which the language has hitherto been defective. Thus, in anglicising the orthography of *chemise*, he resolves that foreign substantive into the home-grown neologisms, masculine and feminine, of Hemise and Shemise. Again, in letter-writing, every person, he remarks, is aware that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should, therefore, be generally distinguished thus—Hepistle and Shepistle. And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes, he proposes Penmanship and Penwomanship. Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines he would divide into Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs. That troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is, upon the same principle, to be called, according to the sex of the patient, Hecups and Sheeups; which, upon the above principle of making our language truly British, is better than the more classical form of *Hiccups* and *Hæccups*; and then in its objective use we have Hiscups and Hercups; and in like manner Histerics should be altered into Herterics, the complaint never being masculine.

None but a 'humorist' would have announced the decease of a cat in such mingled terms and tones of jest and earnest as the following:—'Alas! Grosvenor,' writes Southey to his friend Mr Bedford (1823), 'this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject. His full titles were: "The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstiltzchen, Earl Tomlemagne,* Baron Raticide, Wnowhler and Skaratch." There should be a court mourning in Catland; and if the Dragon [a cat of Mr Bedford's] wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of crape *à la militaire* round one of the fore-paws, it will be but a becoming

* Southey was no purist in his phraseology at times. The not very refined monosyllable in the text may, however, be tolerated as having a technical relation to the fiddle-strings by hypothesis.

* This patrician Bawdrons is not forgotten in Southey's verse; thus—

> Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
> Is sometimes seen to play,
> Even like a kitten at its sport,
> Upon a warm spring-day.

mark of respect. . . . . I believe we are, each and all, servants included, more sorry for this loss than any of us would like to confess. I should not have written to you at present had it not been to notify this event.' The notification of such events, in print too, appears to some thinkers *too* absurd. Others find a special interest in these 'trifles light as air,' because presenting 'confirmation strong' of the kindly nature of the man, taking no unamiable or affected part in the presentment of *Every Man in His Humour*. His correspondence is, indeed, rich in traits of quiet humour, if by that word we understand a 'humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence'—the very 'juice of the mind oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilising wherever it falls'—and seldom far removed from its kindred spirit, pathos, with which, however, it is *not* too closely akin to marry; for pathos is bound up in mysterious ties with humour—bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh.

Nor can we assent to the assertion, that in his ballads, metrical tales, and rhyming *jeux-d'esprit*, Southey's essay to be comic results in merely 'quaint and flippant dulness.' Smartly enough he tells the story of the Well of St Keyne, whereof the legend is, that if the husband manage to secure a draught before his good dame, 'a happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life.' But if the wife should drink of it first—'God help the husband *then!*' The traveller to whom a Cornishman narrates the tradition, compliments him with the assumption that *he* has profited by it in his matrimonial experience:—

> 'You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,'
> He to the Cornishman said;
> But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
> And sheepishly shook his head.
>
> 'I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
> And left my wife in the porch;
> But, i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
> For she took a bottle to church.'

And with all their extravagances of expression and questionable taste, the numerous stories which Southey delighted to versify on themes demoniac and diabolical, from the *Devil's Walk* to the *True Ballad of St Antidius*, are fraught with farcical import, and have an individual ludicrousness all their own. That he could succeed tolerably in the mock-heroic vein, may be seen in his parody on Pindar's *ariston men hydor*, entitled *Gooseberry Pie*, and in some of the occasional pieces called *Nondescripts*. Nor do we know any one of superior ingenuity in that overwhelming profusion of epithets and crowded creation of rhymes, which so tickle the ear and the fancy in some of his verses, and of which we have specimens almost unrivalled in the celebrated description of the cataract of Lodore, and the vivaciously ridiculous chronicle of Napoleon's march to Moscow.

TRACKS OF ANCIENT ANIMALS IN SANDSTONE.

MANY of our readers must have heard of the interest excited a few years ago by the discovery, that certain marks on the surface of slabs of sandstone, raised from a quarry in Dumfriesshire, were the memorials of extinct races of animals. The amiable and intelligent Dr Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, who had conferred on society the blessing of savings-banks for the industrious poor, was the first to describe to the world these singular chronicles of ancient life. The subject was afterwards brought forward in a more popular style by Dr Buckland, in his lively book, the Bridgewater Treatise on Geology. Since then, examples of similar markings have been found in several other parts of Europe, and a still greater number in America.

Dumfriesshire is still the principal locality of these curious objects in our island; and they are found not only in the original spot—the quarry of Corncockle Muir, but in another quarry at Craigs, near the town of Dumfries. Ample collections of them have been made by Sir William Jardine, the famed naturalist, who happens to be proprietor of Corncockle Quarry, and by Mr Robert Harkness of Dumfries, a young geologist, who seems destined to do not a little for the illustration of this and kindred subjects. Meanwhile, Sir William Jardine has published an elegant book, containing a series of drawings, in which the slabs of Corncockle are truthfully represented.*

The Annandale footmarks are impressed on slabs of the New Red Sandstone—a formation not long subsequent to the coal, and remarkable for its comparative deficiency of fossils, as if there had been something in its constitution unfavourable to the preservation of animal remains. It is curious to find that, while this is the case, it has been favourable to the preservation of what appears at first sight a much more accidental and shadowy memorial of life—the mere impression which an animal makes on a soft substance with its foot. Yet such fully appears to be the fact. The sandstone slabs of Corncockle, lying in their original place with a dip of about 33 degrees to the westward, and separating with great cleanness and smoothness, present impressions of such liveliness, that there is no possibility of doubt as to their being animal foot-tracks, and those of the tortoise family. A thin layer of unctuous clay between the beds has proved favourable to their separation; and it is upon this intervening substance that the marks are best preserved. Slab after slab is raised from the quarry—sometimes a foot thick, sometimes only a few inches—and upon almost every one of them are impressions found. What is very remarkable, the tracks or series of footprints pass, almost without exception, in a direction from west to east, or upwards against the dip of the strata. It is surmised that the strata were part of a beach, inclining, however, at a much lower angle, from which the tide receded in a westerly direction. The animals, walking down from the land at recess of tide, passed over sand too soft to retain the impressions they left upon it; but when they subsequently returned to land, the beach had undergone a certain degree of hardening sufficient to receive and retain impressions, 'though these,' says Sir William, 'gradually grow fainter and less distinct as they reach the top of the beds, which would be the margin of drier sands nearer the land.' He adds: 'In several instances, the tracks on one slab which we consider to have been impressed at the same time, are numerous, and left by different animals travelling together. They have walked generally in a straight line, but sometimes turn and wind in several directions. This is the case in a large extent of surface, where we have tracks of above thirty feet in length uncovered, and where one animal had crossed the path of a neighbour of a different species. The tracks of two animals are also met with, as if they had run side by side.'

With regard to the nature of the evidence in question, Dr Buckland has very justly remarked, that we are accustomed to it in our ordinary life. 'The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has made near the scene of his depredations. The American savage not only identifies the elk and bison by the impression of their hoofs, but ascertains also the time that has elapsed since the animal had passed. From the camel's track upon the sand, the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, or whether it was lame.' When, therefore, we see upon surfaces

* *Ichnology of Annandale*. Lizars, Edinburgh. 1851.

which we know to have been laid down in a soft state, in a remote era of the world's history, clear impressions like those made by tortoises of our own time, it seems a legitimate inference, that these impressions were made by animals of the tortoise kind, and, consequently, such animals were among those which then existed, albeit no other relic of them may have been found. From minute peculiarities, it is further inferred, that they were tortoises of different species from any now existing. Viewing such important results, we cannot but enter into the feeling with which Dr Buckland penned the following remarks:—'The historian or the antiquary,' he says, 'may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles; and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away between the time in which those footsteps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they were again laid bare and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them, stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow; as if to shew that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity—and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind.'

The formation of the slabs, and the preservation of the footprints, are processes which the geologist can easily explain. A beach on which animals have left the marks of their feet, becomes sufficiently hardened to retain the impressions; another layer of sand or mud is laid down by perhaps the next tide, covering up the first, and protecting it from all subsequent injury. Thousands of years after, the quarryman breaks up the layers, and finds on the one surface the impression of the animal, while the lower face of the superincumbent layer presents a cast of that impression, thus giving us in fact a double memorial of one event. At Wolfville, on the Bay of Fundy, Sir Charles Lyell some years ago observed a number of marks on the surface of a red marly mud which was gradually hardening on the sea-shore. They were the footprints of the sand-piper, a bird of which he saw flights daily running along the water's edge, and often leaving thirty or more similar impressions in a straight line, parallel to the borders of the estuary. He picked up some slabs of this dried mud, and splitting one of them up, found a surface within which bore two lines of the same kind of footprints. Here is an example before our living eyes, of the processes concerned in producing and preserving the fossil footprints of the New Red Sandstone.

Some years after the Annandale footprints had attracted attention, some slab surfaces of the same formation in Saxony and England were found bearing an impression of a more arresting character. It resembled the impression that would be made by the palm and extended fingers and thumb of the human hand, but a hand much thicker and flabbier than is commonly seen. The appropriate name of *Cheirotherium* was proposed for the unknown extinct animal which had produced these marks. The dimensions in the several examples were various; but 'in all cases the prints of what appear to have been the hind-feet are considerably larger than those of the fore-feet; so much so, indeed, that in one well-preserved slab containing several impressions, the former measures eight inches by five, and the latter not more than four inches by three. In this specimen, the print of the fore-foot is not more than an inch and a half in advance of that of the hinder one, although the distance between the two successive positions of the same foot, or the length of a pace of the animal, is fourteen inches. It therefore appears, that the animal must have had its posterior extremities both much larger and much longer than the anterior; but this peculiarity it possessed in common with many existing species, such as the frog, the kangaroo, &c.; and beyond this and certain appearances in the sandstone, as if a tail had been dragged behind the animal, in some sets of footsteps, but not in others, there is nothing to suggest to the comparative anatomist any idea of even the class of Vertebrata to which the animal should be referred.'* Soon after, some teeth and fragments of bones were discovered, by which Professor Owen was able to indicate an animal of the frog-family (Batrachia), but with certain affinities to the saurian order (crocodiles, &c.), and which must have been about the size of a large pig. It has been pretty generally concluded, that this colossal frog was the animal which impressed the hand-like foot-prints.

At a later period, footprints of birds were discovered upon the surfaces of a thin-bedded sandstone belonging to the New Red formation on the banks of the Connecticut River, in North America. The birds, according to Sir Charles Lyell, must have been of various sizes; some as small as the sand-piper, and others as large as the ostrich, the width of the stride being in proportion to the size of the foot. There is one set, in which the foot is nineteen inches long, and the stride between four and five feet, indicating a bird nearly twice the size of the African ostrich. So great a magnitude was at first a cause of incredulity; but the subsequent discovery of the bones of the Moa or Dinornis of New Zealand, proved that, at a much later time, there had been feathered bipeds of even larger bulk, and the credibility of the *Ornithichnites Giganteus* has accordingly been established. Sir Charles Lyell, when he visited the scene of the footprints on the Connecticut River, saw a slab marked with a row of the footsteps of the huge bird pointed to under this term, being nine in number, turning alternately right and left, and separated from each other by a space of about five feet. 'At one spot, there was a space several yards square, where the entire surface of the shale was irregular and jagged, owing to the number of the footsteps, not one of which could be distinctly traced, as when a flock of sheep have passed over a muddy road; but on withdrawing from this area, the confusion gradually ceased, and the tracks became more and more distinct.'† Professor Hitchcock had, up to that time, observed footprints of thirty species of birds on these surfaces. The formation, it may be remarked, is one considerably earlier than any in which fossil bones or other indications of birds have been detected in Europe.

In the coal-field of Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, there were discovered in 1844, slabs marked with footprints bearing a considerable resemblance to those of the Cheirotherium, and believed to have been impressed by an animal of the same family, though with some important points of distinction. The hind-feet are not so much larger than the fore; and the two on each side, instead of coming nearly into one row, as in the European Cheirotherium, stand widely apart. The impressions look such as would be made by a rudely-shaped human hand, with short fingers held much apart; there is some appearance as if the fingers had had nails; and a protuberance like the rudiment of a sixth finger appears at the side. This was the first

* Ansted's Introduction to Geology, i. [illegible].
† Lyell's Travels in North America, i. [illegible].

indication of reptile life so early as the time of the coal-formation; but as the fossil remains of a reptile have now been found in Old Red Sandstone, at Elgin, in Scotland, the original importance of the discovery in this respect may be regarded as lessened.

Last year, some slabs from Potsdam, in Canada, were brought to England, and deposited in the museum of the Geological Society. Belonging as these slabs do to a formation coeval with those in which the earliest fossils were hitherto found, it was startling to find them marked with numerous foot-tracks of what appeared to have been reptiles. It seemed to shew, that the inhabitants of the world in that early age were not quite so low in the scale of being as had previously been assumed from the facts known; and that all attempts to describe, from positive knowledge, anything like a progression of being on the face of our globe, were at least premature. Professor Owen had, at first, scarcely any hesitation in pronouncing the footprints to be those of tortoises; but he afterwards changed his views, and expressed his belief that the impressions had been produced by small crustacean animals. Thus the views previously entertained regarding the invertebrate character of the *fauna* of the Silurian epoch, have ultimately remained unaffected, so far as these Potsdam slabs are concerned.

Slabs of sandstone and shale often retain what is called the ripple-mark—that is, the corrugation of surface produced by the gentle agitation of shallow water over sand or mud. We can see these appearances beneath our feet, as we walk over the pavement of almost any of our cities. Such slabs are also occasionally marked by irregular protuberances, being the casts of hollows or cracks produced in ancient tide-beaches by shrinkage. In many instances, the footprints of animals are marked by such lines passing through them, shewing how the beach had dried and cracked in the sun after the animals had walked over it. In the quarries at Stourton, in Cheshire, some years ago, a gentleman named Cunningham observed slab surfaces mottled in a curious manner with little circular and oval hollows, and these were finally determined to be the impressions produced by rain—the rain of the ancient time, long prior to the existence of human beings, when the strata were formed! Since then, many similar markings have been observed on slabs raised from other quarries, both in Europe and America; and fossil rain-drops are now among the settled facts of geology. Very fine examples have been obtained from quarries of the New Red Sandstone at Newark and Pompton, in New Jersey. Sir Charles Lyell has examined these with care, and compared them with the effects of modern rain on soft surfaces of similar materials. He says, they present 'every gradation from transient rain, where a moderate number of drops are well preserved, to a pelting shower, which, by its continuance, has almost obliterated the circular form of the cavities. In the more perfectly preserved examples, smaller drops are often seen to have fallen into cavities previously made by larger ones, and to have modified their shape. In some cases of partial interference, the last drop has obliterated part of the annular margin of a former one; but in others it has not done so, for the two circles are seen to intersect each other. Most of the impressions are elliptical, having their more prominent rims at the deeper end [a consequence of the rain falling in a slanting direction]. We often see on the under side of some of these slabs, which are about half an inch thick, casts of the rain-drops of a previous shower, which had evidently fallen when the direction of the wind was not the same. Mr Redfield, by carefully examining the obliquity of the imprints in the Pompton quarries, ascertained that most of them implied the blowing of a strong westerly wind in the triassic period at that place.' A certain class of the impressions at Pompton are thought to be attributable to hail, 'being deeper and much more angular and jagged than the rain-prints, and having the wall at the deeper end more perpendicular, and occasionally overhanging.'*

AITON'S TRAVELS.

A WORK in any department of general literature rarely appears from the pen of a clergyman in the Church of Scotland, and therefore that to which we are about to refer, under the title noted beneath,† is in some respects a curiosity. The writer, a minister settled in a mountainous parish in Lanarkshire, may be said to have made a remarkable escapade for one in his obscure situation and reverend calling. With an immense and unclerical flow of animal spirits, evidently as fond of travelling as old William Lithgow, and as garrulous as Rae Wilson, of whose class he is a surviving type, Dr Aiton is quite the man to take a journey to the Holy Land; for no difficulty in the way of toil, heat, hunger, creeping or winged insects, wild beasts, or still wilder savages, disturbs his equanimity. He also never hesitates to use any expression that comes uppermost. He explicitly observes, that 'no man with the capacity of a hen,' should fail to contribute such information as he possesses on the sacred regions he has traversed. Alluding to some circumstances in the voyage of St Paul, he says he has 'no desire to cook the facts.' He talks of a supposition being 'checkmated.' And in going along the coast of Spain, he mentions that he took care to have 'a passing squint at Cape St Vincent.' Many similar oddities break out in the course of the narrative; not that we care much about them one way or other: it is only to be regretted that the author has by this looseness of expression, and his loquacious dragging in of passages from Scripture on all occasions, also by his inveterate love of anecdotic illustration, done what he could to keep down a really clever book to an inferior standard of taste. We would hope, however, that candid readers will have a kindly consideration of the author's intentions, and pass over much that is prosy and ridiculous for the sake of what is original and interesting. Traversing lands that have been described a hundred times before, it might be supposed that little was left for Dr Aiton to pick up; yet every traveller has his own method of observation. In justice to the doctor, it must be acknowledged that he made a judicious use of time during his travels in the East, and has told us many amusing particulars of what he saw. There is, at least, always a certain graphic painting in his off-hand descriptions; as, for instance, his notice of an incident that occurred on his arrival in Egypt.

'On landing at Alexandria I saw a ship unloading, and box by box were being handed to the lighter, according to the number each respectively bore. Some mistake, more or less important, had apparently been made by one of the native operatives on the occasion. Instantly two sticks were laid on his head with dreadful effect. The poor fellow seemed to be stunned and stupified for a time. On this account it probably happened, that he fell into a second similar blunder, when a stick was thrown, not horizontally, but perpendicularly, and so aimed that it struck the socket of the eye. In one moment he lost the sight of it, and the ball hung by a ligament on his cheek. He uttered a hideous yell, and staggered; notwithstanding of which other two cudgels were applied to his arm while he had the power to hold it up in protection of his head. Horror of horrors! I thought, verily in the fulfilment of prophecy, God has been pleased to curse this garden and granary of the world, and to permit foreigners terribly to tyrannise over its degraded people.' Proceeding onward to Cairo: 'What a hurry-skurry

* *Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, April, 1851.

† *The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as Visited in 1851.* By John Aiton, D.D., Minister of Dolphinton. Fullarton & Co. 1852.

there was in the dark in getting into the vans at the hotel-door to be conveyed to the Mahmoudie Canal! When I arrived, I found the barge in which we were to be conveyed both very confined and dirty. But it proceeded at tolerable speed, drawn by horses which were pursued by well-mounted Arabs yelling, lashing, and cracking with their whips. We all passed a fearful night of suffocation and jambing, fasting and feasted on by millions. Some red-coated bedlamites, unfortunately infatuated with wine, had to be held from jumping overboard. The ramping and stamping, and roaring and scrambling for room to sit or lie, was horrific. At last the day dawned, when matters were not quite so bad; but we moved over our fifty miles of ditch-water to Atfeh in a manner the most uncomfortable any poor sinners ever suffered.'

The account given of his entry to Cairo is also strikingly faithful. 'When I landed at Boulac, another Oriental scene of novelty was presented. Crowds of men and women, all in their shirts only—lazy looking-on watermen calling for employment, porters packing luggage on the camels, donkey-boys, little active urchins, offering their asses, crying: "Here him best donkey"—"you Englese no walk"—"him kick highest"—"him fine jackass"—"me take you to Cairo." There were also plenty of custom-house folks demanding fees to which they had no right, and sturdy rascals seeking buckshish, and miserable beggars imploring alms. Walking through this promiscuous crowd, with all the dignity they could muster, there were venerable sheiks, or Egyptian oolema, with white turbans, and long silvery beards, and tawny sinister faces. And there were passengers not a few, with a carpet-bag in the one hand and a lady hanging on the other arm, crowding from the deck to the shore.

'The moment I mounted the stair at the pier of Boulac, I found myself in the red dusky haze of an Egyptian atmosphere. It was near noon, and the rays of the hot sun trembled over the boundless Valley of the Nile on to the minarets of Cairo, and further still to the sombre Pyramids. Now, indeed, the scene before me presented a superb illusion of beauty. The bold range of the Mockattam Mountains, its craggy summits cut clearly out in the sky, seemed to run like a promontory into a sea of the richest verdure; here, wavy with breezy plantations of olives; there, darkened with acacia groves. Just where the mountain sinks upon the plain, the citadel stands on its last eminence, and widely spread beneath lies the city—a forest of minarets, with palm-trees intermingled, and the domes of innumerable mosques rising and glittering over the sea of houses. Here and there, green gardens are islanded within that ocean, and the whole is girt round with picturesque towers, and ramparts occasionally revealed through vistas of the wood of sycamores and fig-trees that surround it. From Boulac I was conveyed to the British Hotel at Cairo, the Englishman's home in Egypt, conducted by Mr Shepherd, the Englishman's friend in the East. The approach to Grand Cairo is charming and cheering, and altogether as fanciful as if I had been carried with Aladin's lamp in my hand through a fairy region to one of the palaces mentioned in the *Arabian Nights of Entertainment*. I passed along a broad level path, full of life and fancy, amid groves and gardens, and villas all glittering in grandeur. At every turn, something more Oriental and magnificent than anything I had yet seen presented itself. Along the level, broad highway, a masquerading-looking crowd was swarming towards Cairo. Ladies, wrapped closely in white veils, were carrying water on their heads. Long rows of dromedaries loaded with luggage were moving stately forward. Donkeys at full canter, one white man riding, and two black men driving and thumping the poor brutes most unmercifully with short thick sticks, were winding their way through the throng. Ladies enveloped in flowing robes of black silk, and veiled up to the eyes, were sitting stride-leg on richly-caparisoned asses, shewing off with pomp a pair of yellow morocco slippers, which appeared on their feet from under their flowing robes. And before these, clearing the way, there were eunuch slaves crying: "Darak ya Khowaga-riglak! shemalak!" which probably may mean: "Stand back, and let her ladyship pass!" There were walkers and water-carriers, with goat-skins full on their back; and fruit-sellers and orange-girls; and ourselves and others driving at full gallop, regardless of all the Copts, Abyssinians, Greeks, Turks, Parsees, Nubians, and Jews, which crowded the path. But curiosity of this sort is soon satisfied, and these novelties are passed, when I find myself in the midst of the city, more full of mud and misery, dark, dirty twisting lanes, arched almost over by verandas, and wretchedly paved or not paved at all, full of smells and disgusting sights—such as lean, mangy dogs, and ragged beggars quivering with lice, and poverty-stricken people; all this more than the whole world can produce anywhere else, not excepting even the Jewish city of Prague; which astonished me beyond comparison till I saw the poorer portions of Cairo.'

During his stay in Cairo, the doctor visited the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, the short journey being performed early in the morning, and with a guide. The toils and pleasures of the excursion are fairly described. 'I had read so much of the bulk of the Pyramids, and they now appeared so positively insignificant in their dimensions, that I felt mortified; but I remembered that I had the same impression many years ago when first approaching the Alps; and I began to consider, that as the extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave them the appearance of proximity in the far distance, so it would also partly account for the diminutive aspect they persisted in presenting. I dismounted, and scrambled up the bold ledge of rock, and found myself already a hundred feet above the level of the Nile. Here my Arab guide produced cold fowl, bread, wine, and Nile water in plenty at the foot of this mountain of stone, which now began to indicate its colossal magnitude. Standing beside the pyramid, and looking from the base to the top, and especially examining the vast dimensions of each separate stone, I thus obtained an adequate impression of the magnitude of its dimensions, which produced a calm and speechless but elevated feeling of awe. The Arabs, men, women, and children, came crowding around me; but they seemed kind and inoffensive. I was advised to mount up to the top before the sun gained strength; and, skipping like chamois on a mountain, two Arabs took hold of me by each wrist, and a third lifted me up from behind, and thus I began, with resolution and courage, to ascend the countless layers of huge stones which tower and taper to the top. Every step was three feet up at a bound; and, really, a perpendicular hop-step-and-leap of this sort was no joke, move after move continuing as if for ever. I found that the Arabs did not work so smoothly as I expected, and that one seemed at a time to be holding back, while another was dragging me up; and this soon became very tiresome. Perceiving this, they changed their method, and I was directed to put my foot on the knee of one Arab, and another pulled me up by both hands, while a third pushed me behind; and thus I bounded on in my tread-mill of tedious and very tiresome exertion. I paused half-way to the top, and rested at the cave. I looked up and down with a feeling of awe, and now I felt the force of Warburton's remark, when he calls it the greatest wonder in the world. But in the midst of these common-place reflections, a fit of sickness came over me. Everything turned dark before me; and now for a moment my courage failed me; and when looking at my three savage companions—for my guide and his friend were sitting below finishing the fragments of my

breakfast, and the donkeys were munching beans—I felt myself alike destitute of comfort and protection; and when they put forth their hands to lift my body, I verily thought myself a murdered man. When I came out of my faint, I found that they had gently turned me on my belly, with my head flat upon the rock, and that they had been sprinkling my face and breast with water. A profuse perspiration broke out, and I felt myself relieved. I rested ten or fifteen minutes, and hesitated for a moment whether to go up or down; but I had determined that I should reach the top, if I should perish in the attempt. I resumed, therefore, the ascent, but with more time and caution than before; and fearing to look either up or down, or to any portion of the frightful aspect around, I fixed my eye entirely on each individual step before me, as if there had been no other object in the world besides. To encourage me by diverting my attention, the Arabs chanted their monotonous songs, mainly in their own language, interspersed with expressions about buckshish, "Englese good to Arabs," and making signs to me every now and then how near we were getting to the top. After a second *dwam*, a rest and a draught of water prepared me for another effort at ascending; and now, as I advanced, my ideas began to expand to something commensurate with the grandeur and novelty of the scene. When I reached the top, I found myself on a broad area of about ten yards in every way of massive stone-blocks broken and displaced. Exhausted and overheated, I laid me down, panting like a greyhound after a severe chase. I bathed my temples, and drank a deep, cool draught of Nile water. After inhaling for a few minutes the fresh, elastic breeze blowing up the river, I felt that I was myself again. I rose, and gazed with avidity in fixed silence, north and south, east and west. And now I felt it very exhilarating to the spirit, when thus standing on a small, unprotected pavement so many hundred feet above the earth, and so many thousand miles from home, to be alone, surrounded only by three wild and ferocious-like savages. The Arabs knew as well as I did that my life and property were in their power; but they were kind, and proud of the confidence I had in them. They tapped me gently on the back, patted my head, kissed my hand, and then with a low, laughing, sinister growl, they asked me for buckshish, which I firmly refused; then they laughed, and sang and chatted as before. In calmly looking around me, one idea filled and fixed my mind, which I expressed at the time in one word—magnificence! . . . . . I remained long at the top of the pyramid, and naturally felt elevated by the sublimity of the scenery around, and also by the thought, that I had conquered every difficulty, and accomplished my every purpose. The breeze was still cool, although the sun was now high in the sky. I laughed and talked with the Arabs; and advanced with them holding my two hands, to the very edge, and looked down the awful precipice. Here again, with a push, or a kick, or probably by withdrawing their hands, my days would have been finished; and I would have been buried in the Desert among the ancient kings, or more likely worried up by hungry hyænas. I looked around at my leisure, and began carefully to read the names cut out on the stones, anxious to catch one from my own country, or of my acquaintance, but in this I did not succeed. Seeing me thus occupied, one of the Arabs drew from his pocket a large murderous-looking *gully*, and when he advanced towards me with it in his hand, had I believed the tenth part of what I had heard or read, I might have been afraid of my life. But with a laughing squeal, he pointed to a stone, as if to intimate that I should cut out my name upon it. Then very modestly he held out his hand for buckshish, and I thought him entitled to two or three piasters. . . . . In coming down, I felt timid and giddy for awhile, and was afraid that I might meet the fate of the poor officer from India, who, on a similar occasion, happened to miss his foot, and went bouncing from one ledge of stone to another, towards the bottom, like a ball, and that long after life was beaten out of him. Seeing this, the Arabs renewed their demand for buckshish, and with more perseverance than ever; but I was equally firm in my determination that more money they should not have till I reached the bottom. At last they took me by both hands as before, and conducted me carefully from step to step. By and by I jumped down from one ledge to another without their assistance, till I reached the mouth of the entrance to the interior. I descended this inlet somewhat after the manner of a sweep going down a chimney, but not quite so comfortable, I believe. In this narrow inclined plane, I not only had to encounter sand-flies, and every variety of vermin in Egypt, but I was afraid of serpents. The confined pass was filled, too, with warm dust, and the heat and smoke of the lights we carried increased the stifling sensation. In these circumstances, I felt anxious only to go as far as would enable me to fire a pistol with effect in one of the vaults. This is well worth while, inasmuch as the sound of the explosion was louder than the roar of a cannon. In fact, it almost rent the drum of my ears, and rolled on like thunder through the interior of the pyramid, multiplied and magnified as it was by a thousand echoes. The sound seemed to sink, and mount from cavity to cavity—to rebound and to divide—and at length to die in a good old age. The flash and the smoke produced, too, a momentary feeling of terror. Having performed this marvellous feat, I was nowise ambitious to qualify myself further for giving a description of the interior.'

After visiting Suez, the author returned to Cairo, descended to the coast of the Levant, and took shipping for Jaffa, on the route to Jerusalem. Every point of interest in the holy city is described as minutely as could be desired. Next, there was a visit to the Dead Sea, regarding which there occur some sagacious remarks. The doctor repudiates the ordinary belief, that the waters of this famed lake are carried off by exhalation. Six million tons of water are discharged every day by the Jordan into the Dead Sea; and to suppose that this vast increase is wholly exhaled, seems to him absurd. He deems it more likely that the lake issues by subterranean passages into the Red Sea. The only remark that occurs to us on this point is, that the saltness of the lake must be held as a proof that there is at least a large exhalation from the surface.

Dr Aiton also visited Bethlehem, where he saw much to interest him; and had the satisfaction of being hospitably entertained by the fathers of the Greek convent. 'I left the convent, he says, 'soothed and satisfied much with all that I had seen, and went round to take a parting and more particular view of the plain where the shepherds heard the angels proclaim: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!" The plain is still mainly under pasture, fertile and well watered, and there I saw shepherds still tending their flocks. These shepherds have great influence over their sheep. Many of them have no dogs. Their flocks are docile and domestic, and not as the black-faced breed of sheep in Scotland, scouring the hills like cavalry. The shepherd's word spoken at any time is sufficient to make them understand and obey him. He sleeps among them at night, and in the morning he leadeth them forth to drink by the still waters, and feedeth them by the green pastures. He walks before them slow and stately; and so accustomed are the sheep to be guided by him, that every few bites they take they look up with earnestness to see that he is there. When he rests during the heat of the day in a shady place, they lie around him chewing the cud. He has generally two or three favourite lambs which don't mix with the flock, but frisk and fondle at his heel. There is a

tender intimacy between the Ishmaelite and his flock. They know his voice, and follow him, and he careth for the sheep. He gathereth his lambs, and seeketh out his flock among the sheep, and gently leadeth them that are with young, and carrieth the lambs in his bosom. In returning back to Jerusalem, I halted on a rugged height to survey more particularly, and enjoy the scene where Ruth went to glean the ears of corn in the field of her kinsman Boaz. Hither she came for the beginning of barley harvest, because she would not leave Naomi in her sorrow. "Entreat me not to leave thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." How simple and tender! Here, when looking around me, honoured I felt for ever be her memory, not only for these touching sentiments, worthy of our race even before the fall, and when the image of God was not yet effaced; but also in respect that she who uttered these words was the great-grandmother of David, and as of the generation of Jesus. Here also I looked back to the city of Bethlehem with lingering regret, uttering a common-place farewell to the scene, but never to its hallowed recollections.'

We may conclude our extracts with a passage descriptive of the doctor's departure from the Holy Land, from which it will be seen that he was not indisposed to keep his part when necessity demanded. 'The steamer *Levant* was ordered to sail at midnight on the day it arrived at Jaffa, and there was a vast crowd and great confusion at the embarkation. All the villainy of the Arab watermen was in active operation. With the assistance of Dr Kiat's Italian servant, an arrangement had been made that I and my friend were to be taken out to the steamer for a stipulated sum; but while all the boats of the natives were going off, ours was still detained at the pier under a variety of flimsy pretences. Then a proposal was made to carry the luggage back to the shore, and to take away the boat somewhere else, a promise being given by the Arabs that they would return with it in plenty of time to take us on board before midnight. By this time, I was too old a traveller amid ruffians of this sort to permit so simple a fraud to be perpetrated. The crew insisted on taking hold of the oars, and my friend and I persisted in preventing them. We soon saw that nothing but determined courage would carry the day. I therefore did not hesitate to grasp the skipper firmly by the throat till I almost choked him, threatening to toss him headlong into the sea. We also threatened loudly to go back to the English consul, and to have them punished for their conduct. Awed a little, and seeing that we were not to be so easily done as they expected, notwithstanding that we had been so simple as to pay our fare before we started, they did at last push off the boat; but it was only after a fashion of their own. Every forty yards their oars struck work, and they demanded more money. The sea was rough even beyond the breakers, and the gravestone which I had seen in the garden at Jaffa was enough to convince me, that the guiding of a boat by savages in the dark, through the neck of such a harbour, with whirling currents and terrifying waves, was a matter of considerable danger. There was no remedy for it, but continuing to set the crew at defiance, knowing that they could not upset the boat without endangering their own lives as well as ours. They wetted us, however, purposely, with the spray, and did their best to frighten us, by rocking the boat like a cradle. First one piaster (about twopence-halfpenny) was given to the skipper, then the boat was advanced about a hundred yards, when the oars were laid down once more. Another row was the consequence, at the end of which another piaster was doled out to him, and forward we moved till we were fairly within cry of the ship, when I called out for assistance, and they pushed us directly alongside, behind the paddle-box. Here again they detained the luggage, and demanded more buckshish; but I laid hold of the rope hanging down from the rails of the steamer, and crying to my companion to sit still and watch our property, I ran up the side of the ship and called for the master, knowing that the captain was on shore. Looking down upon them, he threatened to sink them in the ocean if they did not bring everything on deck in a minute. When I saw the portmanteaus brought up, and my friend and I safely on board, I thought that all was well enough, although we had got a ducking in the surf; but in a little, my friend found that he had been robbed of his purse, containing two sovereigns and some small money; but nobody could tell whether this had been done in the crowd on the pier, or when he was in the boat, or when helped up the side of the ship. The anchor was weighed about midnight, and we steamed along the coast of Samaria, towards the once famous city and seaport of Herod.'

Having taken the liberty to be jocular on the doctor's oddities of expression, we beg to say, that notwithstanding these and other eccentricities, the work he has produced is well worthy of perusal, and of finding a place in all respectable libraries.

GLEANING IN SCOTLAND.

BY A PRACTITIONER.

Like most other ubiquitous customs, corn-gleaning has been frequently described by the painter and the poet, yet I much question whether in any case the picture is true to nature. A certain amount of idealism is infused into all the sketches—indeed, in the experience of numbers of readers, this is the sole feature in most of them. Such a defect is easily accounted for. Those who have depicted the custom were practically unacquainted with its details, and invariably made the sacred story the model of their picture, without taking into consideration the changes induced by time or local peculiarity. Even the beautiful and glowing description of English corn-gleaning given by Thomson, is felt by practical observers to be greatly too much of the Oriental hue, too redolent of the fragrance of a fanciful Arcadia. It is a pity that this interesting custom is not more faithfully transcribed into our national poetry; and it is with the hope that a future Burns may make the attempt, that the writer of this article ventures to give a short history of his gleaning-days, believing the subject to be interesting enough to engage the attention of the general reader.

Though born amid the grandeur and sublimity of Highland scenery, I was, at a very early age, brought to reside in a small village on the east coast—small now, but once the most famous and important town in that part of Scotland. Among the scenes of these times, none stand out more vividly than the 'gathering-days'—the harvest of the year's enjoyment—the time when a whole twelvemonth's happiness was concentrated in the six weeks' vacation of the village-school. I do not recollect the time when I began to glean—or *gather*, as it is locally termed—probably I would, when very young, follow the others to the near farms, and gradually become, as I grew older, a regular gleaner. At that time the gleaners in our district were divided into two gangs or parties. One of these was headed by four old women, whose shearing-days were past; and as they were very peaceable, decent bodies, it was considered an honour to get attached to their band. The other was composed of the wilder spirits of the place, who thought nothing of jumping dikes, breaking hedges, stealing turnips, and committing other depredations on the farms which they visited. Fortunately, my quiet

disposition, and supposed good character, procured my admittance into the more respectable gang; and I had the honour of sharing its fortunes during the five or six years I continued a gleaner. I was surprised to see one of these old ladies toddling about the village only a few weeks ago, though her gathering-days are long since past. She is the last survivor of the quorum, and is now fast fading into dotage.

Although the two gleaning-parties never assumed a positive antagonism, they took care to conceal their movements from each other as well as possible. When one of our party received information of a field being 'ready,' the fact was secretly conveyed to all the members, with an injunction to be 'in such a place at such an hour' on the following morning; and the result generally was, that we had a considerable portion of the field gleaned before the other gang arrived. But we did not always act on previous information. Many a morning we departed on the search, and frequently wandered all day without 'lifting a head.' These were the best times for us young ones, whose hearts were too light to care for more than the fun of the thing, as we then had a glorious opportunity of getting a feast of bramble-berries and wild raspberries in the woods and moors; but to the older members of our party the disappointment was anything but pleasant.

I have spoken of a field being *ready*. Now, to some readers, this may convey a very erroneous idea. We learn that in early times not only were the gleaners admitted among the sheaves, or allowed to 'follow the shearers,' as the privilege is now termed, but, in a certain instance, the reapers were commanded to leave a handful now and then for the gleaner. Now, that custom is entirely changed: the sheaves are all taken away from the field; and instead of the reapers leaving handfuls expressly for the gleaners, the farmer endeavours by raking to secure as much as possible of what they accidentally leave on the stubble. I am not inclined to quarrel with the condition that requires the stooks to be removed ere the gleaners gain admittance; because many would be tempted to pilfer, and besides, the ground on which they stand could not be reached. But there is no doubt that the custom of gleaning was originally a public enactment; while the fact that it has spread over the whole earth, and descended to the present time, shews that it still exists on the statute-book of justice, in all the length and breadth of its original signification; and it amounts almost to a virtual abrogation of the privilege when the stubble is thus cleaned. At all events, if these sentiments are not in consonance with the new lights of the day, let them be pardoned in a *ci-devant* gleaner.

Upon arriving at a field, our first object was to choose a locality. If we were first on the ground, we took a careful survey of its geographical position, and acted accordingly. When the field was level, and equally exposed, it mattered little to what part we went; but in the event of its being hilly, or situated near a wood, we had to consider where the best soil lay, and where the sun had shone most. It was in the discovery of these important points that the sagacity and experience of our aged leaders were most brilliantly displayed, and gave to our party an immense superiority over the other, whose science was much more scanty; it therefore happened that we had generally the largest quantity and best quality of grain. These preliminaries being settled—and they generally took less time than I have done to write—we began work, commencing, of course, at the end of the field by which we entered, and travelling up or down the rigs.

The process of gleaning may be generally considered a very simple one; but in this, as in everything else, some knowledge is necessary; and no better proof of this could be had, than in the quantities gathered by different persons in the same space of time. A careless or inexperienced gatherer could easily be detected by the size and *shape* of his single. The usual method practised by a good gleaner was as follows:—Placing the left hand upon the knee, or behind the back, the right was used to lift the ears, care being taken to grasp them close by the 'neck.' When the right hand had gathered perhaps twenty or thirty ears, these were changed into the left hand; the right was again replenished from the ground; and this process was continued till the left was full, or rather till the gleaner heard one of his or her party exclaim: 'Tie!' when the single was obliged to be completed. Thus it is clear that a good eye and a quick hand are essential to a good gleaner.

Whenever one of the members of the party found that the left hand was quite full, he or she could compel the others to finish their singles whether their hand was full or not, by simply crying the afore-mentioned word 'Tie!' At this sound, the whole band proceeded to fasten their bundles, and deposit them on the rig chosen for their reception. The process of 'tying' it is impossible to explain on paper; but I can assure my readers it afforded great scope for taste and ingenuity. Few, indeed, could do it properly, though the singles of some were very neat. The best 'tyer' in our party, and indeed in the district, was a little, middle-aged woman, who was a diligent, rapid gatherer, and generally the first to finish her handful. Her singles were perfectly round, and as flat at the top as if laid with a plummet. Having finished tying, we laid down our singles according to order, so that no difficulty might be felt in collecting them again, and so proceeded with our labour.

When we got to the end of the field, the custom was, to finish our handfuls there, and retrace our steps for the purpose of collecting the deposits, when each of us tied up our collected bundles at the place from which we originally started. To the lover of the picturesque, the scene while we sat resting by the hedge-side, was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. Spread over the field in every direction were the gleaners, busily engaged in their cheerful task; while the hum of their conversation, mingling with the melody of the insect world, the music of the feathery tribes, and the ripple of the adjoining burn, combined to form a strain which I still hear in the pauses of life.

On our homeward road from a successful day's gathering, how merry we all were, in spite of our tired limbs and the load upon our heads! Indeed it was the load itself that made us glad; and we should have been still merrier if that had been heavier. How sweet it was to feel the weight of our industry—no burden could possibly be more grateful; and I question much whether that was not the happiest moment in Ruth's first gleaning-day, when she trudged home to her mother-in-law with the ephah of barley, the produce of her unflagging toil.

When harvest was over, and the chill winds swept over cleared and gleaned fields, our bond of union was dissolved, each retired to his respective habitation, and, like Ruth, 'beat out that he had gleaned.' In many cases, the result was a sufficient supply of bread to the family for the ensuing winter. It was singular that, during the rest of the year, little or no intercourse was maintained between those who were thus associated during harvest. They lived together in the same degree of friendship as is common among villagers, but I could never observe any of that peculiar intimacy which it was natural to suppose such an annual combination would create. They generally returned to their ordinary occupations, and continued thus till the sickle was again heard among the yellow corn, and the *stacks* were growing in the barn-yard.

Then, as if by instinct, the members of the various bands, and the independent stragglers, left their monotonous tasks, and eagerly entered on the joys and pleasures of the gathering-days.

"I might add many reminiscences of the few seasons I spent in this manner; but I am afraid that, however interesting they might prove in rural districts, they are too simple to interest the general reader. Let me observe, however, before concluding, that the great majority of the farmers at the present day are decidedly unfavourable to gleaning, although the veneration that is generally entertained for what is ancient, and the traditionary sacredness which surrounds this particular custom, prevents them from openly forbidding its continuance. They have introduced, however, laws and rules which infringe sadly its original proportions, and which, in many instances, are made the instruments of oppression.

WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.

The division of labour between the man and wife in Indian life is not so unequal, while they live in the pure hunter state, as many suppose. The large part of a hunter's time, which is spent in seeking game, leaves the wife in the wigwam, with a great deal of time on her hands; for it must be remembered that there is no spinning, weaving, or preparing children for school—no butter or cheese making, or a thousand other cares which are inseparable from the agricultural state, to occupy her skill and industry. Even the art of the seamstress is only practised by the Indian woman on a few things. She devotes much of her time to making moccasons and quill-work. Her husband's leggins are carefully ornamented with beads; his shot-pouch and knife-sheath are worked with quills; the hunting-cap is garnished with ribbons; his garters of cloth are adorned with a profusion of small white beads, and coloured worsted tassels are prepared for his leggins. In the spring, the corn-field is planted by her and the youngsters, in a vein of gaiety and frolic. It is done in a few hours, and taken care of in the same spirit. It is perfectly voluntary labour, and she would not be scolded for omitting it; for all labour with Indians is voluntary.—*Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes.*

LANGUAGE OF THE LAW.

If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,' which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology 'an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein,' the phrase would run thus:—'I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and as effectually as I, the said A. B., am now inclined to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, or pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding;' with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

CHANCES OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

10,268 infants are born on the same day and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these, 1243 never reach the anniversary of their birth; 9025 commence the second year; but the proportion of deaths still continues so great, that at the end of the third only 8183, or about four-fifths of the original number, survive. But during the fourth year the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreases. It goes on decreasing [illegible] twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health. 7134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes, the meridian of manhood, 6302 have reached it. Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4727, or less than half of those who entered life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy there are not 1000 survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one hundred and six the drama is ended; the last man is dead.—*Albany Journal.*

A SONG.

The little white moon goes climbing
  Over the dusky cloud,
Kissing its fringes softly,
  With a love-light, pale as shroud—
Where walks this moon to-night, Annie?
Over the waters bright, Annie?
  Does she smile on your face as you lift it, proud?
God look on thee—look on thee, Annie!
  For I shall look never more!

The little white star stands watching
  Ever beside the moon;
Hid in the mists that shroud her,
  And hid in her light's mid-noon:
Yet the star follows all heaven through, Annie,
As my soul follows after you, Annie,
  At moon-rise and moon-set, late and soon:
Oh, God watch thee, God watch thee, Annie,
  For I can watch never more!

The purple-black sky folds loving,
  Over far sea, far land;
The thunder-clouds, looming eastward,
  Like a chain of mountains stand.
Under this July sky, Annie,
Do you hear waves lapping by, Annie?
  Do you walk, with the hills on either hand?
Oh, God love thee, God love thee, Annie,
  For I love thee evermore!

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.

Quakerism is favourable to *longevity*, it seems. According to late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britain is fifty-one years, two months, and twenty-one days. Half of the population of the country, as is seen by the same returns, die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of human life the world over is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. The reasons are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the week's business—on Wednesday morning—retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting-house. Quakers are diligent; they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensity, but preserve a composed demeanour always. Is it surprising that their days should be long in the land?—*National Intelligencer.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 460. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

PRESERVED MEATS AND MEAT-BISCUITS.

THE many-headed public look out for 'nine days' wonders,' and speedily allow one wonder to obliterate the remembrance of that which preceded it. So it is with all newspaper topics, and so it has been in respect to the preserved-meat question. We all know how great was the excitement at the commencement of the present year on this matter. Ships' accounts overhauled; arctic stores re-examined; canisters opened and rejected; contracts inquired into; statements and counter-statements published; questionings of Admiralty officials in the two Houses of Parliament; reports published by committees; recommendations offered for future guidance; descriptions of the preserving processes at different establishments: all went the round of the newspapers, and then the topic was forgotten. It deserves to be held in remembrance, however, for the subject-matter is really important and valuable, in respect not only to the stores for shipping, but to the provisioning of large or small bodies of men under various exceptional circumstances.

A few of the simple laws of organic chemistry suffice to account for the speedy decay of dead animal substances, and for the methods whereby this decay is retarded or prevented. In organised substances, the chemical atoms combine in a very complex but unstable way; several such atoms group together to form a proximate principle, such as gluten, albumen, fibrin, &c.; and several of these combine to form a complete organic substance. The chemical rank-and-file, so to speak, form a battalion, and two or more battalions form the chemical army. But it is a law in chemistry, that the more complex a substance becomes, the less stable is its constitution, or the sooner is it affected by disturbing influences. Hence organic substances are more readily decomposed than inorganic. How striking, for instance, are the changes easily wrought in a few grains of barley! They contain a kind of starch or fecula; this starch, in the process of malting, becomes converted into a kind of sugar; and from this malt-sugar or transformed starch, may be obtained ale or beer, gin or whisky, and vinegar, by various processes of fermenting and distilling. The complex substance breaks up through very slight causes, and the simple elements readjust themselves into new groupings. The same occurs in animal as in vegetable substances, but still more rapidly, as the former are more intricate in composition than the latter, and are held together by a weaker tie.

What the 'vital principle' may be, neither chemists nor physiologists can tell us with any great degree of clearness; but it is this vital principle, whatever it may be, which prevents decay in a living organic substance, however complex. When life departs, the onslaught begins; the defender has been removed, and a number of assailants make their appearance. *Air*, *heat*, and *moisture* are the principal of these; they attack the dead organism, and gradually convert it into wholly different and inorganic compounds, such as water, carbonic acid, ammonia, phosphuretted hydrogen, and many others. What, then, would result if these disturbers could be warded off, one or all? It is now pretty well ascertained, that if any one of the three —air, heat, moisture—be absent, the decay is either greatly retarded or indefinitely postponed; and we shall find that in all antiseptic or preserving processes, the fundamental principle has simply such an object in view.

Sometimes the operation of natural causes leads to the preservation of dead animal substances for a great length of time, by excluding one out of the above three disturbing influences. If heat be so deficient that the animal juices become wholly frozen up, the substance is almost proof against decay. Thus, about seventy years ago, a huge animal was found imbedded in the ice in Siberia: from a comparison of its skeleton with those of existing species, Cuvier inferred that this animal must have been antediluvian; and yet, so completely had the cold prevented putrefaction, that dogs willingly ate of the still existing flesh. At St Petersburg, when winter is approaching, the fish in the markets become almost like blocks of ice, so completely are they frozen; and in this state they will remain sound for a lengthened period. Dead poultry, and other articles of animal food, are similarly kept fresh throughout the winter in many rigorous climates, simply by the powerlessness of the attacking agents, when heat is not one of the number. And that which nature effects on a large scale, may reasonably be imitated by man on a more limited one. It is customary to pack many kinds of provisions in ice or snow, either for keeping them in storehouses, or for sending them to market. Thus it is with the tubs of poultry, of veal, and of other kinds of meat, which, killed in the country districts of Russia in autumn, are packed in snow to keep cool till sold at market; and thus it is with much of the salmon sent from Scotland to London. Since the supply of excellent ice from Wenham Lake, commenced about nineteen years ago, has become so abundant and so cheap, it is worth a thought whether the preservative powers of cold might not advantageously be made more available in this country than they have yet been. In the United States, housewives use very convenient refrigerators or ice-boxes, provided with perforated shelves, under which ice is set, and upon

which various provisions are placed: a large uncooked joint of meat is sometimes kept in one of these boxes for weeks. Among the celebrities of the Crystal Palace, many will recollect Masters's elegant ice-making machine, in which, by combining chemical action with centrifugal motion, ice can be made in a few minutes, let the heat of the weather be what it may. This machine, and the portable refrigerators manufactured by the Wenham Company, together with our familiar, old-fashioned ice-houses, might supply us with much more preservative power, in respect to articles of food, than we have hitherto practically adopted.

If, instead of watching the effects produced by abstraction of *heat*, we direct attention to the abstraction of *moisture*, we shall find that antiseptic or preservative results are easily obtainable. All kinds of bacon and smoked meats belong to the class here indicated. The watery particles are nearly or quite driven out from the meat, and thus one of the three decomposing agents is rendered of no effect. In some cases, the drying is not sufficient to produce the result, without the aid of the remarkable antiseptic properties of salt; because decomposition may commence before the moisture is quite expelled. In many parts of the country, hams are hung within a wide-spreading chimney, over or near a turf-fire, and where a free current of air, as well as a warm temperature, may act upon them; but the juices become dissipated by this rude process. Simple drying, without the addition of salt or any condiment, is perhaps more effectual with vegetable than with animal substances.

But it is under the third point of view that the preservative process is more important and interesting, inasmuch as it admits of a far more extensive application. We speak of the abstraction of *air*. Atmospheric air affects dead organic matter chiefly through the agency of the oxygen which forms one of its constituents; and it is principally to insure the expulsion of oxygen that air is excluded. The examples which illustrate the resulting effects are numerous and varied. Eggs have been varnished so as to exclude air, and have retained the vital principle in the chick for years; and it is a familiar domestic practice, to butter the outside of eggs as a means of keeping them. The canisters of preserved provisions, however, are the most direct and valuable result of the antiseptic action by exclusion of air. The Exhibition Jury on Class 3, in their Report on this subject, speak thus warmly thereupon:—'It is impossible to overestimate the importance of these preparations. The invention of the process by which animal and vegetable food is preserved in a fresh and sweet state for an indefinite period, has only been applied practically during the last twenty-five years, and is intimately connected with the annals of arctic discovery. The active measures taken to discover a north-west passage, and to prosecute scientific research, in all but inaccessible regions, first created a demand for this sort of food; and the Admiralty stimulated the manufacturers to great perfection in the art. As soon as the value of these preparations in cold climates became generally admitted, their use was extended to hot ones, and for the sick on board ship under all circumstances. Hitherto they had been employed only as a substitute for salt beef or pork at sea, and if eaten on shore, it was at first as a curiosity merely. Their utility in hot climates, however, speedily became evident; especially in India, where European families are scattered, and where, consequently, on the slaughter of a large animal, more is wasted than can be consumed by a family of the ordinary number.'

Whatever improvements may have been introduced by later manufacturers, the principle involved in the meat-preserving processes is nearly as M. Appert established it forty years ago. His plan consisted in removing the bones from the meat; boiling it to nearly as great a degree as if intended for immediate consumption; putting it into jars; filling up the jars completely with a broth or jelly prepared from portions of the same meat; corking the jars closely; incasing the corks with a luting formed of quicksilver and cheese; placing the corked jars in a boiler of cold water; boiling the water and its contents for an hour; and then allowing the cooling process to supervene very gradually.

Until the recent disclosures concerning the preserved meats in the government depôts, the extent of the manufacture, or rather preparation, was very little known to the general public. In the last week of 1851, an examination, consequent on certain suspicions which had been entertained, was commenced at the victualling establishment at Gosport. The canisters—for since Appert's time stone jars have been generally superseded by tin canisters—contain on an average about 10 pounds each; and out of 643 of these which were opened on the first day's examination, no fewer than 573 were condemned as being utterly unfit for food. On the next day, 734 were condemned out of 779; and by the fourth day, the number examined had risen to 2707, of which only 197 were deemed fit for food. Such wretched offal had been packed in the canisters, instead of good meat, that the stench arising from the decomposing mass was most revolting; the examiners were compelled to use Sir William Burnett's disinfecting fluid abundantly, and even to suspend their labours for two or three days under fear of infection. The canisters formed part of a supply sent in by a contractor in November 1850, under a warrant that the contents would remain good for five years; the filling of the canisters was understood to have been effected at Galatz, in Moldavia, but the contractor was in England. The supply amounted to 6000 canisters, all of which had to be examined, and out of which only a few hundred were found to contain substances fit for food. Instead of good meat, or in addition to a small quantity of good meat, the examiners found lung, liver, heart, tongue, kidney, tendon, ligament, palate, fat, tallow, coagulated blood, and even a piece of leather—all in a state of such loathsome putridity as to render the office of the examiners a terrible one.

Of course nothing can be predicated from such atrocities as these against the wholesomeness of preserved food; they prove only the necessity of caution in making the government contracts, and in accepting the supplies. The Admiralty shewed, during subsequent discussions, that large supplies had been received from various quarters for several years, for use on shipboard in long voyages and on arctic expeditions; that these had turned out well; and that the contractor who was disgraced in the present instance, was among those who had before fulfilled his contracts properly. Fortunately, there is no evidence that serious evil had resulted from the supply of the canisters to ships; the discovery was made in time to serve as a useful lesson in future to government officials and to unprincipled contractors.

The jury report before adverted to, points out how cheap and economical these preserved meats really are, from the circumstance, that all that is eatable is so well brought into use. It is affirmed by the manufacturers, that meat in this form supplies troops and ships with a cheaper animal diet than salt provisions, by avoiding the expense of casks, leakage, brine, bone, shrinkage, stowage, &c., which are all heavy items, and entail great waste and expenditure; and by a canister of the former being so much smaller than a cask of the latter, in the event of one bad piece of meat tainting the whole contents. The contents of all the cases, when opened, are found to have lost much of the freshness in taste and flavour peculiar to newly-killed meat; they are always soft, and eat as if overdone. As a matter of choice, therefore, few or no

persons would prefer meat in this state to the ordinary unpacked and recently-cooked state. But the important fact to bear in mind is, that the nutritious principles are preserved; as nutriment, they are unexceptionable, and they are often pleasantly seasoned and flavoured.

In the ordinary processes of preparation, as carried on in London and other places, the tin canisters have a minute hole, through which the air may be expelled, while the meat is simmering or boiling within; and in the case of poultry being preserved whole, extra precautions are necessary, to insure the expulsion of the air from the hollow bones of the birds. Soups are more easily prepared than solid meat, on account of the greater facility for getting rid of the confined air. The minute air-hole in the canister is soldered down when the process is completed.

M. Alexis Soyer, who has a notoriety in London as the prince of cooks, and a very ingenious man—a sort of Paxton of the kitchen—wrote to the daily journals, about the time of the disclosure at Gosport, to offer a few suggestions. He said: 'No canister ought to contain more than about six pounds of meat, the same to be very slightly seasoned with bay-salt, pepper, and aromatic herbs in powder, such as bay-thyme and bay-leaf, a small quantity of which would not be objectionable even for invalids. No jelly should be added to the meat; the meat, and the meat alone, should produce its own jelly. With the bones and trimmings of the above, a good *stock* should be made without vegetables, well reduced and skimmed, to form a very strong transparent demi-glaze; six-pound canisters should be filled with the same, bearing a special mark, and one of these allowed to every dozen of the others. This demi-glaze, when diluted in water, would make six gallons of very good broth, with which any kind of soup could be made in a very short time.' He also points out how the condition of the preserved meat may be guessed by the external appearance of the canister. If either the top or bottom of the canister be convex, like the upper surface of a watch-glass, the contents are in a state of decomposition; the bulging being occasioned by the gases generated during the chemical changes. If the contents of the canister be sound, the top and bottom will be either quite flat, or slightly concave.

The Jury on Food, at the Great Exhibition, had quite an *embarras des richesses:* they were surrounded by hundreds of canisters of preserved provisions, all of which they were invited to open and taste. They say, or their reporter says, that the merits of the contributions 'were tested by a selection from each; the cases were opened in the presence of the jury and tasted by themselves, and, where advisable, by associates. The majority are of English manufacture, especially the more substantial viands; France and Germany exhibiting chiefly made-dishes, game, and delicacies—of meat, fish, soups, and vegetables.' It is an important fact for our colonies, that viands of this description are as well prepared in Australia, Van Diemen's Land, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope, as in the mother-country. 'Animal food is most abundant and cheap in some of those colonies. In Australia, especially, during seasons of drought, it is wasted in extraordinary quantities; flocks are slaughtered for the tallow alone, and herds, for their bones and hides. Were the meat on these occasions preserved, it cannot be doubted that it could be imported into England, and sold at a cheaper rate than fresh meat in our metropolitan markets, to the great benefit of the lower-classes.' This is a statement well worth being borne in mind by some of those who are at present dazzled with gold-digging wonders.

In respect to the preserved meats at the Great Exhibition, many were merely cured or dried meats. From Canada, for instance, they comprised hams, bacon, tongues, and barrels of beef and pork. Among the miscellaneous contributions were grated beef, canisters of fresh salmon, 'admirable boiled mutton in tin cases,' dried mullets, '*mouton rôti*,' fish, meats preserved in a fresh state by simple drying—on a plan practised in Switzerland—and preserved larks. Not the least remarkable was a preserved *pig*, which reclined in all its glory on the floor of the south-west gallery, and was a successful example of curing on a large scale. Still more striking than this, was the large partridge-pie, placed somewhat out of general notice in the 'Netherlands' department; a formidable pie it truly was, for it contained 150 partridges, with truffles, and weighed 250 pounds: it had been made a year before it was forwarded to London. But among the contributions more immediately relating to our present subject, may be mentioned those of Mr Gamble, which comprised, among others, a canister of preserved boiled mutton, which had been prepared for the arctic expedition in 1824; many such canisters were landed at Fury Beach in Prince Regent's Inlet; they were found by Sir John Ross at that spot in 1833 in a perfect state, and again by Sir James Ross in 1849, the meat being as sweet and wholesome as when prepared a quarter of a century before.

The range of these preserving processes is singularly wide and varied. If we take the trade-list of one of the manufacturers, such as that of Messrs Hogarth of Aberdeen, and glance through it, we shall find ample evidence of this. There are nearly twenty kinds of soups selling at about 2s. per quart-canister. There is the concentrated essence of beef, much more expensive, because containing the nutriment of so much more meat; and there are, for invalids, concentrated broths of intermediate price. There are about a dozen kinds of fish, some fresh and some dried. There are various kinds of poultry, roast and boiled; hare, roast and jugged; and venison, hashed and minced. There are beef, veal, and mutton, all dressed in various ways, and some having the requisite vegetables canistered with them, at prices varying from 10d. to 15d. per pound. There are tongues, hams, bacon, kidneys, tripe, and marrow; and there are cream, milk, and marmalade. Lastly, there are such vegetables as peas, beans, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and beet, at 6d. to 1s. per pound-canister. The canisters for all these various provisions contain from one pound to six pounds each. It was Messrs Hogarth, we believe, who supplied the preserved meats and vegetables to the arctic ships under Sir E. Belcher which sailed in the spring of 1852.

M. Brocchière, a French manufacturer, has lately extended these economical processes so far, as to attempt to produce concentrated food from the blood of cattle. He dries up the liquid or serous portions of the blood, and forms into a cake, with admixture of other substances, the coagulable portion, which contains fibrin, the source of flesh and muscle. Unless a more delicate name could be given to this preparation, prejudice would have some influence in depriving it of the chance of fair play. The dry blood is in some cases combined with a small portion of flour, and made into light dry masses, like loaves or cakes, to be used as the basis of soups; while in other cases it is combined with sugar, to make sweet biscuits and bon-bons. Another kind of preserved animal fluid is the *gemazome*, prepared by Messrs Warriner and Soyer. This consists of the nutritious matter or juice of meat, set free during the operation of boiling down fat for tallow in Australia; it is afterwards concentrated, and preserved in the form of sausages. A great amount of nutriment is thus obtained in a portable form; when boiled with gelatine, it forms a palatable diet, and it is also used to form a gravy for meat.

Masson's method of preserving vegetables seems to be very effective, as applied to white and red cabbages, turnips, Brussels sprouts, and such like. The process, as conducted in France, is very simple. The vegetables

are dried at a certain temperature (104 to 118 degrees Fahrenheit), sufficient to expel the moisture without imparting a burnt taste; and in this operation they lose nearly seven-eighths of their original weight. The vegetables are then pressed forcibly into the form of cakes, and are kept in tinfoil till required for use. These vegetables require, when about to be eaten, rather more boiling than those in the ordinary state. Some of the French ships of war are supplied with them, much to the satisfaction of the crews. Dr Lindley has stated, on the authority of a distinguished officer in the Antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, that although all the preserved meats used on that occasion were excellent, and there was not the slightest ground for any complaint of their quality, the crew became tired of the meat, but never of the vegetables. 'This should shew us,' says Dr Lindley, 'that it is not sufficient to supply ships' crews with preserved meats, but that they should be supplied with vegetables also, the means of doing which is now afforded.' Generally speaking, the flavour of preserved vegetables, whether prepared on Masson's or on any other process, is fresher than that of the meats—especially in the case of those which abound in the saccharine principle, as beet, carrot, turnips, &c. The more farinaceous vegetables, such as green peas, do not preserve so well.

One of the most remarkable, and perhaps valuable recent introductions, in respect to preserved food, is the American *meat-biscuit*, prepared by Mr Borden. A *biscuit-beef* is prepared by a Frenchman, M. Du Liscoet, resembling an ordinary coarse ship-biscuit; but this is said to have 'an animal, salt, and not very agreeable taste.' The American meat-biscuit, however, is prepared in a way which renders its qualities easily intelligible. It contains in a concentrated form all the nutriment of meat, combined with flour. The best wheaten flour is employed, with the nutriment of the best beef, and the result is presented for use as food in the form of a dry, inodorous, flat, brittle cake, which will keep when dry for an unlimited period. When required for use, it is dissolved in hot water, boiled, and seasoned at pleasure, forming a soup about the consistence of sago. One pound of the biscuit contains the nutritive matter—fat excepted—of five pounds of prime beef, mixed with half a pound of wheaten flour. One ounce of the biscuit, grated and boiled in a pint of water, suffices to form the soup. It can also be used in puddings and sauces. The manufacture of the meat-biscuit is located at Galveston, in Texas, which abounds in excellent cattle at a very low price. It is said that the meat-biscuit is not liable to heating or moulding, like corn and flour, nor subject to be attacked by insects. The meat-biscuit was largely used by the United States' army during the Mexican campaign; the nutriment of 500 pounds of beef, with 70 pounds of flour, was packed in a twenty-two-gallon cask.

Dr Lindley, as one of the jurors for the Great Exhibition, and as a lecturer on the subject at the Society of Arts, commends the meat-biscuit in the very highest terms. 'I think I am justified in looking upon it,' he says, 'as one of the most important substances which this Exhibition has brought to our knowledge. When we consider that by this method, in such places as Buenos Ayres, animals which are there of little or no value, instead of being destroyed, as they often are, for their bones, may be boiled down and mixed with the flour which all such countries produce, and so converted into a substance of such durability that it may be preserved with the greatest ease, and sent to distant countries; it seems as if a new means of subsistence was actually offered to us. Take the Argentine Republic, take Australia, and consider what they do with their meat there in times of drought, when they cannot get rid of it while it is fresh; they may boil it down, and mix the essence with flour—and we know they have the finest in the world—and so prepare a substance that can be preserved for times when food is not so plentiful, or sent to countries where it is always more difficult to procure food. Is not this a very great gain?' A pertinent question, which intelligent emigrants would do well to bear in mind.

THE BUYER OF SOULS:

A RUSSIAN STORY.

All over the world, the essential elements of human nature are the same. And it is very fortunate for me that they are so, else I should find myself in considerable difficulty in endeavouring to place before my readers a correct picture of the little, out-of-the-way town of Nikolsk. Making due allowances for the differences in national manners and customs; for Nikolsk being under the dominion of his autocratic majesty the emperor of all the Russias, instead of the mild, constitutional government of Queen Victoria, there is no great discrepancy between Nikolsk and any equally out-of-the-way town in England. It has the same dearth of excitement, the same monotonous uniformity of life; it lives in the same profound ignorance of the great incidents that the drama of human existence is developing on the theatre of the world at large; it has its priest, its doctor, its lawyer, its post-office where a seal is not so sacred as it might be, or rather where the problem of getting at the news, without breaking the wax, has been successfully solved; it has the same thirst for scandal, the same intense interest for the most contemptible trivialities, the same constantly impending danger of suicide from ennui, did not human nature adapt itself to its environments, and sink into pettiness as naturally as though there were no such things as towns and cities, and enlarged views of man and nature in the world: all these it has the same as any British Little Pedlington. Then it has its circles of social intercourse, as rigidly defined and as intensely venerated as the rules of court precedence. The difference in the social scale between a landowner, a tenant, a member of the professions, a tradesman, a publican, a sweep, and a beggar, is accurately prescribed and religiously observed—with this addition, however, that in Nikolsk the owners of land are also owners of the serfs upon the land, and that the numerous representatives of that most centralised of all governments cut an important figure in the snobberies of the place. In fine, there is one little English word that describes Nikolsk completely, and that is—*dull*. It is dull—beyond comprehension dull. No town in the universe can be duller; because, from its quintessential dulness, there is but one step to total inanition.

Thus, in Nikolsk, the ancient saying, that there is nothing new under the sun, was daily and hourly verified. Week after week, and year after year, the governor pillaged the people; the inspector of charities pillaged the charities; the inspector of nuisances scrupulously avoided inspecting at all, lest, by removing them, the need for his services should cease; the landowner ground down the serfs; the tax-assessor ground the landowners; and everybody, in return for the favours a paternal government showered upon them through its immaculate representatives, cheated and defrauded that government with a persistency and perseverance approaching the sublime. Mothers of daughters were in despair, for in Nikolsk there were no 'nice young men,' no eligible matches; fathers of sons despaired in their turn, for as everybody robbed everybody, and the government robbed the robbers, there were no heiresses; ladies wore the fashions of 1820 in 1840, under the impression that they were the newest from Paris; the reading portion of the community were just beginning to hear of Voltaire as a promising writer; and the general

public laboured under the fixed idea, that somewhere or other Napoleon was still prosecuting his leviathan campaigns, happily *not* in Russia. The only thing that ever broke the monotony of existence was the prevalence of cholera, or the governor essaying some loftier flight of tyranny than usual by hanging up a score of defaulters to the revenue, or knouting a bevy of ladies whose tongues outran their prudence.

Such being the state of affairs in Nikolsk, it will be easily imagined, that when mine host of the Black Eagle, in a very important and mysterious manner, announced to a select few that a singular and eccentric stranger, rolling in money, had arrived at his hostelry, with the intention of staying some time in Nikolsk, the news flew like a telegraphic message, or a piece of scandal among a community of old maids, through the place; and that in a few hours after his arrival, nobody, from governor to serf, thought or spoke of anything or anybody else than the mysterious stranger, who, under the name of Tchitchikof, occupied the best suite of apartments in the Black Eagle, and, as the landlord affirmed on oath, was eccentric to a degree, and revelled in untold gold.

Now, whatever had been the station in society of M. Tchitchikof, his means or his idiosyncrasy, the mere fact of his being a stranger had been enough to make the good people of Nikolsk pounce down upon him like a hawk on its quarry, and morally tear him to pieces with rapacious analysis to satiate their ravenous curiosity. But as to the fact of his being a stranger, was added the piquancy of a reputation for eccentricity, and the irresistible recommendation of wealth, the Tchitchikof mania spread over all ranks of society, and raged with the fury of a tornado by the evening of the very day upon which the host of the Eagle first delighted them with the news. In fact, so intense was the rage regarding him, that the landlord of that hostelry reaped a fortune from the constant drain upon his potables by inquisitive callers, and would have assuredly ceased to dispense strong drinks for evermore, had not the governor, in his vexation at the sequel of Tchitchikof's visit, found some pretext to despoil him of his gains, and a good round sum to boot. Various were the speculations as to the occupations and antecedents of Tchitchikof, and the business that had called him to Nikolsk. Enterprising mothers of families hoped that he was a Cossack Cœlebs in search of a wife, and began, on the strength of the surmise, to lay plots for ensnaring him, justly considering that a fool with money is preferable to a sage without; landowners trembled at the idea of his being a government assessor, come to examine into the state of the properties, and assess accordingly; while government *employés*, knowing too well that a paternal government does not tolerate plundering in subordinates, shuddered, conscience-stricken, at the idea that he must be a St Petersburg inspector, come to Nikolsk with powers of scrutiny, and equally unlimited powers of knouting. Every class, therefore, received with joy the assurance, that he was simply a private gentleman of fortune, travelling over Russia at his own sweet will. This mine host positively stated that he had heard Tchitchikof say with his own lips. This announcement delighted the officials and landowners, by removing their fears of the knout and taxes, and equally delighted the enterprising mammas, by increasing the probability of his visit being intimately connected with matrimonial intentions. It being thus definitely settled that there was nothing to be feared from Tchitchikof, the good folks of Nikolsk naturally took up the next position—that, being a stranger, and rich and eccentric, there was something to be gained from him. The leading passions of the Nikolskians being curiosity and avarice, their dealings with strangers were generally twofold—to scatter their ennui for a few days, by discovering their histories and affairs, and, where facts failed, calling in the aid of fancy; and when there was nothing more to be discovered or invented, to lighten their money-chests by all the tyranny that power dare venture on, or the effrontery that cunning could devise and execute. Their curiosity regarding Tchitchikof was soon baffled, by discovering, like Socrates, that all they knew was, that nothing could be known. In vain did mine host essay to pump him: with a show of the most voluble confidence, Tchitchikof contrived always, virtually to tell nothing. In vain the postmaster looked among the letters with a lynx eye; not one word of writing ever came to Tchitchikof through the medium of the post. Their knowledge of him speedily resolved itself into this: that he was a dashing, handsome young man, of most refined and polished manners, eminently gifted with that self-possession which is the never-failing accompaniment of good-breeding and intercourse with what is termed good society, elegant in dress, and, as the host of the Eagle announced, decidedly eccentric. This eccentricity manifested itself in one way, and one only, and that altogether incomprehensible to the greedy Nikolskians—namely, a morbid desire to part with his money. If Tchitchikof met a serf on the highway, he would offer him a ruble for a stick, a cap, or any other article he wore, intrinsically not worth a handful of corn; and when the bewildered serf hesitated, would manifest the utmost anger and impatience until he had gained possession of the coveted article. With possession, his value for it ceased, and the dear purchase was generally consigned to the fire a few minutes after it was bought. However varied his freaks might be in detail, in spirit they were ever essentially the same; they ever consisted in making some worthless piece of lumber an excuse for lightening his purse of a ruble or two.

The priest of the place was the first to find a solution of Tchitchikof's conduct. He asserted that Tchitchikof, in his love for money, had committed some fraud or some misdeed to obtain it, and that his conscience smiting him, he had sought ghostly solace from some minister, by whom he had been ordered, as adequate penance, to get off a certain portion per annum in bad bargains—thus at once doing good to the sellers and torturing the avaricious spirit of the penitential purchaser. To this the governor objected, with much force, that, money being the end of human existence, the gaining of it, by any means short of murder, must be laudable, and could sit heavily on no sane man's conscience; but being warned by the priest, that such arguments bordered on heresy, he shifted his ground, and maintained that Tchitchikof was much too young and too far from death to dream of penitence, even if he had committed such a crime; though he was evidently too reckless and devil-may-care to leave any dash of the miser in his composition. But the inspector of highways effectually knocked the clerical argument on the head, by saying, that had any priest thought it necessary, for the good of Tchitchikof's soul, that he should part with his money, he would have taken due care that, instead of it being squandered in Nikolsk, it had all gone to swell the revenues of Mother Church. The inspector of the hospital finally settled it to the satisfaction of all parties, by shewing, from attentive observation of Tchitchikof's conduct at the hospital, that he must be a monomaniac, whose particular insanity took the form of philanthropy; but that, believing that a gift debases the recipient, he dexterously contrived to *give* his assistance under the cloak of a purchase. Although his companions could not see how any man could be so insane as to fancy a serf could be debased, this opinion was unanimously adopted, and the whole community set their wits to work to make themselves objects of charity for the nonce, and so obtain a share in the plunder.

Space will not permit, neither would the end of our story be advanced by, a detail of the numerous and

adroit dodges the Nikolskians invented in order to work upon Tchitchikof's supposed philanthropy. Suffice it to say, that they were not in the least degree successful. It seemed as though you had only to appeal directly to Tchitchikof's charity to close up his bowels of compassion, and render him at once callous and niggardly. Perhaps, too, as some thought, he was as acute as he was eccentric, and could distinguish between real and feigned distress. However it might be, it was soon remarkably clear that Tchitchikof, madman though he was, was not to be done; and the baffled conspirators did not hesitate to say, that, after all, he was no such remarkable friend of his species; that he kept a keen eye on the main chance; and if it were his gratification to do good, he made a little go as far as it could, and was singularly blind to meritorious poverty. Accordingly, Tchitchikof having now been a fortnight in Nikolsk, was fast ceasing to be an object of interest, when his eccentricity broke out in a fresh place, and there seemed some likelihood of the children of Nikolsk, in the end, spoiling that Egyptian.

It so happened, that at that time the landowners, or rather serf-owners, constituted the most depressed 'interest' in that portion of the Russian Empire. Not that they were suffering from free-trade of any kind, or clamouring for open or disguised protection: the cause of their depression was the prevalence of a deadly epidemic, which reduced the number of their serfs with remorseless vigour—combined with the tax which a paternal government levied on them, as a consideration for its maintaining them in their humane and Christian property. One of the principles of Russian taxation is this: that as every individual in the empire, European or Asiatic, is the child of the czar, owes him fealty and obedience, and receives protection, light, and glory from him, as from a central sun, so every individual owes in return a direct contribution to the fund by which the czar-father supports that light and glory. This is the theory of Russian taxation; but against its actual carrying out in fact, is opposed the old difficulty, that from him who has nothing, nothing can possibly be extracted; and as the poor serfs have no more means of paying taxes than the hogs and cattle their fellow-slaves, a considerate paternal government drops its theory, and makes the landowner pay the poll-tax for the slaves he possesses, much as an English gentleman pays taxes for his horses and dogs, horses and dogs being as little able to pay tax themselves as the Russian serf. Now, in a kind of deep irony, a serf is called a *soul*. M. K—— or M. T—— owns so many *souls*, Miss L——'s marriage-portion was so many *souls*, Madame B——'s dowry was a hundred *souls;* and this word soul only applies to the male serfs—women and children being given in, or there being only one soul per family among serfs. Well, a landowner paying so much per soul to the government, and it being a work of much time and trouble to take a census of souls every year, an estimate is made at long intervals—say ten or twenty years—and the landowner is compelled to pay accordingly till the period expires, whether the number of his serfs increase or diminish. It is therefore self-evident, that if the former occur—that if his serfs propagate their species with due rapidity—the serf-owner is a clear gainer during the interval between the soul-censuses, as he will be paying tax for a given number, while he is actually reaping the profit of the labour of treble or quadruple that number; while, if cholera, fever, or any other of the ills that flesh, and especially serf-flesh, is heir to, come and slay their thousands, the exact converse obtains, and he will be paying tax for a certain number, while he only reaps the profit of a third. In the latter case were the landowners of Nikolsk. Cholera had more than decimated the serfs; the impoverished owners regarded their unreaped fields and untilled lands and impoverished exchequers with a sigh—a sigh which deepened into a shudder, when they reflected how soon the collector would arrive with his inexorable demand for soul-tax. The landed interest is in no country, we believe, celebrated for bearing reverses with dignified composure; and the depressed condition of the serf-owning interest was as much noised abroad in that district, as a certain professedly depressed interest connected with the soil has been, and is, in another country we know of much nearer home.

About a dozen miles from Nikolsk there dwelt a widow, Madame Korobotchka by name, who lived on her late husband's estate, and had suffered more than her neighbours by the prevalent serf mortality. Late one evening, when a violent storm was raging without, a stranger, who had been surprised in the storm, demanded the shelter of Madame Korobotchka's château till the morning; and as hospitality is a sacred duty in Russia, his demand was not only granted, but in a few minutes the stranger was seated as her *vis-à-vis* at the best repast her impoverished condition could afford.

'You appear to have a nice property here, *matouchka*,' said the stranger, by way of opening a conversation. 'How many peasants have you?'

'Peasants, *batiouchka!* At present, about eighty; but these are awful times. This year, we have had a frightful loss of them. Providence have pity on us!'

'Nevertheless, your men look well enough, and—— But, pardon me—allow me to inquire to whom I am indebted for this hospitality? I am quite confused—arrived so suddenly and so late—I'——

'My name is Korobotchka—my paternal name Nastasie Petrovna.'

'Nastasie Petrovna! Beautiful name.'

'And you, sir?' inquired Nastasie. And then added, palpitating with terror: 'Are you—surely not—are you —an assessor?'

'O no!' was the reply. 'My name is Tchitchikof. I am no assessor; I travel on purely private business.'

'I see: you have come to buy. How annoying! I've just sold all my honey to those thieves of merchants.'

'It is of no consequence. I do not buy honey.'

'Indeed! hemp, then? Dear me, and I have next to none.'

'Never mind, matouchka,' said Tchitchikof. 'My business in these parts is different. You were mentioning that you have had many deaths here?'

'Alas, yes! eighteen souls,' said Nastasie, sighing; 'and such fine fellows: and the worst is, I shall have to pay for them. The assessor arrives, you must pay what he demands—pay to a soul. Eighteen die—it is all one—you pay the same. They are frightful, they are ruinous, these deaths!'

'Ah, Nastasie,' said Tchitchikof, 'it is the will of God: we must not murmur against Providence. But tell me—will you let me have them?'

'Let you have what?'

'Your dead souls.'

'How can I let you have *them?*'

'Nothing easier. Sell them to me: I will give you money for them.'

'How! what! Do you want to disinter them?'

'Disinter them! what nonsense; no!' cried Tchitchikof. 'You hand them over to me by a regular conveyance, and I pay you whatever we agree upon for them.'

'And what will you do with them?' asked Nastasie in great surprise.

'That is my business,' said Tchitchikof.

'But you see they are dead.'

'And who, in the name of goodness, said they were living?' cried he. 'It's a misfortune for you that they are dead, isn't it? You pay the tax for them, don't you? —and that'll half-ruin you, you say. Well, I clear you of the tax for these eighteen dead ones—do you understand?—not only clear you of the tax, but give fifteen rubles into the bargain. Is that clear, or is it not?'

'No—yes—I can't tell what to say. You see, I have never sold *dead* peasants before, and'——

'It would be queer if you had,' cried Tchitchikof. 'Who'd buy them, do you think? It's my humour, my whim, to have them. I gain nothing by them—how can I?—and you gain everything. Cannot you see that?'

'Yes—but—really I don't know what to say. What puzzles me is, that they are dead.'

'She hasn't the brains of a bullock,' exclaimed Tchitchikof indignantly. 'Listen, matouchka. Pay attention. You pay for them as if they were living: that will ruin you.'

'Ah, that is true indeed, batiouchka. In three months, I must pay one hundred and fifty rubles, and bribe the assessor to boot.'

'Well, then, I save you all that trouble. I pay for these eighteen—I, not you. When you sign the contract, I hand over the money. Do you understand now?'

As Nastasie's cupidity excelled her stupidity, she did begin to understand; and after a little more hesitation and explanation, Tchitchikof drew up a formal conveyance of the eighteen souls, precisely as though they were bodies and souls, inserting their names, however, as a guarantee against his claiming any of Nastasie's living stock. Nastasie signed it, Tchitchikof paid the money, and, after a good night's rest, departed for Nikolsk, with the title-deed of the dead souls safely in his possession.

Of course this new freak of Tchitchikof's was soon noised abroad, and in the eyes of the Nikolskians proved two things:—1*st*, That he was unmistakably mad, or philanthropic to a high degree; 2*d*, That there was now a prospect of gaining something by said madness or philanthropy. Accordingly, all the serf-owners made it their business to drop in upon Tchitchikof in a purely casual manner; and contrived, after more or less higgling, to depart with a larger quantity of the current coin of Russia in their possession than they possessed on first seeking the interview. In a few days, Tchitchikof found himself possessed of 2000 souls, at the moderate [illegible] of 19,500 rubles. Dead souls were getting quite a scarce article; and, on the true principles of supply and demand, some enterprising Nikolskians were about to import some defunct souls from a distance, when suddenly, one morning, the host of the Eagle announced, that at dead of the previous night, Tchitchikof had departed, bag and baggage and souls.

This sudden departure created a great sensation. All the old theories about Tchitchikof revived; and the general opinion seemed to be, that it was all a deep-laid scheme of some irresponsible man in authority, the end whereof was to be suffering in some shape or other to the good people of Nikolsk; until the inspector of the hospital, the Nikolsk Socrates, proved clearly, by unassailable argumentation, that Tchitchikof was mad; that his exit was in exact keeping with his conduct during his sojourn; and that they might repose in the peace of easy consciences, proud that they had made the most of his insanity.

Now for the *dénouement*. At St Petersburg is or was a bank established by a paternal government for this most laudable purpose: what with deaths, taxes, and the natural extravagance that seems to accompany the possession of land in all countries, the Russian landowners are often embarrassed, and were driven, before this bank was established, to seek assistance from usurious Jews, the end of which was frequently total ruin, and a Hebraicising of the race of landowners, not pleasant to a Russian and a Christian czar. Therefore this bank was established to lend money to distressed members of the landed interest; compelled by its charter to lend 200 rubles per soul, at a given interest and time, to every landowner who should deposit his title-deeds with the bank. On a certain day very soon after Tchitchikof's abrupt exit from Nikolsk, a solicitor applies at this bank for a loan of 400,000 rubles on the security of 2000 souls. The title-deeds are examined—found correct; the money is paid; and in a few days afterwards M. Tchitchikof and the money are both out of the jurisdiction of the czar.

The time for repayment arrives. The bank hears nothing of M. Tchitchikof. A letter is sent to Nikolsk: no reply. Another of a threatening nature: still no reply. Finally, a special agent is despatched, and finds neither Tchitchikof nor security; but gradually collects the particulars of his visit, as narrated above, and returns to report progress, or no progress, to his superiors. There is nothing for it, one would think, but to write off the 400,000 rubles as a clear loss, and think no more of it. But a paternal government knows better than that. It adjudges that the Nikolskians are virtually accessaries to the fraud; apportions the loan among the sellers of the souls, and compels repayment. So that the Nikolskians have to conclude, in reflecting on M. Tchitchikof, not without acerbity and a certain uncharitableness of spirit, that if he were a friend of his species, he limited *his* species to himself; and if he were mad, there was a very clear and profitable method in his madness.

Meantime the principal actor in this little Russian episode, as the Baron von Rabenstein, captivates the hearts of our English ladies at the ball-room, and empties the pockets of our English gentlemen at the *rouge et noir* table in the fashionable German watering-place of Lugundtrugbad. And without disparaging his patriotism, or natural love of country, we believe we speak advisedly when we state, that he has not the slightest idea of returning, within anything like a limited period, to the territories of his autocratic majesty.

SPELLING-BOOK *VERSUS* HORN-BOOK.

Nothing is considered a more shocking mark of defective education than *false spelling*, or *bad spelling*, or *misspelling*—all which terms are used to express one's spelling a word in some way which the critic does not approve; that is, does not consider the right way. But this is plainly assuming that there is but one right way. Begging his pardon, is he quite certain that there must be true and false, good and bad, right and wrong ways of spelling every word in every language, or even in our own? It seems very doubtful. At all events, we must, I think, tether the critic to his own particular period, and not let him range up and down at his pleasure, condemning the past and legislating for the future.

No doubt there is at this time a common and usual way of spelling most words, which may claim to be called the right way, or *orthography*. It is equally certain, that for any individual writer to depart from that way, is anything but a mark of wisdom. At the same time, it would not be difficult to specify a considerable number of words, of which the spelling has only recently been made what it is, and about which, even now, doubts may be raised.

But this is hardly worth mentioning, for it is clear that there is, generally speaking, a mode of spelling the English language which is followed by all well-educated persons; and as, according to Quintilian, the *consensus eruditorum* forms the *consuetudo sermonis*, so this usage of spelling, adopted by general consent of the learned, becomes a law in the republic of literature. My object is not to insist on what is so plain and notorious, but rather to call attention to a fact which many readers do not know, and many others do not duly consider. I mean this fact—that three or four hundred years ago there was no such settled rule. Not that a different mode was recognised, but that there was no recognised mode. There was no idea in the minds of persons who had occasion to write, that any such thing existed, for in fact it did not exist; and the adoption of this or that

mode was a matter of taste or accident, rather than of duty or propriety. Thus it was that the writer who spelt (or spelled, for we have some varieties still) a word variously in different parts of the same book or document, and even the printer whose own name appeared one way on the title-page and another on the colophon, was not contradicting his contemporaries or himself: he was not breaking the law, for there was none to break—or, at least, none that could be broken in that way. He would, perhaps, have said to the same effect, though not so elegantly as Quintilian: 'For my part, except where there is any established custom to the contrary, I think everything should be written as it is sounded; for the use of letters is to preserve sounds, and render them, as things which they have been holding in trust, to the reader.' In short, the people of England, in these old times, had a law of their own, though it did not manifest itself in a fixed mode of spelling, but differed from ours, and, indeed, was based on a very different principle. Perhaps I might say, that they were brought up, not to the Spelling-book, but the Horn-book.

By this, I mean that the critic of modern times has been no doubt well drilled in the spelling-book, soundly rated if he was guilty of a misspelling, and made to understand that it was next to impossible for him to commit a more disgusting barbarism; while his many-times-great-grandfather (the scholar of Lily, perhaps we might almost say of Busby) went through no such discipline. He was, as I have said, brought up on the horn-book.

Now, I grant that, generally, the major includes the minor; and a man's being able to read is *prima facie* evidence that he knows his letters; yet it is possible that the modern many-times-great-grandson may indulge in as much laxity respecting *letters*, as his ancestor did with regard to *words*. Just try the experiment. Go round to half-a-dozen printers, and ask them to print for you the first letter of the alphabet. They will understand you, and you will understand me, without my puzzling the workman who is to print this—if it is printed—by naming the letter here. Apply to them, I say, successively to print this letter for you. It is not likely that any one of them will ask you: 'What shape will you have it?' because that is not a technical mode of expression among printers; but if any one should do so, you would perhaps answer with some surprise: 'Why, the right shape to be sure. Do not you know your letters, and are not your first, second, and third letters, and all through the alphabet, of the right shape? Only take care that you do not make this first one in the shape of the second, or third, or any of those which follow, for the whole set are distinguished from one another simply and purely by their *shape*.'

As I have said, however, if you applied to a practical man, he would not put the question in this form. At the same time, he certainly would put it in another. He would perhaps say: 'What type will you have? Shall it be Roman, Italic, Black-letter, Script, or any of the grotesque inventions of modern fancy?' You immediately become aware that your order is too indefinite to be acted on without some further specification. As, however, it is immaterial to you in a matter of mere experiment, you say at once 'Roman.' Does that settle it?—not at all: the question of form and shape is as wide open as ever. The Upper Case and Lower Case in a printing-office differ as much as the Upper House and Lower House in parliament or convocation. Is it to be a great 'A,' or a little 'a?' A great 'A,' I need not tell you, though quite the same in sound and value, is no more like a little 'a,' than a great 'B' is like a little 'b.'

As to writing also, as well as printing—set half-a-dozen critics separately and apart to write a capital 'A,' and see how far the letters which they will produce agree in form and shape—I do not say with any in the printer's stock, for not one will do that, we may be certain, but with each other. One scribe will probably make something like an inverted cornucopia, or wire-drawn extinguisher; and one will cross it with a dash, and another with a loop; while another will make a letter wholly different—something that shall look like a pudding leaning against a trencher set on edge—something that is only a great 'A' by courtesy, being in fact nothing but an overgrown little 'a;' bearing the same proportion to a common 'a' as an alderman does to a common man, and looking as if it had been invented by some municipal scribe or official whose eye was familiar with the outline of recumbent obesity.

But notwithstanding these and many other variations, you freely allow that each of your friends has made a capital 'A.' You do not dream of saying that one is right, and all the rest are wrong. The taste and the skill of their penmanship may be various, and the judgment of good and bad goes so far, but it knows better than to go further. Your toleration on this point is unbounded. If you can but make it out, you say, without the least emotion of resentment or contempt: 'Mr A. always makes *his* Bs in this way;' and 'Mrs C. always makes her Ds in that way.' *Their* Bs and Ds forsooth! Yes: 'every man his own alphabet-maker.' Why not, if you do but understand him? Right or wrong, the fact is that, come in what shape it may, you take what stands for 'A' to *be* 'A,' with all the rights and qualities annexed to that letter. Except so far as taste is concerned, you do not think of rebuking the self-complacent type-founder, who prides himself on having produced a new form which all the world will admit to be a genuine 'A,' as soon as they make out that it was meant for one.

I have thought it worth while to say all this about letters, because I believe that it will illustrate what was once upon a time nearly true as to words. The principle of those who had occasion to write in those early times was, so far as circumstances allowed, just opposite to that of the modern critics who find fault with their practice. They made that which, notwithstanding its fluctuations, we may call 'the constant quantity' to be the sound, exactly as we do with the multiform As and Bs just noticed. On the other hand, modern purists consider, not altogether incorrectly as to the fact, that the notation has somehow been settled and fixed, and they are disposed to force the sound into conformity. 'B, y, spells by,' said Lord Byron; and what he settled for himself, the spelling-book has settled for the rest of the world and all the words in it.

The circumstances of those who wrote English some centuries ago, may be considered as bearing some analogy to those of modern English authors who have occasion to write down Oriental words in English letters, and who are therefore obliged to make the characters which we use represent sounds which we do not utter. Of course there can only be an approximation. Writers feel that there is a discretion, and use it freely. It is easy for one after another to imagine that he has improved on the spelling of his predecessors. How many variegations and transmogrifications has the name of one unhappy Eastern tongue undergone since the days when Athanasius Kircher discoursed of the H[illegible]screet tongue of the Brahmins? I am almost afraid to write the name of Vishnoo, for I do not remember to have seen it in any book published within these five years; and what it may have come to by this time, I cannot guess. To a certain point, I think, this progressive purification of the mode of representing Eastern sounds has been acceptable to the world of letters; but the reading-public have shewn that there is a point at which they may lose patience. They not long ago decided that Haroun Alraschid, and Giafar, and Mesrour, and even the Princess Badroulboudour,

and the fair slave Nouzhatoul-aouadat, had all 'proper names,' and refused to part with the friends of their youth for a more correctly named set of persons never before heard of.

This by the way, however; for the main object of these remarks is to convey and impress the idea, that what naturally seems to us the strange and uncouth spelling of former times, was not a proof of the gross, untaught ignorance which it would now indicate. The purpose of the writer in those days was, not to spell accurately words which there was no strict rule for spelling, but to note down words in such a way as to enable those who had not heard them to reproduce them, and to impart their sense through the eye to those who should only see them. One of the finest proofs and specimens of this which we possess, is to be found in a sort of historical drama, now about three hundred years old, written by Bishop Bale, one of the most learned men of his time, and still existing, partly in his hand-writing, and partly in another hand, with his autograph corrections.* Certainly the prelate and the scribe between them did, as we should consider it, most atrociously murder the king and queen's English—for I suppose it would be hard to say how much of it belonged to Edward, and how much to Elizabeth; and there is something quite surprising in the prolific ingenuity with which they evade what we should consider the obvious and natural spelling. For instance, one of the *dramatis personæ*, and a very important one, is an allegorical person called 'Civil Order;' but I believe that the word 'civil' thus spelled never occurs in the whole work, though seven other modes of spelling it are to be found there. What then? You know what the writer means by cyvill, cyvyll, cyvyle, sivyll, syvyll, sivile, and syvile. Only say it out, and don't be afraid. It is mere nervousness that hinders people from reading old spelling. Clear your throat, and set off at full speed, and the top of your voice, with the following paragraph. Do not stop to think; take the raspers without looking at them, and you will find that you get over the ground wonderfully:—

'The suttle munkych rewlars in furdewhodes rewled the pepell with suttyll rewles. But some of the pepyll were sedyeyows scysmatyckes, and did puplyshe them for dysgysyd ipocryts, full of desseyvable gylle and covytous hydolatrie of luker. And these sysmatykes could in no wysse indewer that lords, nowther dewks, nor yet the kings mageste, nor even the empowr, should ponnysh any vylayn. Because, say they, peples in general, as well as peplys in particular (that is, yche man and his ayers), hath an aunchant and ondowghted right to do his dessyer attonys. "Yea sewer," said a myry fellawe (for such as be myrie will make myrye jests)—"even as good right as a pertre to yield peres, and pretty pygys to eat them."'

It is, of course, only for the spelling, or various spellings, of these words that the bishop is responsible, they being here arbitrarily brought together from various parts of his work merely to form a specimen. There can be no doubt that he would have pronounced the words 'people' and 'merry' in one uniform manner wherever they occur; but it is curious to consider how little we can judge respecting the pronunciation of our forefathers. Their *litera scripta manet;* but how they vocalised it, we cannot always decide. If the reader takes up any edition of Sternhold and Hopkins, printed less than a hundred years ago, he may, I believe, read in Psalm lxxix—

> O God, the Gentiles do invade,
> thine heritage to spoil:
> Jerusalem an heap is made—
> thy temple they defile.

Any one who is aware how many of what are called 'vulgarisms' in pronunciation are in fact 'archaisms,' will naturally think that the ancient pronunciation of 'spoil,' like the modern vulgar one, was 'spile.' But if he goes to one old black letter—say that printed by John Windet for the assignees of Richard Day in 1593—he will find in the fourth line 'defoile;' and if he goes to another edition he may find 'defoyle;' and he will learn that in speculating on such matters, he must be on his guard against modernisers, and go to originals. Even then the rhymes of our ancestors teach us much less of their pronunciation than we might expect; and the curious glimpses which we sometimes get from them, and from other sources, are only enough to make us wish for more. Take, for instance, Master Holofernes's vituperation of Don Adriano de Armado in *Love's Labour Lost*, and see what you can make of it: 'I abhor such phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak *dout* fine, when he should say *doubt; det*, when he should pronounce *debt;* d, e, b, t; not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, *cauf:* half, *hauf:* neighbour vocatur *nebour;* neigh abbreviated *ne:* this is abominable, which we would call *abhominable*.' Such a passage is curious, coming from one of whom it was asked: 'Monsieur, are you not lettered?' and answered: 'Yes, yes; he teaches boys the Horn-book.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROOMS AND THEIR ORNAMENTS.

The sun shines brightly to-day, and his beams glance lovingly from the flowers without to those within the room, and rest upon the 'Eve' that stands among them; the light is toned into softness by this green drapery, and reminds us of the leaves and tracery which peep in at the windows. We find, in the effect of the whole, such a delicate reflex of the nature outside, that we live with a half-conscious perception that but a tent-like division exists between us and the birds and blossoms in the garden. We love this room as we do few others, not for the evidences of wealth in it, though these exist, but because the idea regulating its arrangement is predominant through all its details. Affection and love of beauty were present at its creation for home-life, and worked it into harmony. All rooms might have this kind of beauty, subject only to slight modifications from position and wealth.

Character, in reality, has everything to do with it. Rooms tell us much of their inhabitants. No one will doubt who remembers the stiff, formal arrangement of the drawing-room 'at school,' where the chairs stood in the primmest rows and couples, and the whole place breathed such an air of strict propriety, that we doubted whether a hearty laugh would not be unbecoming in it; or the uncomfortable, seldom used, conventional drawing-room, which has such fine-looking, unreadable books on its polished tables; or the cheerful tiny room of the friend who has very little money, but very much taste, and who hangs an engraving there, and puts flowers here, and makes a shrine out of an ordinary garret. In some rooms, we see that life is respectably got through in a routine of eating, sleeping, comfort-loving; in others, that it glances to the stars, and lives with the flowers; in others, again, that it finds out good in shady nooks or crowded cities, and is filled with affection and intelligence.

There are very few rooms, except among the poorest and most degraded, that have not in them some indications of the love of beauty, which is so universal in human nature. Influenced by the same feeling, the cottager's wife scours her tins, arranges her little cupboard of cups and saucers, buys barbarous delineations of 'Noah in the Ark,' or 'Christ with the Elders,' from

* *Kynge Johan*, a Play in Two Parts. By John Bale. Edited for the Camden Society by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., from the Manuscript of the Author in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire. 1838.

the pedler; and the nobleman collects around him all he thinks precious in bronze or painting. Cleanliness and order are certainly the simplest manifestations of the love of the beautiful in the household—the germ, which the feeling in its highest development must include; but too many among us remain satisfied with the lower form, and from some reason or other, fail to see the further gratification that is possible to all. Nature, however, stimulates and satisfies this love everywhere, and society in many directions is following in her footsteps. Let us see what can be done in the matter. After all, rooms must still retain the impress of the character of their inhabitants. Yes; but there are certain general rules which all who do arrange them would do well to remember. In the first place, they should be well lighted, and as thoroughly ventilated as they can be made; the eye should be pleased with their general effect; no detail of colouring or furniture should mar it; they should be filled with gentle relief, not uniformity of colour; and there should be as many waving lines, instead of angles, as possible. They should contain all things necessary to their several characters, but nothing very superfluous; and their whole arrangement should indicate, and be subservient to, the idea that prompted it. Above all, they should have in them some thing, or things, to soothe the thoughts, stimulate the fancy, and suggest something higher than the ordinary uses which they serve. Human beings, even in the life of a day, experience many fluctuations of mood, of joy or sadness; and there should be some thing, if not person, in their homes, that would suggest to them mute sympathy and comfort.

Are we sad? It is winter now, and these hyacinth bulbs are unsightly, but spring will bring flowers to them, as time and patience will to us. Are we glad? These roses and geraniums glow in the sunbeams, and we rejoice together. Are we dull? That beautiful Greek form rouses us into activity again. Are we weary of climbing, and dissatisfied with our want of success? Turn to that Raphael, and let us remember, that all who faint not by the way, and aspire worthily, shall at length be transfigured in the light of truth and beauty. There are few if any rooms that need be without some such suggestion and comfort. Nature offers them lavishly to all who care to seek them; and first, and most generously, her loveliest of treasures, flowers, which are the brightest of drawing-room accessories, as well as the sweetest of cottage adornments. Sea-weed, too—which is more difficult to get, but when arranged with taste, is so exquisite in colour—is a sweet remembrance of sea-side beaches and the odour of the spray. Bits of pine-bark and fir-cones are beautiful as to colour, and bring back to us pictures of woods gleaming in the western light, and well-known landscapes seen through vistas of tall stems; sprays of clematis and bryony, a group of ivy-leaves, or bunch of ripe corn, require nothing but a little graceful arrangement to throw a light of beauty over many a dull corner. But some of these ornaments are perishable, and can but delight us for awhile. We must have something more permanent. Ah, then, there are shells which still echo faintly the delicious murmur of the waves, and reflect all the colours of sea and sky together; one or two of them we must secure: the graceful nautilus, from whose mouth shall hang in summer some pendent blossoms; and that Venus's ear, which glitters in the sunbeams as it lies upon the table, and bears the impress of spirits' wings upon its inner surface. Bronzes, marbles, and paintings can be purchased only by the wealthy, so we will not speak of them; we will see them as often as we can in public galleries, and meanwhile rejoice that such [illegible] substitutes in plaster and engraving may [illegible]. These are yearly becoming more common [illegible] and treasures of antique and modern art, Grecian gods, and Italian Madonnas, may be our own household delights by the expenditure of a few shillings. Of course, to the taste and requirements of each individual must be left the selection of the kind and character of the beauty he desires to have around him.

Some subjects in art are best suited for enjoyment in rooms destined for solitary use, others for those of general resort—some touch us peculiarly in one mood, some are welcome to us in all. Of this last character 'St Catherine borne by Angels' is a specimen: the earth sinks beneath them, they fly so swiftly and yet so calmly! we are in the air too with them, and mark how small the world looks, with its burdens of wrong and suffering, as we cleave our way through the fields of ether up towards the stars; and that lovely one the spirits hold so tenderly, how still and calm is every line!—she is at peace after the storm and the agony, and for a space we lie still as she in those angel arms. Of the same class is Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' which is magnificent if we only contemplate the grouping of the figures, but truly sublime in the ideas it suggests. Flaxman's 'Mercury and Pandora' likewise, elegant and graceful in the highest degree, is peculiarly suited for generally used rooms and constant delight. But specimens crowd into our recollection for which we have not space. General sitting-rooms can bear a *variety* of subject and suggestion—they will have a variety of inhabitants or visitors; and while bearing the impress of a certain unity, they should contain pleasure for all, and stimuli for differing minds. We would not habitually admit in them works of art which rouse too painful a class of emotions. Fuseli's picture of 'Count Ugolino in Prison,' in which the stony fixedness of despair deprives us, as we gaze, almost of the living hope within us, we could not bear to have near us habitually. That wonderfully beautiful marble of Francesca di Rimini and her lover, which appeared in the Great Exhibition last year, would come under the same law of banishment. It realised so perfectly the hopelessness of hell, that at sight of it we swooned in spirit as Dante did in reality. Life has so many stern realities for most of us, that in art we need relief, and generally desire to find renewed hope and faith through delight and gladness.

In rooms where we need care to please only ourselves, we can follow our own tastes more entirely and freely. In them, shall we not have a Madonna whose 'eyes are homes of silent prayer?'—a copy of De la Roche's 'Christ,' so touching in its sad and noble serenity? or some bust or engraving of poet or hero, which shall be to us as a biography, never failing to stimulate us in the best direction? Or shall we have a copy of that fine Mercury, who stands resting lightly on the earth with one foot, and raised, outstretched arms, in the act of ascending from it—the embodiment of aspiration? All these things are symbols of noble thought, and they may belong to us as easily now as a copy of Bacon or Shakspeare. Here is great cause for rejoicing. Fantastic furniture, old china, and such-like things, will one day be superseded in drawing-rooms, just as the old, barbarously-coloured 'Noahs' and 'Abrahams' of the cottage may now easily be by pictures in better perspective and purer taste. Then there will be danger of crowding rooms with good things—a great mistake also: an ornament should have a simple background, should 'shew like metal on a sullen ground.' Rooms, from temptations of wealth or taste, should never become mere pretty curiosity-shops. Forbearance and self-control are necessary in this as in all things. 'To gild refined gold' is worse than useless.

Let us not question the need of such thought and care for mere dwelling-places. Are not rooms the nurseries of the young spirits among us, the resting-places of all others on their pilgrimage? And because

everything is important that influences and educates the soul, love and thought shall work together in our homes, and create in all details something akin to the universal harmony they should typify.

INVESTMENTS!

What is to be done with the money which is realised in the ordinary course of affairs, has latterly become a kind of puzzle. There it goes on accumulating as a result of industry; but what then? A person can but eat one dinner in the day; two or three coats are about all he needs for the outer man; he can but live in one house at a time; and, in short, after paying away all he needs to pay, he finds that he has not a little over for—investment. Since our young days, this word investment has come remarkably into use. All are looking for investments; and as supply ordinarily follows demand, up there rise, at periodical intervals, an amazing number of plans for the said investments —in plain English, relieving people of their money. A few years ago, railways were the favourite absorbents. Railways, on a somewhat more honest principle, may possibly again have their day. Meanwhile, the man of money has opened up to him a very comprehensive field for the investment of his cash: he can send it upon any mission he chooses; he may dig turf with it, or he may dig gold; he may catch whales, or he may catch sprats, or do fifty other things; but if he see it again after having relinquished his hold upon it, he must have exercised more discretion than falls to the lot of the majority of Her Majesty's lieges in their helter-skelter steeple-chasing after 20 per cent. Our present business, however, is not with legitimate speculation, but with schemes in which no discretion is exercised, or by which discretion is set to sleep—in a word, with bubble investments; and the history of many of the most promising of these speculations may be read in the following brief and not altogether mythical biography, of an interesting specimen which suddenly fell into a declining way, and is supposed to have lately departed this life.

The Long Range Excavator Rock-Crushing and Gold-Winning Company was born from the brain of Aurophilus Dobrown, Esq., of Smallchange Dell, in the county of Middlesex, between the hours of ten and eleven at night on the 14th of October 1851. It was at first a shapeless and unpromising bantling; but being introduced to the patronage of a conclave of experienced drynurses, it speedily became developed in form and proportion; and before it was ten days old, was formally introduced, with official garniture, to the expectant public, by whom it was received with general approbation and favour. The new company, in a dashing prospectus, held forth a certain prospect of enormous advantages to shareholders, with an entire exemption from responsibility of every sort. The shares were a million in number, at one pound each, without any further call—on the loose-cash principle, and no signing of documents. Aurophilus Dobrown was chairman of the committee of management.

The intentions of the company, as detailed at length in their eloquent prospectus, were to invade the gold regions of the Australian continent with a monster engine, contrived by the indefatigable Crushcliff, and which, it was confidently expected, would devour the soil of the auriferous district at a rate averaging about three tons per minute. It was furnished, so the engineer averred, with a stomach of 250 tons capacity, supplied with peristaltic grinders of steel of the most obdurate temper, enabling it with ease to digest the hardest granite rocks, to crush the masses of quartz into powder, and to deposit the virgin gold upon a sliding floor underneath. The machine was to be set in motion by the irresistible force of 'the pressure from without,' and 1000 pounds-weight of pure gold per diem was considered a very low estimate of its powers of production. These reasonable expectations being modestly set forth in circulars and public advertisements, and backed by the august patronage of the respectable and responsible individuals above named, the Long Range Excavator Company speedily grew into vast repute. The starving herd encamped in Stagg's Alley, flew at once to pen, ink, and paper, and applications for shares poured in by thousands. Referees were hunted up, or they were not—that is no great matter. Half a million of the shares were duly allotted; and that done, to the supreme delectation of the stags, Mr Stickemup the broker, in conjunction with his old friend and colleague Mr Knockemoff, fixed the price of shares by an inaugural transaction of considerable amount, at 25 per cent. above par, at which they went off briskly. Now were the stags to be seen flying in every direction, eager to turn a penny before the inevitable hour appointed for payment on the shares. It was curious to observe the gradual wane of covetousness in the cerval mind; how, as the fateful hour approached, their demand for profit grew small by degrees and beautifully less. From 4s. premium per share to 3s.; from 3s. to 2s.; from 2s. to 1s.; and thence to such a thing as 9d., 8d., 7d., and still downwards, till, as the hand of the dial verged upon the closing stroke of the bell, they condescended to resign their Long Range Excavators to the charge of buyers who *would* pay for the shares they held. The company was now fairly afloat. By the aid of

> A few clever riggers to put on the pot,
> To stir it round gently, and serve while 'twas hot,

the shares rose higher than had been expected. Aurophilus Dobrown sold his 50,000 at a handsome premium, and realised what he was pleased privately to term 'something substantial' by the speculation. The public became enthusiastic on the subject of the Long Range Excavators, and for a few short weeks they were the favourite speculation of the market. By and by, however, a rumour began to be whispered about on the subject of the monster-machine, the stomach of which, it was secretly hinted, was alarmingly out of order, and resisted all the tonics of the engineer. It was currently reported among parties most interested, that from late experiments made, previous to embarkation, it had been ascertained beyond a doubt, that though the peristaltic apparatus digested pints with perfect ease, it yet rejected quartz—a defect which it was but too plain would be fatal to the production of gold. The effect of this rumour was most alarmingly depressing upon the value of the shares. In a few days, they fell 50 per cent. below par, with few buyers even at that. At this juncture, it was discovered that one of the directors was actively bearing the market; but the discovery was not made before that disinterested personage, who had previously disposed of the whole of his original allotment at a handsome premium, had secured above 10,000 new shares at a cost of about half their upset value. A colleague openly accused him of this disgraceful traffic at a general meeting of the directors, and declared that he had not words to express his disgust at one who, for the sake of his own personal profit, could condescend to depreciate the property of his constituents. The accused retorted, and the meeting growing stormy and abusive, ended late at night with closed doors.

A few days after, affairs again began to take a turn upwards. The failure of the engine was declared to be an erroneous and altogether unfounded report. It was boldly asserted, that the small model-engine of one inch to the foot, had actually crushed several masses of Scotch granite, and eliminated seven or eight ounces of pure metal; and these specimens were exhibited under a glass-case in the office of the company, in proof of their triumphant success. Now the shares

rose again as rapidly as they had lately fallen, and honourable gentlemen who had held on, had an opportunity of turning themselves round. It is to be supposed that some of them at least did that to their satisfaction; at anyrate, the respectable and responsible concocters of the Long Range Excavator Rock-Crushing and Gold-Winning Company very soon began to turn their backs upon the public altogether. By degrees, the whole body of directors, trustees, counsel and agents, dwindled down to a solitary clerk paring his nails in a deserted office. Shares at a discount of 60, 70, 80, 90 per cent. attested the decline of the speculation. Honourable gentlemen were reported to have gone upon their travels. The office was at first 'temporarily closed,' and then let to the new company for Bridging the Dardanelles on the Tubular Principle. The engine of the Long Range Excavators, according to the last report, had foundered—but whether in the brain of Crushcliff, the engineer, or on the Scilly Rocks, we could not clearly make out. The only one of the original promoters who has latterly condescended to gratify the gaze of the public, is the Baron Badlihoff, who, a few days ago, made his appearance on the monkey-board of an omnibus, whence he was suddenly escorted by policeman B. 1001, to the presence of a magistrate, who unsympathisingly transferred him to Clerkenwell Jail, for certain paltry threepenny defalcations, due to a lapse of memory which our shameful code persists in regarding as worthy of incarceration and hard labour. He is now an active member of a company legally incorporated under government sanction, for grinding the wind upon the revolving principle. It is not precisely known when the first dividend on the Long Range Excavators will be declared. Sanguine speculators in the L. R. E., and the Thames Conflagration Company, expect to draw both dividends on the same day. In the meantime, the books are safe in the custody of Messrs Holdem Tight and Brass, of Thieves' Inn; and ill-natured people are not wanting, who insinuate that they constitute the only property available for the benefit of the shareholders.

Let us now take a glance at a snug little commercial bubble, blown into being by 'highly respectable men,' a private affair altogether, which never had a name upon 'Change, and was managed—we cannot say to the satisfaction of all parties—by the originating contrivers, without making any noise in the papers, or exciting public attention in any way. We will call it, for the sake of a name, 'The Babel and Lowriver Steam Navigation Company.' Lowriver is a pleasant, genteel little village, which has of late years sprung suddenly into existence on the coast of ——shire, and has been growing, for the last seven years, with each succeeding summer, more and more a place of favourite resort with the inhabitants of Babel. Mr Montague Whalebone took an early liking to the place, and built a row of goodly houses by the water-side, and a grand hotel at the end of the few stumps of pitchy stakes dignified by the name of the pier. But the hotel lacked customers, and the houses wanted tenants; and the whole affair threatened to fall a prey to river-fog and mildew, when the Babel and Lowriver Steam Navigation Company came to the rescue, and placed it upon a permanent and expansive footing. Of the original constitution of this snug company, it is not easy to say anything with certainty. All we know is, that, some seven years ago, it was currently spoken of in private circles as a capital investment for money, supposing only that shares could be got: *that* was the difficult thing. Large dividends were to be realised by building four steamers, and running them between Babel and Lowriver. Upon the neat hot-pressed prospectus, privately and sparingly circulated—it was whispered that it was too good a thing to go a begging—appeared the names of Erebus Carbon, Esq., of Diamond Wharf; of Montague Whalebone, Esq., of Lowriver; of Larboard Starboard, Esq., ship-builder; and Piston Rodd, Esq., of the firm of Boiler & Rodd, engineers, as directors. The shares were L.20 each, liable to calls, though no calls were anticipated; and it was reckoned an enormous favour to get them. Traffic in shares was discountenanced: the company had no wish to be regarded as a cluster of speculators, but rather as a band of brothers, co-operating together for their common benefit. Of course, the necessary legal formalities were gone through—that could not safely be dispensed with.

In spite of the difficulty of obtaining shares, a pretty large number of them got into the hands of the respectable portion of the public, and the whole were soon taken up. The boats were built by Larboard Starboard, Esq.; and the engines, as a matter of course, were put on board by Messrs Boiler & Rodd; Erebus Carbon, Esq., supplied, at the current rates, the necessary fuel; and at all hours of the day the vessels ran backwards and forwards, carrying customers to Mr Montague Whalebone's hotel, and lodgers to the new tenements, which soon began to rise around it in all directions. Lowriver took amazingly, and rose rapidly in public estimation; the boats filled well, and the speculation promised great things. When, however, after several months of undeviating prosperity, the shareholders began to look for some return for their capital in the shape of a dividend, each one of them was individually surprised by a 'call:' L.5 a share was wanted to clear off urgent responsibilities. 'The outfitting costs had been greater than was foreseen,' and the demands upon the shareholders were not likely to be limited to the first call. The victims rushed, as they were invited to do, to the office, to inspect the accounts. The engineer was there to receive them, and, all suavity and politeness, submitted every fact and figure to their investigation. There was nothing to be found fault with · everything was fairly booked; but there was a heavy balance dead against the company. The engineer himself put a long face upon the affair, and shrugged his shoulders, and mumbled something about having burned his own fingers, &c. After this, reports soon got abroad very prejudicial to the value of the investments. Then came the winter, during which few passengers travelled to Lowriver; and with Christmas came another L.5 call. People grew tired of paying 20 per cent. for nothing, and many forfeited their shares by suffering them to be sold to pay the calls. This game went on for nearly three years—all 'calls' and no dividends; until at length it would have been difficult to find five persons out of the original 500 who held shares in the Babel and Lowriver Steam Navigation Company, and there was next to nobody left to *call* upon.

Years have rolled on since then. Lowriver has grown into a popular and populous marine summer residence. Mr Montague Whalebone, who knew what he was about, having bought and leased the building-ground, has become the owner of a vast property increasing in value every day. Larboard Starboard, Esq., is on the way to become a millionaire, and has several new boats building for the company's service at the present moment. Messrs Boiler & Rodd have quintupled their establishment, and are in a condition to execute government contracts. Erebus Carbon, Esq., has found a market in the company for hundreds of thousands of tons of coal, and, from keeping a solitary wharf, has come to be the owner of a fleet of colliers. At this hour, the company consists of six individuals—the four original projectors, and a couple of old codgers—'knowing files,' who had the penetration, in the beginning, to see through the 'bearing dodge,' and would not be beaten or frightened off. They paid up every call upon shares, and bought others—and then, by shewing a bold front, asserted a voice in the management, and crushed in to a full and fair share of the profits. They have made

solid fortunes by the speculation; while the original shareholders, whose money brought the company into existence, have reaped nothing but losses and vexation in return for their capital.

But enough, and more than enough, on the score of the delusive farces which, with pretences almost as transparent as the above, are from time to time played off for the purpose of easing the public of their superfluous cash. Let us glance briefly at a speculation of a different kind, no less a bubble as it proved, but one whose tragic issues have already wrought the wreck of many innocent families, and which, at the present moment, under the operation of the Winding-up Act, is darkening with ruin and the fear of ruin a hundred humble abodes. We have good reason to know its history too well; and we shall, in as few words as possible, present the facts most important to be known to the reader's consideration, with the view of inculcating caution by the misfortunes of others, and shewing at the same time how possible it is, under the present law regulating joint-stock partnerships, for an honest man, by the most inadvertent act, to entail misery upon himself, and destitution upon his offspring.

It is some fifteen or twenty years ago, since a company of two or three speculative geniuses issued a plan for establishing, in a delightful glen situated but a few miles from a well-known Welsh port in the Bristol Channel, a brewery upon an extensive scale. The prospectus, as a matter of course, promised to the shareholders the usual golden advantages. The crystal current which meandered through the valley was to be converted into malt-liquor—so great were the natural and artificial advantages which combined to effect that result—at one-half the cost of such a transformation in any other locality; and the liquor produced was to be of such exquisite relish and potency, that all Britain was to compete for its possession. So plausible was everything made to appear, that men of commercially acquired fortune, of the greatest experience, and of long-tried judgment, invested their capital in the fullest confidence of success. Following their example, tradesmen and employers did the same; and, in imitation of their betters, numbers of persons of the classes of small shopkeepers and labouring-men invested their small savings in shares in the 'Romantic Valley Brewery.' The number of joint-proprietors amounted in all to some hundreds, holding L.20 shares in numbers proportioned to their means or their speculative spirit. Not one in fifty of them knew anything of the art of brewing, or had any knowledge of the locality where the scheme was to be carried out; but no doubt was entertained of the speedy and great success which was promised.

The land was bought, the necessary buildings were substantially erected, and the three principal concocters of the scheme, one of whom was a lawyer, were appointed to manage the concern, and empowered to borrow money in case it should be wanted, to complete the plant, and to work it until the profits came in. They had every advantage for the production of a cheap and superior article: labour, land-carriage, and water-carriage, were all at a low charge in the neighbourhood; and materials, upon the whole, rated rather under than over the average. Year after year, however, passed away, and not a farthing of dividend came to the shareholders; promises only of large profits at some future period—that was all. It happened that none of the shareholders had invested any very large sums, and this was thought a fortunate circumstance, as none of them felt very deeply involved. The rich had speculated with their superfluity, and they could bear to joke on the subject of the Romantic Valley, though they shook their heads when the supposed value of the shares was hinted at. The poor felt it more, and some of the needicst sold their single shares or half-shares at a terrible discount, while they would yet realise something. As time rolled on, several of the older proprietors died off, and willed away, with the rest of their property, the Romantic Valley Brewery shares to their friends and relatives. A considerable number of them thus passed from the first holders to the hands of others, one and all of whom naturally accepted the legacies devised to them, and gave the necessary signatures to the documents which made the shares their own.

Meanwhile, the managers went on working an unprofitable business, borrowing money on the credit of the joint proprietors; and in the face of all the advantages upon which they plumed themselves, plunged deeper and deeper into debt, until, being forced to borrow at a high rate of interest to pay for the use of former loans, they found their credit, in the thirteenth year of their existence, completely exhausted; and then the bubble burst at once in ruin, utter and complete, overwhelming all who were legally connected with it, either by original purchase, by transfer, or by inheritance. Independent country gentlemen, west-country manufacturers, and merchants of substantial capital, were summarily pounced upon by the fangs of the law, and all simultaneously stripped of everything they possessed in the world. Professional men, the fathers of families genteelly bred and educated, were summarily bereft of every farthing, and condemned in the decline of life to begin the world afresh. Not a few, seized with mortal chagrin at the horrible consummation of an affair which had never been anything but a source of loss and annoyance, sunk at once into the grave. Others—accustomed perhaps for half a century to the appliances of ease and luxury, and who were the owners of hospitable mansions, the centres of genteel resort—at the present moment hide their heads in cottages, and huts, and eleemosynary chambers, where they wither in silence and neglect under the cold breath of alien charity. Some, at threescore, are driven forth from a life of indulgence and inactivity, to earn their daily bread. Young and rising tradesmen, who had had the misfortune to inherit from a relative or a patron but a few shares, or even a single one, saw themselves at once precipitated into bankruptcy. One case, for which we can personally vouch, is beyond measure distressing: a gentleman of good fortune dying, had bequeathed to each of a large family of daughters a handsome provision; shortly before the bursting of the fearful bubble, the mother also died, dividing by will her own fortune among the young ladies, and leaving to each one a few shares in the Romantic Valley Brewery. The transference of these shares to the several children made the whole of them liable to the extent of their entire property; and the whole six unfortunates were actually beggared to the last farthing, and cast upon the world to shift as they might. To detail the domestic desolation caused by this iniquitous affair, would require the space of a large volume. It has wrought nothing but wretchedness and ruin to those to whom it promised unexampled prosperity, and it is yet working still more—nor is it likely to stop, for aught that we can see, so long as it presents a mark for legal cupidity. All that could be got for the creditors has been extorted long ago from the wealthier portion of the victims; but the loans are not yet all liquidated, and the claim yet remaining unsatisfied, is now the pretext under which the lawyers are sucking the life-blood from the hard-working and struggling class of shareholders, who, while industriously striving for a respectable position, are considered worth crushing for the sake of the costs, though they will never yield a penny towards the debt.

Besides the persons who have the settlement of affairs in their hands, the original concocters of the company are the only persons who have profited from its operations. They indeed ride gloriously aloft above the ruin they have wrought. The process by which they have

managed to extract a lordly independence for themselves, from a scheme which has resulted in the destitution and misery of every other participator, is a mystery we do not pretend to fathom in this case—though it is one of by no means unusual occurrence in connection with bubble-companies of all sorts.

THE OSTRICH.

For the following particulars relative to the habits of the ostrich, and the various modes of taking it, we are indebted to a gentleman who spent many years in Northern Africa, and collected these details from native sportsmen, his principal informant being Abd-el-Kader-Mohammed-ben-Kaddour, a Nimrod of renown throughout the Arab tribes of this region.

The ostrich country, says Ben-Kaddour, may be described as a rectangle, of which the towns of Insalah, Figig, Sidi-Okba, and Warklah form the angles; that is, it comprises the northern skirts of the Saharian desert, where water and herbage are plentiful in comparison with the arid plains of the centre. Throughout this region, ostriches may frequently be seen travelling in pairs, or in companies of four or five couples; but wherever there has been a recent fall of rain, one is almost sure to find them grazing together in large numbers, appearing at a distance like a herd of camels. This is a favourable opportunity for ostrich-hunting, especially if the weather is very warm; for the greater the heat, the less vigour have the birds for prolonging the chase. It is well known, that though the ostrich cannot raise itself into the air, it is nevertheless so swift of foot, that it cannot be fairly run down even by the horses of this region, which, on an emergency, are known to run 180 miles in a single day. An ostrich-hunt is, therefore, undertaken by at least ten horsemen together, who, being apprized of the spot where a large group are feeding, approach with extreme caution, and form a cordon round them. To prevent the birds from escaping from the circle thus formed, is all they attempt, and it requires their utmost dexterity. The terrified creatures run hither and thither; and not managing their breath as they would do in an ordinary pursuit, they at length become exhausted, and betray it by flapping their wings. The sportsmen now fall deliberately upon them, and either lead them away alive, or fell them with a blow on the head. Their first care is to remove the skin, so as to preserve the feathers uninjured; the next is to melt down the fat, and pour it into bags formed of the skin of the thigh and leg, strongly tied at the lower end. The grease of an ostrich in good condition fills both its legs; and as it brings three times the price of common butter, it is considered no despicable part of the game. It is not only eaten with bread, and used in the preparation of kooskoos, and other articles of food, but the Arabs reckon it a valuable remedy in various maladies. In rheumatic attacks, for instance, they rub it on the part affected till it penetrates thoroughly; then lay the patient in the burning sand, with his head carefully protected. A profuse perspiration comes on, and the cure is complete. In bilious disorders, the grease is lightly warmed, mixed with salt, and administered as a potion. It acts thus as a powerful aperient, and causes great emaciation for the time; but the patient, say the Arabs, having been thus relieved from all the bad humours in his body, afterwards acquires robust health, and his sight becomes singularly good. The flesh of the ostriches, dressed with pepper and meal, forms the supper of the sportsmen.

Ostrich-shooting is conducted in quite a different manner, and as it is practised only or chiefly during the period of incubation, it is to it we are principally indebted for the acquaintance which the Arabs have gained with the habits of these singular birds.

The pairing-season is the month of August. The *reumda* (female) is generally shy, and the *delim* has often to pursue the object of his choice at full speed for four or five days, during which he neither eats nor drinks. When, however, she has consented to be his, she never again quits him till the young ones are reared; and the bond between them is equally respected by all their companions: there is no fighting about mates, as among some other gregarious species.

The period of incubation begins in the month of November, and presents the best opportunity for shooting the ostrich. At this season, also, the feathers are in the finest condition, though the fat is much less abundant. Five or six sportsmen set out together on horseback, taking with them two camels laden with provisions for a month, besides an abundant supply of powder and ball. They search for places where rain has lately fallen, or where pools of water occur, for in such localities there is likely to be that plentiful herbage which never fails to attract the ostrich. Having discovered its footprints, the sportsmen examine them with care. If they appear only here and there on the bare spots, they indicate that the bird has been here to graze; but if they cross each other in various directions, and the grass is rather trampled down than eaten, the ostrich has certainly made her nest in the neighbourhood, and an active but cautious search for it is commenced. If she is only making her nest, the operation may be detected at a great distance, as it consists simply of pushing out the sand from the centre to the circumference of a circle, so as to form a large hole. The sand rises in dense clouds round the spot, and the bird utters a pining cry all day long. When the nest is finished, she cries only towards three in the afternoon. The female sits on the eggs from morning till noon, while her mate is grazing; at noon, he takes her place, and she goes to the pasture in her turn. When she returns, she places herself facing her mate, and at the distance of five or six paces from the nest, which he occupies all night, in order to defend it from enemies, especially from the jackals, which often lie in ambush, ready to take advantage of an unguarded moment. Hunters often find the carcasses of these animals near ostriches' nests.

In the morning, while the reumda is sitting, the sportsmen dig on each side of the nest, and at about twenty paces from it, a hole deep enough to contain a man. In each of these they lodge one of their best marksmen, and cover him up with long grass, allowing only the gun to protrude. One of these is to shoot the male, the other the female. The reumda, seeing this operation going forward, becomes terrified, and runs off to join her mate; but he does not believe there is any ground for her terror, and with somewhat ungallant chastisement, forces her to return. If these preparations were made while the delim was sitting, he would go after her, and neither would return. The reumda having resumed her place, the sportsmen take care not to disturb her; it is the rule to shoot the delim first, and they patiently wait his return from the pasture. At noon, he takes his place as usual, sitting with his wings outspread, so as to cover all the eggs. In this position, the thighs are extremely prominent, and the appointed marksman takes aim at them, because, if he succeeds in breaking them, there is no chance of escape, which there would be if almost any other part were wounded. As soon as he falls, the other sportsmen, attracted by the report, run up and bleed him according to the laws of the Koran. They hide the carcass, and cover with sand every trace of the blood that has been shed. When the reumda comes home at night, she appears not uneasy at the absence of her mate, but probably concluding that he was hungry, and has gone for some supper, she takes his place on the eggs, and is killed by the second marksman in the same way as the delim. The ostrich is often waylaid in a similar manner at its

usual drinking-place, a good shot being concealed in a hole, whence he fires on it. The ostrich drinks nearly every five days when there is water; otherwise it can do without it for a much longer time. Nothing but excessive thirst induces it ever to approach a human habitation, and then it flies as soon as it is satisfied. It has been observed, that whenever the flashing lightning announces an approaching storm, it hastens towards the water. Though single birds may often be shot on these occasions, it is a much less certain sport than killing them on the nest, and less profitable, as in the latter case the eggs form no contemptible part of the spoil.

The nest of an ordinary pair contains from twenty-five to thirty eggs. But it often happens that several couples unite to hatch together: in this case, they form a great circular cavity, the eldest couple lay their eggs in the centre, and the others make a regular disposition of theirs around them. Thus, if there are four younger couples, they occupy the four angles of a square. When the laying is finished, the eggs are pushed towards the centre, but not mixed; and when the eldest delim begins to sit, all the rest take their places where their eggs have been laid, the females observing similar order. These associations are found only where the herbage is very plentiful, and they are understood always to be family groups, the centre couple being the parents of the rest. The younger birds lay fewer and smaller eggs—those of one year old, for instance, have only four or five. The period of incubation is ninety days.

In the case of several couples associated thus in the same nest, the sportsmen do not attempt to destroy any but the old ones; for if they were to set about making as many holes as there were ostriches, the whole company would take fright and decamp. But perhaps it is determined to leave them all in peaceable possession for the present, and rather make a prey of the brood when hatched. The watching of the nests in such cases has led to further observations. The eggs of each pair are disposed in a heap, always surmounted by a conspicuous one, which was the first laid, and has a peculiar destination. When the delim perceives that the moment of hatching has arrived, he breaks the egg which he judges most matured, and at the same time he bores with great care a small hole in the surmounting egg. This serves as the first food of the nestlings; and for this purpose, though open, it continues long without spoiling, which is the more necessary, as the delim does not break all the eggs on the same day, but only three or four, and so on, as he hears the young ones stirring within. This egg is always liquid, but whether by a provision of nature in its original composition, or through the instinct of the parent-birds in avoiding to keep it covered like the rest, is not ascertained. The young ones, having received this their first nourishment, are immediately dried in the sun, and begin to run about; in a few days they follow the parent-birds to the pastures, always returning to shelter under their wings in the nest.

The paternal affection of the delim is remarkable: he never leaves his offspring; he faces every danger, and combats every foe in their defence. The reumda, on the contrary, is easily terrified, and leaves all to secure her own safety; so that it is usual to compare a man who bravely defends his tent to a delim, and a pusillanimous soul to a reumda. The delim finds himself more than a match for the dog, the jackal, the hyena, or the eagle: man is his only invincible foe; yet he dares to wage the unequal war when the young are in danger. If the Arabs desire to make a prey of the ral, as the young ostriches are called, they follow their footmarks, and having nearly overtaken them, they begin to shout; the terrified birds run to their parents, who face about, and stand still to fight for them; so the Arabs lead away the ral before their eyes, in spite of the bravadoes of the delim, who then manifests the liveliest grief. Sometimes the greyhound is employed in this sport: the delim attacks him, and while they are fighting, the men carry off the young ones, to bring them up in their tents.

The ral are easily tamed; they sleep under the tent, are exceedingly lively, and play with the children and dogs. When the tents are struck for a flitting, the pet ostriches follow the camels, and are never known to make their escape during the migration. If a hare passes, and the men start in pursuit of it, the ostrich darts off in the same direction, and joins the chase. If she meets in the douar (village of tents) a child holding any eatable thing in its hand, she lays him gently on the ground, and robs without hurting him. But the tame ostrich is a great thief, or rather is so voracious, it devours everything it finds—even knives, female trinkets, and pieces of iron. The Arab on whose authority these details are given, relates that a woman had her coral-necklace carried off and swallowed by an ostrich; and an officer in the African army affirms, that one of them tore off and ate the buttons of his surtout. The ostrich is, at the same time, exceedingly dexterous; so that she will tear a date from a man's mouth without hurting him. The Arabs are distrustful of her, and know where to lay the blame if, on counting their money, they find two or three dollars missing.

It is no uncommon thing to see, at some distance from a douar, a wearied child riding on the back of an ostrich, which carries its burden directly towards the tent, the young Jehu holding on by the pinions. But she would not carry too heavy a load—a man, for instance—but would throw him on the ground with a flap of her wing.

When ostriches are taken to market in Africa, their legs are tied almost close together with a cord, another cord attached to this one being held in the hand.

PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The official statement of the United States' census, published at Washington in December last, furnishes us with the means of knowing what our American brethren have been doing in the ten years from 1840 to 1850. In that decennial period, the whole territory had increased from 2,055,163 to 3,221,595 square miles, exclusive of the great lakes in the interior, and deeply-indenting bays on the coast. The gross population in June 1850, numbered 23,216,201; an increase from June 1840 of 6,176,848. Of these, 19,619,366 were whites; 3,198,298 were slaves; and free blacks, 428,637; the increase having been respectively, 5,423,371—711,085—42,392. The whole increase was equivalent to 3½ per cent.; while in Europe, it is not more than 1½ per cent.; and if it continue as at present, the population will, forty years hence, exceed that of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland put together. The deaths in the last of the ten years were 320,194, being 1 to each 72·6, or 10 to each 726 of the inhabitants; this return is, however, supposed to involve an error, as the mortality is less in proportion than in the most favoured parts of Europe; whereas the reverse is generally considered to be the fact. In the same year, 1467 slaves were manumitted, and 1011 escaped. The number of emigrants from foreign countries during the 10 years was 1,542,850.

Among the individual states, the most populous are New York, which numbers 3,097,394 inhabitants; Pennsylvania, 2,311,786; Ohio, 1,980,408; Virginia, 1,421,661; Massachusetts, 994,499; Indiana, 988,416; Kentucky, 982,405; Georgia, 905,999. Taking the whole 31 states, the proportion of inhabitants is 15·48 to the square mile: the free states comprise 13,606,690, and the slave states, 9,491,759 of population.

To supply this population, there are 2800 newspapers: 424 in the New England states; 876 in the

middle states; 716 in the southern states; and 784 in the western states. Three hundred and fifty are *dailies*, 150 three times a week, 125 twice a week, 2000 weekly, 50 fortnightly, 100 monthly, and 25 quarterly: the aggregate circulation being 422,600,000 yearly. There is 1 periodical for every 7161 free inhabitants.

The capital invested in manufactures, excluding the establishments under 500 dollars of annual value, amounted to 530,000,000 dollars; the value of raw material was 550,000,000; the amount paid for labour (in one year we presume). 240,000,000; value of articles manufactured, 1,020,300,000; persons employed, 1,050,000. There were 1094 cotton 'establishments' in operation, which produced 763,678,407 yards of sheeting; 1559 woollen establishments, which produced 82,206,652 yards of cloth; 2190 iron establishments, which produced 1,165,544 tons of iron of various kinds.

Of improved lands, there were 112,012,000 acres: of wheat, 104,799,230 bushels were grown in the last year; 591,586,053 bushels of Indian corn; 199,532,494 pounds of tobacco; 13,605,384 tons of hay; 32,759,263 pounds of maple-sugar were made; 311,644 hogsheads of cane-sugar of 1000 pounds each; 312,202,286 pounds of butter; and 103,184,585 pounds of cheese.

EFFECT OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON LOCOMOTION.

The following is from *Herapath's Journal* on the effect of the earth's rotation on locomotion: 'Mr Uriah Clarke, of Leicester, has called our attention to an article in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, by himself, on the influence of the earth's rotation on locomotion. It is well known, that as the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, from west to east, the velocity of any point on its surface is greater nearer the equator, and less further from it, in the ratio of the cosine of the latitude. Mr Clarke says: "Some rather important conclusions in relation to railway travelling arise out of the view now taken. The difference between the rotative velocity of the earth in surface-motion at London and at Liverpool is about twenty-eight miles per hour; and this amount of lateral movement is to be gained or lost, as respects the locomotion in each journey, according to the direction we are travelling in from the one place to the other; and in proportion to the speed will be the pressure against the side of the rails, which, at a high velocity, will give the engine a tendency to climb the right-hand rail in each direction. Could the journey be performed in two hours between London and Liverpool, this lateral movement, or rotative velocity of the locomotive, would have to be increased or diminished at the rate of nearly one-quarter of a mile per minute, and that entirely by side-pressure on the rail, which, if not sufficient to cause the engine to leave the line, would be quite sufficient to produce violent and dangerous oscillation. It may be observed, in conclusion, that as the cause above alluded to will be inoperative while we travel along the parallels of latitude, it clearly follows, that a higher degree of speed may be attained with safety on a railway running east and west than on one which runs north and south." There is no doubt of the tendency Mr Clarke speaks of on the right-hand rail, but we do not think it will be found to be so dangerous as he says. It will be greatest on the Great Northern and Berwick lines, and least on the Great Western.'

FOREST SCENERY OF AMERICA.

The forests between Lake Superior and the Mississippi, where the country is very flat and wet, are composed almost entirely of black cypress; they grow so thick that the tops get intermixed and interlaced, and form almost a matting overhead, through which the sun scarcely ever penetrates. The trees are covered with unwholesome-looking mosses, which exhale a damp earthy smell, like a cellar. The ground is so covered with a rank growth of elder and other shrubs, many of them with thorns an inch long, and with fallen and decayed trunks of trees, that it is impossible to take a step without breaking one's shins. Not a bird or animal of any kind is to be seen, and a deathlike silence reigns through the forest, which is only now and then interrupted by the rattle of the rattlesnake (like a clock going down), and the chirrup of the chitmunck, or squirrel. The sombre colour of the foliage, the absence of all sun even at mid-day, and the vault-like chilliness one feels when entering a cypress swamp, is far from cheering; and I don't know any position so likely to give one the horrors as being lost in one, or where one could so well realise what a desolate loneliness is. The wasps, whose nests like great gourds hang from the trees about the level of one's face; the mosquitoes in millions; the little black flies, and venomous snakes, all add their 'little possible' to render a tramp through a cypress swamp agreeable.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

THE BETTER THOUGHT.

The Better Thought! how oft in days
When youthful passion fired my breast,
And drove me into devious ways,
Didst thou my wandering steps arrest,
And, whispering gently in mine ear
Thine angel-message, fraught with love,
Check for the time my mad career,
And melt the heart naught else could move!

Thine was no stern and harsh rebuke;
No 'friend's advice,' so true, so cold;
No message wise, such as in book,
Or by the teacher oft is told,
Which, like the pointless arrow, falls,
And rings perhaps with hollow sound,
But ne'er the wanderer recalls,
And ne'er inflicts the healing wound.

Thy voice was gentle, winning, mild;
Thy words told thou wert from above,
Like those with which the wayward child
Is wooed by a fond mother's love;
Or like a strain of music stealing
Across the calm and moonlit seas,
Which moves the heart of sternest feeling,
And wakes its deeper harmonies.

Sweet was thy presence, welcomed guest;
And I, responsive to thy call,
Arose, and felt within my breast
A power that made the fetters fall
From off my long enthralled soul,
And woke, as with a magic spell,
Griefs which yet owned the soft control
Of hopes that all might still be well.

But ah, thou wast an injured guest!
How soon departed, soon forgot,
Were all the hopes of coming rest
That clustered round the Better Thought—
The tender griefs, the firm resolves,
The yearnings after better days,
Like transient sunlight which dissolves,
And leaves no traces of its rays!

Yet I despair not—through the night
That long has reigned with tyrant sway,
E'en now I see the opening light,
The harbinger of coming day;
To Heaven I now direct my prayer—
O God of love, forsake me not!
Grant that my waywardness may ne'er
Quench the returning Better Thought!

GARVALD. J. F.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 461. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE SLAVER.

On the 18th day of February 1850, Her Majesty's steamship *Rattler* was lying at anchor about twenty miles to the northward of Ambriz, a slave depôt situated on the western coast of Africa. Week after week had passed away in dull uniformity; while the oppressive heat, the gentle breeze which scarcely ruffled the surface of the deep, and the lazy motion of the vessel as it rolled on the long unceasing swell that ever sets on that rocky shore, lulled the senses of all into a sleepy apathy. The only music that ever reached our ears was the eternal roar of that monotonous surf, as it licked the rugged beach with its snowy tongue.

A few miles off, a range of low brown hills, covered with a stunted vegetation, runs parallel with the shore—along their undulating sides, angular spires of granite project through the parched and scanty soil; while on their highest brow one solitary giant stands, resembling an obelisk, from which the anchorage derives its name, 'The Granite Pillar.' No appearance of human life or labour exists around; the whole is a desert, over which these columnar formations—resembling a city of the Titans, crumbling slowly into dust—hold an empire of solitude and death. The imagination is oppressed with a sense of utter desolation that withers every mental effort.

This day was passing like so many before it; the sun was low on the horizon, and its yellow beams were throwing a brassy tint over the sea and sky; the sailors were engaged, some fishing with patient assiduity, others, grouped into small knots, listening to prosy yarns; while a few were prostrated round the decks in attitudes of perfect abandonment or sleep. The officers were leaning over the taffrail, trying, with a sportsman-like anxiety worthy of better prey, to hook a shark, which was slowly meandering under the stern; or looking contemplatively into the dark-brown waves, either watching the many forms of animal life which floated by, or recalling to memory the dear objects of distant lands. The officer of the watch, with his spyglass under his arm, was pacing languidly his narrow round, when 'Sail ho!' in clear and piercing tones, resounded from the mast-head, and with electric speed filled the dreamers with life and energy.

'Point to her,' cried the officer of the watch; while all eyes were directed to the look-out aloft, whose glass was immediately stretched to the north. Speculation now sits in every vacant eye, and conjecture on every silent tongue. The captain was at his post with vigilant alacrity. 'How is she standing? what sail is she under?' was soon answered, and the orders, 'Get the steam up, lower the propeller,' echoed round the decks, mingled with the shrill pipes of the boatswain's mates.

The men flew to their posts; and whilst the cumbrous screw was descending slowly into the water, the stokers had roused the smouldering embers into life.

'All hands up anchor!' The capstan revolves and creaks, as one and all of these willing men strain their starting muscles at the bars. The anchor reluctantly leaves its oozy bed; but the chinking of the cable, as it steadily ascends, reveals no change, until it swings at the bow.

'Go on ahead!' The steam whistles through its silent chambers, like sweet music, calling into life that ponderous mechanism, until it appears to dance with joy.

'Helm a-port—steady so!' The waves rise high on either bow as we dash through the foaming waters. Our distance from the object rapidly diminishes, while eager eyes are directed ahead, until it is seen from the deck. Hope fills the breast of the sanguine, despair that of the gloomy and desponding. Sure eyes and good telescopes soon descry the Yankee ensign floating aloft in lazy folds; and as we come still nearer, those accustomed to observe the shape of sails and set of masts, detect the peculiarities of an old acquaintance. It is the *Lucy Ann*, an American vessel of a very suspicious character, which has been frequently boarded by our cruisers, but has ever been protected by the flag of her apparent country.

We are soon alongside, and our captain boards her, to examine her 'papers' once again, and to insnare, if possible, our wily enemy. On his return, we continue our course towards the Congo, whither they have been persuaded we are going for water. No sooner, however, do the shades of evening protect our movements from observation, than we change our course, and proceed directly out to sea a hundred miles or so, to prevent her passing us in the dark should she take her slaves on board this night, as it is suspected she will do.

Daylight comes next morning, and the best telescopes from aloft sweep the horizon, but not a speck can be seen on that desert sea. The sails are stripped from the vessel's masts, and she lies like a dead log, round which, at the unwonted spectacle, shoals of dolphins and porpoises come to gambol. It was pleasant to have something like life near us, and though it belonged to another element, it seemed a connecting-link with the rest of the animated creation. One long hour after another had passed away, and the most hopeful began to despair, while the expressions of the desponding grew more energetic against the propriety of lying thus inactive; but Captain Cumming, as patient in biding his time as he is quick in resolving and acting when

the moment arrives, only replied: 'Wait till to-morrow morning!' This arrived like the last, and every eye was turned towards the rising sun as it slowly emerged from the waves, not to gaze on the purple radiance that streamed from its broad disk, but with the expectation of seeing the object of our solicitude revealed by the light of the eastern sky. Each one turned slowly away, disappointed, as soon as he found that he had been looking in vain; but there appeared a sullen pleasure in the eyes of those who had been prophesying evil, as their predictions appeared to be fulfilled.

As a matter of precaution for whatever might happen, the steam was ready; orders were now given to proceed, and we steamed on slowly towards the land. One hour passed away thus, another, and nearly a third, when a negro, perched beside the main truck, sang out with all his lungs: 'Sail ho!' His keen sense of vision, outstripping that of his white comrade, distinguished as a small speck the lofty royals, while the vessel was far below the horizon. A smile of satisfaction wreathed with dimples even the grimest faces, when the object of our pursuit approached us near enough to be recognised. Without faltering, she came on steadily, with every sail set, and her banner proudly waving in the gentle breeze, forbidding search. Each eye eagerly scrutinised her, speculation was busy, and the emotions were various as the temper and habit of each individual mind.

Having arrived alongside, our captain again boarded her in his gig. He was received politely, and without embarrassment, by the Yankee, who immediately offered refreshments, which were declined. Not a slave was to be seen, nor did there exist any smell, so universal a concomitant to indicate their presence. Some forty Brazilians, each with a cigar in his mouth, were loitering round the clean decks, while the crew were busy at the pumps, creating the greatest possible noise, in the accomplishment of which they were assisted by a flock of parrots and love-birds, perched in every direction.

Once more the ship's papers were produced, and carefully scanned, and the absence of one important document was detected. On being demanded, it was positively refused, and the presumption was thus created that it did not exist, and that therefore all were false.

These proceedings occupied a considerable time—a matter of preconcerted importance, as the suspicion was entertained that slaves were concealed below, and that soon the danger of impending suffocation would reveal the fact. Our chief took up a position near the main hatchway, and listened anxiously for the slightest indication. Various manœuvres were tried to get him away without success. The Brazilians were beginning to appear impatient; and on board the *Rattler*, whence, by telescopes, the proceedings were watched with deepest interest, the hopes of even the most sanguine were becoming faint, when Captain Cumming was observed to start, and point to the deck. He had heard the stifled sound of intolerable agony rise from below his feet, like a peal of distant thunder. The slaves were suffocating from want of air, and their dread of their jailers was extinguished in the immediate struggle for life.

In a moment, the American perceived that the game he had been so skilfully playing was lost, and his assumed coolness deserted him. In a voice choked with emotion, he rapidly uttered: 'She is a Brazilian. I am not the captain; this is,' pointing to a tawny Portuguese at his elbow.

'Haul down the flag, and hoist her proper colours.'

Down came that ensign, polluted by the traffic it protected, amid the cheers of our men, which made the welkin ring.

'Don't let the poor devils die,' cried the stout American mate, actuated by the generosity of the race he sprang from, which his degrading employment could not wholly stifle. Assisted by our men, who had jumped out of the boat, the hatches were soon removed, exposing to view a mass of human misery which, being once seen, must remain impressed on the memory for ever—the naked bodies of men, women, and children, writhing in a heap, contorted, gasping for air, sinking from exhaustion, and covered with sweat and foam. The darkness which surrounded them only deepened the shades, without concealing a single feature; whilst the dense and sickening steam which curled heavily up from the reeking mass, made it a picture too horrible to contemplate, and one the minute details of which must be left to haunt the memory of those who were unfortunate enough to witness it.

First one and then another endeavoured to ascend, but with a strength unequal to the task, they fell back into the mephitic abyss. Our men rushed forward to their aid, and catching hold of their imploring hands, placed them upon deck. There, prostrate and indiscriminately huddled together, they gradually recovered from the effects of that terrible confinement, where 547 human beings were, without a breath of fresh air, kept for above two hours crushed together in a space only about three feet in height, and with a superficial extent not equal to that of their bodies, unless in a sitting position! The ordeal proved too much for the vital energy of above twenty, who perished one by one during the next fortnight or three weeks, without having felt the blessing of freedom.

An officer with a few men were immediately placed in charge of the prize, and navigated it to St Helena. The slaves, when there, are declared free, but upon conditions such as render it generally necessary for them to emigrate to the West Indies, to become, let us hope, happy and useful members of a British colony.

The Brazilians and American crew were taken on board the *Rattler*, and conveyed back to Ambriz, from thence, in all probability, to return to their horrible trade, in the hope of being more successful on another occasion. The captain was seen a few months afterwards, in another American vessel, returning from the Brazils, prepared, in all likelihood, to play a similar game with better success from the lesson he had received. The opportunity afforded us of observing the character of these men, produced a more favourable feeling towards them than was at first sight entertained. Several pleaded honourable motives for the degraded position in which they felt themselves placed, and nearly all would have done credit to a more respectable calling.

Our gallant chief's calculations were found to have been rigidly correct. That night after we left them, they believed that a boat would be detached to watch their movements; they therefore anchored, and waited for daylight. When that arrived without an enemy in sight, they felt secure.

The slaves, worn out by previous marching and counter-marching to shipping places, where their embarkation was prevented by the vigilance of our cruisers, rendered it almost a matter of necessity that they should now be taken on board. Their bodies had been galled and emaciated by the chains they carried, by the slender store of dry farina—the only food provided for them—and by the precarious and scanty supply of water obtainable on the arid plains or in the tangled forests they had traversed. The first canoe-load was taken alongside the ship about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in an hour the whole were on board. This is reckoned the most favourable time for getting under-way, as darkness enables them to leave the land without danger of being observed.

The preceding is a faithful picture of one of the melancholy incidents belonging to the hateful traffic in

slaves. Let us hope that the time has at length nearly arrived which has been so long waited for, when we may say with truth, it is abolished; leaving only the memory of it to darken the page of history, and remain a moral lesson to mankind.

THE 'ADVOCATE' AND ITS AUTHOR.

LITERARY talents and habits are fortunately not always dissociated from world-like conduct and skill in affairs. We have now become familiar with a class of men who, while cultivating even the more flowery fields of the Muses, are not on that account the less distinguished in their professional walks, or by the active part they take in the great practical movements of the age. The public, which does not readily admit of two ideas respecting any one man, is apt to lose sight of the literary in the worldly merit; but the former does not the less exist, and perhaps in time it will be equally acknowledged. We regard Mr Cox, author of the book under notice, as a remarkable example of the union of the man of affairs with the author. We learn, from a local record,* that he rose, about twenty years ago as an attorney in a western town, and took an active part in the fervid political doings of 1830-31. Ambitious of higher professional honours, he removed to London, and entered at the bar. In the course of eight or nine years, he has proceeded from one adventure to another, till he is now one of the most multiform of men. Not merely does he follow a strictly professional course as a barrister, but he conducts several periodical works of a laborious nature—the *Law Times* (newspaper), the *Magistrate*, the *County Courts' Chronicle*, and a series of Criminal Law Cases. For the preparation of these works, he has a printing establishment, the management of which would be a sufficient occupation for most men. It gives work to 250 persons, and 10,000 business accounts are kept in it. As if all these engagements were not enough, Mr Cox has established the well-known literary periodical work (fortnightly) the *Critic*. The conducting of a work designed to report upon the current literature of the day is perhaps one of the most delicate of tasks, for the critics necessarily are themselves authors, are the friends and enemies of authors, and are of course liable to all the usual fallacies which beset human judgment. Hence it is that we see one such work lose credit through its universal benevolence, and another rush to the opposite extreme, of asserting independence by an unvarying tone of rancour and dissatisfaction—obviously a not less unjust course both to literary men and the public, and in the long-run, equally sure to destroy the credit of the men who adopt it. Amidst the difficulties proper to such a task, we believe the *Critic* has hitherto steered a comparatively irreproachable course, keeping mainly in view a faithful and painstaking *account* of every book submitted to its notice, and neither trading upon the smiles nor the groans of authors. Of a warm and cordial nature, and with an intense love of literature, he seems to have known how to encourage genius, even while pointing to its errors; and, if we may judge by the internal evidence of the work itself, he has succeeded in rallying round him many of the high and generous spirits of the time. The *Critic* is distinguished by a more than usual proportion of thought, and by very little of the small superficial cant of criticism.

It will excite some surprise that Mr Cox has found time, amidst his numberless duties, to prepare a professional work of considerable magnitude, and of solid merit and utility. Such, we take leave to say, is the *Advocate*, of which the first volume is now before us.* It is a book which, though intended primarily for young legal aspirants, will also instruct, and indeed entertain the public. It is more than this for those who can pursue the spirit of a work through its details, and see the character of an individual or a class rising palpably out of reasonings, maxims, and material circumstances. Such readers will give a hero to the pages before us, and follow him in his career with more than the interest that waits upon romance. They will observe, in the first place, his natural advantages: 'Has he a healthy frame, capable of enduring long-continued exertion of mind and body, the confinement of the study, the excitement of practice, the crowded court by day, the vigil of thought by night? Can he subsist with a sleep of five hours? Can he, without dyspepsy, endure irregular meals—hasty eatings and long fastings? If he be not blessed by nature with the vigorous constitution that will bear all this, and more, let him not dream of adventuring into the arena of advocacy.' Good lungs and a strong voice are indispensable: strong rather than agreeable—let him even scream or squeak, as some of his brethren do, but scream or squeak with *power*. His mental qualifications are—keen and rapid perception, sound judgment, power of concentration, and that imagination which paints in words. Of these, the first is the corner-stone of the mental character of the advocate. Of the moral qualities, courage and self-confidence must be combined with caution, and the whole elevated by honesty and truthfulness of nature. At this point the philosophical reader will perhaps demur, and inquire whether those clients who are in the wrong find any difficulty in obtaining the most talented defenders—for a con-si-der-ation. But we will postpone that issue.

In addition to his natural qualifications, the advocate must possess what is called a small pecuniary independence: 'The practical conclusion we would deduce from the review we have taken of the expenses unavoidably attendant upon the profession of advocate, and which amount at the least to L.650 previous to his call, and to L.250 per annum afterwards, is this:—Let no man who values his happiness, or his ultimate success in life, make the bar his profession, unless he has resources, other than his profession, upon which he can rely for a clear income of L.150 per annum at the least. This will still leave L.100 to be provided for by that profession; but that is a risk he may not unreasonably run, if conscious that, in all other respects, he is qualified for ultimate success. With less than that, it would be unwise to incur the hazard. With no resources, as is sometimes seen, it is madness.'

The aspirant to the bar must methodise his time. 'In mapping out the day, make ample allowance for rest and for refreshment. Nothing is gained in the end by unduly abbreviating these. Provided you work without wasting a moment in your working-hours, you can afford to be liberal in your apportionment of time to exercises of the body and relaxations of the mind. Above all, and at whatever sacrifice, begin your allotment by devoting two hours at the least in each day to active bodily exercise, and give one of these to the early morning, and the other to the evening. So with your meals. First consult health, without which your studies will be unproductive, and your hopes of future success blighted. Thus, then, would stand the account for the day:—Exercise, two hours; meals and rest, three; sleep, seven; for study, twelve.' Twelve hours for study would be too long, if he did not make study itself a recreation by means of variety. 'The profound

* The *Somerset County Gazette*.

* *The Advocate, his Training, Practice, Rights, and Duties.* By Edward W. Cox, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Law Times Office. 1852.

should be exchanged for the more superficial; the grave for the gay; such as engage the reasoning powers for those which appeal rather to the perception or the memory. Natural science should take its turn with law; languages with logic; rhetoric with mathematics, and such like—an entire change in the faculties employed being in fact a more perfect relief than entire rest.' An hour to the more difficult law-books is enough at a time, but that hour should alternate frequently with lighter studies. Educational and professional studies—physical training—and exercise in the art of speaking, are all of high importance; and it will be found that our author's advice on the subject is worth attending to. The education of the aspirant must be completed in the chambers—first, of a conveyancer; second, of a special pleader (or, if aiming at the equity bar, of an equity draughtsman); and third, of a general practitioner. As for his formal and nominal studentship in the Inns of Court, that merely serves prescriptively to qualify him for his call to the bar. 'If he purposes to practise as a conveyancer, or at the equity bar, he should enter himself at Lincoln's Inn; but if he designs to practise the common law, either as a special pleader, or immediately as an advocate, his choice lies between the Inner and Middle Temple and Gray's Inn.' The Inner Temple is the most select; the Middle Temple the most varied in its society; and Gray's Inn the most liberal in its table. Having chosen his Inn, 'he must obtain the certificate of two barristers, members of the society, together with that of a bencher, that he is a fit person to be received into it;' and he is admitted, as a matter of course.

Many of our readers, on entering the City, through Temple Bar, have seen a small open gateway on the right hand. It is a quiet, retired-looking place, grave, and somewhat gloomy; and in contrast with Fleet Street, and its torrent of population, is rather striking and remarkable. Yet, hurried away by the living stream, they have doubtless passed on, and perhaps have forgotten to inquire to what that solemn avenue leads. Let them enter, the next opportunity they have, and make use of their own eyes. 'A few paces, and you are beyond the roar of wheels and the tramp of feet. Tall, gloomy, smoke embrowned buildings, whose uniformity of dulness is not disturbed by windows incrusted with the accumulated dust of a century, hem you in on either side, and oppress your breathing as with the mildewy atmosphere of a vault. The dingy ranks of brick are broken by very narrow alleys; and here and there, peeping under archways, you may espy little paved court-yards, with great pumps scattering continual damp in the midst of them, and enclosed with just such dusky walls and dirty windows as you have already noticed. You are amazed at the silence that prevails in these retreats, so near the living world, and yet so entirely secluded from it. But not less will you be interested by the peculiar appearance of the persons you meet in this place. The majority of them carry packets of written papers tied about with red tape, and folded after a fashion here invariably observed..... First, and most abundant, are certain short, thin-visaged, spare-limbed, keen-featured, dapper-looking men, who appear as if they had never been young and would never be old, clothed in habiliments of sober hue, seemingly as unchangeable as themselves. They walk with a hurried step, and a somewhat important swing of the unoccupied arm. A smaller packet of the aforesaid tape-tied paper peeps from either pocket; they look right on, and hasten forward as if the fortunes of half the world rested upon their shoulders, and the wisdom in the briefs at their elbow had all been distilled from the skull covered by that napless hat. If you do not move out of the way, you will probably be knocked down and trodden upon by them—unconsciously of course. They are *attorneys' clerks.*

'The second species found in this region are more youthful in aspect, carry themselves with more swagger, wear their hats jantily, with greasy curls coaxed to project beyond the brim. They affect a sort of second-hand gentility, cultivate great brooches, silver guard-chains, and whiskers, and have the air of persons claiming vice-royalty in the dominions in which they live and move and have their being. They are *barristers' clerks.*

'The third class are gentlemanly but very shabbily dressed men, who look as if they were thinking of something beside themselves. They are of all ages, and statures, and complexions; of feature of all degrees of ugliness in *form* and beauty of *expression.* You cannot mistake them; there is a family-likeness running through all of them. They are *barristers.*

'The fourth species are composed of men of busy, bustling aspect, arrayed for the most part in garments of formal cut, and of the fashion of a bygone day. They *always* look as ordinary men do when told on some pressing emergency to "look sharp." Their countenances, motions, and gait express thought and anxiety. They hurry onward, noticing nothing and nobody. They are *attorneys.*

'Lastly, you discern a few wasted forms and haggard faces, on which lines are traced by the icy finger of Disappointment, and garments, growing ragged, ill protect from the keen draughts that play through these passages hearts aching with the sickness of hope deferred. The pockets, though tightly buttoned, are lank and light. They step briskly and eagerly onward, if entering; they creep slowly, if passing out toward the street. They are *clients.*'

This is the Temple, and these are its denizens; but in pursuing your way, as you emerge suddenly from the huge masses of building in which you have been swallowed up, you see with new surprise an open area of green turf, with beds of flowers, rows of trees, and leafy walks, and shady seats; and hear the fit and natural accompaniments of such a scene—the shrill voices of children, and the silvery laugh of ladies as they stroll through the Temple Gardens. Groups of law-students, too, 'are lounging there, laughing and talking; and a few solitary youths, with pale faces and earnest eyes, are poring upon great books in professional bindings, heedless of the attractions of tree or flower, or child or woman.'

Beyond the garden is the great water highway of the metropolis, the princely Thames, with its crowding barges, its flashing skiffs, and sweeping steamers. Among the gloomy buildings there is yet another garden-plot, with a fountain in constant play; and yet another, a smooth-shaven lawn, with paths and flower-beds, on the brink of the river. 'Here, in this garden of the Middle Temple, there is no human presence to disturb the profound quiet of the place, as in the more spacious garden of the Inner Temple which you have lately quitted. Seats are scattered about, and pretty summer-houses invite to study or contemplation, but they are unoccupied by any visible presence. One is inclined to imagine that the Benchers have dedicated this garden to the exclusive occupation of the dead luminaries of the law, as the garden on the other side is devoted to its living oracles. With such a fancy, we always feel disposed to take off our hat to the invisibles, as we pass the tranquil spot where we suppose them to be "doomed for a certain time to walk."'

A red building on the right is the magnificent hall of the Middle Temple, with the carved screen of oak taken from the Spanish Armada. This is the hall in which the Templar eats his way to the bar; but if he should have no appetite for such dinners, it is not necessary that he should devour more than three, provided he pays for the whole fourteen. 'Shortly before the hand on the dial over the doorway points to five, crowds of gentlemen may be seen hurrying through

the labyrinthine paths that intersect the Temple in all directions, and concentrating at the yard before the hall, for dinner there waits for no man, and, better still, no man waits for dinner. Gowns are provided for the student in the robing-room, for the use of which a small term-fee is paid, and, thus habited, he is introduced into the Hall. But it is now no longer hushed and sombre, but a scene of brightness and bustle. The tables are spread for dinner in close and orderly array; wax-lights in profusion blaze upon them; a multitude of gowned men are lounging on the seats, or talking in groups, or busily looking out for the most agreeable places, which are secured by simply placing the spoon in the plate. Suddenly a single loud thump is heard at the door. All rush to their seats: it is opened wide; the servants range themselves on either side, and between their bowing ranks behold the benchers enter in procession, and march to the dais allotted to them. The steward strikes the table three times with his hammer to command silence, says a grace before meat, and the feast begins.' Gradations of rank are closely observed. 'The benchers' tables are ranged upon the dais, across the hall. The tables in the body of the hall are placed lengthwise, the barristers occupying those nearest to the dais, and the students taking the others indiscriminately. They are laid so as to form messes for four, each mess being provided with distinct dishes, and making a party of itself. The persons who chance to be seated at the same mess need no other introduction; he who sits at the head is called "the captain;" he first carves for himself, and then passes the dishes to the others in due order. The society presents each mess with a bottle of wine—always port—a custom which might be most advantageously violated.'

The Temple is not exactly a part of the United Kingdom: it is rather a tributary state. It preserves its own peace, collects its own taxes, and laughs at the City, with whose municipal burthens it has nothing to do. The inhabitants may live in town or country, as they please, for both are within the domain. They may occupy an attic, a first floor, a parlour, an area, just as they like. The Templar seems in constant sanctuary, where no one dares intrude upon him but his laundress and his clerk. Both these, as figured by our author, are admirable specimens of the natural history of the Temple; but we have no room to give them entire, and must not spoil them by abridgment. Besides, the aspirant waits: he is not yet called.

The call consists in his proposal by a bencher, the posting of his name in the hall, his arraying himself in a gown and wig, his taking the oath of abjuration, supremacy, and allegiance, his being bowed to by the bench of benchers, and his treating his friends after dinner to as much dessert and wine as they can hold. He is now an Advocate, and selects his circuit. 'To every circuit there belongs a band of gentlemen who were never known to hold a brief, to whom nobody ever dreamed of offering a brief, and who, if it had been offered, would probably have declined it. Yet they travel the entire circuit, are punctual in bowing to the judge at the opening of the court in the morning, sit there with heroic patience all the day through, nor leave until his lordship announces that he will "take no other case after *that*," when they look delighted, rise like school-boys released, and rush from the court to enjoy half an hour's holiday before dinner.' This is a sad companionship to get into; yet regularity in attending even an unproductive circuit is necessary to eventual success. The Bar must enter the assize town on the same day, that they may all start fair; they must not live in a hotel, but take lodgings; and they must not, while on the circuit—that is, in their professional character—shake hands with an attorney.

We have now started our hero fairly in his profession, and we must refer to the book itself for his adventures in practice. No less than eleven chapters are devoted to this part of his life, and yet the volume before us, although separately published, is only the *first* volume. We have said and quoted enough to shew that Mr Cox possesses in an eminent degree the versatility of talent so necessary in a literary man of the present day; and we lay down the *Advocate* with the conviction, that it possesses much that is new, suggestive, wholesome, and instructive, as well as much that is interesting and entertaining.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I WILL tell you all about an affair—important as it proved to me; but you must not hurry me. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry; my actions always preceded my thoughts; experience was of no use; and anybody would have supposed me destined to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last 'with a round turn.' I was allowed a certain space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it's a pity!

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing they had to bequeath, became the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I had no near relations. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family anchorage that I acquired the habit of swaying to and fro, and drifting hither and thither, at the pleasure of wind and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind—quite the reverse; but he was indolent and careless, contenting himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pocket, and leaving everything else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast—anything is an anchorage for them; and as Laura grew up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mother of the whole house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a picture, or a vase, or anything else that is useless except to the taste or the affections. But mamma was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing in them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and point of our home feelings; and it was strange to observe the devout care we took of a personage, who had not two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The governor had nothing more than a genteel independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the lapse of an annuity. But sister Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands and sundry castles in the air. It was the consciousness of the latter kind of property, no doubt, that gave me so free-and-easy an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman! how Laura lectured and scolded! how the governor stormed! and how I was forgiven the next minute, and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at length the time of separation came. I had grown a great hulking fellow, strong enough to make my bread as a porter if that had been needed; and so a situation

was found for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a lecture and a hearty cry from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma, and a great sob kept down by a hurricane laugh from the governor, I went adrift.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full height, and more than my just share of inches. I already enjoyed a fair modicum of whisker, and had even made some progress in the cultivation of a pair of moustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The governor insisted upon my return to England, where his interest among the mercantile class was considerable; Laura hinted mysteriously that my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father; and mamma let out the secret, by writing to me that Laura was going to 'change her condition.' I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be a model of a fellow who was Laura's husband; and, gulping down my pride, which would fain have persuaded me that it was unmanly to go back again like the ill sixpence, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the place. It was a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirt during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon descried through the gloom the governor's old-fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, really agitated with delight and struggling memories, when a temptation came in my way. One of the area-windows was open, gaping as if for my reception. A quantity of plate lay upon a table close by. Why should I not enter, and appear unannounced in the drawing-room, a sunburnt phantom of five feet eleven? Why should I not present the precise and careful Laura with a handful of her own spoons and forks, left so conveniently at the service of any area-sneak who might chance to pass by? Why? That is only a figure of speech. I asked no question about the matter; the idea was hardly well across my brain when my legs were across the rails. In another moment, I had crept in by the window; and chuckling at my own cleverness, and the great moral lesson I was about to teach, I was stuffing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above alarmed me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped lightly up the stair, which was partially lighted by the hall-lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving-girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, sprang up the drawing-room stair, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the rough voice of a man as if scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless given the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct; for when she saw me I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that she beheld a human figure. However this may be, the man's voice appeared to descend the stair to the area-room, and presently I heard a crashing noise, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside *en masse*. Then I heard the window closed, the shutters bolted, and an alarm-bell hung upon them, and the man reascended the stair, half scolding, half laughing at the girl's superstition. He took care notwithstanding to examine the fastenings of the street-door, and even to lock it, and put the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The governor kept no male servant that I knew of, and had never done so. It was impossible he could have introduced this change into his household without my being informed of it by sister Laura, whose letters were an exact chronicle of everything, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping-rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment on the threshold of which I was still lingering appeared, from the dim light of the windows, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen—a portion of which at this moment felt preternaturally heavy in my pockets—must have been three times greater than any the governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I bethought myself that I had seen and recognised the well-known door-plate, and that the area from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be intended to form a part of her *trousseau*: I could not convince myself. But the course of my thoughts suggested an idea, and pulling hastily from my pocket a tablespoon, I felt, for I could not see, the legend which contained my fate. But my fingers were tremulous: they seemed to have lost sensation—only I fancied I did feel something more than the governor's plain initials. There was still a light in the hall. If I could but bring that spoon within its illumination! All was silent; and I ventured to descend step after step—not as I had bounded up, but with the stealthy pace of a thief, and the plate growing heavier and heavier in my pocket. At length I was near enough to see, in spite of a dimness that had gathered over my eyes; and, with a sensation of absolute faintness, I beheld upon the spoon an engraved crest—the red right hand of a baronet!

I crept back again, holding by the banisters, fancying every now and then that I heard a door open behind me, and yet my feet no more consenting to quicken their motion than if I had been pursued by a murderer in the nightmare. I at length got into the room, groped for a chair, and sat down. No more hurry now. O no! There was plenty of time; and plenty to do in it, for I had to wipe away the perspiration that ran down my face in streams. What was to be done? What *had* I done? Oh, a trifle, a mere trifle. I had only sneaked into a gentleman's house by the area-window, and pocketed his tablespoons; and here I was, locked and barred and belled in, sitting very comfortably, in the dark and alone, in his drawing-room. Very particularly comfortable. What a capital fellow, to be sure! What an amusing personage! Wouldn't the baronet laugh in the morning? Wouldn't he ask me to stay breakfast? And wouldn't I eat heartily out of the spoons I had stolen? But what name is that? Who calls me a housebreaker? Who gives me in charge? Who lugs me off by the neck? I will not stand it. I am innocent, except of breaking into a baronet's house. I am a gentleman, with another gentleman's spoons in my pocket. I claim the protection of the law. Police! police!

My brain was wandering. I pressed my hand upon my wet forehead, to keep down the thick-coming fancies, and determined, for the first time in my life, to hold a deliberate consultation with myself. I was in an awkward predicament—it was impossible to deny the fact; but was there anything really serious in the case? I had unquestionably descended into the wrong area, the right-hand one instead of the left-hand one; but was I not as unquestionably the relation—the distant relation—the very distant relation—of the next-door neighbour? I had been four years absent from his house, and was there anything more natural than that I should desire to pay my next visit through a

subterranean window? I had appropriated, it is true, a quantity of silver-plate I had found; but with what other intention could I have done this than to present it to my very distant relation's daughter, and reproach her with her carelessness in leaving it next door? Finally, I was snared, caged, trapped—door and window had been bolted upon me without any remonstrance on my part—and I was now some considerable time in the house, unsuspected, yet a prisoner. The position was serious; but come, suppose the worst, that I was actually laid hold of as a malefactor, and commanded to give an account of myself. Well: I was, as aforesaid, a distant relation of the individual next door. I belonged to nobody in the world, if not to him; I bore but an indifferent reputation in regard to steadiness; and after four years' absence in a foreign country, I had returned idle, penniless, and objectless—just in time to find an area-window open in the dusk of the evening, and a heap of plate lying behind it, within view of the street.

This self-examination was not encouraging; the case was decidedly queer; and as I sat thus pondering in the dark, with the spoon in my hand, I am quite sure that no malefactor in a dungeon could have envied my reflections. In fact, the evidence was so dead against me, that I began to doubt my own innocence. What was I here for if my intentions had really been honest? Why should I desire to come into any individual's area-window instead of the door? And how came it that all this silver-plate had found its way into my pockets? I was angry as well as terrified: I was judge and criminal in one; but the instincts of nature got the better of my sense of justice, and I rose suddenly up, to ascertain whether it was not possible to get from the window into the street.

As I moved, however, the horrible booty I had in my pockets moved likewise, appearing to me to shriek, like a score of fiends, 'Police! police!' and the next instant I heard a quick footstep ascending the stair. Now was the fateful moment come! I was on my feet; my eyes glared upon the door; my hands were clenched; the perspiration had dried suddenly upon my skin; and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. But the footstep, accompanied by a gleam of light, passed—passed; and from very weakness I sat down again, with a dreadful indifference to the screams of the plate in my pockets. Presently there were more footsteps along the hall; then voices; then drawing of bolts and creaking of locks; then utter darkness, then silence—lasting, terrible, profound. The house had gone to bed; the house would quickly be asleep; it was time to be up and doing. But first and foremost, I must get rid of the plate. Without that hideous *corpus delicti*, I should have some chance. I must, at all hazards, creep down into the hall, find my way to the lower regions, and replace the accursed thing where I found it. It required nerve to attempt this; but I was thoroughly wound up; and after allowing a reasonable time to elapse, to give my enemies a fair opportunity of falling asleep, I set out upon the adventure. The door creaked as I went out; the plate grated against my very soul as I descended the steps; but slowly, stealthily, I crept along the wall; and at length found myself on the level floor. There was but one door on that side of the hall, the door which led to the area-room—I recollect the fact distinctly—and it was with inexpressible relief I reached it in safety, and grasped the knob in my hand. The knob turned—but the door did not open: it was locked; it was my fate to be a thief; and after a moment of new dismay, I turned again doggedly, reached the stair, and re-entered the apartment I had left.

It was like getting home. It was snug and private. I had a chair there waiting me. I thought to myself, that many a man would take a deal of trouble to break into such a house. I had only sneaked. I wondered how Jack Shepherd felt on such occasions. I had seen him at the Adelphi in the person of Mrs Keeley, and a daring little dog he was. He would make nothing of getting down into the street from the window, spoons and all. I tried this: the shutters were not even closed, and the sash moving noiselessly, I had no difficulty in raising it. I stepped out into the balcony, and looked over. Nothing was to be seen but a black and yawning gulf beneath, guarded by the imaginary spikes of an invisible railing. Jack would have laughed at this difficulty; but then he had more experience in the craft than I, and was provided with all necessary appliances. As for me, I had stupidly forgotten even my coil of rope. The governor's house, I found, had either no balcony at all, or it was too far apart to be reached. Presently I heard a footstep on the *trottoir*, a little way off. It was approaching with slow and measured pace: the person was walking as calmly and gravely in the night as if it had been broad day. Suppose I hailed this philosophical stranger, and confided to him, in a friendly way, the fact that the baronet, without the slightest provocation, had locked me up in his house, with his silver spoons in my pocket? Perhaps he would advise me what to do in the predicament. Perhaps he would take the trouble of knocking at the door, or crying fire, and when the servants opened, I might rush out, and so make my escape. But while I was looking wistfully down to see if I could not discern the walking figure, which was now under the windows, a sudden glare from the spot dazzled my sight. It was the bull's-eye of a policeman; and with the instinct of a predatory character, I shrunk back trembling, crept into the room, and shut the window.

By this time I was sensible that there was a little confusion in my thoughts, and by way of employing them on practical and useful objects, I determined to make a tour of the room. But first it was necessary to get rid, somehow or other, of my plunder—to plant the property, as we call it; and with that view I laid it carefully, piece by piece, in the corner of a sofa, and concealed it with the cover. This was a great relief. I almost began to feel like the injured party—more like a captive than a robber; and I groped my way through the room, with a sort of vague idea that I might perhaps stumble upon some trap-door, or sliding-panel, which would lead into the open air, or, at worst, into a secret chamber, where I should be safe for any given number of years from my persecutors. But there was nothing of the kind in this stern, prosaic place: nothing but a few cabinets and tables, and couches, and arm-chairs, and common-chairs, and devotional-chairs; and footstools, and lamps, and statuettes, and glass-shades, and knick-knacks; and one elaborate girandole hung round with crystal prisms, which played such an interminable tune against each other when I chanced to move them, that I stumbled away as fast as I could, and subsided into a *fauteuil* so rich, so deep, that I felt myself swallowed up, as it were, in its billows of swan's down.

How long I had been in the house by this time, I cannot tell. It seemed to me, when I looked back, to form a considerable portion of a lifetime. Indeed, I did not very well remember the more distant events of the night; although every now and then the fact occurred to me with startling distinctness, that all I had gone through was only preliminary to something still to happen; that the morning was to come, the family to be astir, and the housebreaker to be apprehended. My reflections were not continuous. It may be, that I dozed between whiles. How else can I account for my feeling myself grasped by the throat, to the very brink of suffocation, by a hand without a body? How else can I account for sister Laura standing over me where I reclined, pointing to the stolen plate on the sofa, and lecturing me on my horrible propensities till she grew black in the face, and her voice rose to a wild unearthly scream which pierced through my brain?

When this fancy occurred, I started from my recumbent posture. A voice was actually in my ears, and a living form before my eyes: a lady stood contemplating me, with a half-scream on her lips, and the colour fading from her cheek; and as I moved, she would have fallen to the ground, had I not sprung up and caught her in my arms. I laid her softly down in the *fauteuil*. It was the morning twilight. The silence was profound. The boundaries of the room were still dim and indistinct. Is it any wonder that I was in some considerable degree of perplexity as to whether I was not still in the land of dreams?

'Madam,' said I, 'if you are a vision, it is of no consequence; but if not, I want particularly to get out.'

'Offer no injury,' she replied, in a tremulous voice, 'and no one will molest you. Take what you have come for, and begone.'

'That is sooner said than done. The doors and windows below are locked and bolted; and beneath those of this room the area is deep, and the spikes sharp. I assure you, I have been in very considerable perplexity the whole of last night;' and drawing a chair, I sat down in front of her. Whether it was owing to this action, or to my complaining voice, or to the mere fact of her finding herself in a quiet tête-à-tête with a housebreaker, I cannot tell; but the lady broke into a low hysterical laugh.

'How did you break in?' said she.

'I did not break: it is far from being my character, I assure you. But the area-window was open, and so I just thought I would come in.'

'You were attracted by the plate! Take it, for Heaven's sake, desperate man, and go away!'

'I did take some of it, but with no evil intention—only by way of amusement. Here it is;' and going to the sofa, I drew off the cover, and shewed her the plant.

'You have been generous,' said she, her voice getting quaverous again; 'for the whole must have been in your power. I will let you out so softly that no one will know. Put up in your pockets what you have risked so much to possess, and follow me.'

'I will follow you with pleasure,' said I, 'were it all the world over;' for the increasing light shewed me as lovely a creature as the morning sun ever shone upon; 'but as for the plunder, you must excuse me there: I never stole anything before, and, please Heaven, I never will again!'

'Surely you are a most extraordinary person,' said the young lady suddenly, for the light seemed to have made a revelation to her likewise: 'you neither look nor talk like a robber.'

'Nor am I. I am not even a robber—I am nothing; and have not property in the world to the value of these articles of plate.'

'Then if you are not a robber, why are you here?—why creep in at the area-window, appropriate other people's spoons, and get locked up all night in their house?'

'For no other reason, than that I was in a hurry. I had come home from Barcelona, and was going in to my guardian's, next door, when your unfortunate area-window caught my eye, with the plate on the table inside. In an instant, I was over the rails and in through the window like a harlequin, with the intention of giving the family a pleasing surprise, and my old monitress, sister Laura, a great moral lesson on the impropriety of her leaving plate about in so careless a way.'

'Then you are Gerald, my dear Laura's cousin, so longingly expected—so beloved by them all—so'—— Here the young lady blushed celestial rosy red, and cast down her eyes. What these two girls could have been saying to each other about me, I never found out; but there was a secret, I will go to death upon it.

She let me out so quietly, that neither her father nor the servants ever knew a syllable about the matter. I need not say how I was received next door. The governor swept down another sob with another guffaw; mamma bestowed upon me another blessing and another kiss; and Laura was so rejoiced, that she gave me another hearty cry, and forgot to give me another lecture. My next four years were spent to more purpose than the last. Being less in a hurry, I took time to build up a flourishing business in partnership with Laura's husband. As for the baronet's daughter—for we must get everybody into the concluding tableau—why there she is—that lady cutting bread and butter for the children, with as matronly an air as Werter's Charlotte: she is my wife; and we laugh to this day at the oddity of that First Interview which led to so happy a *dénouement*.

VISIT TO A CHOCOLATE MANUFACTORY.

Birmingham, so says the *Times*, is famous for 'lacquered shams;' and any one who has sojourned for awhile in the huge, smoky toy-shop will add—for not a few genuine realities! To walk from factory to factory, from workshop to workshop, and view the extraordinary mechanical contrivances, the ingenious adaptations of means to ends, to say nothing of the eager spirit of application manifested by the busy population, produces an impression on the mind of no common character. Besides which, the town itself, so ill-arranged and ugly, is a spectacle; and in the people that inhabit the dismal streets, the visitor may find studies in morality as well as manufactures.

We have something to say about one of the realities alluded to above—not the making of pens, or tea-pots, or papier-maché; but of something in which breakfasts are implicated all over the kingdom—the making of cocoa and chocolate as carried on by Messrs Cadbury, Brothers. These gentlemen having kindly invited us to a sight of their establishment, we took the opportunity of witnessing their processes for converting raw produce into an acceptable article of diet, aided by the ample explanations of one of the partners. Such a manufacture seems out of place among bronze and brass and hardware, but the factory stands away from the fuliginous quarter, on the verge of Edgbaston—that Belgravia of Birmingham—where sunshine and blue sky are not perpetually hidden by smoke. What we saw there is worth the telling, as we hope to shew.

Here, however, we must say a few words concerning the raw material. It appears that the Spaniards were the first Europeans who tasted chocolate; it was part of their spoil in the conquest of Mexico. Bernardo de Castile, who accompanied Cortez, describing one of Montezuma's banquets, says: 'They brought in among the dishes above fifty great jars made of *good cacao*, with its froth, and drank it, the women serving them with a great deal of respect;' and similar jars were served to the guards and attendants 'to the number of two thousand at least.' The Spaniards enjoyed the rare beverage, and with a slight transformation of the native Mexican term *Chacoc-atl*, they introduced chocolate, as they named it, into Spain, monopolising the article for a time, and it was only by slow degrees that the knowledge of it spread into other parts of Europe. Gage, an old traveller who had visited the tropics, writing in 1630, remarks: 'Our English and Hollanders make little use of it, when they take a prize at sea, as not knowing the secret virtue and quality of it for the good of the stomach.' In the reign of Charles II., it was so much esteemed in England that Dr Stubbe published a book, entitled *The Indian Nectar, or a Discourse concerning Chocolata*, &c., giving a history of the article, and many curious notions respecting its 'secret virtue;' and recommending his readers to buy it of one Mortimer, 'an honest, though poor man,' who lived in East Smithfield, and sold the best kind at 6s. 6d. the pound, and

commoner sorts for about half that price. Of course, none but the wealthy could drink it; indeed, we find writers of the past century alluding to it as an aristocratic beverage.

Linnæus was so fond of chocolate, that he called it *food for the gods* in the distinguishing name which he gave to the tree that produces it—*Theobroma cacao*. The tree is a native of tropical America, but is now largely cultivated in other parts of the world. It grows from twelve to sixteen feet high, with evergreen leaves, and fruit of a deep orange colour when ripe, resembling a cucumber in shape, and containing from ten to thirty seeds. These seeds are the cacao-nuts or cocoa-nibs of commerce; in the trade, they are commonly spoken of as cocoa-nuts. The best kind are brought from Trinidad; and such has been the effect of lowering the duty, which was formerly 4s. per pound, to one penny, the present charge, that the quantity imported in the year ending January 5, 1852, amounted to 6,773,960 pounds. Among the colonial produce shewn in the Great Exhibition, cocoa-nuts held a conspicuous place; and it ought to be understood, that from such as these cocoa and chocolate are made—both from the same article.

To return to the factory. We first saw a storehouse filled with bags of nuts or nibs, two hundredweight in each, the only kinds used on the premises being those from Trinidad and Grenada. In an adjoining room, imbedded in a huge mass of brickwork, are four cylindrical ovens rotating slowly over a coke-fire, each containing a hundredweight of nuts, which were undergoing a comfortable process of roasting, as evidenced by an agreeable odour thrown off, and a loss of 10 per cent. in weight at the close of the operation, which lasts half an hour. Thus, in a day of ten hours, the four ovens will roast two tons of nuts, the prime mover being a twenty-horse steam-engine. The sight was one that would have gladdened Count Rumford's heart, for the cylinders and their fittings comprised all the economical principles of his roaster—certainty of effect without waste of fuel.

The next step is to crack or break the nuts in what is called the 'kibbling-mill.' The roasting has made them quite crisp, and with a few turns of the whizzing apparatus, they are divested of their husk, which is driven into a bin by a ceaseless blast from a furious fan; while the kernels, broken into small pieces, fall, perfectly clean, into a separate compartment, where their granulated form and rich glossy colour give them a very tempting appearance. The husk is repacked in the empty bags, and exported to Ireland, where it is sold at a low price to the humbler classes, who extract from it a beverage which has all the flavour of cocoa, if not all its virtues.

Thus prepared, the mass of broken nut is ready for more intimate treatment, which is carried on in a large room where shafts, wheels, and straps keep a number of strange-looking machines in busy movement. Some of these are double-cylinders, highly heated by a flow of steam between the inner and outer cases—an arrangement by which any degree of temperature can be produced in the interior. Inside of each works an armed iron-breaker, which, as soon as a quantity of the cracked nuts is introduced, begins to rotate, and, by the combined influence of heat and pressure, liberates the oil of the cocoa bean, and soon reduces the mass to a liquid which flows, 'thick and slab,' into a pan placed to receive it, leisurely as a stream of half-frozen treacle. In this state it is ready for grinding between the mill-stones, to which it is successively transferred, being poured into 'hoppers,' which, like the cylinders, are heated by steam. The cocoa flows rapidly from the stones in a fluid smooth as oil; but it is the best kinds only that are favoured with the most trituration, the commoner sorts being more summarily dismissed. At the time of our visit, a pair of new stones were in course of erection, which of themselves will turn off a ton of chocolate per day.

The process, so far, is that employed for all kinds of cocoa and chocolate, the nuts, as before stated, being the basis of all: the variety depends on subsequent admixture, the best kinds being, of course, the purest and most delicately flavoured. Up to this point, we have the cocoa in its native condition, merely altered in form; but now it has come to the stage of sophistication.

A given portion of the cocoa liquid is poured into a pan, and weighed with other ingredients, which consist, in the main, of arrow-root, sago, and refined sugar—the latter reduced to an impalpable powder—besides the flavouring substances. The quality depends entirely on the proportions of these ingredients, and on their unexceptionable character. The unpractised eye may not detect any difference between a cake of genuine chocolate, and another two-thirds composed of red earth and roasted beans. We have seen documentary evidence laid before the Board of Excise, shewing that a certain manufacturer of cocoa used every week a ton of a species of umber for purposes of adulteration; and recent investigations have shewn, that such practices are only too frequent. No wonder that muddy and insoluble grounds are found at the bottom of breakfast-cups! No one pretends that manufactured chocolate or cocoa is unmixed; but it is a satisfaction to know, that the admixture is not only of good quality, but nutritious.

The necessary quantities having been weighed and duly stirred together with a large wooden spoon, are poured into a mould nearly three feet in length, about nine inches wide, and from three to four inches deep; and in from four to five hours the mass is sufficiently solid to bear removal, when it is turned out as a large cake or block, which might very well pass for a huge sun-baked brick from Nineveh. In this way any number of cakes may be produced, those made on one day being finally worked up on the next, by which time they have become somewhat more hardened.

In this final process, the cakes are laid one at a time in what resembles a chaff-cutting machine, except, instead of the ordinary broad knife wielded by grooms, that a wheel, armed with four sharp blades, whirls round at the open end. The block of cocoa, held by machinery, advances with a slow continuous motion, until it touches the blades on the wheel, when immediately a cloud of most delicate slices or shavings is thrown off, as rapidly as sparks from a knife-grinder's wheel. Cake after cake is thus comminuted, at the rate of a ton per day from a single machine. The shavings are collected as fast as they fall, and passed through a sieve, which reduces them to that coarse powdery form so well known to all consumers of soluble chocolate. It is then put into barrels, and despatched without delay to the packing-room by means of a railway.

That there is something in a name, is as true of cocoa and chocolate as of other things, and the difference of name implies, in most instances, a difference of manufacture. Hence there is a variety of processes going on within the building, the results of which are shewn in 'Cocoa Paste,' 'Rock Cocoa,' 'Eating Vanilla Chocolate,' 'Penny Chocolate,' 'French Bonbons,' 'Flaked Cocoa,' 'Homœopathic,' &c. So numerous are the sorts, that a purchaser is as much puzzled in his choice as an untravelled Cockney with a Parisian bill of fare. The making of the flaked cocoa is peculiarly interesting, and is, we were informed, peculiar to this establishment. To see how the amorphous mass comes from the mill in long curling ribbons, uniform in thickness and texture, is a sight that provokes astonishment, as much by the rapidity of the operation as by the ease with which it appears to be accomplished, but which has only been arrived at by a persevering circumvention of vexatious difficulties.

But however interesting the results, one grows tired at length of the noise and clatter of machinery; and it was with a feeling of relief that we mounted to the packing-room, where all was so light, cheerful, and orderly, as to prove that the good management everywhere perceptible had here put on its pleasantest expression. The most perfect cleanliness prevails. The half-score or more of girls, who work under the superintendence of a forewoman, are all dressed in clean Holland pinafores—an industrial uniform. All were packing as busily as hands could work: one weighed the cocoa; a second placed the paper in the mould, and turned the cocoa into it; a third compressed the contents by means of a machine-moved plunger; while a fourth released the packet, pasted down the loose ends, and laid it aside. This party, by their combined operations, weigh and pack a hundredweight per hour. Some were wrapping the 'homœopathic' in bright envelopes of tinfoil; others boxing the 'bonbons;' others coating the 'roll' with its distinctive paper; while others helped the forewoman to count and sort the orders—all performing their duties with that celerity which can only be attained by long practice. Finally, the respective orders are packed away in boxes of various sizes, from fourteen pounds to a hundredweight; and to give full effect to the system of cleanliness, none but new boxes are used, so that not the slightest ground is afforded for even a suspicion of uncleanliness.

In these professedly enlightened days, commercial progress cannot well be considered apart from moral progress; we want to know not only how work is done, but who and what they are who do it. Are they benefited by the 'mighty developments of commercial enterprise?' We may therefore very properly say a few words respecting the *employés* in the cocoa-factory. No girl is employed who is not of known good moral character. Some at first are found to be good rather passively than actively, but they have example daily before their eyes, and a spirit of emulation gradually develops their better qualities. Their hours of work are from nine A.M. to seven P.M., with an hour off for dinner—tea is supplied to them on the premises. Their earnings range from 5s. to 9s. per week. Once a week, during the summer season, they have a half-holiday for a little excursion to the country, and twice a week they leave work for evening school an hour before the usual time. With few exceptions, these elevating influences are found to tell favourably on their conduct; and besides the direct benefit to themselves, we may be permitted to take into the account, the benefit to the homes and families to which the girls belong. Accustomed to order and cleanliness through the day, they can hardly fail to carry these virtues with them to their dwellings. The men employed exhibit the good effects of proper management not less than the girls. Some have acquired a steady habit of saving, and with nearly all, from the mere force of example, teetotalism is the rule. Instances of misconduct are rare, and when reproof is called for, it is administered by an appeal to the better feelings in preference to angry demonstration. Factories conducted on such a system must be at once schools of morality and industry.

There is one more point which we feel bound to notice in closing our article. While going about the premises, we were asked to look to the top of the tall engine-chimney, where, to our surprise, none but the faintest whiff of vapour was visible. 'There is no need,' said our conductor, 'that any chimney in Birmingham should smoke more than that. I have told the people so over and over again, but to little use, for they will persist in wasting fuel, and blackening the atmosphere. This is Beddington's patent, and you shall see the effect of it.' The fireman was then told to shut off the apparatus from the flue; immediately a dense black smoke poured from the chimney-top, and when at the murkiest, the order was given: 'Now turn on again.' In five seconds, the smoke had vanished, and the almost imperceptible vapour alone remained. Thus, of the coal consumed daily, not a particle is wasted, and a considerable portion of the atmosphere is saved from deterioration. So perfect an example of what can be done towards the abatement of a nuisance, made us wish to be autocrat for a week—our reign should be signalised by the extinction of smoke!

THE WORKING-CLASSES IN 'THE GOOD OLD TIMES.'

As it has become fashionable in some quarters to hold that the working-classes are ever sinking in position, and that they have lost the comforts, the pleasures, and the freedom of the 'good old times,' it may serve a useful purpose to put together, from authentic sources, some notices of their actual condition among our ancestors. To associate our present working-classes with slavery would seem an insult; and it would be said, that it is a condition to which they could not, under any circumstances, be induced to submit. But although this is true of their present condition, it is equally true, that not only in the rest of Europe, but even in England and Scotland, those who of old held the position of the working-classes, were slaves in the strictest sense of the term. Among our Saxon ancestors, to whose free institutions our historians so often proudly refer, two-thirds of the people—that is, in short, the whole of the working-classes—are computed to have been slaves. Sir Walter Scott, whose descriptions of life and manners are as faithful as they are picturesque, gives an admirable sketch of the slave or thrall of the Saxons in the faithful Gurth, the follower of Ivanhoe. First, we have the account of his close-fitting tunic, made of skin; after which follows that of a part of his dress which, Sir Walter said, was too remarkable to be overlooked. 'It was a brass ring resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed except by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved in Saxon characters—"Gurth, the son of Beowald, the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon."'

For two or three centuries after the Conquest, there is no doubt that the peasantry were liable to be bought and sold as slaves. Even in Magna Charta, there is a prohibition that a guardian shall not 'waste the men or cattle' in the estate of the ward: there is here no consideration for the men who might be 'wasted;' it is all for the property of the ward, which is not to be injured through the cupidity or carelessness of his guardian. Sir Frederic Eden, the historian of the poor-law, adduces many instances in which slaves had been sold—thus in 1283, a slave and his family were sold by the Abbey of Dunstable for 13s. 4d.

The distinguishing feature of Britain at the present day is, that she is in advance of all the other nations of Europe in uniting order with freedom. Our ancestors may be said to have led us on to this proud position, by the gradual emancipation of the peasantry from slavery. We soon find, in the contests with European powers, the great distinction between the Briton even of the humblest rank and the Frenchman or German. The great victories gained by the English over the French—Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—have been supposed almost fabulous, from the inequality of the contending forces—the small number on the victorious side, the vast host conquered by it. But we cease to wonder when we examine the different qualities of the combatants. At Agincourt, the English army, which was completely victorious, amounted to only 9000 men; while that of France, which was routed, amounted to

50,000: at Poitiers, the disproportion was nearly as great: and at Crecy, the conquered force more than doubled that of the conquerors. We have not lately seen, nor are we likely to see, contests with such results in European warfare. But we see it in Oriental conflicts; and the late battles of our troops with the Afghans and Sikhs were somewhat of the same character, from the immense superiority of European over Asiatic discipline. The reason of the superiority of the English over the French in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is plain enough to any one who has studied the history of the people, though it may be incomprehensible to those who have only studied the history of courts and armies. It arose from the growing freedom of the British. Before the introduction of firearms, the great dependence of an army was generally in the men-at-arms, as they were called, or the knights and others who were sheathed in plate armour, mounted on strong horses, and provided with costly weapons. The knight and his horse were like a movable fortification; the peasantry or serfs who went along with them to battle, half-naked and half-fed, with rude and trifling arms, were looked upon as mere dross in comparison with the men-at-arms. One man-at-arms was considered equal to ten or even twenty of them; and when knights were not engaged in encountering each other, it was deemed as a sort of amusement for a few of them, with their heavy horses and armour, to ride down multitudes of these abject serfs.

So it was in the rest of Europe, but not in England. The English bowman, or billman, who carried a large axe or bill, was a strong, healthy, well-fed man; and though he had not perfect freedom, according to our modern acceptation of the term, he had an existence worth struggling for, and not entirely at the command of an imperious lord. Hence he was sometimes not much inferior, as a combatant, to the mail-clad man-at-arms. Now, at the battle of Crecy, the French, though the wretched serfs were so numerous, had only about 8000 men-at-arms; and though the English had not a third of that number of the higher kind of warriors, yet they had nearly 30,000 sturdy bowmen and billmen. A characteristic illustration of the contempt with which the poor slaves were viewed occurred in that very battle. A party of cross-bowmen hesitated to advance—they felt tired, the fatigue of the march being beyond their strength. On this, the Count of Alençon cried out: 'Kill the lazy scoundrels!' A number of the men-at-arms rushed in among them, to chastise them, and this produced a confusion which assisted the English to their victory.

From these battles, and a multitude of other sources, we can see the great superiority, in freedom and condition of living, of the humbler class in England over that in France; and yet, at the same time, it is difficult in the nineteenth century to believe in the extent of tyranny exercised, down to a comparatively recent period, over the working-classes in Britain. We may judge of the tyrannical interference of the government with the freedom of labour by the Statute of Labourers, passed in 1349. One of the frightful famines of the middle ages had occurred, and labourers were scarce in comparison with the means of employment. It is said that the same phenomenon has now in some measure recurred in Ireland; but there is little chance of our statesmen treating it as those of the fourteenth century did. Justice says, that the labourer is entitled to obtain the value of his labour, be it much or little. Parliament, however, fixed the amount which it thought the reasonable price of labour—the rate at which the members of the legislature desired to have it; and endeavoured, by penalties and persecution, to obtain it at that rate. The statute commences by abusing the labourers for taking advantage of the scarcity of hands to demand high wages—as if there ever were human beings, employed in the ordinary affairs of life, who would not take what wages or profits they could obtain; and as if labourers were like missionaries, and other devotees, who are not led by any mercenary motive. The statute then enacts, that every person able in body, and under the age of sixty, not having means of maintaining himself, is bound to serve whoever shall be willing to employ him, at the wages which were usually paid during the six years preceding the plague; and if he refuses, and it is proved by two witnesses before the sheriff, bailiff, lord, or constable of the village where the refusal is given, he is to be committed to jail, and continue there till he finds surety to enter into service in terms of the act.

It is always observable, that laws interfering with freedom of trade go on increasing in strictness, because the confusion which the first attempt creates is always attributed to the deficiency of the law instead of its excess. The Statute of Labourers was of course insufficient to put everything right between employers and employed; and so, two years afterwards, another and stricter Statute of Labourers was passed (23 Ed. III., ch. 1-8.) This statute not only regulated the wages of husbandry, and the times when peasant-labourers were to work, but fixed the precise amount which each kind of artisan was bound to work for. The account given of it by Mr Daines Barrington, in his observations on the statutes, may be quoted as among the clearest and briefest. The reader will of course remember, that the coins mentioned by him bore a much higher value than coins of the same denomination at present. 'The common labourer in the hay-harvest is only to have 1d. a day, except a mower, who, if he mow by the acre, is to have 5d. per acre, or otherwise 5d. a day. A reaper is to have in time of corn-harvest 2d. the first week in August, and 3d. till the end of the month; and they are likewise neither to ask meat nor any other perquisite or indulgence. The law likewise requires that they shall repair to the next town or village, carrying their scythe or sickle openly in their hands, and shall there be hired in some public place. . . . . The second chapter directs that no man in harvest—before settled to be in the month of August—shall leave the village in which he lived during the winter, except the inhabitants of Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Craven, and the marches of Wales and Scotland—the occasion of which is, that there are large tracts of mountain or moorland in all these counties and districts, where nothing can be raised but oats, which are not usually ripe till October; and, consequently, if they were not employed in more early harvest, they would be without employment during the months of August and September.'

But the English peasantry and artisans had now acquired too much real independence to submit silently to these arbitrary regulations. The celebrated insurrection of Wat Tyler, which took place thirty years afterwards, was a concentrated embodiment of popular discontent. However turbulent and dangerous might be the form in which the mob demanded redress, the demands themselves were in many respects very reasonable. Thus, the brief statement of them by Hume, the historian, is, that they 'required a general pardon, *the abolition of slavery*, freedom of commerce in market-towns without toll or impost, and a fixed rent on lands, instead of the services due by villenage'—that is to say, they desired that they should be tenants, paying rent in money or services, and not serfs bound to remain on the soil. The insurrection was crushed, and the insurgents obtained no immediate redress. Parliament, however, considered the whole circumstances before the conclusion of Richard II.'s reign. Wat Tyler's rebellion was nearly contemporary with several other risings throughout Europe of the enslaved working-classes against their tyrants. In France, they formed the dreaded bands of the Jacquerie, who desolated the most fruitful portions

of that fine country. They committed great cruelties; but in the end they were crushed by the chivalry of the upper ranks. In the results of the two insurrections, however, there was a marked difference between England and France. Advance and improvement have ever, fortunately, characterised the legislation of this country. In France, and other parts of the continent, the insurgents were crushed with terrible slaughter, and then they were subjected to stricter and sterner laws, to prevent them from breaking out again—laws so strict and stern, that the French peasantry and working-classes were kept in chain by them till the Revolution of 1788. In England, on the other hand, the parliament which met after Tyler's insurrection was put down, took into consideration the state of the country; and the tyrannical and oppressive laws against the peasantry and working-classes were modified.

Still these classes remained for centuries in a condition so closely bordering on actual slavery, that a close, practical contemplation of it would certainly be sufficiently startling to the workmen of the present day. The celebrated statute of Elizabeth for the relief of the poor, passed in 1597, shews us, in sufficiently distinct terms, the position of the workman at that period. Various kinds of vagrants or impostors are, in the first place, enumerated, much resembling the same class at the present day—such as persons pretending to be shipwrecked sailors, fortune-tellers, players, bear-keepers, musicians, &c. And then we have 'all wandering persons and common labourers, being persons able in body, using loitering and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as is taxed or commonly given in such parts where such persons do or shall happen to dwell or abide, not having living otherwise to maintain themselves.' Among the punishments attached to this offence are, that the offender 'be stripped naked from the middle upward, and shall be openly whipped until his or her body be bloody.' In fact, the whole poor-law legislation which followed this enactment, down to the act of 1834, treated the peasant in a great measure as a slave. Doubtless the workhouse-test, which requires that the able-bodied man who gets relief shall give labour for it, involves slavery within the bounds of the workhouse. But this, fortunately, now only applies to a few. The evil of the old system was, that while it was less stringent in giving relief, and afforded much more assistance to the able-bodied class of workmen, it necessarily established a control over their motions, and this control made an unpleasantly near approach to slavery. Instead of workmen going with the eagerness of energy and hope to the employer who gave them most wages, they too often went to the employer to whom the parish sent them. The degrading spectacle of labourers set up to auction in the parish pound was frequently exhibited. Apart from the poor-law system, the actual feudal serfdom, which gave landowners great powers over the peasantry on their estates, was not abolished until the reign of Charles II.

We have a similar history of matters in Scotland. Thus, not to go further back, an act passed immediately on the restoration of the Stuarts, empowered justices of peace to fix the rate of wages to be paid to labourers, workmen, or servants; and if they refused to work at the legal wages so established, they might be imprisoned and scourged. It was not an uncommon thing, at the commencement of the last century, to see advertisements in the newspapers for the apprehension of runaway servants. The power of the higher over the working-classes was so great, that at one time, before the idea of a traffic in negroes was suggested, young people were kidnapped even in the streets of cities, and sent out as slaves to the plantations. Instances have been given where their parents have seen them driven in herds on board ship, yet dared not interfere. The power which the landholders in Scotland possessed over their vassals, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, was a condition of things necessary to the two rebellions. The humble clansmen were not properly rebels; they were paying obedience to their chiefs, who possessed power over them almost unlimited. The notorious Lovat had managed to seduce an English servant to the Highlands, and when once there, the poor fellow found that he was a slave, and could not possibly escape. It was not until the present century that two classes of workmen in Scotland were emancipated from a species of slavery—colliers and salt-makers. It is startling to read of them in the work which is still the principal law authority in Scotland—*Erskine's Institute.* He speaks of them as 'necessary servants,' and says: 'In this class of necessary servants may be reckoned colliers, coal-bearers, salters, and other workmen necessary for carrying on of collieries and salt-works. These are by law itself, without any paction, bound, merely by their entering upon work, in a colliery or salt-manufactory, to the perpetual service thereof; and if the owner sell or alienate the ground on which the works stand, the right of the service of these colliers, salters, &c., passes over to the purchaser.' What was this but modified slavery?—and the consideration that it actually existed within Great Britain until a recent period, and excited no sort of compassion, should temper any observations we might be inclined to make on the subject of slavery in distant countries.

We cannot but rejoice that in the present day there exists not the slightest relict of serfdom in any part of the United Kingdom. Every man is now his own master, and has his own responsibilities. We say, we are glad of this, because without such liberty of personal action, there can be no social progress. At the same time, it appears undeniable that the legislature, in emancipating the humbler classes, has strangely neglected to go one step further—that is, to make sure of their being educated, and so rendered capable of improving their condition to some purpose. It is in this great shortcoming that a blot rests on our institutions. When is that blot to be removed?

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER IN CHILI.

So little is known of Chili, a country of considerable extent in South America, with a frontage to the Pacific, that latterly a distinguished man of science, Dr Ried of Ratisbon, went on an expedition to explore its physical character. From the notes which were sent by this enlightened traveller to the secretary of the Zoological-mineralogical Society of the above-named city, we are enabled to draw the following account of the wild interior of the Chilian territory:—

The land along the coast is unusually high, the mountains on the sea-board rising about 3000 feet above the water, for the greater part at an angle of 60 to 70 degrees. In their height, there is hardly any perceptible difference; the summits form long tracts of table-land, very uneven, however, and broken up in all directions by chasms, and the dried-up beds of cataracts and rapid rivers. For 400 leagues along the coast, all is one dreary waste. The entrance to this table-land is by the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Such channels, in which not a drop of moisture has been found within the memory of tradition, are everywhere to be seen actually ground away, and polished like the finest marble by the action of water. At the foot of the mountains, traces of the sea are discernible 100 or 150 feet higher up than at present. Huge masses of rock, too, bear traces of having been violently rent, where now there is never a storm.

The best entrance to the desert is from Cobija, where the ascent at once begins, and continues for a distance of about three leagues, including the dried-up bed of a torrent, formed in the steep surface of rock. About

fifteen leagues from the coast, and parallel with it, a chain of higher mountains rises to a height of between 7000 and 8000 feet. From the summit of these—and it is no easy task to climb so far—one is enabled to form a slight idea of the desert of Atacama. To the east, you see the majestic Cordilleras, their bright peaks glittering in the distance through a golden mist; while on the north, south, and west, there is an unrelieved expanse without sign of life or hope, but everywhere silence: and what a silence! It is not the stillness of a summer night in the country, nor of a church, nor of a sick-room: it is the silence of death! As you gaze on the scene before you, you are oppressed—almost overwhelmed by its dreary sadness. No insect hum is heard; not even a bird is seen in the still air; the earth, and the atmosphere above it, is one vast region of death. The only link which connects the traveller with humanity, is a long row of the skeletons of mules and horses, which have here left their bones for a guide across the desert. The dead animals lie like mummies, dried and shrivelled; hair, eyes, muscles, all are there. Their appearance presents a remarkable peculiarity. One might suppose, that having been overtaken by death under similar circumstances, the last struggle over, their inanimate bodies would be marked by no characteristic and distinctive difference. But the case is otherwise. Both mule and horse have sunk from hunger, thirst, and exhaustion; yet the position of the two animals in their lifeless state is invariably unlike. The horse lies outstretched, the hoof in a straight line with the knee, the teeth half-closed—a picture of exhaustion and resignation. The mule, on the contrary, has always the limbs drawn up, as if from cramp; the knees are bent, and the hoofs drawn inward towards the body; the head is thrown back, the mouth awry, and the teeth firmly clenched. As they often lie side by side, this difference is striking. Whence it arises, it is difficult to say; but it would seem to denote, that the sufferings of the mule are more intense, and its tenacity of life greater, than those of the horse.

After traversing a distance of twenty-seven leagues, we arrive at the river. Travellers who are inured to fatigue, always make the journey in one ride. Dr Ried accomplished the whole distance without once dismounting. The stream is called Loa, and has its source in the snows of the mountain-tops. In the neighbourhood of a small Indian village called Chiuchiu, it is fed by a little volcanic stream, which contains a large quantity of salt in a state of dissolution, besides copper, arsenic, sulphur, and other matters. The quantity of the water is increased by this supply, but its quality by no means improved; yet the abominable mixture tastes on that spot like the choicest champagne! The stream is not perceived till you stand on the very edge. Its bed is between 300 and 400 yards broad, and is about 200 or 300 feet below the average surface of the table-land. The body of water which forms this river is very inconsiderable, and becomes more and more so as it nears the sea. Here Dr Ried saw some mosquitoes, as well as a small lizard; but the presence of the quick, bright-eyed creature in that dreary waste, rather added to the sense of loneliness. Its very name, too (*Musca domestica*), seemed a mockery, dwelling as it did in that vast solitude. In the water, no trace of life was to be found. 'From the stream, which has its source in the clouds,' writes Dr Ried to his friend, 'I took a bottleful, which I send you to analyse, and in order that you may say you have seen water from Atacama. I advise you, however, not to drink it.'

In the desert, it *never* rains. At the foot of the Cordilleras—and only at the foot—rain falls to a distance of about ten leagues westward, but *never* further; in Atacama, to a distance of about ten leagues from the mountains; in Chili, to far beyond the coast. Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary phenomenon of this strange land, is the sudden change of temperature which takes place over the whole desert. The heat at noon is oppressive—from 96 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit; and this continues till four P.M., when it begins to diminish. From ten A.M. till about sunset, there is a strong westerly wind, blowing from the sea towards the Cordilleras. It is always fierce, but sometimes so powerful, that it is impossible to advance against it. When the sun is down, the wind likewise subsides, and till nine or ten o'clock in the evening there is a perfect calm.

Sunset in these regions is a magnificent spectacle. The play of colours in the heavens is quite indescribable. When the moon rises, the same thing occurs. Opposite the orb, a huge pile of vapour rises in shadowy forms, on which the light is thrown, producing the most wonderful effects. In these chromatic displays, red is the colour that predominates. Towards midnight, the wind begins to blow from the east, at first gently, but icy cold, for it comes from the regions of perpetual frost and snow. The radiation of heat from such an extensive and almost glowing surface is naturally very great and rapid, and after midnight it begins to freeze. An hour before sunrise, all stagnant water is frozen over; and the thermometer falls sometimes to 28 degrees Fahrenheit—on an average it is at 32 degrees—to rise again at noon to 90 degrees.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

October 1852.

The death of the great Duke has for a time kept other subjects of conversation in abeyance; but by slow degrees the old hero slides into the past, and the tongues and pens of thousands are busily recalling the words, works, and exploits by which he won for himself 'imperishable renown.' His life presents itself to us in different aspects, wherein the lowliest as well as the loftiest may find something exemplary; and all may learn a lesson in that virtue of virtues—persevering straightforwardness. By and by, we shall have a magnificent funeral; and then, as new events follow, we shall find whether new men are to come capable of meeting them; whether there are to be heroes after Agamemnon as well as before.

The remains of the Great Exhibition building are fast disappearing from Hyde Park, under the busy hands of the troops of workmen engaged in the business of taking down and removal. Heavily-laden wagons are continually departing from each entrance, and every hour the prodigious mass of materials is diminished. The spectacle is a striking one in many respects, and would be a melancholy one were it not for the certainty of restoration. Already the grass is beginning to grow on the ground, worn bare by millions of feet; and before many months are over, the greensward will again cover the site of the world's Temple of Industry.

Among the objects of most interest to be comprised in the new Palace, are galleries of Classic and Mediæval Art, a Nineveh and Egyptian Court, Etruscan Restorations, Hall of the Alhambra, Court of Inventions, besides complete illustrations of the races of Man, to be arranged by Dr Latham, which will afford valuable aid to the student of ethnology; and of natural history and geology, all to be superintended by able professors. Seeing that there is talk of enlarging the British Museum, which is not half large enough for its purpose, might not some of its long-hidden contents be transferred, under proper regulations, to the Palace at Sydenham?

The present year has been as remarkable for storms as the last was for fine weather, and in parts of the world widely separated—the continent of Europe and the United States of America, as well as our own country. Meteorologists say, that the frequent atmospheric disturbances will furnish us with valuable facts for theoretical and practical use. In many places, the

storms have been followed by destructive floods, particularly in France, the effects of which, it is said, are greatly aggravated by the spirit of modern improvement, leading to the cutting down of trees and forests; so that the more the land is cleared, the fiercer become the floods. It would be interesting to test this fact by what takes place under similar circumstances in America, where forest is in excess. The subject has been brought before the Geological Society by Mr Prestwich, as regards the Holmfirth flood, with a view to collect data as to the power of moving water, the height of the flood, the time in which the water ran off, together with exact measurements of the fall of the ground, and the amount of denudation. All these are questions of great scientific value in geology, because arguing from the effects produced by so small a body of water comparatively, we may arrive at satisfactory conclusions concerning the great floods of other ages. In the instance here referred to, from 40,000 to 50,000 tons were carried from the dam by the sudden rush; the greater part of which was deposited within the first 800 feet. Lower down, from one to two feet of deposit was laid over the meadows; rocks, weighing from five to twenty tons, were transported to a considerable distance; and at seven miles from the outbreak, near Huddersfield, a stratum of sand was laid over the fields. The mention of these facts may be of service to those who have had opportunities for observation elsewhere.

The Society have also had their attention called to disturbances of another sort—earthquakes; of which not a few have occurred of late in many parts of the world, our own island among them. The shocks appear to have been most severely felt in the south-west—Cornwall, for instance, and the neighbourhood of Bristol, where they extended over an area of more than thirty miles. The effects have now been accurately described: one of the shocks lasted two seconds; the other, from ten to twelve seconds, accompanied by a rumbling noise. The line of disturbance was from north to south, striking the Mendips, and traversing parts of the shires of Somerset and Gloucester. 'The chief focus of oscillation was at Cheddar, where the hill is said to have waved to and fro during several seconds; and in the alluvial flat or marsh below Cheddar, some houses had the plaster of the ceilings cracked; while in others, the clocks struck, doors slammed, bells rung, &c.' With such commotions taking place in the solid earth, geologists will not fail of sources of interest in their favourite study. There is yet another geological fact worth mentioning—the finding of footprints in what is called Potsdam sandstone, near Montreal, in Canada. This sandstone is the 'lowest member of the lowest Silurian rocks;' and the discovery is good evidence that there were living creatures walking on the land at the very oldest periods hitherto revealed by geology—thus carrying back the appearance of organic life to a time more remote than had been supposed. Professor Owen, who has examined the slabs and casts, says, that no idea of the creature that made the tracks can be formed from any animal at present existing, for instead of the prints being in successive pairs, an odd one is found to intervene. He considers it to have had three legs on each side, and to have been neither tortoise-like nor vertebrate; and, after naming it *Protichnites*, adds: 'I incline to adopt, as the most probable hypothesis, that the creatures which have left their tracks and impressions on the most ancient of known sea-shores, belonged to an articulate and probably crustaceous genus.' The fact is an important one in a scientific point of view, and presents a new standpoint for inquirers.

There is advancement, too, in other quarters. Faraday has been diligently pursuing his investigations into the phenomena of electricity and magnetism through greater part of the dead season, and will be prepared erelong to make the results public. And Professor Stokes's researches and experiments on light, which have been laid before the British Association and the Royal Society, are regarded by competent judges as the most remarkable and fruitful that have been made for many years. Another means of advance will perhaps be found in the new process for 'illuminating' glass, by which lenses of all sizes, from spectacles to telescopes, may be made so much brighter and more transparent, as to increase their power and utility to an extraordinary degree. We are shortly to have further particulars concerning this improvement, which, if it be such as described, and applicable to microscopes, will perhaps enable Ehrenberg to verify the opinions he has lately formed concerning the atmosphere—namely, that it is not less full of organic and inorganic life than the ocean, or any other part of creation.

Mr Westwood has read a paper before the Zoological Society, 'On the Destructive Species of certain Insects known in Africa,' in which he shews the probability of their having been the insects of the fourth plague recorded in the Pentateuch. Some of them are the *Oestridæ*: and one kind known in Africa as *Tsetse*, is so fierce and venomous, that a few of them are sufficient to sting a horse to death: they are the same as the *Zimb*, of which Bruce gives such a striking account. Their presence appears to be mainly determined by the nature of the soil, for they are seldom found away from the black earth peculiar to the Valley of the Nile. Among the carvings on the ancient tombs, this insect is supposed to be represented. With regard to another species of insect, Dr Macgowan states, that the insect-wax of China, of which 400,000 pounds are produced annually, is not, as has long been believed, a 'saliva or excrement,' but 'that the insect undergoes what may be styled a ceraceous degeneration, its whole body being permeated by the peculiar produce in the same manner as the *Coccus cacti* is by carmine.'

The Agricultural Society have announced that they will give 'L.1000 and a gold medal for the discovery of a manure equal in fertilising properties to the Peruvian guano, and of which an unlimited supply can be furnished to the English farmer at a rate not exceeding L.5 per ton.' Also, 'fifty sovereigns for the best account of the geographical distribution of guano, with suggestions for the discovery of any new source of supply, accompanied by specimens.' To be adjudged in 1854. They offer, likewise, fifty sovereigns for the best essays on farming in the counties of Hereford, Surrey, and Derby; and thirty sovereigns for the best essays on the 'management of heavy lands;' 'of light lands;' on 'beans and peas;' 'on hereditary diseases and defects in pigs and sheep.' These to be decided in 1853. It is something to see agriculture thus trying to stand on its own legs.

Among minor matters, the wire-lace recently invented at Nottingham has been talked about, and is said to be as tasteful and rich as it is novel, for it admits of being electroplated. Shall we wear metal clothing by and by, as well as live in metal houses? Dr Payerne has been making experiments in submarine steam navigation at Cherbourg, and with such success as to be able to sink his vessel at any moment, to live in it under water, and to propel it in any given direction. Are we to be invaded by a fleet of these artful contrivances, or is it a preparation for the escape of the future emperor from St Helena? There are one or two interesting facts from Australia, although not about gold: the bodies of Dr Leichardt and some of his exploring party, are said to have been discovered near Moreton Bay, where they had been murdered by the natives; and Sir Thomas Mitchell, the well-known surveyor-general, has invented a steam-propeller on the principle of the *boomerang*, which, when applied to a boat, answered expectation. Further experiments are to be made; meanwhile, the inventor says, 'that the weapon of the

earliest inhabitants of Australia has now led to the determination mathematically of the true form by which alone, on the screw principle, high speed on water can be obtained.' The *Ericsson* caloric ship is launched; but if a new projector is to be believed, the maker may save himself all further trouble, for Mr Burn proposes to build square ships, with the bottoms constructed as double inclined planes, which shall cross from England to America in forty-eight hours! When this scheme is realised, travelling and flying will become synonymous terms. We are to have another electric telegraph across the Channel: it is underground as well as submarine, the wires being laid in wooden tubes under the old turnpike-road from London to Dover, independent of the railway, thus reopening a shorter as well as a competing route. The possibility of an electric telegraph from England to America is again talked about, and will doubtless be talked about until it is accomplished, in the same way that the French, by dint of trying, seem determined to succeed at last in aërial navigation, the latest exploit of that kind having been the turning round of a cylindrical balloon in the air at Paris by means of a small steam-engine, carried up by the apparatus. Meanwhile, Denmark is going to link her states together by wires, which will stretch from Copenhagen to Elsinore and Hamburg, and include Schleswig, Zealand, and Holstein. Loke would stand no chance now in the old Scandinavian land against the thought-flasher. The Swedish exploring expedition is making satisfactory progress in the southern hemisphere, and Captain von Krusenstern is fitting out a vessel at his own cost to explore the coast of Siberia—an enterprise which the Russians have often attempted with but partial success. The Americans, too, are thinking of another expedition, to make such observations and discoveries as may be useful or possible round Java, in the China Sea, as it is called, the Kurile Islands, and Behring Strait. Their state of California is still resorted to by the Chinese, who now number 50,000 in their new country, and conduct themselves as orderly and industrious citizens. There is some talk of introducing tea-culture, for the sake of giving them employment, as their presence at the diggings is scarcely tolerated. We are soon to know more than at present of the geography and people of Borneo, for Madame Ida Pfeiffer has travelled further into that country than any other European, and is preparing a narrative of her adventures. Nearer home, Lieutenant Van de Velde, of the Dutch navy, has been exploring the Holy Land, in a very complete manner, and in some parts heretofore unvisited; and when our Geographical Society meets, we shall doubtless be informed of the chief results of his twelvemonth's toilsome and at times dangerous travel. If Captain Allen's scheme, as laid before the British Association, could be carried out, we should be able to approach the region by another sea as well as the Mediterranean; for he proposes to cut a channel from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to the Valley of the Dead Sea, and allow the water to pour through until the vast basin be filled to the depth of some hundreds of feet, and of course the hollows of the surrounding country, whereby, as the projector states, we should get a new navigable route towards India. He omits to say whether the Arabs would want compensation for loss of territory.

The French consul at Mosul has been making further researches in the Ninevitish ruins, and has discovered, among other curiosities, the wine-cellar of the Assyrian kings, with large jars, in which the royal beverage was once contained, ranged along the sides. They are now filled with dust and rubbish, but on emptying them, a dried purple deposit was found at the bottom of each, thus testifying to their former use. If this deposit is in sufficient quantity to be submitted to chemical analysis, we might learn something respecting the nature of really old wine. Apropos of this matter, Dr Buist says, that while we are digging up antiquities in Mesopotamia, we are neglecting those, not less valuable, which we have at home, particularly the Runic stones found in Scotland. Two hundred of these are known to exist between Edinburgh and Caithness, but some have been used as gate-posts to a church-yard, or, as near Glammis, rubbing-posts for cattle. Sueno's pillar, in Morayshire, is the finest. The remarkable fact concerning these stones, is the similarity, in numerous instances complete, of the sculptures graven on them to those at Nineveh, as though the hyperborean and the Oriental had a common origin. 'Surely,' adds Dr Buist, 'coincidences such as these can neither be fanciful nor accidental; they carry us far back beyond the ages of those we call the aborigines of Britain, as the pyramids and sculptured stones of Yucatan precede the days of the Red Men whom Cortes found peopling America.'

The Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem have published their prize-list, in which they offer 2000 florins for the most important discovery in natural science which shall be made between the present year and 1856; and they propose sixty-one questions, the successful replies to obtain a gold medal worth 150 florins, and money to the same amount. Among them are:—The best geological description of the principal hot springs of Europe, their position, course, and quality, so as to shew if they have any relation in common, and what relation exists between their changes and the changes caused by earthquakes, volcanoes, &c.—Whether, in any part of the old continents, there are dunes or sandbanks formed, at early geological periods, in the same way as those now existing on the coast of Holland—Whether the sea-level is higher or lower now than formerly with regard to the land-level of the Low Countries—On the wearing of coasts in past and present times, and the means of prevention—Whether a profitable manufacture of iodine may not be attempted on the shores of the Netherlands from certain marine plants and animals—Whether the *cinchona* can be profitably cultivated in the Dutch colonies—On the influence of the nerves in the origin and progress of inflammation—Whether electricity, either static or dynamic, has anything to do with the production of Daguerreotype figures: and one that will interest ethnologists—The Laplanders are said to be the remains of a people who were once numerous over great part of the north, as the Basques are and were in the south; required, a description of the two, with peculiarities and craniological examinations and explanations in full detail. These are important questions, and well worth attention; the treatises may be written in Dutch, French, Latin, German, Italian, or English, so that aspirants to scientific honours in most parts of Europe have now the opportunity to prove their merits.

The forthcoming publishing season promises to be a brisk one: we are to have good [illegible] of history, travel, and science, besides something from Carlyle and the Laureate; and in the matter of light literature there will be no lack; Thackeray is again in the field, with three volumes of the old-fashioned sort, so acceptable to novel readers; and Sir Thomas Talfourd has found time for literary as well as legal work. A learned Hindoo, after thirty-five years of labour, has just completed a Sanscrit Encyclopædia—a desirable work for scholars; and the United States' government have published a second volume of the great work on the Indian tribes—a handsome book to look at, but less valuable than it might have been had proper care been bestowed on its contents. The Smithsonian Institution have brought out the third and fourth volumes of their *Contributions to Knowledge*—one of the two being a 'Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language,' the work of missionaries who, eighteen years ago, settled in the Minnesota Valley, to teach and

reclaim the Sioux or Dakotas, who number about 25,000. Among the reasons assigned for the publication of the handsome quarto, they state: 'Our object was to preach the Gospel to the Dakotas in their own language, and to teach them to read and write the same, until their circumstances should be so changed as to enable them to learn the English.' As the Smithsonian Institution distribute their publications to most of the scientific societies of Europe, our learned men will have ample means to avail themselves of their contents, and thus help to promote their object—'the diffusion of knowledge among men.'

THE POET'S POWER.

Ay, scorn the Poet's Power,
Darken with doubt his glory,
Burst thou the spirit-spell he weaveth o'er thee,
Till earthward bowed thine heart in youth's warm hour
Grow hard as sinner hoary,
Scorning the Poet's Power!

Yet know the Poet's song
Recks not thy spirit's spurning,
But soars to Heaven's high throne, and thence returning,
Gladdens the heart to which its strains belong,
A rich reward still earning—
The Poet's sainted song.

Wo when the Poet's word
No more man's soul awaketh,
Nor on his clouded eye faith's vision breaketh!
Wo when the world's cold heart no more is stirred,
Though trumpet-tongued it speaketh—
The Poet's prophet-word!

Welcome the Poet's Power,
Nor deem he idly dreameth:
The light that on his heaven-borne spirit streameth,
Is but a ray of truth from Eden's bower.
When Love this earth redeemeth,
How vast the Poet's Power!

FRITZ.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CULTIVATION OF THE SENSES.

How our hearts bound to the spirited strains of martial music! how we thrill to the shout of the multitude! and how many a David has charmed away evil spirits by the melody of beautiful sounds! Neither is it a passing emotion of little moment in our lives we receive from the senses, for they are our perpetual body-guards, surrounding us unceasingly; and these constantly repeated impressions become powerful agents in life; they refine or beautify our souls, they ennoble or degrade them, according to the beautiful or mean objects which surround us. A dirty, slovenly [illegible] exert an evil moral influence upon the child; it will aid in destroying its self-respect; it will incline it to habits which correspond with such a garment. The beautiful scenes through which a child wanders, playing by the sea-shore, or on the mountain-side, will always be remembered; the treasures of shell and sea-weed, brought from wonderful ocean caverns, the soft green moss, where the fairies have danced, and the flowers that have sprung up under their footsteps, will leave a trace of beauty, of mystery, and strange happiness wherever its later life may be cast. The senses mingle powerfully in all the influences of childhood. It is not merely the loving of parents, the purity and truthfulness of the family relations, that make home so precious a recollection; there are visions of winter evenings, with the curtains drawn, the fire blazing, and gay voices or wonderful picture-books; there are summer rambles in the cool evening, when the delicious night-breeze fanned the cheek, and we gazed into the heavens to search out the bright stars. It is, then, most important in educating children to guard the senses from evil influences, to furnish them with pure and beautiful objects. Each separate sense should preserve its acuteness of faculty: the eye should not be injured by resting on a vulgar confusion of colours, or clumsy, ill-proportioned forms; the ear should not be falsified by discordant sounds, and harsh, unloving voices; the nose should not be a receptacle for impure odours: each sense should be preserved in its purity, and the objects supplied to them should be filled with moral suggestion and true sentiment; the house, the dress, the food, may preach to the child through its senses, and aid its growth in quite another way from the protection afforded, or the good blood which feeds its organs.—*Blackwell's Laws of Life.*

AN AMERICAN NOTION.

In this book-making age, every man rushes to the press with his small morsel of imbecility, his little piece of favourite nonsense, and is not easy till he sees his impertinence stitched in blue covers. Some one possesses the vivacity of a harlequin—he is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy; in such a state, he must write or burst: a discharge of ink is an evacuation absolutely necessary to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion. A musty and limited pedant yellows himself a little among rolls and records, plunders a few libraries, and, lo! we have an entire new work by the learned Mr Dunce, and that after an incubation of only one month. He is, perhaps, a braggadocio of minuteness, a swaggering chronologer, a man bristling up with small facts, prurient with dates, wantoning in obsolete evidence. No matter; there are plenty of newspapers who are constantly lavishing their praises upon small men and bad books. A mendacious press will puff the book through a brief season, and then it will go to feed the devouring maw of the past.—*New York Chronicle.*

NEW PERIODICAL.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 462. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE MANAGING PARTNER.

SHE is neither your partner, nor ours, nor anybody else's in particular. She is in general business, of which matrimony is only a department. How she came to be concerned in so many concerns, is a mystery of nature, like the origin of the Poet—or rather of black Topsy. The latter, you know, was not born at all, she never had no father nor mother, she was not made by nobody—she *growed;* and so it is with the managing partner, who was a managing partner from her infancy. It is handed down by tradition that she screamed lustily in the nurse's arms when anything went wrong, or as she would not have it; and this gave rise, among superficial observers, to the notion, that Missy was naturally cross. But the fact is, her screams were merely substitutes for words, like the inarticulate cries by which dumb persons express their emotions. When language came, she gave up screaming—but not managing. She did not so much play, as direct the play—distributing the parts to her companions, and remaining herself an abstraction. If she was ever seen cuffing a doll on the side of the head, or shaking it viciously by the arm, this was merely a burst of natural impatience with the stupid thing; but in general, she contented herself with desiring the mother of the offender to bestow the necessary chastisement. Her orders were usually obeyed; for they were seen to proceed from no selfish motive, but from an innate sense of right. This fact was obvious from the very words in which they were conveyed: You *should* be so and so; you *should* do so and so; you *should* say so and so. Her orders were, in fact, a series of moral maxims, which the other partners in the juvenile concern took upon trust.

As she grew up into girlhood, and then into young-womanhood, business multiplied upon her hands. She was never particular as to what business it was. Like Wordsworth, when invited in to lunch, she was perfectly willing to take a hand in 'anything that was going forward;' and that hand was sure to be an important one: she never entered a concern of which she did not at once become the managing partner. In another of these chalk (and water) portraits, we described the Everyday Young Lady as the go-between in numberless love affairs, but never the principal in any. This is precisely the case with the young lady we are now taking off—yet how different are the functions of the two! The former listens, and sighs, and blushes, and sympathises, pressing the secret into the depths of her bosom, turning down her conscious eyes from the world's face, and looking night and day as if she was haunted by a Mystery. She is, in fact, of no use, but as a reservoir into which her friend may pour her feelings, and come for them again when she chooses, to enjoy and gloat over them at leisure. Her nerves are hardly equal to a message; but a note feels red-hot in her bosom, and when she has one, she looks down every now and then spasmodically, as if to see whether it has singed the muslin. When the affair has been brought to a happy issue, she attends, in an official capacity, the busking of the victim; and when she sees her at length assume the (lace) veil, and prepare to go forth to be actually married a contingency she had till that moment denied in her secret heart to be within the bounds of possibility—she falls upon her neck as hysterically as a regard for the frocks of both will allow, and indulges in a silent fit of tears, and terror, and triumph.

But the managing partner is altogether of a more practical character. She no sooner gets an inkling of what is going forward, than she steps into the concern as confidently as if any number of parchments had been signed and sealed. She is not *assumed* as a partner (in the Scottish phrase), but assumes to be one, and her assumption is unconsciously submitted to. To the other young lady the bride-expectant goes for sympathy, to this one for advice. And what she receives is advice, and nothing but advice. The Manager does not put her own hand to the business: she dictates what is to be done; she carries neither note nor message, but suggests the purport of both, and the messenger to be employed; she repeats the moral maxims of her childhood—You should be so and so; you should do so and so; you should say so and so. Sometimes she makes a mistake—but what then? she has plenty of other businesses to attend to, and the average is sure to come up well. In philosophy, she is a decided utilitarian; bearing with perfect never-mindingness the misfortunes of individuals, and holding by the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

When the managing partner is herself married, the sphere of her exertions widens, and her perfect unselfishness becomes more and more apparent. She directs the affairs of her husband, of her friends, of her neighbours—everybody's affairs, in short, but her own. She has the most uncomfortable house, the most uncared-for children, the most untidy person in the parish: but how could it be otherwise, since all her thoughts and cares are given to her neighbours? Some people suppose that ambition is at the bottom of all this; but we do not share the opinion. The woman of the world is ambitious, for the aggrandisement of herself or family is the main-spring of all her management; but *our* manager finds in the trouble

she takes its own reward. The other would not stir hand or tongue without some selfish end in view; while she will work morning, noon, and night, without the faintest dream of remuneration. Again, Bottom the weaver is an ambitious character. Not satisfied with playing Pyramus—'An' I may hide my face,' says he, 'let me play Thisbe too!' And so likewise, when the lion is mentioned, he would fain play the lion in addition to both, promising to *aggravate* his voice in such a way as to roar you as gently as any sucking-dove. The managing partner would shrink from this kind of active employment. She would compose the play, distribute the parts, shift the scenes, and snuff the candles; but she would take no part in the performance. This makes her character a difficult study; but though difficult, it is not impossible for those who are gifted in that way to get to the bottom of it. *Our* theory is, that the fundamental motive of the managing partner is PHILANTHROPY.

In order to understand this, we must remember that she is original and unique only in the length to which she carries a common principle in human nature. Society is full of advisers on a small scale. If you ask your way to such a place in the street, the Mentor you invoke is instantaneously seized with a strong desire to befriend you. He calls after you a supplement to his directions; and if you chance to turn your head, you will observe him watching to see whether you do take the right hand. When the opinions of two advisers, no matter on what subject, clash, mark the heat and obstinacy with which they are defended. Each considers himself in the right; and believing your wellbeing to depend upon the choice you make, is humanely solicitous that you should give the preference to him. The managing partner merely carries out this feeling to a noble, not to say sublime extent, and becomes the philanthropist *par excellence*. Philanthropy is virtue, and virtue, we all know, is its own reward—that is, we all say; for in reality the idea is somewhat obscure. Perhaps we mean that it is the feeling of being virtuous which rewards the act of virtue, and if so, how happy must the managing partner be! Troubled by no vulgar ambition, by no hankering after notoriety, by no yearning to join ostensibly in the game of life, she shrouds herself in obscurity, as the widow Bessie Maclure in *Old Mortality* did in an old red cloak, and directs with a whisper the way of the passer-by. There is a certain awful pride which must swell at times in that woman's bosom, as she thinks of the events which her counsel is now governing, and of the wheels that are now turning and twirling in obedience to the impulse they received from her!

The managing partner manages a great many benevolent societies, but it is unnecessary here to mention more than [illegible] This is the Advice-to-the-poor-and-needy-giving Ladies' Samaritan Association. The business of this admirable institution is carried on by the lady-collectors, who solicit subscriptions, chiefly from the bachelors on their beat; and the lady-missionaries, who visit the lowest dens in the place, to distribute, with a beautiful philanthropy, moral Tracts, and Exhortations to be good, tidy, church-going, and happy, to the ragged and starving inmates. Although these, however, are the functionaries ostensible to the public, it is the managing partner who sets them in motion. She is neither president nor vice-president, nor treasurer nor secretary, nor collector nor missionary; but she is a power over all these, supreme, though nameless. She is likewise the editor (with a sub-editor for work) of the tracts and exhortations; and in the course of this duty she mingles charity with business in a way well worthy of imitation. The productions in question are usually received gratuitously, for advice of all kinds, as we have remarked, is common and plenty; but sometimes the demand is so great as to require the aid of a purchased pen. On such occasions the individual employed by the managing partner is a broken-down clergyman, who was deprived at once of his sight and his living by the visitation of God, and who writes for the support of a wife and fourteen children. This respectable character is induced, by fear of competition, and the strong necessity of feeding sixteen mouths with something or other, to use his pen for the Association at half-price; while he is compelled by his circumstances to reside in the very midst of the destitution he addresses, where he learns in suffering what he teaches in prose-ing. But, notwithstanding all this beautiful management, her schemes, being of human device, sometimes fail. An example of this is offered by the one she originated on hearing the first terrible cry of Destitution in the Highlands. Under her auspices, the Female Benevolent Trousers Society became extremely popular. Its object, of course, was to supply these garments gratuitously to the perishing mountaineers, in lieu of the cold unseemly kilt. It was discovered, however, after a time, that the Highlanders do not wear kilts at all; and the society was broken up, and its funds handed over, at the suggestion of the institutor, for the Encouragement of the interesting Micau tribe of Old Christians in Abyssinia. The tenets of this tribe, you are aware, are in several instances wonderfully similar to our own; only, they abjure in their totality the filthy rags of the moral law, which has drawn upon them the bitter persecution of the heathenish Mohammedans in their neighbourhood.

We have observed that the managing partner is impatient of another counsellor. This is a remarkable trait in her character. Even the woman of the world looks with approbation upon the doings of a congener, when they do not come into collision with her own; even the everyday married lady bends her head confidentially towards her double, as they sit side by side, and rises from the tête-à-tête charmed and edified: the managing partner alone is solitary and unsocial. This is demanded by the lofty nature of her duties. Every business, great and small, should have a single head to direct; and she feels satisfied, after dispassionate reflection, that the best head of all is her own. This makes her wish conscientiously that there was only one business on the earth, that all mankind were her clients, and that there was not another individual of her class extant.

In her last moments, and only then, this great-minded woman thinks of herself—if that can be said to be herself which remains in the world after she is defunct. She thinks of what is to become of her body, and feels a melancholy pleasure in arranging the ceremonies of its funeral. Everything must be ordered by herself; and when the last is said, her breath departs in a sigh of satisfaction. But sometimes death is in a hurry, or her voice low and indistinct. It happened in a case of this kind, that a doubt arose in the minds of the bystanders as to the shoulder she intended to be taken by one of the friends. They looked at her; but her voice was irretrievably gone, and they considered that, in so far as this point was concerned, the management had devolved upon them. Not so: the dying woman could not speak; but with a convulsive effort, she moved one of her hands, touched the left shoulder, and expired.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is an excellent maxim; but in concluding this sketch, there can be no harm in at least regretting the imperfection of human nature. If its eminent subject, instead of spending abroad upon the world her great capacity, had been able to concentrate it in some measure upon herself and family, there can be little doubt that she would have been regarded in society with less of the contempt which genius, and

less of the dislike which virtue inspires in the foolish and wicked, and that fewer unreflecting readers would at this moment be whispering to themselves the concluding line of Pope's malignant libel—

Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE CHAIN AND ITS LEGEND.

The neighbourhood of Gebel Silsilis, or the Mountain of the Chain, is very interesting in many respects. After flowing for some distance through the usual strip of alluvial plain, bordered by not very lofty undulating ground, the Nile suddenly sweeps into a gap between two imposing masses of rock that overhang the stream for above a mile on either hand. The appearance of the precipices thus hemming in and narrowing so puissant a volume of water, covered with eddies and whirlpools, would be picturesque enough in itself; but we have here, in addition, an immense number of caves, grottos, quarries, and rock-temples, dotting the surface of the rock, and suggesting at first sight the idea of a city just half ground down and solidified into a mountain. On the western bank, numerous handsome façades and porticos have indeed been hewn out; and mightily interesting they were to wander through, with their elaborate tablets and cursory inscriptions, their hieroglyphical scrolls, their sculptured gods and symbols, and all the luxury of their architectural ornaments. But the grandest impressions are to be sought for on the other side, whence the materials of whole capital cities must have been removed. There is, in fact, a wilderness of quarries there, approached by deep perpendicular cuts, like streets leading from the river's bank, which must have furnished a wonderful amount of sandstone to those strange old architects who, whilst they sometimes chose to convert a mountain into a temple, generally preferred to build up a temple into a mountain. It takes hours merely to have a glimpse at these mighty excavations, some of which are cavernous, with roofs supported by huge square pillars, but most of which form great squares worked down to an enormous depth.

The rocks on the western bank are not isolated, but seem to be the termination of a range projecting from the interior of the desert; and a minor range, branching off, hugs the river to the northward pretty closely for a great distance; but those on the other side are separated by what may almost be called a plain from the Arabian chain of hills, and might be supposed by the fanciful to have been formerly surrounded by the rapid waters of the Nile. They are admirably placed for the purpose to which they were applied; and although I have not the presumption to fix dates, and say under what dynasty the quarries first began to be worked, there is no rashness in presuming that it must have been at a very early period indeed. The sandstone is excellent for building purposes—far superior to the friable limestone found lower down—and has been removed not only from this one block, but from both sides, here and there, for a considerable distance to the north. Many quarries likewise no doubt remain still undiscovered and unexplored in this neighbourhood. We found the mountains worked more or less down as far as Ramadeh; and inscriptions and sculptures, evidently dating from very ancient times, are met with in many.

The people who inhabit the villages and hamlets of this district are not all fellahs; indeed, I question whether, properly speaking, any members of that humble race are to be found here. Their place is supplied by Bedawín Arabs of the Ababde tribe, who have, to a certain extent, abjured their wandering habits, and settled down on the borders of a narrow piece of land given to them by the Nile. The villages of Rasras and Fares, above the pass on the western bank, and of El-Hamam below, as well as the more extensive and better-favoured establishment of Silwa, with its little plain, are all peopled by men of the same race. With the exception of El-Hamam, which has a territory only a few feet wide, the cultivable land belonging to each village seems adequate to its support. They have a few small groves of palms; had just harvested some fair-sized dhourra-fields when we were last there; and had some fields of the castor-oil plant. Perhaps cultivation might be extended; a good deal of ground that seemed fitted for spade or plough was overrun with a useless but beautiful shrub called the silk-tree. Its pod, which, when just ripe, has a blush that might rival that on the cheek of a maiden, was beginning to wither and shrivel in the sun, and opening to scatter flakes of a silky substance finer than the thistle's beard, leaving bare the myriad seeds arranged something like a pine-cone.

I have called the plant useless, because vain have been the attempts made to apply its produce to manufacturing purposes; but Arab mothers procure from the stem a poisonous milky substance, with which they sometimes blind their infants, to save them in after-life from the conscription. How strangely love is corrupted in its manifestations by the influence of tyranny! I have seen youths who have exhibited a foot or a hand totally disabled and shrivelled up, and who boasted that their mothers, in passionate tenderness and solicitude for them, had thrust their young limbs into the fire, that they might retain their presence through war, though maimed and rendered almost incapable of work.

Few plants or trees of any value grow here spontaneously. The pretty shrub called el-egl droops beneath the rocks of Silsilis over the water, accompanied sometimes by a dwarf willow; and the sandy earth, washed down the gullies on the western bank in winter, produces a plentiful crop of the sakarân—a plant bearing a seed which has intoxicating qualities, as the name imports, and which is said to be used by robbers to poison or stupify persons whom they wish to rifle at their leisure. Some colocynth is gathered here and there, and dried in the hollows of the rocks.

It is not legal, or rather not allowed in Egypt, to be in possession of arms without a permit; but throughout the whole of the upper country, it is found difficult to enforce such a regulation. Men with spears are often to be met. I saw some parties coming from Silwa armed with long straight swords, with a cross hilt. Most men are provided with a dagger fastened round their arm above the elbow with a thong; others have clubs heavily loaded, or covered at one end with crocodile scales; and guns are not unfrequent, though powder and shot are exceedingly scarce. Our two guides, Ismaeen and Abd-el-Mahjid, had each a single-barrelled fowling-piece—value from twenty-five to thirty shillings. They were both expert shots, as we had occasion to witness when we went hare-shooting with them. In fact, with their assistance, we had hare every day for dinner during our stay. They were very chary of their powder, and only fired when pretty sure of success. For catching doves, and other small game, they had ingenious little traps.

During my wanderings one day among the rocks with Ismaeen, who had constituted himself my especial guide, I felt somewhat fatigued at a distance from the boats, and sat down to rest under the shade of a projecting rock. On all sides yawned the openings of quarries, cut sheer down into the heart of the mountain to a depth which I could not fathom from my vantage-ground. I seemed surrounded by abysses. In front, I could see the Nile whirling its rapid current between the overhanging rocks which closed up to the north; in the other direction, spread a desert plain intersected by a ribbon of bright water between two stripes of brighter vegetation. Far away to the north-west, a solitary heap of mountains marked the spot where the unvisited ruins of Bergeh are said to lie.

Ismaeen sat before me, answering the various questions which the scene suggested. He was a fine open-faced young man, without any of the clownishness of the fellah, and spoke in a free and easy but gentle manner. He told me that he and Abd-el-Mahjid had been sworn friends from infancy; that they scarcely ever separated; that where one went, the other went; and that what one willed, the other willed. They were connected by blood and marriage—the sister of Ismaeen having become the wife of Abd-el-Mahjid. Both had seen what to them was a good deal of the world. They had driven horses, camels, sheep, goats, donkeys, as far as Keneh, even as far as Siout, for sale; and the desert was familiar to them. The salt sea had rolled its blue waves beneath their eyes; and they had been as far as the Gebel-el-Erbi, that mysterious stronghold of the Bisharee, far to the south, in the wildest region of the desert. Ismaeen, it is true, did not seem to think much of these wild and romantic journeyings. He laid more stress on having seen the beautiful city of Siout, where I have no doubt he felt the mingled contempt and admiration ascribed to the Yorkshireman when he first visits London.

Having exhausted present topics, our conversation naturally turned to the past; and I began to be inquisitive about the legends of the place. I knew there was a local tradition as to the origin of the name Gebel Silsilis—the Mountain of the Chain—passed over usually with supercilious contempt in guide-books; and I desired much to hear the details. Ismaeen at first did not seem to attach any importance to the subject, gave me but a cursory answer, and proceeded to relate how he had sold donkeys for sixty piastres at Siout which were only worth thirty at most at Fares; but I returned to the charge, and after looking at me somewhat slyly perhaps, to ascertain if I was not making game of him by affecting an interest in these things, the young Ababde, with the sublime inattention to positive geography and record history characteristic of Eastern narrative, spoke nearly as follows:—

In ancient times, there was a king named Mansoor, who reigned over Upper Egypt and over the Arabs in both deserts. His capital city was at this place (Silsilis), which he fortified; and his name was known and respected as far as the North Sea (the Mediterranean), and in all the countries of the blacks to the south. Kings, and princes, and emperors sent messages and presents to him, so that his pride was exalted, and his satisfaction complete. He reigned a period of fifty years, at the end of which the vigour of his frame was impaired, and his beard flowed white as snow upon his breast; and during all that time, he was different from every other man, in that he had not cared to have children, and had not repined when Heaven forbore to bestow that blessing upon him. One day, however, when he was well-stricken in years, he happened to feel weary in his mind; he yawned, and complained that he knew not what to do for occupation or employment. So his wezeer said to him: 'Let us clothe ourselves in the garments of the common people, and go forth into the city and the country, and hear what is said, and see what is done, and perhaps we may find matter of diversion.' The idea was pleasing to the king; and so they dressed in a humble fashion, and going out by the gate of the garden, entered at once into the streets and the bazaars. On other occasions, the bustle, and the noise, and the jokes they heard, and the accidents that used to happen, were agreeable to King Mansoor; but now he found all things unpleasant, and even became angry when hustled by the porters. He thought all the people he met insolent and ill-bred, and took note of a barber, who splashed him with the contents of his basin as he emptied it into the street, vowing that he would certainly cause him to be hanged next day. So the wezeer, afraid that he might be irritated into discovering himself, advised him to go forth into the country; and they went forth into a woody district, the king moving moodily on, neither looking to the right hand nor to the left. Suddenly, he heard a woman's voice speaking amidst the trees, and thought he distinguished the sound of his own name; so he stepped aside, and, cautiously advancing, beheld a young mother sitting by a fountain of water, dancing an infant on her knees, and singing: 'I have my Ali, I have my child; I am happier than King Mansoor, who has no Ali, no child.' The king frowned as black as thunder, and he understood wherefore he was unhappy: he had no child to play on his knee when care oppressed his heart. As he thought of this, rage increased within him, and drawing a concealed sword, before the wezeer could interpose with his wisdom, he smote the infant, crying: 'Woman, be as miserable as King Mansoor.' Then he dropped the sword, and alarmed by the shrieks of the poor mother, thought that if he was found in that costume, the people might do vengeance on him; so he fled by bypaths, and returned to his palace.

Having been accustomed to deal death around, the murder of the infant did not prey upon his mind; but the words of the mother he never forgot. 'I am miserable, because I am childless,' he repeated every day; and he ordered all the women of his harem to be well beaten. But he was compelled to admit, that there was now little chance of his wishes being fulfilled. However, as a last resort, he consulted a magician, a man of Persian origin, who had recently arrived with merchandise in that country. This magician, after many very intricate calculations, told him that he was destined to have a son by the daughter of an Abyssinian prince, now betrothed to the son of the sultan of Damascus; but that her friends would endeavour to take her secretly down the river in a boat before the year was out, lest he might behold and covet her. The magician also asked him wherefore he had thrown away the 'sword of good-luck;' and explained by saying, that the ancestors of King Mansoor had always been in possession of a sword, which brought them prosperity, and that the dynasty was to come to an end if it were lost.

Upon this, the king gave, in the first place, orders to his servants and his guards to search for the sword he had lost; but the woman, who had concealed it, thinking it might afford some clue to the assassin of her child, instantly understood, on hearing these inquiries, that Mansoor was the man. So she vowed vengeance; and being a daughter of the Arabs of the desert, retired to a distant branch of her tribe with the sword, and effectually escaped all pursuit. Her name was Lulu; from that time forth she abjured all feminine pursuits, and became a man in action, riding a fierce horse, and wielding sword and spear; 'For I,' said she, 'when the period is fulfilled, will smite down this king who has slain my child.'

Meanwhile, Mansoor had also given orders to stretch an enormous chain across the river between the two parts of his city, so as to prevent all boats from passing until searched for the daughter of the Abyssinian prince; and this is the origin of the name of these mountains. For a long time, no such person could be discovered; but at length, when the year was nearly out, a maiden of surpassing loveliness was found concealed in a mean kanjia, and being brought before the king, and interrogated, confessed that she was the daughter of Sala-Solo, Prince of Gondar. Mansoor upon this explained the decrees of Heaven; and although she wept, and said that she was betrothed to the son of the sultan of Damascus, he paid no heed to her, but took her to wife, and in due course of time had a son by her, whom he named Ali; and he would thereafter smile grimly to himself, and say: 'I now have an Ali, I now have a child.'

The magician, who returned about this time, being

consulted, said that if the boy passed the critical period of fifteen years, he would live, like his father, to a good old age. So Mansoor caused a subterranean palace to be hewn out of the mountain, in the deeper chambers of which, fitted up with all magnificence, he caused Ali to be kept by a faithful nurse; whilst he himself dwelt in the front chambers that overlooked the river, and gave audience to all who came and floated in boats beneath his balconies; but no one was allowed to ascend, except the vezeer and a few proved friends. [There, said Ismaeen, pointing to one of the largest excavations on the opposite side, there is the palace of King Mansoor.]

Other things happened meanwhile. The mother of Ali refusing to be comforted, was divorced, and sent to the son of the king of Damascus, who loved her, and who took her to wife. She hated King Mansoor, but she yearned after her first-born, and she endeavoured to persuade her husband to raise an army, and march to Upper Egypt, to slay the one and seize the other. For many years he was not able to comply with her wishes; but at length he collected a vast power, and crossing the desert of Suwez, advanced rapidly towards the dominions of King Mansoor.

It came to pass, that about the same time the fame of a mighty warrior grew among the Arabs, one who scoffed at the king's name, attacked his troops, and plundered his cultivated provinces. All the forces that could be collected, were despatched to reduce this rebel, but in vain. They were easily defeated, almost by the prowess of their chief's unassisted arm; and it became known that the capital itself was to be attacked before long. At this juncture, the intelligence arrived that a hostile army was approaching from the north, and had already reached the Two Mountains (Gebelein); and then, that another army had shewn itself to the south, about the neighbourhood of the Cataract: the former, under the command of the sultan of Damascus; and the latter, under that of Sala-Solo, his father-in-law, Prince of Gondar. All misfortunes seemed to shower at once upon the unfortunate Mansoor. He made what military preparations he could, although his powers had already been taxed nearly to the utmost to repress the Arabs, and sent ambassadors to soften the wrath of his enemies. They would accept, however, no composition; and continued to close in upon him, one from the north, the other from the south, threatening destruction to the whole country.

The miserable king now began to repent of having wished for a child. But he could not help loving Ali, in spite of all things; indeed, he perhaps loved him the more for the misfortunes he seemed to have brought. At anyrate, he spent night and day by his side, saying to himself, that yet a few days, and the fifteen years would be passed, and the boy at least would be safe. He was encouraged to hope by the slow progress of the two armies, which seemed bent more on enjoying themselves, than on performing any feats of arms.

But there was an enemy more terrible than these two—namely, Lulu, the mother of the murdered child Ali, who had thrown aside her woman's garments, and become a mighty warrior, for the sake of her revenge. She wielded the 'sword of good-luck;' and hearing of the approach of the two armies, feared that her projects might be interfered with by them. So she collected her forces, marched down to the city-walls, attacked them at night, was victorious, and before morning entirely possessed the place, with the exception of the subterranean retreat of King Mansoor, which it seemed almost impossible to take by force. She manned a large number of boats, came beneath the water-wall, and summoned the garrison to surrender; but they remained silent, and looked at the king, who stood upon the terrace, with his long white beard reaching to his knees, offering to parley, in order to gain time. Lulu, however, drawing the 'sword of good-luck,' ordered ladders to be placed, and mounting to the storm, gained a complete victory—all the garrison being slain, and Mansoor flying to his child in the interior chambers. Here the bereaved mother, hot for vengeance, followed, her flaming weapon in hand, and thrusting the trembling old man aside, smote the youth to the heart, crying: 'King Mansoor, be as miserable as Lulu, the mother of Ali.' He understood who it was, and cried and beat his breast, incapable of other action. Then Lulu slew him likewise, and returning to her followers, who were pillaging the city, related what she had done. The report soon spread abroad, and reached the two hostile armies, both of which were indignant at the death of Ali; so they advanced rapidly, and surrounding the place, attacked and utterly destroyed the followers of Lulu. She herself was taken prisoner, and being led before the queen of Damascus, was condemned by her to a cruel death, which she suffered accordingly. The city afterwards fell gradually to ruin, and the neighbouring country became desert.

This sanguinary story, though containing some of the staple machinery of Eastern fiction, was evidently rather of Bedawin than civilised origin; and, as such, interested me, in spite of the inartificial manner in which it was told, the meagre details, and the repulsive incidents. Ismaeen's only qualities as a historian were animation and faith. He had heard the narrative from his father, to whom, likewise, it had been handed down hereditarily. Everybody in the country knew it to be true. I might ask Abd-el-Mahjid. A shot close at hand announced the presence of that worthy, who soon appeared with a fine large hare. On being appealed to, the cunning rogue—perhaps anxious to be thought a philosopher—said that, for his part, though most people certainly believed the story, he really had no decided opinion about the matter.

IRON SHIPS.

As a quarter of a century has not elapsed since the commencement of iron ship-building, its history is soon told. Previous to 1838, it may be said to have had no proper existence, the builders being mere tyros in their profession, and their efforts only experimental. The first specimen made its appearance some twenty years ago on the Clyde—the cradle of steam-navigation. The inconsiderable Cart, however, claims the honour of for ever deciding the contest between iron and timber—a contest which can never be renewed with even a remote chance of success. In the year referred to, and subsequent years, an engineering firm in Paisley, with the aid of scientific oversight and skilful workmen, constructed a fleet of iron vessels upon entirely novel principles, which maintained the sovereignty of the waters for a lengthened period, and whose main features are retained in the most approved models of the present day. Their characteristics were speed, buoyancy, comfort, and elegance—a combination of every requisite for the safe and advantageous prosecution of passenger-traffic on streams and estuaries. About the same period, the Glasgow engineers succeeded in applying somewhat similar principles to the construction of sea-going vessels of large tonnage, and, in spite of deeply-rooted prejudices, have ultimately demonstrated the immense superiority of such constructions over the old wooden vessels. If proof of this were wanting, the removal of the costly, cumbersome steamers formerly engaged in the carrying-traffic between Glasgow and Liverpool, and the substitution in their room of light, capacious iron vessels, equally strong, and manageable with greater ease and at a considerable saving of expense—as likewise the successful establishment of steam communication between the former city and New York, deemed impracticable

under the old system—might serve to remove the doubts of the most incredulous.

Although an infant in years, this new branch of engineering skill has already attained gigantic proportions and mature development. Its triumphs are on every sea, and on many waters never before traversed by the agency of steam. The vessels already afloat are numerically a trifle compared with those in contemplation; and perhaps the most astonishing feature of all, is the almost infinite number of new channels of trade they have opened, and are opening up. Ten years ago, one-half the vessels plying on the Clyde were built of timber, and all the larger ones, with a few solitary exceptions: at the present hour, one could not count ten in a fleet of sixty—the immense majority are of iron. The advertising columns of *one* newspaper gave notice recently, in a single day, of the establishment of *three* several routes of communication with foreign ports hitherto denied the means of direct intercourse with this country, all to be carried on by means of iron vessels. A sailing-vessel, constructed of this material, was announced at Lloyd's a few months ago, as having performed one of the speediest homeward passages from Eastern India yet recorded.

A rough estimate of the extent to which this branch of industrial skill is carried, may be formed from the number of separate establishments in active operation on the Clyde. There are five of these in the neighbourhood of Govan, about two miles below Glasgow Bridge; two at Renfrew; three at Dumbarton, which is, more correctly speaking, on the Leven, but generally falls to be reckoned in common with the other places mentioned as a Clyde port; two below Port Glasgow; and three at Greenock—in all, fifteen establishments, employing between 4000 and 5000 hands in the construction of iron hulls alone. This, of course, does not include the army of labourers dependent for their very existence upon the demand thus created for materials - such as iron-smelters, forgemen, rivet-makers, &c.; nor those artisans employed alike on vessels of iron and timber—such as painters, blacksmiths, blockmakers, riggers, and others. As from the laying of a keel to the launching of a ship a longer period than six months rarely elapses, some idea may be formed of the continued press of work necessary to keep these thousands in full employment, as well as the dispatch exercised in the completion of orders. From ten to a dozen ships have been launched from the same building-yard within twelve months; and a vessel exceeding 1000 tons burden has been commenced, completed, and fully equipped for sea in little more than five. On one occasion lately, a passenger-steamer, 160 feet long, 16 feet broad, and capable of accommodating 600 passengers with ease, was made ready for receiving her machinery in twelve working-days. At this rate, one would be inclined to fear that business must necessarily soon come to a dead stop: but there is not the slightest [illegible]rance of such result, nor is it even apprehended. In an age of steam and electricity, when time and space are threatened with annihilation, it became necessary to look abroad for some new agent by means of which the sea, the great highway of nations, might be made still more subservient to its legitimate purpose. The agent being found, its use will be commensurate with the growth of commerce, until its fitness is questioned in turn, and some improved method of conveyance drives its services from the field. After all, it may be but a step in the proper direction, an improvement upon the wisdom of our ancestors—another adaptation of the limitless resources placed at our disposal for satisfying the growing wants of a race toiling towards a development as yet unascertained.

The benefits already experienced, and likely still to flow from this large and growing accession to our maritime strength, need scarcely be commented on. They are self-evident, and recommend themselves alike to the merchant, the trader, and the mere man of pastime, all of whom are in some degree participators. Besides the regularity and security attendant on the transmission of all sorts of merchandise, there is an immense saving of time and cost. Travelling by sea has changed entirely the aspect of this kind of transit. With spacious saloons, well-aired sleeping-apartments, roomy promenades protected from the weather, and a steady-going ship, a voyage even to distant lands is now little more than an excursion of pleasure. Eight miles an hour was considered fair work for the steamers of a dozen years ago; the present average rate of steaming on the Clyde is fourteen miles an hour. A very fine vessel, named the *Tourist*, which was exhibited on the Thames during the holding of the 'world's show' last summer, performed seventeen miles with perfect ease. What may be expected next?

How far, as a material in the construction of sailing-bottoms, the use of iron is likely to supersede that of timber, is a question for the speculative. At present, our commercial activity affords ample employment for both. There can be no doubt, however, that in connection with the steam-engine, and that admirable invention of modern date, the screw-propeller, iron ship-building is destined to attain and enjoy an enlarged existence; to the full maturity of which its present condition, healthful and prosperous as it appears, is but a promising adolescence.

We recently set out from Glasgow, to pay a visit to an iron ship-building yard on rather an interesting occasion. On rounding the base of Dumbarton Rock, where the waters of the Clyde and the Leven mingle in loving sisterhood, a scene of the gayest description presented itself. Gaudy banners floated in all directions; the vessels in the harbour and on the stocks were festooned with flaunting drapery, and everything wore a holiday appearance. So impressed were we with the pervading air of joyousness, that on reaching the town, and finding the inhabitants at their ordinary avocations, we could not help feeling disappointed, and we confess to having vented a sigh for grovelling humanity, which dared not venture upon one day of pure abandonment, separate from the counter and its cares. The joyous demonstrations, we learned, were in honour of an intended launch; but this created no stir beyond the circle more immediately interested in its successful accomplishment.

On entering the building-yard, we found the ceremony was not to take place for an hour, and we had therefore time to make acquaintance with the interior of the works. An intelligent foreman acted as cicerone, and performed the duties with very gratifying cheerfulness.

The Model-room of the establishment is first thrown open to the visitor. It is an oblong, well-lighted apartment, in a range of buildings termed the offices. A large flat table, with smooth surface, occupies the entire centre, around which are scattered a few chairs for the accommodation of the draughtsmen when at work. Beyond this, there is no furniture. The objects of interest are the models pegged to the unadorned walls. These are numerous, and kept with almost religious care; attached to each there 'hangs a tale,' which your conductor 'speaks trippingly,' and with no effort at concealment of satisfaction in the recital. A draughtsman's models are the trophies of his personal prowess—his letters of introduction—his true business-card. In the shapely blocks of wood placed for inspection, you are invited to contemplate the man in connection with his creations. He points to his model, dilates upon its beauties, criticises its defects, and leaves you to judge of him from his works.

Crossing from the Model-room, you enter the Moulding-loft—a long, spacious apartment, not lofty but drearily spacious, and amazingly airy. Here the draughtsman's lines are extended into working

dimensions, and transferred to wooden moulds, after which they are put into the hands of the carpenter. Proceeding down stairs, you are shewn the joiner's shop, filled with benches, work in an unfinished state, and busy workmen. Underneath this, again, are the saw-pits, where logs are cut into deals of all dimensions—a laborious and painful process when performed by manual labour, as must have been apparent to all who have witnessed it—and who has not? The sawn timber is stowed in 'racks' in the rear of the building.

Proceeding to the centre of the yard, your attention is directed to an enormous furnace, near the mouth of which a score of partly undressed workmen are grouped in attitudes of repose. Around are strewn the implements of labour—large cast-iron blocks, wooden mallets hooped with iron, crowbars, and pincers. But, see! the cavern yawns, and from its glowing recesses the white plates are dragged with huge tongs. Laid on the block, each plate is beaten with the mallets into the requisite shape, and thrown aside to cool. In the meantime, the furnace has been recharged, to ... forth again when the proper heat has been obtained.

Behind are the cutting and boring machines, to each of which is attached a gang of five or six men. Here the plates, when cool, obtain the desired form, and are bored from corner to corner with two parallel rows of holes for admitting the rivets. They are now in readiness for the rivetter at work upon the ship's side, to whom they are borne on the shoulders of labourers employed for the purpose.

Descending to the water's edge, we were shewn an immense mass of uprights—inverted arches of angle-iron—the framework of a hull intended to float 1500 tons of merchandise. Being in a chrysalis state, it afforded us little enlightenment, so we passed on to an adjoining one of similar dimensions, proceeding rapidly towards completion. Here the secrets of the trade—if there be any—lay patent, as the several branches of skilled labour were seen in thorough working order. On 'stages,' as the workmen call them, or temporary wooden galleries passing from stem to stern, and rising tier above tier, were the rivetters 'with busy hammers closing rivets up,' and keeping the echoes awake with their ceaseless, and, to unaccustomed ears, painful din. The rivet-boys, alike alarmed and amused us, as they leaped from gallery to gallery with fearless agility, brandishing their red-hot bolts, and replying in imp-like screechings to the hoarse commands of their seniors. The decks were filled with carpenters, the cabins with joiners, the rigging with painters, and all with seeming bluster and confusion: only seeming, however, for on attentive examination everything was found to be working sweetly, and under a superintending vigilance not to be trifled with or deceived with impunity.

The ground-area of these works is of great extent, running parallel with the banks of the river, and flanked by the buildings lately visited. Between 400 and 500 workmen are employed upon the premises; labourers' wages rating 10s. and 12s. weekly; and those of skilled artisans ranging from 16s. to 23s. A small steam-engine, kept in constant motion, contributes to the lightening of toil, and the division of labour is practised wherever it can be done with advantage. With these facilities at command, no time is lost in the execution of orders, nor would present circumstances permit such extravagance, as a contract for 6000 tons of shipping must be fulfilled before midsummer. The vessel about to be launched, 1500 tons burden, had been on the stocks for a period of five months. But this reminds us that the fixed hour has come, the notes of preparation are already dinning in our ears.

The yard was now filled with spectators, who discussed the merits of the vessel, while they watched with evident anxiety, and some measure of curiosity, the train of preparations for loosening her stays, and committing the monster fabric to her destined element. The shores around were lined with peering faces and a well-attired throng; the bosom of the stream was agreeably dotted with numerous row-boats, freighted with living loads, passing and repassing in a diversity of tracks. The sight, as a whole, was magnificent in its variety; and it was associated with a feeling of satisfaction, which so many happy faces wearing the bright flush of anticipation could alone produce. But, boom! boom! the signal has been given for her release, and with a stately smile and queenly bearing the proud beauty takes her departure, bearing with her the best wishes of a joyous and excited multitude. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' shout the frenzied workmen, as, in token of success, they pelt the unconscious object of their solicitude with missiles of every conceivable size and shape. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' repeat the delighted multitude, as they toss their arms, and wave their hats and handkerchiefs in the air. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' exclaims a voice at my elbow. 'There flies the *Australian* like a shaft from a bow, the first steam-ship, destined to convey Her Britannic Majesty's mail to the Australasian continent. May good fortune attend her!'

SCIENCE OF POLITENESS IN FRANCE.

For ages past, the amenity of foreign manners in general, and French manners in particular, has been the theme of every tongue; and the bold Briton, who would fain look down upon all other nations, cannot deny the superiority of his continental neighbours in this respect at least. Why this should be, it is difficult to say, but there is no doubt that it is so; and even the coarse German is less repulsive in his manner to strangers than the true-born and true-bred English man or woman. The French of all ranks teach their children, from their earliest years, politeness by *rule*, as they do grammar or geography, or any other branch of a sound education. From *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête*, up to works which treat of the etiquettes of polite society, there are books published for persons of every class in life; and although of late years one sees the same sort of writings advertised in England, they have certainly not as yet produced any apparent effect upon us—perhaps from being written by incompetent people, or perhaps from the author dwelling too exclusively upon usages which change with the fashion of the day, instead of being based upon right and kind feelings, or, at anyrate, the appearance of them. I have lately met with a little French book, entitled *Manuel Complet de la Bonne Compagnie, ou Guide de la Politesse, et de la Bienséance*, which, amid much that is, according to our ideas, unnecessary and almost ridiculous, contains a great deal we should do well to practise.

It begins with treating of the proper behaviour to be observed in churches of all denominations and forms of faith. Keep silence, or at least speak rarely, and in a very low tone of voice, if you positively must make a remark: look grave, walk slowly, and with the head uncovered. Whether it be a Catholic church, a Protestant temple, or a Jewish synagogue, remember that it is a place where men assemble to honour the Creator of the universe, to seek consolation in affliction, and pardon for sin. When you visit a sacred edifice from curiosity only, try to do so at a time when no religious service is going forward; and beware of imitating those Vandals who sully with their obscure and paltry names the monuments of ages. Do not wait to be asked for money by the guides, but give them what you judge a sufficient recompense for their civility, and this without demanding change, with which you should on such occasions always be provided beforehand. Whether you give or refuse your mite to a collection, do so with a polite bow, and never upon any account push or press forward in the house of God, or

shew by your manner that you hold in contempt any unaccustomed ceremony you may happen to witness. Never in conversation ridicule or abuse any form of belief; it grieves the sincerely pious, gives rise to the expression of angry feeling in those more fanatical or prejudiced, and offends even the sceptic as a breach of good manners in any one—but in a woman peculiarly disgusting—even when the listeners are themselves deficient in Christian faith.

In speaking of family duties, persons who have had educational advantages beyond those of their parents, are particularly recommended never to appear sensible of their superior cultivation, and to be even more submissive and respectful. All near relatives, whether by blood or marriage, are directed, whatever their feelings may be, 'to keep up a kindly intercourse by letter, word of mouth, trifling presents, and so forth, treating your husband or wife's connections in company as you do your own, merely introducing a little more ceremony.' Those newly-married couples who go into company to look at, dance with, and talk to each other, are held up to ridicule, and advised to follow the example of the English, who wisely remain secluded for a month, in order to be surfeited with each other's society, and repeat extravagantly fond epithets until they themselves feel the folly of them; and their mothers or maiden aunts—who are now sometimes found at large in France, since the practice of sending poor or plain girls into convents has ceased to be so general—come under reproof. 'Consider, O ye affectionate-hearted women, that others feel no interest in the children who to your eyes seem so perfect, and have no inclination to act, as inquisitors over their little talents and accomplishments. Spare your friends the thousand-and-one anecdotes of the extraordinary cleverness, vivacity, or piety of the little people you love so blindly: do not excoriate their ears by making them listen to recitations or the strumming of sonatas; or weary their eyes by requesting them to watch the leaping and kicking of small stick-like legs.' You only render your boys and girls conceited, and make them appear positive pests to your visitors, whose politeness in giving the praise you angle for is seldom sincere; and thus, by committing a fault yourself, you force your friends to do the like in a different way. 'But even this is better than finding fault with either children or servants in the presence of strangers; this is such gross ill-breeding, one feels astonished it should be necessary to take notice of it at all, and to the little ones themselves it is absolutely ruinous:' it makes them miserable in the meanwhile, and in the end, careless of appearances, indifferent to shame.

I must leave out, or at least pass slightly over, a great deal which sounds most strange to us, such as, the necessity of preventing servants from 'sitting down in your presence, more especially when serving at table;' permitting ladies to wear curl papers on rising, but [illegible] they should be hid under a cambric cap; and although taking it for granted a lady would 'not put on stays' at the same early hour, reminding her that she may still wear a bodice, and begging her not to make hot weather an excuse for going about with naked arms 'and *legs* and feet thrust into slippers,' but to adopt fine thin stockings; 'and,' says our author, 'although the *tenue du lever* for a gentleman is a cotton or silk night-cap, a waistcoat with sleeves, or a dressing-gown, he is recommended to abandon *cette mise matinale* as early as may be, that so attired he may receive none but intimate friends.' Unmarried women, until they pass thirty, are debarred from wearing diamonds or expensive furs and shawls, or from venturing across so much as a narrow street without being accompanied by their mother or a female attendant; desired never to inquire after the health of *gentlemen*; nor, indeed, should married women permit themselves to do 'so, unless the person inquired after is very ill or very old.' When you dine out, you are requested 'not to pin your napkin to your shoulders;' not to say *bouilli* for *bœuf*, *volaille* for *poularde dindon*, or whatever name the winged animal goes by; or *champagne* simply, instead of *vin-de-champagne*, which is *de rigueur*; not 'to turn up the cuffs of your coat when you carve,' eat your egg from the 'small end, or *neglect* to break it on your plate *when emptied, with a coup de couteau*; to cut, instead of break your bread;' and so on.

There is a great deal of sensible advice upon dress. Ladies *sur le retour*—that is, those who are *cinquante ans sonnés*—are recommended never to wear gay colours, dresses of slight materials, flowers, feathers, or much jewellery; always to cover their hair, wear high-made gowns, and long sleeves; not to adopt a new fashion the very moment it appears; and all women, old or young, rich or poor, are reminded that what is new and fashionably made, and, above all, fresh and clean, looks infinitely better and more ladylike than the richest, most expensive dresses, caps, or bonnets that are the least tarnished, faded, or of a peculiar cut no longer worn. Those candid ladies who persist in wearing gray hair,—a mode the author rather approves of, except where nature, which she sometimes does, silvers the locks while the countenance still continues youthful—are requested not to render themselves absurd by intermingling artificial flowers; and a great deal of ridicule is also directed against the English, who not only caricature the French fashions they copy, but go about grinning in incongruous colours, instead of tasteful contrasts, jumbling old bonnets with new gowns and half-dirty shawls, and who walk the streets in carriage costume. Brides bearing about orange-flowers longer than the day of their marriage are unmercifully quizzed; as likewise the habit of wearing satins in summer, or straw in winter—sins exclusively British. Young married women are told not to go into public without their husbands or some steady middle-aged matron; they may take a walk with an unmarried friend, although this last must never attempt to fly in the face of propriety by promenading with a companion like herself; and no lady of any age can possibly enter a library, museum, or picture-gallery alone, unless she wishes to study as an artist.

I grieve to say, in that portion which is devoted to modesty and propriety of behaviour, the extreme freedom of manner and conversation in which young English females indulge, are both severely reprobated; their imprudence in walking about and sitting apart with young men held up as an example to be sedulously avoided by well-bred French girls; their so frequently taking *complimens d'usage* for real admiration, and either fancying the poor man, innocently repeating mere words of course, to be a lover, or else blushing and looking offended, as if he meant to insult, is sneered at rather ill-naturedly. You are next told how you should enter a shop, which, however small, you must term a *magasin*, not a *boutique*; and the *marchand* himself also receives his lesson: he is to salute his customer with a low bow and a respectful air, offer a seat, and display with alacrity all that is asked for; and however imperious or whimsical he or she may be, to continue the utmost urbanity of manner; though, if any positive impertinence is shewn, the shopman is permitted to be silent and grave; he must apologise if forced to give copper money in change, and treat his humblest customer with as much respect and attention as those who give large orders. But as politeness ought in all cases to be reciprocal, the purchaser is instructed to raise his hat on entering, and ask quietly and civilly for what he wishes to see. No one should say: 'I want so and so;' 'Have you such and such a thing?' but, 'Will you be so good as shew me?' or, 'I beg of you to let me look at,' &c. Should you not succeed in suiting yourself, always express regret for the trouble you

have given. If the price be above what you calculated upon, ask simply if it is the lowest; say you think you may find the article cheaper elsewhere; but should this be a mistake, you will certainly give the person you are speaking to the preference, &c. We ought to strive to be agreeable to every one.

Les gens de bureau come next under discussion. They are, it seems, not renowned for politeness; and one should not, therefore, be displeased if, instead of rising from his seat and placing a chair, the banker merely bows and points to one. Lawyers, on the contrary, are expected to behave like any other gentlemen; so also physicians. The patient is directed in both cases to relate his grievances in short, pithy sentences; answer all questions clearly; apologise for taking up their time by asking them in turn—in consequence, he must say, of his own ignorance; and then finish by warmly thanking them for the attention they give to his affairs. Authors and artists must affect great modesty if their performances are brought upon the *tapis* and complimented, and say nothing that can lead to the supposition, that they are envious of any *confrère* by criticising him. Their entertainers ought to talk to them in praise of their books, pictures, or performances; and if not connoisseurs, at least declare themselves amateurs of the particular sort their guest excels or would be thought to excel in; but not confining the conversation to this, as if you supposed it was the only subject the person you wished to please was capable of taking any interest in.

Politeness in the streets is a chapter in itself, and a long one. To give the wall to females, old age, or high public dignitaries, is very right in France, where there seems to be no rule for going right or left. In England, however, it is surely more easy for all parties to keep to their proper side of the way; but in both countries burden-bearers, those of babies excepted, should give way, go into the kennel, and never presume to incommode passengers of any rank. You are entreated neither to elbow, push, nor jostle, but stand sideways to let elderly people or ladies pass, who in their turn should express their thanks by a slight inclination of the head. We are further directed to tread on the middle of the stone, and not slip carelessly into the mud, and run the risk of splashing our neighbour. An Englishwoman, it is observed, either allows her petticoats to sweep the streets, or lifts them in an awkward manner, sometimes even using both hands; whereas a Parisian with her right hand gathers all the folds to that side, and raises the whole dress a little above the ankle, without fuss or parade. We would recommend our fair countrywomen to practise this elegant mode of avoiding soiled garments, and likewise doing what is termed *s'effacer*—that is, to avoid as much as possible touching or being touched by those who pass; mutually giving way, instead of charging forward *à l'Anglaise*, careless of whom you run against, so as only you make your own way. Here follows what sounds strange to us—namely, that if you are overtaken by a heavy shower, and see a stranger walking in the same direction with an umbrella, you may, without a breach of good manners, request to share it. The umbrella-bearer should on his side, it is remarked, cheerfully accord you shelter; and if the end of your respective promenades are too distant from each other for him to conduct you to your residence, he should make an apology at being forced to deprive you of the accommodation, which, 'but for being obliged to be at home at such an hour, or some excuse,' it would otherwise have given him so much pleasure to afford you. 'Those little graceful turns of language,' which we might think downright falsehoods, are not to be more so considered than—'I am happy to see you,' or 'I am your obedient servant' at the end of a letter. They are, it is argued, understood forms of speech, which every well-bred person practises—some of the 'sweet small courtesies of life, which help to smooth its road.' When walking with a friend, should he raise his hat to an acquaintance whom you never even saw before, you are bound to pay the same compliment; and this idea is so much *de rigueur*, that formerly very polite persons would rather affect not to see their friends than force their companions to salute them also. Now, however, the proper style is to say: 'I take the liberty to salute Monsieur So-and-so,' to which the answer is: 'Je vous en prie monsieur.' 'Never,' says our author, 'appear to see any one who is looking out of his window or door, both improper practices, especially the latter.' When a gentleman speaks to one much older than himself, or to a lady, he not only raises his hat quite off his head—for none 'but an ignorant boor or a *fier Anglais*' ever does otherwise—but holds it in his hand until requested to replace it. When you ask your way, even of a street-porter or an apple-woman, it is necessary slightly to half-raise the hat, and address them as Monsieur or Madame, 'which is the way to,' &c.; and really these courteous habits, which give little trouble, are, we must own, as pleasing as our own rough ones are the reverse.

The chapter on visiting is very French. You are reminded that, when you make your calls, you should avoid doing so upon days when a cold or headache prevents you from looking well or conversing agreeably. From twelve to five are the hours mentioned for morning visits, instead of from two to six, which we think a better time. You must be dressed with evident care, but as plainly as possible if you walk: hold your card-case in the hand with an embroidered and lace-trimmed pocket-handkerchief, 'pour donner un air de bon goût.' You may inscribe your title on your card, but it is better merely to put your name, such as 'Monsieur' or 'Madame de la Tarellerie,' with an earl or viscount's coronet, or whatever your rank, above; and if you have no title, your name without the 'Monsieur,' as 'Alfred Buntal;' however, when you visit with your wife, you write 'Monsieur et Madame Buntal.' When, instead of sending your cards by your servant, you call yourself, you add 'E. P.' (*en personne*); but this is only allowable in very great people. 'In visiting people of distinction, you leave your parasol, umbrella, clogs, cloak, footman, nurse, child, and dog, in the ante-room among the servants, who are there to announce you;' but in ordinary life, after ascertaining from the *concierge*, or the cook in the kitchen, that your friend is at home, you only tap at the door, and on hearing '*Entrez*,' step in. You advance with grace, bow with dignified respect, seat yourself (if a man who visits a lady) at the lower end of the room, and never quit hat or cane until desired, and not then till *la troisième sommation*. The placing this said hat properly, seems to be an affair of the utmost moment. You may place it on the bottom of a table, on a stand, or even upon the floor, but are warned not to put it on the bed, for as that always belongs to the lady of the house, it should not be approached by the visiting gentleman. The receiver should both appear and express him or herself enchanted and charmed to welcome their *monde*, assure them of the great regret felt at their departure—however you may wish them gone—say, or repeat as said by others, what will please; and never allude, even indirectly, to anything that can possibly hurt or mortify any one. When other visitors are announced, those who have been above ten minutes, had better go: a man should slip away without leave-taking. If discovered, and begged to remain by the mistress of the house, he must be asked and refuse three times before he consents; then sit down for two minutes only, rising then, and saying an affair of consequence obliges him to quit *la charmante société*. No gentleman will permit, of course, any one to *reconduire* him when his friends are engaged with other company, but shut the door himself, [illegible]*ment*, after a general *salut* and a pretty compliment.

But it will better give an idea of the minute directions considered necessary, if I translate a sentence entire:—When, during a 'visit of half-ceremony,' you are earnestly requested to remain a little longer, it is better to yield; but in a few minutes rise again. Should your hostess still further insist, taking you by the hands, and forcing you again to seat yourself, it would be scarcely polite not to comply; but, at the same time, after a short interval, you must make your adieus a third time, and positively depart.

When several meet together, polite persons contrive to make those who went last into one room enter first into the next; and as hosts distribute attentions to all in turn—handing the lady of highest rank, or greatest age, into a dinner or supper room—he or she recommends a particular dish first to the second in consideration, proposes to a third to examine a picture, or any pretty thing, before handing it to others; and so on—making, as it were, every one of consequence, and socially promoting *liberté*, *egalité*, and *fraternité*. Those who are poor, and have no servant to attend at their home during absence, should place a slate and slate-pencil at their door, in order that those who visit them may write their names and business.

When you receive company, your apartment should unite French elegance with English comfort. If not rich, and able to keep many servants, appoint one day in the week to see your friends, and keep to that day always. Let your dress, and that of your domestic, and the arrangement of your small domicile, be all in order: however poor and simple, be clean and tidy; have flowers, and whatever small elegances you can collect. 'It is better to receive in the *salon*, if you have one, than in your bedroom; but that should be preferred before the *salle à manger*.'—To understand this, we must remember, that in ordinary life—especially in the provinces—the dining-room resembles in general a servants-hall—deal-table, brick floor, or at best boarded, with no carpet; and so forth; the lady's bedroom, on the contrary, except the bed, might pass for a boudoir, everything unseemly being removed during the day.—And when you give a party, you can take coffee in your own private apartment, and receive your morning-visitors there always. When any one enters, rise, go to meet him, and say how glad you are to see him. A lady you take by the hand, and seat her on the sofa, where the lady of the house may place herself likewise; but the monsieur must not presume on such a liberty, but draw his chair to a convenient distance from it for conversation. You offer a young man an easy-chair, but an old gentleman you *insist* upon occupying it. If the best place in the room be filled by a young woman, and one to whom respect is due enters, the former cedes it to the last arrival, and modestly places herself opposite the fire, which in winter is considered the least honourable situation, as the side is the most so. People of *bon ton* present their guests with footstools, not *chaufferettes*, as is the comfortable custom in grades less distinguished. Those who are occupied working or drawing, must lay both aside when but slightly acquainted with their visitor; if, on the contrary, it is one whom you see frequently, you comply with the request which she ought to make, that you will continue it. But should it be a relative, or very intimate friend, you yourself beg permission to go on with your employment, if at least it is one you can pursue and converse easily at the same time; but it should be quite subservient to your visitor's entertainment.

When a new guest arrives, the others rise as well as the master and mistress of the house; it is considered very ill-bred not to do so, or not to treat with politeness every one you meet at a house where you visit—conversing agreeably, and not looking at a stranger with a stony stare, like a stiff Englishman, as if you supposed they were not as fit for society as yourself, a style of insular manners considered insolent in that 'nation whose inhabitants give laws of politeness to the world.' If there are many people present at a morning-call, the earlier comers should retire. During extremely hot weather, or to an author reading his production, you may offer a glass of sirup, or *eau sucrée*, or if a lady becomes faint, some *fleur d'orange* and water; but it is provincial to propose anything else; and, indeed, the French never eat between meals, or in any rank above the very lowest will one be seen to partake of anything in the street, fruit or cake, or even give them to their children, it being considered quite mob-manners to do so.

It need hardly be said, in conclusion, that the French exercise considerable tact in the matter of introducing one person to another. They know who should be introduced to each other, and who should not. In our own country, people sometimes think they are performing an act of politeness in introducing one person to another, whereas they are probably giving offence to one of the parties. And with this hint on an important subject, we close our observations on the laws of politeness.

OUR WILD-FRUITS.

The next native fruits which demand our notice are the strawberry, raspberry, and the varieties of the bramble tribe, all of which are to be classed under the third section of the natural order *Rosaceæ*, and form the ninth genus of that order. The general characteristics of these are—the calyx flattish at the bottom, and five-cleft; five petals; many stamens inserted into the calyx with the petals; many fleshy carpels arranged on a somewhat elevated receptacle, with lateral style, near the points of the carpels.

We will begin with the strawberry (*Fragaria*.) The last fruits of which we spoke—the plum and cherry—though the produce of much larger plants, nay, one of them of a tree which ranks among the timber-trees of our land, are not of superior, if of equal value to those which are about to engage our attention. An old writer quaintly remarks: 'It is certain that there *might* have been a better berry than the strawberry, but it is equally certain that there is not one;' and I suppose there are few in the present day who will be disposed to dispute this opinion, for there are few fruits, if any, which are in more general repute, or more highly prized, than the strawberry and raspberry; and though the cultivated species have now nearly, if not quite superseded the wild, yet we must not forget that there was a time when none but the latter were to be obtained in England, and that the native sorts of which we are now to speak are the parents of almost all the rich varieties which at present exist in the land. There are doubtless many among the inhabitants of our towns and cities who have never gathered or seen the strawberry in its wild state; and many, very many more who are wholly unacquainted with the peculiar and interesting structure of this fruit and its allies—the raspberry, blackberry, dewberry, and their congeners. The plant which bears the strawberry, whether the wild or garden species, is an herb with three-partite leaves, notched at the edge with a pair of large membraneous stipules at their base. When growing, this plant throws out two kinds of shoots—one called *runners*, which lie prostrate on the ground, and end in a tuft of leaves—these root into the soil, and then form new plants—and another growing nearly upright, and bearing at the end a tuft of flowers which produce the fruit. The calyx, which is flat, green, and hairy, is divided into ten parts, called sepals, and there are five petals; the stamens, which are very numerous, and grow out of the calyx, are placed in a crowded ring round the pistil. This pistil consists of a number of carpels, arranged in many rows very regularly on a

central receptacle; each carpel has a style, ending in a slightly-lobed stigma; and an ovary, wherein lies one single ovule, or young seed. The course of the transformation of this apparatus into fruit is highly curious and interesting. First, the petals fall off, and the calyx closes over the young fruit; immediately the receptacle on which the carpels grow begins to swell, and soon after the carpels themselves increase in size, and become shining, whilst their styles begin to shrivel. The receptacle increases in size so much more and faster than the carpels, which soon cease to enlarge at all, that they speedily begin to be separated by it, and the surface of the receptacle to become apparent. In a little time, the carpels are completely scattered in an irregular manner over the surface of the receptacle, which has become soft and juicy, and has all along been pushing aside the calyx, which finally falls back almost out of sight. The receptacle finally assumes a crimson colour, grows faster and faster, and becomes sweet and fragrant. Those which we commonly call the seeds of the strawberry, that lie on the surface, and these, if carefully examined, will prove to be the carpels containing the seeds in a little thin shell like a small nut. The strawberry is, therefore, not, properly speaking, a fruit; it is a fleshy receptacle, bearing the fruit on it, which fruit is, in fact, the ripe carpels. Now this structure is, as I have said, common to all strawberries, each variety having, however, its own peculiarities of growth and appearance.

There are but nine distinct species of the tribe Fragaria: one native in Germany, where it is called Erdbeere; two in North, and one in South America; one in Surinam; and one in India; the remaining three being indigenous in Britain, where, besides these three wild species, there are at least sixty mongrel varieties, the results of cultivation; some of which, recently produced from seed, are of great excellence. The finest of these native British species is the wood-strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*), which is common everywhere; the second, the hautboy (*F. elatior*), is much less frequently found, and is by Hooker supposed to be scarcely indigenous; and the third, the one-leaved strawberry (*F. monophylla*), is unknown to me, and only named by some writers as a species. The common wood-strawberry bears leaves smaller, more sharply notched, and more wrinkled in appearance, than any of the cultivated species. The earliest formed are closely covered, as is the stem, with white silvery hairs, and the leaves turn red early in the autumn, or in dry weather. The blossoms appear very early in the spring, throwing up their delicate white petals on every bank and hedgerow, among the clusters of violets and primroses, and even not unfrequently before these sweet harbingers of spring venture to unfold and give promise of abundant fruit. But though the blossoms are so common, from some reason or other the fruit seldom ripens freely, unless along some of the more remote and secluded woodpaths, where the bright red berries lurk on every sunny bank, between the trunks of the old beech and oak trees, and are overhung by the beautiful bunches of polypody and foxglove, and other free-growing wild-plants which spring in such solitudes, providing the flocks of varied song-birds which frequent such delightful glades with many a juicy meal.

Few things can be more agreeable than a day of strawberry-picking in the woods and glens where they abound, when troops of happy little children are scattered about, singly, or in groups of three or four, each with a basket to receive the delicious spoil, and all grabbing among the moss and herbage, and shouting with exultation as one cluster after another reveals itself to their eager researches. Some are too much engaged in the quest to notice the brilliant flowers which at another time would have engrossed all their thoughts; whilst others, wreathed round with the bright blue wood-vetch, the shining broad-leaved bryony, and the rose and honeysuckle, will have to lay down the large handfuls of flowers with which they have encumbered themselves, before they can share in the enjoyment of collecting the fragrant berries. Then comes the hour of assembling, to take their tea and eat the sweet, fresh fruit, and talk over their adventures with the happy parents who have awaited the gathering together of the young ones. Perhaps this assembling takes place in the nearest farmhouse, where fresh milk and rich cream are added to the repast; or it may be under the boughs of one of those masters of the forest, which we may fancy to have seen such gatherings, year by year, for centuries past, and could tell us tales of groups of little people, arranged in the costumes depicted by Holbein, Vandyk, or Lely, the garb of ancient days, seated by their stately seniors, whilst the antlered deer, then the free denizens of the forest, stood at bay, half-startled at the merry party which had invaded their solitude; and the squirrel, little more vivacious in its furry jacket than the stiffly-dressed little bipeds, sprang from bough to bough overhead; and the hare and rabbit bounded along over the distant upland. But we must return to our description of

> 'The blushing strawberry,
> Which lurks close shrouded from high-looking eyes,
> Shewing that sweetness low and hidden lies.'

The whole tribe takes its generic name from its fragrance; the word *fragrans*, sweet-smelling, being that from which Fragaria is derived. The wood-strawberry is seldom larger than a horse-bean, of a brilliant red, and the flesh whiter than that of any cultivated species; the flavour is remarkably clear and full—a pleasant subacid, with more of the peculiar strawberry perfume in the taste than any other. They are very wholesome, indeed considered valuable medicinally. The other wild species is the hautboy: this is larger than *F. vesca*, more hairy, and its fruit a deeper red; the flavour, like that of the garden-hautboy, rather musty; in its uses and qualities, it resembles *F. vesca*. The strawberry does not seem to have been noticed by the ancients, though it is slightly named by Virgil, Ovid, and Pliny. It appears to have been cultivated in England early, as an old writer, Tusser, says:

> 'Wife, into the garden, and set me a plot,
> With strawberry-roots the best to be got;
> Such growing abroad among thorns in the wood,
> Well chosen and pricked, prove excellent good.'

Gerarde speaks of them as growing 'in hills and valleys likewise in woods and other such places as be something shadowie; they prosper well in gardens, the red everywhere; the other two, white and green, more rare, and are not to be founde save only in gardens.' Shakspeare speaks of this fruit. We find the Bishop of Ely, when conversing with the Archbishop of Canterbury on the change of conduct manifested by the young King Henry V., on his coming to the throne, says:

> 'The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
> And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
> Neighboured by fruits of baser quality,
> And so the prince,' &c.

And the Duke of Gloster, when counselling in the Tower with his allies, and plotting to strip his young nephew of his crown and honours, says:

> 'My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
> I do beseech you send for some of them.'

Parkinson speaks, in 1629, of their having been introduced 'but of late days.' As an article of diet, this fruit offers but little nourishment, but it is considered useful in some diseases, and generally wholesome, though there are some constitutions to which it is

injurious. Linnæus states, that he was twice cured of the gout by the free use of strawberries; and Gerarde and other old authors enlarge much on their efficacy in consumptive cases. Phillips tells us, that 'in the monastery of Batalha is the tomb of Don John, son of King John I. of Portugal, which is ornamented by the representation of strawberries, this prince having chosen them for his crest, to shew his devotion to St John the Baptist, who lived on fruits.' This is rather a curious notion, for though the Scripture tells us of St John the Baptist, that when in the wilderness 'his meat was locusts and wild honey,' we have no reason to suppose that he lived always even on these. What these locusts were is problematical, but it is likely they were the fruit of the locust-tree, *Hymenæa*, which bears a pod containing a sort of bean, enclosed in a whitish substance of fine filaments, as sweet as sugar or honey. The wild bees frequent these trees, and it is probable that here St John found his twofold aliment; but we have no particular reason to suppose that he wholly lived on fruit, and certainly could have little to do with strawberries, as there is no species indigenous in the Holy Land.

But we must now proceed to examine and record the structure of the raspberry, raspis, or hindberry, by all which names it is called. This is a species of the Rubus, of which Hooker records only ten species as native in Britain, though Loudon extends the number to thirteen; of which one, the dwarf crimson (*Rubus araticus*), is to be found only in Scotland. We cannot, of course, notice each of these species separately, nor will it be necessary to do so, as the varieties which mark the different kinds of common bramble are such as would not be observed except by an accurate botanist. This tribe, which takes its name from the Celtic *rub*, which signifies *red*, and is supposed to be so named from the red tint of its young shoots, as well as from the colour of the juice of its berry, consists chiefly of shrub-like plants, with perennial roots, most of which produce suckers or stolons from the roots, which ripen and drop their leaves one year, and resume their foliage, produce blossom shoots, flowers, and fruit, and die the next year, of which the raspberry and common bramble are examples. In some of the species the stem is upright, or only a little arched at the top, but in the greater number it is prostrate and arched, the ends of the shoots rooting when they reach the ground, and forming new plants, sometimes at the distance of several yards from the parent root. The branches and stems are all more or less prickly; those of the common bramble being armed with strong and sharp spines, and even the leaf-stems lined with very sharp reflected prickles, which hitch in everything they come near, and inflict sharp wounds. The corolla is formed of an inferior calyx of one leaf, divided into five segments, of five petals in some species; and in others pink, but always of very light and fragile texture, and more or less crumpled, on which the caterpillar of the beautiful white admiral butterfly (*Limenitis camilla*) sometimes feeds. It has many stamens, arranged like those of the strawberry; and the pistil is composed, as that is, of a number of carpels rising out of a central receptacle.

But now let us examine the structure of the fruit, which we shall find differs materially from that of the strawberry in its formation. We will take that of the raspberry as our example; for though the berries of the whole tribe are on the same construction, we cannot have one better known or which would better illustrate the subject. If you pull off the little thimble-shaped fruit from its stem, you will find beneath a dry, white cone; this is the receptacle, and the very part which you eat in the strawberry. If you look attentively at a ripe raspberry, you will find that it is composed of many separate little balls of fleshy and juicy substance, each entirely covered by a thin, membraneous skin, which separates it wholly from its neighbour, and from the cone. Each of these contains a single seed, and from each a little dry thread, which is the withered style, projects. You will find none of the dry grains which lie on the surface of the strawberry, the part which corresponds with the inner part of those, lying in the juicy pulp below, whilst that which once corresponded with their outer part or shell, has itself been transformed into that juicy pulp which covers them: the fact is, that the carpels of the raspberry, instead of remaining dry like the strawberry, swell as they ripen, and acquire a soft, pulpy coat, which in time becomes red, juicy, and sweet. These carpels are so crowded together, that they at last grow into one mass, and form the little thimble-shaped fruit which we eat, the juices of the receptacle being all absorbed by the carpels, which eventually separate from it, and leave the dry cone below. Lindley says: 'In the one case, the receptacle robs the carpels of all their juice, in order to become gorged and bloated at their expense; in the other case, the carpels act in the same selfish manner on the receptacle.'

If you observe the berries of the common brambles, the dewberry, and the cloudberry, you will find them to be all thus formed, though the number of *grains*, as these swollen carpels are called, differ materially—the dewberry often maturing only one or two, while the raspberry, and some kinds of the brambleberry, present us with twenty and more.

The raspberry was but little noticed by the ancients. Pliny speaks of a sort of bramble called by the Greeks *Idæus*, from Mount Ida, but he seems to value it but little. He says, however: 'The flowers of this raspis being tempered with honey, are good to be laid to watery or bloodshotten eyes, as also in erysipelas; being taken inwardly, and drunk with water, it is a comfortable medicine to a weak stomach.' Gerarde speaks of it under the name of hindeberry, as inferior to the blackberry. The wild raspberry, which is the stock whence we get the garden red raspberry, grows freely in many parts of England. It is found in Wilts, Somerset, Devonshire, and other counties, but is most abundant in the north. Except in size, it is little inferior to the cultivated kinds, and possesses the same colour, scent, and flavour. This fruit, and the strawberry, are especially suitable for invalids, as they do not engender acetous fermentation in the stomach. In dietetic and medicinal qualities, these fruits are also much alike. The bramble, which grows everywhere, creeping on every hedge, and spreading on the earth in all directions, abounds in useful properties, most parts of the plant being good for use. The berries make very tolerable pies, and are much in request for such purposes, and for making jam in farmhouses and cottages, where they are often mixed with apples to correct thereby the rather faint and vapid flavour that they possess when used by themselves. This jam, as well as the raw fruit, is considered good for sore throats, and for inflammation of the gums and tonsils. We are also told, that the young green shoots, eaten as salad, will fix teeth which are loose; probably (if it be so) it is from the astringent qualities in the juice strengthening and hardening the gums. The leaves pounded, are said to be a cure for the ringworm; and they are also made into tea by some of the cottagers, which is very useful in some ailments; and the roots boiled in honey, are said to be serviceable in dropsy. The green twigs are used to dye silk and woollen black; and silk-worms will feed on them, though the silk produced by those so fed is not equal to that of those fed on the mulberry. The long trailing shoots are important to thatchers for binding thatch, and are also used for binding straw-mats, bee-hives, &c.; and even the flowers were anciently supposed to be remedies against the most dangerous serpents. Loudon says: 'The berries, when eaten at the moment they are ripe, are cooling and grateful; a

little before, they are coarse and astringent; and a little after, disagreeably flavoured or putrid.' He adds: 'Care is requisite in gathering the fruit, for one berry of the last sort will spoil a whole pie.' Great quantities of them are collected by the women and children in the country, and sold in the neighbouring towns by the quart. There is a double-flowered species of bramble, and one which bears *white* berries. The fruit of the dwarf crimson (*R. araticus*), and that of the cloudberry (*R. chamæmorus*), are highly prized in Scotland and Sweden, and in the latter country are much used in sauces and soups, and for making vinegar; and Dr Clarke says, that he was cured of a bilious fever by eating great quantities. The cloudberry, which grows on the tops of the highest mountains, is the badge of the clan Macfarlane. The bramble seems to be of almost universal extent, at least it is found at the utmost limits of phænogamous vegetation; and we are led to remark the goodness of God in thus providing a plant which combines so many valuable qualities, and many useful parts, capable of extending itself so freely in defiance of all impediments, and of standing so many vicissitudes of climate, without the aid of culture or care. The bramble is emphatically the property of the poor; its fruit may be gathered without restriction; its shoots, both in their young medicinal state, and in their harder and tougher growth, are theirs to use as they will; and their children may enjoy the sport of blackberry-picking, and the profits of blackberry-selling, none saying them nay; and many a pleasant and wholesome pudding or pie is to be found on tables in blackberry season, where such dainties are not often seen at any other time, unless, indeed, we except the whortleberry season. The poet Cowper sings of—

Berries that emboss
The bramble black as jet;

and truly a plant which diffuses so many benefits, even under the least advantageous circumstances, may well deserve encomium.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

Nicholas Poussin was born at Andelys, in Normandy, in June 1593. His father, Jean Poussin, had served in the regiment of Tauannes during the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., without having risen to any higher rank than that of lieutenant. Happening to meet in the town of Vernon a rich and handsome young widow, Jean Poussin married her, left the service, and retired with his wife to the pleasant village of Andelys, where, in a year afterwards, Nicholas was born. His childhood resembled that of many other great painters. Whitewashed walls scribbled over with landscapes—school-books defaced with sketches, which *then* drew down anger and reproof on the idle student, but which *now* would form precious gems in many a rich museum—these were the early evidences of Poussin's genius. He was treated severely by his father, who thought that every vigorous, well-made boy ought of necessity to become a soldier—secretly consoled and encouraged by his mother, who loved him with an almost idolatrous affection, and who approved of his pursuits, not from any abstract love of art, but because she thought the profession of painting might be pursued by her darling without obliging him to leave his home.

It happened that the painter, Quintin Varin, was an intimate acquaintance of the elder Poussin. Somewhat reluctantly, the ex-lieutenant gave his son permission to study the first principles of painting under their friend. The boy's first attempts were water-colour landscapes, his very straitened finances not allowing him to use oils. His subjects were the beautiful scenes around Andelys; and, despite of his inexperience, he knew so well how to transfer the living poetry of the scenery to his canvas, that his master one day said to him: 'Nicholas, why have you deceived me?—you must have learned painting before.'

'I assure you I have not.'

'Then,' said Varin, 'I am not fit to be thy master. There is a revelation of genius in thy lightest touch to which I have never attained. I could but cloud thy destiny in seeking to instruct thee. Go to Paris, dear boy; there thou wilt achieve both fame and fortune.'

The advice was followed, and with a light purse, and a still lighter heart, Nicholas Poussin arrived in Paris. He bore a letter of introduction from Varin to the Flemish painter Ferdinand Elle, who consented to receive him as a pupil for the payment of three livres a month.

There were already a dozen young people in the studio. When their new companion joined them, they amused themselves by laughing at him, and playing off practical jokes at his expense, which at first he bore with good-humour. It happened, however, one morning, that on examining his slender purse, he found that its contents had fallen to zero; and this unpleasant circumstance caused him, no doubt, to feel in an irritable state of mind. On reaching the studio, and just as he entered the door, he was inundated by the contents of a bucket of water, which one of his companions had suspended over the door, and managed to overturn on the head of Nicholas. Furious at this unexpected *douche*, he flew at its unlucky contriver, and gave him a hearty beating. There were three other lads in the studio; they all attacked Nicholas, who, however, proved more than their match, overthrowing two of his assailants, and obliging the third to fly.

After this occurrence, Poussin became free from the petty annoyances which he had hitherto endured; but he found no friend in the studio of Ferdinand Elle, and he felt, besides, that he was losing his time, and learning nothing from that painter. These reasons determined him one day to write a respectful letter to his master, declining further attendance at the studio; and then, furnished with little of this world's goods, besides some pencils and paper, he set out, very literally, 'to seek his fortune.'

It was then the beginning of summer; everything in nature looked lovely and glad, and Poussin insensibly wandered on, until he found himself in a fresh green meadow on the banks of the Marne. He sat down under the shade of an osier thicket, and presently became aware of the presence of a young man about his own age, who was busily employed in fishing. Nicholas watched him for some time, and then said: 'May I remark, that the bait you are using does not appear suited to this river?'

'Very likely,' replied the stranger; 'I am but an inexperienced fisher, and will feel greatly obliged by your advice.'

Poussin then arranged the line, put on a fresh bait, and in a few minutes a fine perch was landed on the grass.

'Many thanks for your assistance,' said the young man; 'will you do me the favour to join in my repast?'

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and Nicholas had had no breakfast. He therefore gladly consented;

and the angler, drawing from his fish-basket a large slice of savoury pie, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine, they made a hearty meal together.

After the fashion of the days of chivalry, the two knights-errant told each other their names and histories. The stranger, whose name was Raoul, was a young man of considerable property. His parents, living in Poitou, sent him to finish his education and polish his manners by frequenting fashionable society in Paris; but his tastes were simple, his habits retiring; and he had not met amongst the rich and noble any who pleased him so well as the poor penniless painter. With cordial frankness, he pressed Nicholas to take up his abode with him in Paris, and promised to advance him in the study of his art.

The offer was accepted as freely as it was made, and Nicholas Poussin was thus enabled to pursue with ardour the noble studies to which his life was henceforth devoted, free from those petty cares and sordid anxieties which so often clog the wings of genius. By the interest of Raoul, many valuable collections of paintings, including the unique one of Segnier, were opened to him. Becoming acquainted with a brother student, Philippe de Champagne, he joined him for a time in receiving instruction from Lallemand, until, perceiving that that painter was no more capable of teaching him than Ferdinand Elle had been, he left his studio, and gave himself up to severe and solitary study.

At twenty years of age, Nicholas Poussin steadily renounced every species of youthful pleasure and dissipation, that he might pursue his one noble object. He rose at daybreak, and regularly retired to rest at nine o'clock. During the winter months, he spent the early hours of the day in studying Greek and Latin under an old priest, who loved him and taught him gratuitously. The remainder of the day was devoted to painting, and the evening to short visits amongst the friends to whom he had been introduced by the active kindness of Raoul. In the summer, he loved to spend occasionally a long bright day in rambling through the beautiful scenery of Auteuil, taking sketches while his friend fished. The extent of their innocent dissipation consisted in dining at some rural hostelry on the produce of the morning's sport, washed down with a temperate modicum of wine. Thus pleasantly and profitably passed two years, at the end of which Raoul was recalled to his home.

Despite of the excuses and remonstrances of Poussin, his friend insisted on his accompanying him to Poitou, assuring him of a hearty welcome from his own parents. From Raoul's father, indeed, the young painter received it; but his mother was a proud, ill-tempered woman, who affected to despise a dauber of canvas, and treated her son's friend as a sort of valet attached to his service. In short, she heaped insults on the young man, which even his love for Raoul could not force him to endure; and in order to escape the affectionate solicitations of his friend, he set out secretly one morning alone and on foot.

Weary, penniless, and attacked with inward inflammation, he at length reached Paris. Philippe de Champagne received him, and watched over him like a brother until he recovered. A great degree of weakness and languor still depressed him; the air of Paris weighed on him like lead. He sighed for his native breeze at Andelys, and still more for his mother's embrace—his good and tender mother, whose letters to him were so often rendered almost illegible by her tears, and whose memory had been his sweetest comfort during the weary nights of sickness.

He set out on his journey with six livres in his pocket, which he had earned by painting a bunch of hats on the sign-post of a hatter, and arrived safely at home. Soon afterwards, his father died, and Nicholas determined never again to leave his mother. She, tender woman that she was, grieved for a husband who had rarely shewn her any kindness, and who, in his hard selfishness, had now left her totally destitute. All the money she had brought him as her dowry, he, unknown to her, had sunk in an annuity on his own life, and nothing now remained for her but the devoted love of her only son.

This, however, was a 'goodly heritage.' Those who zealously try to fulfil their duty, may be assured that a kind Providence will assist their efforts; and Nicholas succeeded for some time in maintaining his mother by the sale of water-colour paintings for the decoration of a convent chapel. At length, this resource failed; and the ardent young painter determined to relinquish all his bright visions, and learn some manual trade, when his mother was seized with illness, and, despite of his anxious care, died.

No motive now detained him at Andelys. The sale of his slender possessions there furnished him with a little money; and, partly in order to assuage his grief for his mother, partly to see the works of the great masters, he determined to go to Italy.

Rome was naturally the goal of his steps, but on this occasion he was not destined to reach it. On arriving at Florence, he met with an accidental hurt, which confined him to a lodging for a month, and when he was cured, left him almost penniless. Finding it impossible to dispose of the sketches which he drew for his daily bread, he determined to retrace his steps. Arrived at Paris, he was once more received by his faithful friend, Philippe de Champagne, and by him introduced to Duchesne, who was then painting the ornaments of the Luxembourg, and who engaged both the young men as his assistants.

This promised to be a durable and profitable engagement; but Duchesne, who had but little pretension to genius, soon grew jealous of his young companions, and seized the first pretext for dismissing them.

Shortly afterwards, the Jesuits of Paris celebrated the canonisation of St Ignatius and St Francis Xavier. For this occasion, Poussin executed six water-colour pictures, representing the principal events in the lives of these two personages. The merit of these works attracted the attention of Signor Marini, a distinguished courtier of the day. He was attached to the suit of Marie de Medicis, and held a high place amongst the literary and artistic, as well as gay circles of the court; his notice was therefore of importance to the artist, who by it was introduced amongst the great, the learned, and the gay.

Wisely did he take advantage of mixing in this society to improve his knowledge of men and things, and to satisfy that craving for enlightenment which he felt equally when rambling in the fields, standing at his easel, or sitting as a timid listener in the splendid saloons of Signor Marini.

This pleasant life lasted for a year; Marini was his Mecænas; orders for paintings flowed in on him; and when, in 1625, his patron went to Rome to visit Pope Urban VIII., Poussin would have accompanied him, but for an honourable dread of breaking some engagements which he had made. Amongst others, he had to finish a large piece representing the *Death of the Virgin*, undertaken for the guild of goldsmiths, who presented every year a picture to Notre-Dame.

Marini tried in vain to shake his resolution. Nicholas Poussin had pledged his word, and nothing could make him break it—not even the advantage of accomplishing, in the company and at the expense of the generous Italian, that journey to Rome which had always formed his most cherished day-dream. The following year, Poussin went to Rome, and, to his great sorrow, found his kind patron suffering from a malady which speedily terminated his life. Thus was the painter once more thrown on his own resources in a city where he was a stranger; but his was not a nature to be discouraged

by adversity. There was something grand in the serenity with which he spent days in examining the wondrous statues of the olden time, while a cheerless attic was his lodging, and his dinner depended on the generosity of a printseller for whom he worked occasionally, and who was not always in the humour to advance money.

Many years afterwards, Poussin, in speaking of this period, said to Chantilon: 'I have sometimes gone to bed without having tasted food since the morning, not because I had no means of paying at a hostel—although *that* also has befallen me at times—but because, after having my soul filled with the glorious beauty of ancient art, I could not endure to mingle in the low, sordid scenes of a cheap eating-house. Indeed, it was scarcely a sacrifice to do so, for my heart was too full to allow me to feel hunger.'

Poussin studied nature with a minuteness that often exposed him to raillery. Whenever he made a country excursion, he brought back a bag filled with pebbles and mosses, whose various tints and forms he afterwards studied with the most scrupulous care. Vigneul de Marville asked him one day how he had reached so high a rank among the great painters. 'I tried to neglect nothing,' replied Poussin.

True, indeed, he had neglected nothing. He gave his days and nights to the acquirement of various sciences. He understood anatomy better than any surgeon of his time; he knew history like a Benedictine, and the antiquities of Rome as a botanist does his favourite flora. But architecture was the art which he esteemed most essential to a painter; and accordingly his landscapes abound in exquisite delineations of buildings.

His veneration for the works of his predecessors was very great. We find him, in a letter addressed to M. de Chantilon, requesting that a painting which he sent might not be placed in the same room with one of Raphael's—'lest the contrast might ruin mine, and cause whatever little beauty it has to vanish.'

He was an ardent admirer of Domenichino, and copied many of his works. It happened one day, that as he was in a chapel busily employed in copying a painting by that master, he saw a feeble old man tottering slowly towards him, leaning on a crutch. The visitor, without ceremony, seated himself on the painter's stool, and began deliberately to examine his work. Poussin greatly disliked inquisitive critics, and now feeling annoyed, he began to put up his pallet, and to prepare for leaving.

'You don't like visitors, young man?' said the old man smiling. 'Neither did I. But when I was your age, and, like you, copying the works of the old masters, if one of them had come to look over my shoulder, and see how I succeeded in reproducing the form which he had created, I would not for that have put away my pallet, but I would gladly have sought his counsel.' And while he spoke, the handle of his crutch was rubbing against the centre of the picture.

'Signor, are you mad?' exclaimed Poussin, seizing the offending crutch.

'So they say, my child; but 'tis not true. No, no; Domenichino is not mad, and can still give good advice.'

'Domenichino! what! the great Domenichino?' cried the young man.

'The *poor* Domenichino. Yes, you see him such as years and grief have made him. He has come, young man, to counsel you not to follow in his track, if you wish to gain fortune and renown. That,' he continued, pointing to his own painting, 'is true and conscientious art. Well, it leads to the alms-house. I see that you have the power to become a great artist. Change your place; be extravagant, capricious, unnatural, and then you will succeed.'

One may fancy the feelings of Poussin at hearing these words. He told Domenichino that he was ready to sacrifice everything to the love of true art, and respectfully accompanied him home.

From that time until Zampieri's death, Poussin was his friend and pupil. He afterwards paid a debt of gratitude to the painter's memory, by causing his picture of the *Communion of St Jerome*, which had been thrown aside in a granary, to be placed opposite to the *Transfiguration* of Raphael.

By degrees, the marvellous talent of Poussin became known, and orders for paintings flowed in on him. He might have become rich, but he cared not for wealth, and was perhaps the only artist that ever thought his works too highly paid for. On one occasion, being sent one hundred crowns for a picture, he returned fifty.

Cardinal Mancini paid him a visit one evening, and when he was going away, Poussin attended him with a lantern to the outer gate, and opened it himself. 'I pity you,' said the cardinal, 'for not having even one man-servant.' 'And I pity your eminence for having so many.'

In his days of adversity, Poussin had been kindly received and nursed in the house of a M. Dughet, whose daughter he afterwards married. She was a simple, kind-hearted woman, and fondly attached to her husband, who appreciated her good qualities, and always treated her with affection, although she probably never inspired him with ardent love. Some years after their marriage, not having any children, Poussin adopted his wife's younger brother, Gaspard Dughet, who, under his instructions, became a painter of considerable merit. The remainder of Poussin's life was singularly prosperous. He continued to reside at Rome until summoned to return to France by Louis XIII., who, finding that several invitations to that effect, conveyed through ambassadors, failed to bring back Poussin, did him the honour to write him an autograph letter, entreating his presence. The painter obeyed the flattering summons, but unwillingly. He felt that he was sacrificing his independence to the splendid bondage of a court, and he often remembered with fond regret, 'the peace and the sweetness of his little home.'

Two years he resided at court, tasting the sweets and bitters of ambition—the caresses of a powerful king, and a still more powerful cardinal—mingled with the envious intrigues and malicious detraction of jealous rivals. Poussin loved not such a life; his free spirit languished, his noble heart was pained; and in 1642, he requested and obtained leave to visit Italy, promising, however, to return.

The deaths of Louis and Richelieu, which took place within a short period of each other, released Poussin from his pledge. From that time, he constantly resided at Rome, and executed his greatest works. Amongst these may be named: *Rebecca*, *The Seven Sacraments*, *The Judgment of Solomon*, *Moses striking the Rock*, *Jesus healing the Blind*, and *The Four Seasons*, each being represented by a subject from sacred history. All these, with the exception of *The Seven Sacraments*, are to be seen in the Louvre.

Poussin died at Rome in 1665. His wife had expired a short time before, and grief for the loss of this fond and faithful partner broke down his energies and hastened his decease.

'Her death,' he wrote, 'has left me alone in the world, laden with years, filled with infirmities, a stranger and without friends.' All those whom he loved had preceded him to their tombs, and the only relative at his death-bed was an avaricious nephew, eager to seize his possessions.

The name of Nicholas Poussin will never die. He was the first great French painter; and in him were united what, unhappily, are often dissevered, the highest qualities of the head and of the heart—the lofty genius of the artist with the humble piety of the Christian.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

As to the hackneyed doctrine that derives the origin of music from the outward sounds of nature, none but poets could have conceived it, or lovers be justified in repeating it. Granting even that the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, the murmuring of winds, might have suggested some idea, in the gradual development of the art, all history, as well as the evidence of common sense, proves that they gave no help whatever at the commencement. The savage has never been inspired by them; his music, when he [illegible] any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds of nature. The national melodies of various countries give no evidence of any influence from without. A collection of native airs from different parts of the world will help us to no theory as to whether they have been composed in valleys or on plains, by resounding sea-shores or by roaring waterfalls. There is nothing in the music itself which tells of the natural sounds most common in the desolate steppes of Russia, the woody sierras of Spain, or the rocky glens of Scotland. What analogy there exists is solely with the inward character of the people themselves, and that too profound to be theorised upon. If we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by any outward agencies. Not till the art stood upon its own independent foundations does it appear that any musicians ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account; and—though with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony ringing in our ears, with its plaintive clarionet cuckoo to contradict our words—we should say that no compositions could be of a high class in which such sounds were conspicuous.—*Murray's Reading for the Rail.*

THE ARCHARD LEVER POWER.

Our attention has been invited to an invention of a very remarkable character, which, if realising the claims asserted in its behalf, will fully equal, if it does not far exceed in importance, any discovery of the age. It consists in an entirely new application of the power of the lever, an application capable of being multiplied to an almost unlimited extent. To render our account of this new marvel quite incredible in the outset, we will state on the inventor's authority, that the steam of an ordinary tea-kettle may be made to produce sufficient momentum to propel a steamship of any size across the Atlantic! Or, again, one man may exert a power equal to that of a thousand horses, and that, too, without the aid of steam or any auxiliary other than his own stout arm. It overcomes or disproves the heretofore-received principle in mechanics, of not gaining power without a loss of speed. Archimedes, in declaring his ability to move the world, if he had a suitable position for his fulcrum, conveyed an apt illustration of the measureless power of the lever when exerted to its fullest extent. This fullest extent Mr Archard claims to have attained in the action of a succession of parallel levers—one lever upon a second, the second upon a third, the third upon a fourth, and so on progressively; each succeeding lever of the same length as the first, and all operating simultaneously, the one lever upon, and with all the others. This marvellous property of multiplying leverage, is attained without any diminution in speed, since, to whatever extent the additional levers may be carried, the entire succession is moved as one compact mass, operated upon at the same instant, the last lever moving at the same moment with the first. This simultaneous movement of a succession of parallel levers, acting the one upon the other, with a force successively increasing and in geometrical proportion, is the grand desideratum, the *ne plus ultra*, in the science of mechanics, which the inventor professes to have achieved. To place this multiplied *ad infinitum* power in its plainest light, we may observe that a given power—say that of one horse—will impart to a lever of a given dimension a sixteenfold power; that sixteenfold power gives the succeeding lever sixty-fourfold increase; that to the third lever, 256; that gives to the fourth lever an increase of 1024; while this fourth lever, with its largely increased ability, gives to the fifth lever the enormous increase of 4096. If, therefore, this succession of leverage is rightly stated, a single horse is enabled to exert the power of four thousand and ninety-six horses!—*American Courier.*

MY SPIRIT'S HOME.

Where is the home my spirit seeks,
Amid this world of sin and care,
Where even joy of sorrow speaks,
And Death is lurking everywhere?
Oh! not amid its fading bowers
My wearied soul can find repose,
For serpents lurk beneath its flowers,
And thorns surround its fairest rose.

The home of earth is not for me;
Far off my spirit's dwelling lies;
The eye of faith alone can see
Its pearly gates beyond the skies;
The ear of faith alone can hear
The music of its ceaseless song,
As nearer with each passing year
Its angel-chorus rolls along:

There is the home my spirit seeks,
Above the fadeless stars on high!
Where not a note of discord breaks
The silver chain of harmony;
Where light without a shadow lies,
And joy can speak without a tear,
And Death alone—the tyrant—dies:
The home my spirit seeks is *there!*

M. Y. G.

THE GUJARATI-HINDOO GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Imagine in a spacious room, furnished after the European fashion, some thirty or forty little girls, all dressed in their best, many of them laden with rich ornaments—anklets and earrings—seated in order around the room, gazing anxiously from their large, lustrous, and soulful eyes upon the strangers who sit at the table directing the examination, aided by the teacher, the superintendents, the worthy Shet and his kinsmen; see behind them a crowd of Hindoos in their flowing robes and picturesque turbans, their faces beaming with eagerness and delight, as they watch the answers of the pupils—many of them relations, some even their wives; listen also to the low and sweet voices of childhood, chanting in the [illegible] Gujarâti (the Ionic of Western India) the praises of education; and you may be able to form some idea of the scene, and of one of the most pleasurable moments in the life of a new-comer.—*Bombay Gazette.*

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CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 463. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

PURIFICATION.

We are so much creatures of habit, that to be convinced of an error is very far indeed from being ready to correct it. It may be made clear as possible, that there is some physical condition attaching to our residence, rendering it unhealthy; but if we have long endured the evil, and have no more than a *chance* of being seriously injured by it, our customary acquiescence in the routine of existence is almost sure to make us indifferent to it. It is for this reason, in great part, that the Sanitary Cause makes such slow progress. The people are not generally ignorant that a confined room with little change of air, or a collection of surface water near a dwelling, has an unfavourable tendency with regard to health; but their traditionary habits enable them to submit patiently to such evils. The difficulty is to get them to change their habits.

Another thing presenting great obstructions to sanitary reform, is the structure of existing houses and streets. In many of our towns, the principal ways and lanes are as they were laid out in the middle ages, and a vast number of houses are as they were built a century ago before any one thought of arrangements for health. There is a remarkable parity between the two kinds of difficulty. A narrow street is like a bad habit thoroughly established. A town placed long ago upon ground unsuitable for drainage, is like some settled system of life which we feel it to be impossible to reform. We see how the house might be roomier, the street wider, and effective drains conducted under ground; but there is the house built long ago, and we cannot at once dilate it like a balloon—there is the street, with its property demarcations fixed in past ages, and not to be changed without an enormous amount of trouble. A habit is in much the same predicament.

It is proposed at Manchester to attempt a sanitary reformation by means of lectures and tracts addressed to the people, and a society has been formed for the purpose. Doubtless, the late intelligence respecting a probable third visit from Asiatic cholera is what has prompted this effort, than which nothing can be more laudable in point of aim and intention. We much fear, however, from the causes above stated, that a propagation of the faith in cleanliness and pure air is a measure somewhat too mild for the occasion. It is in the way of doing good, and it will do some good; but something else is required. If the people are to be saved from the sanitary evils that beset them, it must be in a great degree in spite of themselves.

If there is any law of social life that makes itself strongly visible to us, it is that the wise have to take the foolish in hand, and those who have knowledge those who have none, and constrain them into ways conducive to their safety and happiness. It will not do, in a dense, highly-organised society like ours, to allow indefinite freedom to each individual: that is the privilege of the savage in his thinly-peopled wilds. When man comes into towered cities, he must be accommodating, or he will not be endurable. This seems to us fully to constitute a right of the enlightened and rational to see that plans are adopted for the good of the whole, and that they are duly enforced where, from ignorance or indifference, there is any disposition to shirk them. It is, in short, the basis of the idea of a Police; a force designed, in its primitive absolute character, for the support, not of a selfish despotism, but of an authority inspired by views of general benefit, and which has no other purpose than to make individuals act or refrain from acting as is best for the entire public.

On this theory, it clearly is allowable to take strong measures for the enforcement of both education and the rules of health among the people. There is great jealousy in the English as to all Powers whatsoever, and personal freedom in domestic things is intensely appreciated. But this is a feeling that may be carried too far—as, for example, when, content with the old constables and watchmen, they resisted the introduction of a regular police force that should be partly under government control; an institution which, as is well known, has proved an evil to none but the bad. It is most desirable that prejudices on this point were overcome, since the harm apprehended is so visionary, and the resulting good so immense.

The right of a police to suppress local nuisances is, however, already established. It is not going much further to assume a right to dictate arrangements of building and draining, and for the cleanliness of house and person, in order to avert diseases that are apt to spread beyond those who are remiss in these particulars. And if A, B, and C, are entitled to be protected from the consequences of physical impurity and mal-arrangement in D, E, and F, are they not equally entitled to be saved from all the ills that may arise from a low moral and intellectual state in those personages? In other words, may they not legitimately interfere to see that D, E, and F, are tolerably educated, so as to raise them out of the savage, illiterate state, which tends so much to public detriment? We fully believe they may take this course, not merely without injury to the true liberties of the individual, but to their great ultimate advancement, there being no possibility of perfect freedom to any while a great number are left free to follow every rude and reckless

impulse. We are scarcely prepared to say, that a legislative interference to put down the use of intoxicating liquors is expedient in this country, while public opinion remains as it is; but we have no scruple whatever in avowing, that we see no theoretical objection to it, and should be glad if our country were ripe for adopting such a measure. It has been adopted, as is well known, in the state of Maine, and with a degree of success that seems to have given satisfaction. All that is wanting is, a determination of the majority to have their way in this matter. They must be prepared for a vigorous effort at first, and unswerving firmness for some time afterwards. Right soon the overpowered minority would be thankful for having been saved from themselves.

The city of London, previous to the fire of 1666, was too much huddled, and consequently unhealthy. The inhabitants, from habit, submitted, and would probably have gone on submitting to the present day, to a monstrous rate of mortality, inferring a fearful and most unequal struggle of poor human nature with unrelenting circumstances. Providence came in to break the spell of habit; and London, rebuilt on a more healthy plan, has since had occasion to bless the destiny which laid its ancient lane-like streets in ashes. May not an earthly power interfere for similar purposes? On a point where all thinking persons are at one in opinion, why not? Conflagration is not the means which sane men would adopt: something safer, but equally decisive, may be adopted. The fact is, there is a sluggish principle in ordinary human nature which requires an external force to be exercised upon it, if we would wish to see either duty performed or evil avoided. How many have wished to learn a particular language, but failed in the energy requisite for the task, till some necessity arose to compel them—painful at first, but gratefully looked back upon when the pain was past and the acquisition made! How often do we see obligations and responsibilities of a burdensome nature prompt men into an honourable activity, who might otherwise have been unhappy idlers! A right-spirited man, who knows what duty is, but at the same time experiences some share of the usual languor in addressing himself to it, positively enjoys and delights in the external impulse which 'gives him not to choose.' We have a certain indefinable satisfaction in yielding to any necessity, apparently from its relieving us of the pain which always attends the internal debate—to do or not to do. Now, these are principles of which we should have advantage in the event of a strong policy being adopted for purification, whether moral or physical. A working-man, who hesitated whether he should allow his son to remain longer at school or send him to a factory, would placidly see the young man going on in his educational course, if he knew that the law gave him no alternative. The stupid, and not very agreeable 'cannot-be-fashed' feeling, would by most be felt as well exchanged for a compulsion which, in the very activity it brought, brought the joyful feeling of difficulties overcome and comfort secured.

And, after all, it is but a transition from one set of habits and practices to another which is required. For, of course, when once a better system was introduced and fairly set agoing, the necessity for compulsion would cease. The people would go on smoothly in their new habits, and only wonder that such practices as they had to look back upon should ever have existed.

Alas, however, we hear it called visionary to expect any such great reform to be effected in such a country as ours. We are too practical a people to listen to such wild proposals. A practical people! let us see how a practical people pleases to act in the circumstances. The approach of cholera is announced, and immediately the practical people sends a band of officers through the fetid lanes and courts where poverty dwells, to whitewash every wall ten feet up, and all the interiors of the houses. At the same time, a slight addition is made to the efforts at sweeping and keeping clean all those lanes and neglected corners. The practical people receives a report that all this is done, and is for the time content. Now, the general arrangements in those lanes are such that cleanliness is an impossibility. The houses are so confined, damp, and ill ventilated, that there can be no health in them. The people subject themselves to additional debilitation by drinking, and consequent want of proper food. If, for such a case, a little extra scavengering, and an administration of white-wash, is all that Practical People can do, then it clearly appears that Practical People is not the wise man he thinks himself, but a mere child, and scarcely even that. The real practical philosopher, according to our conception of him, when he has something to do, takes the steps required for doing it wholly and satisfactorily. The real visionary man, according, likewise, to our conception of him, is one who deludes himself into some belief that effects can be brought about without means and causes, or that, somehow, when the powder-train of Cause has been laid and ignited, the explosion of Effect will not take place. It is much to be feared, that the Practical People of the vulgar conception, is of this latter character. When true practical wisdom is understood, Purification of all kinds will be effected, but not till then.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

By no manner of means! I was not in drink when it occurred; although, if the truth must out, I was both in love and in debt. Now, I know that among the fortunate part of mankind—those who have anything in their pockets to take care of—there is a sort of prejudice, as it were, against debtors; and as I wish to stand well with all classes, and appeal to the universal sympathies of the company, it is necessary to say a few words touching this little circumstance of debt. That I had lived beyond my income is true, and that the balance spent, therefore, was not fairly my own, I admit; but I was the next heir to rather a snug property, then possessed by a decidedly elderly and ailing individual, and in incurring debt I could not be said to be without what the law calls a reasonable probability of paying. In fact, if the worst had come to the worst, I could have sold my birthright at any time, cleared myself with the world, and had a tolerable residue over. Thus, although a heedless and imprudent young fellow, I was but little worse, since my misdeeds could not seriously or permanently injure any one but myself: I was, in truth, to use a common expression, nobody's enemy but my own.

However this may be, the difficulties of my position increased day by day, till at length I was in hourly dread of a writ. Then why not sell my reversion at once, pay off my debts, put the balance in my pouch, and fling myself abroad upon the world, to push my fortune? Because I was not only in debt, but in love. The young lady herself would have cared nothing about

the loss of the estate, and being of as sanguine a temper as myself, she would have joined without terror in any wild-goose scheme I might have devised; but, alas! Hammerton Lodge, the then property of Theodore Hunks, Esquire (a worthless miser), was the only bond of sympathy between her father and myself; and, in fact, it was with special reference to my succession that he had given his consent to our engagement. To sell my reversion, therefore, was out of the question; but what was the alternative? To be locked up for an indefinite period, without even the consolation of my divine Althea coming to whisper at my grates; for there was no such stringency in our engagement as to insure its continuing a moment after the desperate state of my circumstances became known to her father.

One morning, when brooding on these matters over my untasted coffee, the rat-tat of the postman made my heart jump; and presently two letters were handed to me. One was from Althea; but I chose to open the other first, in order to get rid of it. It was from a comrade, a horribly laconic fellow, and contained nothing more than these words: "Ware hawk—the writ is out!" While my nerves were still jarring from the electric shock, I seized Althea's letter, and opened it with trembling hands. The news it brought was to this pleasant effect:—A rival, between whom and myself there had once been a strong hesitation in the father's mind, had recently been much at the house, and appeared to have made great progress in the old gentleman's confidence. His rise in estimation and my fall being simultaneous, there could be little doubt as to whose good offices the latter might be ascribed to; and at length Mr Harley had communicated to Althea the fact, that her favoured lover was a ruined spendthrift, who would never possess an acre in the world, and had commanded her to break off the acquaintance. The spirited girl had written this to me by the very next post, suggesting that, if I could clear my character, I should come down on a visit, as if ignorant of the new turn affairs had taken; and that if I could not clear my character, so far as mere imprudence was concerned, I should want all the more by and by—meaning the time when she should be twenty-one—somebody to take care of me.

I determined to take her advice. To sell the reversion would be madness; for, not to mention Althea's moderate dowry, a few years of economy, when the estate did become my own, would set all to rights. At anyrate, to stay where I was would be worse madness—a madness which would lead—perhaps in a few hours—to my consignment to that delightful retreat, Belvedere Place,* on the door of which would stare me in the face the inscription on Dante's hell. My motions were quickened by the recollection, that my creditors had received information, only a day or two before, of Mr Hunks's recovery from his more pressing ailments. As for mere age, all creditors know that there is nothing in that, at least under a hundred, or a few years more.

When I did get down to the old House, I was very coolly received by its master; although, to do him justice, he had too much politeness to tell me to get out. The rival, whom I had known some years before, was smooth, simpering, well-looking, just such a fellow as it would be impossible to find any reasonable excuse for knocking down; and as for my charming Althea, with her I could only hold communion with the eyes, for the two gentlemen took good care that we should have no opportunity of meeting alone. On the third morning after my arrival, finding that the motion must come from me, I requested an interview with Mr Harley, and was summoned in due form to his study. On my way thither, an arm was suddenly stretched out of one of the rooms in the corridor along which I was passing, and I felt myself drawn in by Althea. She was looking pale and terror-stricken.

'My dear love,' said I, 'do not be alarmed; I am just going in to tell your father that it's all right. My difficulties are not imaginary, I admit, but they are comparatively trifling. We shall get on famously, depend upon it.'

'Then what,' said she breathlessly, 'did that odious man mean by writing, by the next post after you came, to Parkins & Peerie, with whom I know you have disagreeable transactions?'—I started like a guilty thing—'And what connection is there between that circumstance and the appearance here a few minutes ago of two hang-dog looking men, neither gentlemen nor servants, inquiring for you?' I staggered against the wall, as if I had received a blow.

'Althea,' said I, 'I have not deceived you, and yet I am lost! Parkins & Peerie are the prosecuting attorneys, and the two men are bailiffs. My debts are by no means ruinous, so far as the amount is concerned, and yet I shall lie in prison Heaven knows how long.'

'That needs not—must not be!' she cried, while a glow of resolution overspread her pale face. 'I have sent them into a room to wait for you, and I shall take care that they will wait for an hour to come. Here, get out of this window—they are on the other side of the house. You know the footpath leading through the wood to the town, and there you may remain unknown till they lose hope and return to London.' There was no alternative. We parted as lovers part who have no time for ceremonious leave-taking; and allowing myself to drop gently from the window, which was near the ground, I darted into the shrubbery.

I had nearly reached the fence which divided the grounds from a thin scrubby wood, studded here and there with large trees, and intersected by the town-ward footpath, when I was startled by the sound of voices and rushing feet behind me. To go out into the exposed part of the wood would be destruction; and, turning sharply away into the thickest of the plantation, I followed its course lengthwise, to make a detour. Still the sounds followed. My pursuers, on arriving at the fence, had doubtless seen that I was not in the wood, and they were now on my trail through the trees like blood-hounds. But my wind was good, my dislike to Belvedere Place decided, my fear of losing Althea excessive; and so I rushed madly on, betraying in all probability my course by the clatter I made among the branches. I was at length near the end of the plantation, with a thick and lofty hedge on my right hand. My mind was made up. On the other side, there was a large tree with luxuriant foliage, into which it would be easy to climb, as I should be protected from observation by the hedge. Accordingly, at the end of the plantation, I leaped the fence like a harlequin, turned the hedge, and sprang up the tree, I hardly knew how. A few twigs for my hands, and a few knots for my feet, were the only aids I had for a considerable height; but there a thick branch protruded, upon which I contrived to swing myself. The branch, however, was rotten, for the tree was old, and the leafy forks were still at some distance above my head. In

* The Queen's Bench Prison. It is considered indelicate to put any other address than Belvedere Place on letters sent by post to a prisoner.

fact, it was only the foliage I had seen from the other side of the hedge, and I had then no suspicion that the trunk was so lofty and so bare. But there was no time for consideration—the branch was going; and catching desperately at one some feet above my head, I spurned the former from me, and it broke off with a crack close to the trunk. I was safe, however; there were some knots for my feet, and having tolerably sinewy arms of my own, I was soon in a complete bower of foliage, in the very middle of the tree.

But I might as well have remained in the shelter of the hedge, for my pursuers were evidently at fault. Having reached the end of the plantation, they had turned off to thread it in another direction; and I could hear their voices growing more and more distant, till they died entirely away. Well, here I was, as snug as King Charles in the oak, and I had time to reconnoitre. The house, of which I could see the chimneys through the trees, was about two miles distant, and the highway about a gunshot from my perch. With the exception of these two objects, there was nothing around me but foliage, more or less thick, as far as the eye could see. It was the very country for a runaway. No bushranger could have desired better! The concealment of the town was quite unnecessary—supposing one could live on hazel nuts. If I had only had my simpering rival sitting face to face with me on the branch, I should have been perfectly happy! It was evident that the traitor, who appeared to know so much of my affairs, had betrayed my whereabouts to Parkins & Peerie, with the view of getting me locked up out of his way. But I should by and by convince him of his mistake. He little knew that I was at this moment perching in a tree, as free as any bird of the air, within observation, though invisible myself, of the very house where he dwelt, and with the power to swoop down upon him as soon as I might find it convenient.

While pursuing these reflections, my eye involuntarily followed the line of the trunk by which I had climbed. The branch midway had gone; there was not even a twig between it and me; and the distance to the ground was far too great for any human being to drop without being either killed or frightfully maimed. This was awkward. But there were other sides—and of precisely the same character: to descend alive without extraneous assistance was *impossible!* Here was a predicament, and rather an alarming one. But no—nonsense!—at so short a distance from a gentleman's house, and within sight and hearing of the high-road, it was absurd to suppose that I should be long before obtaining assistance, whenever I made up my mind to summon it. Some hours, of course, it would be necessary to pass, to give the bailiffs time to take themselves off; but this was only what I desired—there was no compulsion in it. I was a great deal better off than if I had gone to the town; for here I was close by the scene of interest, quite a neighbour-living, as it were, next door. I ran over all the points of encouragement I could think of, clapping myself on the back with great heartiness, and then, as I became accustomed to my position, I tried to examine the premises, and go about my own locality without ceremony. But this was unsuccessful. When a branch bent under me, I clutched with hands and feet at every other within reach, and backed out of the peril with fear and trembling. The fact is—for why should I conceal it?—I was neither woodsman nor cragsman, but a downright Londoner; and my getting up into that impossible situation was a mere miracle of temporary excitement.

A certain time passed by—how many *years* I know not; but at length I was sure that the bailiffs must have decamped, if, indeed, they were not dead and buried long ago; and even if otherwise, I felt that it would be more manly to confront them at once, than keep hiding till the end of the world on the top of a tree. My tactics had been so far successful, but it was needless to push them to extravagance. I would now look out for some means of revisiting the surface of the earth, and give notice, accordingly, to my neighbours that I would accept of their assistance. But not one of these individuals was visible; and I recollected, not without some feeling of indignation, that I had not beheld a living soul since I had betaken myself to my perch. It is the most comfortable thing in the world to be out of temper, but the reaction is miserable; and by and by a sort of misgiving came stealing over me, cold and heavy, like a wet blanket.

But courage! there is a sound in the air; at first a low and fitful murmur, then gaining volume as it advances, like the rush of the flowing tide. It is the sound of wheels. The mail heaves in sight; it turns the shoulder of the plantation in beautiful style; it comes sweepingly on in a graceful canter. To get out, as soon as my hope became conviction, upon the extremest branch, as far as it would bear the weight of my body, was but the work of an instant; and there I sat, hat in hand, prepared to throw my whole soul into a shout at the proper time. The time came. 'Hoy!' cried I, waving my hat with unction. 'Hoy! ho-o-oy!' I could see the people on the top looking round in every direction. At length they observed me, and responded courteously to my salute with a hurra! One of them put his hand to the side of his mouth, and sent me a message, which never reached me in an articulate state; another touched his nose with his thumb, and moved the fingers at me in a friendly way; the guard blew several notes upon his horn, by way of an adieu, and then the equipage disappeared. This was disheartening; and the boughs of that old tree were *so* frail, emitting every now and then a crackling sound that alarmed me by its very imbecility. I backed from my dangerous position with infinite caution, and was once more shrouded among the foliage.

As I lay there, under the green canopy, much at my bodily ease, an idea arose in my mind, that the whole thing was unreal. The notion of my being fixed like a crow's nest on the top of a tree, was too absurd. There was a want of *vraisemblance* about it that shocked the taste. How could I have got up?—that seemed still more impossible than getting down. It was altogether ridiculous. The probability was, that I was lying asleep under the hedge—a much more likely place of refuge than a tree-top; and I was for a moment tempted to repeat an experiment I had often made when labouring under the nightmare—to throw myself over the imaginary precipice, sure of being awakened by the shock of the descent. But I was roused from this fancy by something more grateful: it was the merry voices of children, borne to me on the soft still air, as they were passing along the road. These angels were surely sent for my relief! and bending forward as far as I durst, I gave out again my 'ho-o-oy!' The angels stopped and listened as if transfixed; but when they heard a repetition of the mysterious sound, coming from nobody, and from nowhere in particular, they echoed it with a simultaneous scream, and taking to their heels, were soon out of sight.

The thing, then, was real enough. I was actually on the top of a tree, from which there was no getting down. The evening was already beginning to close in; and I was destined to pass the night covered with green leaves, like a lost babe in the wood—so much more forlorn because alone! To pass the night!—but why not the next day, and the next night, and the next week? Why should anything happen to-morrow, or any other possible morrow, that had not happened to-day? Was there anything more probable, than that I should become the permanent *bête noir* of the neighbourhood—that my mystic voice, growing more awful as it grew more feeble, would guard the haunted precincts from intrusion; and that next winter my skeleton, nestled among

the bare branches, would demonstrate the reasonableness of the popular superstition?

The evening did close in, and then the night came down. The chimneys, the road, the trees, all vanished, and nothing was visible for a time but a paly gloom. I dozed, for I could not be said to sleep; and when I opened my eyes again, the dark vapour that had overspread the sky was partially dispelled, and numbers of stars seemed to be trooping forth from under it, and arranging themselves in mystical figures over the heavenly area. Then I slept, then I dreamed, then I awoke again. Then I did not know where I was, till the ominous bending of the branches, as I moved, recalled me to consciousness. Then I confounded the real with the unreal, and summoned the persons of my waking thoughts to hold high converse with me between heaven and earth. Althea and her father—Parkins & Peerie—the rival and Mr Theodore Hunks—the bailiff and his follower; all came out of the gloom like the trooping stars, and glided round my eyrie. Then, again, I was ravenously hungry, both asleep and awake; and no wonder, for I had eaten nothing since the morning of the preceding day. I fancied myself breakfasting at Mr Harley's, and troubling people for a quantity of rolls, a few salmon-steaks, the whole ham, and a handful of eggs. Then, again, I was back to the romantic. The forest—in the innermost wilds of America—was on fire, and the vast billows of flame came sweeping and roaring towards me from all points of the compass. My eyes at length ached so much with the intensity of the heat and light, that I awoke on a sudden, started up to a sitting posture, and for a moment fancied my dream was a reality, for the morning sun was beating full upon my face.

'Ecod! an', I did think it were a Christian on the tree!' cried a voice from below; and looking down, I saw one of the maids staring up with open eyes and mouth.

'What bee'st thou adoing there, zur,' she inquired, 'when the men frae Lunnon be waiting for thee?'

'Nothing, good Molly,' said I; 'I want to get down. Get somebody to bring a ladder.'

'Good lawks! - but how did thee get up, zur? Well an' zure, there be Thomas and Harry acoming, and they'll fetch the ladder from the plantation. I must tell nobody else, zur, for they be deadly wishful to get the reward, and I'm to be married to one on 'em.' While she ran off screaming for the men, some bitter thoughts passed through my mind. How many shillings and half-crowns had I given these ungrateful knaves! —and now, their dearest ambition is to be the first to betray me into the hands of the Philistines! I descended the ladder with a stern, slow, and rheumatical gravity, and fixed upon the caitiffs when I reached the ground so severe a look, that they shrunk back conscience-stricken.

On we walked towards the house, my mind now made up as to how to play my part; and I flatter myself it was with some dignity I entered the breakfast-room, and bowed to Mr Harley and the rest of the company, including the bailiff and his follower. 'I regret, sir,' said I, going up to the bailiff, with grim condescension, 'that I have given you the trouble of waiting.'

'No trouble in life,' said he; 'but I did think you might have been in a greater hurry to hear that Mr Theodore Hunks has departed this life, and that I, Timothy Peerie, for myself and Mr Parkins, shall feel much honoured by your professional patronage.'

My eyes dazzled. There was a stifled cry at the door behind me. Althea, half-smothered by mingled sobs and laughter, was being pushed forward by Molly, and in an instant I had her in my arms, and wholly smothered her with kisses. On raising my head, I saw the rival passing the window on horseback, slowly enough to see what was going on within. I gave him a friendly nod of good-by. What havoc I did make that morning among the rolls, and salmon-steaks, and eggs, and ham! After breakfast, my postponed interview with Mr Harley took place, which ended, as you all guess, by making Althea my own.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

It has been left for modern refinement to introduce the minute classification of *knives* which is now so familiar to us. There are the dinner-knife, the dessert-knife, and the carver; the butcher's knife and the currier's knife; the cheese-knife and the oyster-knife; the pallet-knife and the putty-knife; the fruit-knife, the pruning-knife, and the 'bread-and-cheese' knife; the penknife, the desk-knife, and the double-bladed knife which so often finds a depository in the school-boy's pocket; and there are many mysterious-looking knives in the cutlers' windows, the use of which baffles all ordinary conjecture, but which shew that the world is making rapid strides in the knife region. We have gone beyond the age when the eating-knives, as distinguished from the working-knives, were all of one kind, and not divisible into the dinner-knife, the dessert-knife, the fruit-knife, and other sub-varieties. We have advanced still further beyond the age when the working-knife was a principle and the eating-knife an accident; when the artisan, having a dinner to eat, was glad to cut it with any knife with which he was wont to cut his leather, or his wood, or the other material of his handicraft. We are still further removed from the times when the dagger and the hatchet, employed in drilling holes into, or cutting off pieces from, the enemy in the battle-field, were rendered available for the same kind of drilling and cutting in respect to a piece of cooked meat or a lump of bread. Nay, even this does not measure our full distance from the good old times; for archaeologists tell us of an age when cutting-implements were made of stone, long before the Bronze Age or the Iron Age had arrived.

Our remarkable friends the Chinese, who have their peculiar way of doing so many things, contrive to make their *chopsticks* do duty for forks and spoons. Sir J. F. Davis quotes the account given by Captain Laplace, an officer in the French navy, of a Chinese entertainment, at which he was an honoured guest. The captain does full justice to the hospitality of his host; but says—'I nevertheless found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great difficulty in seizing my prey in the midst of those several bowls filled with gravy; in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork between the thumb and the first two fingers of the right hand; for the cursed chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel which I coveted.' He got over this difficulty, by the polite aid of his entertainer; but when the bowls of rice appeared, his troubles recommenced, for he could not imagine how a man could eat rice with two little sticks. 'I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example; foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we all displayed. In a word, our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chopsticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth (which was opened to its full extent); and thus they easily shovelled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls.' These Chinese were certainly beaten by an old gentleman whom we once knew, and who was accustomed to eat green peas with a table-spoon, characterising it as 'a slow way, but a sure one.'

But it is of knives, rather than forks, that we have

just now to speak. Mr Worsaae, the learned Danish archæologist, has sought to give something like a systematic meaning to the fact, that stone-cutting implements are occasionally met with in old ruins. He says, in his *Primeval Antiquities of Denmark:* 'It is well known, that stones shaped by art into the form of wedges, hammers, chisels, knives, &c., are frequently exhumed from the earth. These, in the opinion of many, could certainly never have served as tools or implements, since it was impossible either to cut or carve with a stone; hence it was concluded, that they had formerly been employed by our forefathers in those sacrifices which were offered to idols during the prevalence of heathenism.' But he brings forward sufficient evidence to shew, that the stone implements effected much more than this—that they were used for working and for eating, as well as for sacrificing.

Beckmann, who ferreted out such curious odds-and-ends as materials for his *History of Inventions*, tells us, that among the Romans all articles of food were cut into small morsels before being served up at table; and this was the more necessary, as the company did not *sit* at table, but lay on couches turned towards it, consequently could not well use both their hands for eating. For cutting meat, persons of rank kept in their houses a carver, who had learned to perform his duty according to certain rules; he was designated the *scissor, carpus*, or *carptor*. This carver used a knife—the only one placed on the table, and which, in the houses of the opulent, had an ivory handle, and was generally ornamented with silver. The bread was not cut at table. It more nearly resembled flat cakes than large loaves like our own, and could easily be broken; hence mention is so often made of the 'breaking of bread.'

And even in the case of such knives as were possessed by the Greeks and Romans, there is some doubt whether they were made of steel or even of iron. In the earliest metallic age, so to speak, brass, or some other metal nearly resembling it—perhaps copper alloyed with tin—furnished a very general material for weapons, and for cutting implements used in the arts. It is now considered almost certain, that the vast sculptured monuments of ancient Egypt were wrought with cutting tools of brass, hardened by some process not at present known. The Greeks, at the time of the Trojan war, are believed to have been nearly ignorant of steel and iron, and to have used cutting implements of brass or bronze. Among the treasures of the temple of Jerusalem, which Cyrus restored to the Jews on their liberation from captivity, were nine-and-twenty knives; and these likewise, so far as we can now judge, were made of brass or bronze.

Dr Johnson asserts, that the Scotch Highlanders knew nothing about dinner-knives till after the Revolution. Butler—having in mind, probably, the sword of the renowned Pendragon, which would

> Serve for battle or for dinner as you please;
> When it had slain a Cheshire man, would toast a Cheshire cheese—

describes the dagger of one of the Hudibras heroes as

> A serviceable dudgeon,
> Either for fighting or for drudging;
> When it had stabbed or broke a head,
> It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,
> Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
> To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.

Without attempting to trace, step by step, the introduction of knives into domestic economy, we may profitably glance at a few salient features in their manufacture.

The cutlery manufacture at Sheffield is in every respect a remarkable one. The town, the streams which flow through it, the valleys which converge towards it, the buildings which constitute it, the busy population who work in it, the trade classifications which characterise it, the raw materials consumed in it—all are worthy of our notice. Five streams flow through or into Sheffield: the Sheaf, the Don, the Loxeley, the Porter, and the Kevilin; but the last three join the Don by the time it has left the town. No streams in England, perhaps, are more busily worked than these, so many are the wheels and mills turned by the descending waters. For five centuries, at least, has cutlery been made here; the 'Shefeld thwytel' or whittle, or knife of the *Canterbury Tales*, sufficiently attests this. Down to the time of Elizabeth, however, it would appear that the knives made at Sheffield were 'for the common use of the common people,' and could be sold at a penny apiece; good cutlery was made at London, Salisbury, Woodstock, Godalming, and other towns, and was also imported from France and Germany. Stowe writes that 'Richard Matthews, on Fleete Bridge, was the first Englishman who attaigned the perfection of making fine knives and knife-hafts; and in the fift year of Queen Elizabeth, he obtained a prohibition against all strangers and others for bringing any knives into England from beyond the seas.'

At that period—say from two and a half to three centuries ago—there were no large establishments in Sheffield; the trade was carried on by small masters, whose wheels were turned by the Loxeley and the Kevilin. When the trade became more extensive, the cutlers of Sheffield were incorporated by act of parliament in 1640, and a 'master-cutler' appointed; and by degrees the small masters—who had sold chiefly to the agents of London houses—became manufacturers and merchants on a large scale.

Sheffield produces the steel for the cutlery, as well as the cutlery itself. Some of the establishments are converting-works, where iron is converted into crude steel; some are tilts, where the steel is tilted or hammered to a further degree of completeness; some are foundries, where steel of a particular quality is produced by casting; and some are mills, where steel is wrought into bars or sheets. These still remain, to a considerable extent, separate employments, though some of the larger firms now include two or more of them in the same works. But in the actual making of the cutlery there is far more division and subdivision of skill: there are cutlery-casters, tableknife-makers, fork-makers, penknife-makers, lancet-makers, razor-makers, scissor-makers, shear-makers, besides many others; together with ivory-cutters, horn-pressers, bone-pressers, haft-makers, haft-ornamenters, &c., employed in making handles. These relate to the masters or employers of labour; the subdivision is yet more complete when we regard the handicraft of the actual workman, for here the range of each man's employment is usually very limited indeed; he works at only one kind of process upon one kind of article, but he gets through an enormous amount of this work.

As an example of the system here noticed, it may be mentioned that a tableknife-maker cannot make a pocket-knife, or if he can, he does not; he uses different tools, and his fingers are accustomed to different kinds of manipulative processes. And the pocketknife-makers, instead of being one individual, are a congeries of many individuals. One man forges the blade to its proper shape; another grinds it on the wheel; a third polishes it with emery and leather, and some sort of 'magic' polishing-paste; another makes the inner-scale, or foundation for the handle; a fifth makes the little steel spring; a sixth shapes the bits of ivory, or pearl, or horn, or other material which is to form the outer handle; while a seventh—the real maker of the penknife—with his vice, anvil, hammers, files, burnishers, drill-bow, drills, emery-wheels, and other tools, builds up all the little fragments into a penknife; and so many

are there, and so various the little adjusting processes, that an ordinary penknife passes through the hands of the maker seventy or eighty times during the putting together.

A Sheffield forge is before us, and two men are fashioning a table-knife; we will watch them. The smithy is somewhat dusky, and dirty, and hot. There is a forge-fire, fed with small coal, and kindled by bellows worked by hand; and by the side of this is a large block of stone or wood, serving as a substantial work-bench. On or near this block are small steel anvils, hammers, stithies, bosses of various curvatures, and other tools. A rod of steel—varying in quality according to the intended price of the knife to be made—is cut to the required length, and the piece heated in the forge-fire; it is placed upon an anvil, and beaten and bevelled, and turned and beaten again, until it assumes roughly the form of the blade of a knife. But the *tang*, or reduced prolongation of the blade, has yet to be fabricated; the blade is welded to the end of a thin rod of iron; a portion of this is cut off; and this portion, after being brought to a white heat, is fashioned into a tang and a shoulder between the tang and the blade. Our knife, whether of mere iron or common steel, of shear-steel or cast-steel, is now shaped; and then by a little more heating, and a sudden cooling in cold water, and another but gradual heating, it is brought to the temper or degree of elasticity proper for a table-knife.

The dirty, discoloured rough blade now needs to be ground; and this introduces us to one of the peculiarities of Sheffield industry. The blade-forger and the blade-grinder are two; neither can do the work of the other. A wheel, in Sheffield language, is something more than a wheel elsewhere; it is not only a true and proper wheel, but it is the whole building in which cutlery-grinding is carried on. Before steam-power was employed at Sheffield, the grinding-wheels or stones were mostly worked by the water-power of the small rivers, and large numbers of them are so still. These country wheels have something rudely picturesque about them; they are often situated in beautiful valleys, and have not unfrequently dams as high as the roof of the hut which shelters the grinders. The low buildings—houses we must not call them—do not belong to the grinders: they are the property of speculators, who let off the troughs and stones to the grinders at a stipulated rent—the renters taking their chance of wet and dry seasons, for the streams are sometimes so dried up as to leave no water-power. There are now, however, several large establishments within the town, belonging to capitalists or to companies, and parted off into a number of rooms or workshops; a large steam-engine supplies working-power to every room, and the rooms are supplied with grindstones so small as four inches in diameter, or so large as seven feet, varying, too, in quality according to the kind of cutlery to be ground. The grinders rent these rooms, and the use of the steam-power, and the stones; they come at their own time, and grind any cutlery which the manufacturers may have intrusted to them; and thus we may see table-knives, pocket-knives, penknives, razors, forks, and saws, all being ground at once in different rooms.

A dirty and noisy process is this of grinding; indeed, what with the thumping of the huge hammers in the tilts, and the teeth-grating sound of the grinding in the wheels, Sheffield is not altogether the place for a person with delicate ear. The grinding not merely gives a moderate edge to the knife-blade, but clears all scales and oxidation from the surface, and renders it true and regular. Then comes the glazing or polishing, the finishing touch by which—aided by emery, leather, and other polishing substances—the resplendent blade is made ready for the handle-maker.

A fork must obviously exhibit manufacturing peculiarities different from those of a knife; so, likewise, has it its domestic or dinner-table peculiarities. It was later born than the dinner-knife. The pre-revolution Highlanders, of whom Dr Johnson spoke, were, he tells us, 'accustomed to cut the meat into small mouthfuls for the women, who put them into their mouths with their fingers.' It would seem, from a passage in one of Ben Jonson's plays, that forks were only about coming into general use in England in his time. In his play of *The Devil's an Ass*, produced in 1616, there occurs the following conversation:—

> *Meercraft.* Have I deserved this from you two? for all my pains at court to get you each a patent?
>
> *Gilthead.* For what?
>
> *Meercraft.* Upon my project of the *forks*.
>
> *Sledge.* Forks! what be they?
>
> *Meercraft.* The laudable use of forks, brought into custom here as they are in Italy, to the sparing of napkins.

The knife-forgers live *in* Sheffield; but the fork-forgers, for reasons of which we are ignorant, live mostly *out* of the town: they are to be met with in the suburban villages, forming a kind of distinct body among themselves. Forks are made from commoner steel than knives. The rod of steel, heated to the proper temperature, is forged to form the shank and the tang; and powerful stamps, punches, and dies mark off and cut out the pieces of metal, leaving those which constitute the prong. Then comes that most lamentable employment, the dry-grinding of the forks: the grinder hovers over a stone of sharp grit, not wetted as for grinding other cutlery, and draws into his lungs the dry particles of steel and stone resulting from his labour. In a former volume of the Journal* was given a notice of the frightful mortality among the grinders of Sheffield, of certain ingenious contrivances for lessening the hazard of the labour, and of the recklessness among the men, which rendered these contrivances almost nugatory. It would be pleasant to think that any change for the better had occurred in this respect; but we fear that, if observable at all, it is sadly small in amount.

The metallic portions of knives and forks, though the most important, are not the only ones which call forth Sheffield ingenuity: the trade of handle-making is not only large in the aggregate, but exhibits many subdivisions. In the first place, although the users of a knife may give the name of handle to the holding part of all kinds, yet a Sheffield man knows at a glance the handle which has two flat pieces rivetted upon a central plate, from the haft which has a tang thrust into a hole. In the next place, these handles and hafts are made of such diverse materials, that the services of many kinds of artisans are required in their preparation. Ivory, mother-of-pearl, bone, horn, ebony, lignum vitæ, tortoise-shell, metal—all are used for this purpose, and much skill is displayed in cutting, polishing, stamping, staining, bleaching, studding, and variously ornamenting the handles and hafts so made.

If we could trace the travels of a set of knives and forks in and through and around Sheffield, we should see how little there is to represent the factory system of Lancashire. In the vast buildings of that busy county, a bale of cotton goes in at one door, and comes out at another in the form of woven calico; but there are no Sheffield buildings in which a bar of iron becomes transformed into knives and forks. The converting and tilting, and shearing and casting of the steel, the forging, and grinding, and polishing of the blade, the fashioning and finishing of the haft or handle, and the putting together of the component elements—all require the aid of different persons, exercising different kinds of skill in different workshops. A Sheffield knife

* New Series, No. 2.

has to run about the town picking up the bones and muscles which are to form its organism; and this is the case whether the knife be cheap or costly. There are knives and forks made at Sheffield for the South American market at as low a price as twopence per pair, and there are knives and forks of silver and gold resplendency; yet all are produced in what may be called the piecemeal way, rather than on the factory system.

Cheap as our productions are in this branch of manufacture, there is, at anyrate, one kind of cutlery in which the French have beaten us. Did any one ever see an English clasp-knife which could be sold retail for one half-penny? We confess to have never met with such; yet they are to be found in France. They are very rude pocket-knives, formed of a rough blade of common iron, folding into an equally rough turned cylindrical handle of wood, painted in party-colour like children's half-penny toys. Their utility is of course very limited, from the softness of the metal; but as they will cut bread, and apples, and other provisions, and can be purchased for five centimes each, they are said to be used in immense numbers by the country people of France. Wide, indeed, is the interval between these humble productions and the magnificent show-knife in Messrs Rodgers's wareroom at Sheffield, with its 1800 blades; or the Lilliputian knives and scissors, of which it takes a good round number to weigh one grain.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

In reading of the recent excursions which our aspiring neighbour, the president of the French republic, has been making throughout France, our eye is caught by the word 'Agen,' the name of one of the towns at which he halted. In that place, situated on the Garonne, about a day's voyage south of Bordeaux, there lives a man commonly called the Last of the Troubadours—a peasant-poet, writing for Languedoc and Provence—a man who sings and speaks and writes in the provincial language or *patois* of the surrounding district, but in such a way as has made him enthusiastically welcomed all over the south of France. The name of this man is Jacques Jasmin. He is a hairdresser, keeping a little shop in Agen. He is about fifty-one years of age, strong, vivacious, frank, full of passionate energy, entertaining the utmost confidence in his own powers, but using them with the greatest good sense relatively both to their management and to the objects and manner of their employment. While we know that he is really popular to an extent of which we in our cold England can hardly form a conception; that his songs and poems are in the mouths of the countrymen who labour in the fields or sit by their firesides; that when he recites before assemblies of perhaps 2000 people, the ladies tear the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets to weave them into garlands for him; we know, likewise—and this is the most remarkable thing of all—that he has a rule of diligent labour, of revisal and correction, which he follows as conscientiously as if his taste and principle had been fashioned in a classical school. Two volumes of his poems have been translated into modern French, and are printed side by side with the originals; and to these a third has recently been added, which contains several things particularly worthy of note.

Through the kindness of a friend, some of his more recent pieces have reached us, and it is clear that he continues to improve. He is every way, in so far as we can understand him, a very singular specimen of the poet of the people. An inability to enter into other nationalities than our own, may prevent our rating him quite so high as his countrymen say he deserves; but we certainly do see that his plan of operation is a rare, a striking, and a most effective one. He stands in the exceedingly odd position of a troubadour and a classic combined. Though professing to disdain extempore effusions, he is both quick and clever at them; but for nothing in the world will he forego the delight of doing all the justice to his favourite subjects that the most elaborate and careful treatment can enable him to render. His are no 'touch-and-go' compositions. He tells the story of the people in fictions so exquisitely true, so replete with beauty, yet so familiar and peasant-like, that we can recall nothing similar to these compositions in the whole round of popular poetry. Crabbe may be as genuine and hearty—and there are among his poems some of which Jasmin often reminds us—but Crabbe was the priest of the parish, and painted from an eminence; while Jasmin stands in the crowd below, and sketches the groups among which he mingles.

Jasmin knows nothing of ancient rules, yet he is as severe as any master of antiquity in self-judgment. Still more strange is it, that this Poet of the Peasants has never disdained his original profession, but continues as usual to lather and shave the chins of his countrymen, and to dress the ladies' hair. More strange yet, he refuses all pay for his recitations. The single announcement of his name is enough to draw immense audiences, and his appearance excites an enthusiasm, compared with which that of a London crowd for Jenny Lind, is described as cold and faint. When he is on one of his missions, undertaken for religious or charitable purposes, he does not refuse to scatter impromptus in return for hospitality and compliments; but not for the best of objects will he permanently degrade his art. He will give out to the public at large only what he has carefully designed and matured. A sketch of one of his poems, entitled *Crazy Martha*, may give some idea of the subjects in which he most delights, and his manner of treating them.

Martha was a poor girl, well known in the town of Agen as living thirty years on public charity: one whom, as Jasmin says, we little rogues teased whenever she went out to get her small empty basket filled. For thirty years, we saw that poor idiot woman holding out her hand for our alms. When she went by, we used to say: 'Martha must be hungry, she is going out!' We knew nothing about her, yet everybody loved her. But the children, who have no mercy, and laugh at everything sad, used to call out: 'Martha! a soldier!' and then Martha, who dreaded soldiers, used to run away. So much for fact; but now comes the question: '*Why* did she run away?' Jasmin, he says, sat himself down to answer this question, at some thoughtful moment when the image of the poor maiden, graceful even in rags, presented itself to him; and after having diligently sought out her previous history through a number of channels, the result was the following relation.

It was a beautiful day, and the clear pure waters of the river Lot were murmuring on their banks, when a young girl walked by its side with a disturbed and anxious look. In the next town, the young men of the village were engaged in balloting for the conscription. The young girl had a lover there; her fate was entwined with his; and her whole aspect shewed how deep and heartfelt was her anxiety. In her heart she prayed, but she could not keep still. This maiden was Martha. Another girl, too, was there; she also had trouble in her eye, but not profound like Martha's. This was Annette, a neighbour's daughter. The two girls talked together of their doubts and fears, but each in her own way. At length, Annette took alarm at her friend's intensity of anxiety. She endeavoured to soothe her: 'Take courage; it is noon, we shall soon know; but you are trembling like a reed. Your look frightens me. If James should be chosen, would it kill you?' 'I don't know, indeed,'

replied Martha. Forthwith, Annette begins to remonstrate: 'Surely you would not be so foolish as to die of love—*men* never do—why should women? If my young man, Joseph, were to be drawn, I should be very sorry; but I should never think of such a thing as dying for him.'

So the loving and the light young maidens go on discoursing. The drum is heard at a distance; it draws nearer; it announces the return of those who have been fortunate enough to escape. Now, which of those two girls will have the happiness of beholding her beloved? Not Martha, alas! The thoughtless, gay, joyous Annette is to be the favoured one, for Joseph is there among the youths who have drawn the fortunate number. As for James, he is drawn, and he must go. A fortnight afterwards, Annette, who would have been so easily comforted, is married; and James takes his sorrowing farewell of poor Martha. If war spares him, he promises to return with a whole heart to her. So ends the first part or canto of the piece.

The second begins: The month of May returns again; and it is painted as only the southern poets can paint it—how often in the troubadour songs do such pictures as these return?—

> May, sweet May, again is come,
> May, that fills the land with bloom;
> On the laughing hedgerows' side
> She hath spread her treasures wide.
> She is in the greenwood shade,
> Where the nightingale hath made
> Every branch and every tree
> Ring with her sweet melody.
> Sing ye, join the chorus gay,
> Hail this merry, merry May!
> Up, then, children! let us go
> Where the blooming roses grow;
> In a joyful company
> We the bursting flowers will see, &c.

But in the midst of all this happiness, poor Martha sings her sad song alone:—'The swallows are come back; my own two birds are come to their own old nest. No one has separated them as *we* have been parted. How bright and pretty they are! and round their necks they wear the little bit of ribbon which James tied upon them when they pecked the golden grains out of our clasped hands.'

Poor Martha! she sings and complains, sick at heart and ill in body; for a slow fever has come upon her, and she seems to be dying. Just at that juncture, a kind old friend, guessing the cause of her decline, does a beneficent act with a view to her restoration. He sells a vine, gives her the money, and with this commencement of a fund, Martha labours incessantly, hoping to get the means of buying her lover's freedom. Her kind friend dies: this is discouraging; but still she proceeds. She sells the dwelling he had bequeathed to her, and runs with the money to the priest of the village.

'Monsieur le Curé,' she says, 'I have brought you the whole sum. *Now* you can write: buy his liberty, I beseech you; only do not tell him *who* has obtained it. Oh, *I* know full well that he will guess who it is; but still do not name me, nor feel any fear about me, for I can work on till he comes. Quickly, good, dear sir—quickly bring him back.' Thus the second part closes.

The third begins:—Now comes the difficulty of a search for the missing lover; for in the time of the Emperor's great wars, it was no easy matter to follow out the career of a conscript. The kind priest was skilful enough in his own field: he could hunt out a sinner in his sin, and bring him back to the fold, but to find a nameless soldier in the midst of an army—one who had not been heard of for three years—was another thing. However, no pains were spared. Time went on, and still Martha worked to replace part of what she had expended, and to have something more to bestow. The news of her persevering love was spread abroad, and everybody loved and sympathised with her. Garlands were hung on her door, and little presents against her bridal were prepared by the maidens. Above all, Annette was kind and eager. Thus every one considered her as betrothed, and the marriage only waiting for the bridegroom. At length, one Sunday morning after mass, the good priest produced a letter: it was from James. It told that he had received the gift of freedom; that he was coming the next Sunday. Not a word was said of his real deliverer. Having been left in the village a foundling, his notion was, that his mother had at length made herself known, and done this kind action. He exulted in the thought.

The week passes away, and after mass the whole population of the village awaits his coming, the good priest at their head, and Martha, poor Martha, by his side. The view which our poet gives of the scene—of the village road—of the expecting parties, is in the highest degree beautiful and artistic. All on a sudden, at the distant turn in the road, two figures are seen approaching—two soldiers: the tall one, there can be no doubt about; it is James, and how well he looks! He is grown, he is more manly, more formed by far than when he went away; but the other, who can it be? It is more like a woman than a man, though in soldier's clothes; and a foreigner too—how beautiful and graceful *she* is; yes, it is a *cantinière*. A woman with James! Who can it be? Martha's eyes rest on her—sadly, and with a deathlike fixedness; and even the priest and the people are dumb. Just at that moment, James sees his old love. Trembling and confused, he stops. The priest can no longer be silent. 'James, who is that woman?' and trembling like a culprit, he answers: 'My wife, monsieur—I am married.' A wild cry issues from the crowd—it is Martha's; but she neither weeps nor sighs: it is a burst of frantic laughter—thenceforth her reason is gone for ever.

This is the touching story which Jasmin has elaborated from the idea of poor crazy Martha. We have sketched it as a fair specimen of his manner of dealing with a suggestive fact; but in truth one grand charm can in no way be made known to the English reader. Reading his poems through the medium of a French translation, printed side by side with the original, we cannot but see how condensed and expressive is the Provençal. It has been well defined as 'an ancient language, which has met with ill fortune.' During the twelfth century—from 1150 to 1220—it had reached a high degree of perfection, having been the first of those to which the Latin gave birth after the inroads of barbarism. You find in it a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and Latin. This first formed modern tongue was violently arrested in its progress at the commencement of the thirteenth century in the wars of the Albigenses. There was no political centre, however, in the land of its birth, and it fell into disuse, and became merely a patois. Jasmin has imposed on himself the singular task of using this language, not exactly as now spoken in any one place, but as it was written in its purer times; and wherever he goes, he is understood, even by the Catalonians. Sometimes he brings up an ancient word, and sometimes coins one of immediate affinity to the old, but always with discretion and good sense. An amusing anecdote of him has been recorded lately. During one of his poetical wanderings in the south, it seems he was challenged by an enthusiastic patois rhymer to a round of three subjects in twenty-four hours; both poets to be under lock and key for that space. This is the answer of our troubadour:—

'Sir—I received only yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your poetic challenge; but I must say, that had it come to me at ever so opportune a moment, I should not have accepted it. What, sir! you propose to

my Muse, who delights in air and liberty, the confinement of a close room, guarded by sentinels, where she is to treat of three given subjects in twenty-four hours! Three subjects in the space of twenty-four hours! You terrify me! Allow me to inform you, in all humility, that the muse you are for placing in so dangerous a predicament, is too old to yield more than two or three verses a day. My five principal poems [they are here named] cost me twelve years' labour, and they do not amount in all to 1400 couplets. The chances, you see, are not equal. Your Muse will have performed her triple task before mine, poor thing, has found herself ready to begin.

'I dare not, then, enter the lists with you; the steed which drags my car painfully along, and yet comes at last to its journey's end, is no match for a railway carriage. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot enter into combination with mechanism. My Muse, therefore, declares herself conquered beforehand, and I fully authorise you to register the fact.

'I have the honour to be, sir, yours,

'JACQUES JASMIN.

'*P.S.*—Now that you know the *Muse*, please to know the *Man*. I love glory; but never did the success of others disturb my repose.'

It should be added, that Jasmin is always to be found among those who contend against the extreme centralisation of France. His whole character and turn of thought is provincial. 'The country was my cradle; in the country shall be my grave.' His influence is always moral, calming, and healthful. The poet is no revolutionist; he seeks only for the triumphs of self-conquest and virtue. It may be said, that he is too full of the cultivation of his art to be a politician; but he appears to us to be truly patriotic, and to put aside the temporary polemics of the day with a dignity which is very far from indifference.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE great city of the southern states of America, New Orleans, is one of the most interesting in the world, and presents human life in a very peculiar aspect. It is a singular place, with a singularly various population. Almost every nation of the earth has its representative there; and the Levee on a clear day presents a scene of activity and bustle hardly to be witnessed elsewhere. The city is situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, nearly ninety miles from its mouth, and extends about five miles by the course of the stream, from Carrolton at the northern, to the Powder Wharf at the southern end. It is built on what was once a swamp, and what is but little else now; and is protected from the overflow of the waters of the river by an embankment called the Levee. This mound, for so it may properly be termed, extends fully 300 miles along the Mississippi above and below New Orleans, and serves to prevent the river from inundating the plantations on its banks. At the city, it is so constructed as to yield wharfage for vessels of every description, from the 'broad horns' of the Father of Waters to the splendid steam-boats of the great western rivers, and the noble ships which traverse the ocean. The city does not extend a greater distance back from the Mississippi, at any one point, than half a mile; and he who ventures further in that direction, will soon find himself confronted by a swamp, and surrounded by alligators or some other equally formidable dwellers in the marshy lands of warm southern climates. The streets are mostly straight, crossing each other at right angles. The houses in the old or French part of the city are stuccoed, and generally not more than two storeys high; while those in the American portion, or what is called the second municipality, are [illegible] brick, and three or four storeys in altitude. [illegible] thoroughfares nearest the river, and running [illegible] to it, are devoted almost exclusively to business, and present the greatest activity and confusion. Those persons engaged in mercantile pursuits are to be seen hurrying along with rapid step; while drays, driven by slaves, and laden with cotton, sugar, and other products of the south, make a continual roar from sunrise.

The winter season is the most exciting in New Orleans, for it is then that business is at its height. That portion of the Levee set apart for steam-boats is the most crowded part of the river-front; and it often occurs that forty or fifty steam-boats, varying from 1000 to 2000 tons each, are lying there at one time, discharging or receiving cargo. Throughout almost the whole day, the place is one mass of human beings, merchandise, and drays. There are thousands of bales of cotton, mountains of pork, countless barrels of flour, hundreds of hogsheads of sugar, and immense quantities of other goods, the produce of the great Valley of the Mississippi. The puff of steam from the high-pressure engines of the huge steam-boats, mingled with the songs of the slaves, and the confusion incident to the business transacted in the place, make the beholder think the Levee a pandemonium; while from the extraordinary activity of the throng of human beings before him, he concludes that nearly every individual among them is in pursuit of that which is as dear to the pursuer as life itself. New Orleans is, and has been, the great mine from which the young men of America extract fortunes, and there thousands of them spend their early manhood in the search after wealth. Keen, eager sons of trade they are, and they turn neither to the right nor to the left in their determination to obtain gold. They come from the north, the east, the great west, and the south, to set their lives upon the cast; and either gain a fortune, or leave their bodies to moulder amid the swamps, or fertilise the soil of Louisiana. Junius, in one of his private letters to Woodfall, says: 'Let your whole aim be at a competency; for without it no man was ever happy, or, I doubt, even honest.' It appears as if every young man in New Orleans had that sentence engraven upon his heart, and acted according to it. Some run into dissipation, and die prematurely, far away from home and friends; all that is heard of them is, that they were carried off by the yellow fever at New Orleans, and expired among strangers, unpitied and unmourned. Others succeed in accumulating wealth, return to their homes old men at the age of forty years, and drag out an existence, imbittered by a broken constitution and enfeebled health.

The unlading of the river craft furnishes employment for thousands of clerks, who are to be seen on the Levee, during the hours of business, actively engaged in superintending the discharge of cargoes. The climate is warm, even in winter; and the usual dress worn by the male population is cloth trousers, light coat and waistcoat, and broad-brimmed straw-hat. This is the most common costume worn by the clerks; and they contrast strongly in their light dress and white complexions with the swarthy slaves, in coarse jeans, at their side. The sun is so powerful at certain times, as to make it essential for the lounger to protect himself from its rays by an umbrella; but it is only the man of leisure who enjoys the luxury. The merchant has no time for holding umbrellas; he must move quickly, and transact his business, or fail of success. When the day declines, the large steam-boats generally take their departure for the 'up-river country,' and then there is a scene of excitement difficult to describe. The public are familiar with the great steam-boats of the Mississippi through Banvard's Panorama; but there they are *pictured*, and not real. The artist cannot paint one of the huge craft in the act of leaving the Levee at New Orleans, amidst the confusion and excitement peculiar to the place and time. He may picture the boat, and that is all. He cannot paint

the noise of the escaping steam; the swift stream of the great river carrying the huge mass downwards, in spite of the force of its powerful engines; or the joyous song of the black slaves, or deck-hands, who pour out a favourite strain as the boat leaves her moorings, and dashes her head against the current of the turbulent Mississippi. No; these things are past his art; they can only be appreciated by being seen, and once seen, will never be forgotten. I have often stood on shore, watching the huge craft as they moved from their moorings, and struggled against the stream—listening to the hoarse growl of the escaping steam, and the wild song of the black slaves; and, as the bright rays of the sinking sun dyed the heavens in purple and gold, and threw a blush over the broad river, I have felt as if witnessing the realisation of a dream. As night settles down, the excitement dies away; and by nine o'clock, the Levee is silent. The figure of some officer, or boat-hand, is the only human form to be seen where of late so many thousands were moving; the bustle and confusion of the day is changed for the sound of the slowly-escaping steam of a newly-arrived boat, and the sluggish surge of the turbid waters of the river as they break upon the shore.

The planters of the south are a peculiar people, and may properly be designated the aristocracy of their section of the country. In the winter season, those residing along the Mississippi and its lower tributaries usually resort to New Orleans on business connected with their plantations, and generally confine themselves to the large hotels or the streets adjacent. They seldom trouble themselves about the details of trade, and go to New Orleans in the business season only to have their accounts settled by their agents, or to join in the festivities of the time and place. The majority of them are tall, well-formed, noble-looking men—dignified in deportment, and manly in appearance. They walk with a slow, deliberate tread, as if never in a hurry, and move along like men entirely independent of the cares of this world. They contrast strongly with the busy, bustling sons of trade from the north, who transact business for and among them; they appear to entertain a supreme contempt for labour, and for those who submit to it for a livelihood—a feeling they imbibe in childhood from the circumstance of the labour of their plantations being performed by slaves—mere human cattle in the estimation of the planter.

To the stranger, one of the most interesting places in the city is the auction-mart in Bank's Arcade, where negroes are disposed of in the same manner that animals are in England. During my residence in the great commercial emporium of Louisiana, I often visited the slave-markets—often saw slaves sold, but I must say I never, in a single instance, witnessed men separated from their wives, mothers from their children, or children from their parents. The sales by auction in Bank's Arcade were either of individual negroes without relatives, or of whole families. I am no advocate of that debasing system of slavery which tarnishes the escutcheon of my native land, but candour obliges me to be truthful when speaking of it. Negroes are sold, however; and the whites who dispose of them so are not too delicate in the operation. One scene which I witnessed in New Orleans will not readily be effaced from my memory, and as it will illustrate my subject, I will endeavour to describe it. The auction-mart is a large room, about 150 feet long by 85 feet wide, well lighted, and provided with seats for the slaves, desks for the transaction of business, and an auctioneer's stand. The negroes are placed upon an elevated platform immediately in front of the other, and the crowd assembles around the animal on sale, those most desirous of purchasing being nearest the stand. The auctioneer commenced by reading a printed description of the negro first put up; and after assuring the people assembled that the *boy*—for all male slaves are so called, no matter what their age—was free from the crimes and disabilities proscribed by law—that is, not given to thieving or idleness—he solicited a bid; nor was he long without receiving one. Some of the bidders asked the negro a few questions as to his habits: whether he ever ran away? whether he had a wife or children? and what he was able to do? To the first two queries, the boy answered that he had; and on being pressed as to his running, stated that he went to see his wife, who was on an adjoining plantation. The auctioneer laughed the fault off; and on the negro stating that his wife was dead, the bidders caused him to strip his coat off, and began to examine his person. One felt the muscles of his arm; another opened his mouth, and inspected his teeth, as you would those of a horse; and then his joints and bones were examined, to see whether he was in all respects sound. The poor wretch bore with patience the scrutiny he was subjected to, and cast many an anxious glance about him as the bidding went on. He instinctively turned to each new bidder, as if to fathom, if possible, the character of his probable master; and if the prospective purchaser did not possess a face expressive of kindness, the countenance of the negro fell. Jests were bandied about at the expense of the poor creature; and after a determined effort on the part of the salesman to make the most of his man, the boy was sold to the highest bidder, and removed from the platform.

Others were placed upon the stand for disposal, among whom was a young yellow woman of the age of twenty-two or three years. She was rather pretty, neat and tidy in appearance, and modest in deportment. The auctioneer proclaimed her merits aloud, and after enumerating her qualifications as a house-servant, closed his laudation of her by saying that she was a good Christian!—a character he considered valuable. The poor young woman felt her degraded situation, and the blood mounted to her temples as she sat and bore the scrutiny of the purchasers. There was but little delicacy of feeling exhibited towards her by the mob of bidders, and she was obliged to submit to the same indignities as the man, but seemed to feel them more keenly. Coarse, brutal jests were uttered, to all of which she listened in silence, but her eyes filling with tears. I turned from the soul-sickening spectacle, and was glad to hear the auctioneer say, as I was leaving the place, that the price offered for her was not sufficient and that she would not then be sold. There are other slave-markets in the city, and other objects of interest, which I must defer till a future opportunity.

TRIALS OF THE LONDON JAILERS FOR MURDER.

The admirers of Hogarth's works will be well acquainted with one plate of a very remarkable nature. It is in some of the popular editions called 'Bambridge on Trial for Murder;' but strictly, it only represents his examination, before a committee of the House of Commons, in one of the dungeons of the Fleet Prison, of which he was warden. The usual artistic aids of grouping and shading are wanting in this work as in many others by the same master. In rejecting these aids to effect, he was a true pre-Raphaelite; but he did not abandon them recklessly or capriciously: he had a great object in view. He was the moralist or the narrator with his brush and burin, and could look at nothing but his primary objects. He saw in his mind's eye the people doing the actions of which he wished to convey an impression; and when he had set them down, if the grouping was not harmonious he could not help it—an alteration would spoil the moral or distort the

narrative. The shadows might be without breadth or mass—cold, meagre, or in any other way defective—he would not touch them for the finest effect of chiaro-scuro if it would enfeeble the expression of a countenance, or hide some detail calculated to impress the spectator. It was the reality of his groups, not their harmony or picturesqueness, that were all in all to him. He drew and coloured correctly, but he paid no further homage to the principles of pure art. And it involves no disrespect for high art to say, that the world would have been a loser if Hogarth had sacrificed for its attainment the objects towards which his peculiar genius instinctively carried him.

The examination of Bambridge is the most faulty of all his productions in an artistic sense; but its reality at once overpowers the attention. We see all the details of the dungeon: the heavy stanchioned windows, the thick oaken door barred and chained. The group within is perhaps too well seen for the natural amount of light; but it was the artist's object to depict it distinctly, and every member is fully visible. It seems strangely inconsistent with the place. Twelve gentlemen, in the courtly full dress of George II.'s day, are grouped round a temporary table. Their features exhibit intense curiosity mingled with anxiety. The chairman has been examining a large iron instrument, made evidently for covering the head, and holding the arms stretched out in a constrained attitude; and with a face strongly expressive of high-minded indignation and deep compassion, he turns to the figure of Bambridge behind. That figure is one of Hogarth's master-pieces; and it has been remarked, that impotent rage, terror, and detected guilt were never before so powerfully portrayed by art: the carriage, to be sure, is constrained and ungraceful enough; but one is at first too much absorbed in its moral effect to notice these blemishes. There is another conspicuous figure present: a victim with a few rags on him, his face and limbs emaciated, and an instrument of torture, not unlike that which the chairman is handling, fixed to his arms and neck.

This abject-looking wretch is supposed to be Sir William Rich, Baronet, whom the committee of inspection found so heavily ironed, that for a month before he had not been able to remove his clothes. This gentleman had had a bitter quarrel with Bambridge on a point on which the warden was very sensitive—prison-fees. In fact, the rapacity of the keepers was the great source of their cruelty. Their appointments could be made enormously lucrative by the exaction of extra fees. Bambridge had bought his wardenship, had sunk a small fortune in the purchase, and was of course desirous to make the most of his bargain. Sir William maintained, that he had been bandied from prison to prison for the sake of entrance-fees, which, from his being a baronet, were higher than those exacted from the untitled. Sir William struggled against the legality of the exactions; in fact, he seems to have been unable to pay them. A long tissue of violences then occurred, and, one of the altercations taking place where a shoemaker was at work, Sir William, driven to desperation by insults, threats, and imminent danger from the armed turnkeys who were present, struck Bambridge with the shoemaker's knife, and slightly wounded him. The committee who visited the prison, in their report, then say: 'Immediately after this, Sir William was loaded with heavy irons, and put into the dungeon on the common side for two or three days, and was then removed to the dungeon on the master's side; in which deplorable situation, in the last hard winter, he remained ten days, and could have no fire but charcoal, which (there being no fireplace) the closeness of the dungeon, and the fear of being suffocated, rendered more dangerous and intolerable than the severity of the weather. . .

'Sir William applying to the Court of Common Pleas for redress, a rule was made for his removal, and lighter irons. Sir William was accordingly removed, but the heavy irons were kept on him; and in that condition he suffered until the committee visited the prison.'

There were several criminal prosecutions raised against the keepers of the prisons compromised by the reports of Colonel Oglethorpe's committee. The treatment of Sir William Rich, however, was not one of the grounds, for he appears to have survived the injuries he received; and the public mind was raised to such furious indignation, that it would endure nothing less than trials for murder. We have endeavoured to shew, in a previous article, how much humanity owes to the exposures of this committee, and to such proceedings by the House of Commons generally, whenever it got the clue to any great outrage or cruelty. There is another institution, however, of which the proceedings on this occasion brought out the high protective functions—trial by jury. This popular institution, in fact, protected the accused persons from the fury of the mob, who demanded their blood. There could be no doubt that the reports of the committee were an exposure of a dreadful system, or rather of a chaotic absence of all system. It was natural that the public should immediately desire to satiate their indignant vengeance on the individuals who seemed to be mainly instrumental in producing such horrors. But those of the public who exercised the important function of jurymen, had to divest their minds of the misleading influence of the general history of events, and set themselves coolly to the task of deciding whether the individuals before them had designedly and knowingly taken away lives. That in many respects they were guilty wretches, was not to be doubted. But had they actually committed murder? or were they not rather the mere partakers in a vile system of mismanagement, which, though its general results were often fatal to life, inculpated all who had to do with it, from the legislature, which passed imperfect and inconsiderate measures, down to the turnkeys, who rivetted the chains and drew the bolts?

Bambridge was brought to trial on the 22d of May 1729 for the murder of Robert Castell. But the very nature of the accusation shewed how difficult it was, as well as how unjust, to throw the whole responsibility of a bad system on one man. Castell had been kept, not in the jail, but in a spunging-house attached to it, in which Bambridge was concerned, and where he could pillage the prisoners more amply than even in the prison with all its abuses. It was of course only those who could 'bleed,' or pay well, who were so disposed of. From time immemorial, these establishments have been a source of legitimate pillage, because the debtor sometimes prefers being privately in custody in such a place, to the disgrace attached to an actual committal to a public jail. Bambridge's spunging-house appears to have been exactly what the London novelists describe such a place to have been a century later—a den full of filth and dissipation, where the viciously extravagant and the unfortunate, are systematically fleeced with impartial severity. In general, the committal to the spunging-house is the prisoner's choice. It was not so, however, in Castell's instance. He prayed to be committed to the prison. There was a man named Wright in the house, ill of small-pox in an aggravated form, and Castell predicted that, if confined there, he would catch the disease and die. The fatal result thus anticipated occurred; and for having deliberately brought it on, Bambridge was tried for murder. His conduct was rapacious, reckless, and tyrannical, but it was just that of other people in his position. Their power and irresponsibility encouraged them in such acts; and it seemed scarcely just to make him solely responsible for such a result of the whole evil system as this man's death by small-pox. Bambridge was therefore acquitted. But a strong vindictive feeling was exhibited against him, which almost created a reaction in his favour. In the

practice of the law of England, there was an old form called An Appeal of Murder, by which, independently of any public trial, a widow might conduct proceedings against the murderer of her husband. Blackstone mentions it as a process so complicated and peculiar, that it had practically fallen out of use. Castell's widow, however, was urged to prosecute Bambridge by appeal. The proceedings, chiefly consisting of technicalities, fill a considerable volume. In the end, however, Bambridge was acquitted.

An onslaught had been in the meantime made against another of the offensive keepers—William Acton, head-turnkey of the Marshalsea. He was brought to trial on the 30th July 1729 for murder, on the ground of the following statement of the committee of visitation:—

'In the year 1726, Thomas Bliss, a carpenter, not having any friends to support him, was almost starved to death in the prison; upon which he endeavoured to get out of the prison by a rope lent him by another prisoner. In the attempt, he was taken by the keepers, dragged by the heels into the lodge, barbarously beaten, and put into irons, in which he was kept several weeks. One afternoon, as he was quietly standing in the yard with his irons on, some of the said Acton's men called him into the lodge, where Acton was then drinking and merry with company. In about half an hour, Bliss came out crying, and gave an account that, when he was in the lodge, they, for their diversion, as they called it, fixed on his head an iron instrument (which appears to be an iron skull-cap), which was screwed so close, that it forced the blood out of his ears and nose. And he further declared, that his thumbs were at the same time put into a pair of thumb-screws, which were screwed so tight, that the blood started out of them; and from that time he continued disordered to the day of his death.'

Several witnesses proved that such a shocking scene, or something like it, had occurred; but in the testimony of a number of people, with peculiar motives actuating their evidence, there was much confusion. It was not clear that the man's death was owing to the wanton torture—it might have been occasioned by a fall in attempting to escape. There was much confused testimony as to the share which Acton had in the actual infliction; and some witnesses wished to make out that he had been particularly humane personally to the poor prisoner. On these doubts he was acquitted, making a very narrow escape.

There was a strong desire, however, to make a victim of Acton; and, on the 2d August, he was again put on trial for his life for the murder of George Bromfield. The substance of the charge was, that 'Acton beat him inhumanly and unmercifully, so that the marks and strokes of the blows were visible after his death. Not satisfied with this, he put him in double irons, which the man could not well bear, and put him into a hole which is damp, dirty, and narrow, so that he could not stand upright or lie at length; he was kept there for several days. The prisoner then began to relent, and took him into another place, but did not take the irons off at that time. But the man having contracted an ill state of health, when the prisoner thought it would be the occasion of his death, he then took off the irons; but that was too late, for he soon died.' Here, again, there was little doubt of the cruelty having been committed, but it was not clear that it had been the immediate cause of death; and in the secrecy and irresponsibility of the prison arrangements, it could not be proved that Acton was the inflicter, so he was again acquitted. His enemies had, however, prepared a whole battery of charges against him. He was immediately put on trial for the murder of John Newton. This man had been put into a dungeon so loathsome, from the nature of the various kinds of filth finding an entrance to it, that the description of it in the testimony is sickening. Still, in following up a vile, reckless system, it could not be shewn that the head-turnkey had committed deliberate murder, and he was acquitted. Again, he was tried for the murder of James Thomson, and again acquitted. The case was, in fact, not nearly so strong as the other.

As the result of the trials and inquiries to which we have referred, there were, of course, many secondary punishments in dismissal from offices; and it would appear that the offending parties had to bestow considerable sums in hush-money; for when public feeling took a run against them, there seemed no end to the multitude of accusers. Their trials must also have been costly, and their position while these depended, extremely nervous. The public, however, demanded victims for the gibbet, and were disappointed with the general results. It is not to be regretted, however, that they were not gratified. Had Bambridge and Acton been hanged, the public would have believed that the system of extortion and cruelty was effectually suppressed by examples so terrible, and would in all probability have been grievously mistaken. While they remained uncontrolled, reckless men would yield to the impulses of their bad passions, even at the risk of life. It is a phenomenon exemplified every day. Hanging does not always put down the practices people are hanged for. Since the exposure had been in this instance so effective, it was all the better that the public should not have had reason to suppose they had got an effectual protection in putting to death those whom accident rather than excess of guilt had selected. Attention was drawn from the men to the system; and it was seen, that there was more safety in preventing such frightful abuses, than in allowing men to perpetrate them unchecked, with the chance of subsequent punishment.

A CORNISH CHURCH-YARD BY THE SEVERN SEA.

Perhaps there is no county in all Great Britain less known to the bulk even of the more intelligent portion of the community than Cornwall. Its geographical position has hitherto isolated it, and it will probably be very long ere railways introduce any material alteration either in the character of the people or in the aspect of the land. The knowledge of Cornwall popularly diffused in England usually amounts to this—that it is a desolate peninsula, barren and treeless; that it contains inexhaustible mines, extending far under the sea; that its miners and peasantry speak a *patois* quite unintelligible to the people of any other part of England; that it boasts a St Michael's Mount and a Land's End; and that its natives have, from time immemorial, enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being merciless *wreckers*, devoid of the milk of human kindness. How unmerited this last stigma is, as applied to modern Cornishmen, the anecdotes we have to relate will sufficiently indicate.

The church of the remote village of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, is close on the Severn Sea, and the vicar's glebe is bounded by stern rifted cliffs, 450 feet high. Orkney or Shetland itself perhaps does not contain a more wild and romantic place than Morwenstow. 'Nothing here but doth suffer a sea-change.' Fragments of wreck everywhere attest the nature of the coast. If an unfortunate vessel is driven by a north-west or a south-west gale within the Horns of Hartland and Padstow Points, God help her hapless crew! for she is doomed to certain destruction. Along the whole coast there is no harbour of refuge—nothing but iron rocks. Here the roar of the ocean is incessant, and in stormy weather appalling. Mighty waves then fling themselves against the giant cliffs, and bursting with thundering crash, send their spray in salt-showers over the land. The life led by the

dwellers near these solitary cliffs can be but dimly imagined by the inhabitants of inland cities. During the long dark nights of winter, they listen between the fierce bursts of the tempest, expecting every moment to hear the cry of human agony, from the crew of some foundering bark, rise above the wild laugh of the waves; and when morning breaks, they descend to the rugged beach, not knowing whether they may not find it strewn with wrecks and corpses. So tremendous is the power of the sea on this particular part of the coast, that insulated masses of rock, from ten to twenty tons in weight, are frequently uplifted and hurled about the beach. Whatever stigma once attached to the people of the coast as wreckers who allured vessels to destruction, or plundered and murdered the helpless crews cast ashore, a character the very reverse may most justly be claimed by the existing generation. Their conduct in all cases of shipwreck is admirable, and nobly do they second the exertions of their amiable and gifted vicar, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, whose performance of his arduous duties is appreciated far beyond the boundaries of old Cornwall.

Many a startling legend of shipwreck can the worthy vicar tell you; and he will shew you at his vicarage, five figure-heads of ships, and numerous other melancholy relics of his 'flotsam and jetsam' searches along the coast of his parish. In his escritoire are no less than fifty or sixty letters of thanks, addressed to him by the relatives of mariners whose mortal remains he has rescued from the sea, and laid side by side, to rest in the hallowed earth of his church-yard. Let us visit this church-yard with him, and we shall see objects not seen every day 'among the tombs;' and hear stories which, melancholy as they are, give us reason proudly to own the men of Cornwall as our fellow-countrymen.

Not to speak of the numerous scattered single graves of drowned sailors, three entire crews of ships here rest together. Nearly all their corpses were found by the vicar in person, who, with his people, searched for them among the rocks and tangled sea-weed, when the storms had spent their fury; and here they received at his benevolent hands solemn and befitting Christian sepulture. As a local paper well remarked at the time: 'Strangers as they were, receiving their last resting-place from the charity of the inhabitants upon whose coast they were thrown, they have not been piled one upon another, in a common pit, but are buried side by side, each in his own grave. This may seem a trifle; but reverence for the remains of the departed is a Christian virtue, and is associated with the most sublime and consolatory doctrine of our holy religion. They who thus honour the dead, will seldom fail in their duty to the living.' We cordially echo this sentiment.

At the foot of one group of graves stands the figure-head of the *Caledonia*, with dirk and shield. The gallant crew sleep well beneath its shade! The *Caledonia* was a Scotch brig, belonging to Arbroath, and was wrecked about ten years ago. Fast by repose the entire crew of the *Alonzo*, and near the mounds which mark their resting-place is a boat, keel uppermost, and a pair of oars crosswise. Full of melancholy suggestiveness are these objects, and the history the vicar tells us fully realises what we should anticipate from seeing them in a church-yard. The *Alonzo* was a large schooner belonging to Stockton-on-Tees, and came down this coast on her voyage from Wales to Hamburg with a cargo of iron. Off Morwenstow, she encountered a fearful storm, and despite every effort of seamanship, drove within the fatal 'Points.'

> 'Pilot! they say when tempests rave,
> Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
> Watch the wild wreck, but not to save!'
> Her race is run—deep in the sand
> She yields her to the conquering wave;
> And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand—
> Rush they to plunder?—*No, to save!* *

But, alas! no effort of 'dark Cornwall's sons' could now avail. The captain of the *Alonzo*, a stern, powerful man, is supposed to have been overmastered by his crew in the awful excitement when impending destruction became a dread certainty. At anyrate, he and they took to their boat, and forsook the wreck. What a moment was this for the spectators! For a few fleeting minutes, all was breathless suspense—the boat now riding on the crests of the mad billows, now sinking far down in their mountainous hollows. One moment, it is seen bravely bearing its living freight—the next, drifting shoreward, swamped! Hark! a terrible cry of despair echoes over the raging billows: it is the blended death-cry of the perishing mariners. Captain and crew, nine in number, all were lost, and all are now sleeping side by side in their last long home, with their boat rotting over their heads. One of the owners of the vessel posted to Morwenstow to identify the bodies of the crew. This was done chiefly by comparing the initials on their clothes and on their skins with the ship's articles which were cast ashore. One of the crew was a young Dane, a remarkably noble-looking fellow, six feet two in height. On his broad chest was tattooed the Holy Rood—a cross with our Saviour on it, and his mother and St John standing by. On his stalwart arm was an anchor and the initials of his name, 'P. B.'—which on the ship's list was entered Peter Benson. Three years after his burial, the vicar received, through a Danish consul, a letter of inquiry from the parents of this ill-fated mariner in Denmark. They had traced him to the *Alonzo*, had heard of her wreck, and were anxious to know what had become of his remains. His name was Bengstein, and he was engaged to be married to his Danish *Pige*, or sweetheart, on his return home. Poor *Pige af Danmark!* Never more will thy lover return to claim thee as his bride. Thy gallant sailor rests from all his wanderings in a solitary church-yard in a foreign land. In heaven thou mayst meet him again—on earth, never!

Another anecdote related by the vicar deeply affected us. The brig *Hero*, from Liverpool to London, drove in sight of Morwenstow Cliffs in a terrible storm, and drifted towards Bude, a small dry haven to the southward. Her crew unhappily took to their boat, were immediately capsized of course, and every soul perished. The ship itself drove ashore at Bude, with the fire still burning in her cabin. They found in one of her berths a Bible—a Sunday-school reward. A leaf was folded down, and a passage marked with ink *not long dry*. It was the 33d chapter of Isaiah, and the 21st, 22d, and 23d verses. There was a piece of writing-paper between the leaves, whereon the owner of the Bible had begun to copy the passage!

And who was he who possessed sufficient nerve and presence of mind to quote this striking passage of Holy Writ when on the very brink of eternity—conscious, as he must have been, that there was hardly a shadow of hope that he would escape the fate which actually befell him almost immediately afterwards? He was a poor sailor-lad of seventeen, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A letter from her was also found in his berth. His body was cast ashore near Morwenstow.

The wreck of the *Hero* occurred about a year prior to that of the *Caledonia* of Arbroath before mentioned. One man was saved from the latter vessel, and was the only mourner who attended the funeral-sermon preached by the vicar of Morwenstow after the inter-

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* *Echoes from Old Cornwall*, a beautiful little work, by the vicar of Morwenstow.

ment of his messmates. On this occasion, the vicar took for his text the verses quoted by the sailor-boy, and every hearer wept.

We might go on with the reminiscences suggested by many a sailor's grave, but we have said enough to indicate what romantic and pathetic histories of real life are interwoven with this wild and solitary Cornish church-yard. Many a gallant mariner who has battled with the breeze of every clime, here calmly sleeps his last long watch; and with him are buried who shall say what hopes and loves of mourning friends and kindred?

THE VINEGAR-PLANT.

A few years ago, the attention of domestic circles began to be aroused by the reported introduction 'from India' of a wonderful plant, possessed of the property of converting treacle and other saccharine fluids into excellent table-vinegar. This rumour created an inquiry after the plant by thrifty housewives; and the excitement subsequently produced by the frequent suggestion of the subject at dinner-parties, led to the speedy diffusion of the vinegar-plant as a useful, we might almost add, indispensable article in private families. Nor was this retarded by the reports promulgated by some mischievous botanists, that the use of vinegar so produced would insure the development of vinegar-plants in the stomach!

The vinegar-plant does not exhibit any of those peculiarities which our ordinary ideas associate with a *plant*. It may be described as a tough, gelatinous substance, of a pale-brownish colour; and to nothing can it be more appropriately compared than to a piece of boiled tripe.* It is usually placed in a small jar containing a solution of sugar, or a mixture of sugar, treacle (or golden sirup), and water; and after being allowed to remain for six or eight weeks in a kitchen cupboard, or other warm situation, the solution is found to be converted into vinegar, this change being due to a kind of fermentation caused by the plant. While this change is going on, the further development of the plant proceeds: it divides into two distinct layers, which in course of time would again increase in size and divide, and so on, each layer being suitable for removing to a separate jar for the production of vinegar. The layers may also be cut into separate pieces for the purpose of propagating more freely. The solution necessarily causes the vinegar to be of a sirupy nature, but not to such an extent as to communicate a flavour to it; when evaporated to dryness, a large quantity of saccharine matter is left.

When this remarkable production was brought before the notice of scientific men, it was difficult to form an opinion respecting it. The microscope shewed it to have an organised structure; but its peculiar character, and its remarkable *mode of life*, differed entirely from any other known production. It has been instrumental, however, in opening up a new field of inquiry, and recent investigations shew that it is not a solitary form of organic life.

The vinegar-plant has been assigned a place in the large and obscure order of fungi. It is, in fact, a familiar species of mould, but in a peculiar stage of development. Dr Lindley and most other botanists regard it as the *Penicillium glaucum* (Greville). To give a correct notion of the true character of this abnormal production, it is necessary to allude briefly to the mode of development in fungi.

The fungi or mushroom family form an order of the class Cryptogamia (flowerless plants), and in their structure are entirely cellular—that is, their whole substance is composed of simple cells varying in form and arrangement in the different species. In the fungus there are two distinct systems—the vegetative and reproductive. The vegetative system consists of variously modified filaments, generally concealed in the earth or other matrix on which the fungus grows, and is the *mycelium* or spawn. This spawn is well known in horticulture, being used for the production of mushrooms. The reproductive organs consist of spores, or spherical cells, very minute, but performing the part of seeds in the higher plants: these spores are sometimes supported on simple filamentous processes; but in the common mushroom we find the gills on its under-side to be the part whereon they are produced, the whole of the mushroom which we use belonging in fact to the reproductive system. Now, in its perfect state, the vinegar plant presents all the usual appearance of common mould. But in the state in which we have it in an acetous solution, only the vegetative system, or the spawn, is developed, and developed to an extraordinary extent—consisting, when viewed under the microscope, of filamentous threads capable of producing the fructification or perfect mould whenever they are subjected to the proper conditions. These cellular filaments by being so closely interlaced together, give the peculiar leathery appearance exhibited by the vinegar-plant. Whenever the vinegar is allowed to evaporate, and the mycelium to become free from saturation, then the usual form of the mould is produced.

This is not the only instance of the mycelium of a fungus developing itself naturally in an abnormal condition without producing organs of reproduction. According to Dr Lindley, 'it is probable that the flocculent matter which forms in various infusions when they become "mothery," and which bears this name, is only the mycelium of *Mucor*, *Penicillium*, and other fungals of a similar nature.' It is not only in stale vinegar, in wine bottles, in empyreumatic succinate of ammonia, and in saccharine solutions, that such fungoid growths appear. Who is not familiar with the tough mass that is so often brought up on the point of the pen from the inkholder? It, too, is of the same nature, and like all similar productions, is especially rife in hot weather.

It must not be supposed that what is usually called the vinegar-plant is always the mycelium of *Penicillium glaucum*. There may be many distinct species which assume the form when placed under the required conditions, and all of them may have the power of producing vinegar.

Mould of various kinds, when placed in sirup, shews the same tendency as the vinegar-plant to form a flat, gelatinous, or leathery expansion. This is well shewn by Professor Balfour, in a paper recently laid before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, 'On the Growth of various kinds of Mould in Sirup.' The results of his experiments are as follow:—

I. Some mould that had grown on an apple was put into sirup on 5th March 1851, and in the course of two months afterwards there was a cellular, flat, expanded mass formed, while the sirup was converted into vinegar. Some of the original mould was still seen on the surface, retaining its usual form.

II. Mould obtained from a pear was treated in a similar way at the same time; the results were similar. So also with various moulds obtained from bread, tea, and other vegetable substances, the effect being in most cases to cause fermentation, which resulted in the production of vinegar.

III. On 8th November 1850, a quantity of raw sugar, treacle, and water, was put into a jar, without any mould or other substance being introduced; it was left untouched till 5th March 1851, when, on being examined, it was found that a growth like that of the vinegar-plant had formed, and vinegar was produced, as in the other experiments. The plant was removed into a jar of fresh sirup, and again the production of vinegar took place.

IV. Other experiments shewed, that when the sirup

is formed from purified white sugar alone, the vinegar is not produced so readily, the length of time required for the changes varying from four to six months. There may possibly be something in the raw sugar and treacle which tends to promote the acetous change.

The professor exhibited specimens of the different kinds of mould to the meeting, some in sirup of different kinds, and others in the vinegar which had been formed. Several members of the society expressed their opinions on the subject. Dr Greville remarked, that he had no doubt of the vinegar-plant being an abnormal state of some fungus. It is well known that many fungi, in peculiar circumstances, present most remarkable forms; and Dr Greville instanced the so-called genus *Myconema* of Fries, as well as the genus *Ozonium*. Even some of the common toad-stools, or *Agarics*, present anomalous appearances, such as the absence of the pileus, &c., in certain instances. The remarkable appearances of dry-rot in different circumstances are well known. Although sirup, when left to itself, will assume the acetous form, still there can be no doubt but the presence of the plant promotes and expedites the change. Professor Simpson observed, that the changes in fungi may resemble the alternation of generations so evident in the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup and others. In the *Medusæ* there are remarkable changes of form, and there is also the separation of buds resembling the splitting of the vinegar-plant. Mr Embleton remarked, that in the neighbourhood of Embleton, in Northumberland, every cottager uses the plant for the purpose of making vinegar.

From the account we have given of the vinegar-plant, it will be seen that the numerous reports as to its introduction from India and other distant climes are probably without foundation. Whatever may be the history of individual specimens, certain it is that the plant in question is a native production. It will also be seen by those acquainted with botanical investigations, that the great difficulty in arriving at correct conclusions respecting the plant, was the absence of properly developed examples. We still want investigations as to the *species* which undergo this remarkable development. The recent researches of the Rev. Mr Berkeley and others shew that the fungi, above all other plants, are pre-eminent for abnormal variation.

We ought to observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the vinegar-plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of dividing into laminæ, is quite in accordance with the merismatic division by which many of the lower *algæ* propagate.

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

Few of us suspect, while we amuse ourselves with watching the active gambols of the tiny beings, that to enable them to perform such feats as we see them execute every day, an amount of strength has been conferred upon them which could not safely have been intrusted to any of the larger animals, and that nothing but the comparatively diminutive size, to which all the insect races are jealously restricted, prevents them becoming the tyrants of this globe, and the destroyers of all other terrestrial creatures. The common flea, as every one knows, will, without much apparent effort, jump 200 times its own length; and several grasshoppers and locusts are said to be able to perform leaps quite as wonderful. In the case of the insect, they scarcely excite our notice; but if a man were coolly to take a standing-leap of 380 odd yards, which would be an equivalent exertion of muscular power, perhaps our admirers of athletic sports might be rather startled at such performance. Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour, would be admitted to be a tolerably good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say to the little fly [illegible] by Mr Delisle, so minute as almost to be in[illegible]ch ran nearly six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made 1080 steps? This, according to the calculations of Kirby and Spence, is as if a man, whose steps measured two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles a minute! Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr Newport. The great stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*), which tears off the bark from the roots and the branches of the trees, has been known to gnaw a hole, an inch in diameter, through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society. The common beetle (*Geotrupes stercorarious*) can, without injury, support and even raise very great weights, and make its way beneath almost any amount of pressure. In order to put the strength of the insect Atlas to the test, experiments have been made which prove that it is able to sustain and escape from beneath a load of from 20 to 30 ounces—a prodigious burden, when it is remembered that the insect itself does not weigh as many grains: in fact, once more taking man as a standard of comparison, it is as though a person of ordinary size should raise and get from under a weight of between 40 and 50 tons.—*Rymer Jones's Natural History of Animals.*

A LONDON EDITOR FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Our editor was originally intended for the kirk, and was a well-informed person; but to see him at or after midnight in his official chair, a writing his 'leader,' was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter close at hand, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down, he proceeded *secundum artem*. The head hung with the chin on his collar-bone, as in deep thought—a whiff—another—a tug at the beer—and a line and a half or two lines committed to the blotted paper.—*Jerdan's Autobiography.*

THE LOVER'S GRAVE.

'Man celebrates a more beautiful festival for the dead when he dries the tears of others, than when he sheds his own; and the most beautiful flower and cypress-garland which we can hang upon loved monuments, is a fruit-garland of good deeds.'—RICHTER.

MAIDEN, rise, and weep no more—thy betrothed hath found a rest
Far more blissful than the pillow of thy fond and faithful breast.
He hath passed away ere time dimmed the lustre of those eyes,
Whose dark depths revealed to thee more than passion's words or sighs;
Ere his voice of music merged in a harsh or careless tone—
Ere he ceased to deem that life without thee was drear and lone.

How couldst thou have borne a change, often wrought as years progress,
When illusions, cherished early, vanish never more to bless?
Happy dreams! soon scared away when the flood of human tears
Scattereth the tender bloom which with the storm-burst disappears!
Maiden, rise, and weep no more—unscathed memories are thine:
Bow thine head in resignation meekly to the Power Divine.

C. A. M. W.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 53 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 464. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

THE ENGLISH REGICIDES IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the 1st of September 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church; and, posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master-mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The Red Men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared: nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother-country; and thus unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church, related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and, latterly, has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in *Peveril of the Peak*; Cooper has made use of it in *The Borderers*; and *Oliver Newman*, the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

Goffe, son of the rector of Tranmere, in Sussex, was, in early life, apprenticed to a drysalter in London; but the stirring events of the great Civil War soon drew him from so obscure a position. Joining the Parliamentary Army, he rose in a short time to the rank of colonel, and gained the entire confidence of Cromwell. He was one of those bold men who presumed to sit in judgment on their sovereign, and condemn him to the scaffold and the block. He commanded Cromwell's own regiment at the battle of Dunbar, and 'at push of pike repelled the stoutest regiment the enemy had there.' Subsequently, he became major-general, and obtained a seat in the Protector's House of Peers. After the death of Cromwell, when the Restoration was evidently close at hand, Goffe, well knowing that England would no longer be a place of safety for him, left Westminster early in the May of 1660, and, accompanied by Edward Whalley, his father-in-law, embarked for Boston.

Whalley was first-cousin to Cromwell, and early distinguished himself in the Civil War. At Naseby, he charged and defeated two divisions of Langdale's horse, though they were supported by Prince Rupert. In the west, he defeated 'the dissolute Goring,' and did good service at the siege of Bristol. He had charge of the king at Hampton Court; sat in judgment on him in

Westminster Hall; and the name of Whalley stands fourth in the list of signatures attached to the death-warrant of Charles. At Dunbar, Major-general Whalley had his horse shot under him; yet, though wounded, he continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. When Cromwell dissolved the first Protectorate Parliament, it was Whalley who carried off the mace; and, lastly, we read of him sitting in the Upper House as one of the Lord Protector's peers.

On their arrival in Boston, in June, Goffe and Whalley were well received, and treated, by Governor Endicot and the leading men of the colony, according to the rank they had held in England. But as the news of the proclamation of Charles II. came out in the same ship with them, they having heard it in the Channel, it was considered prudent that they should retire to the village of Cambridge, now a suburb of Boston. As an illustration of the feelings of the colonists towards them, it is worth noticing, that a person who had insulted the Regicides was bound over to keep the peace, although, at the same time in London, a reward of L.100 was offered for their heads. A New-England tradition of Goffe at this period is still current, and therefore claims recital, although we have doubts of the ex-major-general placing himself in so undignified a position. A European master of fence, it is said, had arrived in the colony, and, in order to exhibit his skill in the art, had erected a stage in the public street, from which he vauntingly challenged all comers to a bout at rapier or broadsword. Goffe, being among the crowd, perhaps nettled by some political allusions, snatched a dirty mop from the hands of a by-stander, and hastily mounted the stage. 'What do you mean,' exclaimed the fencing-master, 'by coming at me in that fashion?' A dab of the filthy instrument in the speaker's face was Goffe's sole reply. The enraged champion thrust viciously with his rapier; but it was adroitly parried with the mop-handle, and again his eyes, mouth, and beard, were deluged. This went on for a short time, to the great delight of the spectators, till at length the discomfited braggart, throwing down his rapier, caught up a broadsword. 'Hold!' cried the old parliamentary warrior: 'know that for so far I have played with you; but if you come at me with a broadsword, I will most certainly kill you.' Upon which the fencing-master, struck by the stern manner of his antagonist, at once dropped his weapon, muttering: 'Leave me alone, I will have no more to do with you—you are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.' Ezra Stiles, the distinguished antiquary, and learned president of Yale College, writing in 1794, says it is still proverbial in New England, when praising a champion at athletic exercises, to say, that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

The halcyon days of the refugees at Cambridge were soon at an end. Late in November, the Act of Indemnity, from which, among others, the names of Goffe and Whalley were excluded, arrived in Boston. Yet Governor Endicot did not summon a general court to consult upon securing them until February, and then a majority of the members were against the proposition. At a consultation of their private friends, however, it was decided, as the safest plan, that the refugees should proceed to Newhaven, in Connecticut; and accordingly they set forth on their journey, and were treated with kindness and respect on the way. Arrived at Newhaven, they took up their residence in the house of Mr Davenport, the clergyman, a person eminently distinguished, in the early chronicles of the colony, for his talents, learning, zeal, and piety. But the fugitives were not destined to remain long at rest. In March, news arrived from England that ten of the Regicides had been already executed; the relentless vengeance of the authorities aggravating the bitterness of their deaths with circumstances of revolting barbarism.

Goffe, from the period of his departure from England until the year of his death, kept a diary. Unfortunately, this interesting manuscript was burned at Boston, during one of the riots that formed no unapt prelude to the revolutionary war; but there are a few scattered extracts from it to be found in the pages of Hutchinson, and other New-England writers, which afford us a glance at the inner life and sentiments of the refugees. They appear to have heard of the execution of their friends and confederates with feelings more nearly allied to exultation than regret. History informs us that these ten, who first suffered the penalty of the outraged law, exhibited traits of the wildest fanaticism. In the court, they appealed to the victories which the Lord had given to their swords, as a proof of the justice of their cause. They declared, that 'the execution of Charles Stuart was a necessary act of justice, a glorious deed, the sound of which had gone into most nations, and a solemn recognition of that high supremacy which the King of Heaven holds over the kings of the earth.' On the scaffold, they said that their 'martyrdom was the most glorious spectacle the world had ever witnessed since the death of the Saviour.' But, they continued, let their persecutors tremble: the hand of the Lord was already raised to avenge their innocent blood, and in a short time their cause would again be triumphant. With the confidence of prophets, they uttered this prediction, and with the boldness of martyrs submitted to their fate. Such language and conduct was not lost on their equally fanatical, yet pious and Bible-learned brethren. From Goffe's diary, it appears that he and his companion considered the execution of the ten Regicides to be identical with the slaying of the 'witnesses,' foretold in the book of Revelation; and, connecting this idea with the mystical number 666, they confidently expected that in the year 1666, a new revolution would take place in their favour. Under this idea, they suffered all the heart-sickness of deferred hope, for the year 1666 passed without any demonstration; but their faith, nevertheless, was unshaken—there must be a chronological error, they affirmed, in the date of the Christian era, and the accomplishment of the witnesses' prediction must speedily arrive.

The news of the execution of the ten Regicides was accompanied with tidings of still greater personal interest to Goffe and Whalley. A Captain Bredan having seen them in Boston, reported the circumstance in London; and a royal mandate was transmitted to Governor Endicot, to arrest and send them to England. The governor, whatever his own private feelings might be, did not dare to resist the order openly; but attempting to evade it, on the grounds of inability to compel his subordinates to put it into execution, two young English merchants, named Kirk and Kellond, zealous Royalists, volunteered on the service, and, furnished with Endicot's warrant, immediately proceeded to Newhaven. Letters, however, conveyed intelligence of these proceedings to the people of Newhaven, who took measures accordingly. On the Sunday previous to the arrival of the 'pursuers,' as Kirk and Kellond were termed, Davenport preached a sermon, divided into no less than thirty-two heads, from the following passage in the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah: 'Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.' This discourse had the desired effect. When the pursuers arrived, they waited on Leet, the governor of Newhaven, requesting him to back their warrant, and render them assistance. Leet replied, that a conscientious scruple prevented him from backing their warrant; that he could not suffer

them to act as magistrates in Newhaven; but he would send out his own constables to seek for Goffe and Whalley, and *if* they were in his jurisdiction, they would, no doubt, be speedily arrested. Leet's constables, we need scarcely say, did not succeed in arresting the outcasts. But when the pretended search was going on in the town, a more laughable farce was being acted in its immediate vicinity. One Kimberley, the sheriff, not having the fear of Parson Davenport or Governor Leet before his eyes, mustering a few followers, proceeded to where the delinquents were quietly passing the day under a tree, so that the constables might conscientiously affirm that they could not find them in the town. Kimberley, advancing, summoned the old Roundhead heroes to surrender; but they, not relishing such freedom, gave the sheriff a sound caning for his pains—his followers, instead of assisting their chief, laughing heartily at his discomfiture.

Newhaven being now unsafe quarters for the Regicides, they retreated to a cave on the summit of West Hill, one of the headlands that form the harbour, where, supplied with provisions by a woodman, they lived for about a month. The Cave of the 'Judges'—such being the term invariably given to the Regicides in America—is at the present day one of the show-places of Newhaven. It is formed by seven rocks, leaning against and supporting each other, so as to resemble in some degree a cromlech; but though appearing to be the work of man, it is in reality a sport of nature. It rises to the height of twenty-seven feet, and affords a delightful view over Long Island Sound, studded with countless sails; the town and harbour of Newhaven; the rich corn-fields and luscious peach-orchards of Connecticut. No such fair spectacle, however, greeted the eyes of the hunted dwellers in the cave, who, no doubt, frequently climbed the rocks to look out for the approach of their enemies; yet the scene must at that time have been sublime in the uncultivated majesty of nature.

The pursuers, after visiting the Dutch colony of Manhattan, now New York, returned to Boston, and made a formal complaint against Governor Leet. Matters began to wear a serious aspect. That Leet might have no excuse, the original royal mandate was forwarded to him. His council were divided: some advocating the surrender of the Regicides, lest the liberties of the infant colony might be injured by royal displeasure. Several of those who had sheltered the outcasts were afraid of punishment. In this state of affairs, Goffe and Whalley bravely marched down to the governor, and surrendered themselves. Leet seems to have been unprepared for this bold step. He kept them concealed, however, for twelve days on his own premises—provisioning them from his own table, although he would not see them. During this interval, many anxious councils were held; till it was concluded that Leet should temporise a little longer with the supreme authorities, and in the meantime, that the Regicides should return to their retreat, giving their parole that they would again surrender whenever required. It would be tedious to follow their movements step by step through the summer of 1661. Suffice it to say, that four other retreats, as well as the cave on West Hill, are named after them, and still traditionally known to the people of Newhaven. In August of the same year, the colony made its peace with government, by proclaiming Charles II.; and the pursuit after the Regicides slackening for a short time, they, at the approach of winter, went to the house of a person named Tomkins, in Milford, near Newhaven, where they resided for two years. During that time, although they never wandered further than the orchard adjoining the house, their residence there was known to many. Goffe, who was a person of education, and had received the degree of M.A. at Oxford, was famous in the Parliamentary Army as 'a frequent prayer-maker, preacher, and presser for righteousness and freedom;' and no less distinguished himself when at Milford, by holding forth on all suitable occasions, to the great delight of his hearers.

Milford, however, was not to be the final resting-place of the outcasts. Matters between the colonies and the mother-country being still in an unsettled state, four royal commissioners were sent to New England 'to settle the peace and security of the country;' the astute statesman Clarendon, when he advised this course, using the remarkable words: 'They (the colonies) are already hardened into republics.' One of the 'articles' on which the commissioners were charged to make strict inquiry, was the arrest and transmission to England of Goffe and Whalley; for, amid all the undisguised profligacy and corruption that revelled in the court, the crowned pensioner of Louis XIV. ever breathed bitter vengeance against the slayers of his royal father. Alarmed at this intelligence, the Regicides left Milford in October 1664, for the more remote town of Hadley; travelling by night, they rested in temporary arbours during the day. Some of these resting-places are still traditionally pointed out as the Pilgrims' Harbour.

Preparations had been made for their reception at Hadley. Mr Russel, the clergyman of that town, had two concealed rooms, an upper and lower one, built adjoining his own house. In these rooms, in utter seclusion, buried from the world, Whalley lived fourteen years, till liberated by death in 1678. It is not clear whether Goffe revisited Newhaven after the death of Whalley, but it is almost certain that he too died in Russel's house about two years after his father-in-law.

A few months after their arrival in Hadley, Goffe and his companion were surprised by a visit from John Dixwell, another of the English Regicides. Dixwell was a man of good family, and considerable landed property, in Kent; he sat for Dover in the Long Parliament, and held the rank of colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. He sat in Westminster Hall on the trial of the king, and affixed his name to the fatal death-warrant. Subsequently, he was appointed governor of Dover Castle; and for several years officiated as sheriff of Kent. At the Restoration, he fled to Hanau, where, becoming a burgess, he received protection; but, his regicide companions, Okey and Barksted, being trepanned by Sir George Downing, the British minister at the Hague, sent to England, and executed, Dixwell crossed the Atlantic, to seek a more secure refuge in America.

This meeting must have been a most interesting event in the secluded lives of Goffe and Whalley. What asking of questions, relating of adventures, regrets for the past, and fears for the future, must have formed the conversation of the three outlaws! Dixwell remained but for a short time at Hadley; and the only other event of any importance during the miserable sojourn of the other two, was the attack by the Indians, and Goffe's remarkable appearance as the deliverer of the town. As long as they lived, they were supported by contributions from friends in England and America. Goffe regularly corresponded with his wife in England under a feigned name. Part of one of those letters from Goffe, and the reply from his wife, are before us as we write. They are painful documents, displaying exceeding amiability of private character, and minds supported under the affliction of a life-long separation in this world, by strong faith in a happy meeting in another. It seems strange that men who had acted such stirring parts in the world, could exist in so secluded a manner as they did in Russel's house; but Whalley at least was not unaffected by the change, for during several years before his death, he was imbecile both in body and mind,

requiring Goffe's constant attention.* One might wonder, likewise, that in the most distant settlement of America, there should have been occasion for such rigorous seclusion; but we must remember, that the vengeance of the Royalists was not always conducted according to the forms of law. Dorislaus was assassinated at the Hague, and Lisle in Switzerland; and so little was thought of the latter circumstance, that Anthony a Wood merely says: 'He was, by some generous Royalists, there despatched.'

From the time that Dixwell visited Hadley, we lose sight of him for about seven years, when we find that he came to Newhaven, and settled there under the name of James Davis. He lived quietly, was much respected for his piety, married, became a widower, married again, and died at a good old age in 1689. It would appear that the English authorities had never suspected his existence in America. Once only was he in any danger during his residence in Newhaven. Sir Edmund Andros, governor of Massachusetts, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the American Jeffreys, passing through Newhaven, attended divine service, and was struck by Dixwell's appearance as the latter entered the church. 'Who is that person?' said Andros. 'A retired merchant,' was the reply. 'No,' rejoined the governor, 'that is no merchant; he is a gentleman, and has been a soldier: this must be looked to.' Probably Andros thought he had discovered Goffe; but, whatever were his intentions, they were speedily put out of his head by feelings of rage and indignation. Not only did the clergyman preach at him, but even the clerk sang at him. We may imagine how the old Presbyterian precentor, looking hard at the governor, gave out the verse, and chanted, with bitter energy, Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the fifty-second Psalm:—

> Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
> Thy wicked works to praise?

A select few in Newhaven knew who Dixwell was. He made his will in his own name, but requested that it should not be put upon his tombstone, lest his ashes might be desecrated, as those of greater men had been by the relentless Royalists. The Revolution had occurred before he died; but he was a fortnight in his grave before the news reached Newhaven. The rejoicings on the occasion must have almost made the old Roundhead leap in his grave! The altered state of affairs caused by the Revolution allowed Dixwell's will to be submitted to probate; his family were recognised by their relatives in England, and ultimately received some small benefit from their father's Kentish estates.

About forty years ago, the inhabitants of Newhaven, finding their burial-ground inconveniently crowded, and, by the increase of building, brought almost into the centre of the town, laid out an ornamental cemetery in the suburbs, to which they carefully removed the remains and monuments of their forefathers from the ancient place of interment. But three graves and three gravestones, considered by the people of Newhaven to possess a historical interest, were left undisturbed in their original sites, where the writer saw them a few years ago, and where they may be seen to this day. One of these conceals the ashes of Dixwell; the other two are the last resting-places of Goffe and Whalley. How the bodies of the latter came to be removed from Hadley to Newhaven, a distance of 100 miles, is a mystery now difficult to solve. Tradition states, that it was the wish of Dixwell that the three should be buried beside each other, and that he, having fetched the bodies of his fellow-regicides from Hadley, interred them, with the aid of the sexton, at night, and afterwards caused the tombstones to be erected. It is known for a certainty that Russel, in whose house Goffe and Whalley were so long concealed, buried their bodies on his own premises; and it is conjectured, that being afraid lest they should be discovered, he procured Dixwell to remove them to Newhaven. Even in the time of James II., the crown-officers of New England eagerly sought for information respecting the Regicides and their concealers. The cruel execution of Lady Alicia Lisle, widow of the assassinated Regicide, for sheltering a dissenting minister implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, seems to have struck a dread on all the harbourers of the Regicides in the colonies, and it is very probable that that event may have occasioned the removal of the bodies. However this may be, the last resting-place of Goffe and Whalley is undoubtedly at Newhaven. On Dixwell's tomb there is the following inscription:—'J. D., Esqr Deceased March the 18th. In the 82d year of his age. 1688-9.' On the tomb of Whalley there are only the initials E. W., and a date, which at first glance appears to be 1658; but on more careful scrutiny, the 5 is discovered to be an inverted 7, meaning 1678, the correct date of his death. That this has not been done accidentally, but by design, is proved by the date being cut in the same manner on the footstone of the grave. The inscription on Goffe's tombstone is merely 'M. G. 80.' But there is a dash, thus —, beneath the letter M, signifying it is to be read inverted, as W, the correct initial; and the 80, which to the uninitiated would seem to imply that he lived to that age, denotes the year of his death, 1680, at which time he had not reached his seventieth year. This enigmatical mode of inscription was adopted, evidently to avoid detection, by Dixwell; and as it answered that purpose in a former period, so it has attracted attention at a later era, and indisputably proves the identity of the remains that lie beneath.

* In a note to *Peveril of the Peak*, Scott states that it was Whalley who commanded the defenders of Hadley. But a letter from Goffe to [illegible] written a year previous to that event, gives a sad account of his father-in-law's utter imbecility. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that Goffe was the supposed angel of Hadley.

THE RIVAL SHOP.

While lately on an excursion in Scotland, we were glad to gather a few particulars respecting social improvements in certain country districts. Scarcely anywhere did we learn that things were standing still. In villages remote from a general thoroughfare, we found that lending libraries had been formed for the accommodation of the inhabitants; and to these libraries the clergy of every denomination willingly gave encouragement. In one place, we attended a public soirée, at which the very best spirit was manifested—the taste shewn on this occasion, as respects music, decoration, and speeches, being equal to what could be shewn in populous and wealthy localities, and perhaps superior. In another place, we found that a respectable and intelligent class of persons united to form an institution for the purpose of delivering lectures at intervals during winter; the money taken at the doors being devoted to the support of a library and reading-room—this latter place of resort being gratuitously open to all. Again, did we find different denominations of clergymen voluntarily giving their aid in these public lectures. We were told that a minister of the Established Church had delivered an instructive lecture on Chemistry, and that a minister of a seceding body had given a popular address on Ethnology. All this was quite as it should be; and it is a relief to think of it amidst the general din of polemical warfare.

In the course of our inquiries, we heard of a plan that has been adopted for discouraging intemperance at fairs and hiring-markets. At these great rural assemblages, from time immemorial, there has been no other place for transacting business or procuring

refreshment than the public-house; and consequently such fairs and markets have for the most part been occasions of drunkenness and demoralisation. To remedy this evil, a scheme has been adopted, of opening a public hall for the sale of cooked victuals, tea, coffee, and other refreshments. The hall is heated, lighted, and affords sundry small accommodations—such as the use of pen, ink, and paper. In one country town where this was tried, hundreds of persons, as is usual with all novelties, prognosticated that it would never answer—that the 'temperance affair' would have no chance. Yet, in this town, on the first occasion of a fair, as many as 2500 people took advantage of the accommodation that was offered them in lieu of that of the public-house. In a smaller place, a similar attempt was made, and was successful in a corresponding degree. The success in each case, however, we feel assured, would have been still greater, if the refreshment-rooms in question possessed the attraction of music under proper regulations; for without this addition, they may be said to fall short, to a certain extent, of what constitutes a true substitute for the public-house. At present, the youths of both sexes who frequent these fairs, are not satisfied with mere refreshments; what they want is excitement, and this they procure at penny-dances, where they are amused with the strains of a violin. Let an attempt, therefore, be made to substitute a good for a poor kind of music, and so prevent the demoralisation which ensues from our entirely ignoring the popular taste. With this improvement, we would hope that the scheme of these refreshment-rooms may meet with extensive imitation. The truth is, if the more humble and heedless classes of the community are to be elevated in taste, and saved from falling into habits of mean indulgence, it is not by an eager and indiscriminate assault on the vendors of alcoholic stimulants, but by setting up in an attractive form the Rival Shop. In town, country—everywhere, we say, open the Rival Shop; and if it be a pleasant and comfortable shop, there need be little fear of its wanting customers.

To extend our notice of certain agreeable signs of social improvement, we may be allowed to say a few words on the progress which seems to be making in a taste for horticultural pursuits. It has been very properly observed, that a love of gardening, on however small a scale—be it only the tending of a pet flower-pot—has in it something that exhilarates and improves. One seldom hears of gardeners misconducting themselves; and we venture to go a step further, and say, that no person whatever, who once imbibes a taste for pansies and hollyhocks, and thinks much of cultivating dahlias and anemones, is likely to be an indifferent member of society. It would not be difficult to demonstrate, that the promotion of a taste for flowers and plants leads to an elevation of taste in other things. And it is remarkable how little is required to excite a love of horticultural pursuits, even in situations supposed to deaden the higher class of emotions. A story is told of a whole village in the Highlands being stimulated to enter on a course of improvement, from the simple circumstance of a lady one day expressing her admiration of a single marigold which grew in the neglected garden of one of the cottagers. 'Is it possible,' thought the proprietor of this little flower, 'that anything I have in my poor garden is worthy of the approval of a lady?—if so, I will endeavour to make things better: I will try my hand at a few more flowers.' Thus reasoning, the cottager began to occupy himself in his garden; neighbours followed his example; a spirit of rivalry was begun—and, lo! in a short time, the whole village, interior and exterior, assumed quite an improved aspect—cleanly doorways, walls nicely decorated with flowers, and a general advancement in all matters of taste. Now, this anecdote, which rests on good authority, affords a pretty fair specimen of what may be done by a little judiciously administered approbation, acting upon a spirit of honourable competition.

In making these remarks, we have had in our eye a signal instance of the advantages derived from the establishment of a horticultural society in one of the most secluded districts of the Lowlands of Scotland, where hitherto there had been much neglect in the matter of flower and vegetable culture. We allude to Peeblesshire, a purely rural county, consisting principally of the vale of the upper Tweed, to which we had lately the pleasure of making a short but not uninteresting visit. It is pleasing to think that a growing love of horticulture has penetrated to this district, through the agency of a spirited local society, and is likely to be of no inconsiderable benefit.

This society, as we learn, commenced only two years ago, under the patronage of the surrounding land proprietors and their families, and embraced three classes of members: Gentlemen's Gardeners, Amateurs, and Cottagers. A very small sum which each paid annually for membership, aided by contributions, formed a fund whence the amount of prizes was drawn. No general competition was allowed. The members of each class competed only among themselves. Latterly, there has been little need for contributions in money, which is a pleasing feature in the history of the undertaking. It is always best when societies of this kind are self-supporting—the commercial being, in fact, the only safe principle as a permanence. When an institution supports itself, there is hope of its continued popularity and stability; and to this point it ought to be the aim to bring all meliorative associations. One important means of support to the Peebles-shire Society, has consisted in the sums gathered as entrance-money to the shows of flowers and other garden products. The money taken at the door on each occasion amounts to about L.15. And speaking of this, we are led to notice a plan of admission worthy of imitation. At the first and subsequent exhibition, the crush of persons, young and old, to gain admission was so great, that there was universal discontent. To remedy this in some degree, it was arranged that, in future, there should be three classes of entrance-fees—for the first hour, a shilling; second hour, sixpence; and third hour, threepence. This plan has been eminently successful, and has given much satisfaction: all are accommodated, and all are pleased. This method of regulating the entrance to public exhibitions of the kind, where there is not much space at disposal, may be advantageously followed. And what, after all, is it but a following out of the system of boxes, pit, and gallery—of first, second, and third classes in railway travelling, and many other things?

Small country towns are usually at a loss for large apartments to accommodate public exhibitions and meetings; the largest room in the largest inn being ordinarily found too small for such purposes. This deficiency has also been overcome, in the case of the society in question. A manful effort was made to raise money to purchase a canvas tent of ample size. Upwards of L.70 was subscribed; and to the amazement of those who have no faith in public spirit, a splendid pavilion-tent one morning rose from the centre of the town-green, with the union-jack flying from its summit. The thing was really well done. Prodigious crowds poured in; the long tables exhibited an array of fruits, flowers, and kitchen vegetables, in great variety, and with a marked improvement in their respective qualities.

On making inquiry a few weeks ago, we were gratified to learn that advances in taste have been very perceptible in the district, through the agency of these flower-shows, and of certain small prizes which are offered for the neatest-kept cottages and gardens; and this latter result is, indeed, tolerably evident to the

wayside traveller. Honeysuckles and roses blossom at doorways where nothing previously flourished but dirt and confusion, and men may be seen occupying their leisure hours in their small gardens who formerly spent no small portion of their time in the public-house. We repeat, Nothing like the RIVAL SHOP!

A DAY AT SCEAUX.

THERE is a funny little railway on the south side of Paris, leading from the Barrier d'Enfer to the Park of Sceaux. It is like no other railway on the face of the earth, and consists of one line of rails, with a loop at either terminus, round which the down-trains creep, just as the up-trains are coming to the landing-place. We never could understand—perhaps because we never tried—how all those little slanting wheels underneath the carriages assisted the train in bending round, much more cleverly than popular legends allow the alligator to do, just in time to make way for a new arrival. Afterwards, it is smooth work enough for some time. Away we go, slap through the fortifications, *viâ* Cachan, leaving Bicêtre on one hand, as far as Bourg-la-Reine. Here we are at the bottom of the Valley of Fontenay, with the woods of Verrières swelling over its extreme depths. Further on—— But this is too geographical. We mean to relate a particular excursion, undertaken on a particular day, and beg to be allowed the privilege of a little introductory narrative.

We were rather younger than we are now—information vague enough, chronologically speaking, but sufficiently precise for our purpose. As to position, we fluctuated between the student and the adventurer; and although English, even to the admiration of roast-beef and plum-pudding, quite domiciliated in the land and the affections and the confidence of Frenchmen—of Frenchwomen too, as we mean to shew. In fact, that there may be no mystery about the matter, our companions on the important day to which we refer were two ladies, mother and daughter, Madame Veuve Bernard and Mademoiselle Josephine—the former, a comely dame, who might still be led out to a dance; the latter, a bewilderingly graceful little creature, towards whom all beards, black, red, and gray, turned, like so many sun-flowers, as we passed along the Luxembourg, and beneath the walls of the Foundling Hospital—'An excellent institution!' said Mademoiselle Josephine, from the other side of her mamma; for in France you only give your arm to one lady at a time, and never parade along in the 'how-happy-could-I-be-with-either,' Captain Macheath sort of style which Englishmen affect.

This is a specimen of the imitative style of writing, and is meant to suggest the breathless state in which I arrived in sight of the terminus, our line marching obliquely, Josephine a little ahead, her mother dragged half a neck forward, and I behind, endeavouring to preserve a grave demeanour, perfectly certain that we were at least half an hour before our time. It was not until we had taken our tickets that I was allowed to sit down in the waiting-room, and calmly meditate on the position in which I was placed.

For the first time, the truth flashed across my mind that I was there for the purpose of making a declaration. Madame Bernard shared the delusion common in her country, which makes all Englishmen *milords*, and all *milords* rich. My one room on the fourth storey, my respectable but never varied costume, my occasional shortcomings with the rent—of course the *concierge* told her all my affairs—were set down simply to the score of eccentricity. She was the widow of a late pastry-cook, and occupied a pretty apartment on the *entresol*—a kind of supplementary flight of rooms, crushed low between the first floor and the ground-floor. She had sought my acquaintance, the malicious said, just after her daughter had been jilted by the bootmaker opposite. Her disinterested manner and frank hospitality, however, had made me scorn all base insinuations of that kind, until, having been betrayed into offering to treat the ladies to a little country excursion, I found myself exposed in the waiting-room of the railway station to the cat-like fascinations of Josephine, close under the scrutinising gaze of her mamma.

'Twas too late to repent. I closed my eyes, mentally speaking, but really I could not help keeping them bodily open; for, after all, it was not by any means an unpleasant thing to be looked up to with inviting admiration by that charming little creature. Besides, there were five or six bearded persons looking with envy upon me; and the temptation was too great, when Josephine, by a meaning nod, requested me to stoop down, that she might whisper that these said bearded men were merely *calicots*—a word of depreciation, applied by impertinent young misses to whoever stands behind a counter all the week, and comes out as a lion on Sunday afternoon. I could not see exactly what took place, but imagine that Josephine's pretty little nose must have buried itself in my whisker; for a murmur went through the group of calicots, of which 'Coquin d'Anglais!' formed the burden. 'Rogue of an Englishman' in that sense was highly complimentary and flattering; and although I had thought that my nationality was not quite so obvious, I drew myself up proudly, and looked around, all the while holding a well-gloved little hand, that somehow or other had dropped into mine.

We are creatures of circumstances: it is transcendently delightful to be the creatures of such circumstances as that. I was almost sorry when the bell rang, and we were obliged to hurry out upon the platform, and rush—people always rush when there is nothing to be gained by it—to take our seats. The train destined for our use occupied one-half of the loop; but there was another moving slowly up the single line. When it got within a hundred yards, our engine gave a small shriek, and we began to move round to make way. They manage these things well in France. By the time we had reached the other half of the circle, the newly-come train had taken our place; and then off we went at a rattling pace by the route aforesaid, until we paused to let out passengers at Bourg-la-Reine.

'I wish that ugly, flat-nosed fellow in the carriage behind us would go too,' whispered I to Josephine.

'Do you think him so very ugly?' replied she in the same tone. He was one of the most ill-looking fellows I had ever seen—calicot all over. A hat, greasy and narrow-brimmed, set jauntily over his brow; a ragged beard; an unwashed face; no shirt-collar; a coat, that had never been respectable, buttoned closely over his breast. There is an inventory of characteristics, out of which I defy the most ideal painter to make anything worth a lady's second look.

'Do I think him ugly? I hope, Josephine, *you* don't think him handsome.'

That was not precisely what she meant; but really she saw no harm in the young man. Nor did I, that I could define; but—— As I live, the individual has caught Madame Bernard's eye, and is nodding to her! 'You, Monsieur Auguste, who would have thought you were in Paris? Do join us.' 'Of course,' was the reply; and first came one leg, then another, with the body and head in sequence; so that before I could recover from my bewilderment, M. Auguste had squeezed himself in between Madame Bernard and a fat peasant, just opposite Josephine—had bowed three times to the whole party, even, audacious wretch! to me; and was in the midst of his exploits in the pin-line in the south of France. He was a commercial traveller, doing business in English pins, manufactured in the Faubourg St Antoine!

I felt savagely glad that I had accepted the economical proposal of Madame Bernard, and had taken only second-class places. True, in the first-class, we might not have met this free-and-easy M. Auguste; but—however, I tried to suppress the horrid reflection—this looked like a rendezvous.

Was I or the new-comer there as a *pis-aller?* Which was brought to excite the jealousy of the other? I ought not to have cared a rush; for when I first suspected the terrible intentions of my fair friends, it was only to keep up the national reputation won at Waterloo, that I did not take to my heels and fly. But ever since Josephine had tickled her nose in my whisker, I had become a new man. Was an electrical shock communicated? Philosophising on such a subject is nonsense; but the fact is, I felt mightily inclined to throw myself into a boxing attitude, and proceed in the work of flattening M. Auguste's proboscis, which nature had begun. I hate to see things left unfinished. Yes, I *must* have at him!

'Monsieur seems to be suffering from the toothache,' said Auguste blandly. 'I have a phial of chloroformised creosote in my pocket, if that would be of service.' If this had been satire, we should certainly have had a boxing-match; but the flat-nosed monster had a tender soul after all, and looked at me so sympathetically, that all my anger vanished. Besides, good little Josephine instantly pulled out a fine cambric handkerchief, and insisted on binding up my jaws. I vowed I had no toothache, merely a kind of spasm; but I could scarcely escape arriving at Sceaux like a man let loose from an hospital.

'It must be a headache,' said Josephine. 'If I were not so little, I would tell you to lean your head there!' She pointed to the pretty little shoulder that pressed against me, and of which I could just see a little bit, as her shawl was thrown back. This restored me to good-humour with myself and everybody; and I looked quite kindly at M. Auguste, who forthwith began to launch out into praises of the English, who, after the French he said, are certainly the first people on the face of the earth. We are the Aristides of nations: they all place us as only second best to themselves.

I have, after all, forgotten to describe the course of the railway, which runs up daringly to Fontenay-aux-Roses, and then zigzags along the side of the hill, through lanes of fruit-trees, until, by the most daring curves, it reaches the level of the Park of Sceaux, and ends in another loop, from which a train is of course starting just as we arrive. The reason why I don't stop to say more about the matter is, that I am in a rage again. It was my own fault certainly. Why was I so awkward? Out leaped Josephine; Auguste followed; then Madame Bernard majestically descended; lastly, I. It could not be expected that French gallantry would leave a pretty girl even a quarter of a minute without the support of an arm; and I had no right to be indignant therefore, when, just as Madame Bernard claimed my protection, I saw the jaunty, greasy hat of the commercial traveller bending, as it moved away, in graceful courtesy towards the *natty* little straw-bonnet of Mademoiselle Josephine.

'Who is that fellow?' inquired I in a contemptuous tone.

'Monsieur Auguste Chicard is a young man who had excellent expectations once from his uncle, a wine-merchant of Bercy; but he behaved so badly, that he was turned out of doors, and the old gentleman will not hear his name mentioned! He is a sad rake—quite a devil among the ladies!'

'A rake! a devil! Madame, it is highly improper, that your daughter should give her arm to a person of that character. I will go and separate them at once.'

'Bah!' said Madame Bernard: 'he won't eat her. Besides, they have been friends from children, and he used to call her his little wife. Indeed, until he misbehaved himself, and quarrelled with his uncle, people used to say they were betrothed; but of course there was no truth in that. Why do you walk so fast, sir? I really have not come to Sceaux to run a race. Puff! I feel very thirsty. My eyes are weak. Is it lemonade that is written on the glass in this shop-window?'

I understood the hint, and pressed the good lady to enter and refresh herself. This seemed a capital opportunity to run after the jaunty hat, which I could see a long way up the street; but Madame Bernard did not think it worth while—she could drink two glasses herself; and it would be economical to have only a single bottle. I was obliged to submit; and ordered a *petit verre* of brandy, which I tossed off for the sake of my nerves, imagining the while all sorts of horrid things with reference to the young couple who had gone on ahead.

We were at length under-way again, and on reaching the other end of the long street, found Josephine stuffing herself with cakes in a small pastry-cook's shop. She smiled at me with her pretty lips covered with crumbs, and held out a meat *pâté* for my acceptance. I put it scornfully back, muttering that I never ate such things—such trash, I think I said, for Madame Bernard bridled, taking this as a class allusion. M. Auguste was going to make some other offensive supposition about my health, for which I should certainly have knocked him down; but Josephine put her arm in mine, drew me into the street, and almost pressing her pretty cheek against my shoulder, murmured: '*Monstre!*'

How pleasant it is to be called a monster by a lovely woman! I was still trying, however, to suppress a smile of stupid satisfaction, when the still more meaning epithet of '*jaloux*' was added. This admitted a great deal; and I could scarcely refrain from taking her up in my arms to embrace her. However, as this would have been uncivilised, I contented myself with squeezing her little hand convulsively—forgetting that it still contained a *petit pâté*—and dragging her on towards Robinson.

Robinson is a kind of restaurant of a romantic kind—so called, because its principal feature is a couple of open rooms, built in a large tree in Crusoe style, and reached by winding steps. We had agreed to drink a bottle of wine there, and I foolishly entertained hopes of a *tête-à-tête*. On arriving, we found some 400 Parisian Cockneys established inside the house, outside the house, up in the tree, on the stairs leading to it—everywhere, in fact, where there was sitting room; and one continued roar of '*garçon*' filled the air. Josephine pouted at the disappointment—not perhaps for the loss of the *tête-à-tête*, but because she had set her heart upon ascending the tree.

'Then can't we positively go up?' inquired she of a waiter.

'Madame,' replied he, 'there are just ten aloft more than we calculate the tree can bear.'

Auguste and Madame Bernard came up in anxious conversation. What the deuce could he have to say? However, it mattered little. Josephine was abandoned to me. I ordered two bottles of good wine—that is, to be precise, of dear wine; we drank our own healths; and went off, with wonderful cheerfulness, to scramble through the fields and woods in search of an appetite. I wish that calicot would not drag Madame Bernard everywhere behind us: let us run. She had sprained her ankle. *Peste!* However, when we were alone for half a minute behind a hedge, I think I did manage to steal a kiss, and elicit an exclamation: '*Quel horreur!*' But this is not quite certain; for I was all that afternoon in a state of perplexing excitement, and will not swear that I did not absolutely make a formal declaration. Why did Josephine frown and look demure? Was I not brought there for that very purpose? Plague take her! Auguste has stifled her sentimentality with indigestible pasty and jam.

I should like to know why it was that Madame Bernard put on a reverential air towards me as we were returning towards Sceaux, and why Josephine talked in a very candid and enthusiastic manner of the politeness and tact of Englishmen. I am sure it could not have been to induce me to invite M. Auguste to dinner; for be it observed, that as I was the Amphytrion on this occasion, if the new-comer had been Voltaire or the emperor of China, the ladies would still consider themselves, for that day, as partially my property. At anyrate, they could not think of allowing a second cavalier to join us at table without my special permission. It is to be hoped, however, that they did not think me so churlish and so proud, as to leave this threadbare gentleman at the door when we entered the restaurant. I wish I had never seen his jaunty hat; but since it is there:—'Monsieur Auguste, will you do me the favour to dine with us?'—'Most proud!'—'Too happy!'—'Delightful *partie carrée!*' I was rewarded by a grateful glance from Josephine, who leaned, moreover, with redoubled weight upon my arm. We reached the appointed place, hungry as French soldiers after a forced march. The fare was not splendid, but there was plenty to eat. Madame Bernard devoured a whole fowl, and a mountain of salad; Josephine kept her mother in countenance; Flat-nose kindly recommended me, as I was delicate in health, to beware of indigestion, and despatched half a yard of loaf in no time. The wine disappeared so fast, that we looked under the bottles, to discover if there was no hole there. Never mind expense! Here comes the coffee, with the *petits verres!* The wit grew so brilliant, that I shall not attempt to record a word of it. What I principally remember is, that as time wore on, the gentle Josephine weaned her eyes a good deal from me, and despite what appeared to me a variety of nudges from her mamma, fixed them upon the flat-nosed Auguste. The idea struck me that this might be her first-love. I was, then, an impertinent intruder. They had angled for me certainly: it was my fault, though, if I bit so easily. Well, these mysteries will be cleared up to-morrow: if Josephine declines to let me crush her toes with my foot, I have the satisfaction of intercepting any telegraphic work of that kind from M. Auguste. This gentleman does not seem at all anxious or jealous. He smiles benignly at my gallantries—just as a gazelle might smile at the gambols of an elephant. Couldn't he eclipse me if he chose? He doesn't choose; but orders a bowl of punch: the blue light shines upon our happy faces, and it is now high time to go to the ball.

In a spirit of justice, Josephine still stuck to my arm all the way through the dim park, and even allowed me to say many gallant and tender things. As they could not see from behind likewise, it was no matter if I encircled her waist with my arm for a moment—a moment, but what a delicious one! Flat-nose has no dominion, I am sure, over the heart that almost beats against mine. Be sure of nothing, sir! Josephine, like an honest girl, is paying for her day's treat, as you *will* exact such payment: but she doesn't think the better of you.

We are on the outskirts of the great lighted circle, in the midst of which the orchestra is striking up the first quadrille. Still my claim is admitted over Josephine. Off we go in that scampering dance, invented by students and grisettes, jumping, whirling, anticking, as if we were wire-hung. Madame Bernard is our *vis-à-vis* with the gallant Auguste. She rolls about like a Dutch galley in the trough of the sea, bursting into magnificent smiles. Her partner seems frantic: he jumps, he wriggles, he goes over head and heels. Every one crowds to see. Even the other couples stop. No clown in a pantomime could beat it. It is entrancingly absurd; but absurd it is, nevertheless, and I look at Josephine with a smile of contemptuous admiration.

'How well he dances!' cries she with enthusiasm. I was quite content to resign her to Flat-Nose for the next polka, waltz, quadrille, or whatever it was. That, dancing well! What did she call my graceful steps?

'I suppose,' quoth Madame Bernard complacently, as she fanned her reddened face with her handkerchief, 'that if you were often to come here, *mon cher*, you would learn to dance by degrees.'

They regarded me as an ignorant hippopotamus! Well, ideas of elegance differ; but if M. Auguste is elegant at this moment, when he is moving backward and forward, with his arm out like the spout of a teapot, I'm no more nor less than a Turk. Josephine, too! she is going to meet him head-foremost, as if she were about to leap into his waistcoat-pocket. She changes her mind, and almost imitates the lorette yonder, who makes a desperate kick at her lover's chin. Then they come together, and lovingly sidle towards us, her head almost leaning against his breast. By Jove! M. Auguste, she's a match for you. Take her!

'The fact is,' whispered Madame Bernard, chiming in with my thoughts, 'it *is* true that Auguste and Josephine were betrothed once; but I broke off matters when he misbehaved himself. Now, it appears, he is quite reformed, and has become a respectable character. He heard we were going to Sceaux, and threw himself in our way very neatly, to explain to me—that his uncle was reconciled to him, and had seen him yesterday. He is a very handsome young man, and dances like an angel; so that, perhaps, my child could not find a better husband. Old Petibot will set him up in business. Now, as you are a friend of the family, what is your opinion?'

'Did he tell you all this when Mademoiselle Josephine took my arm, and led me away from the pastry-cook's shop?'

'To be sure. Didn't she manage that cleverly?—First, an explanation herself; then an opportunity for me to have one. Of course, we have to thank you for lending yourself to all these arrangements so amiably.'

The punch had made the good lady talkative, without throwing her quite off her guard. I understood that, even had I been more deeply smitten than I was, there would have been no help for me. It was best, indeed, that it should be so. What should I have done with this little woman, who would have perhaps married me on the strength of my being a *milord*, and kept all her thoughts and dreams for Flat-nose? I took Madame Bernard's arm when we went towards the station, peaceably allowed Auguste to pay for the tickets,

answered the grateful glance of Josephine by a smile; and not very long afterwards, was invited to drink *eau sucrée* in the evening by Monsieur and Madame Auguste Chicard.

ART AND ITS INTERPRETERS.

Art, in the higher meaning of the term, is not susceptible of minute definition, for it is an immaterial soul animating the material existences of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. All these are art, although each is a distinct form of thought; and all these distinct forms of thought, identical in their inner being, have one origin and one end. They are the utterance of the leading idea of the epoch; they are the expression of spiritual power and spiritual yearning; they are the voice of humanity crying aloud to the heavens and the earth.

Of the five divine sisters—divine and mortal at once, like man himself—Poetry is the most familiar, and may be accepted as the type. Her utterance is in song, which she gives forth from inspiration—feeling without comprehending it. If it were otherwise, as a French writer remarks—if poetry comprehended her thought, she would no longer be poetry, but philosophy.* 'Poets,' in the words of Shelley, 'are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire.' And a philosophical critic of our own country completes the picture he admires, by representing the poet as standing at the altar, rapt, holy, impassioned, prophet-like, giving utterance to the inarticulate yearnings, feelings, and wants of his brethren, embodying their tendencies, mirroring all, and mirrored in all the age produces; and the myriad hopes and fears that sway the minds of men breaking forth from his lips in passionate music.† This is the poet as a class, for no one lyre could breathe such a strain, no one heart could feel the joys, the agonies, and the cravings of an epoch. It is true, on looking back we see only two or three gigantic representatives of any given time; but we must not conclude, from their meaner brethren being invisible in the distance, that these stood alone. Not only the great but the minor poets, not only the minor poets, but the little more than rhymers, join their voices to complete the thought of the age; and each of these last is as necessary in his degree as is the weakest instrument in a concert to give the full choral swell. Even the mere echoes or imitators take a part in the mighty diapason, and contribute to spread the sound throughout the meanest and remotest corners of social life.

That poetry is really the collective breath of the age, is proved by the gushes in which it comes, the lulls that take place, and the consonance its spirit bears with the leading idea of the time. The fourteenth century, the age of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, had only one exponent of note in England; but in Chaucer we find the freshness, vigour, and exultation of that false dawn, when the hearts of men gave a mighty leap, as if the sun had really risen. In England, as in Italy, the brief but glorious illumination died with the poets. Dante passed away, after having founded the Italian language; Chaucer followed, after having unsealed the fountain of 'English undefiled' that was destined to irrigate the world; and until the true dawn, in the sixteenth century, we have, in our own country, only such lute-singers as Surrey and Wyatt. But at length came the strong age of Elizabeth, when religion, having bounded from the fetters of ages with a cry that shook the world, broke the apathetic sleep of genius. Then arose Marlow, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, to fling their hymns upon the buoyant winds. Later, the time of the Commonwealth and its succeeding disasters called up Milton, Butler, Dryden; till in the eighteenth century—pacific, reflective, analytical—the fire sunk to a lambent flame, playing in the smooth and elegant couplets of the school of Pope. In the latter part of the century, the world-revolution, which had its centre in France, gave a new phasis to the poetical thought; and among the names of our own country in the age of progress, freedom, moral daring, that followed, are Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, till we come down to living and working men.

These names will suggest the objection, that in an age there are many prominent ideas; and the fact is true. There are even opposite and conflicting ideas; yet all combine to express, although in different strains, the dominant character or thought of the epoch, of which in general one great poet—the greatest of all—is the representative. Thus stood Shakspeare, with his galaxy around him, at a time when the imagination was no longer cooped up in formulas, but set free to soar and sing; thus Milton, not the political or religious champion of his age, but the poet of the mind-revolution, to complete the conflict of which the others we have named were necessary; and thus Pope, relatively great, but with a genius like that of his epoch, more critical than poetical, more given to analysis than creation. In the age that followed, of a new and more maddening liberty, when all the old forms of thought had been broken in pieces, and cast away with wild shouts of derision, it is more difficult to point to the single representative; partly because we are too close to the time, and partly because of the various directions of the impulse of intellectual freedom. It is this general connection of the poets with their epoch which made Hegel say, that the key to the philosophy and religion of a nation is to be found in its poetry.

The unconsciousness we have ascribed to art of its own meaning and mission, must not be stated as a mere assertion, for much depends on its reception as a truth. The most acute minds have been deceived on this point; and even those who have admitted the fact in its whole extent, have in general been blind to its importance. There is something grateful to human vanity in the idea that genius is an optional production of the mind—that the spirit of art may be compelled to our service by the enchantments of knowledge. We love to figure the poet as sitting in his study, surrounded by books and other literary implements, like a chemist in his laboratory, and concocting a great work by dint of will and science. But there is no such thing. The knowledge and industry of the poet work only upon the vehicle of his art: the art itself is what the ancients called 'the god,' who works in him. The common mistake is caused by unconsciousness of the fact, that poetry is both an art and a science. We are told, for instance, of the labour and study of poets—of the teachers of the Greek masters—of the mathematical rules of Pythagoras: but how is it that no instructor was ever able to apply his own principles? We do not hear of the poems of Lasos, the master of Pindar, or of the artistical achievements of Democritus, the author of a series of treatises which are said to have formed quite an encyclopædia of art. Neither are we told of Plato, Aristotle, or Longinus, taking rank among the poets. The reason is, that with

* Joffroy on the Philosophy of History.

† *British and Foreign Review*, No. xxv. Hegel's Æsthetics.

them the god was wanting, and they would only advise in the construction of his temple. This they knew themselves; and Plato and Democritus, more especially, while teaching the material rules, derided the idea that these could produce poetry. Poetry, said they, is a madness—a possession: poets do not compose from any art they have learned, but from the impulse of the divinity within them.

The mathematical rules of Greek sculpture, the clue to which, after an interval of so many ages, has been discovered by Mr Hay, furnish in themselves proof that art cannot be taught. Perfect as they are, they produce only a perfect body, a body without life and without soul—such a form as Pygmalion might have worshipped in vain, unless aided by the goddess of beauty. The rules are necessary for the material vehicle, but the inspiration of art alone can do the rest. The same thing may be said of imitation without the aid of mathematical rules. A portrait-painter, for instance, who produces a mere likeness, is not an artist in the higher sense of the word. The work, to use the vulgar phrase, should be *more like than the original*—that is, the idiosyncrasy should be more strongly expressed than it is in the living man in ordinary circumstances. The artisan paints the *sitter*; the artist seizes the character with a glance of fire, and endows every wearied and apathetic feature with intellect and grace. This is the idealism of the Greeks, that apotheosis of mortal beauty which gave divinities to the worship of men; and being independent of all exaggerations of attitude, it is usually seen in their sculptures in combination with physical repose.

There is another handmaid of genius we may mention here; for while writing these sentences, the Reports of the Jurors of the Great Exhibition have come before us; and we are struck with the correctness of the remarks of the reporter on Class X., touching the effect of photography on art. It is admitted that the present application of photography, marvellous as that is, is no more its ultimatum 'than was the first application of the telescope, shortly after the chance placing of two pieces of glass by Jansen's children, had led to its invention;' and that it now appears, at first view, as if a vast and powerful rival to art had arisen, destined to depress her in exact proportion to the superiority of the operations of nature over those of man. 'But this,' says the reporter, 'is a superficial and imperfect view of the case—not as regards the ultimate perfection of photography itself, but as concerning its influence upon art. With art, doubtless, its future destiny will be closely linked; but, so far from becoming a rival, it will prove a most useful auxiliary, and a means by which the artist of merit may rise higher in reputation and eminence. By using photography as a means of replacing the purely mechanical parts of his labour, the work of the artist may be much lightened; and as, by speedy transit from place to place man's life is virtually lengthened, so by relieving his path from that part of his labour which involves an expenditure of time disproportionate to the end attained, one great obstacle to the achievement of success is removed.' This is the true statement of the case; for photography is simple imitation, though marvellously correct, and can come into competition only with the copyist uninspired by art. Photography is a transcript of individual nature; while the mathematical process gives that of general nature, averaged on principles of beauty that have been practically sanctioned by the world. The union of the two—adsit modo dexter Apollo—will give its death-blow to mediocrity, and open out for true art a career hitherto without example even in the palmy days of Greece.

If poetry were not spontaneous and unconscious, there would have been no Homer of the ancient world, in modern times no Burns, and in all ages no gushes of song, such as exist in the popular ballads, welling up in obscure and solitary places like mountain springs. But we deny that this is a theory, as the reviewer we have quoted above describes it, 'invented by idleness and conceit.' The life-long labours of the elder poets, when criticism had no philosophy and art no theory, shew what a mighty task it is to adapt worthily the vehicle to the thought. Art, as we have described it, exists wherever exists the idea of beauty; but poetry—the metrical expression of art—is a science that must be either invented or acquired by study.

The reason why poets are unconscious of their art, is simply that to be conscious requires faculties of a different nature from theirs. Let us see what those faculties are. When a man is not satisfied with deriving enjoyment from poetry; when in listening he does not merely feel, but think; when he examines numerous specimens in juxtaposition, and constructs from such experience rules for judging of their relative merit and power—he is said to be a Critic. Criticism is purely empirical, being founded on the observation of individual facts; and for the most part it concerns itself more with the vehicle than the art. It may perhaps object to an image or sentiment as being inconsistent with the work or class of works in which it appears; but beyond this it has no range. The twelve years spent by Ariosto in elaborating his *Orlando* were given up to the advice of such critics; and, down to our own time the same advice, with few exceptions, has waited upon each successive generation of poets. Till the present century, the laws of the critics were like those of the Medes and Persians. Ignorant of the epochal character of poetry—the relation it bears primarily to its own age—they fixed upon certain 'classics,' as exemplars for all time, and decided upon the merit of authors according to the proximity of their approach to Homer or Virgil. The Chinese do the same thing to this day, their own classics forming the grand literary criterion. Our readers perhaps remember the anecdote we related on a former occasion of the Chinese emperor who returned a copy of the New Testament that had been sent to him, with the crushing remark, 'that it was not classical;' but perhaps it does not occur to them, that this was precisely the language of European criticism. Criticism, in this low position, does not respect, because it does not feel, the holiness of poetry. It listens to the manifold sound that fills the air without comprehending its meaning. The leading voices it applauds, but for qualities that are merely superficial; and the subordinate it vituperates, because it does not know that, however weak in themselves, they are, like the others, an unconscious expression of the thought with which the mighty bosom of the age is heaving. Ridicule and sarcasm are the weapons of such science, and personal and political antipathies give them point and poison. All these frivolities and irrelevancies of criticism are owing to the want of a high enough appreciation of the science.

The same age, however, which, without ceasing to admire the ancients, has to some extent thrown off the classical yoke, has begun to discover that criticism, as it exists at present, is not the Interpreter of art. A merely empirical science does not satisfy the mind of the time; there must be some *à priori* theory to govern it, some fixed principles from which it may be educed. A word has been invented to signify the thing desired, and a word not remarkably apposite; for Æsthetics, instead of meaning the 'philosophy of art,' merely hints at the emotional nature of art—that is, a nature which addresses the feelings, not the intellect. Æsthetics was first used by Baumgarten to designate 'the doctrine of emotions;' but since then, its sphere has been greatly extended by his countrymen.

Æsthetics is the philosophy of art, the general theory on which the canons of criticism ought to be founded. The difference between the two is obvious. When an image or sentiment is objected to, as we have

said, on account of its not being in harmony with the work or class of works in which it appears—this is criticism; when it is objected to on account of its not being in harmony with the feeling which it is the end of art to excite—this is æsthetics. Æsthetics has been well said to be to criticism what physiology is to medicine: it is the physiology of art. Æsthetics deals specially with the philosophical idea, criticism specially with the forms and symbols. When art speaks, criticism notes the language, and the fitness and sequence of the thoughts; æsthetics ascertains the purpose, comprehends the idea, and in comprehending, teaches. It teaches the poet the philosophical nature of his own conceptions; and it teaches the age the nature of art as it did, does, and will exist. When criticism becomes philosophical, it partakes of the nature of æsthetics, and in such cases the two names are commonly, but erroneously, confounded. Æsthetics is the theory; and philosophical criticism the application of that theory to the beautiful in art.

In this country, philosophical criticism, in the rare instances in which it occurs, is the expression of individual opinion, for we have no science to serve as the ultimate criterion; but in Germany, the case is different, although without as yet, we suspect, any directly advantageous result. Æsthetics has there resolved itself into shape—although a shape bearing some moral resemblance to that of Milton's Death:

> If shape it might be called that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either.

Hegel is the chief organ of this misty school; and the critic we have quoted endeavours to convey a notion of his great work, *Æsthetik*, in a single paragraph. The substance of this is, that the Idea, or germ, manifests itself subjectively as reason, and objectively as the universe. The Idea, therefore, is the totality of mind and matter, in its unique conception; but when conceived under the form of thought, it is truth, and when under the form of external nature, beauty. 'Thus Beauty is spirit contemplating the spiritual as an object; Art is the absolute (the Idea) incarnate in the beautiful.' The first part of the work is devoted to the examination of this germ; in the second part, its development is traced in its separate forms, such as the symbol, allegory, &c., the classical, ideal, and romantic ideal; and in the third part, we have the flower under review, or, in other words, the fine arts in their separate existences.

Now it is manifest, that a science laid down in this way, however consonant to the German mind, is quite repellant to the form of thought existing in our country; and the consequence is, that notwithstanding the labours of our Teutonic brethren, æsthetics is popularly known among us merely as some principle of taste applying chiefly to painting and sculpture. In France, the case is different. There the Hegelian germ, although no more understood than with us, has so far fructified, that the literary mind has awakened to a faith in the existence of *some* eternal law, and the canons of criticism have acquired a higher and nobler, and therefore a truer range. But we cannot help thinking, that when the subject is once fairly taken up among us, the practical nature of the Anglo-Saxon genius will do much for its advancement. We shall not be so ready as the Germans to forget the purely emotional nature of art, and shall thus avoid entangling ourselves in the endless mazes of metaphysics.

To speculate in pages like ours on the form the science will take, is out of the question: we can only refer to the subject in general terms, as one that is now rousing the literary mind throughout Europe, and exciting the curiosity of thinking persons of all classes. This is an age when tradition and prescription are no longer sacred things—when men will no longer listen to teachers who are unable to give a reason for the faith that is in them. We demand to know *why* we are to accept a given thing as beauty—*how* one man's taste is not as lawful as another's—and *what* we are to look to as the ultimatum in questions of art. The answer to these demands will embrace a complete, and above all, a distinct and intelligible explanation of the nature of art, taste, and beauty. When we understand what art is—that inner principle of all the scientific expressions of beauty, many vexed questions will be set aside—such as, What is poetry?—poetry being simply the metrical expression of art; and so of sculpture, music, and the other expressions. Taste will probably be set down as the sense of beauty, intuitive in its germ, but as capable of cultivation and refinement as it is of perversion. Beauty, philosophically considered, is truth; and the feeling of delight it conveys is the response of the mind to an impression in harmony with its own constitution. Subjectively, beauty exists in the mind itself, as is proved by this sympathetic response; objectively, it exists in sound, form, colour, taste, smell—everything which addresses itself to the external senses. The law of beauty as regards sound has been discovered in the natural scale of the monochord, and music has thus become at the same time a fine art and a mathematical science. The same law, with different modifications, will probably be traced, not only in form and colour, but throughout all the other manifestations of beauty: an idea which can be derided as fanciful only by those who are unobservant of the simplicity of the means by which Nature attains her manifold ends. To follow and illustrate the steps of the universal Mother, is the province of æsthetics, while metaphysics concerns itself with the theory of the law itself—digging, as it were, into the foundation on which æsthetics stands, for the purpose of ascertaining its structure.

Some speculators suppose, that deformity being truth, deformity is likewise philosophically beauty. But not to mention the absence of the response of the mind, so far from deformity being truth, it is 'a jarring and a dissonant thing,' which nature in her upward progress will perhaps ultimately surmount. As for the argument, that the portraits of Iago and Shylock are as beautiful as those of Ophelia and Juliet, it confounds two things that are essentially distinct. The spectacle of moral deformity presented does not in itself inspire us with love and delight; but we are filled with admiration by the evidence of an artistic skill so beautiful and harmonious. It should be observed, likewise, that no picture of moral deformity could have any effect upon our imagination, unless it came to us conjunctively and in strong contrast—either suggested by the artist, or existing in our own minds—with the opposite virtue, or, in other words, with one of the manifestations of beauty. All such questions, so long the subject of fruitless debate, will be reasoned in connection with each other, and their solutions proved by their consonance as part and parcel of the new science.

It has been said that æsthetics, by interpreting the apocalypse of poetry, will improve the poet; but if a direct improvement is meant, we cannot admit the fact. Poets, however, are the children of the epoch in which they live; and anything which elevates the character of that epoch must have an indirect action upon them. In themselves individually, as regards art in contradistinction to its vehicle, they are untaught and unteachable. Theirs is no note of triumph for things accomplished, or for an accomplishment they believe to be possible, but rather the striving and panting of a 'fond despair,' a spiritual struggle for the blessing of that angel Beauty whom they never perfectly grasp. It is for this reason that there is usually a kind of lofty sadness even in their sweetest music; a music,

however, which—'yearning,' to use the fine image of Keats, 'like a god in pain'—while filling our eyes with tears, turns melancholy to rapture. In elevating criticism, therefore, by giving it a theory of the inner feeling of art, we propose to enlighten and refine the age itself; we propose to banish from the literary judgment-seat not only everything that tends to error, but everything mean, vulgar, and ungenerous; we propose to introduce the pilgrim, man, to a more loving and edifying intimacy with those divine sisters whom Providence has assigned to him as the companions of his heavenward journey.

ANGLO-FRENCH IN JERSEY.

IN a former number of this Journal,* a brief sketch was given of the island of Jersey, illustrating some of the principal features of that beautiful isle. It may not be uninteresting to notice a few matters which have undergone some change in the interval between 1844 and 1852, and especially to draw attention to the peculiar mixture of English and French in the language, usages, and commerce of the island.

Most English readers are aware that Jersey, as one of the Channel Islands, is situated in the deeply-set bay between Normandy and Brittany, having the former on the east, the latter on the south, and the English Channel on the other sides. It is true that the departments of Manche and Côtes-du-Nord occupy the greater portion of the coast; but France is better known to English readers by the names of the ancient provinces, than by those of the modern departments. Jersey and Alderney approach very near the French coast, but Guernsey and Sark lie somewhat further out at sea; while islets and rocks lie around in such incalculable numbers, as to afford good ground for conjecture, that they all at some remote period joined the mainland of France.

If a tourist, in answer to the question: 'Whither to go?' should decide on Jersey, the further question: 'How to get there?' is easily answered. The access to Jersey and its sister islands is now convenient and very cheap. The South-Western Railway Company, and the steam-vessels connected with it, afford facilities of a tempting character; for, after fixing on a reasonable tariff for the outward journey, an addition of only 5s. will procure a double ticket instead of a single—that is, one which will be available for the return-journey. The powers of this ticket remain open for a whole month, so that the tourist has a wide margin in regulating his movements; and he may, in addition, 'break journey' at Southampton, if he so please. The mail-steamers start at midnight, after the arrival of the last train from London—reach Guernsey by breakfast-time, and Jersey before noon. There is also a 'cargo-steamer' from Southampton, not in such favour with those who love high speed. The Brighton Railway Company, who have made many attempts to keep pace with their neighbours in Channel transit, have Jersey steamers at still lower fares than those from Southampton. Indeed, when the placards stare one in the face—'Jersey and back for 12s. 6d.,' one marvels how there can be profit for either rail or steamers; but it is well to bear in mind, that this Newhaven route is some fifteen or twenty hours long, and that the 12s. 6d. accommodation includes no cabin either fore or aft. Another route, the shortest of all, is from Plymouth and Torquay to Guernsey and Jersey, once a week—convenient for the west of England and for Ireland, but not for Londoners. There is also an occasional steamer from London to Jersey; but he must have a rare longing for the sea who would choose this route.

The local steaming between the islands is of course more humble in its character. There is a transit to and fro, at regular intervals, between Jersey and two points on the French coast—Granville and St Malo; the former giving access to Normandy, and the latter to Brittany. There is no regular steam-transit between Jersey or Guernsey and the smaller islands; the intercourse is too slight to render necessary anything further than occasional sailing-boats. In the height of the season, however, pleasure-trips take place from island to island—from Jersey and Guernsey to the little island of Sark, and back the same day; or from Jersey to the more distant island of Alderney, the land of milch cows. There has been an Alderney trip during the present summer, the advertisement relating to which gives us a curious insight into the non-railway position, so to speak, of these islands. There are government harbour-works now going on at Alderney, in which tram-ways and locomotives are employed; and the Jerseyans were reminded, that 'those who have never seen a railway, may now have an opportunity of visiting one, and of actually seeing a locomotive running, which is alone worth the expense of the trip.' Those who have 'never seen a railway' comprise a vast majority of the islanders; for not only are there no railways in Jersey, but the neighbouring French coast happens to be far out of the railway net-work. There was a 'Jersey Railway' planned a few years ago, but the project fell to the ground.

On fairly getting into Jersey, and glancing over the newspapers, we find the Anglo-French combination at once apparent. Some of them are in English, the rest in French; some are as large as a single sheet of the *Times*; some are smaller; some are 2d. each, others 1½d., for none of them have to bear the expense of a stamp. Like most English country papers, they are filled with local advertisements and local chit-chat, but with very little reference to general or world-wide topics; indeed, the French papers of the island are wofully deficient in this last item. Truth to tell, the Jerseyans seem to care little about what is passing beyond their own island, always excepting the Great Exhibition of 1851.

If we step into the Cour Royale, the Westminster Hall of Jersey, we become Frenchified at once, for the law proceedings are in that language. Trial by jury does not exist in Jersey, and the proceedings in the court have much of the dulness and slowness of our equity courts. Indeed, the reformers of Jersey—for there are not only rival parties, but very fierce rivals truly—are at present making a resolute effort to introduce a few additional English usages into their law proceedings.

The dusky little legislative hall stands over the dusky little court of justice, and the proceedings are, in like manner, in French. 'Mr Speaker,' the bailiy, is no bewigged or begowned personage, but a plain, honest, English-looking gentleman, who keeps his parliament of thirty-six members in the best order he can. They sit in a circle, or rather in a horseshoe, and talk their French with great volubility, sitting while they speak, unless their energy can find vent only by a stand-up delivery. More polite than English members, there are no hats on during the sitting. When a vote is to be taken, Mr Speaker addresses every member in turn, asking for his decision—which is given either by simple assent or dissent, or may be accompanied by observations. These decisions are more authoritative than those of our House of Commons, for there is no 'upper house.' In the little gallery of this hall of the legislature, the Jerseyans—most of whom know something of French, whether they speak it or not—may listen to what is going on.

But it is at a public meeting that Anglo-French is more curiously observable. There has, for instance, lately been held a meeting, to 'agitate' for the appointment of a justice of the peace and a Court of Requests, somewhat analogous to those in England; and the

* No. 12, New Series, p. 177.

island has been placarded with advertisements relating to it, some in one language, and some in the other. The French placards exhorted the islanders: 'Ne signez rien. Ne promettez rien. Mais soyez à votre poste;' and the English bills were not less urgent. At the meeting itself, the chairman spoke in French, while the rest spoke, some in French, and some in English; but all seemed to understand each other pretty well. The popular language—the applauding and disapplauding language—was mostly English, and in energy would not have disgraced Exeter Hall or the London Tavern. It is pleasant to find that these party differences, although expressed in two different languages, are not *national;* there is no English party or French party; the *Rose* and the *Laurel* are the designations of the two opposing factions—perhaps the Tories and the Whigs of Jersey-land—but each faction contains English as well as French. So intense is the party-spirit, that almost every village on the island has its Rose hostelry and its Laurel hostelry—that is, not houses with those signs, but houses used almost exclusively by one or other party. As for the signs themselves, nothing can be more loyal and royal; for since the Queen's visit to Jersey in 1846, the 'British Queen,' and the 'Queen Victoria,' and the 'Victoria and Albert,' and the 'Royal Arms,' meet one on all sides. In some of the quiet little nooks of the island, it is not an impossible thing to meet with a 'Queen's Hotel,' in the front-room of which the lady of the house may be seen washing her noble lord's stockings, while the heir and heiresses are running about jabbering a French patois that would be little understood in Paris.

An English visitor speedily finds that the 'currency question' is one which must engage his attention in Jersey—not the English question: 'What is a pound?' but the Jersey question: 'What is a shilling?' Whether the present coinage of the island derived its character from early French usages, we do not know; but at the present time, thirteen Jersey pence equal one English shilling. The copper coins have the Queen's head stamped on one side; while on the other, besides the arms of Jersey, there is an inscription to denote that the coin is $\frac{1}{13}$, $\frac{1}{26}$, or $\frac{1}{52}$ of a shilling, according as it is a penny, a half-penny, or a farthing. English copper becomes mingled with Jersey copper, and both circulate as of equal value; but when change has to be given, a curious complexity arises. The traders are accustomed to allow a half-penny in a 6d. for 'currency.' There are threepenny-omnibuses on the fine road around the bay from St Helier to St Aubyn—one of the most glorious routes which it was ever the good-luck of an omnibus to follow. If you pay in copper, you pay 3d.; but if you tender a silver sixpence, you receive 3½d. in change; and as 3d. from this would pay for the next journey, you are the gainer of a half-penny by having tendered 6d. originally. If two Englishmen were to take over, the one 240 pence, and the other 20 shillings or 40 sixpences, it would be found that in small purchases the silver-holder would make better bargains than his companion. The Guernsey copper-money differs slightly from that of Jersey, being intermediate between it and English currency; but all three circulate on equal terms. In newspaper advertisements, and in shop-window tickets, it is often observable that an odd half-penny makes its appearance; this indicates that Jersey currency is meant. If an article is marked 6½d., and you tender a silver sixpence, this suffices. On the other hand, if English currency be meant, it is customary to say (*British*) after the charge. Thus Dr Wolff, who has been lately lecturing in Jersey, charged '1s. back seats, 2s. reserved seats (British).' French money circulates almost as readily as that of Jersey, Guernsey, and England; and indeed in Guernsey, although French is less spoken than in the sister island, it is not at all unusual to charge in francs and half-francs. The Guernsey theatre, for instance, charges in francs, whereas the Jersey theatre charges in British currency. Sometimes an English purchaser is driven to his arithmetic to understand the change given to him. Thus, to take an actual instance: a sixpenny Jersey almanac was purchased of a bookseller, and a half-sovereign tendered. The change given consisted of two French five-franc pieces, a British shilling and sixpence, and two Jersey pence. Although the five-franc piece is valued at 4s. 4d. in Jersey currency, it is only 3s. 11d. in British, and the pence were thrown in to make up the right amount. All very clear to a Jerseyman, but puzzling enough to an English visitor.

The market-people of Jersey are more Anglo-French than the currency. Not only do French traders come to and from Granville and St Malo, but there are many resident in Jersey who live on frugally, with the hope of one day being able to buy a bit of land in their own dear France. The French market at St Helier on a Saturday is an interesting spot. Here the Normandy cap and the Brittany cap of the women are seen in all their cleanliness and quaintness. The stalls are abundantly supplied with fruit, vegetables, and other commodities; and the women who sit beside them occupy every spare moment in knitting. Indeed, we may say that knitting is the great and universal female employment for spare moments in Jersey. The poor woman knits stockings for sale; the mother knits stockings for her family; while the lady knits stockings to give away; the itinerant dealer knits as she walks along; and the market-woman knits at her stall. Some of the market-women may be seen reading the *Chronique de Jersey* occasionally; but this is an exception. It is in the market that we best see how familiar both languages are to the Jerseyans; for a market-woman will address one customer in French and the next in English, although it may be that her stock of English is limited within a marketing range. These women, poor as they may be, always manage to be neat, and even something more on Sundays. At the French Catholic chapel in St Helier, on a Sunday afternoon, their appearance—in their jaunty white caps, their gold earrings, and their scrupulously tidy dresses—is not a little surprising to persons accustomed to the appearance of English market-women. They will live on the homeliest and scantiest fare at all times; but they will not be slatterns on Sundays; indeed, they are not slatterns at any time.

In the rural districts, English is much less spoken than at St Helier. At all the small inns and alehouses there is some one who can use it, but frequently there is only one. In many cases, the parents make a point of causing one of their children to learn English; and a curly-headed boy may thus be the interpreter for his family in their intercourse with such English as they may encounter. One of the castles—the show-places of the island—was lately tended by a woman who spoke French, but some of whose children also spoke English; while the present attendant is an Englishwoman, whose family speak no French. The accommodation to visitors is in this latter case so much diminished, that a young urchin is about to be Frenchified accordingly, to fit him to act as cicerone to French visitors. Many of the fishermen round the coast can speak no English, and in such case the fishwomen or dealers jabber in French while purchasing from these men, but understand English well enough for marketing purposes inland. Let us take the beautiful little bay of Bonne Nuit as the scene of such a fish-sale. The vessel is hauled up on the beach, the fish are thrown out, and carried high and dry to a shingly spot somewhat higher up, where a few market-people are assembled. The fish are conger-eels, for which Jersey is famous; a pair of scales is suspended from the bow of an old fishing-boat drawn up on shore, and the weights are pebble-stones, with iron rings inserted in them. Each conger is weighed singly, and the weight

—twenty, twenty-five, or even thirty pounds—is cut with a knife, in Roman numerals, near the tail of each fish. When all the weighing is completed, a busy process of arithmetic ensues: all the weights are added up, and the total weight ascertained. This determines the price to be paid at 1½d. per pound; the congers are transferred to small carts, which small Jersey horses bravely pull up the steep path from the bay to the main road. The whole transaction is conducted in French; but some among the buyers can enlighten an English visitor, whose stock of French happens to be small.

The *affiches*, or notices stuck up at the church-gates, afford another example of the singular mixture of languages. There are twelve parishes in Jersey, and twelve very old churches, all bearing a remarkable family resemblance. By the side of the entrance-gate is usually a poor-box (there are no poor-laws in Jersey); and the exhortation to remember the poor is inscribed both in English and in French. Near the poor-box is a recess, railed off in front, for the reception of notices and advertisements relating to local affairs; and these are mostly in French. A farmer has lost his cow, and this church-gate recess contains a notice of his loss; a man is at loggerheads with his wife, and advises all people not to trust her; another has forgotten to pay his debts, and is reminded of his forgetfulness; and so forth. The parson gives a tithe-notice to his parishioners in such form as the following:—'Le recteur de cette paroisse fait savoir à tous ceux qui lui sont redevables de dixième de grain pour l'année courant, de vouloir bien de provenir au presbytère 24 heures à moins avant de charner ou transporter.'

Even the commercial papers relating to the duty-free shipment of Jersey produce are some in French, and some in English. Jersey is particularly favoured in respect to customs arrangements: all foreign produce may enter the island duty-free, and all Jersey produce may leave the island duty-free; Jersey French newspapers, although unstamped, and selling for 1½d., pass free by post into England; and French goods are often in small quantity brought duty-free into England, *viâ* Jersey, by a little stretching of the law. All that Jersey has to spare for other countries, is garden produce and cattle; and the shipper of any such commodities has to fill up a blank-form before being allowed to do so. Now these blank-forms, which are purchasable at 1d. or 1½d. each, are in English for garden produce, and in French for cattle—a difference, the ground for which we are at a loss to explain. The form for garden produce runs as follows:—'Before a magistrate of the Royal Court of this island, personally appeared , of the parish of , in this island, who declared that does ship on board of the , the growth and produce of own land, in the said island; which said to pass custom-free, by virtue of his majesty's grant contained in the charter of the privileges of this island. Declared before me,' &c. Whereas the blank-form for cattle, drawn up in the same general style, but having blank spaces for the colours and the age of the animals, is in French. Whether it is that most of the gardeners are English, and most of the graziers French, we do not know, but no other explanation of this curious diversity suggests itself.

The ministers of religion, like persons in humbler station, have to accommodate themselves to the requirements of the two languages. For the most part, the services in the parish churches of Jersey are performed in French; but it is not unusual to have an English service once on the Sunday. The rector of St Helier parish himself preaches in both languages at different times of the Sunday—in French in the morning, and in English in the afternoon or evening.

If we make a descent in rank, and transfer our attention from the rector to the town-crier, we find that even here the double language of the island makes itself apparent. The fat little man, conscious of his own dignity, rings his bell to summon an audience, and then announces in French the important news, that Messrs —— have just imported a large and valuable collection of merchandise, which they are prepared to sell at prices very advantageous to the purchaser: he then repeats the same narrative in English, rings his bell again, and dismisses his audience. His French and his English are both fringed with a slight patois, but both are good enough for the purpose in view.

In many of the minor trading arrangements of the island, both languages are used together, so as to meet the necessities of all whom they may concern. Thus, near the markets is a weigh-house, where any of the market-people may have the more bulky commodities weighed; the superscription in the outside of the building is 'Public Weights—Poids Publiques.' Many of the shop-windows and parlour-windows have announcements, 'Rooms to let—Appartements à louer.' In short, the Anglo-French of Jersey is one of the most remarkable features of that beautiful island.

MAGAZINES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

There is, perhaps, no better way of acquiring a clear idea of the great changes which have taken place in society and literature, within the last sixty years, than by looking over a few volumes of old magazines published prior to that date. Neither the books nor the newspapers of the last century convey so correct an impression of these changes, as that which may be gained from the monthly periodicals. We are so familiar with the works of Addison, Swift, Johnson, and Goldsmith, that we overlook in them many of the peculiar traits which distinguish their age. The newspapers of that period, on the other hand, are extremely meagre and jejune affairs: if they remind us of the progress which has been made since their day, it is rather by what they do *not* contain, than by the actual information they afford. But the magazines were what the newspapers are in our time, and something more. They give us at once the news, politics, literature, and science of the day, or rather of the month. In glancing over them, we are transported back to that bygone epoch—we catch the ideas, and discern the character and tendency of the time—we learn not merely the history of passing events, but how those events affected the minds of persons who witnessed them and shared in them. When we read, in a modern work, a narrative of Lord Chatham's administration, or of the American war, or the Gordon riots, we may get all the material facts in each case, but we read them by the light of the present day, which we feel to be in one respect a false light. If we would learn how the occurrences were viewed at the time, and how they coloured and shaped the public opinion of the day, and in their turn took colour and shape from this opinion, we must have recourse to the contemporary magazines.

But without referring at present to any particular series of events, a great deal may be learned from a general inspection of the periodicals themselves, their number, price, style, and the nature of their contents. Here, for example, are eight or ten different magazines published about the same time, between the years 1780 and 1785. There are the *Westminster*, the *European*, the *London*, the *British*, the *Political*, the *Universal*, the *Town and Country*, the *Gentleman's*, the *Lady's*, and the *New Lady's Magazines*; and several others existed, of which we have no specimens at hand. As the reading-public of that day was very small when compared with the same public in our time, this affluence of periodicals is at first sight rather surprising; and our

surprise is not diminished on remarking the low price at which they were sold, and the care evidently bestowed upon what may be termed the decorative portion of most of them. Here, for example, is the *European Magazine* for September 1782, 'price one shilling;' it contains eighty pages in octavo, and is, as the title-page states, 'embellished with the following elegant engravings:—A striking likeness of Lieutenant-general Eliott, drawn by Miller, from an original painting in the possession of Mrs Fuller; a large quarto perspective view of the Castle and Bay of Gibraltar, and the English fleet relieving the garrison in 1781; a view of the diving-bell and machinery used in the case of the Royal George; and four pages of music.' Two of the engravings are in copper-plate, executed in the best style of the art, as it existed at that period. No monthly periodical of the present day would give so large a quantity of letter-press, with so many and such good illustrations, for the same price. Yet this is not the cheapest of the old periodicals. The *New Lady's Magazine* for June 1786, 'price *only* sixpence'—we quote the emphatic announcement of the title-page—contains sixty-six pages of print, and is 'embellished with, first, a fine portrait and striking likeness of Princess Amelia, engraved by Page; secondly, a representation of Mrs Inchbald, as Lady Abbess, in the *Comedy of Errors*, engraved by Wooding; thirdly, a striking likeness of Mrs Wells, in the character of Jane Shore, engraved by Wooding; fourthly, a new fancy-pattern for working an apron, &c., &c., drawn by a capital artist; fifthly, two cuts, representing the disposition of a table of two courses for the month of July, adapted to the *Lady's Assistant in the whole Art of Cookery*; and sixthly, *The Charms of Summer*, a new song, set to music by Mr Hook.' Here, it will be seen, is, in fact, an illustrated *monthly newspaper* (for the magazine contains the usual summary of current intelligence), for the price at which a weekly paper of the present day is sold.

This last sentence conveys probably the true explanation both of the singular cheapness and the remarkable number of these monthly periodicals of the last century. They supplied, in a great measure, to the people of that day, the place both of the magazines and the weekly papers, political as well as literary, of our time; in some degree, indeed, they trenched upon the province of our daily papers. The magazines, it is well known, were the first to give reports of parliamentary debates, and a good deal of other highly interesting news appeared originally in their pages. In every magazine, without exception, a considerable part of each number was devoted to the current intelligence of the past month—not a political commentary, such as is given by certain monthly periodicals at present, but a regular digest of home and foreign news, very much in the style usual in our weekly papers. In fact, readers in that era of slow coaches and uncertain packets, were content to receive their news once a month; while the dullest of us, in these railway and steam-ship times, must know what is going on in the world at least as often as once a week. Thus we see how it happened, that although the number of readers at that time was comparatively small, yet, as the magazines had, so to speak, almost a monopoly of the literary market, they may have had a larger circulation than that of the ordinary monthly periodicals of our day, and so have been enabled, as is the case with our weekly literary papers, to give a good deal of matter at a low price.

This, however, is evidently not a complete explanation of the facts which at first perplexed us. A careful examination of these antique magazines shews that they must have avoided, in a great measure, one of the chief sources of expense to a modern literary periodical—namely, the payment of contributors. Their proprietors relying, as they did, mainly upon the attractiveness of the news, and the pictorial embellishments, which they offered in profusion, neglected the merely literary part of their publication. This portion of the magazine was supplied, for the most part, in the manner in which some of the weekly newspapers of the present day are accustomed to furnish a modicum of literature to their subscribers—that is to say, partly by the gratuitous contributions of casual correspondents, and partly by copious extracts from newly published works. Young and untried writers, who were anxious to see themselves in print; unsuccessful authors, whose works the publishers would not buy; sufferers, who had grievances to proclaim; and speculators, who had projects to bring before the world, addressed themselves to some one or other of the magazines; and a composition must have been very indifferent indeed, or very exceptionable, which was refused admission. A page in every number is usually occupied by the 'acknowledgments' of the editor to his correspondents, rendered either in the form of thanks for their 'favours,' or suggestions for the improvement of their writings. It is well known that most of the authors of those days made the first essay of their powers in the magazines. Johnson, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, and, in fact, almost every writer who subsequently attained distinction, entered the field of literature through this always open and inviting avenue. It is observable, however, that in no instance did these eminent authors, when they had risen to fame, continue to write for the periodicals. The returns for literary labour were then small enough at the best; but while a successful book might bring some gain to the writer, both in money and reputation, the best contributions to the monthly periodicals produced little more than the 'thanks' of the editor. The literary staff of a magazine in those days seems to have consisted of an editor-in-chief—a post which was sometimes filled by the publisher himself—and of three or four 'hack-writers' of the humblest class, whose business was mostly in the way of compiling, extracting, making summaries, and writing to order, as occasion required. In looking over these publications, one gets a lively, and at the same time a very dismal idea of Grub Street. We see that the public, solicitous chiefly about the news, were contented with a very indifferent quality of literature; and the publishers, naturally conforming to the public taste, expended so much in procuring intelligence and attractive pictures, that they could only afford to pay for the work of the lowest literary craftsmen. We thus begin to understand how it was that the last century produced that swarm of dull and needy writers, the objects of Pope's cynical ridicule, of Goldsmith's careless bounty—always in want, yet always managing to pick up a scrambling and hap-hazard subsistence in the obscure byways of literature. All the qualification a magazine writer needed in those days, was a mere aptitude for putting words together in such a manner as would convey a meaning; subject and materials were provided for him by his employer: style and learning were superfluities, not required or paid for. As we turn over the pages of these antiquated serials, we distinguish without difficulty the works of the luckless heroes of the *Dunciad*, or their compeers. Here we find an account of Cook's first voyage, running through a dozen numbers of the *Town and Country Magazine*. It is condensed, we see, from Hawkesworth's narrative, with all the animation squeezed out of it, and is apparently about as interesting as a log-book. Then we have a description of the counties of England and Scotland—another dreary series of articles, exactly in the style of a gazetteer, and no doubt compiled from a work of that class. Biographies of eminent men, done in the same literal and unattractive manner, occupy a considerable space. For light reading, we have hapless attempts at humorous essays in the style of the *Spectator*, and 'moral tales,' generally of a most absurd and lackadaisical character. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of one which ought to be rather above the

ordinary mark, inasmuch as it was thought worthy of being 'embellished with an engraving from the design of a celebrated artist.' It is entitled 'The Infant Rambler, or Distressed Mother,' and begins in the following fashion :—'Eliza was a person of the most delicate feelings; she was married to a gentleman whose sentiments were equal with her own. He was taken ill; his illness turned to a putrid fever; and though attended by the most celebrated physicians, was summoned to that tribunal at which we must all appear.' It will be observed, that in this affecting passage a slight lapse of the writer's grammar has summoned the fever instead of the patient to the ultimate tribunal. Justice to departed Grub Street, however, requires us to add, that there appears to be no harm in such compositions, beyond their invariable dulness and their frequent absurdity.

The great improvement which has taken place in the character of our periodical literature, has usually been ascribed to the influence of the example set by the *Edinburgh Review*. But, in fact, the existence of this example itself, and the change to which it is supposed to have led, are due to two causes—the French Revolution, and the spread of education among the people. The manner in which the French Revolution operated indirectly in changing the form of English literature, is a curious subject, which the elder D'Israeli, or some other historian of literature, would have found worth investigating. We do not now refer to the grander and more profound effects of that great convulsion, but simply to the peculiar influence which it had in giving a new shape, style, and character, to the productions of our periodical press of every description. This effect was produced in a very simple way, though one that has perhaps never been clearly stated. It has been before remarked, that during the greater part of the last century, the monthly magazines supplied the place of our present weekly papers, as the purveyors of news to the great mass of the reading-public, and that the attractiveness which they derived from this office, secured for them a large circulation, without reference to the quality of their literature, to which, consequently, little regard was paid. But the exciting events of the French Revolution, and of the wars which followed it, led to an eager demand for news, which could not be satisfied by a monthly publication. The daily papers rose largely in circulation, and assumed a new character, no longer confining themselves to the mere collection of intelligence, but beginning to comment freely and regularly upon the events of the day. Finally, to satisfy the taste for mingled politics and literature—a taste which had been originally awakened by the monthly periodicals—the weekly papers were established, or recast, and, after various changes, gradually assumed the form which they have at the present day—a form which, it may be added, appears to be peculiar to this country and the United States.

Deprived of their functions as chroniclers of news, the magazines were compelled thenceforward to depend for their success entirely upon their literature; and to render this attractive, its quality had at least to be raised to the level of that of most contemporary works. It could not be supposed that the public would continue to purchase the trashy compilations and inane fictions which had merely been tolerated before, by most readers, for the sake of the parliamentary debates and monthly digest of intelligence which had accompanied them. Now that these were withdrawn, it was certain that the newspapers and the circulating libraries would supply in Great Britain, as they did on the continent, the wants of the reading public, unless an entire change should be effected in the character of the monthly and quarterly serials. It was undoubtedly Francis Jeffrey who first perceived the necessity for this change, and shewed how it was to be effected. By paying the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* at a rate corresponding to that at which the authors of successful books were usually paid, he secured for the Review the regular co-operation of some of the ablest writers in the country; and while the merit of their productions won for the Review a great and remunerative success, they had the effect, at the same time, of raising the general standard and character of periodical literature. The diffusion of knowledge and of cultivated tastes over a constantly extending circle of readers, no doubt contributed not a little to bring about this consummation. But there can be as little doubt, that the excitement of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars hastened the change, and gave it a peculiar direction and result. For one effect, it swept away, with the single exception of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always had a special circulation and support, the whole brood of the old periodicals, doubtless because their conductors could not comprehend, or adapt themselves to, the change of circumstances, and the new spirit and wants of the age. The existing magazines are the products of these new conditions; and, as was before remarked, it is not till we have compared them with their predecessors, that we obtain an accurate perception of the wide chasm in literature which separates the era of our great-grandfathers from our own.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

I WOULD not dare to offer thee the hackneyed words of love;
I know such homage of the lip thy heart could never move:
I never said thy face was fair, or praised its loveliness,
Yet I could utter strains like these, had I esteemed thee less.

And yet I feel thou must have seen my heart was thine alone,
Have heard this voice of faithful love breathe in my every tone.
Yes, faithful! for have I not dared thy foibles to reprove;
And couldst thou at my hand demand a sterner test of love?

I've lingered near thee, and have heard full many a lover sigh,
While breathing forth their honeyed words with seeming fervency;
And though I felt what they but feigned, they played their part so well,
No voice, no words were left to me, my heart's fond thoughts to tell.

Thou deem'st me cold! a warmer heart there never throbbed than mine;
My cheek and eye have kindled bright at slightest glance of thine:
Thy voice can make my spirit glad, thy smile to transport move,
Thy footstep bids my heart beat high! Oh! must not this be love?

And wilt thou, dearest, then reject this homage of the heart,
Or chide me that I ne'er can tell how very dear thou art?
When most the cooling draught we need, the noisy brook is dry,
But the deep fountain, though unheard, springs up unceasingly!

HARRIET.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 465. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

LIVING.

AMONG the brief sayings of men of genius, there are not many of a more pointed and profound significance than this of Gœthe:—'Think of living.' For, in strict reality, the art of living wisely is one of the most difficult and indispensable of all attainments; and a just and adequate consideration of it may be said to include everything that is most worthy of a thought. There is no loftier subject of meditation to be offered to the mind of man. Life is, indeed, the 'perennial standing miracle of the universe.' For ever wonderful, unexplainable, it is yet intensely, most indubitably *real*. This fact of being alive is not to be denied or questioned: if all else were doubtful, *this* is certain—here we are! conscious living beings, with an actual destiny in the present and in the future, the issues and the mystery whereof our deepest intuitions cannot fathom.

It is really well to 'think of living.' It is well for us to pause amid the excitements of material pleasure and occupation, to contemplate this mystical solemnity of Being—this deep-flowing river of human consciousness, whose sources lie above us at an invisible remoteness, and whose outlet carries us beyond the boundaries of time, into the shadowy and uncertain regions of the Unknown. There is something grand, astonishing, and awful in the contemplation. As Sterling has beautifully written: 'Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life—the principle of existence in a stone, or a drop of water—is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of Time and Space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abysmal Nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God: and thus a grain of sand, being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something prodigious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows that it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!'* This wondering, reflective human Soul, how marvellous and strange it is in all its attributes and longings; how it scans the hard problems of the universe, and elicits light out of the darkness of creation; moving with intrepid steps across the continents of things that are, and searching after the secrets of the unseen; yet for ever is thrown back on the mystery of itself, and can never, with its utmost soaring, ascend to the apprehension of that which constitutes its own vitality and being!

Nothing but the mist of familiarity could obscure from us the intrinsic wonder of our existence. We note with admiration many of its transient manifestations, but discern not that it itself is most essentially astonishing. Yet, when we come to ponder it, the fact is plain, incontestable, and overwhelming. 'What,' says Shelley, 'are changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions which supported them; what is the birth and the extinction of religious and political systems, to this grand reality of life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life? What is the universe of stars and suns, of which this inhabited earth is one, and their motions and their destiny, compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not, because it is so miraculous. . . . We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life. What are we? Whence do we come? and whither do we go?' To these questions we must refer elsewhere for a suitable answer; contenting ourselves here with discerning, that 'Man is a being of lofty aspirations, looking before and after, whose thoughts wander through eternity, disclaiming alliance with transience and decay.'*

> The strong sense we have of God in us,
> Makes us believe the soul can never cease.†

This, which we call life, is not a fleeting and perishable apparition, but something which is continuous and perpetual—a power that transcends the limitations of time and of all sublunary conditions, and ranges through duration with an inextinguishable subsistency. The 'longing after immortality' which is born with us, would seem to be the prophecy and assurance of our deathlessness, the foreshadowing of the soul's prolonged and indefinite continuance, the revelation of its triumph over the change that wears the semblance of destruction.

It is wise, then, to think of living. Consider these manifold capacities for action, feeling, and reflection, and ponder the responsibilities that must arise from their employment. For what purposes, for what end, have we been invested with this wondrous personality, this conscious and discerning being, this capability to think and do? Assuredly, there is a destination open to us commensurate with the powers we possess. We have not been cast at random into the universe, unattached and unrelated to its laws; but we have rights and duties here which demand the exercise of all our faculties, and are to be severally pursued with an unflinching conscientiousness. This is discernible from the consequences which proceed from every irregular

* Thoughts and Images.

* Shelley's Essays.

† Bailey's Festus.

and perverted application of the human powers, from every abuse or false employment of our bodily, mental, or moral energies—from every instance of neglect in the training or rightful use of the endowments, impulses, and aspirations that are constitutionally subsistent in our nature. The ascertainable experience of mankind proclaims that these consequences are invariably and inevitably disastrous. There is no true happiness, or wellbeing, approachable otherwise than by the paths of rectitude—the naturally ordained conditions by which God himself has unchangeably appointed us to live. If men are foiled and miserable here, it is because they have failed to conform themselves to the Divine appointments; because, through ignorance, wilfulness, or, perchance, the force of circumstances, they have violated or neglected the conditions on which success and welfare are dependent. It is only within the stream of that prevailing tendency, which flows with everlasting constancy through the centre of created things, and has its source in the sublime darkness, where the Absolute and the Holy is enthroned—it is only by shaping his course of being and activity in accordance with this tendency, that a man can by any chance succeed; by this alone can he realise any true or permanent results, and get his deeds accredited in the final arbitration whereunto all human proceedings and concerns will be irrevocably referred. On the eternal law of Right, a man may stand and work with safety, with perfect and unlimited assurance that what he does will naturally cohere and ally itself with the activities of the universe, and subsist and prevail as they prevail: this is that practical fidelity on which God looks down, and is well-pleased. But every act or striving that is contrary to the right—to the tenor and ordainments of the universe—has the whole power of the universe, and of the all-just Maker, set against it, and can no more withstand so august an opposition, than can the common air sustain a falling object against the influences of gravitation. However specious and flourishing it may look while it lasts, whatever approving recognition it may receive from the conventions and fashions of the hour, the thing being actually at variance with true principles, its triumph, by the nature of it, can be but temporary and evanescent: in the long-run, all delusions are exploded, all falsehoods detected and exposed, all injustices avenged, all insincerities and impieties relentlessly put to shame; and nothing but what is true, and accordant with the Divine arrangements, has any attribute of permanence or steadfastness. To learn the right, to strive after it, and to love it—to win by repeated efforts, and after many failures, the strength and security which it can yield us—this is the discipline to which we are appointed in this changeful scene of time—this is the education whereby the soul of man is destined to arrive at last to the fulness of its capabilities, and to ascend, after its difficult probation, to a higher and more perfect state of being.

If a man could rise to the full conception of his nature, and apprehend the largeness of its destiny, the belief would assuredly arise in him, that his existence here and now is a thing of immense concern to him. For our life is not intrinsically a vanity, as certain shallow moralists have represented, but a fact so real and grand as to strike the imagination with amazement. Whatever may be the excellency of the life beyond us, it is certain that the measure of our participation in it must be determined by the character of our conduct here. It is even fearful to reflect how, day by day, we are fixing the condition in which we shall be called to move hereafter; how, perchance, some negligence or folly may throw us back long ages in the march of immortal enterprise, and hinder us from rising to heights of knowledge and moral purity which we otherwise might reach; how, in short, the whole course of our ulterior destination may be cast among lower and less hopeful chances, and bring us no return of the opportunities which in this life were neglected. But, apart from all considerations of a subsequent existence, it is surely a matter of high concernment how we conduct our existence here; for the world has been assigned to us to live in, and, with all its difficulties, and sorrows, and vexations, it actually presents to us a noble field both for work and for enjoyment. We are not aliens or outcasts of the universe, but the scene in which our lot is cast is in all respects adapted to our nature. There is nothing to complain of in any of the material or spiritual conditions with which, as active and moral beings, we are required to comply. We have only to observe and maintain right relations with the world, and even this straitened and imperfect state is capable of affording us many reasonable satisfactions. Perfect obedience may not be possible to our finite nature; but by cultivating a disposition to obey, we may gradually acquire a firmer and more complete control over our unruly propensities, and so guard and establish the supremacy of conscience, as to rise at length to a level of attainment where inclination and desire shall be coincident with duty. By imperceptible degrees, a man may thus advance within the circle of the perfect law, and unite his efforts with the power that sustains and animates the universe.

There is a saying of Margaret Fuller's which is well deserving of remembrance. 'Very early,' said she, 'I knew that the only object in life was *to grow*.' Development of mind and character is truly the highest concern of man on earth. That we should become something intellectually and morally superior to what we were at the beginning, seems to have been the design of the Creator in placing us under conditions of probation. The great end of all experience is the perfecting of the soul. It is true that human nature is so constituted as to exact a liberal exercise of the faculties for grosser and more immediate objects. As Jean Paul remarks: 'All the conditions of our earthly existence must be complied with, ere the demands of the inward nature can be manifested.'* Nevertheless, the corporeal needs being once provided for, it is not possible for a man to be content with them: the 'eternal hunger' of his soul, the unappeased longing of his heart, demands another and more sufficing solacement. The restlessness, the sense of weariness, that visits every one whose aims and expectations are centered in mere material possessions, is a perpetual admonition that these things are insufficient for his welfare. Nature thus beneficently solicits him to the contemplation of his higher interests, to the august possibilities of spiritual aspiration, to the boundless blessedness that springs from a devotion to truth, righteousness, and beauty. With these before him as the crown and reward of his activity, his life

* *Kampaner Thal.*

assumes a loftier significance; trials and vexations hurt him not; for, in the reasonable service to which God has called his creatures, it is even a joy to be consumed. Let a man have faith in the perfect fairness and magnanimity of the dispensation under which he lives, and work in the conviction that every rightful thought and act of his is in unison with the Supreme designs, and his life shall not be barren of approvable results, nor be wanting in abundant consolations.

The idea of living which best consorts with the highest accepted theory of man's relations, is the one which has been already hinted at—the idea that the world is subservient to the soul as a place of education. We are here to make the most of our capabilities, to take trial of our strength, to expand and fortify our minds by thought and knowledge, to learn by failure and success what things are calculated to advance us in wellbeing, and, on the whole, to unfold and perfect our nature to the extent of its possibilities. By work and rest, by passion and suffering, by prosperity and adversity, by all the events and incidents that make up the sum of life, the soul is trained and disciplined to apprehend its needs. As one has said: 'The exercise of the will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. From the child's successive possession of his several senses, up to the hour when he saith "Thy will be done!" he is learning the secret, that he can reduce under his will, not only particular events, but great classes, nay, the whole series of events, and so conform all facts to his character. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. . . . . It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful.'* Moreover, it is observable that 'sensible objects conform to the premonitions of reason, and reflect the conscience. All things are moral, and in their boundless changes have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is nature glorious with form, colour, and motion; that every globe in the remotest heaven; every chemical change, from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life; every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf, to the tropical forest and antediluvian coal-mine; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments. Therefore is nature always the ally of religion: lends all her pomp and splendour to the religious sentiment.'†

It is from the resources of the religious sentiment that man must draw his power, if he would adequately fulfil the authentic ends of living. By virtue of this sentiment, he discerns the perfection of the moral law, and voluntarily conforms his will to the will of the Unchangeable—that highest and absolute Volition, to which he is related in the bonds of responsibility. When life is penetrated by this mystical and sacred influence, it is invested with a sublimity which time or chance cannot impair. The tranquillity and contentment which it sheds, are more sufficing than the most thrilling and refined delights that partake not of its sanctity; and, being clothed with its strength and steadfastness, the soul is immutably secured against the hurtful impressions of calamity. This is that spirit which 'sees to the end of all temptations,' and gives quietness of heart under every solicitude. There is no darkness or desolation which it cannot brighten with its hopefulness. It is strong with resignation, and sustains itself with lowliness of mind. It has no fear, or wavering, or despondency; but, like the shining of the stars, it is constant, and ever cheerful; in life and in death it is a never-failing Comforter; and in its hands are the keys of the kingdoms of Immortality.

* Emerson's *Essay on Nature*, chap. v. † Ibid.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF QUEEN MARY.

In the third volume of her series, *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*,* Miss Agnes Strickland enters upon the painful and mysterious topic which has exercised so many pens—the life of Mary. A pretty thick volume brings us only through the first twenty years of the sad history, leaving all the more tragic part to come. The author, we need scarcely say, is here engaged in a theme highly congenial to her. She writes from the beginning as the friend and advocate of the suffering woman, all the more cordially that her enemies were persons whose names are associated with reform and revolution. Hers are the politics of the heart, not the head; and it cannot be pretended that we find in the present narrative any share of that trained sagacity in the consideration of evidence which has been shewn by other writers of the history of Mary. Miss Strickland has, however, been fortunate in coming forward when many new documents respecting the unfortunate queen had been brought to light, and she has herself shewn much diligence in discovering still further additions to the mass of materials. She gives the series of events in an easy and often graphic narration—not always accurate in small particulars, but faithful in all that are truly important—and thus we receive from her a book which few but the violently prejudiced will read without pleasure.

Though it was the singular fortune of Mary to be a queen-regnant from the second or third day of her existence, there never, perhaps, was a person in that situation who was from first to last less the mistress of her own actions. In girlhood, she was kept in a churlish restraint by a Madame Parois, a jealous, ill-tempered woman, who acted as her governess. When advancing to womanhood, all her political actions were dictated by the king of France and her uncles of the Guise family. On returning to Scotland, the sceptre she assumed there was merely nominal. She was at first entirely in the hands of her brother the Earl of Moray, and others, who, being Protestants, were much more subservient to the interests of Elizabeth than to those of their own apparent mistress. Her personal conduct under these circumstances was meek and submissive, and, as far as we can see, she bore much harsh and ungenerous usage with remarkable good temper. It is customary to attribute much of her misfortunes to her education in the licentious court of France; but if that court was licentious, there is at least strong negative evidence that Mary left it without the slightest stain upon her character. Strange as it may sound, she conducted herself for years with much more freedom from scandal than the virgin queen of England herself.

Her greatest misfortune was her living at a time when the upbreak of the old faith of Europe had set men and nations not merely astray from social amity, but from the ordinary rules of morality. To a candid mind, there is hardly any distinction to be drawn between the professors of the different creeds. A code of treachery and selfishness beyond all experience ruled everywhere. It was the fate of Mary to be beset, from an early period of her career, by emissaries and partisans of Elizabeth, who, while maintaining fair external appearances, were in reality spies upon her actions, and in whose policy towards her not one particle of honesty or generosity is to be traced. She herself was

* Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1852.

never aware of the full extent to which she was thus victimised; but the State-paper Office has since revealed it in the most damnatory colours.

On the present occasion, we can go no further in general remarks, but must content ourselves with an extract from Miss Strickland's lively pages, one which may have an extrinsic interest at the present time, as a contrast to the pageants of a different kind which occasionally enliven the streets of Paris. It is a description of the nuptials of Mary, in her sixteenth year, with the still younger Dauphin Francis, son of Henry II.

'Mary Stuart and the royal family of France slept in the palace of the Archbishop of Paris the night before her bridal with the dauphin. The preparations for that solemnity commenced with the dawn of day on Sunday, April 24, 1558. The flourish of trumpets and lively notes of the fifes and drums, echoing through those old monastic courts and cloisters, gave the regal bride and her virgin companions, the four bonny Scotch Maries, a blithe wakening betimes. But every one within the palace was early up and dressing. The excited population of Paris, in eager anticipation of the show, thronged the purlieus of Notre Dame; and the streets and bridges in that vicinity were wedged with a struggling mass of life, impervious to horsemen or carriages. The king of France, with equal kindness and good policy, had caused arrangements to be made so as to gratify every creature, however humble, in that mixed multitude, with a satisfactory view of the bridal-procession and nuptials of his heir with the beauteous young Queen of Scots. He had caused a scaffolding or raised stage, twelve feet high, to be erected from the hall of the Episcopal palace to the great gates in front of the cathedral church of Notre Dame, forming a long triumphal arcaded gallery, along which the royal bride and bridegroom, and all the illustrious company, were to pass to the open pavilion erected before the gates of Notre Dame, where the marriage was to be solemnised in the sight of the people. This splendid gallery, designed by Charles le Conte, the master of the works of Paris, was embowered overhead with a trellis work of carved vine leaves and branches, disposed so as to represent a cathedral cloister with its rich groining and Gothic sculpture; "and it was executed by workmen of merit, who had been well paid for their labour," adds our quaint authority. The fair pavilion in which it terminated was called a ciel-royal, being formed of blue Cyprus silk beset with golden *fleurs-de-lys*, instead of stars, and emblazoned with the arms of the Queen of Scotland. A velvet carpet of the same colours and pattern covered the floor. The honour of performing the spousal-rite was assigned to Mary's uncle, Francis de Lorraine, Cardinal de Bourbon.

'The clergy and privileged spectators, nobles, gentlemen, and ladies, were assembled within the church by ten o'clock.' Soon after, the procession set out from the archbishop's palace. 'Queen Mary's Scotch musicians and minstrels, a very full band, clad in the red and yellow liveries of their royal mistress, led the van, playing on a great variety of instruments, "and singing most melodiously songs and chants to the praise of God, a thing most delectable to the sense of hearing," observes the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville. They were followed by a hundred gentlemen of the household of the king of France, in good order and array. Next walked the princes of the blood, so richly dressed and decorated that it was an admirable sight. Eighteen bishops and mitred abbots, bearing rich crosses, followed, preceding the archbishops and the cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, and the Cardinal Legate in France. Then came the dauphin, conducted by the king of Navarre, and attended by his two little brothers, the Dukes of Orleans and Angoulême, who subsequently figured in history as Charles IX. and Henry III. of France. No description is given in any of our chronicles, though very minute in other particulars, of the dress or deportment of Francis de Valois on this occasion. Delicate and juvenile in appearance, the boy-bridegroom of Mary Stuart passed on with his *cortège*, without attracting any other attention than that which his important position as the heir of France claimed. The interest of every one that day was absorbed in her whom nature had so well fitted to realise the *beau ideal* of a regal bride. Her procession came next—all hearts and eyes eagerly awaited her appearance; and when she presented herself before them, in her youth, loveliness, and virgin timidity, led between the king of France and her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine, she was greeted with rapturous applause and blessings.

"Happy," exclaimed the universal voice of that great city then assembled to behold her—"happy, a hundred times beyond all others, is the prince who goes to be united to this princess. If Scotland be a possession of value, she who is queen of that realm is far more precious; for if she had neither crown nor sceptre, her single person in her divine beauty would be worth a kingdom; but since she is a sovereign, she brings to France and her husband double fortune."

'The costume of a maiden-monarch on her bridal-day must always be a matter of interest to the feminine portion of our readers; that of Mary Stuart, at her marriage to the heir of France, has never before been described in any of her numerous histories. "She was dressed," says the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville, "in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations, that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of a bluish-gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six toises, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies." Her Scotch Maries, doubtless, were entitled to that honour; but neither they, nor the commissioners for the marriage, who were present as representatives of the three Estates of Scotland, are mentioned in our contemporary French authorities. The Estates of Scotland had positively refused to allow their regalia to be carried over to France, to decorate their young liege lady and her consort at the nuptial solemnity. Yet Mary, to denote her rank as a sovereign queen, wore a crown-royal on this occasion—a crown far more costly than any previous Scottish monarch could ever boast. It was probably made expressly for her, at the expense either of the king of France or her wealthy uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine, and is described in the Rouen contemporary record of the ceremonials as being composed of the finest gold, and most exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds of inestimable worth—having in the centre a pendent carbuncle, the value of which was computed at 500,000 crowns. About her neck hung a matchless jewel, suspended by chains of precious stones, which, from its description, must have been no other than that well known in Scottish records by the familiar name of the *Great Harry*. This was not one of the crown jewels, but her own personal property, having been derived from her royal English great-grandfather Henry VII., by whom it was presented to her grandmother, Queen Margaret Tudor.

'After the royal bride came the queen of France, led by the Prince de Condé, followed by the queen of Navarre, Madame Marguerite, only sister to the king, and the other princesses, noble ladies, and damsels in great number. The bridal-party was received at the portals of Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, in grand *pontificalibus*, attended by his ecclesiastical suite, and the acolytes bearing two silver chandeliers, full of lighted wax-tapers, richly decorated for the occasion. Then the king of France drew from his little-finger a ring, which he gave to the Cardinal Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, for the nuptial-ring of the royal pair.

And this cardinal, who was the maternal uncle of the bride, proceeded immediately to the performance of the sponsal-rite, assisted by the Archbishop of Paris, and married them with that ring in the open pavilion before the gates of Notre Dame, in the presence of the assembled multitudes below, who made the opposite shores of the Seine resound with their acclamations.

'The illustrious young couple were placed under the marriage-canopy with precisely the same ceremonies and words as those used in the marriages of persons of the humblest degree, nothing being either changed or altered out of respect to their exalted rank. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mary saluted her husband by the title of Francis I., King of Scotland; then all the Scotch Commissioners advanced, and performed their homage to him as such. In conclusion, a considerable sum of money, in gold and silver, was thrown in great handfuls among the people by the heralds of France, who proclaimed the marriage, crying at the same time, with a loud voice: "Largesse, largesse, largesse!"'

After attending mass in the church, the royal party walked in procession to the archbishop's palace, where they partook of a banquet followed by a ball, terminating between four and five in the afternoon. They then proceeded by the Rue Christophe to the palace, which had been fitted up and decorated in the most splendid manner for the occasion. The grand hall in which the regal banquet took place no longer exists, having been destroyed in the year 1618; but we learn from the pages of Victor Hugo, that it was of the most princely magnificence. Supper being ended, and the tables removed, this hall became the scene of another ball, which Mary of Scotland opened, 'taking for her partner her young friend and sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, daughter of the king. This dance must have been a difficult exercise of skill and feminine grace for the royal bride to perform, seeing that her train was six toises—no less than twelve yards—in length, which was borne after her by a gentleman following the devious mazes of her course. The dance was of course some sort of minuet or pavon, but performed by ladies alone. The queen of France, on that occasion yielding precedence to the bride, danced with Madame Margaret, sister to the king; the queen of Navarre with one of the younger princesses. The other princesses and duchesses followed, and, with their beauty, grace, and noble bearing, their rich attire of silk, and gold, and costly ornaments, rendered it a sight worthy of admiration. When this dance was finished, they went from the Chamber of Pleading to the Golden Chamber, so called because it was gilded with ducat gold. . . . . "Triumphs," says our record, "more brilliant than those which graced the conquests of Cæsar, took place on this occasion. First of all entered the seven planets, dressed in the costume which the poets of old have assigned to them. Mercury, the messenger and interpreter of the gods, made his appearance dressed in white satin, with a golden girdle, a pair of wings, and his caduceus in his hand; Mars, clad in armour; Venus, as a goddess; and thus, with the other planets, they marched the whole length of the hall, singing melodiously songs composed for the occasion, which gave great delight to the hearers. Then followed five-and-twenty steeds, richly caparisoned with cloth of gold and silver; on each of these was mounted a young prince, dressed in cloth of gold, and led by a lackey, because the said horses were made of wicker, covered with trappings of such a sort, that they appeared more beautiful than if they had been real horses, only they required some skill to make them go." Their riders were the Duke of Orleans and the Duke d'Angoulême, likewise the sons of the Dukes de Guise and Aumale, and other juvenile princes of the blood-royal, drawing in coaches a great number of pilgrims, all dressed in cloth of silver and cloth of gold, decked with abundance of rich jewels and precious stones. The pilgrims and their young conductors were all chanting and singing, to the accompaniment of divers instruments, hymns, and canticles, in praise of the illustrious bride and bridegroom, and of marriage. Next came two fair white hackneys, led by a gentleman, drawing by cords of silver a triumphal car of the antique form, in which were personages richly dressed in appropriate colours, with instruments of music in their hands: the two in front were playing on lutes, those within the car on harps, and those behind on guitars. As this moving concert made the circuit of the hall, and the performers commenced singing, there was a general hush among the mirthful guests, all being eager to listen to such sweet sounds, and desirous to behold the spectacle. Then entered twelve unicorns, in compliment to the fair young Queen of Scotland, whose royal supporters these heraldic interpolations of the zoological portion of the creation were. On the backs of the said unicorns were seated as many young princes, dressed so splendidly, that it seemed as if cloth of gold and silver cost nothing. They were followed by another beautiful chariot drawn by white horses, and containing the nine Muses, who were personated by the same number of fair maidens, one of whom was dressed in green satin, another in white velvet, a third in crimson, a fourth in *pers* (bluish gray), and the rest in cloth of gold and silver. They made the hall resound with such a delicious burst of choral harmony, that all the spectators who pressed to look upon them were charmed into silence, being afraid of losing a single note or word of these sweet songs. They were succeeded by another equestrian pageant, and these, with the usual games and mummings, occupied more than two hours—but that was considered by those who were engaged in these pastimes very short. When these were ended, the princesses re-engaged in dancing for half an hour.

'No sooner was the dancing over, than there issued from the Chamber of Requests six beautiful ships with silver masts, and sails of silver gauze, which were industriously inflated by an artificial breeze. Seated on the deck of each vessel, in a chair of state, was a young prince dressed in cloth of gold, and masked; and beside him was a beautiful throne, unoccupied. The ships made a mimic voyage round the grand hall, with the same evolutions as if they had been on the sea; and the floor-cloth being painted to imitate waves, was made to undulate, to favour the deception. As the squadron passed before the marble table where the ladies were seated, each prince made a capture. The dauphin caught his bride, the lovely and doubtless laughing Mary Stuart, and placed her in the vacant throne beside him. It was observed that Mary's maternal cousin, the handsome young Duke of Lorraine, who led this gay fleet, boldly seized and freighted his vessel with Madame Claude, the second daughter of the king of France, acting on the old adage, that "faint heart never won fair lady;" this being a practical declaration of love to that beautiful princess, whom he soon after was permitted to wed. The king of Navarre excited great merriment, by capturing a lady who proved to be his own wife—the sage and pious Jeanne d'Albret; while the Huguenot Prince de Condé caught the fair Anne d'Este, the consort of the ultra champion of the Romish faith, Francis, Duke de Guise. All the princely mariners, however, conducted their ladies into a good haven in peace. This was considered the most attractive of all the pageants, ending, as it did, in a romp-royal, which, after so many state solemnities, must have been a pleasant relaxation to our bride of fifteen and her juvenile consort, and would have been termed in Scottish parlance, "a fine *ploy*." Those who enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing these palatial sports and pastimes, declared that it was impossible to say which blazed most brilliantly—the lamps, the jewels,

or the ladies' eyes; and that nothing could have been better managed for giving general satisfaction.'

Such were the brilliant circumstances under which a queen-regnant of Scotland became the wife of the heir of the French crown. With youth, loveliness, exalted rank, and the favour of the most powerful party in European politics, such as they then were, how enviable a being seemed Mary Stuart! In ten years, the degraded inmate of an English prison, from which she was only to be emancipated by a cruel death! How can we wonder that, even after three centuries, she still forms the most attractive theme of history?

NEW ORLEANS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

The frequency of the yellow fever at New Orleans is a great drawback on the prosperity of the city. The victims are mostly strangers, and the grave-yards bear evidence of the fact. Many are friendless adventurers, and lie in nameless graves—if graves they may be called, which more resemble sarcophagi. The ground is so swampy, that it will not admit of excavation, and therefore it has become necessary to erect tombs of stone or brick, of from five to eight feet in height by three wide, and seven or eight long. They are built in rows, along avenues and walks, so as to face the alleys where visitors promenade, and are divided into three or four separate compartments, one over the other, each of which is sufficiently large to contain a coffin. These sepulchres resemble ovens, and have a singular appearance to the stranger. A stone is usually placed over the opening at the end, by which the coffin is admitted, with an inscription thereon, stating the name and age of the deceased, and sometimes a wreath of flowers. Some of these homes of the dead are detached, and richly ornamented with carvings and lettering in gold, setting forth the virtues of those to whose memory they were erected; while others are decorated with Catholic devices, such as the crucifix, figures of the Virgin and Child, and miniature statues of saints. These, however, abound most in the French cemeteries. Children are often met at these shrines, depositing bouquets of flowers, as a tribute to the memory of those who rest within. The French grounds are great places of public resort, and may not improperly be called the parks of New Orleans, because of the many citizens who repair to them for promenade and recreation, particularly in the afternoon and evening. Visitors nearly always devote some time to these cities of the dead, and in rambling about them, I met with much that was worthy of remembrance. Some of the epitaphs were startling; and I was shocked by reading, on the first tablet I attempted to examine, the following brief but expressive record—namely: 'Eugene Muphy, aged 20 years. Fell by the hand of a Murderer, on the morning of July the 8th, 1836.'

The observer, as he walks through the various grounds used for burial purposes, in which are deposited the remains of those strangers who have been fortunate enough to have records upon their tombs, cannot avoid noticing the ages of the deceased. The city appears to be the grave of young men, the majority of the deceased being from twenty to twenty-seven. The greater number are from the northern and eastern states; but there is an occasional tablet to the memory of a native of the British islands.

The population of this great commercial emporium of the south, varies according to the season; and in winter it is greatly augmented by the influx of young men from the north and west, who visit it for the purpose of obtaining employment as tradesmen or clerks. They are [illegible] away from home for the first time, and as it is difficult for a stranger to gain admission into good female society, unless he comes well recommended, they pass their evenings in the eating, drinking, or dancing saloons of the city, and often in the gambling establishments for which New Orleans is so famous. By resorting to these dens, many, imperceptibly to themselves, fall into habits never to be shaken off, and either end their days as confirmed drunkards, or professional gamblers, or both. A night-stroll along any of the principal streets, gives an observer an insight into the life led by these young adventurers after dark; and if it be desirable to learn something of the drinking-saloons, and those who visit them, then is the time for remark. These places greatly abound in the city; and although they are not so numerous as the gin-palaces of London, they are quite as demoralising in their tendencies. They are elegantly fitted-up—the walls adorned with pictures, the floors frequently carpeted, the rooms provided with chairs and tables, and every comfort. The lounging-apartments and smoking-saloons are only surpassed in splendour by the gambling establishments connected with them; and many of these drinking-places are not considered complete unless they have the last-named apartment attached. The young men who resort to these places are to be seen at the bar, or side-tables, drinking, smoking cigars, and conversing. The drinks most common are vile mixtures, sweetened and iced, and admirably calculated to gain favour with the youthful and inexperienced. The desire for such compounds grows by what it feeds on; and the young man soon concludes, that it is essential to his health to drink 'mint juleps,' or 'sherry-coblers,' daily.

The Sabbath is not much regarded by a large portion of the inhabitants of the city, and the day is devoted to amusements by many. Soldiers and fire-companies parade the streets in the morning; and the 'Levee' is then most crowded, on account of the departure of steam-boats for the various up-river ports. The new portions, or American sections, are quiet; and in them the churches are well attended. In truth, there are few Protestant places of worship in any city of the world so much crowded as those of New Orleans. Theatres are open on Sunday evenings, and masked-balls are common. Sometimes horse-races take place on that day; and boxing-matches are likewise occasionally indulged in, although these are becoming rare and unpopular.

The slaves have liberty from labour on the Day of Rest, and usually dress in their best, and assemble at a public ground called Congo Square, where they pass the afternoon in dancing and other sports. They are, on such occasions, the very picture of cheerfulness; and it is amusing to observe their politeness to each other. The men are remarkably attentive to their female companions, and display as much genuine gallantry as could be expected from the most refined Frenchman. The negresses are commonly arrayed in gay attire—the frock being either red, or some other showy colour; and as they wear a kerchief wreathed round the head so as to resemble a turban, they appear to great advantage in the dance. One would think, on such occasions, that they are the happiest people in the world. They move softly and gracefully to the tones of the violin, and mingle in the cotillon and quadrille with an evident desire to contribute as much as they possibly can to each other's enjoyment. Their black faces contrast strongly with their white linen and ivory teeth.

There is a slave-market, in Esplanade Street, in the lower part of the city, where the traders in human flesh dispose of their chattels by private sale. It differs greatly from the auction-mart at Banks' Arcade, but is quite as interesting. The negroes are kept in a range of long low buildings, in wet or unfavourable weather, but when it is clear, they are exposed for sale outside the edifice; and males and females are ranged

separately along the kerbstone, or the side of the building. They are all neatly and comfortably clothed, kept tidy and clean, and look cheerful and contented. Some of them are nearly white, and many of the females handsome. I occasionally went to this place, to observe the scene, and never was I present without receiving a score of applications from the poor creatures on sale to buy them. Some would petition to be purchased with an earnestness that clearly proved to me that they were sincere, and appeared quite disappointed when told that I did not want to buy. 'Take me, massa: I want a good massa, and I know you'll be kind,' was frequently addressed to me as I stood viewing the long line of slaves on sale; and some would call after me when I turned away from the spot. The men did not usually exhibit so much willingness to be disposed of as the females; and many of them appeared quite indifferent as to whether they were sold or not, being fully satisfied with having nothing to do and plenty to eat. Some were sold during my visits to the market, but all parties were satisfied, and I never witnessed a scene of a painful character. The purchaser, the purchased, and the seller, all seemed content; and the slave departed from his companions rather flattered at having been preferred among so many. Two of them were particularly delighted with their good-fortune, and laughed heartily at those they left behind, boasting at the same time of their superiority, of which they quoted the price as proof. Another was sold for an inconsiderable sum, and his fellows ridiculed him unmercifully on his worthlessness. 'Poor nigga, you, only woth hundred-un-fifty dollars, yah, yah, yah! Take ker your massa don't kill you to git clear ob keepin' you. Go long; you're disgrace to us and de market-hide yousef, nigga!' and other similar salutations met his ears. He was led off by his purchaser, amid the jeers of those remaining, all of whom taunted him to the last.*

The two races, black and white, are separate and distinct in all the slave states of America, and they never associate as equals. Yet a practical amalgamation of the races goes on to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed in Europe, or even in the free states of America. The streets of New Orleans bear evidence of the fact, for many, very many of the slaves are nearly white, so much so as to render it difficult for strangers to detect the 'black taint.' Identity of colour, however, with their masters does not loose the chain; and it is not an uncommon thing for a planter to sell his own flesh and blood. It may be set down as a fact, without fear of contradiction, that of the whole population in servitude, not one-tenth is of unmixed African blood, and that it is thus not a foreign race we are keeping in slavery. If the present system of bondage continues for another fifty years, the unmixed African race will become extinct among us, unless recruited by importations from abroad, a thing scarcely possible. A convention of coloured men assembled in one of the northern states recently, declared—and they knew what they were saying—that the 'best blood of Virginia flowed in their veins,' a fact which few even of the Virginians are prepared to deny. It is a common thing to see the children of slaves with fair complexions and long, straight hair; and it frequently occurs that the free-born child, who claims the master for its sire, and has the claim allowed, is of a much darker complexion than its sister born in slavery, and condemned to a life of bondage.

Life is not held in high estimation in New Orleans, and the murders perpetrated there prove the fact. It is true, that but few persons are killed unless in street-fights, and these are becoming less common every day; but still there are some murdered in that way, and the murderer seldom forfeits his life. The quarrels which result in the death of one or the other of those concerned, are often the result of long-continued enmity; and it rarely occurs that inoffensive persons are drawn into disputes and killed. The habit of carrying concealed weapons contributes greatly to swell the catalogue of murders, and it is to be regretted that the laws against that offence are not more rigidly enforced. During my residence in the metropolis of Louisiana, there was an open murder perpetrated in the St Louis Hotel, by a young man who had a long-pending quarrel with another. The two met by accident in the saloon of the building; each was eager for the fray, and each made an attempt upon the life of the other. The murdered man lay exposed to public gaze for some time on the spot where he met his death, and as I happened to enter the room shortly after the occurrence, I saw the body stretched at full length upon the floor; the wound was in the breast, immediately over the heart, and pools of blood rested on the clothing and stone pavement. There were several persons around the corpse waiting the arrival of the coroner, but none of them exhibited much sympathy for the deceased. The murderer was not under arrest, nor had any exertions been made to secure him. He, however, went shortly after, and surrendered himself to the authorities for trial, and was acquitted on the ground of self-defence. The murdered man left a wife and children to mourn his fate, and his death must have been a sad blow to them, if to no others.

Indifference to life is not exhibited exclusively in cases such as the one alluded to, but takes many forms. While rambling along the levee on a certain occasion, I heard a cry, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I noticed a man grasp a hat floating in the river. He raised it up with a laugh, and throwing it down upon the ground, exclaimed: 'That's the last of that nigger - it's no use to look for him.' The person who had fallen overboard was a negro slave, and as he sank at once, and was carried away by the rapid current of the Mississippi, there was no effort made to rescue him. Few of those who are unlucky enough to fall into the river at New Orleans ever rise to the surface; and when a man is overboard, therefore, nobody troubles himself about the matter. The negro alluded to never rose, and no person among those who saw him fall into the river gave him a thought five minutes after he disappeared. His hat lay on the ground unclaimed, and his companions began whistling a favourite air.

The location of New Orleans, and the character of the soil around it, are worthy a few remarks. There are but few places in the world so singularly situated as the great city of the south, and so liable to destruction from inundation. As was remarked in the former paper, it lies considerably below the level of the Mississippi at high-water mark, and is protected from inundation by artificial embankments, which extend along the river fully 700 miles. These levees are nearly all built and kept in repair by private enterprise, and form a peculiar feature of the banks of the great river, and it is clearly proved that they have the effect of multiplying inundations. They prevent the waters of the Mississippi from finding their way readily to the swamps in the rear of New Orleans, and giving way now and then to the pressure they themselves occasion, they let in the floods to the destruction of splendid plantations and other valuable property. In 1850, the city suffered terribly from a *crevasse*, or break in the levee, a short distance above the town; and so great was the flood, that the streets were like canals, and people were passing to and fro for weeks in boats along the main thoroughfares. How to prevent these misfortunes has been a subject of much debate; and it has finally been decided, that the most effective way

* It may not be improper here to mention, that these articles were furnished to us some time before the publication of the now celebrated *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, where scenes like the above are described in a different spirit.—ED.

is to create artificial channels above and below New Orleans, by which the overflow may take place with safety, and the surplus waters of the Mississippi be diverted from the main stream into the ocean.

About eleven miles below the city, and 100 above its mouth, the Mississippi approaches within five miles of the Gulf of Mexico. The ground between the river and the gulf, here known as Lake Borgne, is a plain sloping from the river to the sea. The first 3000 feet from the river is cleared and highly cultivated land; but the rest is swamp, sometimes completely overflowed by the high water of the gulf. It is the belief of competent judges, well acquainted with the subject, that it will be found practicable, by dint of labour, and cutting boldly at the borders of the Mississippi, to make an outlet into Lake Borgne, which may be encouraged to increase, until it eventually becomes one, if not the greatest, of the navigable passes to the gulf. There is scarcely a doubt now of Congress making appropriations for carrying out this plan; and when the work is completed, thousands of miles of splendid alluvial soil, now submerged for the greater part of the year, will be reclaimed and put under cultivation; a principal cause of disease will be removed; the surplus waters of the Father of Streams will be led harmlessly to the ocean; the navigation of the river will be improved; and New Orleans will most likely become one of the healthiest cities in the world in a tropical climate.

GIVING THE BASKET:

A HOLSTEINER'S STORY.

My grandmother was a wonderful woman. She lived from her first birthday seventy-five years in the same old street of Hamburg—changed her name three times, with the help of as many weddings—had seven sons and five daughters, all prosperously settled along the Lower Elbe; and one proverb, which was at once her creed and consolation: 'What is to be, will be.'

A quiet life had my grandmother passed in the faith of that maxim, notwithstanding her numerous family and successive spouses. She was reckoned rich, too, each of the three dear departeds having in turn endowed her with a comfortable jointure. There was, consequently, an earnest strife among the kindred as to who should be her heir; but my grandmother almost settled the question, by taking me home in my seventh year, to keep her in occupation in the old house. What moved her to that step, nobody ever knew; unless that I was the youngest of nine boys belonging to her eldest daughter—extremely unwelcome, because I was not a little girl—and said to resemble her first husband, my grandfather, who had died at twenty-nine, and then rested some forty years in St Michael's Cemetery. I was born within the liberties of Altona, and therefore counted a Holsteiner. Readers, most of you know that there are not two miles between the two good cities; but the rest of our relations in the Hamburg territory, besides uniting their voices to warn the old lady that I would have a will of my own, were liberal in the suggestion of difficulties which might arise in case of future war in my drawing for the burgh militia. My grandmother replied to all their warnings with her wonted proverb, and nothing daunted, took me home to Alsterstrauss. It was the oldest street of the new town, curving down from the ancient rampart to the river. Its houses had been built before the Thirty Years' War, when straight lines were yet unthought of, and had all projecting storeys in front, and gardens, with right ancient summer-houses in them, behind. Nothing had ever gone out of repair in that street; trade, with all its dust and wear, had passed it by; low poverty had never found an entrance; and nobody inhabited its [illegible] precincts but well-to-do, old-fashioned burghers, whose business-days were over; discreet spinsters, who managed their own portions; and prudent, comfortably-jointured widows like my grandmother.

Peaceful years leave little to relate; and of mine, under her administration, I can only say that there were boys in the neighbourhood with whom I played—that they grew to be young men with whom I had frolics, controversies, and friendships—that my grandmother sent me from her house to school, from school to college, and from college to a notary, because my grandfather had been such, and it was a genteel profession—that I was neither overworked nor very idle; and at twenty-three, all the judicious in Alsterstrauss, and they were many, gave me the character of a handsome, steady young man, in much request for dances, and doubtless a great comfort to my grandmother, to which I once overheard a spiteful old maid add, that I was growing more conceited every day, and thought myself quite a beau among the girls.

My father and mother had grown old, my brothers had grown up, and some of them were married, but I was never reckoned among them. Indeed, it is in my recollection, that the honest man whose name I bore, when his memory grew short with settling the senior eight, occasionally called me 'nephew.' It was allowed on all hands, however, that I was to be my grandmother's heir. Quietly kind had the old lady been to me from childhood upwards; and her house, with its corner rooms and carved-wood ceilings, was no cheerless abode. It had descended to her through a line of Hanseatic merchants. She was an only daughter, and having dwelt there all her maiden and married life—I had almost said lives—my grandmother held that it should be the high place of festivity to her remote descendants, and kept all the holidays that were ever known in Hamburg. Company was never wanting on such occasions; but there was one household whose members came particularly often, and were always welcome. They were Holsteiners, and lived far away in the little old town of Meldorf, from which my grandfather had come. How they came together, I never found out, but their home was a house of representatives for all civilised society, containing two bachelor brothers, and a maiden sister, a widowed aunt, a cousin whose husband had deserted, a sober married pair far on the shady side of life, and their girl, my grandmother's goddaughter, Ethelind. I early perceived that they were old-fashioned people, with ways and notions long out of date in our rich and thriving city. Down to Ethelind, they had each and all a strong inclination to stout home-made stuffs, thick-soled shoes, and nothing at all that could be called finery. They were, moreover, wonderful workers, and every one notable for some branch of domestic industry, concerning which they talked, questioned, and, I am sure, dreamed. Play and idleness were a reproach to my boyhood in their presence; and my youth discovered still further cause of dissatisfaction. There was none of them all astonishable by either grandeur or accomplishment—a fine air was lost on them, waltzing had no power, and tailors of the first fashion cut in vain for that household. In short, my dear readers, I did not like the Simberts, though, to do them justice, they were always friendly to me, and great favourites with my grandmother, especially Ethelind. It may seem less gallant than candid, but I did not like Ethelind either: why, most men would have found it hard to guess, for besides having a substantial portion, she was fair and rosy, neither large nor small, but of good solid figure, as became a Holstein girl, with a stock of good sense, good temper, and homely wit—a first-rate housewife, and a worthy daughter. Nevertheless, Ethelind had paid so little attention to my gifts and graces, appeared so unimpressible with my glory as a young man of fashion, and my grandmother's heir, and was so perseveringly set before me by all her relations as a fit and

proper partner, that I was at length conscious of positively disliking the girl. She had laughed at me twice in the course of our acquaintance, and once told me that driving the plough was much more creditable work than waltzing; but a mode of retaliation yet remained in store. She was two years elder than I; and I exerted myself to believe that Ethelind must be growing an old maid. My grandmother saw how things were going. Worthy old woman! she had set her heart on the match: I know not for what reason, but doubtless it was something about my grandfather. However, she found consolation in her unfailing proverb, as in all household games and lotteries at Christmas-time, Shrovetide and Easter, I was sure to draw Ethelind for a partner, to my ill-concealed chagrin and her undisguised amusement.

It must have been to baffle the Fates in this design that I took with great ardour to the gay Widow Wessing and her daughter Louisa. Madame Wessing's husband had been an officer. She was in Paris with the allied army, and understood *ton* ever after; her income being small, however, obliged the lady to live in our street, though deeply impressed with its old-fashionedness. Most people liked the widow and her daughter: they were always so gay, and had such stores of gossip, besides being up to the *mode;* but some said the ladies were cunningly selfish in a small way, and would do anything for their own petty interests or amusement. Each was the pattern of the other, and they were both pretty little girls. It was true, the mother was thirty-seven, and the daughter seventeen; but both sang, danced, and coquetted, no mortal man being able to espy any difference in dress or manners, except that at times the widow was rather the more childish of the two. Upon my sincerity, I cannot tell which it was that brought me under bondage; but the probabilities of the case are rather in favour of Louisa. Certain I am, that we danced a great many evenings, and sang a number of duets together, while her mamma sent me captivating notes of invitation to her little quadrille-parties and friendly teas; and assured everybody in my hearing, that I was the exact resemblance of Alexander, emperor of all the Russias, when she saw him enter the Tuileries ball-room with the Duchess de Berri on his arm.

My grandmother and I sat at our coffee in the second parlour: a low wainscotted room, with four of Solomon's Proverbs carved in different compartments of its ceiling, a cupboard in every corner, and a narrow glass-door opening into the garden. It was April-time: the violets were blooming on the sunny bank by the old house-gable, and the buds bursting on the great walnut-tree. My grandmother sat in her nut-brown gown and snow-white kerchief—the dress she always wore on common days—listening to me, good woman! giving a full and particular account of one of the said quadrille-parties which I had attended on the previous night. She heard all, from the wreath on Louisa's hair to the last ice, and then laying down her empty cup, said quietly as usual: 'Fritz, I think it is time you were married.'

The news surprised me, and I stared my grandmother in the face; but she went on in the same calm tone; 'There's Ethelind Simbert would make you a good wife; she is my own goddaughter, and I think we would all agree.'

'Grandmother,' said I, plucking up resolution, 'I will do anything else to please you; but I don't like Ethelind Simbert, and I won't marry her.'

'Well, Fritz,' said my grandmother, neither angry nor astonished, 'Ethelind Simbert is a good girl, though you don't like her; but whom you don't like, you can't be expected to marry—so we will think no more of the matter; and I'll tell the Simberts. I'm going there at Easter; it falls on the fourteenth, you know. That will be fifty years complete since your grandfather and I spent our last Easter at Meldorf, and you—oh, I mean your mother!—a prattling child with us. Fritz, you and I will go and see the old place together, and never mind this matter. If Ethelind don't suit you, she will somebody else; and what is to be, will be.'

That proverb was like cheese—for nothing ever came after it; and it was settled that my grandmother and I should spend our Easter with the industrious Simberts at Meldorf. The excursion was neither grand nor fashionable, yet I felt called upon to mention it at Madame Wessing's.

'Oh, how charming!' exclaimed the fair widow, in her most enthusiastic manner. 'To retire, as one may say, among simple shepherds. Do you know, I hear that those people make their own cheese and linen?'

'How delightful!' chimed in Louisa. 'Mamma, don't you remember that darling rustic of a schoolmaster who came to inquire after papa's papers?'

'Ah, yes!' said the widow, flourishing her cambric; 'he was an early friend of my adored Auguste. Charming man! He and his wife—a most unworldly, amiable soul—have often invited us to Meldorf; but after my irreparable loss, I never had spirits for the journey.'

'Indeed, mamma, we will visit them this very Easter,' said Louisa. 'It will be such a surprise to the darling old couple; and we both require country air.'

'Ha! yes; the winter has been too much for us,' said the widow, with a languishing look at me.

I of course sympathised; and a visit to the charming schoolmaster was determined on. The following day brought further intelligence: Madame Wessing called to say, how delightful it would be for us to travel in company—one carriage could be hired for us all, the widow remarked, besides, she and Louisa had no gentleman to take care of them; and both ladies looked confidence in my powerful protection. It is needless to say, that the project was received with acclamations on this side of the house, and my grandmother hoped that Providence would take care of us all. We went accordingly; but, readers, on the travelling time I beg leave to say as little as possible. It was more tedious in those days than at present; and doubtless my grandmother was justified in averring that we were well over it, when, on a sunny April afternoon, we saw the gray church-spire and clustering roofs of Meldorf, rising in the midst of a great plain, which looked like one well-cultivated farm.

Meldorf was as old as the Teutonic conquest. It had been fortified against the Sclavonic pagans, and dismantled by a prince of the Hohenstaufen line. War had not come near it for centuries; commerce had forgotten it; and a more rural, country-like spot, to be called a town, I never saw. There were lanes of old cottages, with woodbine-covered porches, and swallows by hundreds building in their eaves. There were snug farmhouses, with all their appendages, standing in the shadow of the Gothic church, and a great old hostel, or inn, clothed with ivy from foundation to chimney-top. In the very centre there was a green, with a huge oak, under which they said St Olaf sat, and a deep draw-well in it. The Simberts' house looked out on that green. It had been fortified and inhabited by a bishop in its day, but was now a substantial farmhouse, with an arched doorway, very small windows, and a yard enclosed by high walls, from which a ponderous timber-gate, with Episcopal arms upon it, opened into a green lane, leading through a spacious orchard to a mill among the meadows. Hard by lived the 'delightful schoolmaster,' Herr Rusburg, in what had been a chapter-house before the Reformation, and had still a Latin inscription over the entrance. Its great garden was separated only by a shallow stream from the Simberts' orchard. I know not if the goodman had any warning of the invasion; but as our carriage stopped—by the way, every inhabitant had come out to gaze and

wonder as it passed—forth came widowed aunt, maiden sister, deserted cousin, and all, with Ethelind's father and mother, looking soberly glad to see us; and Ethelind herself up from the spinning-wheel, in her russet petticoat, crimson jacket, and smooth chestnut hair. Forth also, in high glee at the unwonted sight, poured a crowd of boys and girls from the school, under the parting surveillance of Herr Rusburg and his helpmate, a lean, gray-haired, but patient and good-natured-looking pair, on whom Madame Wessing and her daughter laid hold immediately; and the last words I heard, as the respective doors closed, were something concerning the adored Auguste, and the want of health and spirits.

If there was work, there was also abundant comfort in the Simberts' house. Their great kitchen—it had been the bishop's banquet-hall, wherein he once feasted Christian I. of Denmark—was rich in the odour of hot cakes, and radiant with scoured flagons. The oak parlour, which opened from it, shone walls, floor, and furniture, with perfect polishing; green boughs, full of the first leaves, filled up its ample fireplace; and its low windows, wreathed with the climbing rose, looked out on the orchard, now in a wealth of blossoms. Moreover, the Simberts were, to my amazement, great people in Meldorf; and, according to the etiquette established in that primitive town, their neighbours, as soon as the day's work was fairly over, came to greet us as the newly-arrived, and congratulate them on our advent. By that sensible regulation, I got at once introduced to a number of blithe and handsome girls, not to speak of their fathers, mothers, brothers, uncles, and aunts, of whom my recollections are now somewhat less interesting; but I remember that the women, young and old, were knitting as if for dear life; that the men came in their everyday trim, fresh from field and workshop; and one honest blacksmith, who was also the burgomaster, paid his compliments in a leather-apron.

The rank and fashion of Meldorf having visited our neighbour and his guests with similar solemnities—for the schoolmaster was esteemed next in dignity to the Simberts—a series of entertainments, in honour of us and the festive season, commenced at the old bishop's mansion, and circled round the little town, with no lack of savoury cakes, cream-cheese, and all manner of country good things; besides Pace-eggs, Easter games, and dances for the young people. At these merry-makings, Madame Wessing and Louisa were in high request. They took such an interest in country affairs, were so delighted with everything, and dispensed so much intelligence of the great world, always so dazzling to rustic minds, that almost from their first appearance, the widow and her daughter's popularity was immense with even the Simberts. I, indeed, perceived that though always civil to them, Ethelind loved not the ladies; and I cherished the conviction that she was envious and spiteful, which, kind reader, was a species of consolation; for, since my arrival, the busy girl paid me, if possible, less attention than ever.

What did a young man of my figure and accomplishments care for that? Ethelind had no sensibility, but was not I astonishing the sons of Meldorf, and making deep impressions on the hearts of its fair daughters? Sooth to say, that country visit was too much for my faith and constancy to either Louisa or the widow. To the eternal prettinesses of those ladies, the frank, merry girls, rustic, robust, and rosy as they were, presented a most agreeable contrast. Of course, they admired me vastly. No wonder, poor things, after seeing nothing in their whole lives but men who ploughed and sowed, hewed and hammered! What conquests I [illegible] among them, and how many fine things I [illegible] and did! At times, my conscience told me it [illegible] right. 'Might not Katharine's, Gretchen's, or Kristine's affections be hopelessly and for ever engaged?' Nay, might not a similar misfortune happen to some half-dozen of the simple souls? and then, in the utmost extent of my Christian charity, I couldn't marry them all! As for Louisa, I had an inward persuasion she would not break her heart, and the widow looked on with amazing complacency. Often in what they called our 'charming strolls' through green meadows, and by blossomed orchards, did both ladies rally me on my brilliant successes; and the kind widow invariably wound up with warnings against rustic rivals, and the envy of those country boors, which she assured me was cruel as the grave, and rapidly rising against myself. After those revealings, I naturally felt inclined to hurl defiance at the foe by still more determined flirtations, though, in all sincerity, I cannot recollect that ever one of the honest, good-natured, laborious men of Meldorf noticed my triumphs with the smallest displeasure. The Easter festivities had been over for some time, but my grandmother still lingered, having taken mightily to the Simberts' dairy; while Madame Wessing declared that the country air was doing her and Louisa good, and they could not think of leaving their delightful old friends.

The widow must have meant her young friends also, for she was growing positively confidential with the girls of Meldorf, occasionally giving me to understand, in her most playful manner, that their familiar communications somehow concerned myself. There was evidently a general interest in my proceedings, and I felt particularly impressed with that fact when the 1st of May arrived. Like most old German towns, the day was held in festive reverence at Meldorf, and celebrated in the fashion of primitive times. Its forenoon was given to work, as usual, but the children gathered wild-flowers and green branches, with which they decorated every door, receiving a donation of cakes for their pains. In the afternoon, a temporary pavilion was erected, by help of all the young men, under St Olaf's Oak, to which supplies were sent, according to the wealth or liberality of each householder; and within, there was made a general distribution of all known delicacies, from hot coffee to curds and cream, while May-games, and all sorts of dancing, went forward on the green. Ethelind was unanimously elected mistress of the bower, a dignity which, in hard-working Holstein, is equivalent to the May-queen of other lands, and bestowed only on the most esteemed girl in the parish, who, in right of her office, presides over the said distribution. The election was regarded as no small honour, and certainly Ethelind had no sinecure; besides, it was my opinion that I rather astonished her that evening in my embroidered vest, and cornelian buttons. I danced with every girl on the green, paid particular attentions to three rustic belles in turn, made an extraordinary number of jokes at the expense of some of the chief magnates—for even Meldorf had such—and returned home with all our company, tired, but in a most satisfactory humour, two hours after sunset.

I was almost too late for the Simberts' first breakfast next morning. Some of the cider had been strong, and there were queer sounds of steps and tittering in the night under my window. It was low, and looked out on the path skirting the green by which Herr Rusburg's many scholars passed. I thought there was unusual noise among the gathering juveniles; and scarcely had I reached the breakfast-table, when it rose to a perfect clamour of shouts, laughter, and calls for somebody to come out and take in his present.

'What can be the matter with those boys?' said my grandmother; and 'What can be the matter?' said all the Simberts. Good people! they seldom looked out; but as another burst came, Ethelind rose, and so did I. It was my own name they were shouting; and all unwise and unwarned, I was at the street-door in an instant. The entire contents of Herr Rusburg's school

were assembled under my bedroom window; numbers of young men were looking on from a distance; and fair faces, convulsed with laughter, looked out of neighbouring houses; the cause of all being an enormous basket, or rather pannier, hastily made up of green osiers, crammed full of nettles, thistles, and every description of weed popularly connected with contempt or worthlessness, with a huge card fastened on the top, on which some ingenious pen had written in large and legible characters: 'The girls of Meldorf give this basket to Herr Fritz Cohnert, with a unanimous No.' The last word was in still larger letters; and what Holsteiner does not know, that giving a man the basket signifies refusal in its most emphatic form? The affront was terrible, as it had been unexpected. At first, I was about to rush on both boys and basket, and demolish them, if possible, for every little wretch there had up his finger and out his tongue; but catching sight of Herr Rusburg, who came out, staff in hand, followed by his kindly helpmate, doubtless to prevent mischief, my courage and sense both forsook me; I slammed to the door, and fled through the house, out of the yard, down the green lane, and far into the meadows.

How far, readers, it is not exactly in my power to say. The walk, or rather run, was a long one, and the path must have been circuitous. I remember jumping over ditches, scrambling through hedges, wondering at my own stupidity for ever coming to such a place, or condescending to associate with its boorish inhabitants; and at length having formed desperate but vague resolutions of being revenged on all Meldorf, and fighting everybody who heard or spoke of the transaction, I found myself at a bank of young willows, which grew so tall and thick that the sun could scarcely pierce the shadow.

I heard voices beyond, and my own name mentioned. Under the circumstances, who wouldn't have played the eaves-dropper? I crept among the willows, and cautiously peeped in. It was a sort of common bleach-green, lying at the foot of the Simberts' orchard and Rusburg's garden. There were Gretchen, Katharine, and Kristine, the trio for whose peace of mind I had trembled, spreading out linen, and laughing as if their sides would crack; while Louisa and the widow, with looks of high and spiteful glee, leaned over the schoolmaster's fence; and Ethelind, looking by no means pleased, heaped her washing in a tub.

'I'll never be able to see him without laughing,' said Katharine.—I had all but assured her my heart was gone for ever the evening before.

'We never would have known his tricks if you hadn't told us,' said Kristine, addressing the widow.

'Ah! you would have soon found them out,' replied that amiable lady. 'I hope this will teach him not to have quite so high an opinion of himself'——

'Mamma,' interrupted Louisa, 'Ethelind does not seem at all amused.'

'Not a bit. I can see no fun in affronting a young man in a strange town, though he might be a little vain. City folks have ways of their own,' said Ethelind, with a meaning-look at Madame Wessing and her daughter. 'Besides, Fritz Cohnert is our guest, and it is not civil of our neighbours to insult him,' added the girl, as, taking up her tub, she walked away.

I did not stay to hear what was said on her departure; a sudden resolve took possession of me. It was a good one, but some feeling of vengeance on the whole female community of Meldorf mingled with it, and in another minute I stood beside Ethelind, tub and all, in the orchard lane. 'Ethelind,' said I, looking extremely foolish I am certain, 'will you forgive me?'

'You never did any harm to me, Fritz,' said Ethelind, resting her tub on the fence.

'But, Ethelind, will you have—that is, will you marry me?' sputtered I.

'I'll think of it,' said Ethelind; 'if you don't change your mind till next Christmas. Will you help me home with this tub of sheets?'

I helped Ethelind home with the tub, and learned long afterwards that she had brought in the basket of scorn with her own trusty hands, and made away with it quietly in the yard; while Herr Rusburg, with the help of his wife and stick, gathered in his flock to the fold of knowledge. All the Simberts appeared, moreover, to have lost their memories as regarded that morning; none of them ever after mentioned it to me. My grandmother and I went home next day, but not in company with the Wessings, whose acquaintance we henceforth dropped, in spite of great efforts at condolence and compliment.

Ethelind, and every Simbert in Meldorf, were fervently invited to Alsterstrauss, at my particular request. Readers, it is long ago. My grandmother said: 'What is to be, will be,' for the last time, seven years after our wedding, and my story is an old one now. The embroidered vest and the cornelian buttons have lain for many a winter at the bottom of Ethelind's lumber-drawer. I must soon begin to think of marrying my daughters, and settling my sons in business, but even yet I never care to hear people talk much of baskets.

CULTIVATION OF SEA-WEEDS.

Gardens now bring before us the peculiar features of physiognomic vegetation exhibited by every land: the shrubs of North America, the heaths of Southern Africa, the spinous cacti of Mexico, the gay climbers of India, and the grotesque orchids of South America, are all represented by living forms, in our gardens and hothouses. Nothing daunted by the richness and profusion of *land* plants, and the difficulties to be overcome in their cultivation, our gardeners are now bestirring themselves in the erection of Victoria Houses and aquariums, for the culture of those elegant productions that begem the lakes and rivers of every region of the globe. Thus a new feature in gardening, scarcely dreamed of in days not long gone by, has become the rage among horticulturists, and threatens to make serious innovations on the time-honoured principles and prejudices of landscape gardeners. In this age of art and science, it would seem that nothing is impossible. Long has our mingled wonder and admiration been devoted to these elegant and interesting forms of vegetation that flourish in the lonely caves of the ocean's depths; long have we wished in vain to watch their singular development and mode of life in those dark recesses where neither sun nor moon sheds a radiance on their bright hues. Men of science have eagerly gathered up the fragments of their beauteous forms cast upon the shore by the waves; names have been given to those fragments, and the microscope has been called in to elucidate the structure of the organisms of which they formed a part. But what do we know of their habits, the seasonal changes they undergo, their mode of propagation, their geographical distribution, and many other points of their history?* Some of these are now brought within the limits of research; for horticulture has stretched out a helping-hand to the investigator of the long-neglected ocean-flowers. They, too, are to be introduced into our gardens.

* In an algological discussion at the recent meeting of the British Association, held at Belfast, Professor Walker Arnott of Glasgow observed that he possessed wagon-loads of algæ from all parts of the world, which were quite at the service of any botanist who would work at them.

In a recent number of this Journal,* attention was called to an ingenious invention of Mr Warington, having for its object the domestic cultivation of fresh-water plants along with molluscs and gold-fishes; and the Parlour Aquarium, as it is called, thus serves to illustrate the nice balance between animal and vegetable life, and their mutual dependence. It was mentioned, that a similar arrangement had been attempted with animal and vegetable *marine* productions, but without result. Our observations have, however, been instrumental in calling forth a valuable paper from Mr P. H. Gosse, A.L.S., which appears in the October number of the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, detailing an extensive series of experiments on this subject, with which he has been occupied for several years. Without going into the scientific details of Mr Gosse's paper, it may be interesting to give briefly the results of his experiments, which are, upon the whole, satisfactory.

Mr Gosse observes: 'In a recent number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, a paper has been pointed out to me, on maintaining the balance between animal and vegetable life in an Aquarium. . . . . I have, for some considerable time, been pursuing experiments on the same subject. For several years past, I have been paying attention to our native rotifera; and in the course of this study had kept fresh water in glass vases, unchanged from year to year, yet perfectly pure and sweet, and fit for the support of animal life, by means of aquatic plants. Not only did the infusoria and rotifera breed and multiply in successive generations in these unchanged vessels, but many annelids, hydræ, &c., continued their respective races; and the young of our river-fishes were able to maintain life for several weeks, in an apparently healthy state, though —perhaps from causes unconnected with the purity of the water—I was not able to preserve these long. The possibility of similar results being obtained by sea-water had suggested itself to my mind, and the subject of growing the marine algæ had become a favourite musing, though my residence in London precluded any opportunity of carrying out my project. But in the course of last winter, ill-health drove me to the sea-side, and gave me the opportunity I had so long desired. My notion was, that as plants in a healthy state are known to give out oxygen under the stimulus of light, and to assimilate carbon; while animals, on the other hand, consume oxygen, and throw off carbonic acid, the balance between the two might be ascertained by experiment, and thus the great circular course of nature, the mutual dependence of organic life, be imitated on a small scale. My ulterior object in this speculation was twofold: First, I thought that the presence of the more delicate sea-weeds—the rhodosperms, or red families, especially, many of which are among the most elegant of plants in colour and form—growing in water of crystalline clearness in a large glass vase, would be a desirable ornament in the parlour or drawing-room; and that the attractions of such an object would be enhanced by the curious and often brilliant-hued animals, such as the rarer-shelled molluses, the graceful nudibranchs, and the numerous species of sea-anemones, that are so seldom seen by any one but the professed naturalist. But more prominent still was the anticipation, that by this plan great facilities would be afforded for the study of marine animals, under circumstances not widely diverse from those of nature. If the curious forms that stand on the threshold, so to speak, of animal life, can be kept in a healthy state under our eye, in vessels where they can be watched from day to day without being disturbed, and that for a sufficiently prolonged period to allow of the development of the various conditions of their existence, it seemed to me that much insight into the functions and habits of these creatures, into their embryology, metamorphoses, and other particulars, might be gained, which otherwise would either remain in obscurity, or be revealed only by the wayward "fortune of the hour."'

Mr Gosse's experiments, although not yet entirely successful, have established the fact, that the balance *can* be maintained artificially between the marine plant and the animal, without disturbance of the water, for at least a considerable period.

The sea-weeds are strikingly dissimilar from the generality of land-plants, both in their general structure and in their mode of nutrition. Their *roots* are not nutritive organs, and merely serve to attach the plant to a stationary body—a rock or stone, a larger sea-weed, or an empty shell. The attachment is, in general, so close, that it is necessary, in transplanting the sea-weed, to take along with it a small portion of the rock or other substance on which it grows. The plant ought not to be exposed to the atmosphere, a jar of sea-water being ready to receive it on detachment from its native habitat. Mr Gosse has been most successful with the red sea-weeds—the most beautiful of all. The 'very best of all' is *Iridea edulis*, and next to it *Delesseria sanguinea*, a very beautiful form found on every coast. They maintain the purity of the water, 'while their colours and forms render them very beautiful objects in a vase of clear water, particularly when the light—as from a window—is transmitted through their expanded fronds. Many of my friends, both scientific and unscientific, who have seen my vases of growing algæ at various times during the present year, have expressed strong admiration of the beautiful and novel exhibition.' The carregan, or Irish moss, as it is called (*Chondrus crispus*), well known for its economical uses, and in the dried state vended in every grocer's shop, is a pretty little alga when alive, and has been found to succeed well in confinement.

Heartily do we join Mr Gosse in his concluding paragraph: 'Should these experiments be perfected, what would hinder our keeping collections of marine animals for observation and study, even in London and other inland cities? Such a degree of success as I have attained would admit of so desirable a consummation; for even in London no great difficulty would be experienced in having a jar of sea-water brought up once in a couple of months. I hope to see the lovely marine algæ, that hitherto have been almost unknown, except pressed between the leaves of a book, growing in their native health and beauty, and waving their delicate translucent fronds, on the tables of our drawing-rooms, and on the shelves of our conservatories.' It is now, therefore, fairly within the reach of the numerous circle of admirers of 'ocean's gay flowers,' to watch leisurely the progress of their development throughout successive stages. The zoophytes, sponges, star-fishes, marine mollusca, and even the smaller fishes of the ocean, may probably be studied with equal ease.

The marine algæ will form highly interesting and instructive parlour pets; but their culture will not be confined to the parlour and the drawing-room. An artificial pond or tank, once filled with sea-water, and provided with a simple mechanical contrivance to keep it in motion,* might be kept perfectly pure for a long period by the introduction of a proper proportion of sea-weeds and marine molluscs and other animals. What *could* be more interesting in an inland garden than a tiny ocean, with all its bright 'flowers' floating in the pure

* New Series, No. 445—July 10, 1852.

* Such as the overshot wheel used in Victoria Aquariums.

element, and affording, in their richly-coloured 'foliage,' a secure retreat to its finny inhabitants? The idea is a practical one, and we anxiously desire to see it carried into execution.

THE CRY FOR TENANT-RIGHT.

The agitation carried on for a number of years in Ireland on the subject of what is called 'tenant-right,' has had at least one good effect: it has shewn pretty conclusively that the root of Irish misery is not in any real or fancied peculiarity of race; for if so, the Welsh would be as badly off, which is not the case—nor yet in the form of religious belief; for if so, the Belgians, who make the same religious profession, would be in a similar condition, and we all know they are not. The real cause of Irish misery has, in one form or other, been the mismanagement of the land proprietary. In the first place, they permitted to grow up, if they did not actually encourage, a system of potato-patch farming, contrary to all sound policy; and having thus brought a numerous and impoverished population into existence, the proprietors, by their heedlessness and extravagance, placed themselves in difficulties, which were practically equivalent to an abdication of all power of remedy. They were proprietors, and yet not proprietors—a position awkward, and, to the last degree, detrimental to national prosperity.

It may be accepted as a fact in social economics, that no country can prosper in which the proprietorship and use of the land are not on a secure and rational footing. Of all methods of occupying the soil, none is found in practice so successful, or so well suited to human wants and feelings, as that of giving a man a distinct and inalienable right to his own property. If this is not acknowledged in law to be his, and his alone, with a right to dispose of it as seems to him best, all experience proves that much evil of one kind or other ensues: this is what is known as to the holding of lands in fee-simple. In most countries aspiring to the character of civilisation, such is the method of tenure. Residence upon, or use of the soil, is a different matter. In many countries—the United States of America, for example—proprietors occupy their own lands; but as wealth increases, and population becomes more dense, we may expect that the plan of giving the use of lands for a certain term of years, on payment of so much rent, will, as in Great Britain, come permanently into operation. The renting system has been carried to the greatest perfection in Scotland, and there it works harmoniously and advantageously. It does so in virtue of two principles: the lands let are put by the proprietor into a condition suited for occupancy; and this occupancy, in terms of a written contract, is secured to the tenant, as an heritage for the period of nineteen years. So clear is all this rendered, and so effective is made every item in the contract, by a ready appeal to a simple process of judicature, that quarrels about land may be said to be totally unknown in this part of the United Kingdom. Respecting each other's rights, the proprietors and tenant-farmers live in mutual good-will, and in the interchange of acts of courtesy and kindness; by which united action, society presents as happy a combination of circumstances as is to be seen in any part of the world. The best proof of such being the case is, that in Scotland land sells at a higher price than in any part of the British dominions.

Now, the question we ask is this: Why do things not present the same happy aspect in Ireland? How easy is the reply! It is a notorious fact, that the greater number of land proprietors in Ireland are so only in a kind of illusory sense, and can fulfil neither the obligations nor the duties of proprietors. Many of them possess only a life-interest, and consequently cannot sell, and are unable and unwilling to make permanent improvements. Another class have encumbered their properties with debt, and they also are unable to sell or improve their estates. As regards a third class, the titles to their property have got into such a state of confusion, that no one can with safety deal with them, either as purchasers or lessees.

Such is an outline of the great evils lying at the very foundation of the social fabric in Ireland. As is well known, the Encumbered Estates' Act is clearing away a considerable number of embarrassments by summary sales of land; and so far there is a good riddance. To this extent there will be a real instead of a sham proprietary. But a vast deal more requires to be done. So long as the system of life-interest in land continues, with the power of borrowing money on that interest, so long will one of the most flagrant causes of Irish misery remain. All entails and tenancies for life ought to be abolished by law; and it would be an invaluable boon if there was a means organised of summarily clearing up and registering titles.

Meanwhile, the multifarious entanglements arising from entails, encumbrances for debt, tenancies for life, and uncertain titles, along with no intelligible method of complete rectification, brings about that state of affairs in which the actual cultivators of the soil will cry out for tenant-right. This call is not a mere whim, but is founded on a sense of wrong. The different orders of sham-proprietors, as above, having no power, supposing them to have the will, to charge the cost of improvements on the estate, systematically refuse to do anything whatever to adapt the land for farming purposes. They let a piece of land in the condition in which it came from nature; they will build no house or offices for the farmer, erect no fences, effect no drainage. In short, they as good as say: 'There—take the land as it stands, or let it alone; if you do a single thing in the way of improvement, it is at your own cost.'

That this is something like the real state of the case, is abundantly evident. In a work just issued from the press, purporting to be an account of certain proceedings during the famine in Ireland,* is found the following plain statement:—'In England, it has long been customary for the landlords to erect farm-buildings, and make all the requisite improvements. In Ireland, the landlords having, in general, only a life-interest, and being unable to charge the cost of improvements on the estate, have rarely been willing to incur the expense of making them; and, consequently, the whole expenditure for this purpose has usually been thrown on the tenants. The law which vested the ownership of all such improvements in the landlord, gave the tenant no compensation for the outlay of his capital, beyond the advantage he might derive during the existence of his lease; and if there was no lease, which was frequently the case, the tenant had no security for the enjoyment of his improvements except the good-feeling of his landlord. The result has been such as might naturally be anticipated: the requisite farm-buildings have in most cases either not been erected, or have been inferior in quality, and the other improvements essential to a good condition of agriculture have been neglected. The labourers in regular employment have in consequence been comparatively few. Whilst such discouragements impeded the improvement of the land, there were several circumstances which gave greater facility to those who wished to encumber it; so that it was much easier to encumber an estate than to sell it. It is well known that the Irish landed proprietors availed themselves to a great extent of this fatal privilege; and the heavy embarrassments of so large a number of this class must have had a most serious effect on the condition of their

* *Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, during the Famine in Ireland in 1846-7.* Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

tenantry. The complications of title arising from settlements, and from the various charges, affecting land, were increased by the existence of encumbrances; and thus the difficulties of bringing landed property to a sale were rendered still greater. These difficulties frequently had the effect of keeping estates for many years out of the market; and when they were at length offered for sale, the uncertainty of title, and the delay and expense connected with the transfer were so great, as materially to depreciate their value. From these causes, estates whose proprietors were actually insolvent, in many cases, remained unsold. The rents were collected by receivers under the Court of Chancery; and from the inevitable mismanagement, such properties were reduced to a deplorable condition. It is clear that, in any attempt to improve the condition of his struggling tenantry, little assistance could be given by a landlord overwhelmed with debt and tied down with settlements.'

That men should agree to rent lands tossed to them in the unceremonious manner in which they are offered by embarrassed proprietors, will seem very surprising. Unfortunately, the renting of lands, no matter in what condition, has been, for the most part, a question of life and death with the misused Irish tenantry. Eager, hopeful, desperate, they trust to get through with their bargain 'somehow.' Having, in a too confiding spirit, gone upon the land, they find it absolutely necessary to make certain improvements at their own cost. At the very least, they erect a humble dwelling, with some huts for cattle, and they do certain trenching, fencing, and manuring. They give the look of a farm to their portion of wilderness. Now, what these poor farmers complain of is, that they may be ordered off the land at a short notice, without having any claim in law for the improvements which they, with no small labour, and in confiding simplicity of heart, have accomplished. They naturally prefer a claim for compensation; and that is what they mean by 'tenant-right.'

Usually, there are two ways of attempting to remedy bodily ailments—one consists in attacking symptoms, the other in going to the seat of the disease. So is it with Irish grievances. The proposal to confer tenant-right goes no further than symptoms, leaving the disease itself untouched; and the consequence of its being carried into effect would just be, that the malady would break out in some other way. We should fear, if tenant-right were granted, that while pacifying the class concerned for the moment, it would add one more complication to the heritable claims on property, and in the end render confusion worse confounded. On a candid consideration of the circumstances, we would recommend the friends of Ireland to put aside tenant-right as but a small and insufficient scheme of rectification, and not to rest until the whole law bearing on landed property is remedied. The redress must be vast and substantial, not a paltry application. Not only the law, but legal proceedings require amendment. The Chancery system, with its enormously expensive and tedious forms, is in itself a nuisance which no intelligent people should tolerate. In Scotland, there is no Court of Chancery; while at the same time there exists a complete system of registration of heritable property—so accessible, that any one can with the utmost ease, in half a day's time, learn every particular regarding the rights and claims of parties. Why should Ireland, not to speak of England, be less fortunate in these respects?

With regard to the subject before us, a primary object to be attained, and kept clearly in view, is to reduce the whole Irish proprietary to the position of holders of land in fee; at the same time buying off existing life-interests by a corresponding sacrifice of property. Having achieved this great reform, and, so far as law can accomplish it, having placed the proprietorship on a wholesome footing—every man free to sell, lease, or improve—there could remain no valid reason for a law of tenant-right. The Irish, like the English or Scotch landlord, would possess the power, and with the power the ability and inclination, to effect all those improvements on his lands which would adapt them for the business of the farmer—building houses, erecting fences, making roads, and so forth. Surely, there are men in Ireland capable of grappling with this evil. If there be, we may say with some degree of confidence, that by addressing themselves earnestly and dispassionately to the course of remedial measures pointed out, they will have the sympathy and support of all thoughtful individuals on this side the channel. On the other hand, the claim of 'tenant-right,' as striking at the foundations of property, and, at anyrate, as still further complicating Irish difficulties, will have no chance of encouragement.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

November 1852.

Apart from the striking and absorbing ceremony of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, affairs have taken their usual course: our scientific and learned societies have recommenced their series of meetings, with dissertation and discussion, each bearing fruit after its kind. A paper, that will astonish most people, has been or will be read before the Royal Society, being on no less extraordinary a subject than the sea-serpent! The creature was seen by a F. R. S. in August last, in the Channel between Brighton and Dieppe; and it is his account thereof, supported by other evidence, that the learned corporation have listened to and debated upon with becoming gravity. The sea-serpent has been so long regarded as a Yankee joke, that ordinary folk still have their laugh, and even philosophers do not quite know what to say to it.

The return of Lady Franklin's little vessel, the *Prince Albert*, from the north, has brought news of the arctic expedition, which is so far satisfactory that it assures us of Sir Edward Belcher's ships having gone where it was most desired that they should go—up Wellington Channel. It was found, fortunately, quite free from ice; and we may reasonably hope that the explorers have passed into the great polar basin, which is said to be an open sea, and have learned the fate of our long-missing countrymen—Sir John Franklin and those under his command. The diligent explorations by the officers of the *Prince Albert* over a large tract of untravelled country, have proved where Franklin is *not* to be found; and it is something gained to have the field of search reduced in extent. Unless by the operation of very favourable circumstances, we shall get no further news from the polar regions until the winter has passed.

As yet, there are no signs of exhaustion of the Australian gold-fields, or the number of those who seek them: from the single port of Liverpool, more than 28,000 emigrants sailed in the month of September last. While so many are expatriating themselves, it is well to remember that the new Passengers' Act came into force with the month of October: it applies to all colonial passenger-ships, except those bound for the Mediterranean. The owners of vessels are required, under penalty, to provide sufficient space, air, food, boats, &c., for the accommodation of all on board; and each passenger is to have power to stay on board, and to be fed for forty-eight hours after arrival at his destination. And no one is to be landed without his consent at any other port than that to which he bargained to be conveyed. Printed rules and regulations are also to be hung up in the ship for inspection by the passengers. Any measure which tends to check abuse in a matter so vital as emigration, cannot fail to be acceptable.

Among subjects which are a weariness to the spirit, is that of sanitation, at least as regards the metropolis. Our church-yards still yawn for corpses; our drains still choke and sewers stagnate; smoke still poisons our atmosphere and hides the sun; mud still besoils our streets and alleys; and, what is worse, no man can tell when this state of things will be amended. Smithfield Market shews no signs of giving up the ghost, and if the new market, authorised by act of parliament, is ever to be built, the people of Camden Town are to have it whether they will or not. It has been said, and with considerable pertinence, that the best place for Smithfield Market is *nowhere*. Why incur the expense of sending live cattle and sheep to London, when the animals might be sent killed with much less trouble and cost, seeing that there would be no charge for carriage of offal? The whole question is one which the present age does not appear to be wise enough, or unselfish enough, to solve. And yet, side by side with such stubborn resistances, we have projects which only a high degree of advancement could originate. Among them are two for bringing sea-water from the coast to London, whereby those who cannot afford to visit Margate, will be enabled, nevertheless, to enjoy a plunge in genuine salt-water, for a consideration. And another, for a new bridge over the Thames, between the present bridges of Southwark and Blackfriars—one which ought to be carried into effect, for an additional pontine thoroughfare is much wanted. Boutigny, whose experiments for producing ice in a red-hot vessel will be remembered, is over here, superintending a new application of steam at an establishment in our eastern suburb. He hopes to develop a greater power at less cost than hitherto. The use of collodion in photographic processes, though so lately introduced, is leading every day to new effects; and now we have it employed in wood-engraving. Instead of drawing his picture or design, the artist now prepares his block with collodion, takes a photographic image of the object which he wishes to reproduce, and then engraves it. Should this prove generally available, we shall hear no more of mannerisms and faults on the part of the draughtsman—the engraver alone will be to blame for defects, for the solar light will do its part of the work faithfully enough. The International Postage Association is making way; they have agents in most of our principal towns, who are to promote the cause, and have opened a correspondence with places—literally, in all parts of the world—besides having addressed the foreign ambassadors and ministers resident in London. From most of these, 'gratifying and encouraging replies' have been received. Subscriptions in furtherance of the important and desirable object are steadily flowing into the treasury of the association; and with this essential to their means, they can hardly fail of succeeding in a cause to which everybody wishes prosperity. The experiment of reducing postage has been tried in Canada with most favourable results; the post-office there was placed under provincial control last year, and the charges for conveyance of letters, which up to that time had been as stupidly exorbitant as they used to be here, were lowered to a uniform rate of 3d. Of course, there was a falling-off at first in the revenue, but it has since so far recovered, that it is believed a penny-rate will be established before the close of 1853. It is something for England to have been the first to start so important and beneficial a measure. In a report just published, it appears that the metropolitan branch of the post-office for England and Wales now employs 3248 persons, at the annual cost in salaries, wages, &c., of L.283,860, 15s. 5d., and the provincial branch 10,734 persons, at L.261,632, 17s. 6d. For Ireland, the numbers are: metropolitan, 396 persons, at L.45,043, 8s. 3d.; provincial, 1581 persons, at L.28,067, 17s. 6d.; and for Scotland, metropolitan, 266 persons, at L.24,146, 8s. 7d.; provincial, 1924 persons, at L.35,760, 11s. 8d.—making a grand total of 18,099 individuals employed in distributing the correspondence of the United Kingdom, at the yearly charge of L.678,017, 13s. 6d. Under the head of 'colonial and parts abroad,' the statement is 939 persons, at L.4[illegible],108, 9s. 11½d. Add to this the 4000 miles of telegraphic wire now erected in England, at the cost of L.300,000, and employing 800 persons, and some idea may be formed of our means of communication, and the outlay which it involves. Another question, as affecting intercourse, is again talked about—a decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage. The Astronomer-royal has just pronounced in favour of the former, and thousands are impatient to see the latter; so with such authority and such numbers, we must hope that the subject will speedily be talked into a reality, as well as that for bringing the same calendar into use all over the world.

Notwithstanding the Imperial loomings across the Channel, science is making advances. The artificial propagation of fish, of which so much has been heard of late, is steadily promoted in many parts of France. A million of young fry have been raised this year in the canal that connects the Rhine and the Rhône, and transferred into 'secondary nurseries,' which form part of the 'piscicultural establishments.' This interesting mode of increasing the supply of food would appear to be unlimited, for experience has now proved the possibility of transporting fecundated spawn to any distance with entire success: thus improved varieties of fish may be introduced from other countries. M. Coste, in a report to the Minister of the Interior, states that all the waters of France may be stocked with fish in a short time, with an outlay of L.1000 to begin with, and L.300 per annum afterwards. 'It would be,' he says, 'renewing the miracle of the miraculous draught; only as progress is not an idle word, and as science is science, the miracle will be reproduced generally, and become permanent.' Is there no one enterprising enough to attempt a similar experiment in England? It is one fraught with great promise.

Among the late prizes given by the French Académie, was one of 2000 francs to Madame Colet, for a poem in praise of labour, and embodying a description of the industrial colony at Mettray. Others, of 3000 francs, were given for critiques on and explanations of the philosophy of Kant and Hegel; and one to Jasmin, the barber-poet, or Burns of France, notwithstanding that his writings are in the Provençal dialect. Of the Monthyon Prizes for the reward of virtue, one of 3000 francs was awarded to a woman at Valenciennes, above seventy years of age, who, after having lived twenty-three years in the service of a wealthy family, devoted herself to be their solace and support on their being overtaken by a reverse of fortune. A second, of the same amount, was granted to Paul Dunez, a slave at Cayenne, who refused to accept his liberty when it was proclaimed in 1848, and remained to serve his mistress. M. Villet, who delivered the address on the occasion, dwelt strongly on the beauty of faithfulness in servitude; but it is pretty evident that this paying for virtue with money finds less favour now than it did some years ago.

The communications made of late to the Académie have comprised many points of interest: M. C. Gravier has an important note on the number of shooting-stars, which, he says, is always least in the first six months of the year. On the 18th June of the present year, it began to be five per day, and rose to seven or eight by 20th July, when it increased to eleven; on the 25th, it was twenty-one; and reached the maximum, sixty-three, on 10th August; after which it declined, and was forty-three on the 13th. Observations, continued in this way for two or three years, would furnish valuable data. Arago says, that as an attempt was once made to determine the height of shooting-stars, by simultaneous observations throughout Germany, the

present would be a good time to repeat it. Pouillet, from experiments in daguerreotyping on silver plates, has come to the conclusion, that they may be employed in photometric operations: to compare, for instance, the illuminating power of different colours, whether red cloth reflects more light than blue, or any other colour, when shone upon by the sun, or a coloured light. There are some important questions in photometry, which, it is believed, these experiments will help to settle. Zantedeschi is pursuing his researches on the obscure longitudinal rays seen in the spectrum, and has come to further conclusions respecting the phenomenon. The cause assigned for these rays is 'foreign bodies of extreme tenuity;' but M. Porro, having invented what he calls a polyoptometer, with which he has examined the rays, comes to a different conclusion. Again, with respect to electricity, Zantedeschi shews that negative electricity, contrary to the usual belief, is not dissipated more quickly than positive electricity. Several electrophori charged positively, lost the charge in about a month, while a negative charge was retained for eight months—a fact worth remembering by those who wish their electrophorus or condenser to retain a charge for a long period. He has also renewed his investigations of animal electricity: in 1840, he shewed that pain weakens or suspends the electro-vital current; and if intense, inverts the direction, and that a strong current or discharge is produced by convulsive movements. He now states, that 'the exhaustion of the nervous-muscular force always corresponds to an exhaustion of electricity, and reciprocally, the return of strength is accompanied by a reproduction of electricity.'

This approaches physiology, on which subject there are also a few communications worth mentioning. M. Mouriés says, that phosphate of lime plays a much more important part in the animal economy than has been supposed: it does something else besides nourish the bones. This something is the provoking and entertaining of vital irritability in animals as well as in plants; and M. Mouriés considers that infant mortality, especially in towns, is the consequence of a defect of this salt—which, again, is a consequence of our artificial mode of living. 'The testimony of the learned,' he observes, 'shews that without a sufficient quantity of phosphate of lime, an infant can neither develop itself nor live; and according to simple analysis and evidence, this salt is not in sufficient quantity in the alimentation of infants. This principle of life wanting, there will necessarily be present a principle of disease and of death.' M. Corvisart proposes a method, whereby persons whose stomachs are incapable of digesting, may be supplied with aliment already digested by the gastric juice of other animals. This juice, as is well known, has neither an unpleasant smell nor taste: it may be administered *au naturel*, or dried and reduced to powder, or prepared in various ways as sauces. By this means, a powerless stomach would be able to assimilate the nutriment without the laborious process of digestion, and with the certainty that nothing indigestible could be taken in. Dr Audouard says, that vinegar is a remedy for hydrophobia, only it must be mixed with bread, and not given in the liquid form; and, according to M. Guyon, the way to cure cramps produced in the arms or legs by cholera, is to take the foot by the heel and toe with the two hands, and bend it slowly but forcibly towards the leg, and similarly with the hand and forearm: the cramps cease instantly. And last, to mention a fact of comparative anatomy: MM. Joly and Lavocat, after a philosophical anatomy of the hand and foot, have come to the conclusion, that these members are 'singularly related' to the *pentadactyle* of the inferior animals.

A miscellaneous item or two from the United States will [illegible] to conclude with. The cultivation of the [illegible] extending in the neighbourhood of Cin[illegible]re are now 1300 acres of vineyards; and it is said the Ohio is to become the 'Rhine of America.' The Catawba grape, a native of North Carolina, is the kind most planted. The produce this year is estimated at 400,000 bottles of wine of the best quality, besides the inferior sorts. Enterprise is shewn in another direction, large public meetings having been held to discuss the question of 'women's rights' and mesmerism; also in the fact, that 83,304 Bibles were distributed by the American Bible Society in the month of September last; and that the American Bible Union announce that, before another year is over, they hope to publish an entirely new translation of the Scriptures.

A GRAVE IN THE OZÁRKS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

A young Englishman of great worth died, as here described, among the Ozárk Mountains, in Missouri.

Low on a forest bed
A weary pilgrim lay;
A fever scorched his brow—
His home was far away:
September trod in light
The blue Missourian sky,
When that sad wanderer sought
The Red Man's hut—to die.

He crossed the surging deep
From England's noble shore,
To learn in pathless wilds
The forest's secret lore:
He climbed Ozark's green hills,
Where free swarth hunters dwell;
The fatal season came,
The lonely stranger fell.

As Huron's clear wave breaks,
Hushed on a desert strand,
He bowed his head, and died
In that far mountain land.
His sun went down in peace;
He felt no doubts or fears,
For he had kept the faith
From boyhood's happy years.

Beside a swift dark stream,
The woodman dug a grave,
Where dewy blossoms spring,
And dusky branches wave.
On that sepulchral turf
No breathing marble weeps,
But angels know the place
Where that young Christian sleeps.

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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 466. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

GAMING, BETTING, LOTTERIES, AND INSURANCE.

THERE needs but little apology for touching again upon a subject which has, from time to time, received much attention in the pages of this Journal—that of Insurance. When a great truth has to be illustrated, the larger the number of analogies and contrasts which can be brought to bear upon it, the more intelligible will it become to those who are most concerned with it. The 'betting' system of the present year, and the approaching Christmas 'distribution' system, induce us to offer a few observations on the principle of chance or probability, as involved in many social speculations and amusements. Let us compare together playing, gambling, betting, lotteries, and insurance.

Playing is an indefinite word; it sometimes relates to a game of skill, sometimes to a game of chance, and sometimes to a combination of both. In order to distinguish it from gambling, we will consider that the element of skill enters into the meaning of the words play and playing. A very large number of our amusements, both domestic and out-of-door, deserve this designation; they demand either mental or bodily skill, or both. In cricket, in golf, in bowls, in archery, and in many other field-amusements, the player has to be on the alert, to have his eyes about him, and to have his nerves and muscles well strung and ready for action; his hand has to achieve a certain task, his eye has to guide him, his legs—in some of these games—have to be in good running condition, and his judgment has to exercise a generalship over them all. So, in sports on or connected with the water, such as swimming, rowing, and skating, the physical powers—the strength and suppleness of muscle—are the real players: they produce the results; while the mind is a sort of superintendent or overlooker, seeing that all the component members of the body-corporate do their duty.

Now, it is observable that skill has much more to do with these results than chance; and also that the persons engaged seldom care to bet or gamble respecting the conquest. The pleasure of playing is generally a sufficient reward. The cricketers admire and enjoy the skill with which a 'slow bowler' makes his ball creep up to the wicket, or the quickness of the wicket-keeper in 'stumping' the luckless batsman, or the energy with which a bat is so wielded as to get a 'four' or a 'five,' or the beautiful 'catch'—for skill is always beauty to the initiated—which the 'long-field' was enabled to make; and though there may be a few bets among the bystanders, the players seldom indulge in such. So likewise in golf, bowls, archery, swimming, rowing, skating, and many other open-air sports, the reward is generally sought in the pleasure of the exercise itself. In pedestrianism, running, and a few other sports, we occasionally hear of gentlemen whose emulation impels to a contest, which they may spice with a bet of 100 guineas or so; but the competitors, in most instances where money passes, are poor men, who literally walk or run for their bread; the match is generally concocted by a tavern-keeper, who plans it so as to make it a matter of business. The individuals who outrage nature by walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive half-hours, and such-like feats, are mostly publicans' protégés.

In in-door games of skill, betting or gambling is, in like manner, least observable in those where chance exerts least disturbing effect. In chess—the prince of intellectual games—most players repel the very idea of a money-reward to the victor; there are formal matches occasionally between clubs, or between the 'champions' of different countries, in which a purse is played for as an exceptional case; there are a few leading men who derive a living by teaching the game, and with whom there is a sort of tacit agreement that they shall derive some advantage from the games they play; and there are a few persons at one or two of the chess-divans in London, who hold rather an unsatisfactory position as shilling-players; but, generally speaking, it is well known that neither do chess-players play for money, nor do the bystanders bet on the result. In draughts, billiards, and bagatelle, as in chess, skill exerts much more power than chance in bringing about victories and defeats; and although small sums of money are frequently played for, they are rather to pay for the use of the apparatus than as means of actual gain, and the wagers of lookers-on are few in number.

Gambling, as distinguished from playing, we will interpret to mean those games or exercises in which chance assumes a more important character; and our object is to draw attention to the fact, that the money-motive increases as chance predominates over skill. We are not aware that dominoes and backgammon have much to answer for in this respect: the chances of the domino-player depend partly on the numbers which he happens to draw at the commencement of the game, and those of the backgammon-player partly on the successive throws of the dice; but the games themselves are of a very simple and fireside-like character, and the money-motive has but little to do with them. When we take a hasty glance at card-playing, however, we find an ascending series of chance-results. Whist is perhaps the most skilful of card-games, and the one in which least loss and gain may result from the most play. The competitors may agree to play for a penny a corner, or for five guineas

a corner, according to their means; but considerable thought, observation, memory, and steadiness are required to get through a rubber; and these absorb much more of the players' attention, than the coins which may ultimately reward their skill. But as we advance to those games where the deals are more frequent, where chance-distribution accordingly predominates more largely, where there is less scope for skill in averting the disasters consequent on an unfavourable allotment of cards, and where there is more excitement arising from these uncertainties of fortune —there and then do we find the money-element creeping up to the card-table. At Christmas-parties, where card-playing—more extensively, perhaps, in England than in Scotland—is introduced as one of the amusements, the games of loo and speculation, in which chance predominates much more and skill much less than in whist, are attended by far greater losses and gains in money. The fast young man of fortune, who loses his money by card-play in a gambling-house, does not adopt the skilled-games: he is drawn into the chance-games by men who either cheat him, or are versed in the arithmetic of chances—what mathematicians call the doctrine of probabilities.

And so in other games than those played with cards: the greater the chances, the greater the losses. Dice have become quite associated with the gambler's career. Here—except in such a game as backgammon—skill has no place, other than the skill of the cheater; the player is at the mercy of the six sides of the little cube, insomuch that whichever comes uppermost rules his fate; the man of education and the fool are reduced to an intellectual level, for each man's mental power is confined to the rattling of two bits of ivory in a little box. The very absence of intellectual effort leaves room for the more excitable feelings, among which love of gain is a very prominent one. What the high-class gambler does, so does the gambler of low degree. Two prisoners have been known to draw straws for their rations as a stake or bet, the chance being which shall draw the longest straw out of a heap. The boys who played at pitch-and-toss in church-yards in Hogarth's time were simply gamblers, neither more nor less; and their scarcely-improved representatives at the present day do equal honour to that designation. The marble-players, who know all the knacks concerning 'three holes,' 'shoot in the ring,' and 'laggings out,' are altogether a superior class of beings; they are among the *skilled* boys of street-play; their fingers may be dirty, but Jack Huggins, after winning Bill Jones's marbles, is proudly conscious that something better than mere chance has conducted him to victory. All the games—and they are numerous—in which a ball is made to roll without much aim or precision, and in which the position assumed by the ball determines the fortune of the player, come under the group of games of chance; they may readily be, if not already so made a vehicle for much gambling.

Betting is a habit so foolish that we scarcely know how to characterise it. It is either a strong mode of expressing a strong opinion, or it is blind devotion to the deity of accident. If A B positively asserts that the Duke of Wellington was born on the 1st of May, and if C D as positively denies it, A B thereupon bets him a shilling; and, if the men are in earnest, they endeavour to seek out the truth. It is just possible that this incentive may lead to the discovery of actual facts relating to the disputed matter, but we cannot compliment the disputants on such being their primary object: the shilling is the vehicle of obstinacy or of self-glorification, as the case may be. But if E F bets G H that he will throw a higher number with two dice, there is not even this gleam of excuse; neither has the slightest ground for believing that he will be more fortunate than the other, and nothing better can result than a transference of money from one pocket to another: intellectual superiority is out of the question.

In most examples of betting, there is a certain, or rather an uncertain, combination of these two characteristics. If a sporting-man bets 6 to 4 that Coombs will vanquish Cole in a boat-race, or that the Suffolk Stag will beat the American Deer in a foot-race, he is supposed to have some ground for his wager from a personal knowledge of the powers of the respective antagonists; and so also in respect to a particular horse at Epsom, a particular pugilist in the ring, or a particular yacht at Cowes: knowledge or judgment is believed to be one element in the framing of his wager. But nineteen out of twenty—perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred—who lay bets on such events, do not rely on their own judgment at all, but depend on the judgment of others. In the notorious betting vice of the present period, the betters, generally speaking, know nothing of the horses on which their bets are laid; they are told that Tattersall's odds are 20 to 1 against Wide Awake or Jenny Lind, and they bet the 20 or the 1, according as fancy rather than judgment may dictate. If these non-official betters, as we may term them, wager only with each other, one silly man would win just what another silly man would lose; but the silly men are not left to themselves: there are knowing ones at hand. Some men have such a tact in calculating odds, that they can 'make a book' before the race begins, or so adjust and balance their wagers, that they will gain something whichever horse may win. If to cleverness they add rascality, some among the number may tamper with the horse or with the rider, so as to bend the result to their interest.

The credulity of betters is almost inconceivable. Look at the pages of one or two of our London newspapers—there are dozens of advertisements relating to prophecies concerning the winning horse at a future race. It is instructive but mournful to read these advertisements, and to think that men will give money for such utterly worthless expressions of opinion; indeed, it is a discreditable fact, that some of the Sunday newspapers *keep a prophet*, whose paid office it is (apparently) to write columns of predictions concerning the results of future races; and the richest amusement—were it not for the painful circumstances which surround the whole system—may be derived from the logic which these prophets employ after the event, to shew that such or such a horse *ought* to have won, though he didn't. The prophets and the betting-office-keepers would die away, if the victims would only exercise a little common sense. This will come by painful experience; for the closing of betting-shops on the morning after a race, by unmasking the swindlers, will open the eyes of the victims. The nature of the prophetic 'tip' or 'pick' was curiously illustrated in an article in this Journal about two years ago.* Our object here is simply to shew that, in betting as well as in playing and gambling, blind chance rather than skill is the basis on which money is ventured and lost.

Lotteries, with their subvarieties of raffles and distributions, are obviously beyond the region of skill, so far as regards the motives of those who throw money into them. There is no merit or skill whatever exercised by those who draw the lots; and if only the public were concerned, one person would simply gain what another loses. But there are others besides the public. When lotteries were legal—as they still are in some countries—the government took care that the aggregate of the prizes should be less than the aggregate of the sums paid for tickets. So it is with many raffles; so it is with the wheel-of-fortune in a bazaar at a watering-place; and so it notoriously is in respect to the distributions got up by many retail-tradesmen at the present day.

* No. 340, New Series, p. 145.

With respect to the lotteries of the Art-Union Societies, and their effect upon art, much controversy has arisen, and we will not here enter upon this subject; but the tradesmen's distributions are matters too curious to remain unnoticed. There are goose-clubs, coal-clubs, plum-pudding-clubs, hat-clubs, clothes-clubs, and others of a similar kind, which are not lotteries, but expedients for getting custom, by consenting to receive small weekly payments beforehand. The tradesman calculates how many weeks at, say sixpence a week, will pay him well for his commodities; he issues a flaming prospectus; and if the payments are made at a public-house—which is often the case—there is extra profit from the drink consumed on the occasion. But many of the distributions are really lotteries, in which the members have little or no hold on the honesty of the speculator. Twelfth-cake distributions have become quite customary; there was one last Christmas, in London, in which the members comprised so many thousand persons, that the Hanover Square Rooms—how are the mighty fallen!—were hired for the purpose of the allotment.

There is a distribution now before a 'discerning public,' so curious in its way, that we must offer a few words respecting it. Of the who and the where we shall say nothing, further than that the speculator is a publican in a thickly-inhabited part of the metropolis. First, then, there is to be an allotment of 10,000 shares, at a shilling each; and shortly before Christmas-day there is to be a drawing for prizes, at the publican's house. The prizes are to be somewhat under 700 in number—1 to about every 15 shares. But the remaining fourteen-fifteenths are not to be really valueless dismal blanks—O dear, no!—the holder of every such unsuccessful share is entitled to fourpennyworth of ale or gin. But the prize-holders, what are they to get? The list of prizes is a rich curiosity in its way. The first prize consists of a 'best-cabin free-passage to Australia,' with the materials for a jollification to a party of twelve friends before the emigrant's departure: the said materials comprising a turkey, a goose, joints of meat, pudding ingredients, and a dazzling array of bottles of wine and spirits. The second prize consists of a 'second-cabin free-passage,' with the wherewithal for a less ostentatious 'spread.' The third is a suit of bran-new clothes, 'made to measure,' together with a gold watch and chain; and another prize, as a companion to this, entitles the holder to the silk, satin, ribbon, and other materials for a lady's dress. A fourth consists of a bedroom-set of furniture; to which a fifth and a sixth append sundry articles of furniture for the parlour and the kitchen. Then come several prizes, in which a ton of coal is among the treasures; while geese and sucking-pigs seem to be scattered around with a liberal hand. But in seven-eighths of all the prizes, the characteristic bottle of gin, or bottle of rum, is very prominently announced: accompanied in some cases by a goose, a duck, a fowl, or a leg of mutton, but more frequently left alone in its glory!

Now, the publican is doubtless clever enough to make a good market out of all this. Even supposing there to be no more than 10,000 shares issued—a very doubtful matter, indeed—and the sum received to be just L.500—reduced to L.333 by the fourpennyworths of ale or spirits; it is quite certain that the cost of the emigrant tickets, clothes, furniture, jewels, coals, provisions, and drink, will be so managed as to leave a comfortable margin; for there is no auditor of accounts appointed; and as to the wine, spirits, and ale, there will be his customary profit on them. As he can 'cook' his own accounts, why not cook them till they are nicely done to his own taste?

Insurance.—It may be thought that we have given more importance to this distribution than it deserves; but it is built upon a habit or tendency which, if properly fostered, would lead to insurances instead of distributions; and it thus becomes useful as a link in our chain of reasoning. It is a salutary habit to lay aside small weekly sums, for articles not immediately wanted. A coal-club or a clothes-club, if honestly managed, need not be otherwise than good; for the purchases may possibly be made at wholesale prices, and the mode of weekly payment be made very convenient for the members; and a plum-pudding arrangement with a speculative grocer may possibly give a workman's family a Christmas-feast for which he has paid by easy weekly sixpences. But the very same shillings and sixpences, if invested in one among the many kinds of life-insurance, would lay a foundation for permanent benefits, calculated greatly to raise the moral dignity and independence of the person so investing. It cannot be too strongly urged, that these same shillings and sixpences would suffice to do this work. Freehold societies are now pointing out how a shilling a week for ten years will purchase freehold land enough for a small house; insurance-offices shew, that if a young man resolutely lays aside a shilling a week, he can insure L.100 to a wife or family when his death leaves them without support; or that if he lay aside a shilling a week when his son is born, he may have L.50 when the boy reaches the apprenticing-age of fourteen; or that if he pays a shilling a week till, say the age of sixty, he can secure a small annuity for the rest of his life.

But besides the salutary tendency to lay aside small weekly sums, exemplified in the distributions, the small tradesmen's clubs, and so on, there is the less salutary but more general love of the excitement resulting from chance, hazard, fate, or luck, exemplified in gambling, betting, and lotteries. Now, life-insurance is a chance-game based on certainties, and intended not that one man should win at another's expense, but that the severity of any one man's loss may be mitigated by diffusion among a large number, on each of whom the share of the transferred burden presses very lightly indeed. The object is, therefore, much more lofty and humanising than that of the narrow and selfish tendency just adverted to; but even here, if a man likes to place it on so low a level, there is plenty of doubt and uncertainty about life-insurance. No actuary would venture to say that John Smith, aged 55, will die at the age of 72; but any and every actuary, founding his estimate on the voluminous returns and tables of the Registrar-General, would declare it an even probability—or what the bettor will call an 'even-wager'—that John Smith will die about the age mentioned; or that men of 55, taking one with another, appear to have about seventeen years of life yet in them. If John and Jane marry when each is aged 25, he would be a bold man who would state that the couple would have 27 years of married life together; and yet an insurance-office would make such a supposition the basis of calculation for an insurance on their two joint-lives: founded on the circumstance that, on comparing many millions of cases of marriages at different ages, certain averages—strikingly uniform in successive years—are met with, and are found to be sufficient guiding-lights.

If a man chooses to regard life-insurance as a wager made by the insurers concerning who shall live longest, and if he finds excitement under the idea that it is betting or gambling, there certainly are the elements of such; for though men at 55 have the probable contingency mentioned above, yet John Smith may defy any one to shew that he, individually, will die at 72; and there is thus the kind of uncertainty which gamblers are supposed to love so much. But this is too low an aspect of the case to be borne more than a single moment, by way of illustration. What we have to insist upon is, that life-insurance singularly combines the best features of these several habits or usages, and avoids their worst. We cannot eradicate men's

tendencies, but we can sometimes bend them; and it may possibly be useful to compare, as we have attempted to do in this paper, the different directions into which one or two particular tendencies may be turned, as a means of finding which is the most worthy to be encouraged. And it is not simply life-insurance that lies spread out before us; there are fire-insurance, ship-insurance, railway-accident insurance, general-accident insurance, honesty-insurance (guarantee societies), annuity and endowment purchases, benefit, land, and building societies (always supposing them to be both honestly and skilfully conducted), savings-banks, penny-banks — all are modes in which one of two tendencies may be exercised: that of periodically laying by small sums for future purposes; or of speculating on future events which may be almost certain in the aggregate, but which are chance in respect to any one individual. Gambling, betting, and lotteries, are but poor modes of bringing these tendencies into action.

DONNINGTON HALL.

The remembrance of my first departure from home, and of the wretchedness I endured at the separation from parents and brothers and sisters, is still freshly impressed on my memory, though I am an old woman now, and then I was a blooming girl of fourteen. I had been brought up in a rough way, which my father's straitened circumstances compelled, as we were a large family to provide for; and though my own grief was so overwhelming at leaving them all, and I wept bitterly when bidding farewell to the wilderness of a garden, trodden down by many little feet (boys at cricket, and girls at hide-and-seek), yet grown-up wise folks affirmed, that I was thrice fortunate in being selected to visit a rich aunt—our father's half-sister—a lady whom we never saw, but whose very name always impressed us with a feeling of awe. By report, we knew she resided in a grand house far away, and that she had more money at command than she knew what to do with; moreover, that she had no children of her own—and that children were not admitted at Donnington Hall, where everything was kept in a state of high preservation, from the roof to the fish-ponds. Aunt Donnington had offered to take charge of a niece, until such period as our father's affairs wore a more promising aspect; and she selected me, as being in years rather beyond a mere child, and yet young enough to be easily managed.

It certainly was a very kind and self-denying thing of Aunt Donnington to inflict upon herself the penance of a wild-conditioned girl's presence; and I believe more than once she was half afraid of the bold step she had taken, for animal spirits often got the better of the good resolutions I had solemnly promised my dear mother to adhere to; and when the first surprise and novelty of my new situation by degrees wore away, and I became accustomed to the solemn stateliness and cold formality of Aunt Donnington and her *ménage*, oh, how I pined for the littered play-room at home—for the trodden-down garden, and for the pet-chickens and rabbits and guinea-pigs which overran it! I had never dreamed of such magnificence as Donnington Hall displayed; and I felt inclined to courtesy to the grave-visaged, gray-headed man-servant who waited upon us, so great and pompous a personage he looked and moved. The Hall was an enormous brick-built square pile, cold within and cold without; there was not a chair out of place—there was not a speck or a spot to indicate habitation. The drawing-room was decorated with old and costly china, and with rich and rare [illegible] curtains, on which Aunt Donnington set great [illegible] which were uncovered, with the rest of the [illegible] only when company was expected—an event [illegible] occurrence. Mr Donnington, who never spoke half-a-dozen words to me the whole time I sojourned beneath his roof, and whose sole occupation seemed to consist in taking down books from his library shelves, dusting them, and carefully replacing them—(I never saw him read—the books were too splendidly bound for that)—always took an airing with his wife in a close carriage every day before dinner, and I was sometimes permitted to accompany them. They sat bolt upright in the corners of the chariot, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, seldom speaking, and then only in monosyllables, as we jogged along the dusty high-road at funereal pace. Once on such an occasion I ventured to remark—carried away, I suppose, by the vividness of my recollections—that we had a nice donkey at home, which trotted quicker with us all by turns than their big horses did, although they had so little to do! Mr Donnington regarded me with sleepy astonishment, at my presumption in comparing his beautiful chestnut carriage-horses with a hard-worked donkey; but my aunt being always the spokeswoman, reproved me with acrimonious solemnity for taking such a liberty; whereupon I burst into a fit of passionate crying, and exclaimed that I would go home.

'Home indeed!' replied Mrs Donnington; 'you don't know what you say, Ann Markham. There are more mischief-loving boys and girls at home already than your poor papa can provide for.'

'We are not mischief-loving,' I cried indignantly; 'nobody ever said we were mischief-loving.'

'I beg your pardon, Ann Markham,' replied Mrs Donnington quietly, 'that is the report which reached me. But hold your tongue, if you please.' I dared not disobey the command, but I wondered who had said we were mischief-loving!

One day passed just like another at Donnington Hall—nothing to look forward to, nothing to expect; and oh this heavy monotony for the companionless young is very terrible. A stern Abigail, as sour as vinegar, assisted me to dress; I could have dressed myself far more comfortably, but then not so tidily as Aunt Donnington required. She ushered me into the library, where all the family assembled for morning-prayers: these over, a frugal breakfast succeeded—Mr Donnington read his newspaper, and I sat in another part of the room, conning my French lesson, which Aunt Donnington heard me, with other tasks, every forenoon, when she had completed her domestic arrangements. Thin bread and butter, and a glass of weak home-made wine, constituted the luncheon at one o'clock: at two, we went out to drive, or, if I did not accompany them on this dismal expedition, the afore-named sour Abigail accompanied me in a walk round the grounds, when, wo betide me, what a reproof was mine if I attempted a skip or a frolic step! We dined at four, but I was so fearful of committing some solecism in good-breeding, that I never had enough to eat; and many a time I hungered for the piled-up dish of mealy potatoes, and the huge brown loaf, which I had feasted off so daintily at home. Here was silver and crystal, and delicate confections—for Mr Donnington was fond of sweet things—and servants waiting, and sparkling wines, and I was courteously invited to partake; but somehow there was something wanting, and I shrank from the invitation, ever since the first day when Mrs Donnington had said: 'I suppose, Ann, you never saw blanc-mange before, much less tasted it?'

'O yes, ma'am,' I replied blushing—I blushed for her, not for myself—'when we drink tea at the vicarage, we always have it for supper.'

'Ay, indeed; that is very kind of the parson: don't you think so, Ann?'

'Mr Howard, our clergyman, is a *friend* of papa's,' I replied, 'and knew my papa when he was better off.' My heart swelled, and the tears rose to my eyes, but

they were not seen, and had they been so, they would not have been understood.

Dinner over, Mr and Mrs Donnington dozed till tea-time; and I was conducted to a distant room, where stood an old piano, on which I was required to practise; for Aunt Donnington made it a great boast, that she instructed me herself, both in useful and ornamental learning, though I made but slow progress under her tuition; and hereafter, only rapid strides in acquiring knowledge saved me from the imputation of 'extraordinary stupidity'—an opinion which my aunt promulgated, in extenuation of her own failure as a teacher. After tea, Mr and Mrs Donnington played at backgammon until half-past nine; and during that interval I was permitted to work at my needle, an occupation I detested, but which my aunt said, every lady ought to excel in. At half-past nine came prayers; and at ten the household repaired to rest, and all was still for the night.

Such was the routine of my daily life at Donnington Hall, a life I always look back to with a shudder; and I speedily became a nervous, ailing, weakly girl, terrified almost at my own shadow. I would have run away, but I did not know which road led towards home: about the distance I never thought; and, besides, I had promised my dear mother to behave well, and to try and please Aunt Donnington. Please Aunt Donnington! as well might one have tried to please a marble statue, for she had just as little feeling. I often wondered if she had ever been young herself, or if she was born into the world the grown-up, methodical, supercilious, cat-like personage she appeared to me, with a long lean figure, and a long lean face, and small gray eyes, and false curls pasted close down each side of her face.

Donnington Hall was situated about four miles from a small watering-place, which has since risen to celebrity, but which, at the period alluded to, was not much frequented by idlers, those only affecting the spot who desired to combine retirement and renovation. It was quite an event at the Hall when a nephew of Mr Donnington's, lately married, brought his young wife to this watering-place for a short sojourn, accompanied by his sister, a Miss Prudence, whose name, I thought, corresponded wonderfully well with her demure appearance and manners—she being a spinster of uncertain age, and finding mighty favour in the eyes of Aunt Donnington, who pronounced Miss Prudence to be a person of high breeding. Not so was Mrs Johns pronounced. She was a pretty, fair little creature, full of restless animation, and never disposed to remain quiet, except at those intervals when, by sudden fits and starts, she occupied herself with some light fancy-work; but the same piece of work was never twice seen in her hands. She examined everything ornamental with extraordinary interest and attention, and boldly pulled down scores of the superbly bound books, not even returning them to their places. This was a flagrant offence, and not easily forgiven; but then Mrs Johns was a favourite nephew's wife, an heiress too, though both Mr and Mrs Donnington remarked, they would have liked to have known more of the lady and her kin previous to Johns taking the final step of matrimony. Yet this step being irrevocable, they must make the best of it; though the restless ways, and wild, loud laugh of the pretty bride, tried the forbearance of her pompous new connections. Polite hints or gently-insinuated remonstrances were equally futile: Mrs Johns's self-possession and equanimity were imperturbable; and her laugh—somehow not a merry laugh—louder and more frequent. Mr Johns strongly resembled his uncle in externals, being a heavy, foolish-looking young man, and carrying personal dandyism to an excess. Miss Prudence was seldom long absent from the side of her sister-in-law, to whom her devoted attention was remarkable.

It was on the morning of a day when Mr and Mrs Johns, and Miss Prudence, were expected to a farewell dinner—they intending to proceed on their travels at an early hour next morning—that I had the misfortune to incur Aunt Donnington's displeasure. I had been idle and troublesome, and she declared I should be punished by wearing at dinner the shabbiest frock selected from my scanty wardrobe. Very impertinently and improperly I answered—passion gaining the entire mastery—that 'I didn't care for finery, not half so much as some folks I knew of!' For be it known, that Aunt Donnington sported a profusion of antiquated adornments on state-occasions, and a good deal of valuable lace. She replied with a look which froze me into silence and submission: 'I wish, Ann Markham, that *you* cared for neatness and propriety.' Blushing, I appeared before the guests in a tattered, dirty garment. I was just of an age to feel acutely such a punishment. Miss Prudence and Mr Johns, however, were kinder, I thought, than usual, and I suppose they guessed how the case stood. Mrs Johns was busy all the evening embroidering a web of gossamer texture; and so intent was she over her occupation, that she scarcely heeded Aunt Donnington, who sat beside her, arrayed in a superb white lace-scarf, which covered the deficiencies of a rusty old satin dress, and softened the angles of her ungraceful contour.

'Your elegant work, my dear,' said Aunt Donnington in an amiable tone, 'really quite comes up to the elaborate finishing of this valuable lace'—holding up an end of the scarf for admiration.

'Ah!' responded Mrs Johns, casting a quick glance on the lace, and resuming her embroidery, apparently too engrossed by it to speak.

When the guests had gone, and I was preparing for rest, a loud tap at my chamber-door, and my aunt's voice saying: 'Open instantly!' alarmed me with the impression that the house was on fire, or that robbers were scaling the walls. She entered with a taper in one hand, and her lace-scarf in the other; trembling with anger, she placed the taper on a table, and pointing to the scarf, she cried: 'So, Ann Markham, your wickedness is found out! and *this* is your diabolical revenge, is it, for my just decree of your wearing a soiled frock as a punishment to-day?'

Amazed and bewildered, I gazed on the scarf: there was a rent of about three inches long near one of the ends, but how it had been done I knew not; and I said so.

'Do not add a lie to your wanton outrage, you wicked girl!' said Mrs Donnington bitterly. 'Who would have done this but you? It is not a tear: it has been done on purpose, and Sarah says she could swear to that.' Sarah was the sour Abigail, and no friend of mine.

'Well, Aunt Donnington, Sarah may be right, but I did not do it. And it does look like a cut, but I had not a pair of scissors in my hand all day.' Vain were my protestations of innocence: my aunt continued her upbraidings, until, in a frenzy of tears and lamentations, I entreated to be sent home, for that I was miserable.

'I should be sorry to tell your respectable parents of your tricks, Ann Markham. I heard you were full of mischief before you came here, but such a wicked act as this I could not have believed you capable of. Believe me, however, that if such a thing is repeated again, home you go instantly, disgraced and branded.'

'It may be repeated again, Aunt Donnington, but not by me,' I persisted, for my spirit was roused by injustice. She left the chamber, murmuring: 'O you wicked girl!—O my fine lace-scarf!' And sobbing, I sank on my pillow, and forgot the sorrows of girlhood in the sleep of innocence. But what was the scene overnight in comparison to the hubbub next morning, when it was discovered that rents similar to that made on the beautiful white lace-scarf had been perpetrated, in three distinct places, on the silken curtains of the drawing-room; also, that the fine damask table-cloth spread for dinner, and of large size, had been sliced; and lastly, that a large delicate vase of

Dresden china had been denuded of a handle! These atrocities were all imputed to me: the curtains and the china were sacred relics in my aunt's estimation; and I had been guilty, she affirmed, of little less than sacrilege. I heard Mr Donnington call me a young savage; and as protestations of innocence were unavailing, and only called down vituperations on my head, I held my peace, though my poor heart was nigh bursting with contending emotions. The next day I was sent home, escorted by the sour Abigail, who was deputed to announce to my parents the tale of their daughter's delinquency. She was closeted alone with them for some time; but what impression her complaints of my general ill-behaviour made on my dear father and mother, it was not easy to discover, for they were guarded in speech. I assured them I was guiltless of all participation in the vicious trick of destroying the property of Mr and Mrs Donnington, and that it was perfectly incomprehensible to me how it could have happened. My father looked hard at me with his piercing eyes; and when he said: 'I am satisfied, Ann, you are innocent of this charge: no child of mine ever yet told me a falsehood, and God grant none ever may!'—I threw myself into my gentle mother's arms, and wept aloud for joy to hear these blessed words after the season of persecution I had endured. Joy to be at *home* again, in my own dear home, surrounded by darling little ones, who trotted in to welcome sister Ann back again. 'O mother,' I exclaimed, 'I am so happy—so happy to come home; don't send me away again ever.' My mother's tears mingled with mine, as she pressed me in her fond embrace; and I heard her whisper to my father, who stood regarding us: 'How pale and thin she is, poor little thing!' But neither of my parents permitted me to speak disparagingly of Mr or Mrs Donnington; indeed, they did not encourage me to speak of them at all; and once only my father alluded to the past by saying: 'Be patient, Ann: the truth, I believe, will be brought to light some day respecting the mysterious transaction which caused you to be expelled from Donnington Hall. And I have written to that effect to my sister.' My father, then, had written to Aunt Donnington, stating his conviction of my innocence! What more could I desire? and with the happy elasticity of youthful spirits, I soon ceased to dwell on the sorrows of my sojourn at the Hall, or only to remember them as a wretched dream.

Two years after my disgrace at Donnington Hall, the master of the mansion was summoned from this world; my father attended the funeral, and remained for a few days with his half-sister, in order to afford her counsel and assistance in many necessary though painful details. During this interval, Aunt Donnington, softened, no doubt, by the presence of death, and conscious of having acted unjustly, divulged the particulars to her brother, which cleared his daughter; though it is probable that had Mr Donnington lived, these singular particulars never would have been divulged, as the matter was hushed up, and it mattered not to him that an insignificant girl should be blamed, when an unpleasant exposure of family secrets must follow that insignificant girl's exculpation. The case was very different when a fair young heiress was concerned, and that fair young heiress a nephew's wife. But, alas! ludicrous as the preamble may appear, the tragedy which followed, as related by Mrs Donnington to my father, was deep enough to smother all resentment had the offence been even one of a much more serious nature. Great had been the rejoicings on the occasion of Mrs Johns's presenting her husband with a son and heir; rejoicings, however, soon merged in mourning, when the young mother's recovery was pronounced uncertain, derangement of the intellect having followed her confinement. She was not seen to inflict an injury on her tender infant which caused its death—she was not seen to attempt her own destruction, though vigilantly tended; but presumptive evidence was strong, concealed facts then became known, and the unfortunate lady's singular propensities were viewed but as preparatives for this terrible crisis. It seemed that, from her earliest childhood, Mrs Johns had manifested the love of destructiveness to a most extraordinary degree: toys were broken or dissected, dolls' eyes picked out as soon as they came into her possession, flowers pulled to pieces; and although she was not of a cruel disposition, insects shared the same fate. As to household damage, and the destruction of all her own wearing-apparel, and that of others, by cutting pieces out, or by any other means in her power, that was incalculable. When remonstrated with and corrected, the child—an only and a darling one—declared she could not help it; that she was impelled to do what she did by some power which was irresistible. Scissors and knives were carefully kept out of her reach, and all kind and judicious methods resorted to, in order to check the progress of this strange disease—for disease there is no doubt it was—thus early developed. There was a decided improvement visible in the delicate child's bodily and mental health as she increased in years, and confident hopes were entertained that she would ultimately outgrow the alarming symptoms. At this juncture, some thoughtless person, aiming at being dubbed a clever phrenologist, and struck by the physical conformation of the pretty little heiress's pericranium, begged to examine it, and inadvertently exclaimed to the astonished and attentive child: 'How dreadful! here is Destructiveness more largely developed than I ever before witnessed.'

Of course the examined and the examiner were both equally ignorant; but the young lady on hearing these words, decisively remarked: 'I always said I couldn't help being destructive, and I cannot—it's of no use trying. I must cut, and tear, and spoil whatever I can reach, that's certain!'

And from that time forth she did cut, and tear, and spoil most recklessly, notwithstanding the joint efforts of teachers and guardians. But on attaining woman's estate, these disagreeable proceedings became even more serious: her long silken ringlets disappeared one by one; and so it was with expensive personal ornaments and attire, which were frequently destroyed. But it was her restless mood, her restless blue eyes, which arrested the attention of strangers; and when Mr Johns wooed the heiress for his bride, it was with the full knowledge of her eccentricities. Insanity being unknown in her family, the wooer, in his admiration of the lady and her fortune, no doubt treated these singular developments with less serious attention than they deserved. Miss Prudence Johns felt more anxiety on the subject, and continuing to reside with her brother after his marriage, devoted herself unsuspectedly to watching the fair bride, and by all the means in her power counteracting her propensities. She always trembled whenever she saw Mrs Johns with a pair of scissors or a knife in her hand; and her unceasing vigilance had often preserved valuable property from destruction. How Mrs Johns contrived to elude this vigilance at Donnington Hall on the day of the farewell dinner, it is impossible to say.

I could not help connecting in my mind, with feelings of deep commiseration, the look of sympathy which poor Mrs Johns bestowed on me in my disgrace, with the feats she so successfully and cunningly accomplished; but when we heard that death had released her from incurable suffering, it was an event which none might deplore.

From Aunt Donnington I received an invitation to revisit the scene of my former unhappiness; a courtesy which my kind parents permitted me to decline, for though my father continued a poor and struggling man for many years, yet were we all reconciled to honest poverty; and the merry, contented faces round our

humble board, contrasted pleasantly in my memory with the cheerless dinners off plate and crystal, which had often left me hungry and miserable at Donuington Hall.

PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EMPEROR RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

It is generally understood, that when a London tradesman 'declines' business, and retires to his suburban villa, the change very rarely meets his expectations. The *otium* he has sought has nothing but its dignity to recommend it, and that he finds but poor compensation for purposes broken off, and the dislocation of life-long habits. Instances are mentioned of persons in this position growing desperate, plunging anew into business, and losing their whole fortune; and of others, with more prudence, hiring themselves out as employés behind the counter, and enjoying, as a recreation, the routine of their forsaken duties. This, we know, is the way with shopkeepers; but how would it be with persons of higher station and more intellectual resources: say, with a merchant, or a legislator, or a—for we may as well go to the highest, since we are asking the question at anyrate—with a reigning sovereign? Now, the peculiarity of this clever age is, that with it no problem is too difficult of solution; and in fact, at the present moment, we have on the table before us an account of the home-life and everyday doings of a monarch retired from business.*

During a tour in Spain three years ago, Mr Stirling visited Yuste, where the abdicated emperor spent his closing days; this visit led him to examine the original narratives of the event to which the ruined convent owes its historical interest, and the result is this able and interesting work. Robertson's narrative of this period in the cloistered Cæsar's life, though told with all the dignity and grace which belongs to his style, contains also 'much of the inaccuracy which is inevitable when the subject has been but superficially examined.' The chief authority appealed to by Mr Stirling is Joseph de Singuença—once so celebrated a scholar, that Philip II. used to call him the greatest wonder of the new convent (the Escorial), which was itself called the eighth wonder of the world—an authority of whose existence Robertson seems to have been unaware; that is, in reference to the topic in question. But in addition to the supplementary aid of Singuença, Mr Stirling has had access to important manuscripts in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris, and of these he professes to have exhausted the interest on behoof of the volume before us.

The Jeromite monastery of Yuste is delightfully situated in a nobly wooded valley, about two leagues west of Xarandilla, in Estremadura. On one side, its windows overlooked a cluster of rounded knolls, clad in walnut and chestnut: the front court was dignified by a magnificent walnut-tree, 'a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise into a royal convent and sink into a ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of Jerome, and the Austrian dynasty of Spain:' the garden sloped gently to the Vera, shaded here and there with the massive foliage of the fig, or the feathery boughs of the almond, and breathing perfume from tall orange-trees, while a luxuriant forest formed the background of the picture. For three months, till the preparations necessary for the emperor's accommodation at the monastery were completed, which took up two or three years, he resided at the neighbouring town of Xarandilla, with his retinue of Flemish soldiers, who could ill brook the 'ways and means' of Spanish life. Already had Charles bidden formal farewell to the world. At Valladolid, he took leave of the wives of all his personal attendants; on which occasion it was that Perico, a court-jester, was saluted by him, and exclaimed: 'What! do you uncover to me? does it mean that you are no longer an emperor?' 'No, Pedro,' replied the object of this jest; 'but it means that I have nothing to give you beyond this courtesy.' Charles was delighted at the prospect of utter release from all state and ceremony; and when finally parting with the larger section of his household, 'his majesty,' wrote Quixada, his chamberlain, 'was in excellent health and spirits, which was more than could be said of the poor people whom he was dismissing.' His residence in the monastery of Yuste began in the February of 1557, and there, in the September of the following year, he breathed his last.

The ordinary supposition, that Charles passed his cloister-life in true monkish asceticism, and under circumstances of severe self-imposed privation, is dispelled by Mr Stirling's record of facts. As is here remarked, a great monarch, leaving of his own free-will his palace and the purple for sackcloth and a cell, is so fine a study, that history, misled (nothing loath) by pulpit declamation, has delighted to discover such a model ascetic in the emperor at Yuste. Whereas, in reality, his abode seems to have been as well furnished as many of the palaces in which his reigning days had been passed. Suits of rich Flemish tapestry; a luxuriously ample supply of cushions, eider-down quilts, and linen; black velvet couches, and *very* easy-chairs; a service of gold and silver plate, comprising a 'matter' of some 13,000 ounces, and including several masterpieces of Cellini; to say nothing of his pictures, jewels, books, choir and organ, &c. Such are not things consonant with the ideal of grim and ghastly monachism. And we must remember, that at no time had Charles been other than simple and plain in his personal habits. In his soldier-days, we are told, he would knot and patch a broken sword-belt until it would have disgraced a private trooper; and he even carried his love of petty economy so far, that being caught near Naumburg in a shower, he took off his velvet cap, which happened to be new, and sheltered it under his arm, going bareheaded in the rain until an old cap was brought him from the town. There would, therefore, be nothing mortifying to such a man in the character of such monastic life as he now entered upon. Its monotony accorded with his love of regularity and plainness. Every morning, his confessor appeared at his bedside to aid him in his private devotions: he then rose, and was dressed by his valets; after which he heard mass, going down into the church, when his health permitted—the fatigue of going up and down stairs being considerable to one suffering so acutely from gout and general infirmity. From mass he went (with a will) to mess—*dalla massa, alla mensa*; dinner was a 'great fact' in his daily experience, and the source of no slight portion of his ailments. 'The meal was long, for his appetite was voracious; his hands were so disabled with gout, that carving, which he nevertheless insisted on doing for himself, was a tedious process; and even mastication was slow and difficult, his teeth being so few and far between. The physician attended him at table, and at least learned the causes of the mischief which his art was to counteract.' Charles, in sooth, was victimised by dyspepsy, and *that* was traceable, without hesitation, to his unbounded appetite. Whether to his valet he was or was not a hero, he certainly was none to his physician, who saw him succumb to the first *corps de résistance* that crossed his path. Good Roger Ascham tells us, how he watched with awe the emperor's progress through 'sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;' afterwards 'feeding well off a capon, drinking also the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five

* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.* By William Stirling. London: J. W. Parker. 1852.

times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' He continued to the last to dine upon the rich dishes against which his confessor had protested a quarter of a century before. Great was his interest in anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish; partridges were to him very birds of Paradise; a well-seasoned sausage smacked of the sublime. His weakness being generally known, dainties poured in upon him from obsequious neighbours; and his chamberlain, Quixada, beheld with dismay the perpetual arrival of 'long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He (Quixada) never acknowledged the receipt of the good things without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief. . . . His office of purveyor was commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie, as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.' Even when so severely visited by gout that he quite lost the use of his right arm, and could neither raise a cup to his lips nor wipe his mouth, we find the patient's appetite keen as ever, and impelling him to commit excesses on sausages and olives: and on one occasion, when he complained of a sore throat, which made it difficult for him to swallow, it is amusing to learn that his major-domo did not greatly deplore the inconvenience, but said sententiously: 'Shut your mouth, and the gout will get well.'

Dinner discussed, it was then Charles's habit to hear his confessor read aloud from some favourite divine—Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard; then to converse, drowsily indeed, and as the introduction to an hour's nap. At three o'clock, the monks assembled to hear a sermon or lecture, to which the emperor always listened with profound attention. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to seeing official people from court, in the affairs of which he did not cease to take marked interest: not that he repented of his abdication; so far from *that*, he declined various overtures which proposed his return to his ancient dignities. His repose, observes Mr Stirling, cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. 'He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty; and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks.' It soon became known that the recluse at Yuste had as much power as the regent at Valladolid, and the convent gate was accordingly besieged with suitors. His long and laboured dispatches testify to his zeal in political matters. His anxious eye appeared to sweep the whole horizon of Spanish policy. 'From the war in Flanders, he would turn to the diplomacy of Italy or Portugal; and his plans for replenishing the treasury at Valladolid were followed by remarks on the garrisons in Africa, or the signal-towers along the Spanish shore: he watched the course of the vessel of state with interest as keen as if the helm were still in his own hands; and the successes and disasters of his son affected him as if they were his own.' Vespers and a ponderous supper wound up each day.

His leisure-time was variously occupied. Much of it he gave to his garden—raising terraces, placing fountains, and laying out parterres. He had always been a lover of nature, and a cherisher of birds and flowers. 'In one of his campaigns, the story was told, that a swallow having built her nest and hatched her young upon his tent, he would not allow the tent to be struck when the army resumed its march, but left it standing for the sake of the mother and brood.' Dioclesian was not more enamoured of his cabbages than Charles V. of his laurels and pinks, his homebred poultry and trout. Sometimes his spare hours were spent in the workshop of Torriano, his mechanician and clockmaker, with whose ingenious toys in the department of horology, Charles was vastly pleased. Feeding his pet-birds* was another favourite employment. These gentle creatures appear to have succeeded in his affections the 'stately wolf-hounds that followed at his heels in the days when he sat to Titian.' Such outdoor exercise as he indulged in, was taken on foot, or, if the gout forbade, in his litter—for the first time that he mounted his pony, 'he was seized with a violent giddiness, and almost fell into the arms of his attendants. Such was the last appearance in the saddle of the accomplished cavalier . . . . whose seat and hand on the bay-charger presented to him by our bluff King Hal, won, at Calais gate, the applause of the English knights, fresh from those tourneys—

> Where England vied with France in pride on the famous field of gold.'

In fact, Mr Stirling's remark seems emphatically true, that Charles's mind ripened slowly, and his body decayed prematurely. As for the former, he may be said to have had no will of his own until he was thirty years of age—an unusually tardy development of so powerful a mind. As for the latter, he was aged in his prime. In his youth, he had been distinguished for his prowess against the bull and the boar, and his unwearied skill in tracking the bear and wolf over the hills of Toledo and Granada; yet, ere he had turned fifty, he was reduced to amuse himself by shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his garden; and the hand which had been so ready to wield lance and to curb fretting charger, was so enfeebled with gout, that it was sometimes unable to break the seal of a letter.

He was fond of talking over his campaigns with his frequent visitor, the veteran Avila, who had shared and recorded them, and whose flattery of the emperor was hearty enough to excuse in some degree its extravagance. Amongst other unofficial visitors at Yuste was Sepulveda, one of the historiographers-royal, and the so-called 'Livy of Spain.' The emperor's two sisters, the queens of France and Hungary, also visited him in his seclusion; and, to the horror of his chamberlain, Charles would not hear of their being lodged for one night within the cloisters, nor would he even offer them a dinner. The excellent Eleanor of France was an invalid at the time, and her death at no great interval deeply affected him: he wept bitterly when the news reached him, and displayed an emotion which he rarely felt and still more rarely permitted to be seen. Although he had been little studious of her happiness, when it crossed his policy, she was yet his favourite sister. 'There were but fifteen months,' he said, 'between us in age, and in less than that time I shall be with her once more'—a fulfilled presentiment. The inmates of the convent attached to the person of Charles; and with whom he was most familiarly conversant, were, besides Quixada, the chamberlain, and Torriano, the horologer already mentioned, Gaztelu, the secretary, William van Male, the gentleman-in-waiting, whose reading and scholarly illustration of the Vulgate beguiled many of the emperor's sleepless nights; whose learning, intelligence, industry, and cheerful simplicity, made his presence indispensable in the royal chamber, and who, moreover, was employed by Charles to put into shape *his* aspirations to a place among 'royal authors;' Mathys, the physician, who duly chronicled in tedious Latin dispatches every pill and potion with which he endeavoured to neutralise the daily poisons served up by the cook; and De Regla, the confessor, one of 'those monks who knew how to make ladders, to place and favour, of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins.' To these must be added the name of Fray Juan de Ortega, the chief ornament of the convent, a man of ability and learning, 'who enjoyed for a time the reputation of having written

* To these domestic treasures were afterwards added a pair of very small Indian cats, and a parrot of polyglot pretensions.

Lazarillo de Tormes, the charming parent of those picaresque stories in which modern fiction had its birth.' His death, during the first summer of Charles's residence at Yuste, deprived the emperor and his household of their favourite among the friars.

His 'sacred Cæsarean Catholic majesty'—such was the style Charles continued to enjoy—was highly popular among the monkish brotherhood with whom he was domiciled. They were as proud, as his household were ashamed, of his friendly familiarity towards them. He always insisted on his confessor being seated in his presence, nor would he sanction the modest man's plea to be allowed to jump to his feet when a third party entered. 'Have no care of this matter, Fray Juan,' he would say, 'since you are my father in confession, and I am equally pleased by your sitting in my presence, and by your blushing when caught in the act.' He occasionally broke the royal etiquette of eating alone, and dined with the Jeromites of Yuste in their refectory. He took a lively interest in their musical exercises, and 'from the window of his bedroom his voice might often be heard to accompany the chant of the friars. His ear never failed to detect a wrong note, and the mouth whence it came; and he would frequently mention the name of the offender, with the addition of some epithet savouring more of the camp than the cloister.'

In one respect at least his cloister-life was prejudicial to him—it fanned the flame of religious bigotry, to which his previous converse with the world at large had been less favourable. So engrossed was he with the admired performances of the Inquisition, that the subject made him for awhile indifferent to all other public affairs. His personal convictions in favour of the Romish creed seem to have been deep and sincere. His attendance at mass was exemplary. During Lent, he regularly appeared on Fridays in his place in the choir; and at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing his taper, he flogged himself 'with a vengeance.' Some of the scourges thus employed were found, after his death, in his chamber, stained with blood, and became sacred relics. Once within the walls of Yuste, he assumed all the passions and superstitions of a friar. The popular *mot* about no two of his clocks going alike, applied to varieties of creed, which has been flatteringly ascribed to him, must have had some other parentage. It was probably, says Mr Stirling, in the first instance, launched *against* him; for it is melancholy to find that Charles, in looking back on the early religious troubles of his reign, always regretted that he had not put Luther to death when he had him in his power. In his review of the past, 'he thanked God for the evil he had been permitted to do in the matter of religious persecution, and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, for having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted-ground whereon his strong will was paralysed and his keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust.' His ecclesiastical principles he inherited from his ancestors, paternal and maternal, and he transmitted them unimproved to his descendants—a sorry boon for the Spanish dominions.

During the first part of his residence at Yuste, the emperor's health appeared to benefit by the change. 'You cannot think,' writes Quixada, 'how well and plump he looks; and his fresh colour is to me quite astonishing.' In spite of overeating, he slept well; and his gout made itself felt only in occasional twinges—'so effectually did the senna-wine counteract the sirup of quinces which he drank at breakfast, the Rhine-wine which washed down his mid-day meal, and the beer which, though denounced by the doctor, was the habitual beverage of the patient whenever he was thirsty.' As the winter of 1557 drew on, however, his ailments increased in number and intensity. With the spring of 1558, his health partially revived under a course of sarsaparilla and liquorice. In May, he was living as usual, and eating voraciously. 'His dinner began with a large dish of cherries, or of strawberries, smothered in cream and sugar; then came a highly-seasoned pasty; and next the principal dish of the repast, which was frequently a ham, or some preparation of rashers, the emperor being fond of the staple-product of bacon-curing Estremadura.' Later in the summer, he was again troubled with gout; and his appetite failed so much, that he sometimes lived for days on bread and conserves. Probably he might have lived for *years* on them—had he chosen.

Early in August, his physician became seriously alarmed about his state, and fresh medical advice was held expedient. The emperor's thoughts were naturally directed more particularly at such a time to religion and its rites. He consulted his confessor about celebrating his own funeral—a ceremony which has been inaccurately described by Robertson and others, who represent Charles as shrouded and coffined during the solemnity. Mr Stirling thus depicts the actual scene, as it occurred on the 30th of August 1558, three weeks previous to the emperor's decease: —'The high-altar, the catafalque, and the whole church, shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself," says Singuença, "was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hand of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker.' The funeral-rites over, he professed himself all the better for them. Next day he spent some time in his picture-gallery, hung pensively and long over a portrait of the late empress, and then examined some pieces by Titian and others. 'Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame.' While thus engaged, his abstracted air attracted the gaze of his physician. 'On being spoken to, he turned round, and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever.' Attendants were summoned, and he was carried to the bed from which he was to rise no more.

During this, his last illness, he was at times delirious. High fever and restlessness almost constantly afflicted him, in addition to the pains of gout and violent sickness. His debility also became extreme. On the 19th of September, the crowning rite of extreme unction was administered: of the two forms, he selected the longer, which involved the reading of the seven penitential psalms, a litany, and several passages of Scripture, through all of which he made the proper responses in an audible voice, and at the conclusion appeared rather revived than exhausted. On the following day, he asked for the eucharist, and, being reminded that after having received extreme unction, that sacrament was no longer necessary, the dying man replied: 'It may not be necessary, but it is good company on so long a journey.' He received the consecrated wafer with great devoutness, and was punctilious in his anxiety to swallow it, an act for which he was now almost physically incompetent. At even-tide he lay in a stupor, but now and then mumbling a prayer, with uplifted eyes. His physician stood by the bedside, occasionally feeling his pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators: 'His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour.' The morning of the 21st of September dawned—St Matthew's Day. His priestly attendant whispered in his ear exhortations founded on that apostle's

career. These the emperor interrupted by saying: 'The time is come: bring me the candles and the crucifix'—cherished relics, which he had long reserved for this last hour. He received them eagerly, and clasped the crucifix to his bosom, and was heard to say quickly, as if replying to a call: 'Now, Lord, I go.' His fingers relaxed their hold on the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held up before him. 'A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried: "*Ay, Jesus!*" and expired.'

To the last, Charles loved his cloistered retreat. Thither he had come, charmed by the religious gloom of monachism, upon an entrance into which he had settled with his empress—although their joint purpose was thwarted by her death. His grief at that occurrence only enhanced his longing for seclusion from the fret and stir of worldly existence.

> With age, with cares, with maladies opprest,
> He sought the refuge of conventual rest.

And though disappointments and vexations followed him even there, he did not seek wholly in vain. Certainly, he was not of those who are ever seeking rest and finding *none*. The cloister was to him, in more than one sense, the ante-chamber to the tomb; and its peace presented and realised to him some of the 'sublime attractions of the grave.'

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

Whoever has witnessed the wonders of electro-biology, must be aware that a power exists in nature to convert a carpet into a parterre of flowers, a cup of milk into a glass of champagne, and a pianoforte into a horse: at least to make the individual operated upon believe in these metamorphoses, which is the same thing in so far as his existing sensations are concerned. Now, if we suppose this power to reside in the mind of the individual himself, who thus exercises at one and the same time the volition of the operator and the docile faith of the patient, we shall make the first step towards comprehending the mystery of the Sentimental Young Lady. But we must go further. We must suppose that this process is not merely experimental, not merely the subject-matter of a *séance*, but the habit of years, carried on throughout all the phases of young ladyhood. The danger is, that if the idea is once fairly taken hold of, we shall find a philosophical doubt rising in our minds, as to which is truth and which hallucination, for an enduring impression is, to all practical purposes, a reality; and we shall be at some difficulty in determining—supposing us to be deliberate and conscientious inquirers—whether the pianoforte is really a horse, or the horse really a pianoforte. In such perplexity, however, let us only cling to the consideration, that the metamorphosis is primarily the production of the young lady's Will, and we shall have some chance of stopping short of absolute bewilderment. But all this we are in hopes of setting in a clearer light as we get along, although judicious readers will doubtless make allowance for the metaphysical obscurity of the subject.

The sentimental young lady has a family-resemblance to the sentimental young gentleman, but personally they are as unlike as if they were no relatives at all. The coarseness and hardness of the masculine animal modify his sentimentality. He is not melancholy, but severe. The arrow has entered his soul by anticipation. He bestows his contempt and detestation upon mankind in the form of an advance. Knowing the pangs of betrayed friendship and unrequited love to be in store for him, he rushes up to them indignantly, and feels them beforehand. These, however, are endurable by the brave and scornful; but the loneliness of his being is an immortal pang. How is it that he is not understood by his fellow-men? Why is he a single, solitary atom in this tremendous universe, belonging to no system, and the object of no sympathy? If he cannot be loved, he will at least make himself feared: he cultivates an awful head of hair; and if his profession is intended to be a peaceable one, addicts himself, with stern resolution, to the moustache. Seldom he laughs; but he is an adept at the smile for which we have no name in our language, although the French indicate it by the word *ricaner*, expressing the alarming hilarity of a death's head. It is no wonder that his (prospective) miseries should drive him to take refuge in soda-water and havannahs, since he ranks himself among those castaways of the world who are privileged to have recourse, in their isolation, to intemperance and crime; repeating, with the proud despair of a Fallen Angel, the Byronic lines—

> Then the spirits that still float above the wreck of happiness
> Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess;
> The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
> The shore to which their shivered sail can never stretch again!

This young gentleman finds the world he defies an ugly customer. It thrashes him into good-humour with it. It knocks him about till he has no breath for vituperation. His betraying friend helps him out of a spunging-house, or he helps the other, which is all one. He marries his unrequiting love; and discovers, to his consternation, that he has changed her into a wife. All his corners are finally rubbed off by the collisions of time; likewise the hair from the crown of his head. He becomes fond of ease and long stories and sipping claret; he grows gouty and obese; he dies, and is buried.

The sentimental young lady is quite a different person. She is more melancholy than severe, more plaintive than vituperative. There is a mystery in her sadness which piques the curiosity of others—perhaps her own. She has various difficulties to struggle with in a world that seems to be made up of antagonisms between mind and matter. Her tendency to *embonpoint* is kept down only by the ceaseless anxiety it costs her; and a distressing appetite forces her to all sorts of expedients. At dinner, she will trouble you for nothing more than the side-bone of a chicken, 'as she is not partial to animal food,' and as she had eaten enough of bread and butter before the company came in to remove the sensation of hunger. It is to this delicacy of eating, in fact, she owes the faint perfume included by Barry Cornwall among the attributes of beauty, but which the coarser Byron alludes to as smelling of bread and butter. We admit, however, that there is some want of science betrayed in the young lady's proceedings on this point, bread and butter containing in reality much more of the fattening principle than animal food; however, she does all for the best, listening, poor girl, to the crackling of her corsage-strings, as if they were so many pistol-shots fired by an ambushed assassin at her peace. Another misery is the vulgar suffusion to which her face is liable. To spread the hue of health over the pale sufferer's cheek is a mere hypocrisy of nature; and she opposes it as far as pearl-powder and internal draughts will go. She is seldom entirely successful, the colour, banished from every other spot, lingering occasionally on her nose—a remarkable phenomenon, since she rigorously abstains from wine.

The sentimental young lady has a heavy epistolary correspondence, although for the most part confined to

a single individual. This is the serious business of her life. On coming down stairs in the morning, she darts upon the basket on the hall-table like a bird of prey. At other post-hours, she watches at the parlour window. She has learned to interpret the physiognomy of the postman, between whom and her there is gradually developed a masonic intelligence. Sometimes he shakes his head, and says, 'No, miss,' with a deprecating look; and at other times puts the looked-for letters into her hands confidentially, and passes on as if relieved from a responsibility. What is the subject of these letters? We dare not conjecture; but we have a dim impression that they relate mainly to metaphysics, and contain the true key to ever so much of the philosophy of life. But we must here advert—and not without indignation—to the practice this young lady has of crossing her letters. This she perpetrates not only vertically, but often diagonally to boot; thereby converting the letter into a dense congeries of scratches, as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would have been if its three inscriptions had been jumbled together. It was our intention, we may hint to those concerned, if a certain borough that shall be nameless, had not unaccountably rejected our proffered services in parliament, to introduce a bill bringing this offence—at present reckoned a mere immorality—into the category of criminal misdemeanours, visited by lengthened imprisonment, bread and water, and the deprivation of pen and ink.

The sentimental young lady has usually another friend, who resides in the next street. They take solitary walks together; they go to one another's houses at all sorts of odd times; they are always seen speaking to each other confidentially, and are never overheard. No one knows the nature of their intercommunications. When a third person approaches, they look at each other warningly, and are silent. Their private business follows them everywhere; and when they meet in the evening, they sit side by side, whispering in a corner of the room. They converse a great deal, too, with their eyes, exchanging the looks it is customary to designate as 'meaning,' when people don't know what they mean.

It might be supposed that the sentimental young lady would be in love with the sentimental young gentleman; but this never happens. Her chosen one, both in mind and person, is the most common-place specimen of his sex. All the qualities she adores in him are electro-biological; and between her and her friend he is made up into a figure which his own mother would not know. Even when he laughs at her sentiment—of which he cannot make head or tail—she is delighted; for it is not to be expected that these shocking men should comprehend a woman like her. She thinks, however, that he is impressionable. His tendencies are all right; and by degrees she will be able to refine and elevate him. This must be done before marriage: and there is no hurry. To be 'engaged' is paradise, with marriage looking beautifully blue in the distance. She never would marry, if she could help it, but always be going to be married: it is so delicious to be in a continual mystery, to exchange conscious looks with him, and meaning ones with her friend, and to hear people whispering about her as she enters the room. She has, in fact, an instinctive misgiving as to marriage.

And no wonder: for that is the end of the sentimental young lady. No sooner is the magic ring on her finger, than the hallucination vanishes, and she sees nothing about her but pianos, carpets, and milk and water. She abandons bread and butter, and takes without remorse to animal food and two glasses of wine. She drops acquaintance with the postman, gives up crossing her letters, and by and by rarely writes at all. Her friend feels that something has come between them, and relinquishes of her own accord the confidential tone. The married lady grows communicative with the world, but not on the subject of her earlier history. No man knows to this day the nature of her written correspondence, or the secret of her confidential whispers. In the meantime she gives way to her natural tendency, thrives on what she eats and drinks, acquires a good round comfortable armful of a waist, while the warm hue of health, subsiding from the tantalising position it had taken up on her nose, diffuses itself over her ripe cheeks. Her delicate voice grows distinct and matronly; and her laugh rings sharp and clear through the room. In the course of time, she has any reasonable number of children, or any unreasonable number; and she takes special care that not one of them shall have any chance of turning out a Sentimental Young Lady.

GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS.

The presidents of the Royal Geographical Society are accustomed to deliver to the members of that useful corporation an annual address, in which they contrive to embody all that is new or striking in the history and progress of geography for the preceding twelve months. From 'penny maps' to 'anomalous tides,' from the laying down of a shoal to the determination of a mountain's height—everything is pressed into the record. Apart from their scientific value, these addresses contain much that is popularly interesting, and we shall make a brief abstract of one or two of the last delivered, for the information of our readers. First of all, we are informed that, from the fund employed for the promotion of geographical discovery, twenty-five guineas were awarded to Dr Wallin of Helsingfors, for his travels and researches in 'a large portion of the peninsula of Arabia, hitherto untrodden by Europeans,' in the years 1816 to 1819. As the region is one but little known, and as the doctor is perfectly conversant with the languages of the East, and considers the Arab mode of life preferable to that imposed by conventionality and civilisation, he is to be sent out again to make further explorations, as soon as sufficient supplies can be raised. Our government and the East India Company have contributed L.200, but as this sum is not considered adequate, the Grand Duke Constantine, president of the Imperial Geographical Society of St Petersburg, has been asked for further aid, and when his answer comes, the hardy Swede will again set forth. A similar amount of twenty-five guineas has also been given to Mr Brunner for exploration of the Middle Island of New Zealand—that on which the Canterbury Colony is founded. He traversed 200 miles of coast, and a good slice of the interior, and had to rough it pretty severely for greater part of the 550 days that his adventurous journey lasted, besides tracing the courses of several rivers, and discovering inland lakes: according to his report, the greater part of the island is 'barren and unprofitable.'

Dr Rae, one of the most persevering of the searchers for the missing Franklin expedition, has had the Society's gold medal awarded to him 'for his survey of Boothia, under most severe privations, in 1848; and for his recent explorations on foot and in boats of the coasts of Wollaston and Victoria lands, by which many important additions have been made to the geography of the arctic regions.' The greater part of the journeys, which amounted to nearly 4000 miles, was performed with very slender resources; and Dr Rae has shewn how much may be accomplished by resolute perseverance, even under the most unfavourable circumstances.

A second medal was given to Captain H. Strachey, of the East India Company's service, 'for his extensive explorations and surveys in Western Tibet.' He was appointed to determine the limits of Rajah Goolab Sing's territory, and has made us acquainted with a region 500 miles in length, bordering on China, heretofore undescribed; and another portion of the blank on our maps will now be filled up.

The coast survey of the British islands, and other parts of our empire, is still carried on; the southern and eastern shores of England are those now undergoing examination, while Captain Beechey is pursuing his inquiry into the tidal phenomena of the North Sea. A grand chart of the lower course of the Tyne, 36 feet in length, has been laid down on a scale of 27 inches to the mile; and the Humber is being surveyed from the sea up to Goole, and will be similarly noted, it being found of essential importance to preserve evidence of the situation of banks and shoals for future reference; especially as that vast shoal, the Doggerbank, is said to be rising higher every day, and in some places so near to the surface, as to become a formidable danger. The geological survey is also progressing; the sheet maps of North Wales are finished, and those for the Staffordshire coal-field and the Derbyshire mining district, are in a forward state; the latter are to contain tracings of the mineral veins, which will render them particularly valuable. Such labours, however, are not confined to England, they are going on in most of the countries of Europe. The 'Topographical Survey of Sweden,' to comprise 260 sheets, is actively persevered with; the trigonometrical survey of Russia has been in progress for thirty years, yet not more than about one-fourth of the European portion of that great empire is completed; France, Prussia, and Austria, too, are busy with what we call ordnance maps, all of the most comprehensive character. Our trigonometrical survey of India is extending, having reached the meridian of Lahore, in the Punjab territory, besides the lines working in other directions, the whole of which will eventually be united in one great scheme, forty sheets being already engraved. These, with the surveys in America, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, in the Australian seas, and Indian Archipelago, shew that we are daily arriving at more accurate geographical knowledge.

Again: we have further information concerning that little-known country lying between the Black and Caspian Seas, of Babylonia, and other interesting localities in Asia Minor, of which maps are in preparation. And going further east, we find that a considerable extent of the interior of Borneo has been explored by Dr Schwaner, who, by availing himself of rivers hitherto supposed to be unnavigable, has gained more knowledge of the interior regions of that vast island than has hitherto been found practicable. Several of the South Sea islands, too, have been the subject of more accurate exploration and survey than heretofore; and we are told of Hawaii, that it has made such rapid advances since the beginning of the present century, when its condition was nearly the same as when Cook visited it, 'that Christianised men are met at every turn, habited in European attire; houses with glazed windows have superseded the wigwam-huts; the canoes have given way to schooners and ships; and instead of utter ignorance, the natives are instructed by three weekly newspapers.' Of the Feejeans, a different account is given: according to Captain Erskine of the *Havannah*, they are 'addicted to cannibalism to a degree neither known nor credited,' and shipwrecked crews are slaughtered by them and devoured, as much from a desire to eat human flesh, as from a religious duty which they have long observed, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of missionaries.

Turning to Africa, we find by a series of levellings recently carried across the Isthmus of Suez, that instead of there being a difference of thirty feet between the level of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, as has so long been believed, there is in reality little or none—an interesting fact, which will be still further verified during the progress of the railway-works to be set on foot in that locality under the superintendence of Mr R. Stephenson. How the past and present will be brought together by having light thrown on ancient geography by modern enterprise! Besides this, an attempt is being made to solve another important problem in the Valley of the Nile. Lepsius has stated in his great work on Egypt, that this river formerly flowed at a much higher level than now, having in the course of ages worn away its bed to a depth of twenty-seven feet; and this statement being disputed, a deep pit or well is to be sunk at Heliopolis, with a view to examine the strata and deposits through which it flows, and thereby determine if any and what change has taken place. The work for this purpose is under the direction of Mr Leonard Horner, who defrays the cost with a portion of the annual grant placed by government at the disposal of the Royal Society; which has lately received a consignment of cases filled with specimens of the earth taken from the excavation. Meanwhile it appears that, like Sweden, the Arabian Gulf-region and Abyssinia are undergoing slow and gradual upheaval. In addition to these researches, active explorations are going on in the north, east, west, and south of Africa, and more than one treaty of commerce has been signed between England and the petty monarchs of the interior. The Rev. Mr Livingston announces the existence of another large lake, 200 miles north-west of that now known as Lake Ngami; the great Lake Tchad is being navigated by European boats; and efforts are being made to reach those mysterious mountains in which the Nile is supposed to rise, for, as Captain Smyth observes, 'no European traveller, from Bruce downwards, has yet seen its true source.'

In America also, the same persevering spirit of inquiry is exhibited: every month new facts are brought to light, or old ones verified, and the vessels of the British and American navies are diligently and accurately surveying the coasts. The examination of the Oregon and California shores appears to have been carried on under peculiar difficulties by Lieutenant M'Arthur, an American officer, who died recently at Panama. 'He arrived in California with a small vessel during the worst phase of the gold-fever. His crew revolted and deserted, and on one occasion pitched into the sea an officer, who, by the merest miracle, drifted to the shore, and was restored to life. The mutineers were pursued, captured, and hanged; but while pushing his labours, the active commander had been obliged to manacle his men to their boats.' Then, in another quarter of the same country, further examination has added to our knowledge of the new territory of Utah, the head-quarters of the Mormons, whose proceedings of late have attracted much attention by their singularity. The physical situation of the country is described as 'very curious: surrounded on all sides by frightful rocks, covered with snow or saline efflorescences. The vast basin in which these people have placed their city is fertile, healthy, and estimated to be capable of readily supporting a million of people; it is about 500 miles in diameter, and elevated 4000 or 5000 feet above the sea.' It contains that remarkable body of water known as the Great Salt Lake, of which Captain Stansbury, the topographical surveyor, reports: 'It has no outlet;' and adds: 'I am convinced, from what I have seen, that neither the river Utah (Jordan of the Mormons) nor the lake, can be of the slightest utility to commercial navigation.'

These are but a few of the results of geographical

investigation for the past two years, and coming ones give promise of still further knowledge, seeing that scientific instruments and resources are every day multiplying, and are produced in greater perfection.

ISIS.*

This is a book that will probably be misunderstood by the word-catchers and line-and-plummet critics. They will describe it as only another tour in Egypt, that tells nothing new, and can tell nothing new, since everything has been already told a score of times. And this is to some extent a fact—yet quite untrue. The book *is* a tour in a terribly betravelled country, and it adds no more to our knowledge of Egypt than the *Sentimental Journey* does to our knowledge of France. Yet, like that work, it is full of novelty; it is full of pictures absolutely original; and although the people it treats of, and their classes and occupations, are the same that have become so familiar to us, they are represented in a light so strange as to be sometimes startling. In many respects, the author flatly contradicts all former travellers. To him, the country, even in its wildest and dreariest aspects, is a paradise; and the character of the very worst of the inhabitants has points of relief that enchant him. The reason is, that he carried his own atmosphere with him, through which he saw and felt; or that he diffused his own spirit throughout the whole of visible nature, till the objects he beheld seemed to become a portion of himself, and he of them. To understand this, it is only necessary to read the following eloquent burst, elicited during a morning stroll in Nubia:—'God only knows what occasioned the pleasure I then felt in being alone, seeing I am the least solitary creature upon earth; but it was a pleasure; and day after day I sought it, sometimes before the faintest dawn had reddened the cool orient, sometimes in the depth of night, when the moon, walking with her white feet over the desert, invested sand, rocks, and rivers with the pale splendours of a mimic day. One morning, having risen and landed considerably before dawn, I found some difficulty in following the path, and therefore, proceeding beyond the narrow strip of cultivation, directed my footsteps southward over the sand, along the hedge of the prickly mimosas which separated the desert from the valley. How entire was the silence of this stillness! There existed nothing to fear, yet I was not altogether without a certain vague apprehension that some evil might befall me; but this did not amount to a sense of real danger, otherwise it would have sent me back to the river; but the feeling was just sufficiently strong to enable me, with Gray's school-boy, to "snatch a fearful joy." The moon on one side of the heavens was going down, while on the other I looked in vain for that pearly gray which comes forth like a modest spirit into the sky, to announce the approach of Aurora. From time to time, I paused and gazed around me; and though years, long years, have passed since that morning, I am deeply grateful still for the delight I then enjoyed.

'Let me not appear extravagant if I declare, that the whole universe seemed to have melted, with all its grandeur, into my soul. The idea did not present itself to me, that I was a part of what I saw, but that I was the whole. The consciousness of all things around me, melted, as it were, into mine, or else I lent my consciousness to the material universe. I know not how a man may be brought into such a frame of mind, but this I know, that to taste again of similar enjoyment, I would willingly, had I the power, traverse half the earth; and most other persons, I feel assured, would do the same. The charm, however, may have consisted in the combination of circumstances. All around me lay extended the immeasurable desert, clothed with lights and shadows of the strangest kind by the setting moon. Here were patches of white sand converted by the magic of light into snow-drifts; and there arose pinnacles of glittering rocks, sheathed apparently in silver, and piercing the amethystine ether, alive with clustering constellations. At distant intervals, I caught a glimpse of the Nile, its mirror-like surface slightly tremulous in the fading moonlight. And then the firmament—was it not full of God? All the fables, all the religion, indeed all the intellectual life of ancient Greece, seemed to be painted there in everlasting colours. Every constellation evolved or evoked a world of thought. There Argo steered its eternal voyage toward Colchis, there the mighty hunter Orion drew his glittering bow, there the virgin Cassiopeia sat on her starry throne, and there the hair of Berenice waved in golden brightness among the gods. Above all these, extended lovingly across the heavens, the white track made by the milk of Hera's breast, which, as it fell from the summit of Olympus, was converted into countless stars.'

This extract is the key to the book; which will now be seen to contain the imaginative traveller's views of Egyptian life and scenery. Such views, it will be observed, are by no means inconsistent with correctness in fact. The facts may be true, though seen through a poetical medium; and, indeed, there are various portions of the volumes which discover a shrewdness of observation by no means common even among the most prosaic of travellers. We would rather turn, however, in the meantime, to the personal character of the traveller, since that had so great an influence on the impressions he received. This curious bit of autobiography he gives *apropos* of some speculations on the Bedouins. 'I regard what I am now writing very much in the light of a confession, intended not by any means to exalt myself, but that the reader may be gratified by thinking how much more wisely he or she has thought and acted than I have. For this reason, all the truth—as far at least as it is connected with the subject—shall out here. Shortly after marriage, I retired with my wife to a country-town on the sea-shore, for the purpose of maturing and carrying out a plan we had long formed. This was to leave Christendom altogether, traverse the Mediterranean, and join some of the tribes of Bedouins in the desert about Palmyra. To enable me to carry this design into execution, I studied assiduously the Arabic language, and read daily the Koran and the histories and traditions of El-Islam; that I might not on my arrival among the Ishmaelites be an entire stranger to their system of ideas and belief. That we did not pursue and perfect this plan, was owing to no caprice or infirmity of purpose on our part, but to the adverse influences of fortune; and now that the time for realising the wishes of those days has gone by, and given me other ties and prospects, I confess it has been one of the lasting regrets of my life, that we were not then enabled to make the desert our home, amid those fierce and lawless wanderers, who scorn the yoke of sultan or pacha; and are to all intents and purposes their own masters.' After this, the following will amuse: 'Will the reader pardon me if I exhibit a trait of personal vanity? When I arrived at Thebes, I had one of the handsomest beards in the world; black as jet, and descending in curls and waves over my breast. This was a great recommendation to me among the Arabs, and I fear I must attribute to it much of the influence

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* *Isis: an Egyptian Pilgrimage.* By James Augustus St John. 2 vols. Longman. London: 1853.

I possessed over them. Often and often, while passing along the streets of Gournou, Karnac, and Luxor, the women and the old men, as they sat on the stone *mastabah* beside their doors, would exclaim to each other: "Wallah, has not he a beard!."' St John adds, that this magnificent beard has long since gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. That may be true of the identical 'commodity of hair;' but if it has gone, it has left behind it, to our certain knowledge, a very respectable successor.

Imagine the figure this beard would cut at a breakfast in the desert like the one thus described: 'Just as the sun shewed himself above the Arabian mountains, we reached a sheik's tomb, old, dilapidated, and deserted. Here we determined to breakfast, and Abou-Zaid and Mohammed kindled their charcoal fire in the interior, while we sat on the sand without, leaning lazily against the wall, smoking our pipes, and feeling the pleasant warmth of the sun falling on our cheeks. My reputation as a philosopher has long ago been done for with the reader, and therefore I need affect no reserve, but go on indulging with more Homeric freedom than Homer himself, in my descriptions of eating and drinking. Just imagine a sheik's tomb on the edge of the desert, surrounded by fine soft sand, studded here and there with the delicate feathery mimosa, whose fresh, bright green leaves were put gently in motion by the morning breeze; imagine the emerald valley before us, and behind the Libyan waste, with the consciousness we were just about to enter upon it; then imagine five camels, crouched like so many huge cats on the sand, eating perfectly at their ease the prickly plants, which, to save them the trouble of motion, Mohammed had cut and thrown before them; lastly, imagine brimming bowls of coffee, aromatic and rich with cream, fresh white cakes covered with marmalade, *kabobs* crackling from the fire, eggs, fresh cheese, and half-a-dozen other luxuries, with an appetite like a wolf's, and you will be able to form some idea of the breakfast we made over the remains of some dear old derwish, who probably had spent his life in doing good, and now in death lent his tomb as a breakfast parlour to a couple of wandering infidels from the west!'

Mr St John had an opportunity of seeing one of the famous slave-hunting parties on the march homewards from the interior of Africa; but his account of the victims is strangely different from what we should have expected. 'Crossing over to the right bank, we witnessed a very strange exhibition. This was a small Turkish encampment, where we saw soldiers of nearly all nations returning from the interior of Africa, bringing along with them a large company of female slaves. Of these, a majority were negresses, and the remainder Galla or Abyssinian women. They were kept in a large fold like sheep, with an enclosure of calico stretched on poles, to protect them from the gaze of strangers; but they contrived, poor girls, to exhibit their beauty in spite of their jealous owners; for, getting on tip-toe, and resting their chins on the calico, they shewed us, as we passed, their laughing faces. Some of them on the following night managed to get out, and the excitement they created in Korosko is not to be described. The honest Turks, their masters, fatigued by their long march across the desert, had fallen fast asleep, and so also had the native guardians set over the female slaves. The opportunity was not to be overlooked, so they resolved to enjoy a few hours of freedom, which they spent as they pleased in the village, drinking, singing, and dancing with the Nubians, till they judged it time to return to their prison, where in the morning they were all found, looking as innocent as if nothing had happened.' This is likewise a curious trait. 'From contemplating this landscape, we were suddenly roused by a wild cry issuing from a narrow ravine in the eastern mountains. At first, it was impossible to decide whether the sound we heard betokened rapture or agony. Presently, however, it was repeated, and our Arabs and Nubians recognised the well-known *zagharit*, or shrill shriek of joy, uttered by the women of the valley when in the enjoyment of unusual delight. Whoever has heard a railway whistle at midnight in some remote valley, may form some conception of this sound. There is nothing else like it in nature. It is produced by rolling the tongue up into a sort of pipe, and then forcing the voice through it in a manner altogether inexplicable to me. When ten or twelve women, however, join in the zagharit, it seems to pierce the brain, and persons unaccustomed to it immediately put their fingers in their ears.' This 'eldritch skirl,' it seems, was performed on the occasion of a wedding going on in the neighbourhood.

But we must now come to Mr St John's adventure in the Mummy Pits, of which so interesting an account is given by Leigh. He had some difficulty in obtaining guides, for his party were mobbed by the women, who sought to prevent their husbands from being tempted by money to risk their lives from the mephitic exhalations which had already proved fatal to many. 'But as Pharaoh's heart was hardened against the Israelites, so were ours made worse than the flinty rock against these poor daughters of Ishmael, who, however, determined not to be conquered easily, but crowding round us, sobbing and shedding tears, saluted our ears with hostile epithets, such as dogs, pigs, unbelievers, Jews, with whatever else their connubial or maternal rhetoric could supply.' This difficulty overcome, they proceeded to the place. 'In conformity with the national practice, the Arabs, having stripped nearly naked, knelt upon the sand, and repeated certain prayers, as being about to undertake an enterprise full of danger. Their leader, an old man with an extremely white beard, then taking up a lamp, passed round a projection of the rock, followed by his two sons, and entered a narrow passage which we ourselves had failed to discover. I followed, and Vere, with Suliman and the other Arabs, brought up the rear. After proceeding for some time, the cavern suddenly expanded, and presented to the eye a prospect of infernal magnificence. The roof, rising like that of some vast cathedral, was black as night, while innumerable gloomy aisles, apparently interminable, stretched away on all sides. The walls, the pillars, the niches, the tabernacles—in one word, all we saw, appeared to be cased with black crystal, which, sparkling and glittering as the lights passed on, suggested forcibly to the mind the idea of hell, towering and dilating before one in Satanic grandeur. Everything around wore a fuliginous aspect. In the floor were chasms of unknown depth, descending between black rocks, moist and slippery; while the most loathsome effluvia, pestiferous as those of Avernus, filled the atmosphere, and inspired me with a feeling like that of sea-sickness. Had we taken in with us two or three hundred Fellahs, and disposed them in long lines down the aisles with torches in their hands, we might possibly have formed a tolerable conception of those stupendous *hypogæa*. As it was, our few small lights suggested the idea of glowworms moving in darkness through infinite space.

'What inspired the Egyptians with a fondness for such localities, it is hard to say. There was certainly something sublime in their habit of mind; but then it is equally clear, that when they visited these subterraneous tombs, the air could not have been so offensive or pestiferous as it is at present. The change was evidently brought about by some accidental conflagration, which might at any moment be repeated; for in all the vaults and chambers of the interior, linen, cotton, palm-leaves, dry as tinder, are profusely scattered on all sides, ready to be ignited by the first chance spark that may fall among them. In this case,

the whole would instantaneously be in a blaze, and the effluvia issuing from such a mass, with innumerable mummies of men, women, and crocodiles, broiling, seething, and frying in a confined space, may, perhaps, be more easily imagined than described. Escape would be impossible. Every soul in the cavern would be overtaken by immediate death; and it would then, perhaps, be centuries before the people of Maäbdè would again resume courage to act as guides. Here and there the bodies of those who had fallen in the attempt to explore the place, present themselves as startling mementos to future travellers. Vere, as we crawled along, put his hand on the face of one of these victims. The bats were innumerable; and, striking against us in their flight, attempted to crawl down our breasts, or up under our Fez-caps. I once or twice put the point of my thumb or finger into the mouths of those which had fallen to the earth; for I should observe, that the passage at length contracted, and became so low, that we were forced to creep along on our hands and knees.

'While I was pleasing myself with the idea that I should soon be in the *adyton*, where, in the midst of crocodiles, red-haired girls were sacrificed to Typhon, I felt suddenly a strange swelling of the heart, like that which in some circumstances is said to precede death: my breathing became obstructed, and darkness came over my eyes, so that I could not clearly distinguish the candle I carried in one of my own hands. . . . . . On reaching the mouth, the guide threw himself on the sand, while I sat in a state of stupor for nearly half an hour. Some time after, our friends returned, bringing along with them mummies of crocodiles. They were covered with dirt, soot, and sweat, but did not appear to have suffered particularly from the effects of malaria. . . . . The Arabs now volunteered to enter a second time, to bring out other mummies, among which was one of a red-haired girl, unquestionably the most hideous relic of mortality I ever beheld. It was naked to the waist; the stomach and abdomen were pitted in; the skin was black; and the head, loosened by time, shook in the socket, and turned round, trembling and grinning, at the least motion. My disgust and horror combined to inspire me with regret for having thus rifled the tomb. I could not take the fearful mummy along with me into my boat; the Arabs refused to restore it to its resting-place; and, therefore, not knowing what better to do, I laid it gently on the sand of the desert, where, if the thing were practicable, it was devoured by the half-famished hyænas, to which nothing that can possibly be eaten comes amiss. I have often since then been haunted by the image of that girl, who had slumbered quietly in her tomb for 2000 years, till disturbed by my Frankish curiosity. How I came to yield to this morbid sentiment is more than I can explain, since, on all other occasions, I had resisted its influence. Possibly, the wish to possess a red-haired mummy—remembering, as I did, the tradition that such persons were habitually sacrificed to the principle of evil—overcame my better feelings.' When St John was sufficiently well to walk, the Arabs took up the crocodiles, and putting them on their heads, the whole party, European and native, marched towards the boats, forming a strange procession.

The Nile, on which they embarked, has of course the power of raising any amount of enthusiasm in our excitable traveller. 'The Nile seems a mighty epic to me, gushing forth in darkness amid lands unknown, then emerging with its blue waters into the light of history, and reflecting as it flows innumerable monuments, replete with surpassing grandeur, and ancient almost as the globe itself, creating, by slow deposits, a whole country as it advances towards the sea, and exciting through countless ages a gratitude and an admiration which habitually degenerated into idolatry. The sky, also, which everywhere hangs enamoured over this mighty river, suggests to my fancy ideas too lovely to be invested with language. Clouds, no doubt, have their charms, especially when, blushing with crimson and suffused with golden light, they pile themselves up in the Orient, to witness and accompany the birth of day, or spread themselves like a gorgeous funeral-pall over its death-like descent into the west. But give me a sky of unstained blue, which rises in infinite altitude over the earth, the image of eternal purity, through which the sun travels daily like a god, with not a vapour to intercept one of his rays in its descent towards the habitations of man. Here, indeed, there is no variety. Day after day, the morning breaks with unsullied brilliance, and the same inimitigable glory accompanies its close. It is a serene monotony, productive of ever-varying reflections—a calm suggestive of unspeakable delight, a beauty resulting from unity, which fills the soul with infinite yearnings after eternal beatitude.'

The superstitions of the river are singular. One of them relates to a certain Sheik Said, who is supposed to preside over the destinies of its mariners. 'Inspired with this belief, every sailor who passes up or down the river, however scanty may be his means, casts into the water a small offering of bread for Sheik Said. Superstition is not logical; the pious Arabs, therefore, perceive no contradiction in attributing to the spirit of the derwish unity and multitude. They believe, in defiance of metaphysics, that his soul, descending into the river, infuses itself into a number of little fishes, which, as the bread floats miraculously towards the shore, ascend, put their heads above water, and eat it. Thus refreshed, the material soul of Sheik Said returns to his tomb, and there, brooding over the events of his mortal life, and the attributes and perfections of God, continues from age to age plunged in immeasurable felicity.' There is another Sheik Haridi, whose tomb among the rocks is haunted by a great serpent, said to come every day to devour the offerings left for him by the pious mariners. While looking for this tomb, St John met with rather a hazardous adventure. 'We crossed the gap, and there found a path not more than nine inches wide, running out along the face of the cliffs, round a bluff projection which beetled out for 150 feet overhead. I still tremble as I recall to mind that dreadful place. Observing that it led to a grotto cut in the rock, about 250 feet above the Valley, and imagining this might be the retreat of the serpent, I determined, if possible, to reach it. Suliman, with superstitious eagerness, took the lead. The path, narrow as it was, had been rendered more perilous by the action of the sun and air, which had crumbled it away in several places, so that there was scarcely anything on which to rest the foot. At our departure from the semi-cone, we ran, of course, no danger, but ere we had advanced twenty paces, the depth beneath us had increased to 60 or 70 feet: we were compelled to move cautiously, with our faces against the perpendicular cliff, holding by little unevennesses or projections of the rock, the difficulty and the peril augmenting every moment. The cold perspiration now bursts over my whole frame as I remember my sensations. When I looked down between my feet, and beheld the tremendous height beneath, my head became giddy in an instant; and to this hour it is inexplicable to me how I did not immediately let go my hold, and tumble backwards. Suliman was about two paces in advance, and not to frighten him, I made no allusion to the hideous depth, but observed quietly, that I thought we had better return, to which he very readily assented. We therefore began to make our way back, my fingers clutching the rock convulsively, and my brain whirling with terror. I recollect distinctly, that at one point of our retreat the rocks seemed to have grown more friable, as little bits came off in my hand: but I dug my nails into it till the

blood almost came, and in this fashion worked my way back, until I stood once more on the summit of the semi-cone, with much the same feelings that a man gets out of a mortar just about to explode.'

But almost every page would furnish a quotation, and our space is scanty. We conclude, therefore, by way of a striking wind-up, with a storm, and advise the reader to go to the book itself, where he will find abundant materials as good as the above, and in such variety as to be adapted for all moods of thought. 'It was getting towards evening, the sun lay obscured behind a thick curtain of vapour, and along the edge of the horizon for miles stretched a blood-red belt, reposing on mountains of black clouds, and pressed down, as it were, and narrowed by dense masses of the same colour from above. The air, where we stood, seemed to have lost all motion; there was a hush, a stillness, a silence, which we felt to be painful. Once or twice I fancied here and there over the crimson glow, slight evanescent coruscations of blue and yellow, like the phenomena which indicate the approach of the Simûm. The pleasure I experienced in gazing at this stupendous panorama, unrolled before us by nature, was mixed with awe. It seemed as if the natural course of things were about to receive some great and sudden shock. As it happened, there were no villages near, or dwellings of any kind. At intervals, a few scattered palms stood up against the sky, their towering forms relieved strangely against its startling colours. Presently, a low murmur, suggesting extreme remoteness, was heard in the west, as if a great army were approaching the Valley under cover of those fuliginous exhalations. Every moment the sound increased in loudness, until at length our ears were smitten by the full roar of the hurricane. But the wind did not come alone. To our eyes, it seemed to have lifted up the whole Libyan desert, and to have hurled it in vast clouds into the sky. No phenomenon in nature ever appeared more grand to me. Sometimes the surging sand-clouds suggested the idea of a whole continent on fire, with its smoke ascending in stifling and immeasurable masses to heaven, an idea which was strengthened by streams of red light bursting here and there through the gloom, and imparting to the sandy particles, hurled aloft, rolling and fluctuating in the air, the appearance of flame. In a few moments, we were involved in the driving sand, which, entering our mouths, nostrils, ears, and eyes, excited sensations indescribably painful. We had by this time retreated to the river's bank, where, throwing our cloaks over our heads, we sat down in the lea of a sheltering ledge to let the storm pass.'

INSTRUCTION AMONG SAILORS.

Some time ago, when a Prussian merchant-vessel touched at Greenock, it was found, from a circumstance which occurred, that every sailor on board could read and write; not one required to sign with a mark for his name. This was deemed to be a somewhat remarkable instance of scholarship, comparing it with the unfortunately too common deficiencies of English sailors; and it is of course only accounted for by the fact, that in Prussia, elementary education is compulsory, while in our own country, the education of a child is very much a matter of chance.

This incident respecting the educated Prussians has been called to our mind by the perusal of a report in the *Times* newspaper (Nov. 9), relative to the degree of instruction possessed by the commanders and mates of vessels in the district of Teignmouth and South Shields. The following passage in the report is worth noting:—'Since the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and the increase of foreign vessels in our port, one circumstance has attracted the attention of observant persons—namely, the superiority of masters of vessels belonging to the northern parts of Europe—Sweden and Norway in especial—in point of mercantile ability, as compared with our men. There is hardly a common seaman that comes from those countries but has a tolerable acquaintance with the English language, the rate of Exchanges, &c., and is enabled to conduct his own business without the intervention of an interpreter. As compared with them, it is very rarely that a master of a British vessel of a moderate burden is met with who can talk any language but his own; and as to our seamen, with the hearty contempt they have for "them there foreigners," such a thing is out of the question. It is a great drawback, and the cause of a thousand embarrassments in foreign ports.'

It cannot be doubted, that the competition which now takes place between British and foreign shipping, will speedily be the means of putting our masters of vessels on their mettle, and of improving the character and position of sailors in various ways. But, meanwhile, what a scandal is the general deficiency of the merest elements of education in the humbler departments of the mercantile marine!

THE FEAR AND THE HOPE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

My thoughts within me grow at times so high,
That, looking at them 'twixt the earth and sky,
They dazzle me with glow of green and gold:
Thus ripe fruits hang i' the sun
On haughty walls, unwon
By longing little hands, that pine their sweets to hold!

Is, then, the stature of my mind so low,
That I can never hope to reach the show
Imagination forms of fruitage fine,
Which gleams before the eye
Of thought, too far and high
To come within a grasp so weak and dwarfed as mine?

After long hours of pain, when Love seems lost
In swampy selfishness, and Hope is tossed
About wild waves that lend no rock to rest on;
Then suddenly comes Ease,
Smoothing the mind's rough seas,
Till they are fit for Hope—fair swan!—to build its nest on!

Then, when exempt from physical cares, it is
Those visions bright approach me, ripe with bliss,
Singing glad Yea-words, fraught with Hope, that make
Each sublunary care
A bubble of the air,
Whilst momentary ease a lasting shape doth take.

O Hope, fair Hope! deceiving Hope! but still
Consoling Hope, I would not have aught chill
Thy warm tides in my soul; but, when I sought them
And found them, prize them well:
Dear are the tales they tell
Of apples—sour in May, that sweeten ere 'tis autumn.

BANYAN-TREE OF CEYLON.

The finest specimen of this noble tree in Ceylon is at Mount Lavinia, seven miles distant from Colombo. Two roads run through its stems: some of its fibrous shoots have been trained like the stays of a ship, so as not to intercept the road; while others hang half-way down, with beautiful vistas of cocoa-palms seen through its numerous pillar-like stems. It throws a shadow at noon over four acres of ground.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 467. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852. PRICE 1½d.

SUSANNAH BALDERSTONE'S BABY.

ALTHOUGH I am beginning to be recognised in the various septs of the clan Balderstone as Uncle This, and Grandpapa That, and am altogether past having any family concerns of my own, I still feel a good deal of interest in their affairs. The little people manifest a lively sense of anticipatory gratitude for the balls and dolls they expect from me at Christmas; the grown-up gentlemen of the tribe consult me about their new partnerships and investments; and I have even had the honour of being taken into the confidence of one or two of the young ladies respecting affairs of the heart. The most remarkable event or circumstance in the family history for a considerable time, is my niece Susannah's last baby, which was, in the first place, something of a prodigy in the very fact of its being a baby at all, seeing that it was born after an interval of fourteen years from its predecessor; and in the second, proved a marvel of beauty, amiability, intelligence, and all that a first-class baby is expected to be. For a twelvemonth past, there has not been anything nearly so much talked of in our various family circles as this paragon of babies.

Perhaps the whole matter would have passed on much as other such matters do in less distinguished circles, but for the irritation which has arisen, I am sorry to say, through the starting up of a competitory baby in another family. The Corbets are not our relations, but only connections through some ancient intermarryings. Nevertheless, ever since any of us remember, they were intimately associated with the Balderstones till a few years ago, when at length a dryness took place, in consequence of something, which no person on either side could ever explain to the comprehension of any third party, and of which, for my own part, I have not the faintest understanding beyond its being something which all true Balderstones were bound to resent. Well, the Corbets and we were not on good terms. We were civil when we met; but we did not seek to meet. Our mutual friends knew that it was not proper to invite us to the same dinner-parties. I believe the gentlemen generally behaved, when they did meet, good-humouredly enough; but the ladies, on their accidentally encountering each other, were [illegible] polite. Thus matters went on for several years; and perhaps, if nothing had occurred to fan the flame of discord, they might have erelong been effaced, and a reconciliation might have taken place. But, I grieve to say, since the birth of a competitory baby in the Corbet family, things have become far worse than they ever were before.

Very unfortunately, the Balderstone baby and the Corbet baby came into this world of jars within a week of each other. When Mrs James Corbet was announced by the newspapers, in their usual intelligent manner, as 'of a daughter,' three days after Susannah Balderstone had proclaimed that a man-child was born to her, it seemed as if a gauntlet had been thrown down by the Corbets to the Balderstones, which the latter must take up. We were not at first much excited, for we felt a serene superiority in the sex of our baby. But very few weeks had elapsed ere our jealous feelings were fully roused. Although no Corbet craft ever entered the port of a Balderstone, any more than any Balderstone bark took harbour with a Corbet, there were a few neutral vessels, in the form of old ladies, which kept continually passing and repassing between the two contending powers. By these gentlewomen there were given such minute and ample accounts of the two babies to the respective parties, that the feeling of rivalry could not have been more excited though the infants had been brought into one place and fairly pitted against each other. I do not know exactly how it may have been with the Corbets, but I must in candour confess that, within six months, there was hardly a Balderstone who would have felt sorry if Providence had been pleased to remand the infant Corbet out of this unfortunate world.

It began with reports of the bulk of the Corbet baby. Ours was not a big child—a circumstance which in itself we felt to be of no account, perhaps rather to be rejoiced in. But when we were told that the little Corbet was of extraordinary size and strength, we began to feel uncomfortable. The first sting was implanted, and we never afterwards could be said to be at ease. Of course, we did not own to any sense of the Corbet baby having an advantage in this respect, but tried to make head against it by reference to the greater liveliness of our child, and a few general allusions to the proverbial smallness of all highly precious things. But still we could have wished that the tangible instead of the abstract superiority had been on our side. Before the twelvemonth was out, we experienced a partial and temporary relief from the humiliation, by our lively little fellow getting upon his feet, and toddling from chair to chair in the parlour, while no report of similar feats came from the Corbet camp. Here, we all felt, was a decided proof of the advantage which an infant had in not being of anything like a monstrous size or weight. The Corbet baby will not walk for months to come, and, when it does, its body being too heavy for its limbs, it will become deformed. Where will the boast of the Corbets be then? Here, on the other hand, is a baby of a moderate natural size, and, behold, such is its strength and spirit, it walks fully three months

before the average time, and is in no danger of bending its limbs! The Balderstone baby is the baby after all. Let the reader imagine our mortification—though at first softened by a little incredulity—on our being informed, a fortnight after, that little Georgina Corbet had suddenly taken to running about, and seemed even more decidedly at ease in her new circumstances than our darling Tosy Mosy!

All through the latter part of this first twelvemonth, there had been sundry skirmishings about the dentition of the respective infants. It never could be clearly ascertained which had the first tooth. I always felt that our pretensions to the honour rested on less substantial proof than was to be desired. There had been a carelessness on our nurse's part in observing the fact. When first discovered, the tooth appeared as if it had been out for at least a couple of days. Meanwhile, the corresponding fact in regard to the Corbet infant, had been announced to the whole sanhedrim of aunts and grandmammas concerned in that case, and much had been the crowing thereupon. Notwithstanding resolutions of better care in future, and a guerdon of half a-crown held out by Grandmamma Balderstone for early intelligence, the child's teeth *would* slip into existence in this insidious manner—it happened several times—and thus we were balked of several triumphs on which we had every reason to calculate. The utmost we could do was to boast of the fact, as a sign of the health and vigour of our baby; while, on the other hand, there was no wonder that the cutting of the Corbet infant's teeth was in all cases observed to an hour, seeing that the little creature had so much affliction in that branch of her organisation. On the whole, we got through the teething with a fair degree of credit.

The tug of war, while these merely physical developments were going on, was, though keen, nothing compared to what it became when the intelligence and *morale* of the two children began to appear. We were quite taken by surprise when a neutral friend, calling upon us one day, mentioned that the Corbet infant already could distinguish every one of the family when the name was mentioned, and had even, on one or two occasions, let fall the words Papa and Mamma, although it could not yet be induced to pronounce them at command. It seemed as if the rival family had stolen a march upon us. We took all the blame, however, upon ourselves, for we felt convinced that our baby would have been distinguishing faces, and addressing papa and mamma too, if we had only taken pains to instruct him. A vigorous educational effort was therefore resolved upon. Long, however, before any decided consequences had been observed, the same officious friend, having paid another visit to the Corbets, reported that one day, when nobody was thinking of it, little Georgina, being tormented by one of her sisters, broke out with the phrase, 'Don't tubble me,' to the astonishment of those who heard it, and the incredulity of those who did not. The thing was talked of in the house as a kind of nursery myth; but yet it was evident that some faith was placed in it, especially as all were convinced that the child was one of singularly precocious intellect. We begged to side with those who took the mythic view of the alleged incident, and yet it gave us a secret qualm of alarm as to our baby. We were speedily relieved in some degree by learning that our precious babe had begun to cry 'ta-ta' when anything was given him, as meaning it to be an acknowledgment of the favour. And he had also, when papa was spoken of one day, amazed everybody by pointing to papa's portrait on the wall (papa himself being absent). These were respectable scintillations, affording good grounds of hope, and we did not doubt that he would soon at least overtake the Corbet baby.

Unfortunately for us, for every new trait of sense in our child—and they were capital traits in themselves—there was sure to be a report of fresh accomplishments from the Corbet offshoot, and these were always of a character somewhat ahead of any contemporaneous gifts in the Balderstone prodigy. Thus, by the time that our babe could point to a portrait, and make a significant reference to its original, the little Corbet could ask for 'mo' tea.' By the time that ours demanded more tea, the Corbet baby had attained an art of holding up her little finger and shaking her head, in burlesque of her nurse, that set the whole family into convulsions of laughter. When, at length, by great pains, our nurse had trained the darling Tosy Mosy to mimic some little trait of one or two of his sisters, just then, in the midst of the general delight, we heard of little Corbet crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, saying 'chick-chick' at the mention of a horse, and imitating the mew of the cat in a way quite ravishing to all hearers. We thought we had got a great start, when our dear babe came down stairs one morning with a totally new and original *jeu d'esprit*. 'How much do you love me, Tosy?' said the maid. By way of answer, he flung his little arms wide open, implying that he loved her as much as all that. 'And how much do you love little Tommy T——?' alluding to a neighbour's child who had looked cross at him one day, when their maids walked out together. The dear child held out his hand, and indicated the space of about an inch with his finger and thumb. A most comical little trick we all thought it, and far beyond anything as yet communicated respecting the scion of the house of Corbet. But in the very crisis of our enjoyment, in came one of those pestilent neutral ships, bringing news of little Corbet having already eaten her way to P in a cake of alphabetical gingerbread, being understood to have mastered all the preceding letters. It was truly provoking; and I am afraid that my good friend Susannah had some difficulty in maintaining the rules of civility towards our informant during the remainder of her visit.

So it has been ever since with these two babies, the one always keeping a little in advance of the other—I will not say to the discomfiture, but I must admit, to the decided irritation of the Balderstone family, whose wrath is not a little enhanced by what they hear from time to time of the exultant feelings of the Corbets. It being our sincere conviction, that there never was a finer child than little Tosy Mosy, we are all of us a good deal perplexed by these alleged traits of superiority in the Corbet, which appear somewhat to mar the theory; but one of our young gentlemen, who attends a philosophical institution, has at length hit upon an idea, which seems to bring all into harmony. Girls, he remarks, have a certain sharpness which does not belong to boys, and which comes out before the more solid powers of the intellect. They are [illegible] to seem cleverer at first; but after a few years [illegible] goes off, and the male superiority is [illegible]. [illegible] not say that the mamma, [illegible] of our baby have shewn so much [illegible] to embrace the

explanation as the gentlemen of the family; but still it has met with a certain acceptance from all; and for the present we rest in hope that it will be verified by time, to the utter routing of all the boasts and taunts launched against us by the house of Corbet.

Thus matters at present stand between the rival houses and their respective babies. If any new facts worth noting shall emerge, I will endeavour to record them.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.

Pierre Henri was the architect of his own fortunes, as the phrase goes; he was considered well to do in the world, and had actually realised, by years of untiring labour and economy, a little fund to draw on in any present emergency, and secure a moderate provision for his old age. Many would have been satisfied with such an achievement, and taken a holiday for the remainder of life; not so Pierre Henri: from principle even more than from habit, his hand still clung as steadily to the trowel and line as when he laid his first foundation-stone. He appreciated the value of such an example to his children; and his greatest ambition was to see them follow in the same track; its ruggedness somewhat smoothed, and its opportunities enlarged, by the advantages afforded through the competence earned so hardly by himself.

When we speak of children, there were only two—a son and daughter. The young girl followed her mother's footsteps in everything good, and, as the daughter of a tradesman, was engaged to be married on some future day to one of the most intelligent and estimable of his workmen. His son, too, was on the desired road; already skilful in his father's trade, and all that his father's heart could wish. But a change, at first unnoticed, had gradually crept between them. At last, the father's heart began to tremble: his son, the centre of his hopes, seemed about to take a wrong turning—to start on an unknown path, and escape from him for ever.

None but parents can know the sad, mysterious feeling, when the young nestling, reared with so much care, formed and moulded to some cherished plan, takes a flight above and beyond them into some unfamiliar region, upsetting their life-long fabric with its soaring wing—that vague mingling of admiration and sorrow with which they watch the parted one—that trembling hope and doubt with which they let him go, or lure him back. Pierre Henri experienced those feelings in all their acuteness. He had always felt the value of education, and had sought to give his son the best within his reach, trusting to see it yet developed in the higher branches of his trade; but it had the more natural effect of inspiring a taste that 'grew by what it fed on.' Every spare shilling that Jacques could scrape together, found its way to the book-stalls; every year a new plank was added to the parlour shelf, until at last it began to wear the appearance of a little library. His mother groaned at the expensive folly, his father at the time thus stolen from the workshop; but the one scolded very gently, and the other very seldom, and so the young lad continued to follow his own way.

Pierre Henri tried to shut his eyes: experience had taught him that authority has the same effect against a fancy that the breeze has against a sail—instead of checking, it urges it on; but Jacques soon perceived this indecision, and took advantage of it. At first, he had been contented with stolen moments—'library Mondays,' as his father styled them—but by little and little he abandoned the workshop altogether, hung his tools on the hook, and buried himself amidst his waste papers.

His wife had always blamed Pierre Henri's patience, declaring that the boy all the while was running to destruction; now, she began to pass from apprehension to despair. His father had tried some friendly hints, of which Jacques at first had taken notice, but by degrees he totally disregarded them. He no longer blushed at leaving the entire burden of the work on his hands; he did not even seem to feel his neglect; his conscience was evidently becoming blunted; and his father felt at last it was high time to speak out, when his intention was anticipated by an unexpected occurrence. For several weeks, Jacques had been more occupied even than usual; he had written lengthy epistles, and seemed anxiously waiting a reply; it arrived at last by the carman who brought timber from town for the work. As it was placed in his hand, he could not repress an exclamation; he opened it hurriedly, glanced at the signature, and instantly ran off to peruse it alone.

Pierre Henri entered at that moment, and his wife, who was standing on the threshold paying the carrier, at once took him aside to relate what had occurred. She could not fathom the mystery, and trembled without well knowing why: she pointed to Jacques, who, with elated countenance and joyful gestures, was reading his letter half aloud at the bottom of the garden—now pausing to examine it more closely, now laughing to himself, now bounding across the strawberry-beds like one possessed. Her husband regarded him with anxious curiosity; but being accompanied by a new overseer, lately placed over the works by the chief-engineer, he was obliged to turn silently away, and defer all inquiry to a more convenient hour.

His companion was a young man, in air and manner far superior to the generality of his class, but whose dejected countenance and threadbare clothes sufficiently explained his position; he had evidently been reduced, by some misfortune, from the station for which he had been educated. Touched by his gentleness and evident sadness, Pierre Henri had invited him to share their evening meal; and they now entered the little parlour together. Here Jacques had lately fitted up a painted bookcase, with his handsomest and most valued works. At the unexpected sight M. Ducor seemed surprised, and at once commenced examining the volumes with an air of recognition; at that moment the young lad entered, his face beaming with some inward delight, his very stature heightened. M. Ducor immediately accosted him with some compliment on his collection, and they both felt at once at home on the subject. It was one with which the new overseer especially seemed quite familiar: he had lived in Paris, and had been personally acquainted with several authors; this gained him the young lad's confidence completely, who, during the whole time of supper, talked incessantly of poetry and romance, his guest contenting himself with a quiet remark now and then, or an answer to some eager inquiry. Amidst all his former enthusiasm, his parents had seen nothing like this; his mother would every now and then glance uneasily at her husband, as if to ask him, could it be the commencement of a fever? His father hardly knew what to think, and waited impatiently for some clue to the enigma; but just as the meal had ended, some one called to settle an account. Pierre Henri retired into a little office communicating with the parlour by a glazed door, and his wife and daughter going to attend their household affairs, the two young men were left to themselves.

Pierre Henri continued entering accounts in his book without noticing their conversation for a time; but

by degrees the lowered tone of their voices arrested his attention, and, raising a corner of the curtain which screened the glass-door, he looked into the room. There he saw M. Ducor and Jacques, still seated at the table, their elbows resting on it, their figures almost touching, with an air of the greatest intimacy. Jacques was flushed to the very temples, his eyes sparkling like stars. 'It is enough,' he exclaimed: 'I have been too long worried with this tiresome trade; I will follow my destiny, and proceed to Paris at once.'

'To write?' inquired his companion.

'And make my way like so many others,' continued the young lad. 'We no longer live in times when the workman's hand is soldered to his tools—the door is now open to all the world.'

'Which does not prevent many from remaining outside,' remarked the overseer with a sad smile.

'I know that—I know,' returned Jacques impatiently; 'but every one has his own convictions, and I am not without further encouragement: in short, yesterday I might have hesitated; I am decided to-day.'

The overseer did not answer at once; he kept crumbling a morsel of bread which had remained on the table, and appeared lost in thought. Suddenly he raised his head: 'And so you would renounce your present position,' said he slowly; 'you would recommence life all alone; a life of which you know nothing, for which nothing has prepared you. You would follow in the train of those who thirst for fortune and renown'——

'And what is to prevent me?' interrupted Jacques, almost angrily.

'My example!' answered M. Ducor; then with much animation, he continued: 'I also thought I had discerned my vocation, and I tried the experiment. Such as you see me now, I have yet written a play, and seen it acted; I have published a book; different journals have eulogised me; I have had, in short, what is called success: for three long years I have frequented the saloons of Paris, in misery and white gloves; I have tried to season my dry bread with the memory of fair words; I have waited until time had worn out my last hope with my last coat'——

'And you were at last obliged to give up?' inquired the boy.

'To become what you see,' replied the overseer. 'This astonishes you—you can hardly believe it; but I can easily shew you proofs. See, here is the announcement of my reception into the Literary Society; here are several autograph letters from the gifted men of our day, not to mention those I have sold for bread; here is a note from the minister of public instruction, announcing a donation of fifty francs, "accorded to my literary merit"—that is the phrase—at once a boon to indigence and a certificate of honour. Ah! here is the letter from which I date all my misfortunes. Look, it is the answer given to the offer of my first manuscript.'

Jacques read the signature aloud—it was that of —— ——. He started as he uttered this celebrated name.

'You may read it all,' continued M. Ducor quietly. 'That letter will make you comprehend why, after receiving it, I no longer hesitated to throw up my employment, and believe that Paris alone was the place for me. I did not then understand that such professions from literary men are but as the counters used on the stage—none but a simpleton would mistake them for gold.'

Whilst the young man was thus speaking, Jacques continued silently perusing the letter, his colour changing at every line. Suddenly, he uttered an exclamation, [illegible] in his pocket, and drawing forth th[illegible] letter he had himself received just befo[illegible], commenced comparing the two. In an [illegible]. They contained the same commenda-[illegible] same [illegible], expressed with the same enthusiasm. The great poet to whom Jacques had forwarded one of his effusions, as M. Ducor had formerly done, replied in exactly similar terms to both: his brevets of immortality had but one formula, like the certificates of good conduct.

Jacques could not conceal his vexation, and the overseer could not restrain a smile. 'We have been granted the same passport,' he observed with a slightly ironical air: 'I know where mine conducted me, we shall see the result of yours. At a distance, those gentlemen pronounce us stars—nearer, we are but empty lamps. The praises we devour as predictions, are deemed mere politeness by them: they return our admiration in this small-change, and flatter individuals to be flattered by all the world. They are, in fact, lawyers who promise to gain a cause, that they may preserve their client. I give you my experience; it is your turn now.'

Jacques continued silent. The two letters lay open before him, his troubled glance wandering from one to the other! his lately triumphant bearing was replaced by a thoughtful and somewhat irritated air, and, after a pause, he commenced questioning the overseer again, though far less confidently than before. In return, he received from his new friend a full detail of his three 'Bohemian' years, as he styled them. It was a long narrative of disappointment and humiliation. He had lived on hidden sufferings and bankrupt hopes; buttoning his garment to the throat over his misery, ascending from floor to floor till he reached the slates; flying from hunger first, from hungrier creditors at last. The history was so lamentable, and told with so true an accent, that Jacques was visibly affected: still, he struggled against his convictions. If the overseer had not been successful, perhaps the fault lay with himself. Did he equally deserve the praises that had equally encouraged him? Even the experience of his trade could shew him, that it is only by comparing the work we can judge of the relative merits of the workmen. While he thus inwardly reasoned, M. Ducor, evidently following his train of thought, promised to bring him, at his next visit, the volume he had published, at the same moment mentioning its name. The announcement was a *coup de théâtre*. Jacques instantly recognised it as one of his greatest favourites; in fact, a work that he had regarded as a model, and the writer of which he had often envied. A burst of astonishment and congratulation ensued; but then came the true chill of disappointment: was it possible that such talent—talent that he could hardly hope to rival—was thus miserably stranded? His illusions were cut at the very root, all his plans overturned. He still continued to converse with the young poet, to interrogate him concerning this literary life, which had appeared so enchanting; but where he had only dreamed of celebrity, independence, riches, leisure, the poor overseer detailed persecutions, bondage, poverty, ill-requited labour.

Animated by the remembrance of all he had suffered, Ducor spoke with an eloquence that went to the heart of both his listeners—the father as well as the son; his eyes moistened, his voice trembled; and, as he rose to take leave, he seized the hands of Jacques within his own, and pressing them warmly, he added: 'Reflect on all you would cast away here for an uncertain future there: you have a family to love you; habits which have become a second nature; a useful trade, identified with every hour since your childhood; and all this you would sacrifice to become the dupe of strangers, to adopt customs which must ever constrain you, a mode of life for which you have had no training. And what would you seek in Paris?—Happiness?—you possess it here. The gratifications of pride—pray God never to grant them to you. A[illegible] this is the malady of our time: every one must acquire a name in print. We grow ashamed of mere handiwork, and on every side the refugees of labour swell the ranks of the

disappointed and mistaken. But would you listen to my advice—had I, like you, the happiness of feeling in my arm the power, the strength imparted by accustomed labour, I would remain where Providence had placed me, as much through a proud devotedness as through prudence; I would place whatever knowledge I had acquired at the service of my working brethren; I would shew them how intelligence may forward the work of our hands; I would teach them to discover in intellectual pleasures a recompense for bodily fatigue; I would help with all my power to elevate their minds, and consecrate my leisure to rendering them similar to myself, instead of feeling isolated among them: there lies our real task. We should not use our education as a back-door through which to desert our companions, but as a ladder by which we may enable them to reach our own level. Think of this, dear friend: at Paris, you would be merely a conscript in an army already officered; here, you may be the leader of a corps which has no such commander. Believe me, it is better to elevate our class than to abandon it. We cannot shift our existence like a bachelor's household: in the spot where affection and habit make our home, there is our true safety; and never should we lightly quit the sphere where we have been happy and beloved. The heart should render it sacred for ever.'

As he concluded this appeal, the overseer again shook hands with Jacques, and retired. We may imagine the sensations of his unseen listener behind the curtain; he could hardly restrain himself from rushing after him, to pour out his acknowledgments, his sympathy. Every word had found an echo in the father's heart.

But he passed the night without closing his eyes. His room was separated from his son's by only a slight partition, and he could hear every sigh and every turn on the restless bed. He felt that, in that hour, not only his child's destiny, but that of the whole family, was about to be decided. Were they not all indissolubly linked? Jacques was their present joy, their future hope. All that time could deprive them of was restored in him—their youth, their strength, their very earnings, their most cherished plans. And he, what was to become of him amidst perils and trials such as the overseer had described? Thus spoke the father's heart; but the more he reflected, the more thoroughly he felt convinced, that to attempt to influence his son's resolution was only to entail a more fatal relapse, or a never-ending regret. He must decide for himself, to leave the decision without appeal.

And thus passed the long silent hours. His wife slept no more than himself. At daybreak, they heard their son getting up. O that they could read his heart at that moment! their own almost seemed to stand still. They followed each movement with straining ear; they grasped each other's hands. Jacques was whistling softly, as his habit was, when deep in thought: presently, he opened his door, went noiselessly down the stairs, and out into the street. Pierre Henri sprang to the window, drew aside the little curtain, and peeped out. Ah joy!—joy to his beating heart!—Jacques was in his common working-dress; his hod and trowel on his shoulder; his monotonous whistle changed into a lively tune; and his upright carriage and resolute step eloquent of the resolution he had taken, incontestably proving that his load was no longer a burden. Pierre Henri turned to his wife, hardly able to utter the words: 'He is safe—we are saved—our boy has comprehended it all!'

And from that hour all went right. Jacques laid his aspirations after literary fame on the shelf. Without renouncing his studies, he makes them his rest, not his business. Applying with all his energy to his trade, he has already become the best workman of the district; no one can estimate a job so accurately at a glance; the best accountant cannot make a quicker calculation. With all this, he is the joy of the house at home, as well as its reputation abroad. There is no livelier companion, no steadier friend; and having learned to guide himself, he has, in truth, become a guide to others.

ARCTIC CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.

MAN treads the earth to vanquish it. Already the terrestrial surface is covered with the insignia of his victory—the wide-spread sea is meshed with the furrows of his progression—the stable land is one monumental record of his success. The mighty victor has pushed the frontiers of his dominions on either hand, until the east has met the west. In the north and the south alone, there are narrow spots that he has not yet been able to subdue. The arctic and antarctic regions of the globe are the last strongholds into which beleaguered nature has withdrawn, behind her glacis and battlements of frost and cold, in grim defiance of the advancing conqueror.

In these arctic fastnesses, the fight has already been both stern and long. Every campaign has been made at the cost of endurance beyond belief; often the price has been fearful destruction of human life. Three centuries and a half ago, Gaspar Cortereal began the war by crossing the threshold of the Frozen Sea; the ice laid hold of him, and held him fast in its remorseless grasp. In the following year, Miguel Cortereal pursued his missing brother's steps, in the hope that he might discover the place of his captivity. It is not known whether the gallant adventurer succeeded in his search, but it is certain that he never returned from it. In 1553, Willoughby reached the shores of Nova Zembla: years afterwards, the Russians found his ships frozen to the desolate coasts of Lapland, and freighted with the lifeless bodies of their crews. In 1596, Barenz discovered Spitzbergen, and doubled the northern point of Nova Zembla. His bones and his vessels were the prey of the inexorable clime, but his men effected their escape in boats. In 1610, Hudson penetrated into the vast inland sea that bears his name; he never came out of it again, for his mutinous sailors set him adrift upon its surface in an open boat, and left him a sacrifice to the offended spirit of the place. In 1619, Monk wintered upon the northern shore of Hudson's Sea; two only, out of a crew of fifty-two, came back. In 1719, Knight and Barlow followed in the track of Monk; long after, the fragments of their vessels were noticed on the rocks of Marble Island, but no vestiges of the mariners themselves ever appeared. In 1819, Parry was fortunate enough to catch the Boreal guardian spirit napping at his post, and managed to steal through Lancaster Sound into the recesses of the Polar Sea, before his fell antagonist was fairly roused. He wintered in the arctic archipelago, and returned in safety; but when he attempted to repeat his bold and successful feat soon afterwards, he was detained a close prisoner on Melville Peninsula for two long years, and was then summarily dismissed from the neighbourhood in the custody of massive and resistless drift-ice. In 1825, he did again get as far as Prince Regent's Inlet, but was only too glad to be allowed to beat a hasty retreat therefrom in the ensuing summer, with the loss of one of his vessels. In 1829, John Ross effected an entrance into the same inlet; but after three years' detention in it, escaped almost by miracle, abandoning his misnamed ship, the *Victory*, to the enemy. In 1819, Franklin attempted an ingenious surprise, by descending the rivers of North America into the contested ground. He travelled nearly 6000 miles in boats and on foot; and for four months had to feed on little but lichens, deer-skins, and old shoes. After three years, he returned without much absolute gain to the cause. Upon more than one occasion the beleaguered spirit has shewn that it can meet stratagem with stratagem. In 1827, Parry attempted

to go to the Pole itself, by dragging small boats over ice when he met with it, and by sailing them through water where this occurred. He travelled far enough to have fixed his quarters upon the pole, but found that he was still hundreds of miles away from it. The ice-fields that he had toiled over had all along been drifting nearly as fast to the south as he had moved to the north. He had scarcely made tens of miles, when he seemed to have gone hundreds, and accordingly he was obliged to throw up his boldly-conceived design in despair. In 1836, Back tried to reach Melville Peninsula, with a firm determination that he would on no account brave a winter in the Frozen Sea. As soon as he touched the ice, his ship was seized with a resistless gripe, hoisted upon an enormous buoyant slab, and by its means was floated helplessly backwards and forwards, month after month, through winter and through spring, and at last was cast out from its uncomfortable cradle, into Hudson's Strait, in a crazy and sinking state.

If the object of the determined struggle that is carrying on in the arctic seas were now, as it once was, merely the opening of a way from one of the earth's oceans into the other, amidst hummocks, and bergs, and floes of ice, but a small measure of attention would, in all probability, be given to it. This is not, however, the case. The aim of the gallant bands that are now engaged in the warfare is a far more generally interesting one. In 1845, Franklin attempted to penetrate into the North Polar Sea by the ordinary route of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, and disappeared through Wellington Channel with a devoted train of 138 followers. He wintered in safety the first year on the eastern side of the mouth of the channel; but since then six long years have passed, and no further indication of his fate has reached the friends he has left at home. Hence it is, at the present time, that every rumour purporting to come from the fields of arctic enterprise is caught at with breathless eagerness; hence that every record of arctic adventure is studied with deepest interest. Thousands who would not care a straw for the opening of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific, yet on this account have their attention rivetted upon every little movement in the polar seas.

The several expeditions with which the search for Sir John Franklin has sown the polar seas, have yielded an abundant crop of printed books. One of these numerous narratives stands out pre-eminently from among the rest; in the first place, because it records the proceedings of the adventurers who have been most successful on the whole; and in the second place, because the narrator is an accomplished observer and interrogator of nature, and has involuntarily illustrated the tale he has had to tell by incidental matter, that is full of interest for the world at large, apart from its immediate bearing on the general business of the search. Dr Sutherland, in his *Journal of Captain Penny's Voyage to Wellington Channel in 1850 and 1851*, recently published, has made a valuable contribution to the stores of science, at the same time that he has drawn up a pleasing record of the labours of the discovering party to which he was professionally attached.

The mere idea of a man sitting down calmly and patiently to interrogate nature in the cold and gloom of an arctic winter, has in itself an element of grandeur that is well calculated to arrest favourable attention. It is no little thing to submit to be shut up for months at a time, where the only prospect is the deep shadow cast behind the earth in space, from which all direct, solar influence is entirely excluded. In order fully to realise what the character of such a school of philosophy must be, the reader must fancy for himself a dim twilight landscape, made up of accumulated snow and ice, [illegible] than seven feet thick, [illegible] by an atmosphere 70 degrees colder than freezing water, and keen enough to bite a piece out of any human flesh it touches. In the midst of this landscape, he must place a ship of confined dimensions, firmly embedded in the seven-feet ice, and covered up by a canopy of snow, no light but candle-light between its closed-in decks, no warmth but an artificial stove-heat, insufficient in amount to keep the ice out of the beds. Such was the home in which Dr Sutherland pursued his investigations during the long polar winter of 1850. For six weeks, the temperature in his cabin was at least 10 degrees colder than freezing; and a quantity of ice, placed in a tumbler lying sideways, continued undissolved all the time—often the mercury of his scientific instruments was as solid as lead. Upon one occasion, during an out-door excursion, he placed some water in a gutta-percha flask for his own especial use, but he could not get it out again until he had slept with the bottle for three nights in his armpit. The 22d of December was marked as being particularly mild, the mildness consisting of a temperature 38 degrees colder than freezing. It is worth while to peruse Dr Sutherland's narrative—if for no other reason—to be able to form a just idea of how much even science owes to the glorious sun!

The first great difficulty the arctic voyager has to contend with, is the capricious state of the navigation in the grand approach to the Polar Sea. The melting of the ice and snow in the north of Baffin's Bay, produces a continuous stream of water, which flows steadily to the south. As soon as this current leaves the projecting points at the head of the Bay, a thin film of ice is formed on it. This ice gets thicker and thicker as it moves southwards, by congealing new layers of sea-water on its under surface, and by storing up snow and sleet above, until it becomes what the whaler calls the middle-ice of the Bay. In winter, it extends from shore to shore; but in summer it is separated from the Greenland coast by an open lane of water, in consequence of its connection with the fringe of land, ice being dissolved where northerly winds prevail. An open space of water is always left by this southward drift of the ice-pack at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay; the extent of the space varies, however, with the season. In winter, it is diminished by the shooting-out of the land-ice towards the drift, and the quickened formation of the young ice; in summer, it is increased by the breaking-up of the land-ice, and the arrest of the formation of young ice. The great object of the mariner bound to Lancaster Sound, is to push his way through the open lane of water along the Greenland coast, and to get round the northern extremity of the drift-ice. But he finds this to be no easy task; every southerly gale crushes the ice in upon the shores of the Bay, and squeezes any unfortunate vessel chancing to be placed therein before it, often wedging it up immovably, or even breaking it to pieces under the violence of the nip. The only resource of the captive voyager under such circumstances, is to seek a refuge beneath the lee of some huge ice-mountain that has grounded a mile or two off the land, or to take timely warning, and cut docks in the solid land-ice, into which he may retire when the pressure comes. The driving iceberg is, however, a fearful neighbour, if the water proves not shallow enough to arrest its movement, for it will then sometimes plough its onward way through miles and miles of field and pack ice, heaving up the frozen masses before its tremendous impulse, and sweeping everything away that opposes its course.

Captain Penny's little vessels, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, of 200 and 100 tons burden, respectively, entered Davis' Strait on the [illegible] of April; but they did not get into the open water at the head of Baffin's Bay, until the 18th of August. [illegible] months they were squeezed about among the drifting ice in this tedious and [illegible] manner—sometimes closely

wedged on the shore-ice and sometimes tracking by manual labour through the breaking pack. Dr Sutherland thinks there is more chance of an easy passage early in the season, before the shore-ice is much broken, and when the middle-ice moves away from it bodily, without any intervening detritus, than later in the season, when there is a greater quantity of loosened ice to be packed into the channel.

The entire length of the Baffin's Bay coast of Greenland is indented with bays and fiords, towards which glaciers descend from the higher interior land. At Cape Farewell, the termination of the glacier-ice is still miles away from the sea; between Cape Farewell and Cape York, the land, devoid of the incursions of glacier-ice, gets narrower and narrower. North of Cape York, the ice-stream projects into the sea itself, even beyond the line of prominent headlands. It is from this region that the vast icebergs, drifted out into the open Atlantic by the southward current, are derived; for it is a singular fact, that there is no glacier-ice along the shores westward of Lancaster Sound. All the snow which there falls, even so far north as 77 degrees of latitude, escapes to the sea in streams of water, carrying with them vast quantities of mud and shingle. The land on both sides of Barrow's Strait is composed of limestone; but Greenland, and the coasts which form Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and Lancaster Sound, where the fallen snow is retained for ages before it slips, as the solid glacier, back to the ocean, are all made of hard crystalline rock. Dr Sutherland thinks that this difference of mineral constitution may in some way affect the temperature, and so determine the abundance of glaciers in the one position, and their absence in the other.

The projecting tongues of the glaciers are not dissolved where they extend into the sea, but broken off by a species of 'flotation.' Heavy spring-tides are driven into the head of the Bay, and up the fiords, by strong southerly winds, and the buoyant ice is heaved up by the rising water, and broken off from its parent stream. The floating power of large masses of ice must be enormous. Dr Sutherland observed upon a small island, at an elevation of forty feet, a block of granite that measured sixteen feet in length, and must have contained at least 186 tons of solid rock! He calculated that a cube of ice forty feet across the side, could easily have carried off this burden in water seven fathoms deep. Icebergs, thus broken off from the parent glacier, were often observed tumbling about in the sea. Some of these were four times bigger than St Paul's Cathedral, and shrouded themselves in a veil of spray as they rolled over, emitting sounds that could only be compared to terrific thunder-peals, and turning up the blue mud from depths of 200 and 800 fathoms. Oscillations in the sea were produced by such disturbances, which, after travelling a dozen miles, pounded into fragments the ice-field on which they ultimately fell.

Captain Penny's expedition reached the entrance of Wellington Channel on the 25th of August. On the 14th of September, young ice formed round the ships; and they were compelled to take up their winter-quarters in Assistance Bay, near the south-west point of Wellington Channel. Captain Austen's squadron, of four ships, was fixed on Griffiths Island, a few miles further west. November 7th, the sun was beneath the horizon at noon, the thermometer was 7 degrees below zero, and the sea-ice three feet thick. January 18th, mercury froze for the first time. At the end of January, the ice was five feet thick. The sun rose above the southern horizon for an instant at noon, February 7. February [illegible] was the coldest day, the thermometer sinking 46 degrees below zero. April 3, the ice was seven feet thick. In the beginning of May, it attained its maximum thickness of seven feet nine inches. June 12th, the thermometer rose to 35 degrees, the highest point of the season. Two days after, the first rain fell. At the end of June, small streams of water began to flow from the land. At the end of July, the sea-ice was diminished to a thickness of four feet by the melting of the upper surface. August the 8th, the bay-ice broke up, and set the ships free after eleven months' close detention. Four days afterwards, the young ice began again to form on the sea at night.

Throughout this winter of intense cold, the temperature of the sea remained nearly uniform. It never sank so low as 29 degrees. A hole was kept open through the ice, near the ships, for the purpose of observing the water, as well as for noticing the rise and fall of the tides. The ice invariably increased its thickness by additions to its lower surface. As the sea-water froze, a considerable portion of its salt was separated from it, and blown along the surface of the ice, mixing with the fresh-fallen snow as it went. On this account, snow-wreaths could never be used for melting into water; the snow on the land often contained traces of salt, miles away from the sea. The sea-ice hardly ever contained more than one-quarter the quantity of salt found in an equal volume of sea-water.

An interesting series of experiments were tried upon the expansive power of freezing water, with a view to the illustration of the movements of glacier-ice in rocky ravines. A strong iron bottle, with a narrow neck, was filled with water, and exposed to a temperature 17 degrees below zero. In a few minutes, a little water overflowed the orifice; soon after, a column of ice followed, rising slowly through the neck, and emitting a crepitating sound; after this had protruded for about 18 lines, it was all at once blown out with the violence of a pistol's explosion, the volume of frozen material having increased one-tenth altogether. When the bottle was placed in water a few degrees warmer than ice, the frozen column again rose out of the neck to one-twelfth the former extent, shewing that ice expands under increase of heat, like all other bodies.

The interior of the ships was warmed to between 40 and 50 degrees. This was found to be the highest limit of safety: in it, the hoar-frost was never thawed in the beds; the blankets and night-caps of the sleepers often adhered inconveniently to the ships' planks. With a higher temperature, the vapour of the interior of the ships was deposited in the beds as moisture instead of ice, and then rheumatic attacks were troublesome among the crew. With this range, the difference of heat experienced on going into the open air often amounted to 100 degrees: three times as much as the difference between the mean temperature of England and the tropics.

Much less food was consumed during the winter's rest than during the labours of summer. On this account, the provisions were served out without weighing, and considerable weekly savings were effected. The men took instinctively just what nourishment the waste of their bodies required. Some of the crew were buried in snow-burrows, to investigate the amount of comfort that might be expected in such a style of lodging. In an hour and a quarter, the temperature rose from 25 degrees below zero to a little above it. Men with the most capacious lungs warmed their snow-burrows the most rapidly; but all who were closed up in them, maintained that they were neither warm nor comfortable, to say the least of them.

A vast abundance of the lower forms of life was found everywhere in the inclement region in which the ships sojourned. Small cavities, from two to six feet deep, studded the under surface of the sea-ice. A greenish, slimy substance, composed of [illegible] and microscopic plants, was found in these. The cavities, in fact, had been hollowed out by the higher temperature attendant upon the vital action going on in these minute creatures. The most [illegible] cold seemed to have the power of destroying some kinds of the germs.

Mity cheese, that had been exposed throughout the winter, never again manifested any return of crawling propensity.

The influence of solar light was exceedingly small during the depth of winter. A little trace of daylight was always perceptible at noon; but for seven days before and after the 22d of December, chloride of silver was not blackened by exposure to the south horizon. On the 1st of January, it began to assume a slight leaden tinge. Mustard and cresses were reared with great care; but the young plants were composed of 94 per cent. of water, and contained only half the quantity of nutritious and antiscorbutic matters that had been present in the seeds.

The men were kept amused during the winter by theatrical representations, balls, and masquerades, after Captain Parry's example; but the schools and libraries were the most valuable auxiliaries in preventing ennui. Geographical studies were especially popular. After the nightly lessons, it was often necessary to settle forecastle disputes as to the insular character of Cape Horn, the Roman Catholic faith of the Chinese, and the identity of the crocodiles of the Nile with the alligators of the Mississippi.

Far from the least interesting members of this arctic community, were a kennel of Esquimaux dogs, that had been established in a snow-hut near the ships. The four oldest had accompanied M. Petersen, the Danish interpreter, from Greenland. But these had thriven and multiplied amid the congenial scenes of ice and snow, so that complete teams for two sledges could be furnished out in spring. They were great favourites among the seamen, and flocked eagerly round the first person who emerged from the snow-covered ships in the morning. They were, nevertheless, of highly jealous temperament, for if one of them chanced to receive more notice than his companions, the lucky fellow was forthwith attacked by the rest of the pack. This so constantly occurred, that some of the cunning young dogs became afraid of the men's caresses, and ran away the moment any marked demonstrations of kindness were directed towards them. In many points, amusing instances of the adaptation of canine instinct to the necessities of arctic life were displayed. In fine sunny weather, the dogs satisfied their thirst by lapping the surface snow; but in colder periods of the season, they burrowed some inches down for their supply of frozen water. In extremely severe weather, they constantly coiled themselves closely up, and covered their noses with the shaggy fur of their tails. At these times, they never rose even to shake off the accumulating wreaths of falling snow; if their masters called them, they answered by turning their eyes, but without removing their natural respirators from their nostrils, and no demonstration short of a determined kick could make them shift their quarters; but at other times they lay stretched out at full length, and were on their legs in obedience to the first tone of the familiar voice. The young dogs had to learn some painful experiences. The first time they were taken to the open water, they mistook it for ice, coolly walked into it, and were nearly drowned. One poor fellow undertook to lick a tempting morsel of fat from an iron shovel, when, greatly to his surprise, the cold metal stuck fast to his tongue, and he dragged the shovel along for some distance, at last only extricating himself from it by a strong effort, and at the expense of leaving some inches of mucous membrane behind him. When the dogs were employed in sledging-work, it was no uncommon thing for them to start off with their loads in full pursuit of bears. In the spring, two carrier-pigeons were despatched [illegible] of a small balloon. The balloon fell upo[illegible] while still in sight, and dragged along for so[illegible]. An object that was so full of interest to their masters, could not by any means be slighted by the dogs; in a moment, they were all off after it, the men following them pell-mell to save the pigeons. The four-footed animals had by far the best of the race; but the balloon, fortunately for its freight, cleared the edge of the ice just as they came up with it. When the ice around the ships broke up, the dogs understood the indication, and galloped about in mad joy, leaping from piece to piece, and whining restlessly, or swimming round the ship until they were picked up, and established upon the decks.

The result of Captain Penny's labours, so far as exploration is concerned, is universally known. Sledging parties went out in the spring. A large whaling-boat was dragged bodily up Wellington Channel, and launched in the clear water beyond the ice barrier. Two thousand miles were travelled over, 710 of which were in districts seen for the first time by human eyes. No further traces of the missing expedition were, however, found. The *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* left Assistance Bay, homeward bound, on the 12th of August; five weeks afterwards, they were in the Thames. Even to the last, Dr Sutherland's habits of philosophic generalisation remained with him. He found that, during the passage through Davis' Strait and across the Atlantic, the temperature of the sea-water increased so gradually and steadily, that he was induced to speculate on the possible approach of the time when mariners would require no other instruments than the compass and thermometer to traverse wide intervals of open sea in safety.

CHEAP RIDES.

Many illustrations have been given, in former numbers of the Journal, of the dependence of cheapness and dearness in railway travelling on the costliness of the railways themselves. The fact is so self-evident as to need but little exemplification. There is, however, another influencing cause which it may be interesting to trace in its operation: we will call it the law of *frequency*, to give it a distinctive name; and will see how it manifests itself in respect to travelling by omnibus, steam-boat, and railway.

In London, it is found that a new omnibus-route is but little profitable, until the omnibuses on that route become numerous, and the journeys frequent. If a man of business—to whom time is money—finds, when he gets to the corner of the street, that the omnibus has just gone, and that he must wait an hour or two for another, he will care very little for that line of route; it will not be in his good books, and it will receive little of his money; but if the 'buses run so frequently that he can descry another in the distance, he gathers up patience enough to wait a little, and then pops into the second 'bus. This is one element of success on most of the great omnibus-routes of London. A sketch of some of the more remarkable of these routes was given a few years ago;* but we here refer to them only in respect to this principle of frequency. When the routes were started from Camden Town to Hungerford Market, from King's Cross to Camberwell, from Islington to Chelsea, from Caledonian Road to Pimlico, from Hoxton to the Kent Road, &c., the success was doubtful so long as the 'buses were few and the journeys infrequent; but when sufficient capital was thrown into the several concerns to insure that an expectant passenger should, at no time of the day, have long to wait for the 'bus, a stream of traffic was created which has never since ceased to flow. It is a great thing that a man of business, who has many calculations and appointments to think about, should not be obliged to frame all his arrangements according to the time when the 'bus starts or passes. Of course, in long journeys, and on routes of scanty traffic, this state of dependence must be borne; but the principle which we are enforcing is,

* Journal, No. 7[illegible], New Series, [illegible].

that if the route includes a busy district, the proprietor will reap more per 'bus if the 'buses be many than if few. The line of separation between many and few must depend on circumstances; but if the frequency of the journeys be such, that a busy man may know that there will be one to suit him—that an omnibus will overtake him before he has proceeded far on foot—then the point has been reached to which our principle refers: the 'buses will not only accommodate, but will *create* traffic.

It is this principle of frequency which has rendered the omnibus-fares of London so cheap. No 'buses run cheaply if they are 'few and far between:' they would not pay. The penny trade in Oxford Street and Holborn is a wonderful example of this. At the time we are now writing, there are about sixty omnibuses running through these two streets, each omnibus making ten or a dozen journeys a day in each direction. These are independent of a very much larger number which take this line as part of a longer route, from Paddington or Bayswater to the Bank: we confine ourselves to those which charge one penny for the run through Oxford Street, and one penny for that through Holborn. Of these it may safely be said, that they pass at intervals of less than two minutes on an average, during the whole of a long day of fifteen hours. And it is observable that the passengers on this route indicate clearly the creation of a new traffic; for though they comprise many who would pay threepence or sixpence, if they could not obtain a penny ride, there are also large numbers of poorer, hard-working persons, who evidently regard it as a matter of time and shoe-leather. If there be a doubt respecting the ultimate success of this route, it will arise mainly from the terrible destruction of horse-flesh on the much-dreaded Holborn Hill, and not from the actual distance relatively to the actual receipts of each journey. Other penny routes have been started, on the New Road and on the Hampstead Road; but either there was capital wanting, or the routes were not quite up to the mark in respect to busy daily transit; for there must of course be a 'potentiality' (as Dr Johnson would have called it) in the district to be worked up into a paying state, whether for the penny system or a higher one. We are not here especially dwelling on the penny fares; others, of two, three, four, or six pence, may serve to illustrate the principle of frequency under notice. The sixpenny fares are already broken down to threepence for half-distances; and there is room for a large and useful twopenny trade on many routes where it has not yet been adopted.

Here we must say, in passing, that a reform in London omnibuses is grievously wanted. They are too narrow in the seat, too narrow between the seats, too low in the roof, and too short for the number of passengers crammed into them, especially if any of the latter be of the Daniel Lambert genus; and since the custom has been adopted of stowing away several additional passengers on the 'knife-board' on the roof, the method of clambering up to that delectable seat is awkward, dangerous, and dirty. It is tantalising to see advertisements in the *Times* occasionally, respecting the proposed formation of new omnibus companies, by whom all the abuses are to be remedied, and the Golden Age of omnibus-travelling to be inaugurated. The schemes have all fallen to the ground, for some reason or other, and the Cockneys are left in the possession of many thousand uncomfortable omnibuses, waiting for some bold reformer, some Rowland Hill, to civilise them a little. The gude folk of Glasgow gave us a lesson which we ought to have applied to profitable use: they sent up their tartan-bedecked 'Victoria' omnibus to the Great Exhibition, and showed us how a really comfortable 'bus may be made. But—whether such a 'bus is too wide for our overcrowded city streets, or whether prejudice has been all-powerful—the lesson seems to have been thrown away. This poor 'Victoria' illustrates our law of frequency. It was tried upon some of the routes in London, a lone being—a sort of 'unprotected female'—in a busy world. Nobody knew when to expect it, nobody looked out for it; it was not recognised, but was bandied about from one route to another; and for some months we have lost sight of it altogether. If there had been twenty 'Victorias' on a well-chosen route, omnibus-travellers would by this time probably have appreciated the advantages of the mode of construction.

Some of our chief commercial towns have, after many abortive attempts, succeeded in establishing systems of cheap and frequent omnibuses, the frequency being quite as much an element in their success as the cheapness. Of course, the two-minute system, or even the quarter-hour system, can only be looked for in busy districts; but still there is an expansibility about the frequent system, which the slow-coach system of other days could not reach. At Manchester, the omnibuses seem to start from the neighbourhood of the Exchange or the Victoria Station as a centre, and thence to radiate by twopenny routes in all directions; at Liverpool a system somewhat analogous has been established; and other busy towns are by degrees adopting similar arrangements. At Edinburgh, there are 'buses to Leith every quarter of an hour, and, at longer intervals, to Morningside, Newington, and Stockbridge—all belonging to the system of *equal intervals*, in which the passengers have not to tax their memory concerning the times of the day when a 'bus may possibly be met with.

Glasgow is especially worthy of note for its omnibuses. The city has spread so vastly and so rapidly, that villages and hamlets once in the country are now absorbed within the busy commercial metropolis of Scotland. A question was asked in a recent paper—'Where does London end?' An analogous question may now well be asked concerning Glasgow. If we had no other evidence than that afforded by the twopenny and threepenny omnibuses, the wide grasp of Glasgow would be sufficiently proved. A resident needs no proof of this; but we will suppose a non-resident, with Murray's useful Time-tables in his hand, and Meickleham's excellent Map of the Environs of Glasgow spread out before him, to ferret out the truth for himself. In the first place, there are the city omnibuses, with starting-points at the Tontine, the Crescents, Port Eglinton, Bridgeton, Cowcaddens, Whitevale, Bellgrove, Paisley Road, St Rollox, Hutcheson Town, Anderston, Well Park, Sandyford, and other spots, traversing the streets of the town in all directions, running at intervals from ten to thirty minutes, and at fares from one penny to twopence. Then there are the suburban 'buses to the Botanic Gardens, Partick, Rutherglen, Govan, Baillieston, Crossmyloof, Pollockshaws, and other places—all sufficiently distant to render the fare fourpence rather than twopence, and yet sufficiently near to encourage the frequent system to which we have adverted. The city omnibuses alone make between 400 and 500 journeys per day through the streets of Glasgow: this is really a great result, for the saving of time to a busy community must be enormous.

Let us now say a word or two about steam-boats, in connection with the cheap-and-frequent system.

The steamers to Gravesend, to Richmond, and other places on the Thames somewhat distant from London, have their times dependent on certain busy hours of the day; it is the shorter routes, such as to Greenwich and Woolwich, below Bridge, and to Vauxhall and Chelsea, above Bridge, which have the frequent or equi-distant times of starting. The first of these routes, or the up-river, charged sixpence from London to Westminster; then Chelsea was reached for the same money, and the Westminster fare was lowered to four-

pence; next came the lowering of the Chelsea fare to fourpence; and at length it settled down to threepence, with twopenny fares for shorter distances. Two fine fleets of small steamers, numbering about a dozen each—known as the *Citizen* and the *Iron* boats—perform this service so frequently and so quickly, that no passenger has to wait more than a very few minutes, at any one of about twelve different piers, for a steamer in either direction; and thus all necessity for calculation about being in time to catch the steamer is obviated: you are *sure* to catch the steamer. The trade from the London Bridge piers to the vicinity of Hungerford and Westminster, is mostly in the hands of two other companies—still more remarkable, perhaps, than the *Citizen* and the *Iron*. One of these companies takes the route from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, having only one intermediate pier at Hungerford Bridge, and charging one penny for the voyage, whether for the whole or for part of the distance; the steamers make their appearance at each of these three piers about every five minutes, and the number of passengers is something quite enormous. A yet shorter route, from London Bridge to the Adelphi, without any intermediate pier, is served by a company who charge only one single half-penny for the trip; both ends of the steamers here employed are sharp, and have rudders, so as to require no turning for the return trip: the journeys are quite as frequent as those before adverted to; and it is instructive to see how largely the poorer class of traders and market-people use these boats, evidently under a well-founded conviction, that a half-penny is thus well laid out, as a time-saving, shoe-saving, and leg-saving expedient. Whether there is, in the United Kingdom, any other half-penny steam voyage so long as this, we do not know; but it is well deserving of note, that the half-penny and penny steamers are said to be more profitable than any others on the Thames. So much for the cheap-and-frequent system. The trips to Greenwich and Woolwich, at fares of fourpence and sixpence, and at intervals of a quarter of an hour in summer and half an hour in winter, are also good exemplifications.

On many of our busy rivers, the running of frequent steamers at low fares has given birth to a vast trade, either to ferry across or to run up and down. Let us take the Mersey at Liverpool as an example. Five centuries ago, the ferry from Liverpool to Woodside—now absorbed in Birkenhead—existed; it was chartered to convey passengers 'at one farthing for a footman, two pence for a man and horse, a half-penny for a footman on market-days, and a penny when he had goods or produce with him.' Many have been the changes in the ferryings since those remote times; and none more important than the substitution of steam-boats for row-boats, which was effected in 1816. Seacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, Woodside, Monks, Tranmere, Rock, and other places in or near Birkenhead, now have piers to which steamers ferry across from Liverpool; and at the busiest of them, the traffic continues from day-dawn till nearly midnight, at very low fares. On the Severn, and the rivers which flow into it, such as the Wye, the Avon, and the Usk, the tide is so extremely high and rapid that no steaming can be safely effected except at certain states of the tide; and this has checked what we have ventured to call the cheap-and-frequent system. Cheap the voyages are, certainly, but not frequent. The Tyne is more favourably situated than the Severn in this respect. Newcastle, North Shields, South Shields, and Tynemouth, have collectively a large and busy population, among whom there is much intercourse; and the maintenance of this intercourse is insured, not only by short railways along both banks of the Tyne, but by steamers running very cheaply and at very frequent intervals on the river. The traffic created the steamers, and the steamers increase the traffic. Glasgow, high up in the list of British towns in so many particulars, is eminently so in respect to steamers. The 'long steamers' we talk not of here; but the cheap-and-frequent, down towards the mouth of the Clyde, are well illustrative of our present subject. To about forty places within what may be deemed the Firth of Clyde, do these rapid steamers start, beginning at six in the morning, and continuing till nearly seven in the evening. Some of the ports or stopping-places are busy towns, such as Greenock, Dumbarton, and Port Glasgow; but by far the larger number are pleasure towns—spots in which the Glasgow citizens, well to do in the world, have private residences, either for the summer only, or during the entire year. Nearly the whole Firth of Clyde may, in this sense, be regarded as a suburb of Glasgow, within reach at nearly all hours of the day.

To turn our attention, lastly, to railways, there are certain lines which come especially under our cheap-and-frequent grouping: take the Greenwich Railway, for example. Here, from seven in the morning till ten in the evening, trains run every quarter of an hour in both directions, at fares ranging between fourpence and eightpence for the four miles. Here, in analogy with what has been said concerning 'buses and steamers, there is no such thing as being too late for the train: this source of vexation is spared to us by the system of *frequency* coming to our aid. A curious example has been lately shewn of the effect produced by any tampering with this system. The South-eastern Company, in a fit of economy, thought that three trains per hour might suffice instead of four on the Greenwich line; but there hence arose two sources of dissatisfaction—the average time of waiting for a train became necessarily increased; and the passengers had the bother of trying to remember the odd fractions of an hour which marked the times of starting. After many months' trial, the company reverted to the quarter-hour system, the saving to them not being tantamount to the dissatisfaction of the passengers.

On the Blackwall Railway, the same quarter-hour system is adopted, and with similar result. On the Woolwich portion of the North Kent line, the system is hourly in winter, and half-hourly in summer; such is also nearly the case on the Croydon line of the Brighton Company, and the Richmond line of the South-western Company. On the North Woolwich branch of the Eastern Counties, at half-hour intervals—less frequent in winter—the passenger is conveyed about nine miles in a capital, roomy, well-windowed, second-class carriage, for fourpence, shewing what railway companies can and will do if stirred up by a little wholesome steam-boat competition.

One of the most instructive examples of the cheap-and-frequent system, is afforded by the Camden and Docks Junction Railway; for this has almost entirely created the traffic which now feeds it. The railway was planned mainly to afford access to the Thames and the various docks, for goods from the Camden station: passenger-traffic did not enter largely into the calculations of the promoters. However, when the line was opened, stations were made at the points where it crosses certain main roads—at Hampstead Road, Camden Road, Caledonian Road, Islington, Kingsland, Hackney, Bow, and Stepney (where it joins the Blackwall Railway). It was boldly determined to adopt what we may term the omnibus system—that is, frequent journeys and low fares: quarter-hour intervals were fixed upon; and instead of a perplexing variety of fares, varying perhaps from twopence to a shilling, one uniform first-class fare of sixpence, and second-class of fourpence, was adopted, with double-journey tickets at ninepence and sixpence. The traffic created has been immense; the majority of passengers have second-class return-tickets, for which they pay sixpence, and with which they may travel any distance from two

to nearly twenty miles. The Blackwall Company have wisely aided this arrangement, insomuch that these sixpenny return-tickets are available for any station on either railway to any station on the other—the stations being about fifteen altogether. The city-man, from his home in any of the northern suburbs, may go to the terminus in Fenchurch Street; while the Gravesend or Greenwich holiday-keeper, from the same northern suburbs, may select the Blackwall terminus: the same cheap ticket will serve either for the one or the other, and will bring him home again at any hour in the afternoon or evening. The trains are frequent, the times punctual, the carriages comfortable, and the speed rapid; which qualities, with the lowness of the fares, and the convenient interchange system between the two companies, have drawn upon the route an amount of traffic which seems to have astonished the directors nearly as much as other people.

There are various short railways in other parts of the kingdom, which illustrate the principle so often adverted to in this paper. From Newcastle to North Shields, on the north bank of the Tyne, and from Newcastle to South Shields, on the south bank, are railway trains nearly every hour, at fares of a few pence. On the Bradford branch of the Midland Railway there are about twenty trains from Leeds a day, at fares so cheap as to contrast rather damagingly with the high fares adopted by the same company on portions of their line where they have not yet been taught to bow to public convenience. The Edinburgh trains to its suburban neighbours Portobello, Leith, and Granton, are cheap enough and frequent enough to satisfy any reasonable being. The half hourly trains from Glasgow to Paisley, the hourly trains from Glasgow to Greenock, and from Paisley to Renfrew, similarly belong to the cheap system. In Ireland, the only route which seems, up to the present time, to have justified the frequent system, is that from Dublin to Dalkey every half-hour during no less than seventeen hours a day—the little portion from Kingstown to Dalkey being on the atmospheric system, the only remaining example of this once-celebrated mode of railway traction now observable in the United Kingdom.

The facts which have thus been rapidly grouped together seem to us to shew that, apart from all other considerations, frequency and equidistant intervals of journeys, if combined with cheapness, have a tendency not merely to accommodate existing intercourse, but to *create* a traffic which will more than pay for the expenditure incurred.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY AS A CURATIVE.

It is now about six years since my wife became subject to fits, brought on partly by mental anxiety, and partly by sudden fright. The circumstances were these:—We had an only and beloved child, an infant of four months old, who was seized with inflammation of the lungs. After two or three days of painful suspense, our medical man assured us there was no hope of recovery. All that night we watched the little sufferer, expecting each moment to be his last. The crisis, however, passed: in the morning, he was better; and, to our inexpressible joy, in a day or two he was declared out of danger. This was towards the end of the week; and by Sunday, so great was the change, that we could hardly believe he had been so near the grave. One or two friends dined with us, and the conversation naturally turned on the recovery of our beloved child. We left the dinner-table; and upon going into another room, our little boy, who was then in the nurse's arms, greeted us with a smile—the smile was interrupted by a sudden cough—a slight convulsion was seen—we looked, and in a moment he was dead! His mother fell senseless on the floor. This I consider to have laid the foundation of the extreme nervous susceptibility which followed; and the force of the blow was no doubt increased by its falling upon the mind when in the fulness of hope and joy. This occurred in January; and from that time, Mrs A—— was subject to fainting-fits, but so slight, that the colour did not leave the lips, although they never yielded to the ordinary restoratives. In August, she received the fright alluded to. In the afternoon of a sultry day, she read one of the tales in the *Diary of a Late Physician*, in which a philosopher is described as sitting in his study, when a ghostly visitor, dressed as a gentleman in black clothes, enters the room, arranges the papers, cleans the inkstand, wipes the pens, and closes the writing-desk—thus silently intimating that the philosopher's work in this world is done.

The impression created on Mrs A——'s mind by reading this tale in her feeble state of health was deep and melancholy. In the evening, however, she roused herself, and attended service in the Scotch church. Returning alone in the dusk of the evening, she was insulted and terrified by some young men rushing out of a public-house, and rudely addressing her as she passed. One of them laid hold of her bonnet, and puffed some cigar-smoke into her face. She hurried home in a very excited state; and in about half an hour, was seized with a most distressing fit, which had every appearance of decided epilepsy. She struggled violently, foamed at the mouth, and rolled her eyes frightfully, while the wildest expression of terror sat upon her countenance. Medical aid being called in, the case was considered one of hysteria, and treated accordingly. After the violence of the fit had subsided, she was carried to bed in an almost unconscious state. The next day, slight hysterical fits followed each other in quick succession; and for several days, her mind was painfully bewildered. One of her delusions was, the greatest horror of anything black. She could not endure me to approach her, or even to sit in her bedroom, in a black coat; she shuddered violently when her eyes fell upon any dark object; it was even found necessary to conceal the fireplace. This, at the time, I could not account for, as I was not then aware of her having read the tale previously mentioned; but some things that fell from her in her wanderings shewed me she had done so, and that it was connected with her horror of black; and they also served to explain the depression of spirits I had remarked, without being aware of the cause, on the night of her visit to the Scotch church. After about a week, the excitement subsided, and the full exercise of reason returned; but with it came exhaustion to such a degree, that for one day her life was despaired of. The crisis, however, was safely passed, and she slowly recovered. To remove the nervous susceptibility which still remained, change of air was resorted to, and with visible improvement, which, however, was but of short duration, for in a few weeks the old malady returned worse than ever—so much so, that the mind began to be painfully affected, leading me to apprehend the most serious results. The fits about this time assumed a more active character, sometimes occurring in the night, when she would rise from her bed, and proceed in the most determined manner to the greatest extravagances; sometimes in the day, when, while the paroxysm lasted, she would talk and act like one under mental derangement, and even require force to prevent mischief. Under these circumstances, a total change of residence and occupation was had recourse to, and with considerable benefit—so much so, that although subject to fits occasionally from overfatigue, a close atmosphere, or any sudden emotion, yet, for about two years, there was nothing to excite serious apprehension. About a year ago, however, the symptoms returned in an aggravated form, accompanied with extreme lassitude and depression of spirits. I was now induced to try electro-

biology, having seen benefit resulting from its application in cases somewhat similar. Dr L——, of D——, undertook the case, the operations and results of which I now proceed to describe; and I may just observe, in explanation of the fulness of the previous details, that they seem to throw light upon the phenomena witnessed, of which notes were taken at the time.

In the first place, Mrs A—— slept for two or three nights with the copper and zinc disk fastened to her hand; after which the first experiment was tried as she sat gazing at the disk, while transverse passes were made upon the forehead, according to the process commonly gone through at public lectures on this subject. In about half an hour, a fit came on, just such as Mrs A—— was subject to at this time, attended—as indeed they almost all were from the first—with violent flatulence, so as quite to threaten suffocation. *This flatulence was removed at once by a few passes made on the chest and stomach, and from that time it never recurred so as to be worth notice.* After the fit, to my utter astonishment, my wife was better than she had been for some weeks, passed a good night, and the next day was unusually cheerful, describing her sensations as a feeling of lightness and buoyancy, as if some weight had been removed from her, especially about the eyes. This was to me the more surprising, as whenever a fit had come on in the ordinary way, the result was languor, stupor, and frequently *utter prostration.* The experiment was now repeated once or twice without any fit being brought on, and on these occasions no advantage seemed to be gained; but during further applications of the biology, at intervals of a few days, the fits reappeared, although to attain this result occupied sometimes as much as two hours. Gradually, however, the period of the operation diminished, and ultimately the effect was produced in less than three minutes. The first three or four fits thus excited, differed so slightly from the first as to render description needless, only it should be observed, that after any one of them, Mrs A—— seemed better, and her general health and cheerfulness rapidly improved. The first time I noticed a change in the character of the fits, was when one that was brought on in about twenty minutes, struck me as much resembling those Mrs A—— suffered from at a considerably earlier period than when we commenced the biology. She sat in an easy-chair for a few minutes in a kind of swoon, then suddenly starting, said in a very excited manner: 'Give me the book, give me the book!' after which she swooned again, and upon awaking, suffered from headache and excessive languor, which, however, were quickly removed by a few mesmeric passes from Dr L——. As we walked home, she said to me: 'I have a strong notion of having seen F—— to-night' (this was a relation who had been dead about four months), 'as if in a sort of vision.' She then proceeded to describe the place and circumstances, mentioning the very day and hour to which it seemed as if she had been transported that night, and she added: 'I asked him to read to me from the Bible, which he refused, and I then did it myself.' I then immediately remembered the scene and circumstances alluded to, which she described with a perfect minuteness as having '*somehow*' actually just then passed before her. The whole occurred about five years ago, one day when she was in a fit precisely similar to this one, and the words 'give me the book' were thus explained. I carefully concealed from her, however, the resemblance I discovered between this fit and those of an earlier period: she herself had no perception of it. Every experiment now produced a fit in a few minutes, each commencing with a swoon, but having also some active development peculiar to itself, and nothing being repeated in one that had occurred in another. Their whole character had an exact resemblance to those I have described in the first relapse after partial recovery. Mrs A—— was evidently, by an artificial process, going over again what she had experienced in a six years' illness, only in an inverted order; and as one who retraces a road familiar to him recognises objects on either side, so in this process the associations of her illness—names, places, persons, events—were described, talked with, and acted over again in the most perfect and vivid manner, without the slightest confusion or inaccuracy. I give the following as examples:—On one occasion, the swoon being induced in a few minutes, Mrs A—— rose from the sofa, and taking my arm, said: 'My dear, let us go to B——. Do you know what we will do there? We will buy a piano, and I shall get well then. Papa shall look at it first.'

To try the effect, we touched a note on the piano.

'Ah, H——,' she said, 'you can't play. I shall play it to G——.' She sang Mrs Hemans's *Better Land.* A short swoon followed, then came a troubled expression of countenance, and she said: 'I will not have these things on. Tell Dr P—— I never did, and I never will.'

I could not understand this allusion, but Dr L—— thought leeches were referred to. So it proved; for in a minute or two she appeared resigned, and said: 'Mother, I would not tell any one, but you put them on;' while a feeling of delicacy was expressed in the face, and she covered it with her hands, and wept a little. 'Mind you keep G—— down stairs,' she exclaimed. In a few minutes, composing herself to sleep, as if soothed by the attention of friends, she said: 'Well, that is kind of you.'

These matters, trivial as they may appear to relate, derive significance from the fact, that they were a complete repetition of what had really occurred years since. I well remember the morning on which the visit to our relative at B—— was proposed and carried out; the purchase of the piano; and the application of leeches, recommended by Dr P——, our medical man at the time; while every sentence she uttered was distinctly remembered by my relations who attended her, as having been spoken by her at the time referred to. After the swoon, she said to me: 'I have been thinking to-day of A——;' a person who happened to be visiting B—— at the time the leeches were applied, whom she never saw except on that day, and whose name I never before heard her mention. She had no knowledge of what had passed in this swoon.

At another time shortly after this, we had an exact representation of the first serious fit she ever had, and which occurred, as I have said, on the night of her visit to the Scotch church. She swooned as usual under the biology, and in a few minutes she started up with the most awful expression of terror upon her face; her eyes were open and fixed, as if fascinated by some frightful object which they seemed to be following round the room. She started back, shrieked as if with fright, and clutched her hair wildly, saying: 'There! there! don't you see it?' Another swoon, and in a few minutes a sudden start, accompanied with a quick motion of the hand, and a jerk of the head, as if pushing some one from her: 'Go about your business;' while at the same time I observed an expression on the face of mingled indignation, contempt, and fear—the last greatly predominant. A strong epileptic fit immediately followed this, which gradually subsided, and for some time she lay quiet upon the sofa, with the eyes open and fixed on me, as if imploring help, yet unable to speak, and appearing to derive no satisfaction from my coming close to her. The whole thus related lasted about two hours and a half. An hour or two after, she said to me: 'I cannot tell how it is, but I keep thinking of that Scotch church at E——. I seem as if I had just been there; there are the pews, and the people, and the minister with the long sermon; what can make it haunt me so to-day?' In the evening, I observed an unusual depression of spirits, and she said: 'I feel as if I had been frightened

to-day. I have an impression of having seen some very frightful object, but I cannot tell what.. I seem to remember, too, having been in some great trouble, and seeing you, but not able to get near you.' No allusion was made to the street insult, which, however, clearly passed before her mind, as expressed in the motion of the hand, connected with the words: 'Go about your business;' while the object of terror which her eyes seemed to be following round the room, I take to be connected with the tale in the *Diary of a Late Physician.* I now felt my convictions strengthened, that the whole progress of the fits from the first would be retraced, but I carefully concealed this impression from my wife, as well as everything else connected with the affair. I expected that the next experiment would issue in the scene of our child's death; but instead of this, there was nothing but a gentle swoon of a few minutes, unconnected with any mental phenomena; and I then remembered, that between the child's death and the epileptic fit, Mrs A—— was subject to slight swoons. On the next occasion, however, a complete and painful revival of this sad event did occur. From the usual swoon, she started up, and cried: 'O my baby! he's gone!' with the most violent expressions of grief; then clinging to me, she said: 'What does Dr P—— say?' while all the time she wept, and sobbed, and wrung her hands most piteously. A few moments of unconsciousness followed, and then, while lying upon the sofa, she moaned as if in pain, appeared to breathe with difficulty, and rubbed her hands across her breasts. I inquired what troubled her. 'The milk,' she said; 'the plasters had not come yet.' She then awoke, and the usual manipulations removed all heaviness and languor. On going into another room, she saw our little girl at play, and the sight seemed, in a moment, she said, to bring before her the whole affair of our child's death. The sensation of fulness and pain in the breasts remained the whole day.

This instance furnished us with a complete picture of the facts connected with our child's death, including the allusion to the plasters. From this time all mental association with the past vanished, and at about the third experiment from it, no effect was produced beyond slight drowsiness; but just at this time a circumstance occurred which I ought to relate. Ambitious of trying my own hand at electro-biology, I made my first experiment upon a young lady in the presence of my wife, and produced some of the amusing phenomena commonly seen at public lectures. Then, in a sort of half-joke, I proceeded to try the same upon my wife, producing thereby a result very different from what I desired: she fell into a fit, the effect of which I could by no means remove. On partial recovery, she said: 'I feel as if there were two hammers in my head fighting against each other.' She was scarcely able to stand, could with difficulty be got to bed, and in the morning was compelled to send for Dr L——, who speedily removed the sensation. After this, the results of the various experiments became perplexing; a series of cataleptic fits followed, some severe, others slight. About this time, too, two or three fits came on in the ordinary way—the only instances while under the biology. Gradually, however, the fits ceased altogether, the biology only producing drowsiness, and it was then discontinued. This was more than three months ago; and from that time there has been no return of the fits, nor any apparent tendency to them (except a swoon, unaccompanied with some convulsive action, which occurred during a rather severe and weakening attack of influenza), while the general health and cheerfulness have been such as Mrs A—— has not enjoyed for years. Whether the cure will be permanent or not, time alone will reveal, but I am deeply thankful for what has been effected. The whole time, from the commencement of these experiments to their close, was about four months, subject to some few interruptions. I have thus traced the mental phenomena discovered in the process, and there remain only one or two things in the *modus operandi* now to be noticed. *1st,* The usual method was to remove the disk from the hand as soon as the fit came on, but on two occasions it was allowed to remain, when there was a partial return of the fit after an hour or two—that is to say, convulsive action without loss of consciousness. Whether or not these circumstances stand in the relation of cause and effect, I must leave for those learned in the subject to determine. *2d,* It was observed repeatedly, that for removing the headache and stupor which accompanied each experiment, passes made with the hand from the top of the head down the spine were much more effective than those made down the front of the person. *3d,* In addition to the disk being held in the hand of the patient, that of the operator was placed occasionally upon the forehead, and a tingling sensation therefrom experienced.

Upon the philosophy of what I have thus related, I cannot speculate: I have simply detailed the facts as they occurred.

[The above singular narrative has been sent to us by a clergyman in England; and we have every reason to believe that the facts are stated by the writer in perfect good faith.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

ENGLISH HOUSES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

One of the principal defects of history, as it is ordinarily written, is the almost total oversight of the conditions of domestic life—the absence of information respecting the households and modes of living among the people. We read of the exploits of kings, of baronial forays and contentions, of the disputes of parliaments and convocations; but concerning the in-door and out-door existence of the general population—how they were housed, fed, clothed, and industrially occupied—we can obtain no adequate or definite conception. Any researches, therefore, that are calculated to give us authentic particulars in relation to such matters, are well deserving of pursuit, and the results obtained, however scanty, cannot be otherwise than welcome. For this reason, we propose to draw attention to a recently published work on the domestic architecture of the middle ages,* and to present the reader with a few of the leading facts which the author has ascertained and brought together.

The earliest builders in England appear to have been the Romans, who scattered here and there a few villas among the woods, generally after the pattern of their houses in Italy, though probably in some respects adapted to the peculiarities of our climate. When they left the country, the Saxons came and took possession of their dwellings, sometimes appropriating them to purposes for which they were not originally designed. The houses which the Saxons themselves constructed were very rude and simple in their arrangements. The family mansion of the thane, or gentleman, was built of wood, and thatched with reeds obtained from the river-sides. This dwelling was 'little more than a capacious apartment, which in the daytime was adapted to the patriarchal hospitality of the owner, and formed at night a sort of stable for his servants, to whose rude accommodation their master's was not much superior in the small adjoining chamber.' In the centre of the

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* *Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the End of the Thirteenth Century.* By T. Hudson Turner.—See also an article on the subject in the *British Quarterly Review* for November.

hall there was a rude and spacious fireplace, and above it, in the roof, a hole to let the smoke out; though it would seem that this latter was a luxurious contrivance, to be found only in the better sort of houses, and that, generally, the smoke found an outlet through the accidental chinks and crevices of the tenement. The huts of the common people were of course much inferior to the dwellings of their masters, being necessarily smaller and less substantial, though perhaps, not differing greatly in structure or material.

In the times of the early Saxon kings, their palaces consisted of a collection of separate buildings—what we should now call a series of wooden sheds—the only portions that were ornamental being probably a few pinnacles, with here and there a little paint and gilding. But in the later centuries of Saxon domination, stone buildings began to be erected; churchmen, and commercial persons who had travelled, introducing such novelties of architecture as seemed to them improvements upon the usual styles of building. In the reign of the Confessor, church architecture was considerably improved, one of the earliest specimens attempted being the renowned abbey at Westminster—not of course the abbey as it stands at present, but the rude elemental structure out of which, so to speak, the present building grew. The Confessor had himself a palace built of stone, of which Malmsbury informs us the appearance was in a high degree imposing.

The Conquest, it is thought, effected little change, either in the habits of the people or in the construction of their dwellings. The castle, however, with its lofty towers and its dismal 'keep,' belongs to the Norman period; for the opinion that certain ancient specimens of fortification were constructed by the Saxons, is no longer entertained; the utmost extent of their skill in military defences being now pretty well ascertained to have been the mere enclosure of an advantageous situation by a wall, and, perhaps, in some instances, the casting up of earthworks. As Mr Turner remarks: 'Throughout the annals of the Saxon period, we find no instance recorded of the successful or even protracted defence of a fortified place. The genius of that people seems rather adapted for field warfare. When defeated, they took refuge in natural fastnesses; the woods and marshes of Somersetshire protected Alfred from the pursuit of the Danes, and the last stand of the Saxons against their Norman invaders was amid the fens of Ely and Cambridgeshire.' Thus, it is believed, the first edifices erected in England by the Normans were the strong and formidable castles, the ruins of some of which still remain among us.

Considerable information respecting ordinary dwelling-houses in the twelfth century, is to be obtained from a valuable ancient record—*The London Assize of* 1189—from which Mr Turner has extracted largely, and which he has printed entire, in the original Latin, in his Appendix. This assize was held on account of the frequent fires which were then occurring in the city, in consequence of so many houses being built of wood, and roofed with straw or reeds. The document, however, testifies that many houses, even during the reign of Stephen, were 'built of stone and covered with thick tiles;' and to encourage the more general adoption of these materials, certain privileges were now conceded to the house-builders of those times. For instance: 'When two neighbours shall have agreed to build between themselves a wall of stone, each shall give a foot and a half of his land, and so they shall construct, at their joint cost, a stone-wall three feet thick and sixteen [illegible] height; and, if they agree, they shall make a [illegible] between them at their common expense, to [illegible] the water from their houses; but if they should [illegible] agree, either of them may make a gutter to carry off the water dripping from his house on to his own land, except he can convey it into the high street. They may also, if they agree, raise the said wall as high as they please at their joint expense; and if it should happen that one should wish to raise the wall, and the other not, it shall be lawful for him who is willing to raise his own part as much as he please, and build upon it at his own cost; and he shall receive the falling water as is aforesaid.'

It is not to be supposed that the sixteen feet of stonework, of the thickness of three feet, was intended solely for the support of the roof, whether tiled or shingled; it appears rather to have been designed as the basis of additional storeys, most of which would probably, in a general way, be built of wood. We are given to understand, that any person desirous of raising the wall, might build upon it to any altitude he pleased, limited only by the natural adhesive qualities of his materials. A curious clause is given respecting the right of outlook: 'If any one shall have windows looking toward the land of a neighbour, and although he and his predecessors have been long possessed of the view of the aforesaid windows, nevertheless his neighbour may lawfully obstruct the view of these windows by building opposite to them on his own ground, as he shall consider most expedient, except he who hath the windows can shew *any writing* whereby his neighbour may not obstruct the view of these windows.' A provision is also made against any one making 'a pavement in the high street, unjustly, to the nuisance of the city;' and authority is given to the bailiffs of the city to 'hinder it.'

There seems to be reason for believing, that the London houses at this period were commonly two, and in some cases three, storeys high. But whether houses were generally painted, or simply whitewashed, appears to be still a matter of question; though from occasional allusions in old writers, and from the buildings pictured in illuminated manuscripts, it would appear likely that wooden and plaster houses were almost uniformly *painted*. The colours used were gay and various, being often blue, green, or a bright vermilion. It is thought that some kinds of pattern were used in these adornments, but it is not uncommon to find the walls simply 'picked out,' so as to have the appearance of long, narrow bricks. In the illuminations, we understand, the roof and walls are always represented in different colours, red and blue being most commonly employed.

Owing to the unsettled state of the kingdom in the early half of the thirteenth century, domestic architecture was little attended to; yet at this period several of the ecclesiastical edifices underwent repairs and alterations, and some were newly built—among which last are to be mentioned Salisbury Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey as it now stands. In the latter half of the century, however, numerous improvements in house-building were made, both in London and in the country. The taste for the arts displayed by Henry III. communicated itself to his courtiers; and to this date is to be referred the building of many 'manor-houses,' in which some of the arrangements of the palace, in particular the lofty and spacious hall, were imitated. This 'hall,' it is said, very much resembled a modern barn, so that we must not be misled by the term into conceiving anything very splendid in connection with the mediæval dwelling-houses.

Perhaps our notions of a house in the middle ages will be rendered more accurate and complete, if we glance at the construction and arrangements of one of the king's palaces. During the times under notice, the sovereign had houses at Kennington, Southampton, Portsmouth, and Woodstock; but as they were all built after the same fashion, a description of one will serve for all the rest. There was, first, the great hall before mentioned, with a high-pitched roof and a floor littered with rushes. This was entered from without by a large door, high enough and wide enough for a

man to pass on horseback; and the apartment was lighted by a number of unglazed windows, to which, as the means of excluding too much rain or wind, wooden shutters were attached, fitting rather loosely. The windows were placed high, that the air rushing through them might be kept as much as possible near the ceiling. Where the hall was too broad for a single roof to cover it, pillars of wood or stone were raised so as to divide it into aisles like a church. Opening from the hall was a small stone-chamber, containing uncertain quantities of *vin ordinaire* from Bordeaux, apparently the most popular beverage of those days. Over the cellar was a wooden chamber called the 'solar,' which was the king's sleeping-room. This room had a marl or clay floor, the ordinary clumsy window-shutters, and an awkward lath and plaster cone, dignified by the name chimney. The walls were covered with hangings, to hide the uncouthness of the workmanship; and the state-bed was a bench fixed firmly in the ground, with a bolster and mattress of some rich kind of stuff. The only other furniture in the apartment was a large chair fastened in the floor, and a strong box in which his majesty kept his clothes. This wondrous bedroom was used in the daytime as a parlour, whenever the royal inmates desired a little seclusion, or when state business of a private nature had to be transacted. It was in such a chamber as this that Edward I. and Queen Eleanor were sitting when, in 1287, they barely escaped being struck by lightning.

The dwellings of the middle-classes, in town and country, were nearly if not quite equal in point of convenience to the king's residence, and very similar in most of their arrangements. In towns, the lowest storey, or ground-floor, was generally occupied by the storerooms and domestic offices; immediately above was the 'best room,' which—whether divided into compartments, or extending the whole length of the building—was also called the 'solar;' and higher up, in the gables, as improvements in internal convenience progressed, sleeping-chambers came to be erected. In the country, the grange, or farmhouse, rarely had a second storey—ground-room being plentiful, and probably considered safest to live upon. Chimneys appear to have been placed in the front or back wall, as is seen in the Jew's house at Lincoln, and the fire was universally made upon the hearthstone. Whitewash was in much request; and when coal came to be introduced, at the beginning of the next century, there was a great outcry at the innovation, and it but slowly superseded the less smoky, though less comfortable, wood-fire.

At what time glass began to be used for windows in private houses, is a point that has been much disputed; but there is reason to believe, that it had become common in all respectable houses in the later years of the thirteenth century. The price was not extravagant —the cost of both material and glazing being not more than 'threepence-halfpenny a square foot:' a sum about equal to 4s. 4d. of the present currency. Glass was no doubt first employed in towns, and principally in those lying nearest to Flanders and Normandy, whence it was imported, along with various other articles of manufacture. It seems, nevertheless, to have been quite unknown in the country manor-houses until the following century. One reason for this was the difficulty attending the land-carriage of so brittle a material, when the country was as yet almost destitute of roads; and perhaps another reason was the scarcity of glaziers. A curious light is thrown upon the state of this serviceable trade by a writ issued in the reign of Richard II., whereby one Nicholas Hoppewell was empowered 'to take as much glass as he could find in the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln, for the repair of the windows of the chapel at Stamford;' and further, 'to impress glaziers' for the performance of the work.

The floors of the lower rooms in all houses were at this time only 'the natural soil, well rammed down, over which litter was strewn.' The loose litter gradually gave way to a coarse sort of matting made of rushes; and this was the prevailing ground-covering, alike of the solar-chamber of the burgess and the palace-hall of the sovereign, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the way of furniture, everything was very rude and simple. Long boards placed on tressels served for tables, and the ordinary seats were benches and joint-stools. The windows, however, were made with seats in them; and this is a peculiarity of the households of those days, which was still in fashion within comparatively recent times. In some of the better sort of houses, the benches were cushioned, and the tables covered with copious white table-cloths. Bed-linen, too, seems to have been abundantly in use in the latter part of the thirteenth century; and mattresses and bolsters, in rich men's houses, were frequently covered with silk or velvet.

There was, in the meanwhile, no lack of luxury in the article of *plate*. Silver cups and spoons, saucers, porringers, and even dishes, were to be found in liberal supply in all households of respectability. Roasting-spits were also often made of silver; and it was customary for the cook to pass among the guests at a dinner-table with his spit extended at arms-length, to allow every one to cut off a portion of the joint for his own use. Forks were not introduced until a later period, so that people ate with their fingers, whenever they could not make it convenient to use spoons. The common people, however, were served more rudely; they ate and drank generally from wooden bowls and trenchers, and their grandest table-vessels were gourds, horns, and cups made out of the shells of cocoa-nuts.

The kitchen utensils of the period under notice were mostly made of brass and pewter. In the will of William de Tolleshunt, almoner of St Paul's, dated 1328, there is an inventory of the utensils of an ancient kitchen, which, as a curiosity, may be worth looking at. In this the testator enumerates 'the large mazer bowl,' the 'three best brass basins,' the 'three best brass deep dishes,' the 'caldron' (supposed to be the 'brass pot' which figured on the hearth of every householder), 'one hand-mill for grinding corn,' a mortar and pestle, dishes with stands and the salt-cellars, but 'chiefly the six pewter dishes, with all the salt-cellars, and the iron frying-pan.' The remaining kitchen furniture probably consisted of wooden trenchers, carving-knives, pots of earthenware, vessels of leather or wood, used for fetching beer or water, and a few pipkins and porringers of rude pottery. The shapes of these last exactly resembled those of similar vessels of the present day; and, indeed, it is noticeable that the common pewter gill-measure is of precisely the same form as the pitcher that figures in the Saxon illuminations.

Mr Turner's book contains a good deal of additional information respecting the kinds of provision and articles of diet consumed by our forefathers; among which it appears that foreign fruits and choice confectionary were conspicuous, especially in the serious Lent season. Figs, raisins, almonds, dates, were among the dainties which enabled the good people to submit themselves with little murmuring to the restraints imposed on them by the rules of the church. Some glimpse is also given into the state of trade, agriculture, and commerce, popular pastimes, and the progress of population in large towns; but as none of these can be said to belong exactly to our subject—English Houses —we are fain to leave them unnoticed, and to content ourselves with recommending the work to the consideration of such of our readers as may have leisure and inclination for pursuing historical and antiquarian inquiries.

HOW HOP-GAMBLING IS PRACTISED.

Throughout the year, wagers are extensively laid in the counties of Kent and Sussex, but particularly in the former, upon the amount of duty annually declared by the Excise in respect of all the hops gathered throughout the country. Long before anything like data whereon to found a calculation can be obtained, large sums are staked upon the result of the crop. In Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone, are the Kentish 'Tattersall's,' which, together with a few of the ancient inns in Southwark (where the hop-factors live, and hold their principal market), comprise the head-quarters for hop-betting. On the publication of the duty, many thousands of pounds change hands, and every possible scheme is resorted to throughout the summer to procure the latest intelligence of the condition of the plant in the chief districts, so as to enable the more wary to increase their stakes, or 'hedge,' as the case may be. The system is to give what is called a 'scope,' the extent of which depends upon the time of year. In the winter quarter, the betting-man will perhaps give a scope of some L.20,000—that is to say, will bet that his adversary will not guess the amount of duty to be paid within that amount. But as the year advances, and the hop escapes the dangers that beset its progress, the scope is reduced. Clerks in the accountant's department of inland revenue are much sought after, and the slightest hint greedily devoured as to the gross quantity of hops weighed, which certain men pretend to know in much the same way as sporting prophets boast of their 'office' or 'tip' for the Derby. The period between the picking and the declaration of duty is usually a full month of excitement to the parties wagering: the duty is known about the end of October. Last year, it was issued on the 3d of November. The present is considered an unusually good season, and the amount of duty has been anxiously looked for.—*Kentish Gazette.*

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

We do not hazard much risk of exceeding the truth in saying, that of a hundred men who fail in literature, ninety-nine of them had no business to meddle with it. Literature is a fascination very much like the stage; and of the multitude who fancy they have 'a soul above buttons,' who throw up *Coke upon Littleton* to strut their hour in print, who despise the honest trade of their fathers, and believe themselves destined to make a figure in the world, the number is incredibly small that are endowed with the attainments indispensable to success. There is no profession so crowded with men so deficient in the qualifications required for their work. In other professions, men rapidly find their level; but in literature, sustained by a vanity which eternally whispers in their ears that they are ill-treated, and fed by a restless ambition which grows by what it does not feed upon, they are a long time before they find out their own incapacity, if they ever find it out. How many such men are there clinging to the skirts of newspapers and periodicals, bitterly complaining of the rejection of articles, the neglect of the public, the caprice and want of judgment of editors, and of everything above the earth and under the earth except their own unfitness for the sphere they have chosen, who might have earned a decent competence in obscurity if they had been brought up to some useful occupation, instead of being cast upon that occupation which, of all others, exacts the severest toil, the most varied powers, the greatest self-denial, the most earnest labour and vigilance, uprightness and perseverance.—*Westminster Review.*

RELICS OF ACTORS.

The relics of celebrated actors are cherished with natural devotion by their brethren and descendants, and are more authentic than many others of superior pretensions. Tate Wilkinson, of eccentric memory, possessed a pair of buckles which had belonged to Garrick. These he passed hours in polishing, and gazing on with affectionate reverence when he had nothing else to do. Garrick's widow presented Edmund Kean with the star, George, garter, and other paraphernalia used by her husband in Richard III.; these have now passed into the hands of his son Charles Kean. The elder Kean brought home from America, what he persuaded himself was a toe-bone of George Frederick Cooke. He valued it as the apple of his eye, and went nearly frantic when his wife threw it out of the window, and told him the servants had lost it. When John Kemble retired from the stage, in Coriolanus, he parted many articles he had used that evening amongst his brother performers. The late C. Mathews obtained his sandals, which he exhibited triumphantly, exclaiming: 'I have got his sandals, although I shall never stand in his shoes.'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

There are many things that speak of thee
Most sweetly to mine ear,
Although thy once familiar name,
I never more may hear.
For nature's silent eloquence
Is whispering still to me
Of the dear home, long, long ago
Which I enjoyed with thee.

Each little floweret seems to speak
Of happy days gone by,
When flowers formed our mutual pledge
Of fond sincerity.
Surely thou hast those tokens yet
Of feelings unforgot,
As I still hoard the withered leaves
Of thy forget-me-not.

The voice of waters speaks of thee—
The gentle summer's breeze—
The small birds' thrilling melody—
The light rain through the trees:
Together we have heard them all;
And though no more we meet,
The memory of those pleasant hours,
Though sad, is strangely sweet.

Thus, then—though fate has darkly twined,
And we must dwell apart—
While both can list to nature's voice,
We may be one in heart.
To all around, we still may seem
As though we ne'er had met;
But well, O well, our hearts can tell
We never can forget.

H.

ANTICIPATED CONFLAGRATION OF ROME.

Dr Cumming, in his *Apocalyptic Sketches,* and many other authors, have asserted, as their interpretation of some parts of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from heaven, or swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with destruction by volcanoes, as the visible punishment of the Almighty for its popery and its crimes. I am unwilling to deduce any argument of this kind from the prophecies which are unfulfilled; but I beheld everywhere—in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole country of Italy from Rome to Naples—the most astounding proofs, not merely of the possibility, but of the exceeding probability, that the whole region of central Italy will one day suffer under such a catastrophe. The soil of Rome is tufa, of a volcanic origin; the smell of the sulphur, which we found to be most disagreeable, must be the result of volcanic subterranean action still going on. At Naples, the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When I drew a stick along upon the ground, the sulphureous smoke followed the indentation; and it would never surprise me to hear of the utter destruction of the entire peninsula of Italy.—*Townsend's Journal of a Tour.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; D. N. Chambers, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to Maxwell & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 468. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852. Price 1½d.

AN APOLOGY FOR HUSBANDS.

We do not use this word 'apology' in its legitimate sense, as a defence or vindication: we are satisfied with the common meaning assigned to it—that is, an excuse or extenuation of an admitted offence. Husbands, as a general rule, are to blame, there is no doubt of that; only we think there are some small considerations which might be urged in their favour, not by way of exalting, but merely of letting them down easily.

The humane idea was long of occurring to us, for one gets so thoroughly accustomed to the condition of affairs in society, that everything seems natural and necessary, and passes on without exciting a thought. But a week or two ago, we had occasion to visit repeatedly a rather large and agreeable family without once chancing to meet with the Offender; and this had the effect of bringing him before our cogitations. Had he been present in the room, he would have passed as a natural and useful piece of furniture, and so have escaped all special survey; but being obstinately absent, we of course turned the bull's-eye of our mind upon him, and had him up.

With regard to the family present, it consisted of a wife, one or two children, one or two growing up, and a couple of grown-up daughters. All these were busy, from dolls and A B Cs to dressmaking and housekeeping. One of the daughters sang and played delightfully; another was an artist of considerable merit for an amateur; and both were adepts at needle-work. They boasted of making all but their best bonnets, and all but their ball-dresses. The mother was an excellent manager. Under her charge, the business of the house went on like clock-work: everything was comfortable, everything agreeable, everything genteel. The boys were at school, studying hard and successfully; one intending to be a merchant-prince, another to sit some day on the Woolsack, and the third to be archbishop of Canterbury. Indeed, they were an exemplary family; and one day when we met the lady in the street, with her two grown-up daughters by her side, and the younger girls walking trippingly behind, all nicely dressed and happy-looking, it struck us that there was an expression of pride as well as pleasure in her face, and that she was inwardly assuming to herself the merit of having made her own position. We did not grudge her the feeling, for her self-satisfaction had been earned: if some such inward reward did not attend good conduct, it would be all the worse for us in this world.

We had visited this happy family several times, when we began to inquire, while walking homeward in our usual meditative mood, what it was that held them together in so enviable a position. Their labours were all for themselves, for their own comfort, amusement, gentility, advancement. They purchased nothing else with all this outlay of time and money. There they were, with no object but that of passing the day, of enjoying life, of rising to some condition of still higher distinction or contentment. How did they find this possible? By what power were they sustained immovable in the shock of social life, surrounded by all the cares and anxieties, and competitions and heartburnings, and tear and wear, and hurry and scurry of the world? Here we caught with our mind's-eye the absentee, and immediately suspected that he was at the bottom of it! But it was curious to think, that *he* should be the sun of this social system—that so many individuals should lean supinely upon one, without the slightest idea of mutual support. Yet so it was—and is. Society is composed throughout almost its whole consistence of such circles, each wheeling with more or less harmony, but still wheeling round a centre; and that centre is the Offender we have now up.

This individual, let us say, is unconscious of his own predicament. He knows he has a wife and children, a house and servants to provide for, and he does provide. That is all. He takes no merit to himself, and none is due. In supporting this Atlantean burden, he only does what others do. It is the rule. And so he bends his shoulders, and on he goes; sometimes stepping out like a giant, sometimes tottering, sometimes standing still to bemoan his fortune—not in having the load to bear, but in being unable to bear it well. If things go smoothly—if his children are well taught, if his dinner and his daughters are well dressed, if his house is tidy and genteel—why, then, if he is a praiseworthy person, he thanks God and his wife. If things go otherwise, he grumbles at his hard fate, and makes himself as disagreeable as possible, or else trundles his canister like a stoic; but all this time, be it observed, in utter unconsciousness of his true position. He does not think it odd that he is travelling in his round of life with a tail after him like a comet. He does not think about it at all. He only knows that the thing exists, and must be borne. If he is able of his own strength to bear it handsomely, so much the better; but if not, he never speculates on the possibility of deriving comfort and support from what is naturally a burden, any more than the wife and children imagine that they are anything else than a tail, with nothing in the world to think of, or to do, but to stick fast to the body to which they chance to be attached, and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

And this last is the curious part of the story. The amiable family we have described talked of the

individual we have laid hold of, with the perfect knowledge that he was their Centre, but without the faintest consciousness that there was anything but the mechanical tie between them. They humoured him when he was in good humour, called him a dear, good, old papa, got his slippers ready, and drew in his chair to the hearth, for that made the room all the more cheerful for themselves; but when in bad humour, they avoided or crossed him, wondering how anybody could look sulky at such a bright fireside, and suspecting him to be a man incapable of feeling interest in anything but his business, or his clerks, or his banker's book. Was not his wife to be pitied, after all she had done to make him happy and respectable? And was not this a sorry return to his daughters, for saving him a mint of money by making their own dresses? These excellent ladies had nothing to do with the stability of their Centre. The house might be on fire, but they were only lodgers. They had no interest in the Offender when he was out of their sight. They knew nothing of his crosses and losses, of his disappointments and vexations, of his faintness and weariness; they saw nothing but discontent on his wrinkling brow, nothing but approaching age in his whitening hair, nothing but ill-humour in his querulous voice, nothing but selfish apathy in his spiritless eye and sinking heart. They loved the husband and the father when he was agreeable enough to be loved; but they had no sympathy with the struggling man.

This is the ground of our apology. That the husband is a bad fellow is only too clear, but we would suggest that there are extenuating circumstances. The world is a hard taskmaster, and he who strives with it must submit sometimes to the hard word and the hard blow. His brow cannot always be clear or his mind present. He cannot always be in the mood to feel the comfort he sees; and he will sometimes sit down even at a bright fireside, with bright faces round him, and feel as if he were in a desert. Is sympathy, dear ladies, only for the happy? Is not his business yours? Is it not politic as well as kind to protect from feeling the rubs of the world that intelligent and susceptible machine to which you owe your all? In low life, in middle life, in high life, however, the same curious arrangement prevails, hitherto, so far as we know, undescribed or misunderstood. Ebenezer Elliott felt it without knowing what it was. His *Poor Andrew* feels his heart grow faint, when on going home from his work he approaches his own door, behind which he knows there are living things, as silent to his bosom as the dead. He has one consolation, however: it lies in his dog and cat; and the poor soul, yearning for sympathy, is at his wits' end when he does not meet the welcome of these, his only true friends.

> My cat and dog, when I come home,
> Run out to welcome me—
> She mewing, with her tail on end,
> While wagging his comes he.
> They listen for my homeward steps,
> My smothered sob they hear,
> When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
> Because my home is near.
> My heart grows faint when home I come—
> May God the thought forgive!
> If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
> I think I could not live.
>
> Why come they not? They do not come
> My breaking heart to meet—
> A heavier darkness on me falls—
> I cannot lift my feet.
> O yes, they come!—they never fail
> To listen for my sighs;
> My poor heart brightens when it meets
> The sunshine of their eyes.
> Again they come to meet me—God!
> Wilt thou the thought forgive?
> If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
> I think I could not live.

The people's poet, we say, feels this without understanding it; for he attributes the want of sympathy to the want of knowledge—to the want of a power of response, on the part of the family, to the new ideas that are gushing up in the mind of the intelligent workman. Alas, Ebenezer! there is something in a case like this even better than knowledge. The most ignorant of all possible wives may do more, by a single look, to sustain and advance her husband, than the most acutely argumentative of all she-philosophers.

The French, as a nation, make a similar mistake. They are not so domestic as the English, and care less about that external comfort which commonly bounds the duties and ambition of an English wife. They run less risk, therefore, of taking the show for the substance, and see clearly enough that there ought to be some electrical rapport between the husband and his harem. The desideratum they consider to be a sympathy of *taste*. The wife, they say, should comprehend and feel interested in her husband's pursuits: she should be able to talk to him intelligently of what has occupied him through the day—to plunge with him into business, or politics, or literature—and to advise with him on the circumstances of his position. What is this but repeating the lessons that have wearied him, the annoyances that have worried him, the labours that have sent him home jaded and spiritless, or dissatisfied and irritable? Nature herself shews the impropriety of this arrangement; for in nine cases out of ten, when men and women are left to their own choice in marriage, they are attracted by antagonism rather than homogeneousness, in at least the external points of the character, and even in personal appearance.

A similarity of taste is doubtless desirable, if on one side unobtrusive or undemonstrative; but what is really wanted is sympathy with the *man*—consideration for the Atlas who carries the household on his shoulders. We readily pardon the fretfulness of the sick; we consent without hesitation to tread lightly by the couch of pain: but who can tell what sickness of the heart, what torture of the head, may be indicated in that troubled look, that gloomy eye, that rigid lip, that thoughtful brow? Is it more than womanly to bear with a harsh word—to steal round the Offender with a noiseless step—to soothe him with a soft word or a loving look—to remember that to him his family owe their comfort and tranquillity—that he is like a rock, in the lee of which they recline in safety, while on its bald and whitened head break the thunder and the storm?

Yes: in his case there *are* extenuating circumstances. But let him beware that he does not plume himself upon them, instead of regarding them as merely something that would justify a humane judge in recommending him to mercy. Sympathy cannot long exist unanswered; and the action and response cannot take place but between minds that are in a state of rapport. We will take you, sir, as your own witness. Do you take care to place yourself habitually in this state with your family? If you do not enter into their feelings, do you expect them to enter into yours? Are you content to be defined as merely 'the gentleman who

draws cheques?' Or do you teach them that you are a little community of individuals, sifted together by God and nature for mutual solace and support, with one moral being, one interest, one love, one hope? Do not answer in a hurry. Think of it, dream of it, ponder over it. There—that will do. Stand down, sir.

STEAM ROUND THE CAPE.

THE Father of History—whom modern critics have vindicated from the once current imputation of being also the father of a good many fictions—has preserved to us a curious story which he heard in Egypt, some twenty-three centuries ago, concerning the manner in which the first circumnavigation of Africa—or Libya, as it was then called—was effected. The event was said to have taken place in the reign of that Pharaoh Necho who ruled in Egypt about 600 years before the Christian era, and whose dealings with the Jews are recorded in the Scriptures. 'Nechos, king of Egypt'—this is what Herodotus heard—'despatched some Phœnicians in vessels, with instructions to sail round Libya, and through the Pillars of Hercules [Straits of Gibraltar], into the Northern [Mediterranean] Sea, and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians set out from the Red Sea, and navigated the Southern Ocean. When the autumn came, it was their practice to land on whatever part of the coast they happened to be near, to sow the ground, and wait for the harvest. After reaping it, they would again put to sea; and thus, after two years had elapsed, in the third they passed through the Pillars of Hercules, and arrived at Egypt.'

To this succinct narrative, the cautious historian adds a remarkable statement. 'They said,' he observes, 'but for my part I do not believe the assertion, though others may, that in their voyage round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand.' This part of the story, which awakened the incredulity of Herodotus, is now known to be the strongest confirmation of the truth of the whole account. A voyager, in making the passage round the Cape from the eastward, will have the sun on his right hand—that is, to the north. At the present day, any intelligent school-boy who has learned the first elements of astronomy, will easily understand this statement; but in the time of the old Greek historian, the fact could only have been ascertained by actual experience.

It is evident that the 'slow and sure' system on which the Phœnicians, in those days, conducted their navigation, would not suit the genius of our epoch. Their mode of victualling their craft had certainly the advantage of enabling them to dispense with the 'preserved meats' of any Tyrian Goldner. But in spite of this recommendation, it may safely be affirmed, that a company which should adopt the same system at the present day, would have but a small chance of obtaining the Admiralty contract for the conveyance of African mails.

In one respect, however, the Phœnician sailors must be admitted to have surpassed all their successors. There can hardly be a doubt, that the voyage in question was the *slowest* that has ever been made along that particular route; and as that portion of the distance run which is included between the Cape and the Straits of Gibraltar is rather more than one-third of the whole, it cannot be supposed to have occupied the navigators much less than a year. We may therefore fairly set this down as 'the longest passage from the Cape.' The 'shortest passage on record,' according to the best authorities, was achieved a few months ago by one of the mail-packets of the Screw Steam Company's line, which made the trip from Table Bay to Plymouth harbour in just thirty-two days and eighteen hours; and this voyage, short as it was, was rendered probably five days longer than it would otherwise have been, by the necessity of going out of the direct line to touch at Sierra Leone, in compliance with the terms of the contract. This drawback, it may be well to add here, is now removed, the vessels being no longer required to visit that settlement. Sierra Leone, and other places on the west coast of Africa, are shortly to have a government steam-packet line of their own; and the large steamers of the General Screw Steam-shipping Company, which now go to the Cape, and thence to India, have merely to touch at St Vincent (in the Cape Verds) and the island of Ascension on their way out.

There is still, however, one peculiarity in the route of these steamers, which is deserving of notice. Persons who do not pay special attention to nautical matters are likely enough to suppose that, considering the large number of vessels at sea, the surface of the great ocean must be dotted over, in almost every part, with the sails of this countless fleet. This, however, is not the case; the ocean, like the land, has its frequented highways and its wide regions of loneliness. If an observer, furnished with a forty-Herschel-telescope power of vision, could be elevated to a height great enough to give him a view of the whole Atlantic, he would be struck by beholding hundreds of vessels following one another in certain lines along a very irregular course; while over a large portion of the surface not a sail would be visible. Thus, he would see the ships which leave these islands for the Cape or India, pursue at first a south-westerly course, till they reached the neighbourhood of Madeira; then keep more directly to the south, at a safe distance from the African coast, until they crossed the line; then stretch away again to the south-west, in the direction of South America, till they gained the zone of westerly winds; and, finally, making a rather sharp turn into these winds, go bowling along before them to the eastward till they arrived at the Cape, or else, if so directed, passed to the southward of it. On the return-voyage, a similarly circuitous route is pursued, although the curves are to some extent reversed: the widest circuit, or deviation from the direct line, being made in the northern instead of the southern hemisphere. In the extensive spaces on either side of these frequented routes, few vessels would be seen. Here and there, an African trader might occasionally be perceived, dodging from port to port; or a guilty slaver, with crowded sails and leaning masts, might be seen scudding swiftly across the ocean, perhaps with a royal cruiser following steadily in her track, like a bloodhound pursuing a murderer.

Now, as the screw-steamers, although always ready and willing to take advantage of a favourable wind, are not compelled, like ordinary sailing-ships, to guide their motions altogether by it, they are able to strike out a new and more direct route for themselves. This, indeed, is one of the advantages which all steamers possess. Consequently, if our imaginary observer were to watch the course of a steam-vessel bound to or from the Cape, he would find it deviate considerably from the track of the sailing-ships—chiefly, of course, in avoiding a great part, though not all, of the wide circuit aforesaid. In the case of the 'shortest passage,' for example, if the steamer had been following the usual route of sailing-vessels, she would probably have passed at least a score of ships between the Cape and the line. As it was, she did not meet a single vessel. Her course lay about midway between the island of Ascension and the coast of Africa. It is very seldom that any vessel is encountered in this part of the ocean. It chanced, however, on one occasion last year, that two steamers of this company, going in opposite directions, passed each other in that lonely region, within such a distance, that the *smoke* of the one to windward was visible to those on board the other, though the vessel itself was out of sight. They knew from the position that it must be their consort; but all they saw of her, and all, perhaps, that they were to see of her for years—as they are rarely in port

together—was that thin trail of smoke, drawn faintly along the distant horizon.

Something ought to be said here about the company itself to which these vessels belong. The General Screw Steam-shipping Company affords, like its predecessor and present rival, the Peninsular and Oriental Company, a good specimen of the manner in which English enterprise usually develops itself. Five years ago, only two of the vessels now belonging to this company were afloat; and these were then the property of two merchants, carrying on a trade between England and Holland—Messrs James Laming and Richard Smith. The two vessels were the *City of London*, and the *City of Rotterdam*; they were of only 270 tons burden, and thirty horse-power, and were built merely by way of experiment, to take the place of the sailing-vessels which had previously been employed. The experiment proved so successful, that it led to the formation of a joint-stock company, and to the construction of two more steamers, impartially named the *Sir Robert Peel*, and the *Lord John Russell*, and each of about 300 tons burden, and forty horse-power. The *Earl of Auckland*, of 450 tons burden, and seventy horse-power, was the next addition. The continued success of these screw-propelled trading vessels, induced the company to extend their operations. A royal charter of incorporation was obtained. Three new vessels—named the *Bosphorus*, *Hellespont*, and *Propontis*, each of 560 tons burden, and eighty horse-power—were built; and a line to Smyrna and Constantinople was commenced, the five smaller vessels continuing the trade between London and the ports of Rotterdam, Harlingen, and Dunkirk. The Mediterranean line quickly became a favourite with both shippers and passengers. The vessels were found to be safe, dry, and comfortable; the voyages were punctually made; no disasters occurred; the underwriters gradually reduced their rates of insurance on merchandise conveyed by them, and the profits of the company went on increasing. In 1850, another important extension of their operations took place. The company obtained the contract for the conveyance of mails to the Cape, being the first regular steam-communication between this country and that important colony. The three Mediterranean steamers were taken off their original line, and employed in commencing the new service, while the company were building larger ships, more suitable for this ocean work. The Mediterranean vessels, however, did remarkably well in their new line of duty. The first voyage from Plymouth to the Cape—commenced in December 1850—was accomplished in forty days; and this has been about the average of the outward passages. Somewhat less time is usually occupied in returning. The company gained so good a name and position in a few months, that they had no difficulty in obtaining the contract for the extended line from England to Calcutta, by way of the Cape, Mauritius, and Ceylon. For this mail-service, they receive from the government a remuneration of L.45,000 per annum. The company has lately been enlarged, and the capital considerably increased. A fleet of seven large steamers, of from 1850 to 2000 tons burden, is in course of construction. Three of them, indeed—the *Lady Jocelyn*, the *Indiana*, and the *Queen of the South*—are already launched, and the last-mentioned has been despatched to open the Calcutta line. These large screw-steamers are fine ships. While the *Queen of the South* lay in the dock at Blackwall, she had crowds of visitors, who inspected with great admiration the spacious and handsomely-furnished saloon on the upper deck; the cabins below, resplendent with mahogany and bird's-eye maple, and all of them roomy, well-ventilated apartments, conveniently fitted up for the conveyance of 130 first-class passengers; the baths, the well-furnished hospital and dispensary, the ample promenade on deck, and the vast and complicated machinery below. In addition to this main-line to India, the company are about to undertake a branch-line from the Cape to the new and flourishing colony of Natal, and are sending out two of their small steamers for this purpose. In a few years, no doubt, in conjunction with the Peninsular and Oriental, the Eastern Steam Navigation, the Australian, and other companies, they will cover the Indian Ocean and the neighbouring seas with a net-work of steam-packet lines, uniting together all the principal ports of the East.

One of these associations, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, has just adopted a scheme which, if carried out, will eclipse all that has yet been effected by the power of steam on the ocean. They propose to build steam-ships large enough to carry coals sufficient for the whole voyage round the Cape from England to Calcutta, without stopping on the way; and, by maintaining a speed of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour, they hope to accomplish the distance in twenty-eight or thirty days—being five or six days less than the time now occupied on the overland passage. Whatever may be the result of this undertaking, there can be no doubt that we are now witnessing only the commencement of the revolution which must in a few years be effected in the whole system of oceanic navigation through the agency of steam—unless this, in its turn, should before long be superseded by some other and still more efficient motive-power not yet developed.

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

In the fair days of Louis XVI., when Marie Antoinette was giving her gay receptions at Versailles, and the king found no weightier matters to record in his private journal than his hunts and lathe-turnings, there were known, among the crowd of needy nobility who hung about the purlieus of the court, in hopes of places and pensions, two brothers, designated in the fashion of their time the Sieurs de Bonneville. They were descended from the marquis who made such bold but unsuccessful love to Margaret de Valois; had his ears boxed by 'the tenth Muse and the fourth Grace,' as that fair, frank, and witty princess herself sets forth; and fell in the Italian wars of her brother, Francis I.

Fortunately, people do not always resemble their ancestors; and so it was that Armand and Eugene de Bonneville were regarded as singularly prudent men by the world of Versailles. Their names had never been prominent in dangerous intrigue or family quarrel; they had incurred no glaring scandal, made no profitless friendships, committed themselves to no party, and been seen to assist with equal complacency at high-mass and at the crowning of Voltaire. Their parents were long dead; the gates of a Carmelite convent had closed on their three sisters; and the inheritance which descended to Eugene, as the eldest son and heir of the house, was a large dilapidated hotel in the Faubourg St Germain; the right to style himself seigneur of certain lands and a château in the country, which had been possessed by a rich farmer-general's family for at least two generations; and the salary of an office created by Louis le Grand when money was particularly scarce with him, and purchased for ever by the sieur's grandfather—salad-taster extraordinary to the dauphin. Armand was almost as well provided for by the continuance of a pension bestowed on his mother in the former reign, at the special request of Madame du Barré, and the promise of a lieutenancy in the Royal Guards. Their friends attributed it to the prudence of the Bonnevilles, that they kept on tolerable terms with their tradesmen; but both were handsome, well-bred, and unexceptionably aristocratic, from the queue to the diamond shoe-buckles; and though Armand was now thirty-five, and his brother some years older, it was

generally believed that they intended marrying to advantage.

That belief, at least, was true; but advantageous matches are not to be hit on every day, even by the most devoted searchers. Perhaps, also, the brothers were too prudent to succeed in a pursuit, regarding which 'nothing venture nothing win' is an emphatic proverb; for one noble heiress and jointured widow after another was led to the hymeneal altar, sincerely regretted, while they continued to write complimentary verses, send New-Year's presents, and dance attendance on disposing mammas. Armand had resigned himself to the lot of a noble bachelor, who could not forget his rank, and of whose poverty no great house would become oblivious; but Eugene fretted to see his hotel going day by day more out of repair under the administration of two superannuated servants, and his ancient line threatening to be extinguished without either heir or fortune. Doubtless the seigneury and the hereditary office also entered into his consideration, and at length determined him on immediate application to a matrimonial agent in Paris (where, of course, chances were more numerous), with a hint that, provided the lady's portion was satisfactory, nothing but the most obtrusive plebeianism of birth or connections would be rejected.

Armand remonstrated with his brother on this downward step, which might connect their family with the *bourgeoisie*; but after talking the matter over, in that good brotherly confidence always subsisting between the Bonnevilles, in spite of life at Versailles, the wisdom, or, it might be, necessity of Eugene's plan, became equally apparent to him; and with Armand's advice, a particularly respectable agent, in that quarter of Paris called the Cité, was engaged to manage the affair.

M. le Blanc was a man of large business and acknowledged abilities; but he found De Bonneville's requirements difficult to obtain: a dowry of 600,000, or an annual income of 50,000 livres, was mentioned as the lowest terms on which the sieur could dispose of his heart and hand, and there were only three fortunes of that amount on Le Blanc's list. The first was the daughter of a coffee-merchant, who had spent many years in the West Indies, and the lady's complexion had an African tinge too strong to be presentable; the second was the widow of a wealthy tobacconist, and she had appeared in her husband's shop, and actually served customers; the third, though the niece of a silk manufacturer, rich and childless, was also the daughter of a wood-merchant, and kept up an intimacy with her low relations, which would be utterly inadmissible in Madame de Bonneville. At length, after seven months' search, when Eugene was beginning to despair, and the hotel looked worse than ever, a letter arrived from Le Blanc, announcing his hope that all the requisites had been discovered in a single lady residing at the house of a respectable but reduced advocate, near the church of St Madeleine. He added, that the lady was handsome, accomplished, and supposed to be about thirty; that she had no known connections or family, and a certain income of 56,000 livres a year.

The brothers were delighted, but their prudence never slept. Eugene wrote to Le Blanc by return of post, with suitable commendations of his diligence; an earnest exhortation to inquire after her previous history; and should the results be satisfactory, full powers to sound the lady's mind, as well as that of her friends, regarding whom he hoped some further information would also be gleaned, as their utter obscurity went somewhat beyond the Bonnevilles' expectations. Le Blanc seemed long about the inquiry; but his letter came at last. It stated, that he had seen the lady, and could pledge his honour that she had a fine face, a good figure, and the air of a duchess—weighty words from such a connoisseur; that her name was Catherine de Chatelaine; and she had no friends except the old advocate and his wife, with whom she had lived for almost two years, paying a large board, which greatly assisted them, as, though highly respectable and well connected, they had been reduced almost to poverty among the thousands who suffered by the failure of the Mississippi scheme. Their name was Broussel, and their relationship to mademoiselle so distant, that the advocate acknowledged it to be beyond his tracing; while all that he or his wife knew of her history was, that the lady's father had left his country early and settled at Constantinople, where he rose to great power and trust, but without changing his religion, on account of some extraordinary and secret service rendered to the Porte; that he perished in a great fire, which consumed not only his house, but the very street in which he lived. No document or family paper had been rescued from the flames, to throw light on mademoiselle's genealogy; and the sultan, considering the estates and treasures he had amassed too large an inheritance for any Christian woman, seized upon them all, allowing his only daughter an income of 56,000 livres; with which she retired to her father's country, to avoid Mussulman addresses, when the ancient Latin convent of St Eustachia, where she had been educated and resided from childhood, was suppressed and pulled down by order of the grand vizier, because the nuns were suspected of attempts to proselytise his harem. Nothing was known of mademoiselle's mother, but that she was of Italian origin, born at Pera, and said to be related to the princely house of Sforza, whose armorial-bearings were sculptured on her tomb in the Frankish cemetery.

The story was romantic, yet the brothers could have wished for some evidence of its authenticity. But Le Blanc's letter contained another paragraph, which at once decided Eugene. Mademoiselle, though not completely averse to a noble match, was singularly devout, and had lately entertained serious thoughts of taking the veil in the convent of St Catherine, whose holy sisters, as the advocate assured him, paid the heiress such court as it would require an ardent and clever suitor to oppose successfully. Eugene knew, that when the nuns were at work, there was no time to be lost; and as 56,000 livres could not be expected to come often in his way, his reply empowered Le Blanc to place his noble name, and, of course, affections, at the feet of the Eastern heiress, and win over, if possible, the Broussels to his interest, as the only apologies for relations the lady had. Le Blanc's next communication was encouraging. The Broussels had given in their warm adhesion on the receipt of a gold snuff-box, a Cashmere shawl, and the promise of 200 louis, to be paid on the wedding-day; while mademoiselle was so deeply interested by his glowing account of the sieur's many attractions, good qualities, and exalted rank, that she consented to receive a visit from her noble lover, who might henceforth carry on his suit in person. Eugene hastened to avail himself of that privilege, particularly as Le Blanc hinted that the nuns were still in the field. But the same post brought Armand a letter from their only surviving uncle, a brother of the long deceased Madame de Bonneville. He had been educated at the Jesuits' College, and intended for the Church; but having no vocation for holy orders, he went, at the special recommendation of the superior, to seek his fortune in Italy; and after serving in one capacity or another at half its old ducal courts, had been for the last twenty years private secretary to the doge of Venice. M. Lespeigne was supposed to be rich, and known to be stingy. He had never married, and kept no communication with his sister's family, lest, as it was believed, they might levy or expect contributions. But age had crept upon him in the midst of official duties and growing gains; and feeling solitary in the strange land as health and spirits began to fail, he remembered that Armand was his namesake, and

wrote to request a visit. Such a request was not to be disregarded, especially by the prudent Bonnevilles, for it almost involved a legacy. Armand and Eugene congratulated each other on their prospects, which now seemed pretty secure between death and marriage; and both set out in high spirits, the one for the city of the Adriatic, and the other for the neighbourhood of St Madeleine in Paris.

Armand found his uncle all that report had painted him—old, infirm beyond his age, and if rich, by no means liberal. It might have been his Italian life, too, or long residence in that old city of secrecy and decaying power, but Armand thought him close to a wonder regarding his pecuniary affairs, and unaccountably anxious, like one who felt some great risk or fear hanging over him. The old man was kind after his own fashion, and right glad to see his nephew. It was pleasant to talk of the country he had left so long, and the families he had known in his youth; pleasant to have a companion in the deserted wing of the ducal palace, which he had inhabited with two old servants for almost twenty years; and though Armand soon got tired of the empty galleries and sombre rooms of the silent sea-town, where there were no promenades, no court-gossip, and scarcely a play except at the carnival, he remained month after month at his uncle's solicitation, endeavouring to look delighted, and employing all his eloquence to persuade the old man that his health required change of air, and he should retire to enjoy himself and his fortune among kind friends in France. Meantime, letters of good news followed each other from Paris. Eugene had seen his bride-elect: she was charming; but Armand would judge of that for himself. Of one thing he was certain—she must be a gentlewoman, from the dignified manner in which his addresses had been received. The courtship was vigorously carried on for three weeks, at the expiration of which they were solemnly betrothed, and next month married with becoming splendour at the church of St Madeleine. As the fashion of those times required, Madame de Bonneville immediately went home to her husband's hotel, which had been repaired and furnished on considerable credit, but everybody had heard of the 56,000 livres. Half the court, and most of the old families resident in Paris, paid visits of congratulation to the happy pair; and the Hôtel de Bonneville, with its new mistress's dress, jewellery, and equipage, not forgetting her romantic history, became the theme of all tongues at Versailles. These tidings made Armand wish for the termination of his visit, that he might share in the family splendours and hospitable attentions of his wealthy sister-in-law, to whom he had determined on making himself agreeable, having already paved his way with all manner of written compliments. Armand had, however, his private interest to secure with Lespeigne, and to leave him in the present frame would have been decidedly undutiful. The old man's family pride, which had always been peculiarly strong, was flattered by the brilliant alliance Eugene had made, all the more that both brothers thought proper to avoid his antiquated scruples by sinking the entire romance of the bride's history, and announcing her merely as an orphan heiress of the illustrious house of Châtelaine. The magnificent doings in Paris, Eugene's warm invitations, supported as they were by those of his niece-in-law, and Armand's eloquence, therefore prevailed on the private secretary to request two months' leave of absence from the doge, a man as old, as heirless, and more infirm than himself, who spent an hour every day locked up with him in the library, and all the rest of his time between his chamber and the palace chapel. The two months' leave was granted, and Armand and his uncle journeyed without hinderance or adventure to Paris. They arrived at the Hôtel de Bonneville late at night. All things were prepared for their reception, though madame had retired to rest; and Eugene received them with expected demonstrations. Armand thought his brother looked less free and easy than in their poorer days; but doubtless it is a natural effect of matrimony, said the self-complacent bachelor.

Knowing the value of first impressions, he was particular in his toilet next morning. His aristocratic tastes were thoroughly gratified by the general style and appearance of the hotel, and he descended to the breakfast table with an inward conviction that Eugene had done a good thing. There sat the bride in a *recherché* morning-dress, really a magnificent woman, and something more than Le Blanc had reported. She was tall, finely formed, and queenly in her carriage. There was an Oriental look about her dark complexion and jet-black hair. Her features were as fine, Armand thought, as those of a Grecian statue; and her manners had the graceful cordiality of genuine high-breeding. All was well and winning at the first glance; but Armand felt before he was fairly seated, that there was something strangely disagreeable about the lady's brow and eyes, which looked hard and fixed, as if somehow cut out of the solid marble. This impression was deepened by his uncle's look when first introduced to her: it was one of previous acquaintance, mingled with something like absolute horror, and the bride responded with a glance of mocking triumph. But both were composed in an instant, and saluted each other as affectionate uncles and nieces ought to do.

Eugene did not seem to observe the circumstance, and Armand did not care to speak of it. It was so strange, so sudden; and his brother appeared to have grown so close and uncommunicative, even when they met in private, that he considered it more prudent, as well as polite, to keep silence, and a strict though concealed watch on his uncle and sister-in-law. That day, they all lived like a happy family: the old man praised his niece, approved of the whole establishment, and tried to look well-pleased and paternal; but he often relapsed into brown, or rather black studies; and once, when about to enter the *salon*, where madame and he had been left alone for a moment, Armand heard their voices in low but fierce altercation, which ceased the instant he opened the door.

A soirée had been given in honour of the rich uncle; but early in the afternoon, Lespeigne walked out to visit the Venetian ambassador; and when the company were assembling, a *laquais de place* arrived with a brief note, charging Armand with the presentation of his regrets and apologies, as he had just received a message from the doge, commanding his immediate attendance on business of the highest importance, and was already on his way to Venice. Armand knew not what to think, but he could not help keeping a more vigilant eye than ever on his sister-in-law. Her conduct was a model of dignified propriety. She had been presented at court with great *éclat*, and was now an acknowledged belle in the gay circles of Paris and Versailles; but the lady had no intimates, and never encouraged admiration. She had acquired considerable influence over her husband; but it was founded on deference, and not love. Eugene was proud of her beauty, of her high-breeding, and of the splendid style in which her fortune enabled him to live. It was natural he should give his friends frequent opportunities of seeing all these, and his house was one of the gayest in Paris. In its good company, deep play, and brilliant evenings, the mysterious appearances of his first day almost faded from Armand's recollection. Though less familiar than he could have wished, Madame de Bonneville and he continued on the best terms. An affectionate correspondence was kept up between him and his uncle; but Lespeigne declined, under one pretext or another, all invitations to renew his visit, and carefully avoided asking Armand to Venice. That was no good sign for the legacy; and Armand was beginning to wonder if he could not find an heiress to marry

under favour of his brother's stars, when the first ball of the carnival-time was given by the eccentric countess, Madame Penthièvre. Her house stood in a street which had been considered fashionable about the period of the Fronde, and was close upon the Faubourg St Antoine.

The known rank and wealth of the countess atoned for the antiquated situation of her hotel. It was her boast, that the best society in Paris had assembled there for 150 years; and her carnival-ball was always reckoned the grand event of the season. Half Paris was invited, and among the rest the Bonnevilles. Madame had purchased a magnificent dress for the occasion; but the same evening, a slight though sudden indisposition made her resolve on remaining at home, much to the disappointment of Eugene, who had largely anticipated the general enthusiasm his wife's appearance must have called forth in the ball-room; and only at the lady's earnest request would he consent to accompany Armand, and express her regrets to Madame Penthièvre.

The ball was brilliant, but Eugene missed the *prestige* of his lady's presence, which had now become in a manner indispensable; and by way of consolation, retired to the card-tables, in the furthest apartment of madame's splendid suite, where the play was deep, and continued far into the morning. Armand, after many endeavours, found a good opportunity of paying special attention to a wealthy dowager, and her plain but well-portioned daughter, on whose sensitive heart the experienced sieur flattered himself some impression had been made, as he handed the ladies to their carriage at four in the morning. The work had been hard, however; Armand felt fairly exhausted; and as Eugene was still at cards, he determined not to wait for the carriage, but go home alone by the shortest way. Having informed his brother of his intention, and wrapped himself up in a Spanish cloak, borrowed from madame's son-in-law, Don de Lasco—for the morning was cold—he proceeded through a narrow street of the Faubourg St Antoine, which then skirted the ancient Cemetery of the Innocents. No modern carriage could find room in it. The houses dated from the days of Anne of Bretagne, and had been mansions of the old nobles. They were still strong fabrics, from seven to eight storeys, with turreted roofs and sculptured doorways, particularly on the side next the cemetery; but the dead of centuries had raised its soil to a level with their second floors; and the people of St Antoine had tales about that street of sights and sounds which nobody could account for. It was said that no young children could be reared there; and some out of every family of new-comers were sure to die within the twelvemonth: in short, even the Jews did not care to live in it; and most of the houses had been deserted for years. The rank and fashion of Paris never thought of inquiring into such vulgar tales. Armand was thinking of his chance with the dowager's daughter, when, midway in the street, he was startled by a low voice, speaking as it seemed from the pavement. There was not a sound in the neighbourhood. At that hour, St Antoine was all asleep; but a lamp burned hard by before a great wooden crucifix—set up to commemorate the massacre of St Bartholomew—at the entrance of a narrow alley leading to the gate of the cemetery. By its light, Armand saw a black figure rise from the ground nearly at his feet, and stepped instinctively behind the great cross. The figure stood for a moment in the lamplight. It was a black nun, with veil and hood; but there was something in the motion which he knew, and as it turned to look up the dark alley, the veil fell aside, and Armand saw the face of his sister-in-law. Overwhelmed with astonishment, he stood in silence till she passed, and then followed, resolved not to lose sight of her; but never had the courtly sieur so rapid a walk. Whether with the knowledge that she was pursued or not, her steps grew quicker every moment; and after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. Here he lost all trace; and weary work it was finding his way home through those low neglected quarters; but he reached the Hôtel de Bonneville as day was breaking. The sleepy porter stared when he inquired if madame had yet arrived. Did not monseigneur know that madame had been indisposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

Armand was discreet enough to admit the mistake; but his faith in the testimony of his own eyes remained unshaken, and he could not sleep for wondering what his sister-in-law could find to do at such a place and hour. It was not a likely scene for an intrigue; but she might be a lady of peculiar taste: and all he had observed between her and old Lespeigne rose in Armand's memory. Was the porter in her secret? Jaques was an elderly, discreet man. He would take him into confidence, and trace out the affair without informing his brother, as it might endanger family peace, and give rise to scenes which the well-bred bachelor could not relish.

At their late breakfast, madame appeared as usual in an elegant morning-dress, declaring herself quite recovered, and all solicitude for intelligence of the ball. Armand gave her a full account, suppressing only his own walk through the faubourg, and no hint or glance betrayed their mutual concealment. Armand made the porter a present that very day, in preparation for madame's next illness; but she accompanied her husband to every succeeding assembly, and he had business of his own on hands, for the dowager's daughter had to be looked after.

The licence of the carnival week always brought queer faces and costumes from hidden corners of Paris, among the gay promenaders in garden and boulevard. They seemed to Armand more than usually numerous that year; and he could not help noticing, that some of the lowest and strangest-looking creatures cast looks of recognition on Madame de Bonneville as she passed in the splendour of plumes and diamonds. Wild rumours concerning the Cemetery of the Innocents, too, were growing more rife among the populace. Lights had been perceived in a deserted house of the faubourg, and figures, believed to be not of this world, seen coming from its gate.

Armand had been doing his *devoirs* on the last night of the carnival at a masquerade, in which his sister-in-law created quite a sensation by her superb acting in three different characters; and going out next noon on a permitted visit to the dowager, he perceived that something extraordinary had discomposed Jaques. Mindful of his plan, Armand paused, and hoped his wife was well? 'Thank monseigneur, she was.' And himself? Jaques hesitated; he was quite well, but there was a trouble in his mind. Would monseigneur speak with him a moment?

Armand assented. Jaques led the way to his own dormitory close by the gate, and having carefully closed the door, said: 'Monseigneur, my wife and I have kept the Hôtel de Bonneville these thirty years: thank God for the good-fortune that has come into it! but we can't keep silence on a matter which concerns the family. You know, we had but one daughter: we called her Marie for the Virgin; and maybe the Virgin took her out of this bad world, for her mother found her dead and cold in her own bed on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, when she was to have taken her first communion. All our people had lived in the Faubourg St Antoine, and been buried in the Cemetery of the Innocents. We laid Marie there too; and to comfort our poor hearts, made a vow that we would go together every night in the carnival week to pray an hour at our child's grave: we didn't mind the stories that are going

about the place—neither my wife nor I was afraid when Mario was there. Don't laugh at me, monseigneur, for, God knows, I speak the truth. Three times last week we both saw a woman in black clothes, once in the street, once in the alley, and last night looking in at the gate. I saw her face as plain as I see yours now: monseigneur, as I am a Christian, it was Madame de Bonneville!'

This revelation put the last fine edge on Armand's curiosity; besides, when servants began to observe it was time to take active measures. The old porter could be depended on; and by talking with him on the subject, Armand learned a fact regarding the great old house which, if he ever heard before, had escaped his memory—namely, that a small staircase, hidden by the drapery of madame's chamber, led to an oratory or private chapel long disused, and looking out on a narrow crooked lane, from which, by bystreets and alleys, one might reach the Marais. This accounted for madame's secret egress; but what business had she in the neighbourhood of the Innocents? Jaques's head was full of tales heard from his grandmother of sorcerers who required the hearts of such as died in mortal sin, and corpses nine nights buried; yet, for the honour of the family, he volunteered to watch in the cemetery every night during Lent, saying there was an angel in heaven who would take care of him. Armand caught at the proposal, for, though educated above vulgar superstition, there was something so darkly mysterious about the matter, that he did not care attempting it alone, and thought it wiser to inform his brother also. The dowager and her daughter considered him singularly absent and uninteresting in his visit; but on Armand's return he found madame gone to mass, and Eugene alone in the library. The opportunity was not to be neglected; and with proper circumspection, he told him all he had heard and seen of his wife. To his surprise, Eugene was prepared for the revelation. He had missed madame at extraordinary hours, and once believed he saw her pass him in the streets at midnight in company with a low, wicked-looking foreigner, but could never think of mentioning it till then. In the restored confidence of former days, the prudent brothers devised a scheme of discovery.

By their direction, the old porter that evening requested leave to visit his only brother in the north, who was said to be seriously ill. The leave was granted; Jaques assumed his travelling trim, took leave of his wife and fellow-servants, but walked straight to a poor inn near the ill-reputed street of St Antoine, where he put on a workman's blouse, a red wig, and a patch over his right eye; handed the landlord a louis in advance, and said he would remain as long as things pleased him. Next day, the brothers went to hear the bishop's Lent sermon; and on their return, pretending to be seized with one of those sudden fits of devotion incidental to the Parisian *beau monde*, declared their intention of joining for that Lent the order of Repentant Sinners, lately introduced from Italy, and then in considerable vogue among the wealthy devout. This order admitted temporary members; and its distinguishing duties consisted of wandering about in dirty, ragged clothes, never sleeping the second night in one place, and living in all respects like the meanest of the people. Madame, who pretended to devotion herself, warmly encouraged their pious intent; and, properly provided with rags and staves, they set out on the following Saturday, to the great edification of their neighbours, for Versailles, the chosen scene of their penitence, as it had been of their thoughtless youth. Once in Versailles, each purchased the dress of a workman, and thus equipped, they returned to Paris the same night—Armand joining the porter at his inn, while Eugene repaired to the narrow lane behind his own mansion, where he took lodgings with a widow who had one room to let, and was seldom sober. This woman had a son, her only support, though he followed no legitimate trade, and was from birth a dwarfish creature, with two equal humps behind and before. But nature had also endowed Jules with a keen sight, extraordinary agility, and a power of avoiding observation which made him a valuable assistant to the secret police; and it was known that they kept him in almost constant employment.

The best informed on such matters at that time understood, that this dreaded force was particularly active on some scent known only to itself. Eugene had heard nothing of it, but he took Jules into partnership in watching the chapel window, promising him twenty louis if he could follow and guide him to the destination of whoever came out. The window was high and narrow, and opposite was an angle formed by a projecting house, where, after dark, Eugene and his companion took their station, each provided with a dark-lantern, while, according to agreement, Armand and old Jaques posted themselves behind the cross in the alley leading to the gate of the Innocents. All the first night they saw nothing; but Jules found out that madame had been at midnight mass in the Capuchin convent. On the second, she had a serious soirée, to which the company brought their rosaries, and supped on a salad; but as the clock of St Germain chimed twelve, Jules perceived a black figure slide noiselessly down from the chapel window, and speed up the lane: he followed as quietly; and Eugene followed him, imitating all his motions. It was a wonder to the sieurs, in after-days, what turns and windings they made through the obscure lanes and alleys of old Paris; but the figure never slackened its speed, and neither did the pursuers, till they almost reached the gate of the Innocents. Here Eugene perceived his companion cower in a corner, and he followed his example, as their chase paused and looked round. He did not see the face, but he could have sworn it was madame. Satisfied that all was safe, she stooped over the massive grate of an old cellar which they had not seen till then, and thrust her fingers through the bars. Eugene heard a bell ring, then a voice, which she answered with some words in a strange language, and the grate slowly opened inwards. There was a sound of whispers far below, and a red light, which shewed a stone staircase, and the wicked-looking foreigner near its top. The new-comer's foot was on the first step, when Armand, rushing from his hiding-place, seized her by the black robe. Eugene and old Jaques were close behind him, but they caught a gleam of steel in the woman's hand, and, with the sound of a stunning blow, Armand fell back upon them, as the grate banged after her; while Jules, stepping out, flung a box of portable fireworks high into the air, and the next moment they were surrounded by a company of *mousquetaires*. Provided with flambeaux, pickaxes, and crows, they forced open the grate, and descended, calling on those within to surrender in the king's name. No one replied; and when fairly below, they found it was not a cellar, but a burial-vault—the house above occupying the site of an ancient abbey. There were some score of stone-coffins there; and in the further extremity, a complete furnace, on which a crucible of base metal in a state of fusion still remained; while a coiner's apparatus stood on the lid of one granite coffin, and a forger's tools were left on another. Close by the furnace, another grate opened on a low-arched passage, leading far under houses and cellars to a long ruined mansion on the other side of the faubourg. No individual, coin, or note could be discovered; but after that, there was great and public search made for what was called the Coining Company, whom the secret police had traced through every city in Europe, especially Venice, by the number of counterfeit notes and coins they put in circulation, which were said to have been so well executed, that they deceived the most experienced

bankers. Some of its members were long afterwards taken in the towns of Hungary, but Catherine de Chatelaine was never more heard of. Armand bore the mark of the lady's hand in a deep scar on the brow till his dying day; the surgeon said it must have been inflicted by a Turkish yataghan, and he believed it the chief obstacle to his final conquest of the dowager's daughter. The Hôtel de Bonneville lost all its gaiety, and, though a more splendid residence than it had once been, relapsed into the keeping of old Jaques and his wife. The brothers continued to live there, but in a sober fashion, and paid more attention for the rest of their lives to mass and sermons. Armand's hope of inheritance failed with that of Eugene's marriage; for when the inquiry waxed warm in Venice, the private secretary of his Sublime Highness obtained leave to enter a Franciscan convent; and the only light ever thrown on that strange confederacy, was conveyed in the grand vizier's answer to an ambassador's question regarding the convent of St Eustachia: 'It was destroyed, because the Christians learned to make bad sequins there.'

DACCA MUSLIN.

We have on former occasions followed with some minuteness the history of cotton-spinning and weaving in our own country. We have now to lead the reader to the spot where this branch of industry appears to be perfectly indigenous, where it has existed in its present state for many centuries—we know not how many, history vouches for sixteen at least—and whence we, in common with other European nations, obtained that knowledge of the art on which we have made such wonderful advances. It is in India, and chiefly on the banks of the Megna, in the province of Dacca, that nature has provided the raw material, and the human organisation in such perfection, that with the rudest and most primitive instruments, such delicate fabrics have been produced as we have been able to rival only by the use of the most various and complicated machinery, improved year after year by all the skill which our scientific men have brought to bear upon it. We are old enough to remember the time when the best of our home-manufactures were so homely, that no muslin but 'real India' was deemed suitable for the higher purposes of a lady's toilet; and yet it appears that very rarely did the finest productions of the Hindoo loom find their way to our shores. They were manufactured exclusively to order for the native princes, who prohibited their subjects, under severe penalties, from disposing of them to any one else; and it has been the decline of the native governments, much more than of the British demand, that has caused these manufactures to fall into comparative decay. Sufficient encouragement, however, is still given by the wealthier natives, to keep the art from falling into disuse; so that the East India Company obtained a collection of very fine specimens for exhibition at the Crystal Palace last year. The opinion of the jurors was, that though wonderful productions under the circumstances, they were deficient in finish, and in the evenness which is the result of our machinery. They took no cognisance of the fact, however—which probably it was not their business to ascertain—that while the 'finish' of our fabrics disappears in the first washing, and they lose more and more of their transparent beauty at every subsequent one, the application of moisture invariably swelling the thread and thickening the muslin, the Dacca fabric continually improves by the same process, and possesses a durability both of beauty and substance of which ours is destitute. We know that the publication of this fact is not for the good of trade; we only desire to whisper it in the ears of our manufacturers, that they have something yet to learn which has been known for ages to the poor Hindoo, who would not purchase yarn that he found to swell with wetting. We recommend them to study a volume lately published* by a resident at Dacca, in which all the processes are not only minutely described, but amply illustrated, if so be they may obtain any light on this valuable secret. Meanwhile, we shall pass cursorily over the ground, for the information of the general reader.

The plant which yields the cotton of which these fabrics are made is called *photee*. It differs even in outward appearance from the common herbaceous cotton-plant of Bengal (*Gossypium herbaceum*), being more erect, less branched and pubescent, having the lobes of the leaves more pointed, and the whole plant tinged with red. The staple of the cotton also is longer, much finer, and softer. Its favourite *locale* is a tract of land extending about forty miles in length, and, in some places, three in breadth, along the banks of the Megna from Feringybazar. It is cultivated with success in some other parts of the province of Dacca, but all attempts to raise it beyond these limits have failed; nor has there yet been found in any part of the world a variety of cotton to compare with it for the combination of fineness with strength and pliability, though the longer-fibred American is much better adapted for our machinery. Two crops of photee may be raised in a year; but that gathered in spring yields the finest produce, its vegetation being less rapid, and therefore stronger, and less liable to swell in bleaching than that which grows during the summer months. The *kapas*—that is, wool with the seeds in it—having been picked from the pods in April and May, is cleaned and prepared by the spinner. She carefully picks out with her fingers any fragments of the leaves, stalks, or capsules of the plant that may be found in it, and then, with the unwearied patience that characterises her race, she sits down to clean the fibre of every separate seed. This is done with the jaw bone of the *boalee* fish, which, having small, close, and recurved teeth, acts as a fine comb to remove all extraneous matter, as well as the loose fibres of cotton which are much coarser than those which adhere to the seed. The carding being thus accomplished, she places a small quantity at a time on a smooth, flat board, and rolls an iron pin on it backwards and forwards, in such a manner as gently to detach the fibre from the seeds without crushing them. The cotton is then teased with a small hand-bow made of bamboo, with a cord of catgut, silk, or strong vegetable fibre. The centre-piece of this bow, in which the cotton is placed, has two elastic and movable slips of bamboo within it, and by increasing or diminishing the tension of the cord, they are drawn out or pushed back. The cotton thus reduced to the state of light, downy fleece, is spread out and lapped round a thick roller; and when this is withdrawn, it is pressed between two flat boards. It is then rolled round a piece of lacquered reed of the size of a quill; and lastly, it is deposited in a piece of the soft skin of the *cuchia* fish, to keep it clean.

The skill of the Hindoo women in spinning the wool thus prepared is almost incredible. They seem to have a delicacy of touch superior to any nation on the face of the earth; and so nicely is this calculated, that when the finest thread is wanted, it is committed only to women under thirty years of age. The whole apparatus consists of the roll of cotton already described, a delicate spindle of iron or bamboo, a piece of shell embedded in clay to rest it on, and a piece of chalk to keep the fingers dry. The spinner, seated on the ground, holds in her left hand the roll of cotton, and in her right the spindle, in an inclined position, its lower point resting on the shell. Now she twirls it between thumb and finger, drawing out the filaments

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* *The Cotton Manufacture of Dacca.* By a Former Resident. London: John Mortimer.

from the mass, and, at the same time twisting them into yarn on the spindle. A certain degree of humidity, with a temperature of about 82 degrees Fahrenheit, is the atmospheric condition most favourable to this process; for too great heat or dryness prevents the attenuation of the filaments. The finest yarn, therefore, is spun early in the morning, while the dew is yet on the grass; and if this be wanting, a shallow vessel of water is placed under the spinner's left hand, and the evaporation supplies the requisite moisture.

When a certain quantity is spun, it is wound from the spindle upon a reed. It is either sold privately to *paikars* (agents), who go round the villages to buy it for the weavers, or is carried to the weekly markets and annual fairs. The finest brings 8 rupees per *tola*—that is, about 16s. for 180 grains troy. The native weavers usually judge of the fineness of the yarn by the eye alone. The only mode there appears to be of ascertaining it by weight and measure, requires such delicate manipulation, that few except the operatives themselves can perform it. The standard quality of the yarn used in the manufacture of the court muslins, is said to have been about forty yards to a grain; but much finer is sometimes made. 'A skein,' says our author, 'which a native weaver measured in my presence in 1846, and which was afterwards carefully weighed, proved to be in the proportion of upwards of 250 miles to the pound of cotton.'

It is almost impossible for the weaver to obtain, of exactly uniform quality, enough of yarn for a web. He therefore reserves for the woof a sufficient quantity of the finest, and prepares that for the warp, by steeping it for three days in water, which is changed twice a day. It is then reeled into skeins of convenient size, which are steeped in water, and tightly twisted between two sticks, after which it is left to dry in the sun. The next process is to untwist the skeins, and put them for two days into water, mixed with fine charcoal powder, lamp-black, or soot. Again they are rinsed in clear water, wrung out, and dried in the shade. After another night's steeping, the yarn is spread on a flat board, and rubbed over with a starch made of parched rice. Now it is wound on large reels, dried quickly in the sun, and sorted for warping. The finest is put on the right-hand side of the web, the second quality on the left, and the coarsest in the centre. The warping is performed in the open air upon rods of bamboo driven into the ground, the weaver walking among them with a wheel of yarn in each of his hands, and crossing the threads between each pair of rods. The yarn for the woof is not prepared till two days before it is to be used, and only a sufficient quantity for one day's work undergoes at a time the processes of steeping, reeling, sizing, and drying.

The Indian loom is horizontal, and is said to resemble that used by the ancient Egyptians. At Dacca, it is always erected under a roof; its lateral standards are four bamboo posts firmly fixed in the ground. They are connected above by side-pieces supporting the transverse rods, to which the slings of the lay or batten, and the balances of the heddles, are attached. The warp, wound on the end-roll (or yarn-beam), and having the reed and heddles attached to it, is brought to the loom and fixed to the breast-roll (cloth-beam) by a small slip of bamboo passed through the loops of the warp, and received in a longitudinal groove in the beam. Both the end and breast rolls rest either in scooped shoulder-posts, or in strong looped cords attached to the four lateral standards. As the Hindoo knows nothing of stool, chair, or other seat than the ground, he digs a hole a foot and a half deep, into which he sinks his bamboo treadles.

According to the Hindoo institutions, weaving is the sole and legitimate business of the Tantees, one of the nine pure castes of Sūdras, though many others have encroached on their trade. A certain number of the kamar or blacksmith class devote themselves to the manufacture of the shuttles, which are made of the light wood of the betel-nut tree, and pointed with iron. The reeds are made of fine slips of bamboo, firmly fixed between ribs of split cane, the finest reed used containing 2800 dents in a length of 40 inches. The reedmakers are a gipsy-like tribe of low caste, living all the year round in boats on the rivers. The reels and other implements are manufactured by those whose business it is to work in bamboo. They are sold, like the yarn, at the fairs and markets. The whole cost of the weaving apparatus amounts to about ten shillings!

When all things are ready, the weaver sits down on a mat, with the right leg bent under him, and the left in the hole where the treadles lie. Pressing one of these with his great toe, and thus forming the shed in the warp above, he passes the shuttle from one hand to the other, and strikes home each shot of the weft with the lay. Though slender and delicate his form, yet his fine sensibility of touch, his nice perception of weight, and that singular command of muscle, by which he uses his toes almost as effectively as his fingers, enable him to produce the most delicate fabric with appliances which would scarcely serve the rigid and clumsy fingers of a European to weave a piece of canvas.

The same condition of the atmosphere necessary for fine spinning is that most suitable for weaving; the morning and afternoon are, therefore, in like manner, chosen for the work, and the finest muslins must be made during about three months from the middle of May. If the weather is very hot and dry, shallow vessels of water are placed under the threads of the warp, to keep them from breaking, which has given rise to the report, that the muslin is sometimes woven under water. The muslins are plain, striped, checked, or figured; and are distinguished by various names indicative of their texture, origin, or use. The finest plain fabric now manufactured is *mulmul khas* (literally, made or reserved for royal use), in imitation of which we have long woven what is called among us mull muslin. It was a specimen of this—ten yards long by one broad, and valued at L.10—that occupied the centre place in the collection which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It contained 1800 threads in the warp, weighed 3 oz. 2 dwts. 14 grs. troy, and was described as so delicate, that it would pass easily through the smallest finger-ring. On the first display of these fabrics on the 21st May, we are told by a journal of the day, 'they excited the special wonder and admiration of Her Majesty and Prince Albert,' who, it appears, did not perceive the want of 'finish.' 'The Queen, with her intuitive perception of the graceful, expressed her surprise that, with such opportunities of suitable personal decoration, English ladies should persevere in disfiguring themselves with the stiff material which now goes to the construction of dresses.' We could tell her one reason. A lady may now have for two shillings a yard a British muslin, which looks as well as the Indian at twenty, and, indeed, better to him who has an eye only to the 'finish.' Besides, the taste of the day is for the massive; and if one of our countrywomen did deign to appear in a dress which might be mistaken for a twenty-penny muslin, she would deem it necessary to wear beneath it a slip of satin so rich that, as the vulgar say, it might stand alone. Not so the Oriental beauty. She multiplies skirt upon skirt—*pang*, as she calls it—of her beautiful muslin, till the ends of decorum are answered—the only ones which dress is required to serve in her sunny clime. We have read of an Indian prince who found fault with the inadequacy of his daughter's dress in this respect; and it was urged in the young lady's justification, that she had on five pangs. We doubt if three times that number of such material would be deemed decent in England even for an opera-dancer. But to return.

As though nature would leave nothing wanting to the perfection of this elegant manufacture, there are several tracts of country where the water, according to the testimony of several old writers, has been for ages celebrated for giving peculiar whiteness to the cloths washed in it. Such a property is now attributed to the wells at Naraindeah, where the bleaching of Dacca muslins is principally carried on. The finer kinds are exempted from the process of beating on a board, which is the Hindoo mode of washing all less delicate fabrics. After steeping in pure water, in large semicircular vessels of earthenware, they are *bucked*—that is, immersed for some hours in an alkaline lye, composed of native soap and impure carbonate of soda. They are then *crofted*—that is, kept on the grass in a wet state for some time, and steamed after a peculiar fashion. Each piece is twisted in the form of a loose bundle, and a number are piled one above another to the height of five or six feet on the top of an earthen vessel furnished with a wide mouth, and containing eight or ten gallons of water. A fire is kindled below this boiler, and the steam rising through its mouth is diffused through the mass of cloth above. For ten or twelve days, these processes are repeated—bucking and crofting during the day, and steaming during the night. After the last steaming, they are steeped in clear water acidulated with lime-juice. The bleachers are all Hindoos of the *dhobee* (washermen) caste.

After bleaching, the muslins are delivered wet to *nurdeeahs*, who comb them—that is, arrange the threads that may have been displaced in the bleaching, drawing lightly over them an instrument formed of the spines of the nagphunee plant (*Cactus Indicus*). They are then transferred to *rafugars*, or darners, a very exclusive class of Mohammedan workmen, who display a degree of dexterity with the needle almost equal to that of the Hindoos at the loom. They remove weavers' knots, join threads that may have broken, and form the gold and silver headings to each piece. If a coarse thread is discovered in the warp, an expert rafugar can extract the whole length of twenty yards, and replace it with one of the finest quality. After every damage has been repaired, and every blemish removed, the muslins are beetled with smooth *chank* shells on a block of tamarind wood, rice-water being sprinkled over them during the operation. They are then ironed between sheets of paper by *istrawallahs*, who are also Mohammedans.

The usual dimensions of all webs, except those of the finest mull, are twenty yards in length by one in breadth. One end of the piece is generally fringed, four or five threads of the warp being twisted together and knotted, as is the case with the mummy-cloths of Egypt. The preparation of the warp-thread occupies two men about thirty days, and the weaving of a twenty-yard piece sixty days; one being employed in plying the shuttle, the other in preparing the daily quantum of yarn and attending to the loom. When the time of the spinner, the bleacher, the darner, and the ironer, is added, we no longer wonder either at the high price of the muslin, or the fact, that an order requires to be given five or six months before the time that the goods are wanted.

The last operation we have to describe is packing. To an Englishman, the word at once suggests deal-boxes, if not nails and cords besides. Not at all. In the palmy days of the Mogul Empire, when a certain quantity of muslin formed part of the emperor's tribute, a sufficient number of bamboo-canes, about eighteen inches long and one in diameter, were handsomely lacquered and gilded; into each of these was packed a piece of muslin twenty or two and twenty yards long. These cylindrical cases, like all other articles intended as offerings to the emperor, were paraded in great state through the streets of the town to the residence of the Nawaub before being forwarded to Delhi. So we read in Tavernier, that when Mohammed Ali Beg returned to Persia from India, he presented the king with a cocoa-nut shell studded with pearls, on opening which there was found within a turban of India muslin sixty cubits long.

In addition, however, to what the Mogul sovereigns received in the shape of presents, they maintained establishments at Dacca, Sunargong, Junglebarge, and Bazetpore, for the manufacture of mull muslins for the royal wardrobe at Delhi. The most expert weavers in the province were selected for these factories, and superintended with great strictness, in order that no thread should be used except that approved as of standard quality. The court also monopolised much that was manufactured in the weavers' own dwellings, and, as we have already mentioned, forbade the disposal of the finer qualities to persons of inferior rank. The East India Company, also, had long a depôt at Dacca, to which their agents brought the goods which they had collected from weavers throughout the country; and in order to secure which, to the exclusion of private merchants and foreign factories, they advanced a great part of the money on condition of receiving the muslins within a stipulated time. This establishment was closed in 1817, and India muslin has since been gradually disappearing from among us.

TRIALLVILLE AND MODERN TIMES.

All knowledge is valuable, and so may a little information about Triallville and Modern Times—two Yankee cities that have sprung up of late—the one in Ohio, and the other in the neighbourhood of New York. They are of too recent origin to find a place as yet in the map or the gazetteer, and their names are too odd-looking ever to become familiar appellatives, though sober contributions to geography compared with the great mass of curious names with which Jonathan is filling up his maps. Nearly every name is strange at first; and people will get accustomed to Triallville and Modern Times, as they have got accustomed to New Town, Old Castle, Cam Bridge, or Ox Ford.

The founder of these two cities (*N.B.*, the smallest plurality of houses is called a *city* in America) is the Hon. Josiah Warren, of Indiana, at one time a believer in Robert Owen, and a quondam citizen of New Harmony, Mr Owen's 'Paradise Regained' in the Far West. Of this place, nothing more need be said than what Robert Owen himself said of it—that it worked as well as a steam-engine would work, of which the cylinder had been set up, and the builders failed to command the funds to put in the piston. Mr Warren's experience of New Harmony cured him of Socialism, or at least of Owenism, as the true science of society.

Still he believed that there was such a thing as a science of society, and, consequently, such a thing as a fundamental, controlling law of social life, which, if discovered, would enable men to direct the energies of humanity to an appropriate destiny. Very true; but it does not appear that such a law either has been discovered, or is discoverable by abstract speculation. Society can only advance by the light of *experience*; and only at a certain stage of experience will the full majesty, simplicity, and efficiency, of the great social law develop itself. Like many wiser men, Mr Warren believes that he has discovered it; but what a poor figure their discoveries make when they come to be clearly defined and analysed! To be sure, Mr Warren restricts his discovery to the labour problem. He enters the field as a political economist rather than as a Socialist, and merely lays down the law of equitable

commerce, not the law of social progress and harmony. What is that law? Mr Warren has, we believe, expounded it himself in a recent work which we have not seen; but we have had an opportunity of examining another work on the subject by a gentleman named Stephen Pearl Andrews, a zealous and eloquent apostle of the system. From his statements, we learn that they seek the principle of social prosperity, not in what is called Socialism or Communism, but in the very opposite ism called 'Individualism.' This doctrine, though as old as 'creation' as a potential idea, was first developed and appropriated as the fundamental basis of a system of the universe, by William Maccall, in his *Elements of Individualism*, a work of singular originality, though not free from the fancies and eccentricities which frequently accompany true genius. Mr Warren has adopted this doctrine of individualism, and made a specific application of it to political economy, with the view of evolving the true principle of equitable commerce. The application is perfectly legitimate; but the formula in which it is embodied, or, as we may express it, the particular shape which the application assumes, does not strike us as being either important or correct. The 'five points' of the new system are stated to be:—1. Individuality; 2. The sovereignty of each individual; 3. Cost the limit of price; 4. A circulating medium, founded on the cost of labour; 5. Adaptation of the supply to the demand. 'Individuality' is the fundamental principle of the system, and 'cost the limit of price' is the economical formula which is to revolutionise the commercial world. On this head, Mr Andrews remarks: 'It is capable of satisfactory demonstration, that out of the adoption of a simple change in the commercial system of the world, by which *cost* and not *value* shall be recognised as the limit of *price*, will grow, legitimately, all the wealth-producing, equitable, co-operating, and harmonising results which Socialism has hitherto sought to realise through the combination or amalgamation of interests; while, at the same time, it will leave intact the individualities of existing society, and even promote them to an extent not hitherto conceived of.'

This is a fair promise: we must next look out for its performance. This societary theory has become a societary *fact*, and it is as such that we call attention to it. Triallville and Modern Times are realities. The former 'contains as yet only about twenty families, or 100 inhabitants, having a present prospect of a pretty rapid increase of numbers. Another village upon the same principle is about being organised in the vicinity of New York.' The second village here referred to is Modern Times, which has come into being since the date of this quotation. Though too young to be noticed in books, it already furnishes its items of information to the New York papers. They have room for any quantity of such experimental cities in America; and it is astonishing to see how quietly such nonconforming communities take their place and run their career in the general current of life as it flows there. A description of this infant Utopia will both interest the reader and explain in the most palpable form the meaning of the cost principle.

The city of Modern Times is situated on Long Island, about forty miles from New York. It consists of a large tract of level arable land, upon which are erected a few houses—brick, frame, and log—of various sizes. The city plot, a pretty extensive one, is surveyed in lots of one acre each, and the price is inflexibly twenty dollars. There is no speculation; it is a 'fixed-price' city. Buy now, or five years hence, and your acre will cost you twenty dollars, which is exactly what the land cost; the only addition will be the cost of survey and title. If you go to live in Modern Times, everything you wish to buy—house, furniture, clothing, food, everything—will be sold you at cost. The principle upon which the city is begun is, that every man charges a fair price for his labour, but no profit. You buy shoes at the cost of the material, *plus* the labour of making them. Every man abjures all desire or design to overreach his neighbour. Price is valued by labour, and labour is valued by time and trouble. Every man is thus satisfied with a 'fair day's wage for a fair day's work.' The most disagreeable work claims the highest remuneration. Washerwomen, shoeblacks, and scavengers, constitute the aristocracy of Modern Times; while lawyers, clergymen, and *littérateurs*, are at the foot of the scale. *Quantity* of work, not *quality*, rules the market at Modern Times. The hands carry it over the heads. For ourselves, therefore, should we ever emigrate to America, we must eschew Modern Times, unless we can make up our mind to turn ox-driver instead of quill-driver. And yet, if they allow each man to measure the amount of his own repugnance to his own work, we might fare there as well as our neighbours. It must be noted, too, as an inconsistency in a system which seeks to beatify labour, that the more beatific the labour, the less valuable is the estimate put upon it. So far the Modern Times people seem to be Fourierists; but Fourierism is not the basis of their system. They do not believe in combined labour or combined interests: every man stands on his own individuality in thinking and working. He is given to understand, that not only is he to mind his own business, but strenuously to let other people's alone. Every one must take care of himself; the community, as such, takes no charge of him. Providence is the business of the individual, not of the society. There is no arrangement for drones: there is no chance for profit, pickings, or plunder. They adopt the maxim: 'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' Clearly, if Modern Times can only guarantee the *industry* and *honesty* of each of its citizens, it will both thrive and live to be Ancient Times; and the same may be said of every community.

There is really nothing more in the practical aspect of the system. The same guarantees will insure the same success everywhere. The system is right in seeking the law of social order in Individualism; it is right in discarding benevolence, and in accepting selfishness as the motive-power of social progress. Social destiny must be conditionated upon a universal and ineradicable tendency, such as the latter sentiment is, and the former is not. Moreover, as a progress principle, the latter lies at the basis of society, while the former is one of its culminating attributes. This is a fact not to be evaded; and what is wanted, therefore —the legitimisation of individuality and selfhood, their economisation as social forces, and their subjection to such regulations as will naturally and necessarily secure 'equitable commerce.' It is in this direction that social reformers should direct their labours. Benevolence shews well as one of the Christian graces, but it cuts a poor figure as a prime social force.

Mr Warren is also said to be the author of a discovery in art which, if correct, will do more to render his own name distinguished, and to benefit mankind, than his discoveries in social science. He has discovered that the silicious earth of the mother-soil around him, as dug from the ground, may be mixed with shell-lac and other ingredients, in proportions which he has fixed, so as to become a type-material as solid as metal, of sharper edge, and more enduring. This earth exists in untold quantities in Indiana. Mixed with the other ingredients, and cast into sheets ready for use by the stereotyper, it does not cost a tithe of the price of type-metal. By this process, though every man cannot yet become his own printer, he can become his own stereotyper. Mr Warren takes copies of all his own works by this method, and stores away his stereotype plates at as little expense and trouble as taking an impression on paper. The invention is much talked of in America. A good deal of printing has already been done with

it at Washington, and the Smithsonian Institute is adopting it for its great catalogue of American libraries. So far, it promises well. If individuality be a principle of any power, the press, and whatever tends to improve it, are the most efficient promoters of individuality.

CONFESSIONS OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

We have lately been a little amused, and not a little instructed, by a literary work of more utility than pretence. The individuals it is addressed to are not of high station, either social or intellectual; and they are not very numerous, we trust, as a body; but the lesson it inculcates is of universal applicability, and requires only a few circumstantial modifications to come home to the business and bosoms of us all. The author is an ex-player—or rather an ex-aspirant; for the lofty object of his ambition—the legitimate stage—always retreated before him as he advanced in his pilgrimage towards it, till at length he turned back in despair. So sick is he of the pursuit, that he has adopted the prosaic name of Paterson for his title-page, although in all probability 'Montmorency,' 'Clinton,' 'Percy,' or some other high-sounding vocable, was his designation in the bills. We cannot congratulate him on possessing high autobiographical talent, nor can we felicitate him on the external aspect of his work, which, in truth, consists of three indifferently printed twopenny numbers; but having arrived at conviction, from internal evidence, of the authenticity of the narrative, we are not anxious about other matters.

Mr Paterson was in the possession of an income that almost procured for him the privilege of paying the income-tax, when, in an evil hour, his employer rebuked him for some blunder, caused no doubt by his dramatic propensities, and he forthwith resolved to betake himself to the buskin. Hamlet was modestly selected as his first part, and Paisley, with less assurance, was fixed on as the locality for his *début*.

'About seven o'clock on the awful evening, I arrived at the theatre, and for the first time was ushered into the dressing-room. Dressing-room!—there was only one used in common by all the gentlemen of the company. . . . Here was my Laertes apologising for the want of his only shirt, which had not come from the washerwoman in time. Seated in a corner, the kind-hearted Paddy W——, as he got into the costume of the king, was bewailing the loss of an *illigant* pair of tights and a quantity of boots, which had gone the way of all theatrical properties in a bad season at Clonmel. W——, the renowned "buster," was beseeching a notice for the loan of his coat. Polonius was dressed from my wardrobe. Indeed, the only comfortable person as to costume was A—— , the low comedian, who was lending, for a consideration, dresses to his more needy brethren.'

Mr Paterson, when he faced the audience, was unable to utter a word, owing to stage-fright, and was thereupon hissed. This failure at the outset did not scare him from his new profession, but it satisfied him that before climbing 'the heights where fame's proud temple shines afar,' it would be politic to familiarise himself with the lower altitudes of the drama. Accordingly, he sojourned for a season at Greenock, taking his share of what are technically denominated 'the second and third utilities.' Subsequently, he took his departure for Ayrshire, joining the scene-painter and one or two more of the company in a joint-stock speculation. Wherever he went, our author's commercial habits never forsook him; and we have a weekly-return of receipts in the 'land of Burns,' given with an exactitude worthy of Mr Joseph Hume: 'We generally played in the large room of a public-house, and our receipts were poor indeed, averaging generally from six to sixteen shillings per night, out of which travelling expenses, living expenses, printing expenses, and theatrical expenses, had to be paid. Our receipts for the first week were:—Monday, 8s.; Wednesday, 5s.; Thursday, 4s. 6d.; Saturday, 20s.—making a grand total of 37s. 6d. And when this fell to be divided among five people, after deducting all necessary and paid expenditure of some 2s. 6d. for candles, &c., it left us about 7s. per head to live upon, which any reader not actually destitute of arithmetical perception, will find gives an average of 1s. per day. I leave it to economists, social and political, to say how such a salary ought to be expended.'

Mr Paterson in due time found his way to English ground, and failing in obtaining an appointment in a regular theatre, he accepted an engagement in a booth at Birkenhead. 'The company,' says he, 'was numerous, and quite *au fait* to their business; and business in a booth is quite different from business in a theatre. Things go off with the rapidity of lightning—Richard runs his wicked career, and gets killed off-hand in twenty minutes. A piece follows, with a couple of good combats, a comic song, a dance, and a screaming farce, and the performances are over for a time. In this way, especially on a Saturday night, is audience after audience entertained; and tired with their tremendous exertions, the wearied company, after pocketing their share - this speculation was also co-operative—retire to rest as they best may.' The author gives an accurate statement of the share system as it obtained in this establishment, the average receipts of which were eight or nine pounds per diem. Mr H— — was the lion of the booth, and shared accordingly, as will be seen from the following scheme for the allotment of profits: - 1 share for Mr H—— as manager; 1 share as actor; 2 shares as proprietor; 1 share for tear and wear; 1 share for properties, &c. -total, 6 shares for Mr H— —; 4 shares for ladies; 7 shares for gentlemen; 1 share for odd man; 1 share for supernumeraries; 1 share for two horses; 3 shares for band. Total, 23 shares.

Mr Paterson performed three weeks with this peripatetic company, and realised some twenty-five shillings a week. This was very comfortable—nay, luxurious. But what he sought was something more than hot suppers and pots of porter. The dream of his youthful ambition was still in the distance, and he longed for a connection with a regular licensed temple, where *Richard* could command the elbow-room of five acts. There was, however, no opening, and he had to accept an engagement in the circus of Mr Pablo Fanque, whose Ethiopean acuteness detected the seeds of genius in the aspirant; and he was not only promoted to a Clownship, but appointed to compile dramatic pieces for the hippodrome. But even saw-dust honours could not satisfy Mr Paterson.

'After a time, when the novelty of my clownship began to decay, I felt again a restless desire for change; and although my position was tolerably comfortable, I resolved on leaving, and once more endeavouring to get a position on the regular boards. The Clown, although he appears a very funny fellow in the circus, has his sorrows—and his position entails on him a great many disagreeables that the public wot not of. His exertions at rehearsal are as great as those of any of the other performers; and he has to be on the constant rack for new jests and anecdotes: these have all to be arranged with the Ring-master; and if you hit upon a few really good ones, and get a volley of laughter—all your reward—you obtain as a counterbalance the malicious envy of the other Clowns and the disagreeable *chaff* of the rest.'

The metropolis was now tried, but in vain. 'I had come up to London at the wrong time for an engagement. It was a very hot summer, and few of the theatres were open. Week after week was passing on, and my stock of cash was fleeting rapidly away, but no engagement came. It was in vain that I rushed to the "Sporting Bear," every Friday evening, to read the first

edition of the *Era*. It was equally in vain that I rushed with like celerity to my lodgings, to write to all the theatres which I saw about to open—no engagement came. Letter after letter was sent: it was a mere waste of postage. At last, I was about to give up—I was at my last guinea, when an advertisement caught my eye from —— the agent. It was 7s. 6d. dead before the great man would say one word to me; but at last I was made happy—an engagement was offered, and it almost took away my breath. A town in Essex was the spot; Crosby was the manager, utility was the business, and 15s. per week was the salary. I packed up, rushed to the station, booked myself for Romford; and after a walk of two miles, I got in safety to the place; but the manager had found it convenient, after a few days' experience, to make his exit from the cares of management, and visit London in search of novelty, as he said, but as it occurred to me, in search of a hiding-place. . . . . I returned, and again waited on ——, and told him what had happened. He swore roundly; but turning up his book, told me in the most patronising manner that he had something fine for me. "Egad, my friend, you're in luck. Off with you to the Turnham Green Theatre—second low comedy, a guinea a week, and sure as the bank."' Mr Paterson walked in one hour and a half to Turnham Green, and entering a public-house, boldly inquired for the theatre. 'The what?' exclaimed Boniface. 'No such place here. If it is the booth you want, you will find it standing on the green behind.' Mr Paterson was determined to abide by the 'legitimate,' and he eschewed an engagement at the booth; but while luxuriating behind the scenes of the Turnham-Green establishment, he came in contact with a starving dramatic countryman, whose plaint of woe was couched in terms somewhat whimsical. His reminiscences ran on those pieces where viands are introduced. '"Ah, my dear boy, what a capital play that sheep's-head play is. Dear me, what's this they call it? Ah, I recollect—*Cramond Brig*. How I did delight in it! The sheep's head is a delicious morsel. And then—O yes, I remember it well—the haggis affair in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. And to be sure, we have a capital piece here, with a leg of mutton in it—*No Song No Supper*.'

The agent was annoyed beyond measure at the return of the 'Scotch ghost,' as Mr Paterson had been designated by ——'s visitors, and at length a feasible place was announced. Our author is pleased to describe it after the abrupt style. 'An engagement, 18s. a week—Beesham—Dodger—Great Western Railway—Oxford—Coach—Beesham—Letter—start to-day.' Mr Paterson started without loss of time. 'I got,' says he, 'to Oxford per rail after going by mistake to a station pretty near Exeter. I had alighted at the Didcot junction, and after waiting a long time, I jumped into a train, fancying it was for Oxford, and did not discover my error till I had been an hour or so on my way, when thinking that it was high time for me to be at the city of learning, I made a polite inquiry of a civil-looking gentleman as to the reason of our being so long in reaching Oxford. His only reply was a broad and not very well-bred stare. "Oxford!" said he: "why, you are far past the junction, and on your way to Exeter; and in a short time we will be there." This was a sad blow and heavy discouragement to a poor player, with a very light purse in the pocket of a very thin pair of breeches. There was no help, however; and springing out at the first station, I sat me down and awaited the next up-train. I had bitter thoughts whilst I thus sat. I saw that the golden dreams I had indulged in were slow in their realisation; and the knocking about in the profession which had already come to my share, was considerable. Having had some little cash in my pocket, I had not been so well starved as some who had been tossed about on the stroller's sea of adventure; but I saw quite enough of the miseries of the profession, to enable me to imbibe a strong distaste as to the dark side of the picture. . . . It was forty miles to Beesham, a good walk; but a really pleasant one; and the blackberries and road-side fruit were very plentiful, a circumstance not to be sneezed at by the poor stroller. I trudged manfully along with my sword over my shoulder, on which was slung a bundle containing a small supply of necessaries. It cost me about a couple of shillings for sustenance during the way, and at length, wearied and foot-sore, I arrived at Beesham. I was well stared at by the inhabitants, who turned out in clusters to look at me. "He belongs to the show-folk," was the universal cry. . . . I inquired for the theatre. No one had heard of it—it was not come yet—Dodger was not even expected, but he might be coming for all that.'

Mr Dodger was at Shipston-on-Stour, a distance of fourteen miles, and to this place the hapless wight had to proceed on foot. He encountered the great man, whom he did not know, on the street, and made inquiry of him as to the locality of the Shipston temple of tragedy.

'He scanned me all over, and then raising his hat with much politeness, but with considerable formality, asked: "Do I look like a player?"

"No, you certainly do not, said I: "I presume you are a farmer or country gentleman."

"Nay, you flatter me; but welcome to Shipston. My name is Dodger, sir; and I have trod the boards with the immortal John Kemble, sir; I have fenced with the great Kean, sir; I was the pet of the renowned Dora Jordan, sir: and here am I, not too much like a player neither. I am here, sir, with my family—all clever, sir, and all of them useful."'

The Dodger family turned out to be strong in number. There were, the father and mother, a son and his wife, a daughter and her husband, an unmarried daughter, a married daughter, husband not acknowledged. The balance consisted of Mr and Mrs Wood, and the author. Like some other geniuses, the Dodger family thought themselves privileged to neglect the practice of the smaller virtues, such as humanity and honesty. Mr Paterson played one night at Shipston, and then prepared for departure to Beesham. 'The scenery was taken down, the traps were packed on a wagon, and the strollers commenced their stroll. The superiors rode in a spring-van, and the rest in the wagon, while I walked the whole distance. None of them had the civility to give me a cast forward on either vehicle, but I kept on as manfully as possible. The distance by the road we took would be fully twenty miles, and I had but three-halfpence in my pocket, which I spent on dry bread by the way; and this, with various drinks of water, formed the whole nourishment for this rather long pedestrian undertaking—long enough in all conscience for a poor half-starved actor of all-work.'

The Dodgers were not punctual in the matter of payment. Mr Paterson, with his usual exemplary accuracy, gives an abstract of his cash-book, *quoad* his receipts from the family in question, and which contains fourteen entries; but as it is not probable that our readers will exact from us anything like similar minuteness, we shall content ourselves by recording, that from July 6 to October 8, the 'total' amounted to L.3, 5s. 6d.—a small remuneration, as the narrator truly observes, 'for more than three months' labour, including two journeys, of sixty miles each, to and from Beesham.' The rigid financial system pursued by the Dodgers gradually extinguished the lamp of Mr Paterson's theatrical enthusiasm. 'I was rapidly getting starved out of my romantic notions of being a great actor, and yet I felt no diminution of what I conceived to be my talent for the representation and delineation of character. But having to go day after day without anything like adequate food, with the consciousness of looking disreputable in the shabby-genteel coat which

circumstances force one to adopt, soon deadens all exuberance of feeling, as well as quenches any glow of enthusiasm which might prompt one to aim high, and seek a first-rate position on the boards.'

And so Mr Paterson forsook the boards, and walked no more on the stage of mimic life. We thank him for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us in this account of his adventures; and in return, we will make him a present of a lesson, which he may find useful in the new profession of literature to which he has betaken himself as a *pis-aller*. We beg to assure Mr Paterson, and all whom it may concern, that it is quite as difficult for one who is unprepared and unendowed to become a legitimate author as to become a legitimate player.

EXTRACT FROM A LOG.

It may be supposed at first sight that this article is out of place here from its technicality; but we consider it so remarkable and so suggestive a document, that we cannot prevail upon ourselves to change a single word. It is a genuine extract from one of the sea-records called 'logs;' and exhibits, under circumstances of the most trying description, a fortitude, a perseverance, a fertility in expedients, and a cool intrepidity, far beyond the wildest inventions of romance. It is the log of the bark *Columbia*, of Newcastle, John Ramsay, master, 633 tons register, navigated by a crew of twenty-one men, on her passage from Newcastle to Bombay.

'*Dec.* 29*th* 1851.—1 A.M., strong breezes from the S.E., and passing showers. 8 A.M., heavy squalls carried away the main-topmast backstays; heavy sea from the S.E. 10 A.M., heavy squalls of wind; close-reefed the top-sails, furled the main-sail: threatening appearance of bad weather; sent down the royal-yards. Noon, gale increasing, with tremendous gushes of wind, and every appearance of a hurricane; in foresail and topmast-staysail, and brought the ship to on the port tack. Crew employed in securing the sails, lashing the anchors, boats, and spars. 2 P.M., found the head-rails started, put lashings of chain and rope upon them. 4 P.M., blowing a complete hurricane; the sea making a complete breach over all; ship plunging and straining heavily; put a shore-chronometer and compass below, expecting every sea to sweep the decks. 6 P.M., tremendous hurricane; both top-sails blew out of the bolt-ropes; attempted to set the main-trysail, which blew away also. Ship lying in the trough of the sea, and rolling very heavily; put a cloth of canvas up the mizzen rigging, to keep the ship to the wind. 7 P.M., the wind lulled suddenly, with a clear sky overhead. 8 P.M., the wind veered suddenly round from the S.E. to the N.W. with redoubled fury, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy rain; the foretopgallant-sail got adrift, and blew to pieces. 9 P.M., ship on her beam-ends; expecting the masts to go over the side every minute. 10 P.M., a tremendous sea broke on board, carried away a great quantity of bulwark and rails, with boats, booms, spare spars, stancions, cook-house, and wheel-house—everything adrift on the deck. Made an attempt to secure the boats in the lee-gangway, but found it impossible, the ship rolling so heavily and the night so dark. The decks and cabin filled with water, and several of the men hurt by the wreck rolling about the decks; carpenter sounded the pumps, and found three feet water in the hold. Midnight, still blowing a tremendous hurricane; sounded the pumps, and found five feet water; obliged to summon all hands, including the sick, to the pumps, to make an effort to save the ship till daylight, as the water was gaining rapidly.

'*Dec.* 30*th*.—3 A.M., the wind lulled, the sea running very heavy, the ship lying in the trough of the sea, completely buried in the water. Found it necessary to clear the decks of the wreck, as we could not work the pumps efficiently. Secured the boats, and found two planks of the midship-deck torn up, with the stancions giving way, and the rest of the main-deck started. A great quantity of water going into the ship by these openings. Got spare sails up, and battened down the whole of the main-deck; sounded the pumps, and found nine feet water in the ship, which is now in a sinking state. 8 A.M., weather moderating, and sea falling rapidly; sounded the pumps, and found nine feet six inches water. Pumped from 8½ to 3 o'clock P.M., and found seven feet water in the hold. From 4 P.M. to 8 A.M. on the 31st Dec., kept the pumps going, and found five and a half feet water in the ship. Fine weather. Pumped from 2 P.M. to 8 P.M., when we succeeded in getting the water all out. Remainder of the night, ship making only her usual quantity of water. Proceeded on the voyage; lat. 20° 28′ S., long. 66 18′ E.'

This vessel, we have only to add, arrived safely at her destination. The storm she encountered raged over a very extensive area; many vessels were entirely dismantled in it; and in all probability the logs of not a few could furnish evidence as striking as the above, of the intrepidity of British seamen, who, notwithstanding all their knowledge of their profession, seem to find it impossible to learn when it is time to despair.

A RIDE ON THE RAIL WITH THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.*

It is commonly said, that a jest-book is the dullest of all books to read; but if we may judge by the quick succession of addenda demanded by *The Laird of Logan*, this one seems to be an exception to its class. Its anecdotes throw here and there considerable light upon the national manners among the lower ranks of society. We have neither time nor patience to ransack a work of this kind for fitting specimens, but the following random extracts will give some notion of the nature of the contents:—

OBEDIENT WIVES.

The people of Greenock, and other places along the coast, are fond of telling stories reflecting on the inland ignorance of the 'bodies' of Paisley. One of these is to the following effect:—Two corks, newly sprung into affluence, were prevailed upon by their wives to allow them to pay a visit to Gourock; but only on condition that they were to employ their time well, and take plenty of the salt-water. Having accompanied their spouses to that village, and seen them properly accommodated, the two gentlemen returned to business, and did not appear again for a week, when, observing a surprising apparent decrease in the volume of the ocean, owing to the recess of the tide, one remarked to the other: 'Gosh, Jamie, the jauds ha'e dune weel!'

HOSPITALITY OF THE MANSE.

A certain worthy clergyman in the north, whose disposition was to be as much given to hospitality as his more frugal and painstaking helpmate would at times permit, was called upon one afternoon by a reverend gentleman. As they had been fellow-students together, and had passed their examinations before the same presbytery, they had, of course, a large collection of past events to discuss. One tumbler, therefore, followed another, and each tumbler brought along with it a new series of interesting reminiscences, till the time arrived when it was fit the stranger should mount and proceed on his way. This, however, was a proposal which the kind landlord, whose heart was now awakened to all the pleasurable feelings of sociality, would not listen to; and in spite of all the nods, winks, dark looks, and other silent but significant intimations which the married have the peculiar gift of secretly communicating to each other, he insisted, much to the chagrin of his helpmate, that his friend should remain with them for the night. This arrangement being effected, supper made its appearance, and was, as usual, followed by another tumbler, by way of a sleeping-draught. As a prelude to

* Trip I., Trip II., Trip III.; with Supplement. David Robertson. Glasgow. 1852.

their parting for the night, the good dame was now asked by her husband to bring in the family Bible. On her retiring to perform this duty, their guest took the opportunity of slipping out, in order to leave his shoes in the passage. While stooping for this purpose, the lady of the manse returned, and mistaking the stranger for her husband, gave a hearty rap with the sacred volume over the bald head of his reverence: 'There,' said she, in a matrimonial whisper, 'that's for garin' him stay a' nicht.'

MORAL NEGATION.

Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sunday morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothsay Mail steamer, 'to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at ony rate.' 'But what's the difference, pray,' asked the negotiator, 'between being rowed over with oars and by the paddles of the steamer?'—'Difference! there's a huntle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us: in ither words, gin ye wad ha'e us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam-engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!'

BEFORE ELDERS' HOURS.

'If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better-half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' said the lady significantly—'I won't wait, but I'll come for you.' He returned at ten precisely.

THE SICK MINISTER.

A venerable divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. 'Ay, ay,' quoth the divine, 'the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!'

SCIENCE IN A GARRET.

In a town far north, many years ago, we were present at the anniversary of a Mechanics' Institution, and had to say a few words about flowers and trees. It was well on towards midnight ere the proceedings closed, when a dapper, wiry little man rushed out from among the crowd, and invited us, as one naturalist invites another, to visit his humble home, and share his frugal supper. Gladly was the invitation accepted; for the earnest and intellectual look of our evidently poor host excited no small interest and some curiosity. He led his guest through long, dreary, tortuous, and unsavoury alleys, and then up an interminable stair, faintly illumined by the moonlight, that seemed to ooze through loopholes. In the storey nearest the sky was the home of this student of nature—a journeyman tailor, with a wife and innumerable children, the eldest of whom was a fine intelligent lad verging upon manhood, assisting in the work, and sharing in the tastes of his father. Their favourite studies were manifested by the conversion of an old cupboard into the case of a well-arranged herbarium, by a glazed cabinet filled with stuffed birds and rows of impaled insects, and by a shelf of well-selected scientific books, the purchase of which must have absorbed the profits of many a close day's work. The matron of the family, a smiling, courteous dame, seemed to participate in the evident delight of her husband and first-born, and to take pride in a heartfelt approval of their studies. On the round deal-table a clean white cloth was spread, with simple food to grace it; and two pleasant hours were spent in lively discourse, 'larded' with hard scientific names, well understood, though strangely pronounced. The happiness of the whole family was, we believe, visibly increased when, a few weeks afterwards, it became our duty to announce to the head of it, that he had been elected honorary member of a distinguished scientific society.—*Westminster Review.*

THE HEART'S MELODIES.

LISTEN! listen! full is ever
This wide world with music true,
Nought can still it, mar it, never—
Nought that hate or wrong can do.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble
While fierce passions round them jar,
Shall hear whispers that resemble
Angel-voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,
But some heart responsive gives
Beat for beat; and Love need only
Touch the chords, and Music lives!

Though the world with darkness blendeth,
Though the wood be hushed and drear,
Though the lone flower, trembling, bendeth
As the cold wind moaneth near,

Morn shall come: again from blindness
All to life and glory start;
So, like light, one touch of kindness
Wakes the Music of the Heart.

J. BRENT.

A MONSTER SPIDER.

During a mineralogical stroll, on the Cambray Farm, in the parish of Glenluce, a spider of an extraordinary size attracted my attention. There he was, seated on the extremity of a stone which projected out of a dike, reconnoitring the surrounding locality with a calm self-possession, which would reflect credit on any general. He was evidently the undisputed lord of all the insects of the place; for although he observed one of the 'lords of the creation' approach, he betrayed no symptoms of fear, and he plainly manifested that thoughts of a retreat never entered his head. But courage without prudence frequently leads to unfortunate results; and so it happened to my spider, for it served him no other purpose than that of affording his enemy an opportunity of capturing him. The creature measures about an inch and a quarter in length, and nearly the same in breadth. Its back is beautifully spotted and streaked, the colours mixing and blending in each other in the most beautiful confusion. This confusion, however, does not extend to the legs, for they are covered with alternate stripes of white and black, disposed with the most mathematical accuracy and regularity. When viewed through a microscope, it exhibits wonders of beauty sufficient to dispel every prejudice against the poor spiders, and to make every one admire them. Does it not shew that Nature, in her lowest, and in what we would consider her meanest developments, far surpasses the most delicate and exquisite works of art? Altogether, I consider this spider a rare and interesting creature.—*Correspondent of Free Press.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No 469. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852. Price 1½d.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

It was in the Christmas vacation of the year 18 –, that I started from Colombo on a journey to explore one of the wilder and least known districts of the island of Ceylon. The Veddah country—which is the name of that forbidding tract of jungle, rocks, and swamps—is situated on the west coast of the island, and stretches from the Bintenne hills in the interior to the salt-marshes of Batticaloa on the sea-shore. I had often heard strange and contradictory reports concerning the inhabitants of this district, and determined to satisfy myself as to their foundation. I knew there were missionaries and Dutch families scattered about the skirts of that *terra incognita*, and from them no Englishman need fear meeting a cold reception.

Having despatched my pony a day's journey in advance, I left Batticaloa on the 23d of December by the ordinary, I may say the very ordinary, conveyance of the country—a bullock-hackery. It was a dreadful vehicle that hackery! A huckster's flat, with an umbrella over it, would have been a state-coach by its side. The springs had not the ghost of a spring about them: they might as well have been built of solid masonry. And the huge palm-leaf hood kept staggering from side to side, as though it was looking after the wheels, just to see how the linch-pins were getting on—the said linch-pins, by the by, being mere pieces of rotten stick.

As for the scenery I passed through, it reminded me of the sailor's story of the ship's provisions—a boiled piece of pork and a roast piece of pork, pig's head and pork sausages, and then another piece of pork; for it was a salt-marsh and stunted jungle and a hut, and then another salt-marsh, some more stunted jungle, and another hut. The day was fearfully hot, the sky seemed to be of burnished copper, and the air so close and stifling, that when the breeze did come it seemed all the hotter, as though it were the breath of some glowing furnace. I closed my eyes to shut out the glare and the salt-marshes, and tried to think of friends at home, of frosty skies, of hard crisp ground, and warm firesides and warmer hearts, and green holly and the dear, merry old mistletoe.

The next day, I was happy to find myself on different ground, seated on my own little pony, and out of sight of those horrid salt swamps. I was travelling upwards, too, and the air came down from the high lands beyond quite cool and bracing. The earth became more fertile, and groves of palms and plantains and breadfruit-trees at intervals, lent their friendly shade to travellers. With almost every mile of my journey, the country wore a more varied aspect. It was wilder and stranger than any I had previously seen, and I had travelled a good deal too. Steep crags; beetling, surly-looking rocks; clumps of dark, frowning forests; deep dells, so cold and ugly that I felt no desire to peep down them—made up the picture; while on every side was a profusion of round massive boulders of granitic quartz-rock, scattered thickly about, as if ages ago a numerous party of juvenile giants had been playing at marbles, and had gone away in a hurry, leaving their toys behind them.

At high noon, I pulled up under the shade of a wide-spreading ebony-tree, and was in the act of dismounting, when I was greeted by a little dapper man, in a brown threadbare coat, leech-gaiters, and a straw-hat. He was quietly seated on one of the moss-covered stones, with his buffalo-skin wallet beside him. I knew him well by sight: he was Daniel, the missionary. Everybody knew Daniel, the apostle of Ceylon; everybody, from the governor down to the wild men of the woods. I was indeed rejoiced to meet him, for I could not have found any one better able to assist me in the main object of my journey.

As we sat eating our cakes and plantains on the mossy ground, I gathered that his journey lay in my direction. He told me, moreover, that what I had heard concerning the Veddahs was substantially correct—they were truly a race of wild men. Their ancestors were originally sole masters of Ceylon; but upon its conquest by Raman and his Malabar followers, they retired to the inmost recesses of the jungle, just as our Saxon ancestors on a like emergency withdrew among the Welsh mountains. In that wild inaccessible region, this people of voluntary outcasts have since dwelt, not in human habitations, for they scorn any such, but in hollow trees and stony caverns, like the birds and beasts of the woods. Their food is chiefly wild roots and herbs, with a little grain, and sometimes the flesh of a deer or jackal, which they kill with their only weapons, the bow and arrow. Misery and disease have thinned their numbers, yet they still count some hundreds of their tribe. They own no authority, pay no taxes, and, until quite recently, had resisted all attempts made to induce them to enter a village, or to change their mode of living. Within the last few years, however, one enthusiastic Dutch family, located in their immediate vicinity, had succeeded in collecting about them a dozen or two of this savage tribe, and entirely changing their habits. Daniel had converted most of these, and had even become familiar, in his many journeys, with their still uncivilised fellows.

I gladly accepted his offer to shew me some of the Rock Veddahs, as they are called; and with this view, we journeyed on for a good hour, when the road became more rugged and difficult than before. Here my pony

was sent on in another direction, by my native groom, under orders from Daniel, and we passed on our way through the most desolate, gloomy-looking country I ever remember to have seen. The damp, dreary solitudes looked as though they had been untrodden by human foot: I could fancy Siberia or Norfolk Island to be quite cheerful places after this.

Clambering over rocks and gnarled trunks of trees, we halted at length in a sort of stony amphitheatre: my companion gave a long shrill whistle, which was taken up, as I first thought, by mere echoes, but they were human echoes, and sounded nearer and nearer, until the whistlers made their appearance. In a few minutes, to my astonishment, and indeed I may add, to my terror, the trees and rocks and nooks of that wild spot swarmed with what seemed a species of man-monkey. They were the Rock Veddahs—absolute monkeys without tails. Dwarfy, misshapen, with long arms, grizzly heads, and thick lips, they, in fact, seemed like no other living things than apes.

They were rather disconcerted at my presence, and kept at a very respectful distance, which, by the by, I decidedly preferred. The strange creatures kept swinging themselves to and fro on the thick branches, or peeping and winking and grinning at me from behind ugly pieces of rock, as though they rather wished me to believe they really were monkeys. Daniel conversed with one or two of the oldest of them, in a language that might have been Otaheitean, or Chinese, or monkey dialect; but he did not succeed in persuading any of them to descend from their rookeries; and we at length took our departure, the Veddahs scampering away amongst the trees and stones and crevices like an army of magnified rats, making the wild solitudes echo again with the creaking of bamboos and their own creaking gibberish.

Leaving these savages to the enjoyment of their own society, we turned in another direction, and made our way out of the wildest part of that tract. After tracking our way slowly through some miles of rough ground, more or less covered by jungle or boulders, we found ourselves upon a better path, with the country opening upon prairie ground, somewhat uneven and broken up, but still green and cheerful. Before us rose at some distance the high mountain forests of Bintenne, while far away towards the horizon stretched many a league of broken plain, low jungle, and lofty rock.

The day was now far spent. The sun was sinking over the distant forest-clad ranges, and the scenery began to take that softened hue of golden pink so peculiar to lands within the tropics, when, as we turned suddenly round the shoulder of a huge rock, a scene burst upon my view, which for the moment rivetted me to the spot. 'This place,' said Daniel, who observed my astonishment, 'is called, and truly so, the Happy Valley. Here may be seen the rose blossoming in the wilderness. One simple-minded, single-hearted couple, have raised up this garden in the desert.'

It was indeed a garden, and, contrasted with all the uncouth desolation we had just passed through, it seemed an absolute fairy-land. Surely, I thought, some legion of busy angels must have scooped out this valley from the rough mountain-side, and made it what it is. From the summits of the surrounding hills, down to the rippling silver stream that meandered through the [illegible] of the valley, always green and fresh. In the midst, at some distance below us, was the chief homestead of this little colony—a good-sized, leaf-thatched, whitewashed cottage, with jessamine porch, and such a delicious-looking garden, full of pleasant shady walks, and grass-plots and noble trees! At different distances, were other two smaller cottages; while around, on every side, arose tops of tender palms, half-grown, with broad clumps of sweet plantains and tufts of yellow bamboo, studding about the fields so prettily, like daisies on a grass-plot. Not a single foot of all that bright-looking valley was barren, every inch was made to yield its share of food for man or beast; even the steepest hillsides were terraced out in little narrow slips, where tall and waving rice told of the industry of man.

I could have remained there, gazing on that sweet corner of the earth, until dark, but my companion, pointing to the setting sun, bade me follow him. A pleasant little winding path led us through quiet dells and patches of grass-land, on which sleek buffaloes and well-kept bullocks were grazing; and in a quarter of an hour we found ourselves skirting the garden of the homestead. I could hear some merry voice within—a right merry, honest voice too. The hardest-hearted jury in the world would have instantly acquitted any prisoner with such a laugh as I heard echoing amongst the tamarinds and the mangoes in that sweet green spot. We stole along, the missionary leading the way; and winding among some thickset shrubs, and round a corner in the garden, we came full upon the owner of the happy laugh.

A wide smooth lawn was spread out before us, shaded by lofty trees, loaded with love-apples, tamarinds, and mangoes; and on the green-sward was a collection of children, of all ages, sizes, and colours, from the rosy-faced little Dutch infant, to the swarthy child of the forest. In the midst of them, and in the very act of rolling head over heels, was a great burly figure, as round and as glowing in the face as any red-leather cricket-ball.

The rubicund ball was on its feet in something less than a moment. I was at once introduced to Jacob Post—that was his name—and he was so delighted to see us both, and gave me such a terrific squeeze of the hand, that I felt it up my arm, and down my back, and completely into my shoes. The children were dispersed in all directions; and we strolled over the beautiful wide lawn, under a magnificent banyan-tree, with its thousand downward-stretching branches, and then through a little rosery, and up to the flower-covered porch of the cottage.

A soft voice amongst the jessamine there, a pretty pair of little feet on the Jaffna mat, and, dear me, a couple of such radiant, lovable eyes! Could they belong to Mrs Post? Yes, indeed; but I rejoiced to find that her Christian name was Winnifred: that relieved me, for it was a set-off against the Post. Well, Mrs—no, Winnifred, was more delighted to see us, if that had been possible, than her husband. It was so kind of us to come out to them, and on Christmas-eve too! Of course we would remain with them over the following day? I felt that if Winnifred had a sister in that Happy Valley, I could have remained a long while over the next day—in fact, that I could have lived and died there; but as she had no such relation, I contented myself with saying how much pleasure it would afford me to stay.

I was immediately at home with good Jacob and his pretty, quiet wife: I seemed to have known them both since my earliest childhood. There was not the least nonsense about them: still, I wished his name had not been Post. We all strolled out to the vegetable-garden, and then into the farmyard. There was a real farmyard, with live ducks and fowls and actual pigs, and a matter-of-fact donkey with four legs. Jacob and the two eldest children had so many wonderful things to shew me, so many beautiful plants and extraordinary trees, that I felt quite giddy with turning round to look at them all. Then there were the Veddahs' cottages to shew me: I must see them too. What! thought I, Veddahs in cottages! Ay, real Veddahs, all alive. And there they were, sure enough. Some were busy in the gardens, others were sitting at the doors, whilst a swarm of little children came scampering towards us from all sides; some of them had been amongst the rollicking party on the grass-plot. Jacob, I was told, had been the means of these poor creatures giving up their wild miserable life for their present happiness. He had been a dweller in the Happy Valley some seven years, and had collected around him about twenty families, chiefly about three years previously. Each cottage had its tract of rice-ground, its vegetable-garden, and its tope of palms and other fruit-bearing trees. Here and there was a patch of tobacco or cotton, the produce of which they bartered for salt, dried fish, and other necessaries, at the neighbouring villages.

It was quite delightful to see, as I saw on our return to the homestead, how smoothly and quietly all went on within that dwelling. Everybody seemed to be so busy preparing supper. The children ran about with earthen chatties of milk, and baskets of fruit quite as large as themselves. Jacob, with his radiant Dutch-clock of a face, moved the table and couches into the front veranda, that we might have more of the cool evening breeze, and catch a glimpse of the pure, bright moonlight; while Winnifred tripped about so busily, and yet so softly, fearful of disturbing the little baby asleep on the mat in the corner—bless her gentle heart!—as though that fairy footstep could have aroused a mosquito from its evening slumbers!

In the wide veranda, twined round by many flowers, we sat down to a supper of fruit, hoppers or cakes, and milk. The cool breeze from the mountain-tops came to us loaded with the fragrance of roses, jessamine, and citron blossom. The lofty arecas and cocoa-palms waved their long feathery arms in the bright moonbeams, and flung down upon the soft green-sward their sparkling gifts of light. All around seemed at peace and happy; and I scarcely knew where could be seen the most perfect picture of calm, pure enjoyment—in the glorious, radiant scene outside, or in the countenances of the happy family about me.

There was one sharer in our evening meal whom I had not before observed—an aged, white-haired native woman. She was quite blind; and by the care that was taken to place her near Jacob, a more than ordinary attachment would seem to have existed between them. I learned that Archie had been his nurse; and there was attached to her a little story so touching, that I will relate it, especially as it vindicates the Singalese character from the charge of cold-heartedness.

Jacob's father, when very young, had served in one of the Dutch regiments during the last years of the rule of Holland in the colony. In some engagement with the Kandyan troops, who were laying waste the Singalese villages attached to the Europeans, he had been the means of saving Archie's life. The village-girl felt grateful to her young preserver, and followed him to quarters, which she refused to leave. Lieutenant Post was shortly after married to a countrywoman, but Archie still resolved to remain with the family, and was content to serve her friend as a menial. From that time she became a part of the household, and tended their only child, Jacob, with the affectionate care of a mother. Years afterwards, and when the island had changed masters, little Jacob was left an orphan, without any one who cared for him save the devoted nurse: she, however, sought out friends for him amongst the burgher families and English officials, and by their aid obtained the means of providing for him as well as giving him a fair education. They had, in fact, never been separated for a day, and were not likely to be so now.

It was from Jacob, too, that I learned how he had contrived to work such a revolution in that valley. I gathered the tale from him in his own simple way, in that cool, pleasant veranda, when Winnifred and the children had retired for the night.

After finishing his education, Jacob had given his attention to agriculture, and spent some years with different landholders, mastering the details of rice-fields, tobacco-ground, and cotton-gardens. Fortunately, when he was wishing to make a start in life for himself, some distant Dutch cousin died at Jaffna, and bequeathed to him sufficient to enable him to carry out his plans. And now another and larger idea took possession of his mind—a thought which haunted him in all his occupations, and weighed so strongly upon him, that he determined, in some way or other, to carry it into execution. This was the civilising of the outcast Rock Veddahs—a strange scheme for one so simple, so solitary in the world as he was. But he felt, that to that poor race he might repay some of the debt he owed to the devoted village-girl; they were of one blood with her, and who more needed help than they?

He received some encouragement from the missionaries in the neighbourhood, but from none else save old Archie. Not to be easily discouraged, he at length obtained a free grant of that valley, then a poor barren spot, from a native chieftain, and quietly, but resolutely, planted himself and a few low-country Singalese on the spot. Unceasing toil, kindness to the roving Veddahs, and a happy, cheerful disposition, soon carried him over many difficulties; and before the end of the second year, not only had he obtained the labour of many of the wild people about him, but several had consented, with their families, to occupy the small cottages he had prepared for them.

But now Jacob began to find he had more upon his hands than he could well manage, and, besides, he stood in need of many things for his rising colony. He started off to Batticaloa, and there consulted some of his friends as to his plans for the future. Amongst others, he spoke to old Van Pleyden, the deputy-fiscal; but eloquently as he dwelt upon the subject of the Veddahs, and his valley of labour, the cautious Dutchman remained unmoved, and could not see what was to be done. There was one in that family, however, who lent a willing, attentive ear to every word that fell from Jacob's honest, simple lips. Little gentle Winnifred, the fiscal's daughter, sympathised with the heroism of the speaker; and when after tea they walked in the quiet old garden, that was washed by the waves of the Indian Ocean, and were seated on the sea-beach, she asked him to tell her more about his valley, and his old nurse, and the poor Veddahs; and she listened to his tale until the tears dimmed her bright eyes.

What was he to do with all these multiplying cares upon him—with old Archie, so blind and so helpless? Winnifred asked him, in her own little, childlike way, if he had ever thought of taking a wife. A wife! [illegible] It was a most capital idea: the very thing he wanted—and yet, strange to say, it was the very thing that had never entered his mind. He had been so busy about other people, that he had had no time to think of

himself. But where was he to find a wife? Who would follow him, and leave burgher society for rice-fields and wild Veddahs, and poor simple Jacob? No, no; it was too good a thing to be realised. His large heart sighed, and he began to give it up as a regular desperate and incurable case.

Winnifred suggested that there might, for all that, be some one found willing to follow him for the mere love of himself and his good honest heart. She was not sure, mind—she only thought so; and then she stammered and blushed, until Jacob, good soul! felt a new light bursting suddenly upon him, and he became for the time an inspired being, and said something to her about making that bleak place of his what it has been ever since, but what it never could have been without her—a Happy Valley. Jacob does not at all remember saying anything of the sort: in fact, he believes he was in a trance all the time; and when he feels very particularly hilarious, which is very often, he insists that Winnifred did all the talking, at which she of course is much shocked, and tries to look angry.

It was in vain that parents and relatives, and young burgher gentlemen, protested against the exile of pretty Winnifred. She became Mrs Post while the family were quarrelling about it; and as Jacob very properly and forcibly remarked: 'There they were!'

Early the next morning, the missionary left us to visit a neighbouring village, promising to return to dinner. The day, I learned, was to be marked by a general assemblage of the colony at one table; and for this it was soon evident the most extensive preparations were going on. The verandas appeared to be boiling over with fruit and vegetables; heaps of red rice, and pyramids of curry-stuff and dried fish, abounded, as though there had been a heavy shower of those articles during the night, and the coolies had just swept them off the lawn to be out of the way.

Was there to be a plum-pudding? I asked. No one had ever heard of such a dish. In a moment of devotedness to the general service, I volunteered to concoct one, much to the hilariousness of Jacob and the whole troop of children and servants. To prevent any faintheartedness on my part, I was at once installed into office in the little earthen-floored kitchen at the rear of the cottage—a dark cellar of a place, with, in one corner, a number of bricks grouped about in parties of three, with smoking sticks between them, looking as though a number of gipsies had been cooking their stolen meal there. This was the kitchen-range. The plum-pudding would be boiled over three of those melancholy bricks in an earthen chattie. I felt sick at the very idea of it, and instantly declined the responsibility of the boiling process.

Accoutred in one of little Winnifred's smartest little aprons, with pretty little strings to it, I seized a huge earthen chattie and a gigantic wooden ladle, without any very distinct ideas of how I was to commence operations. I had a faint glimmering recollection of having once seen my mother mix a Christmas pudding when I was clad in a tight nankeen suit, and I saw indistinct visions of suet and flour—I was positive about the flour—and rivers of milk and basins of eggs beaten up to a froth; and then the raisins—I remembered them most distinctly. But whether the flour, or the suet, or the milk, or the eggs, went in first, I had not the most remote idea.

I wanted all sorts of things. I believe I asked for pepper and mustard and vinegar in the excitement of the moment, much to the astonishment of the black crowd about me. Jacob, simple man! believed the vinegar was all right. I am sure some of the coolies, and the fat old cook, imagined I was making a very complicated sort of Chinese fireworks. Why, dear me, there was [illegible] such a thing as a raisin in the whole valley. [illegible]-pudding without plums! such a thing had never occurred to me. Fortunately, I found some fine dates; and having them stoned and cut small, they answered the purpose remarkably well: if any one doubts me, let him try, that's all.

The little kitchen was becoming so fearfully hot with the crowds of coolies and Veddahs, who flocked in to see the 'Europe master make cookery,' that there appeared every prospect of the pudding being parboiled before going into the pot. At a word from me, Jacob seized a handful of flour, and scattering it right and left in the eyes of the enemy, quickly cleared the ground. They fancied he was using some magical incantation, and did not venture near the spot until they heard the 'Chinese fireworks' were safely tied up in a cloth.

An enormous load seemed off my mind as I tied the string. The thermometer stood at 96 degrees in the coolest part of that kitchen. My coat was on the floor, my sleeves were tucked up, yet I felt red-hot; the perspiration trickled down my face; my clothes seemed to be singed at the edges. But when pretty little Winnifred peeped over my shoulder, and said, in her own quiet, gentle way, how nicely I had done it, and how kind it was of me, I felt suddenly quite cool and comfortable.

I passed the remainder of the day in wandering about the valley with the children, gathering wild-flowers, and admiring the lovely scenery. On my return, I met the old missionary, and we found that the dinner hour was at hand. Some forty Veddahs, old and young, were assembled about the cottage; and giving Winnifred my arm, I led her towards the great banyan-tree on the lawn, where we were to dine. A novel and pleasing scene awaited me there. The myriad giant arms of the tree, reaching to the ground, had been made to support long rows of bamboos, that served for benches, on either side of a table composed of as rude materials. We, the privileged, had chairs. So thickly did that noble tree spread out its foliage above us, that not a single ray of sunshine found its way within; and as for space, we might have dined four times our number beneath its ample shade.

What a glorious dinner that was to be sure! Jacob asked me confidentially, if I thought there had ever been a dinner to equal it in England; and I said, I rather thought not. I am sure they felt so delighted to see the poor Veddahs seated round that well-filled table, as though they had all been members of the Dutch and English aristocracy. Such a profusion of red-hot curry, such catacombs of pillau, such deserts of rice, and forests of salt-fish, had not been known since that valley had been a valley. I thought some of the simple Veddahs would rather have dispensed with the knives and forks, and have fallen to with their fingers; but by grasping their spoons with both hands, they managed to force a good deal of hot rice into their mouths.

Nobody dared go for *the* pudding save Jacob: he would have annihilated any one who had attempted the task. As he strode along the ground, with the huge dish reeking, steaming up before his jolly, glorious face, there seemed to be two puddings—one on the dish, and another on his shoulders. Everybody tasted that pudding, and everybody admired it. As for our host, it was his firm belief that kings and queens were fed upon such food as that.

When the dinner was over, and the dishes piled in a heap on the grass, old Daniel, after filling Winnifred's glass, rose, and in his quiet, simple, earnest tones, proposed a toast for us. He gave: 'The good work, and God bless the workers.' I repeated it, and little Winnifred echoed: 'The good work, and God strengthen the workers.' As for Jacob, he said nothing—his honest heart was too full, but he nodded to us, and as his gaze met that of Winnifred, the tears filled his eyes. He drank the toast silently; but I could see by his happy face, that he was enjoying three hearty inward

cheers, three mental hip-hip-hurrahs all to himself, at the other end of the table.

If the dinner passed off happily, not less so did the amusements after it. When the sun had sunk far behind the hills, and the air was cool and soft, and filled with sweetest perfumes, we proceeded to the ball-room—and such a ball-room! Upon another lawn, at one end of the dwelling, were three or four large clustering vines, trained for many yards over bamboos, and intertwined with the fruit-bearing grenadilla, the moon-flower, the passion-flower, and a dozen other gorgeous creeping-plants, forming together a roof of richest beauty, and lofty enough for a company of life-guardsmen to have walked in with their caps on. From the sides of this natural assembly-room were hung festoons and garlands of flowers, leaves, and blossoms, twined into devices, and interwoven with coloured cloth and ribbons as only natives of the East can fashion; whilst outside, at intervals, were fastened in the ground tall poles, bound round with flowers, and crowned by huge pumpkins and cocoa-nut shells, filled with oil, performing the duties of lanterns—and very fairy-like lanterns they looked too. This hall of flowers eclipsed the banyan-tree by millions of degrees: indeed, when I looked about me, I saw nothing but brilliant lights and gaudy flowers, and rich green leaves and sweet buds, and swarthy forms, and Winnifred's pretty sparkling eyes. I felt myself wafted away from earth to fairy bowers in mid-air, and began to think that, if a strong breeze were to blow, we might all come down by the run.

But where was the music? and who were to dance?—Only Winnifred and the missionary, and Jacob and myself? O dear, no! There were the grown-up Veddahs all ready, and in ball-room costume too. The dark ladies, with all the predilections of the sex, had found means, though simple ones, of adorning their swarthy forms. Some were content with twining the round white buds of the Indian jessamine amongst their dark clustering hair; others added the blossoms of the sacred bo-tree, or the rich buds of the passion-flowers; whilst one tall aspiring beauty had encircled her brows with a coronet cut dexterously from the green shell of the shaddock. Others wore necklaces of small limes and lilliputian oranges, and the crimson fruit of the lovey-lovey, and long sashes of plantain and palm-leaves. A few of the men had garlands of areca-leaves and the pink show-flower, and altogether the party wore a most picturesque appearance as they ranged themselves in true dancing order, clad in their pure white robes.

There was a band too. The old missionary commenced an air upon an antiquated flute, and the cook and one of the housekeepers beat time of some sort upon tom-toms, or native drums. I led off with little Winnifred, while Jacob stood up with the coroneted damsel, and away we went to some extraordinary tune, for the missionary was evidently trying his fingers at the 'Old Hundredth,' while the flute was as obstinately bent upon making it 'Drops of Brandy;' and the tom-toms floundered about between the two melodies.

You would have laughed to see how we worked away at that dance. Winnifred and the rest seemed quite at home at it: to me, we appeared to be going through the signs of the zodiac, or working our names and addresses on the grass, with an occasional rush down the middle, by way of note of admiration. The Veddahs seemed to be moving by galvanism; the lovey-loveys set beautifully to one of the palm-leaves; the limes gave hands across to the arecas and show-flowers; and as for the jessamines and passion-flowers, they rushed up the middle and down again with the plantains, in a way that evidently quite astonished the latter. Jacob danced alternately with everybody. He would have had a waltz with the missionary if he had not been so hard at work with that dreary, wheezy old reed of a flute; and I am not sure I didn't once see him having a short turn with the assistant-cook, away up in a corner.

But all pleasure must have an end, and even the indefatigable Jacob at last found he was rather tired and warm. I was in a high fever, and could scarcely realise the idea, that that was indeed Christmas-day. Winnifred led me to a little garden-seat on the green grass-plot outside, away from the tall trees and the thick shrubs, and where the bright starry canopy of heaven formed the only roof: the rest of our friends followed; and there, on that sweet still spot, with the beautiful moon gazing calmly upon us, the missionary raised his voice, and commenced some fine old Dutch hymn in the Veddah dialect. Winnifred's soft, gentle notes blending with the fine tones of Jacob's deep voice, and the rich echoes of the Singalese choristers, floated through the calm still air, finding an echo in every shrub and flower and waving tree, and passing on from the green-sward to fields and dells afar, melted away in distance, and died upon the hill-tops of the Happy Valley.

LOCKS AND PICKLOCKS.

A LOCK, until within the last year or two, has been generally regarded as a mere piece of ironmongery—a plain matter-of-fact appendage to a door—a thing in which carpenters and box-makers are chiefly interested. If anatomised, it is found to be filled with twist-about pieces of iron or brass, supposed to have some relationship to the labyrinthine cuts or clefts in the key; but the nature of the relationship is not by any means clear, and any study of it is conceived to be either above the comprehension, or beneath the dignity of ordinary persons. A locksmith is viewed like any other smith—as a hammerer and a filer of bits of iron; nay, the locksmith who picks a lock when sent for with this intent, is regarded sometimes as being even of less repute than a smith; for he becomes associated in idea with certain gentlemen who pick locks for private reasons of their own. Suddenly, however, the subject has become invested with a dignity not before accorded to it: it has risen almost to the rank of a science. Learned professors, skilful engineers, wealthy capitalists, dexterous machinists, all have paid increased respect to locks. Golden guineas have been won by opening locks, and golden reputations have been set somewhat into a tremor. In short, a lock, like a watch or a steam-engine, is a machine whose construction rests on principles worthy of study, in the same degree that the lock itself is important as an aid to security.

How were doors fastened in the old days of Greece, and Rome, and Egypt? We know that domestic arrangements must have had place in those times as in the present, although little is said thereon by those whose pens have told us all we know of classic ages: chambers and corridors there must have been, and doors to them, and, most likely, fastenings to the doors. There seems evidence to shew, that most of the doors in Greek and Roman houses were what we should call folding-doors—that is, so far as comprising two doors or leaves in each doorway. But they were not hinged like modern doors. There were pivot-holes in the lintel above, and in the threshold below, into which worked pivots fixed on the upper and lower edges of the door; and on these pivots the door swung as on a hinge. One mode of fastening was by means of a wooden bar placed across the doorway on the inside, as is still sometimes done. Another method was by a bolt attached vertically near the bottom of the door, and working into a hole in the threshold or sill. These were mere inner fastenings; but there appear also to have been some means for opening a door from without. There was a hole in the door, through which a thong was inserted; and a loop or ring at the end of this thong enabled a person on the outside to draw

back the bolt, and open the door. There were, in all probability, locks more nearly resembling those now in use, but very little is known concerning them.

Egypt did, however, unquestionably employ locks, and very ingenious locks they were, albeit made of wood. Denon and Wilkinson both met with representations of locks on the paintings among the tombs at Thebes; and the latter authority has a very ancient Egyptian iron key in his possession—so ancient, indeed, that he considers it to be three thousand years old. The wooden lock has been used in Egypt down to the present day. There is a wooden bolt which passes into a cavity in the door; and three wooden pins drop into three cavities in the bolt when it is in its right place. The door is then fastened, or the bolt shot; and, in order to open it, a wooden key is inserted beneath the bolt, having three projecting pins, which thrust up the other set of pins, and thus liberate the bolt from its imprisonment.

Of course, there is no difficulty in fastening a door or lid; the problem is so to fasten it that the occupier or owner can readily unfasten it, while no one else can do so, unless he holds the same key or the same secret method. The mere circumstance of opening a door from the outside which has been locked from within, does not involve the principle of the lock, since a hole pierced through the door may, by a little adjustment, suffice for this. It is to make the lock a sealed mystery to all who have not the proper key: this is lock-philosophy; and abundant has been the ingenuity applied to this subject. The Marquis of Worcester, whose 'Centurie of Inventions' formed such a curious mechanical phenomenon in the days of Charles II., describes a wonderful lock, which was one of the hundred examples of his inventive powers. Of this lock, we are told that 'the owner, though a woman, may with her delicate hand vary the ways of coming to open the lock ten millions of times beyond the knowledge of the smith that made it, or of me that invented it. Second, if a stranger open it, it setteth an alarm agoing, which the stranger cannot stop from running out; and besides, though none shall be within hearing, yet it catcheth his hand as a trap doth a fox; and though far from maiming him, yet it leaveth such a mark behind it as will discover him if suspected.'

A portion of the notable lock here described seems to have comprised the principle of the letter-lock or combination-lock, which was well known in the seventeenth century, and has always appeared to the uninitiated as a very miracle of ingenuity. This puzzling piece of apparatus is generally in the form of a padlock. The lock cannot be opened until the shackle or horse-shoe is lifted; this cannot be lifted until a piece of metal beneath it is drawn out; and this drawing out cannot be effected until certain internal mechanism has assumed a given state or relative position. There is a barrel, with a central spindle; there are studs in the one, and notches in the other; there are rings which encompass the barrel, to govern the movements of the studs and notches; and not until all the studs are brought into a right line, in the same plane as the notches, can the spindle be drawn out or the lock opened. Now, the owner has the power, after having shot or shut the lock, to turn round one or more of the rings, so as to throw the studs quite out of coincidence with the notches; the lock cannot now be opened, nor can it be so until the rings are readjusted exactly to their former position. There are letters on the rings, to assist the owner in doing this; but unless the choice of letters be known to a second person, the owner alone can bring the rings round to the proper places. It was one of the conceits of past ages to select favourite names for this purpose; and the chances whether another person would hit upon the right 'open, sesame,' were very remote indeed.

Locks, however, as made at the present day, have almost invariably a separate key, inserted whether to lock or unlock the bolt, and capable of withdrawal in one case as in the other. The varieties are far more numerous than most persons would imagine. Some locks are named after the purpose to which they are to be applied—such as door, closet, drawer, box, cabinet, cupboard, bookcase, table, chest, caddy, and desk locks. Some are named according to the arrangement of the wards or pieces of metal in the inside—as one-ward, two-ward, L-ward, Z-ward, T-ward, and solid-ward locks. Some are dead-locks, two-bolt locks, and three-bolt locks, according to the degree to which they can be doubly or trebly locked. Then there are draw-back and iron-rim, spring-stock and brass-case, mortice, and numerous other kinds of locks, whose designations depend upon a variety of minor details of construction.

To minutely describe a common warded lock is no easy matter, but the leading principle is not difficult to understand. Let it be an ordinary lock on an ordinary street-door: there is a bolt—a horizontal piece of iron, which must be thrust out sufficiently far beyond the edge of the door to catch in the little receptacle for it fixed to the door-post; when this is done, the door is locked: then, how to open the door by drawing back the bolt. The key is inserted in the keyhole, and turned round; the projecting bitt or web of the key catches in a notch at the bottom edge of the bolt, and forces the bolt to move by the leverage applied. But the wards—what and where are they? The wards are thin pieces of iron, placed directly in the pathway which the bitt must follow; they are stumbling-blocks, which can only be passed by cutting holes in the key just of the proper size, shape, and position; the obstacles cannot be removed, but the key is trimmed and adjusted so as to pass by them.

Here is the principle of security in an immense majority of our locks. Every warded lock has a key expressly to fit it, with clefts or apertures suited to the particular shape of the wards; if a different key be used, the solid part of the bitt or web would drive up against the wards, and its further progress be stopped. But an ingenious man—rogue or honest as the case may be—can adjust a piece of strong wire so as to get the requisite leverage, and to take a circular course within the lock by avoiding the wards altogether: thus is the lock opened, and the security imperiled. Hence has arisen a demand for the exercise of further ingenuity, in the construction of locks which could not so readily be opened by such means. The *tumbler* is the piece of mechanism employed in most of these safety-locks. It is not a very good name; but as one or more pieces of metal tumble down after the processes of locking and unlocking, we may perhaps permit them to deserve the name of tumblers.

One of the most important tumbler-locks—that for which Messrs Chubb have obtained several patents—is really a beautiful mechanical contrivance. There is a bitt or web to the key; and there is a notch in the bolt, against which the bitt acts, to shoot the bolt by the leverage applied. But there is something to stop, not the movement of the key itself (for there are not, or need not be any wards), but the movement of the bolt. There is a stud projecting from the side of the bolt; and this stud catches in holes pierced through six little plates of iron or steel ranged face to face: these plates are the tumblers; and there is one particular position which they may assume, relatively to each other, fitted to admit the stud to slide along the holes, and thereby to admit the bolt to be shot. But to attain this desired position, all the tumblers must be lifted; and what is more, they must all be lifted to different heights. The key has six steps or ledges cut in its bitt, each one corresponding in position to one particular tumbler: they all act at once, each lifting a tumbler, and each lifting is to exactly the right height; and when so lifted, the tumblers allow the

bolt to pass. Now if a key be used, differing by ever so little from the right one, it will raise some one of the tumblers rather too much, or rather too little—either defect will prevent the bolt from passing; and what is more, if a false key raises one of the tumblers too high, the tumbler is caught hold of by a 'detector,' and held in such a way that nothing but the real key will release it again; and thus not only is it exceedingly difficult to effect an opening with a false key, but the very attempt to do so is betrayed by the detector apparatus.

A curious circumstance concerning one of Chubb's locks was made public at one of the meetings of the Institute of Civil Engineers a year or two ago; it was so far significant, as to shew that a very strong inducement was yet not sufficiently strong to lead to the successful picking of the lock. It appears that a burglar, who had been a locksmith before he fell into evil habits, and who was undergoing punishment as a convict at Portsmouth, repeatedly affirmed that he could pick any lock ever constructed. Whether the project emanated from Messrs Chubb, or from the government, is not stated, but an offer was made to the man to the following effect:—That one of Chubb's locks, properly locked, and the key removed, should be subjected to his skill in picking; that another lock, exactly similar to it, should be placed in his hands, for him to examine in any way, and as long as he liked; that he should be provided with files and wire, and all the tools which he might state to be necessary for him to make his pick-lock apparatus, together with blank keys to fit the pin of the lock; that he should have three months to make his attempt; that if he succeeded in opening the lock by these means, and in the specified time, he should receive a free pardon from the government, and a reward of L.100 from Messrs Chubb. It is further stated, that whenever, by over-lifting the tumblers, he set the detector in action, and thus impeded his further progress, the makers set the detector free, in order that there might be nothing to embarrass him beyond the tumbler principle of the lock. Nevertheless, all this enticing reward failed: the poor fellow worked until his skill and patience were exhausted, and then gave up the attempt as hopeless.

The lock of another celebrated firm, Messrs Bramah, is very different from that of Messrs Chubb, and is perhaps still more delicate in detail; it is, at any rate, more difficult to describe. We must, in endeavouring to understand the principle of its construction, dismiss from thought the ordinary oblong rectangular box, and consider the Bramah lock to consist mainly of two barrels or cylinders, one turning within the other. The inner barrel must turn round, in order that a stud, which projects from one end, may act upon and propel the bolt; and the mechanism is such as to prevent this revolving of the barrel, unless through the influence of a very peculiar key. There are six or more sliders—thin pieces of steel, which slide in grooves in the inner barrel; there is a circular plate, concentric with the barrels; and the inner barrel cannot revolve until certain notches in the sliders coincide with the plane of the plate. The notches are irregularly placed on the sliders—one slider having the notch near one end, another near the middle, and so on; and this is planned to embarrass the movements of any one who has not the right key. The key has six or more clefts in its end, corresponding to the number of sliders. On being inserted in the keyhole, it presses the ends of the sliders, and forces them all along their respective grooves to the exact distances required. Some of the best of these locks have as many as eighteen sliders; and if any one of these be pressed in the minutest degree too much or too little, the notches will not coincide, and the lock cannot be opened.

Every school-boy who has advanced as far as Combination and Permutation, knows how rapidly the number of different arrangements of a series of objects increases when the number of objects themselves increases. This principle is regarded as the safety-principle in the Bramah lock. What are the chances that a person, without the proper key, shall thrust all the six sliders to the exact distance, neither more nor less? In the first place, every slider is capable of assuming any one of a large number of different positions, only one of which can be the right one; and as this is equally true of all the sliders, the number of relative positions becomes enormously great. Mr Bramah has calculated that, in his celebrated 18-slider lock, the number of variations is 678,651,612,807,168,000—a number of which, it is needless to remark, we can form no conception. It has been said, however, that if a person could count 100 in a second, he must keep on counting for more than a thousand million years—supposing him to be the Wandering Jew—before he could master this number! It would of course be ridiculous to suppose that the absolute safety of the lock is measured by such vast rows of figures; but it is certainly true, that the notches in the sliders admit of such permutations.

Most newspaper readers must be more or less familiar with the lock-controversy of 1851: how that an American came over to England, and spoke slightingly of the locks made by our eminent locksmiths; how that he sent notice to one of these firms that he would, on a given day, pick one of their locks, *and did it*; how that he accepted a challenge of forty years' standing, put forth by another firm in the full glow of security and certainty; how that, after an imposing and formal arrangement of preliminaries, he picked the lock and handled the golden reward; how he afterwards put forth a counter-challenge, offering a still larger reward to any one who could pick *his* lock, or rather a lock patented by an American firm with which he was connected. All this was matter of much public comment during the summer and autumn of 1851. So far as regards the challenges and the results, we gladly avoid the controversies to which they led. These controversies, like many others, depended on the precise meaning attached to the words used. To pick a lock is a feat described in three small words, but the discussion shewed that different persons attached different meanings to the feat so designated. Two things, however, have been very generally admitted: that Mr Hobbs displayed remarkable skill, delicacy of touch, and patience in his operations; and that it is important to know the best or the worst which can be done in lock-picking, in order that both lock-makers and lock-users may know what they are about. Whatever be the result of the Anglo-American battle—on which no opinion is offered here—there can be nothing rash or unfair in saying, that public benefit must ultimately spring from the close scrutiny to which lock-construction has been subjected.

The pick-lock theory is a more extensive one than most persons imagine. The Commissioners of Metropolitan Police in Scotland Yard, are said to have in their possession nearly a ton-weight of pick-locks and false keys, taken from burglars and suspected persons. One system of operation is to obtain, for a short time, possession of the true key of a lock, take an impression from this in wax, and so fashion an implement that shall serve the purpose of the key. Another—seemingly very extraordinary to the uninitiated—consists in passing some substance through the keyhole into the lock, to take an impression of the wards or tumblers; and then to make tools corresponding with this impression. A third system consists in removing the pressure of the spring which acts upon the bolt in most locks, by a counter-weight applied in a peculiar way; and then testing and trying the tumblers or sliders, one by one, arriving at the desired result by a slow and tentative process. It is quite extraordinary how much work can be done in such a little workshop as a keyhole by the professional pick-lock.

The American lock mentioned in a former paragraph, and dignified by the name of the Parantoptic Permutation-lock, is a truly remarkable piece of mechanism, whether its practical advantages be greater or less than those of English make. The key itself is on the permutation principle. The bitt or web consists of a number of different studs of steel, of different lengths; they are all movable, and are attached to the key by a pin which runs through them all. The shortest may be in the middle, or at the near end, or at the remote end; in short, there may be as many permutations as can be produced by a given number of different objects—say six. The owner of the lock has, therefore, practically, an almost unending series of keys, for he can alter the key directly after locking the lock. Now, the interior of the lock contains such rows of tumblers, one acting upon or falling into another, that, having been locked by the key in one of its shapes, the bolt cannot be withdrawn by any other arrangement of the studs in the key. The effect is very curious; for even if a duplicate-key were made by surreptitious means, the owner could render it instantly valueless, by altering the studs of his own key before locking, and taking care not to return again to the previous arrangement. The lock, in fact, becomes a different lock after each alteration of the key. It may be said, perhaps, that this argument cuts both ways; that the surreptitious key may make the true key powerless, instead of the reverse. This may possibly be the case; and if so, it is one of the points which ought to be considered in testing the relative value of locks in practice. We have only to do with it here as an example of beautiful and ingenious contrivance. We believe that the makers, and Mr Hobbs himself, state their utter inability to pick this lock; but this proves nothing; for we may be quite certain that neither Messrs Bramah nor Messrs Chubb, nor any other makers of safety-locks, whether English or American, will claim to possess the power of picking their own unpickable, impeccable locks. The question is, whether any one can undertake to pick all locks. Such triumph of lock-picking has not yet been achieved, we believe.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to observe, that ninety-nine out of every hundred locks, or even a much greater ratio than this, are for such common purposes as render quite needless such elaborate safety arrangements; it is for special cases, where valuable property is to be guarded, that all these movable tumblers and movable slides and movable bitts are deemed necessary. If America and England can teach each other anything new, whether in locks or reaping-machines, both will in the end benefit by so doing.

HOUSEHOLD LOGIC.

There is a mode of reasoning with which every one must be perfectly familiar, but which it is not easy to designate, unless it be under the title of 'Household Logic.' A plant of universal growth, it possesses all the harmless together with all the irritating properties of the stinging nettle. It is indigenous in every domicile, attains its highest perfection in the warmer regions surrounding the kitchen-range, flourishes in the still-room, and shoots up with surprising vigour between the chinks of the attic floors. In no system of logic hitherto known has it been classed. Whately has utterly ignored it in his treatises; nor has Smart, or any other expounder of the laws of the syllogism, introduced it in his disquisitions. Household logic has been passed over by the learned with that silent contempt which is too often bestowed upon familiar subjects, and, neglected by higher authorities, it is condemned at last to have its worth as a science tried and tested by the humble alchymy of a simple-minded and somewhat hum-drum householder like myself.

On the strength of the above characterisation, it will, no doubt, be surmised, and truly, that this first slight essay on household logic is penned by one every way diffident of her own powers of analysing so difficult a subject—one who, in short, hesitates on the very threshold to inquire whether her own reasoning faculties may not have been occasionally at fault, and whether her pretensions to a common-sense judgment upon common-place topics may not sometimes have been put forward rather ostentatiously. Giving myself, however, the benefit of this doubt, I may venture to bring forward a few instances of the deviations of household logic from the common syllogistical forms of argument.

Paying a visit recently to an intimate friend, in whose household arrangements I took an especial interest, it was my fortune on one or two occasions to be present at those little interlocutory contentions which will at times, in spite of all human prevision, baffle the most determined lover of peace. My friend occupied a small suburban villa, rich in the architectural advantages of its class; for, though cut off from that entire community of brick and mortar enjoyed by the houses opposite—like the cockle-shells of the nursery rhyme, standing 'all in a row'—it could yet boast of that contiguity of garden-wall which offers the greatest facility for stranger cats to exchange amicable greetings, and to dip their whiskers into the milk-cans of their neighbours. So pertinacious in their encroachments were these animals, that no room in the house was secure against their depredations. Whenever a window or a door was by any happy chance left open, so that they could slink through it unperceived, they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the fact. Taken by surprise, you would stumble over them on the stairs, at the imminent risk of dislocating your collar-bone. The opening of a closet-door—the store-room-door especially—would startle them in the midst of the guilty pleasures of the chase. Not unfrequently, too, they might be found reposing, like the sweep of Montagu House, sullying with sooty feet the dainty white bed-coverings, or coiled cozily up among the snake-like folds of a new boa-tippet incautiously deposited on the pillow. But to my logic.

One day my friend happened to espy a dish of oysters with open shells, which had been ordered in for luncheon, deposited on a chair close beside the garden-door, which stood partially open. Susan was called up, and duly but quietly admonished on the impropriety of the proceeding. Her immediate and unhesitating answer was: 'There are no cats about the house to-day!' Now, I had seen a good deal of the mesmerists, and been a frequent witness of the prescient power exhibited by the magnetised sleep-walker; still, knowing the circumstances of the case as I did, I own that, in my waking simplicity, the astounding omniscience of Susan's retort fairly amazed me. Perhaps the fault lay in my own want of comprehension; but I frankly confess, I could not see the force of her argument. Her mistress, however, who possibly did, ventured to ask:

'Are you sure of that? How do you know?' To which pertinent question, Susan's reply was even more startling than her former one.

'*Because* I should not have left the oysters there, if there had been!' What followed this I scarcely know, but I saw my friend getting very red; and feeling some apoplectic symptoms myself, I leaned back on the sofa, covering my face with my handkerchief, and, like the hero of Alabama, 'shut my eyes to hold my breath.'

Again, one Sunday not long after, on returning from church, we sat down to a roasted wing-rib of beef. Our arrival at home had been simultaneous with the arrival of the dinner-hour, yet, in spite of punctuality, the joint was indisputably and wastefully overdone. My friend said nothing on the subject until the next morning; then the ill-fated Susan was called up, and the error mildly alluded to. The first reason given for the defalcation was, that she 'had been used to roast much larger joints.' On my friend's venturing to suggest that that

could not materially alter the case, seeing that, as all cooks were aware, there are certain laws which rule the roast, such as allowing a quarter of an hour for every poundweight contained in a given joint—the undaunted Susan, driven from the stronghold of her argument, took refuge in an outpost, and roundly declared that 'she did not know what time to put it down to the fire, for the clock was *half an hour* too fast!' Her mistress only sighed over the waywardness of clocks in general, and of her own in particular; and dismissed the uncalculating logician, ruminating very possibly the while on Wordsworth's lines—

> 'At Kilve, there was no weather-cock,
> And that's the reason why.'

On another occasion, I remember that the area-gate was all at once seized with an unaccountable motive energy which nothing could tame down. Doubtless, feeling itself to be a useful accessory in all cases of open counsel, it obstinately refused every persuasion to adopt the early-closing movement. My friend was in despair. 'There, Susan,' she said—'there is that area-gate open again.' But determined never to be taken at a disadvantage, Susan was as ready as ever with her peculiar logic: 'I can't keep it shut; it flies open of itself!' 'Then lock it.' 'I *did!*' This reply of Susan's, to put the gentlest construction upon it, was undoubtedly proving too much. It was one of those alarming explosions of the reasoning faculties which, scattering every particle of truth to the winds in the effort to sound big, forcibly reminds the hearer of the bursting of one of Prince Rupert's drops.

The above are but a few instances of ratiocination out of the many which have come under my own experience, wherein household logic has played a conspicuous part: the best—heard long ago—have escaped me; these, as the more recent, having alone retained a place in my memory. But the chambers of the mind need not be ransacked for the stores that lie at every one's threshold. Most people can recall to mind certain queer retorts hurled at themselves, which have seemed to hover for a moment about the hallowed precincts of some fixed and determinate point of truth, but never touched it; like those balls one sees suspended in upper air simply by the play of a fountain, again and again approaching the point of gravitation, but ever failing to attain it. How few, in the familiarity of social intercourse, know how to exercise the graceful virtue of rendering a straightforward answer to a straightforward question! The Society of Friends have been charged with a habit of replying to one question by another. This mode of proceeding would be an incalculable gain to many, if it were only on account of the advantage it affords in allowing leisure for the second speaker to gather up his forces, and return to the charge, which he might be supposed to do with some hope of making a successful rejoinder, by the time he received an answer to his own query. It is true that some slight degree of confusion will, at first sight, appear likely to result from this order of things, but, as it would eventually turn out, by no means an inextricable confusion. In one instance, a small amount of banter, judiciously introduced; in another, a scarcely appreciable quantum of fighting off the direct line of reply to a reasonable interrogatory, and the desired object is gained. For instance, let us suppose Smith to ask Jones: 'Where do you dine to-day, Jones?' To which might be responded, after the manner of the celebrated Irish echo: 'Where do *you* dine, Smith?' 'Oh, I am engaged at home.' 'Well, so am I.' Now, setting aside the suggestiveness of this arrangement of queries, by which one speaker is made prompter to another, it cannot fail to strike the intelligent reader how directly, in the above sentences, the cause of amity and good-will is advanced, and how conspicuously the courtesies of life are preserved. Smith has clearly some intention of asking Jones to dinner, but Jones, for some reason best known to himself, wishes to decline, and therefore retorts the question. Smith, utterly unconscious of the fact, announces his domestic intentions, and the path of Jones is clear before him. Without being driven to the painful alternative of refusing, and, by so doing, perhaps interrupting the friendly relations of years' standing, he is in a condition at once to lay his hand on his heart, and to the reply of his interlocutor: 'I dine at home,' to answer like a man and a brother: 'And so do I.'

With these closing remarks, thrown out for the benefit of those whom they may concern, I take leave of an important subject of consideration, of which but a small part is included in the narrow scope of Household Logic.

CHRISTMAS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The first indication of the approach of Christmas—a literal 'note of preparation,' generally steals over us in this crowded city in a dream of the night. Somewhere about the beginning of December, in the small hours 'ayont the twal', a sense of something Elysian qualifies one's quiet slumber; then a faint and distant sound of sweet harmony glides agreeably upon the ear, and grows louder and louder, and we dream rapturous dreams, and float among a countless host of singing seraphs bright—on, and on, and on, when, suddenly, with a start, one wakes to find the dream not all a dream. For there, beneath your window, is a band of French-horns, flutes, oboes, and trombones, warbling the pastoral symphony of Handel with low-toned instruments, whose quiet voices thrill you with pleasure. Pausing in your breath, you drink in every note, and listen greedily till the strain has ceased; then a stentorian voice rings through the fog and mist and moisture, invoking in behalf of all and sundry within hearing, 'a merry Christmas and a happy new-year.' Then you drop off once more to sleep, in the dreamy intervals of which the strain is renewed again and again; and you rise in the morning with the full-blown consciousness that Christmas is at hand, and that all the world, and the London world in particular, is bound to be as merry and as happy as it can be.

So the 'waits' having thus warned you of the advent of the great annual fact, you begin to look about in your walks abroad for the verification of it; and though it yet wants three weeks or more of Christmas-day, there is no lack of indications of what is expected. In anticipation of the liberal expenditure of ready cash—the most interesting consideration of the season to a London trader—and which expenditure every shopkeeper is dutifully anxious to engross as far as possible to himself, a thousand different persuasive devices are already placarded and profusely exhibited. 'Christmas Presents' forms a monster-line in the posters on the walls and in the shop-windows. Infantine appeals in gigantic type cover the boardings. 'Do, Papa, Buy Me' so-and-so; so-and-so being blotted out in a few hours by 'The New Patent Wig,' so that the appeal remains a perplexing puzzle to affectionate parents, till both are in turn blotted out by a third poster, announcing the sacrifice of 120,000 gipsy cloaks and winter mantles at less than half the cost-price. Cheap Christmas books are a part of every bookseller's display; Christmas fashions fill the drapers' windows, and stand on full-dressed poles in the doorways. There are Christmas lamps, lustres, and candelabra; Christmas diamonds made of paste, and Brummagem jewellery for glittering show, as well as Christmas furniture for parties and routs, to be hired for the season—carving, gilding, hangings, beds; everything which, being wanted but once a year, it may be cheaper to hire than to purchase or to keep on hand. The slopsellers are especially in a state of

prodigious activity, taking time by the forelock, and pushing their unwieldy advertising vans out in every direction, freighted with puffs of their appropriate Christmas garb—Hebrew harness for a Christian festival. These are a few of the broad palms thus early stretched forth to catch a share of the golden shower about to fall.

But these and such as these are very minor and subordinate preparations. Eating and drinking, after all, are the chief and paramount obligations of the Christmas season. As the month grows older, the great gastronomic anniversary is heralded at every turn by signs more abundant and less equivocal. Among the dealers in eatables, one and all of whom are now putting in their sickles for the harvest, the grocer, who is independent of the weather, leads off the dance. Long before the holly and the mistletoe have come to town, he has received his stock of Christmas fruit, on the sale of which, it may be, the profit or loss of the whole year's trade is depending. For months past, he has been occupied at every leisure hour in breaking to pieces the rocky mass of conglomerate gravel, dirt, sticks, and fruit which, under the designation of currants, came to him from the docks; and it is not before he has got rid of near half the gross weight, that the indispensable currants are fit to meet the eyes of the public. This is one of the nuisances of his trade, and forms a ceremony which, as every housekeeper knows well enough, is but indifferently performed after all. The currants, tolerably cleaned and professionally moistened, occupy a conspicuous place in his window, along with the various sorts of raisins—Sultanas, Muscatels, and Valencias—dates, prunes, preserves in pots, and candied lemons and spices, built up in the most attractive and gaudy piles and pyramids, edged round with boxes of foreign confections, adorned with admirable specimens of the lithographic art, and all ticketed in clean new figures at astonishingly low prices. The gin-shops, or, to speak more politely, the wine-vaults, now begin to brush up. They wash and varnish over their soiled paint, cleanse the outsides and decorate the insides of their faded saloons; and concocting new combinations of fire-water, prepare for thirsty poverty new incentives to oblivious intemperance. Every third-rate inn and back-street public-house is the centre and focus of a goose-club, the announcement of which stares you in the face twenty times in the course of a day's walk. They owe their existence to the improvidence and want of economy of the labouring and lowest classes. A small weekly sum subscribed for thirteen weeks, entitles each subscriber to a goose; and by increasing his weekly dole, he may insure, besides the goose, a couple of bottles of spirits. The distribution of geese and gin takes place on Christmas-eve; and in large working establishments, where the goose-club is a favourite institution, and where, for the most part, the innkeeper is not allowed to meddle, the choice of the birds is decided by the throw of the dice, the thrower of the highest cast having the first choice. We will drop in at the hour of distribution, and witness the consummation of one of these affairs.

But time rolls on, and the great cattle-show in Baker Street has come off. The pig of half a ton weight has held his last levee, and grunted a welcome to the lords and ladies of the aristocracy, and to hundreds of thousands of less distinguished visitors. The prize animals are all sold, and marched or carted off to their new owners. The periodical insanity of the butchers has been developed as strongly as ever. The love of fame glows beneath a blue apron as fiercely as beneath a diamond star; and determined to cut a respectable figure in the carnival which is approaching, Mr Stickem does not hesitate to purchase a beast, which he knows well enough will hardly cut up for five-and-thirty pounds, at the cost of seventy. What of that? The bubble reputation outweighs the love of lucre, and if he is satisfied with his bargain, who shall complain? Happy is the butcher who has been enabled to purchase a prize-ox; he is not disposed to hide his candle under a bushel. If he have room in front of his shop, he will tether his dear bargain, during the short hours of daylight, to a post in front of his doorway—where, a good fat ox being a special favourite with the public, he is patted and petted by them as they stop in groups to admire his vast proportions. The unwieldy beast, ornamented with ribbons and favours, gazes moodily around him, now plucks a mouthful of hay, and now utters a sonorous bellow—a lament for the pastures of his calfhood.

Let us now transport ourselves to Covent Garden on the eve of Christmas-week. It is late on Friday night, and to-morrow is the last Saturday's market before Christmas-day. The market, which for the last two months has been redolent of the damp odour of the sere and yellow leaf, is now to blossom in a few short hours with renewed brilliancy. The bells of the city have not yet struck the hours of midnight, when from the various avenues which lead into Covent Garden, the sound of wheels is heard on all sides, and a continuous stream of carts and wagons pours into the open space, which, in less than an hour, is rendered impassable to any but adventurous foot-passengers. At the first glance, the whole burden of the numberless wains appears one mass of evergreens; it looks as though Birnam Wood had actually come to Dunsinane. Immense quantities of holly and fir, with here and there a bough of laurel, shew the demand of the Londoners for winter verdure. The mistletoe-bough, which has hung like an inverted gooseberry-bush from the old apple-tree all the summer long, and a fine specimen of which is good at this nick of time for half-a-guinea, to say nothing of the kissing, which we don't presume to value, appears this year in quantities truly enormous, and, we should think, unprecedented. The market now presents a noisy and interesting spectacle. The bawling and roaring of drivers, the backing of wains to make room for privileged new-comers, the chaffering of dealers, who are not at all angry, passionate as they seem, the grappling feet of horses, and fifty minor sounds, perplex the ear, as much as the dim vision does the eye, of dark figures flitting rapidly about hither and thither, by the light of a hundred lanterns constantly dodging up and down, and the steady glare of the gas overhead. In the midst of all this apparent confusion, however, business is doing and done by wholesale. By three or four o'clock, a good half of the various wares, prickly as well as palatable, brought to market, are transferred to new proprietors, and are already off, most of them without breaking bulk, to different quarters of the town. Long before the dawn, the din has ceased altogether, and the cause of it has vanished. The traders of the market are mostly on the spot before four o'clock, and are now active in preparing the show of winter fruit which is to adorn the tables of the wealthy in the coming festival. Before ten o'clock, the arcade is in trim for visitors and customers, and a tempting array of all that the depth of winter can produce is ranged in artistic order. There are apples of all hues and sizes, among which the brown russet, the golden bob, and the Ribston pippins, are pre-eminent. Among the pears are the huge winter-pear, the delicious Charmontel, and the bishop's-thumb. Then there are foreign and hot-house grapes, transparent and luscious; large English pine-apples, pomegranates, brown biffins from Norfolk, and baskets of soft medlars; Kent cob-nuts, filberts and foreign nuts of outlandish shapes, all gaily mingled and mixed up with flowers of all hues, natural and artificial, and both, and neither; bouquets of real grasses tinted to an unreal colour, *immortelles* that were never green, stained into evergreens; weeds and wayside flowers dried to death, and then dyed of various hues to live and blossom again, scented with delicious odours

which nature never gave them; flowers cut from coloured paper, flowers modelled in wax, flowers of tinted cotton fabrics, flowers carved delicately from turnips and beet-root—all in bright and brilliant contrast with the dark-green holly and the sere and russet hue of the winter fruit. Notwithstanding this artificial attempt at colour, the show is, on the whole, much more suggestive to the palate than captivating to the eye. You cannot help noticing a prodigious number of sapling firs, some transplanted into pots, and trained, cropped, and clipped into regular shapes for Christmas-trees; most of these are sold naked as brought to market, but some few are loaded with fruit, oranges, lemons, and clustered grapes, and liberally adorned with imitative flowers and wreaths. The confectioners purchase these trees, and load the branches with choice delicacies under various disguises, and will present each member of a customer's family with an appropriate token of affectionate remembrance. This practice of plucking fruit from the Christmas-tree, which is growing more and more prevalent in English families, is of German origin, and is said to owe its increasing popularity in England to the custom of the royal family, whose Christmas-tree is pretty sure to be fully described in the fashionable journals.

But we must leave the market to the customers, who are now thronging in, and pursue our way eastward. The weather is precisely in that condition which any alteration would improve—close, warm, and wet, with a drizzling rain, and without the remotest sign of what every butcher, fishmonger, and poulterer is praying for—a frost. But every phase of the weather has its peculiar phenomena in this critical season; one is visible in the spare and comparatively Lenten aspect, as yet, of the butchers' shops. They are afraid to expose to show their prize-meat; and the fat cattle, though probably all by this time slain, are left hanging in the slaughter-house. So the butchers make an extra show with evergreens and saw-dust, and a few —only a few—prize-sheep, whose broad backs bear their history inscribed in inch-long characters, declaring where and by whom they were bred and fed. In a few hours, they will be cut up, and then you may learn, if you like, from similar labels, by whom each joint will be eaten. That smart-looking countryman yonder, standing on the kerbstone, he with the green wide-awake, cutty smock-frock, corduroy breeches, and short, heavy high-lows, is another of the phenomena whose appearance here is due to warm weather in winter. Crowding and fluttering round his feet are a group of fifty hungry ducks, whom he, their cautious owner, has not dared to kill, lest in so doing he should kill his profits; so, three days ago, he brought his gobbling friends alive to market, and has already reduced their number to one-half. The famished birds are pecking desperately at a few grains of barley, which he occasionally dispenses from his pocket in homœopathic doses, merely to keep them from straying away. He is intent on doing business; hear him: (Duck-dealer *loquitur*) 'Sure to be fresh, marm—all alive, you see; kill 'em when you want 'em—pick and choose a couple for three-and-six, say three bob, marm. Kill 'em for you? Certainly, marm. Which is your fancy, marm? Ha! I see you knows what a duck is. Here, dilly! dilly! come and be killed, you fool. There, marm, that's the way we doos it, quite skyantific, you see. Stop, marm, let me put 'em in the basket; they'll lie under the apples snug as ninepence —that's it. Thanky, marm. Yar—ar! Sold agin, and got the money. Who's for the next sample? Who says ducks?—ducks an' apple-sarse! that's a tidy lightener, I reckon,' &c.

Turning into a side-street, for the sake of avoiding the greasy mud, trodden and churned by myriads of feet to the consistence of bird-lime, we come upon another phenomenon consequent, in some degree, upon the warm and close weather. We are suddenly confronted by an enormous serried phalanx, full fifty yards in solid depth, of wayworn spit-doomed geese, waddling wearily forwards, their hungry bills gaping aloft in the air, and every feather sodden with moisture, and dyed to the hue of London mud. Unlike their renowned ancestors, the guardian fowls of Rome, they have not a syllable to say for themselves. Fifteen mortal miles have the whole troop of nearly 1000 waddled painfully since, by the cold starlight, they were roused from their roost, and compelled to sally forth under the conduct of the driver, who, armed with a wand ten feet long, which answers his purpose better than any dog, with whom the geese would inevitably do battle, has undertaken the patient and difficult task of consigning them to their final friend and patron, the poulterer. He has to enter London, and pick the whole way to his destination through side-streets and by-ways, in order to escape collision with cabs and omnibuses, which would make short work with his intractable flock. The whole regiment are completely exhausted by the long march; each one presents a sorry spectacle of individual distress; with empty crops and parched throats, heads erect and gasping for air, they look wildly round, and press feebly yet hurriedly on, without emitting the slightest sound. If a single 'quack' would save the Capitol, it would not be uttered. These unfortunate candidates for a fellowship with sage and onions, to obtain which they must be plucked as a preparatory step, are bred and trained with a view to this especial promotion in Epping and Hainault Forests, whence whole armies are despatched, in dead and living detachments, at Michaelmas and Christmas? A good portion of them die a patriot's death on their native soil, and escape the misery of such a journey as these have undergone; but vast numbers are every year, especially when the weather is unfavourable for killing, condemned to execute a forced march upon the capital, where they operate as a *corps de reserve*, awaiting the exigencies of the poulterer, whose knife, like the sword of Damocles, hangs suspended over their heads, with this difference, however, that it is sure to fall and to slay. It is no unusual thing to meet the drover of this feathery herd strung round the waist with half-a-dozen disabled travellers, who, from accident or weariness, have broken down on the way.

On account of the weather, and the four clear days which have yet to elapse before Christmas, Saturday's market is, comparatively speaking, but a flat affair, and presents nothing particularly worthy of record. Sunday comes on with a drab-coloured sky fringed with fog, and dripping with occasional warm showers. The fishers and fleshers fret at their devotions, and pray for seasonable weather. The sky is clear at eventide, and the stars shine out. Vain promise! Monday is ten times worse—not a breath of air stirs—the whole vast city is seething in one warm vapour-bath—the thermometer stands almost at 'temperate,' and ten minutes' walk wets you through in spite of your umbrella. Still, now or never is the time for display, and forth comes everything into fair daylight, such as it is. The mistletoe-boughs which everywhere droop pendent where comestibles are to be sold, are dripping with moisture, and every milk-white berry seems to distil a crystal drop. Greengrocers, fishmongers, and fruiterers are embowered in greenery; but they are busy as bees in their damp hives, unpacking, packing, and arranging and despatching goods to weather-bound customers. The greengrocer galls the kibe of the grocer, and sells all the materials for plum-pudding, as well as vegetables for the pot and fruit for the desert. The fishmonger, who is completely built in with barrels of oysters, trenches upon the domain of the poulterer, and to fish of all flavours, fresh and salt, from the smelt to the cod, adds geese and turkeys, and barn-door fowls. The butcher now marshals his meat—the mutton, carcasses, the

beef in quarters, such quarters!—in the most imposing order. But the relentless clouds pour forth an unremitting flood, and drive us home to a dry room and a cheerful fire.

Tuesday comes—a glorious day—the sun shining bright, a moderate breeze blowing aloft, and the thermometer down to 47. 'All in good time yet,' say the shopkeepers; 'people must eat, that's one comfort.' We want something besides butcher-meat for our Christmas dinner. Let us be off to the poulterer's, and see what he has got to show. We shall come upon him just round the corner. Here we are. Verily, the whole house is feathered like one huge bird, the fabulous roc of the Arabian Tales. The list of them defies all our skill in ornithology. Numbers there are that we know, and as many that are strangers to us—at least with their feathers on. Over the door is a pair of enormous swans, though we do not see the albatross, measuring nine feet across the wings, which we saw in the same place a couple of years back. Above the swans are bitterns, herons, hawks; here a peacock, and there a gigantic crane, besides a raven, and an eccentric collection of birds never intended to be eaten, but which are only hung up aloft to impress the spectator with the indisputable fact, that the whole of the tribes of the air are under the potent enchantment and subject to the despotic beck and bidding of Mr Pluck—and very proper too. Grouse, pheasants, partridges, and wild-fowl hang in countless numbers from the topmost floor down to the very pavement; pigeons in dense dead flocks; and sky-larks, thrushes, and larks bundled together by the neck in bulky tassels, to fringe the solid breast-work of plucked geese and turkeys, which, with heads dangling in silent rows, lie close jammed in fleshy phalanx upon the groaning shop-boards. Hares in legions, and rabbits by the warren, line the walls or hang from the ceiling; and among them here and there the bright feathers of the mallard give a touch of colour to the dense masses of brown and gray. Gorged as the whole place is with the denizens of the air, the forest, the fen, and the farmyard, you are not for a moment to suppose that the store before your eyes is anything more than a mere indication of the proprietor's doings in the way of business. Lest you should fall into the simple error, that all this is all he can do, he politely informs you in a placard a yard long, that he has levied a contribution upon the county of Norfolk for thousands of turkeys and tens of thousands of geese, which are bound, under a heavy penalty, to be delivered within a given time. Think of that! and in the meanwhile look around you, and see what is going on. While you are gazing, the birds are going off by whole coveys. People with empty baskets are thronging in, and folks with baskets full are crowding out. Look at that stout woman tottering under the weight of two turkeys, three geese, a hare, and a brace of pheasants, to say nothing of a sucking-pig, stuffed with straw, and bearing a sprig of red-berried holly in his mouth, with his eye knowingly modelled to a wink, as though he were making faces at the destiny which has doomed him to the spit. Next come a jolly-looking butler, and a boy at his heels carrying a basket filled with choice game; the butler gets into a cab, and the boy, having first hoisted his basket to the top, mounts guard by the side of the driver, and off they go. The place of the cab is instantly filled by a cart full of slaughtered geese, doubtless a part of the immense consignment from Norfolk; but the shop doorway is one crush of customers, and they can't be got in there—so they go in like bricks, being pitched through the open window to a shopman behind the counter, who tells them off, and in his turn pitches them down an open trap, where a band of Mr Pluck's pluckers are plucking from morning to night and all night long. To-day is the great day for business. In matters of [illegible] and drinking the Londoner is not given to procrastination when he can avoid it; he has a passion for an extensive choice; and though he want but a sixpenny article, he will walk a mile to buy one from a stock of 10,000, rather than take one out of ten equally good which are offered at his own door. The appreciation of this truth has made Mr Pluck's fortune, as it has made the fortunes of thousands besides.

But we must leave the poulterer to his traffic, and the butcher, and fishmonger, and grocer, and fruiterer, and all who have delicacies to sell, not forgetting the confectioner, who, up to the eyes in paste, is already preparing the Twelfth-cakes for *his* Christmas-day. They say that these cakes last from year to year, and that one which fails to go off in '52 may meet with a customer in '53. We know nothing about that, but we do know a young artist who has been at work for some weeks already, laying very spirited water-colour drawings on a ground of sugar, and a very pleasant working-ground he says it is.

Christmas-day, bright with sunshine and slightly frosty, rises upon London very much like a Sunday, and the streets in the morning are thronged by the same bands of steady church-goers answering the call of the parish bells. Full service takes place in all the churches, which are profusely decorated with boughs of evergreen. Christmas anthems are sung, and Christmas sermons are preached, and Christian charity is urged on behalf of the poor. Sermon over, we are tempted by the weather to whet our appetite with a walk of an hour through the city, in the course of which we encounter a hundred different groups, bound unmistakably for the dinner-table of some hospitable host: charming young lasses, with little whity-brown parcels held between finger and thumb at one corner, and containing the new ribbon which is to make its first appearance on the fair neck at to-day's party; elder matrons carrying their spick-and-span-new caps in pin-fastened packets a shade larger; new-married couples, the husband with his young wife's satin shoes sticking out of his coat-pocket behind, and some flimsy mystery in tissue-paper in his hand, and not half hidden, as he thinks it is, beneath his coat, with which he dares not cover it for fear of a crush. Besides these, there are lawyers' clerks, with undeniable black bottles swathed in brown paper, and pushed up tightly under the left armpit, swaggering along as proudly as though bin No. 12 in their own cellar were crammed with fifty dozen, and never dreaming that every passer-by is cognisant of their three-and-sixpenny purchase. Suddenly we find ourselves in a crowd, and, going with the stream, are borne into the centre of a multitude assembled round the entrance to a stable-yard, over which is painted in gigantic letters on a broad white sheet: 'Welcome to the Christmas Feast;' and underneath, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' Within are tents surmounted with banners inscribed with texts of Scripture, enforcing the duty of benevolence, and inviting the poor to enjoy its fruits. Christian charity is doing its work by wholesale. Crowds of the poor and ill-fed populace are streaming in, directed by a numerous band of policemen, and numbers are coming out loaded with the good old English fare of roast beef and plum-pudding, to say nothing of tea enough for a week's consumption. Trotty Veck is there with all his tribe; and every man, woman, and child is armed with plate, dish, basin, or jug, for the reception of the welcome dole, which continues from one in the afternoon till late in the evening, and renders that particular district a marked contrast to all the rest of London on a Christmas afternoon. Elsewhere, there is a void and a silence in the streets, to which the stillness of the Sabbath is comparative uproar. Hundreds of thousands of revolving spits are about to surrender their savoury burdens; the multitudinous mouth of London waters at the impending feast, whose odour fills the air; the gastronomic treasures of the east and the west, the north and the south,

of proximate Kew and far Cathay, are heaped for final sacrifice upon myriads of festive boards. All London is now in-doors, and 'particularly engaged.' Here and there an omnibus and a cab rattle along the paved road to the unwonted music of their own echoes, and for hours they have almost undisputed possession of the out-door world.

After dinner, we are tempted again to the scene of the poor man's feast. Introduced by a friend and subscriber, we manage to make our way into the principal tent, where, in the course of the day, hundreds have dined upon substantial fare, of which the odours yet remaining are sufficient evidence. The place is one bower of canvas and foliage. Upon a platform at the end, a merry-faced orator is resounding the praises of a certain inestimable personage, amidst the cries of 'hear, hear!' and the uproarious bravos of the auditors. The merry-faced gentleman subsides with a general round of applause, and the inestimable personage comes forward to acknowledge the compliment. Shade of Father Christmas! it is the veritable Soyer himself, the prince of cooks, habited in his kitchen garb, his handsome face gleaming with exercise and good-humour. See how politely he bows to his humble friends, and hear if you can, for we can't, how handsomely he repudiates all claim to the praise so lavishly bestowed by the former speaker. Then a band of music strikes up, and M. Soyer rushes into the kitchen, and we, mindful of certain annual anthems, in which we are pledged to take a part in the home circle, scramble through the motley crowd, and retrace our steps homewards.

The quiet that reigns all the afternoon and evening throughout the city is effectually broken before midnight, by which time the streets are populous again with groups of well-dressed visitors returning to their homes, noisy with mirth or heavy with wine; these reclining in cab or hackney, and those loudly chattering on the pavement, and beguiling the walk with jest or song. The rumble of wheels and the merry march of foot-passengers continue for the best part of the night, and as they fade away into silence, Old Father Christmas vanishes in the morning mist.

We can hardly close these desultory sketches of Christmas-time without some brief allusion to the day after Christmas, which, through every nook and cranny of the great Babel, is known and recognised as 'Boxing-day'—the day consecrated to *baksheesh*, when nobody, it would almost seem, is too proud to beg, and when everybody who does not beg is expected to play the almoner. 'Tie up the knocker—say you're sick, you are dead,' is the best advice perhaps that could be given in such cases to any man who has a street-door and a knocker upon it. Now is your time to make out a new list of occupations, and to become acquainted with all the benefactors whose good offices you have been enjoying all the year through without one thought of the gratitude you owe them. Dab the first is the sweep, of course, who must be paid over again for sweeping your chimneys. Half fearing that if you refuse, you may get a smoky house for the rest of the year, you consent for the sake of your lungs, and he is off. You sit down to breakfast, and with the first slice of toast comes dab the second. You glance out of the window, and see a couple of long coated varlets bearing battered French-horns, and you cheerfully bestow another shilling on the minstrels, as you suppose of the wet and dismal nights. They are off to the next door, and before you have drunk your second cup comes dab the third—the turncock wants *his* water-rate. You do as you like with him, but if you turn him off empty, he does the same with the water, and leaves you dependent on your neighbours for a supply. Dab the fourth is the dustman, and you must down with your dust, or you will get the dust down your throat the next time the bin has to be cleared out. Dab the fifth waters the roads in summer, and wants to wet his whistle at your expense. Dab the sixth scrapes them in winter, and now comes to scrape acquaintance with you in the affectionate desire of drinking your health 'at this jiful season.' Dab the seventh—'What! the waits again? I gave the fellow a shilling just now.' 'Yes, sir,' says Betty, 'but them fellers had no right to it.' Here the leader and spokesman of the band of *genuine* waits makes his appearance, bowing and scraping at the parlour-door: 'Sorry to *hob*trude, sir, but ours is the genuine waits, sir. That there gang what you subscribed, sir, only goes a collectin'—they never plays nothin'; they ain't musicians, only thievin' scamps as robs honest men. You rek'lect my vice, sir, a wishin' of you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.' Of course you recognise his 'vice,' for he bellows as loud as he did last Wednesday at midnight, and of course too, you pay the shilling over again. Dab the eighth is the lamp-lighter, who enlightens you on the subject of his large merits and small pay. Dab the ninth is the grocer's boy, who is followed by a shoal of dabs in regular succession, comprising every mentionable trade, until at length your patience being exhausted, and your small-change at the same low ebb, you rush desperately into a greatcoat and out of the house, and leave Betty to fight the battle of *baksheesh* as well as she can, which she generally does victoriously by declining to shew a front to the enemy, and leaving the dabs to come as slowly as they choose to the unwilling conviction, that 'it's no use knocking at the door any more.'

ODD FISHES.

Dr Hancock mentions a fish (the *loricaria*) which creeps upon all-fours in the beds of rivers. This little finny quadruped has a very singular appearance, moving upon its four stilts, which are produced by a bony ray in front of its pectoral fins, and of the next pair to them. The *callichthys*, a Brazilian fish, walks in this way for miles in search of water, when, as often happens, the pool in which it lives is dried up. The climbing perch (*Perca scandens*) not only creeps along the shore, but ascends trees, in search of the crustaceans upon which it feeds. It is found in Tranquebar. It must have some difficulty in ascending the fan-palms, if it were not provided with numerous little spines or thorns upon its fins, by means of which it suspends itself whilst climbing, using them like hands. In addition to these peculiarities, it has the power of folding up both dorsal and anal fins, when not using them: and thus it literally puts its hands in its pocket, for it deposits them in a cavity in its body, provided by nature on purpose to receive them when they are not needed for progression.

Nor are these pockets, or troughs, peculiar to the climbing perch—the land-crabs also possess them. With respect to the latter, anatomists were formerly puzzled to account for the fact of animals whose mode of respiration is by gills, being able to exist so long as they do out of the water, without injury to those organs; but a French naturalist first, and afterwards Milne Edwards, discovered a cavity, or trough, in which a small quantity of water is kept in order to moisten their gills occasionally. The *Gecarcinus ilca*, one species of this tribe, has more than one pocket or vesicle for that purpose. Another species, the *ocypode*, has a different but equally curious apparatus—a small spongy substance, by means of which the animal is supplied with the moisture required.

Kirby remarks,* that God, when he created these tribes, 'would not separate them from their kind by giving them a different mode of respiration, but provided this compensating contrivance to fit them for the circumstances in which He decreed to place them.' The *Perca scandens* is not the only kind of fish which [illegible]

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* Bridgewater Tre[illegible]

trees in search of food: several species are found in the Polynesian Islands, climbing the cocoa-palms; the most remarkable of them is a kind of lobster of gigantic size, and of strength sufficient to open the cocoa-nuts, upon which it chiefly subsists.

Nor are these the only instances of the inhabitants of the waters forsaking their native element. Several varieties of fish in the Indian Ocean and in the Mediterranean are adapted for a short flight; and these peculiarities of habit and movement are highly interesting, even when devoid of grace, for they are examples of a contrivance which displays the goodness of the Creator, in furnishing them with the means of providing for themselves amid the accidents and difficulties that may fall to their lot.

It has been asserted that fish are quite deaf; but though they have no external organ of hearing, they are by no means deficient in this sense; and their faculty of *smelling* is so wonderful, that they are guided by it through storm and darkness, and directed to their prey, or warned to escape from their enemies, at an immense distance. Lacepede considers this so much the most acute of their senses, that he calls it their most valuable *eye*. The olfactory membrane in a shark occupies several square feet. Fishes have the character of being remarkably stupid, and yet they are not wholly incapable of instruction. In many parts of Germany, the trout, carp, and tench, are summoned to their food by the sound of a bell; and in the gardens of Versailles some fish were kept for more than a century, which would come when they were called by their names. Neither are they as [illegible] deficient in parental instinct as has generally been supposed. Two species of fish in Brazil—one the *callichthys* before mentioned; the other called *doras*—construct actual nests, the former of grass, the latter of leaves, in which they deposit their eggs, covering them very carefully. They live in pairs, and, like birds, watch and defend their nests by turns, till their young are hatched and able to take care of themselves.

A similar instinct is exhibited by a fish resembling the turbot (*Osphromenus olfax*), which is kept for food in ponds in the Mauritius. After making their nest and laying their eggs, the male and female hatch and watch their infant offspring by turns.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

December 1852.

Whatever other topics have to be talked about, that of the weather forces itself in everywhere. What with storms and inundations, to say nothing of earthquakes, it seems as though the times were getting out of joint; and we have the melancholy certainty that, if the wind stays where it is at present, the weather will never be otherwise. Is the Atlantic too full, that the south-westers continue to bring us such an overwhelming [illegible] of water? is a question on which meteorological statistics will throw a little light a month or two hence. For the moment, we must rest satisfied with what the Registrar-general's Report tells us of the summer quarter. From the beginning of July to August [illegible], the temperature was five degrees above the annual average; it was one degree below, from the 8d to the 16th of August, and after September 11. During the three months, June, July, and August, the temperature of the air was more than one and a half degrees above the average of eighty years, and the rain-fall exceeded by three inches the average of thirty-seven years. Hail fell on thirteen days, and the aurora was seen ten times.

In the same quarter, ending September 30, we are told that [illegible] persons emigrated, of whom 38,000 [illegible] 62,000 for the United States, and [illegible] for Canada and other places. Seventy [illegible] of the [illegible] sailed from Liverpool alone; a proof that the Irish were in large proportion. Such a depletion is telling on the labour-market: those who 'want places' are not nearly so numerous as they were, and if it goes on, its effect will be felt in the next census. This may be judged of by another return for the same quarter: the deaths were 100,497, and the births 151,193, leaving the 'natural increase' 50,696; being at the rate of 3899 weekly, or 557 daily. Owing to epidemics, the increase is said to be less than usual; and then if the emigration be taken into the account, the sum-total of the population will be found to have diminished.

Fortunately, there is no lack of work for those who remain. Go ahead is the order of the day, and governments even will not get leave to lag behind—that is, leaving politics out of the question, so far as science and art are concerned. Pressure from without, as regards the two latter points, is to be applied; with what results the future will show. Now that the heads of departments are all at their post, the British Association are beginning to act on the resolutions passed at their Belfast meeting. They state it to be 'expedient to proceed without delay with the establishment in the southern hemisphere of a telescope not inferior in power to a three-feet reflector.' This has been long talked of; and if the authorities will only do their part of the work, we shall soon have a reflector exploring the southern heavens as thoroughly as Lord Rosse's 'monster' is searching the northern. Then we are to have a 'report on the physical character of the moon's surface as compared with that of the earth,' which promises to be highly interesting, and to make us better acquainted than we are with the nature and appearance of our satellite. Considering that two of our best astronomers and an eminent geologist are to undertake this task, and that with the instruments at their service the Bass Rock could be easily seen were it in the moon, we shall doubtless get some valuable details. Measures are to be taken for a combined system of observations on the laws of storms; and the Board of Ordnance, who have supplied their engineer stations in all parts of the world with meteorological instruments, are to be asked to furnish others for the Ionian Islands, 'for measuring the direction and amount of earthquake vibrations,' which there occur so frequently.

Something, too, is to be done for geography, in preparing 'a large outline map of the world for the use of geographers and ethnologers,' and for travellers. Such a sheet has long been wanted; by means of it, those who go exploring under difficulties, will be able to lay down the positions of places with more accuracy and less trouble than at present. Then, 'with the view of obtaining an accurate knowledge of the countries on and near the eastern coast of Africa, from the Red Sea to 10 degrees south latitude,' the East India Company are to be asked to send an expedition to explore those regions. This would be a worthy enterprise, for we know very little of that part of Africa; Barth and Overweg will probably have penetrated it erelong: those persevering travellers have again been heard from after a long and anxious interval of silence. They had gone far beyond Denham's furthest, in the rear of a Bornouese army, through a country of extraordinary richness and fertility. It would seem that the time is fast coming when the interior of Africa shall cease to be a blank in our maps; for, in addition to the explorations now going on, strong recommendations have been made by the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, and the Geographical Society, for the carrying out of the proposed expedition to steam up the Niger, enter the Quorra, and ascend the latter river, which is the larger of the two, to its source. If this can be accomplished, what hitherto unknown wonders of the equatorial regions shall we not hear of!

There is work to be done also in other quarters; three medical officers of the navy have proposed to

undertake a thorough exploration of the countries watered by the river Magdalena, in South America, in respect to their botanical, zoological, and geological products;' and the government are to be urged to accede to their proposition. The Hudson's Bay Company intend to complete the survey of the northern coast-line of America, of which there are about 400 miles that have not yet been laid down on maps; and they are going to send Mr Rae, with two boats, to do the work. The expedition is to start from York Factory next June, travel to Chesterfield Inlet, cross over to and descend Back River, and then follow the western coast of Boothia as far as 72 degrees, which is probably the most northerly point of the American continent. The route lies across the locality of the north magnetic pole, and observations will be made to determine what change of position has taken place since it was discovered by Sir James Ross in 1831. If the season be favourable, Mr Rae expects to be back at York Factory by the end of September; if not, he is prepared to winter wherever frost and foul weather may detain him.

Here may be mentioned the supplemental instalment of news brought by Captain Inglefield from the arctic regions. He went out in the *Isabel* steamer, a small vessel of 140 tons, equipped by Lady Franklin, and was away four months. In that time he made a careful search at the extremity of Baffin's Bay, and found reason to believe it not to be a bay, but a vast strait uniting the North Sea with the great Polar basin, for he sailed 120 miles further to the north than any one else in that region: he saw open water at the head of Smith's Sound, and got a glimpse of the Polar Sea; and on the other side of the bay the appearances were such as to lead to the supposition of Greenland being an island. If, as is contemplated, he should make another attempt next year, passing between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, he will have a chance of finding the shortest way across to Behring's Strait. Happen what may, we shall rob that mysterious north of its secrets before many years are over.

Besides the undertakings hereinbefore mentioned as promoted by the British Association, they intend to continue their search of the sea bottom by dredging; to get government—if they can—'to connect with the survey of the Gulf-stream an examination of the zoology and botany of that current, and also of the temperature of the sea round the shores of the British Islands;' 'to take into consideration the methods of cooling air for the ventilation of buildings in tropical climates by mechanical processes;' and to form 'a systematic collection of the agricultural statistics of Great Britain.' No lack, therefore, of good work and manifold for the coming year. May it all be accomplished!

The Society of Arts, too, are not going to sleep. They have just issued the first number of a journal in which they propose to publish a weekly summary of scientific progress; it is a step towards making 'the records of facts and phenomena more complete, more continuous, and more convenient than at present.' They have also put forth their list of 'subjects for premiums,' of which a few may be selected as sample. For the best essay on salt—on iron ore—for the discovery in England or any British possession of plumbago—for the discovery of a new fuel which shall occupy less space, and be of less weight than any now in use, without diminution in the amount of heating power, or liability to injure metals in contact with it—for Australian wine, and dried fruits from any British colony, which may successfully compete with those brought from the Mediterranean—for the best samples of cotton from any of our colonies in Africa, India, or Australasia—for two tons of any vegetable fibre, applicable to all the purposes for which hemp is now used, and equally cheap, strong, and durable—for improvements in machinery, architecture, photography, weaving, locks, lenses, candles, besides a long list of other subjects connected with art, trade, or manufactures. All the communications and articles are to be sent in before the 31st of March 1853. In addition, the Society offer 'the Swiney Prize'—L.100 contained in a goblet of the same value—for the 'best published work on jurisprudence, that branch which specially relates to art and manufactures;' and a 'special prize' of L.50, 'for the best essay on the history and management of Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institutions; and especially how far, and in what manner, they may be developed and combined, so as to promote the moral wellbeing and industry of the country.' Let the enterprising and the industrious take heart, and shew that they have skill and ingenuity enough to take the field and keep it against all comers.

There is one subject which excites considerable interest among our learned bodies—namely, the promise of domiciliating them all under one roof, as intimated in the Queen's speech, and in the statements made in the House recently by Mr Disraeli. They—the learned bodies—are discussing the probabilities with more or less of contentment, according to circumstances. Some look forward to being assembled in a Royal or National Institute, as their *confrères* are in Paris, as an accession of honour, and an increase to their means of usefulness; others, finding themselves well-off in their present quarters, regard such an eventuality as seriously detrimental to their real welfare; while others, who are not to share in the proposed union, are [illegible] little volcanoes of indignation, which break out at [illegible] in a strange fashion, but, as yet, perfectly harmless. It is clear, however, that if the locality is to be at Kensington, where the government have recently made a large purchase of land with the surplus from the Exhibition, it will be too far west to be generally available or acceptable. Meanwhile, one of our societies has just resolved on sacrificing one-half of its income in a vain attempt to prove that the study of antiquities is a popular study. They will see their error by and by.

Not for many years has a more worthy award of medals been made, than that of the Royal Society at their anniversary on St Andrew's Day. One was to that estimable old man, Humboldt, to whom the whole circle of natural knowledge is so largely indebted. Though the veteran is in his eighty-fourth year, it is a satisfaction to know that the honour has not come too late. The second was to Professor Stokes of Cambridge, whose researches into the phenomena of light are among the most important of the day; the third to Mr Joule of Manchester, for his not less important investigations of heat, and other branches of physical science therewith connected; and the fourth to Mr Huxley, a young and able naturalist, who was attached to the expedition that surveyed part of the Australian seas in the *Rattlesnake*. Besides this tangible demonstration, the Society have chosen, as foreign members of their ancient corporation, Regnault and Brongniart of Paris, Lamont of Munich—of Scottish extraction—and B. Peirce of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The latter is a distinguished astronomer, and the first American who has figured on the foreign list of the Society since Bowditch. He will not be the last, if the republican *savants* continue their scientific labours with as much success as of late years. Apropos of America—Sir Charles Lyell had been engaged to deliver a course of twelve lectures, *free*, at the Lowell Institute, Boston; and to this fact may be added another equally gratifying—the king of Prussia has given the cross of the Order of Merit to Colonel Rawlinson, one of our ablest explorers of Babylonian antiquities.

The question about Cleopatra's Needle may [illegible] considered as settled, for the new Crystal [illegible] Company have got leave to fetch [illegible] and erect it in their grounds at Syden[illegible] and so may

that of the clipper-ships, for the vessels built at Aberdeen came from China with a cargo of tea, and landed it, too, long before the Yankee *Lightningstreak* 'sighted' the Eddystone. British skill is not to be beaten so easily as some folk imagine. There is talk of a new line of ocean-steamers to start from Milford Haven: they will not want freight while the Swansea Copper-works endure. Some idea of the trade that already exists may be formed from the Report of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. They have forty-one steamers, comprising 52,000 tons, and 16,000 horse-power, and the sum of their voyages every year is fifty times round the globe! The Company employ, besides, 60,000 tons of sail-ships, and 3000 seamen, in carrying their coals; and they give occupation and subsistence to 100,000 persons and their families: and this only one company among many.

STANZAS.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

Thou standest in the world of soul,
The peerless and the free;
Ah! in that regal solitude
What thoughts may come to thee!

The rich, the proud, the great of earth,
May bend before thy throne;
But still amid the glittering throng
Thy heart must beat alone.

The crown is bright upon thy brow,
The purple on thy breast;
And calm and sweet, to us below,
Thou 'smilest as at rest.'

Yet though in sight of multitudes,
Such honours high be worn:
Beneath the royal robe may beat
A heart the most forlorn.

The praises of the thoughtless crowds
That deem thee half divine:
And power, and fame, and stores of wealth,
These, noble one, are thine:

Yet oft I deem thy thoughts revert
Back, back by slow degrees,
To that dear time when one sweet flower
Seemed fairer far than these:

When loving hearts and gentle words,
Soft kisses on thy brow,
Could give a deeper, purer joy
Than all thy triumphs now.

And when the halls of crimson state
Are ringing with thy praise,
I hear thee sigh through all the din:
'Alas, those early days!'

And then thine eye will flash with pride,
And brighten through thy tears;
And thou wilt stand renewed in strength,
From thoughts of those far years.

Their light is round thy pathway still,
A blessing and a spell,
A hallowed memory evermore—
And thou wilt use it well.

Ay, use it well! that when all else
Sounds hollow to thine ear,
Those sacred voices soft and low
May be for ever near.

CREEPING-PLANTS OF CEYLON.

At Topari, the creeping-plants are as beautiful as they are various. They cover the stems of the loftiest trees, shoot across the top branches, extending from branch to branch and from tree to tree, over a continuous extent of wood: bordering the forest-paths, roofing with verdure and bloom the entire thicket, completely shutting out the intense light and heat of the blazing sun: producing a profuse, varied, and rich mass of the most luxurious green tints, the intense light shining through their transparent leaves; while their graceful tendrils hang in wreaths, festooning nature's loveliest arbours—drooping across in garlands of gorgeous blossoms, red, yellow, purple, blue, and white: some of them small and tiny, others as large as a peony rose, closing you in with a thin partition of quivering leaves, through which the parrot and humming-bird are constantly fluttering: also the graceful ribbon-bird, which is white, with a tuft on the head, and two long feathers growing out of its tail, closely resembling the bird of paradise. Some of those creeping-plants are of [illegible], and are called jungle-rope, being as thick and [illegible] twisted as a cable, which it closely resembles.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.